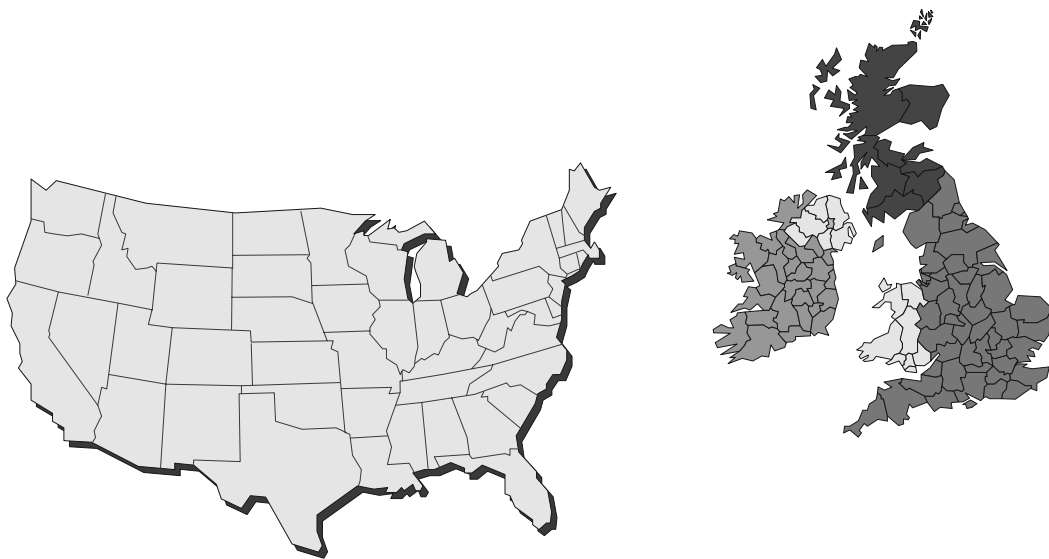


CLEON HUIISH
MOORE
&
VIDA HILL



FAMILY HISTORY(S)

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DESCRIPTION & ACKNOWLEDGMENT

This family history notebook has been compiled from the extensive work done by our ancestors and specifically the work of Vida Hill Moore. Both Cleon and Vida Moore were actively engaged for most of the later part of their lives in genealogy work and the organization of family records. At Vida's passing, she had compiled many large genealogical binders on her and Cleon's families. These records are currently in the possession of her daughter, Alice Moore Jewett.

As a personal note, one of the nicest days I have ever spent was in 1988 when I visited with Grandma and reviewed the records she had compiled. I took a small copy machine with me and was able to copy many of the stories and histories. I spent most of the day with her, and was able to hear her first account knowledge of many of the events found in her personal history. As you will glean from this family history, Grandma like to be independent and cook for herself. During my visit, she fixed lunch for the two of us. For those that don't know, I am not the biggest fan of vegetables. Grandma brought in lunch, and there on my plate was a large piece of banana squash. With lots of butter and salt, I made it through this piece, only to get given, without being asked, another large piece of squash.

The histories contained herein has been compiled through computer scanning from the extensive work done by Gaylia Clayson Moore. Gaylia has spent considerable time and effort typing the hand-written histories kept by Vida Hill Moore. The editor was able to take this work, done by Gaylia, and have it scanned into a computer. The scanned information was then converted from a graphic format into a text format using computer software technology known as "optical character recognition" (OCR). This conversion process is not totally accurate and therefore these scanned histories were then edited to correct the errors created. At best as possible, the language, spelling, and grammar of the original writers was maintained.

Without the work done by Gaylia, the compilation of these family histories would not have been accomplished. The editor of this work extended his deepest appreciation to Gaylia for the work she did and the hundreds of hours she spent to make these histories available to the family.

DAVID W. MOORE

*Son of Ray Hill Moore,
and Grandson of Cleon & Vida Moore*

PEDIGREE CHART
MOORE



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PEDIGREE CHART
HILL

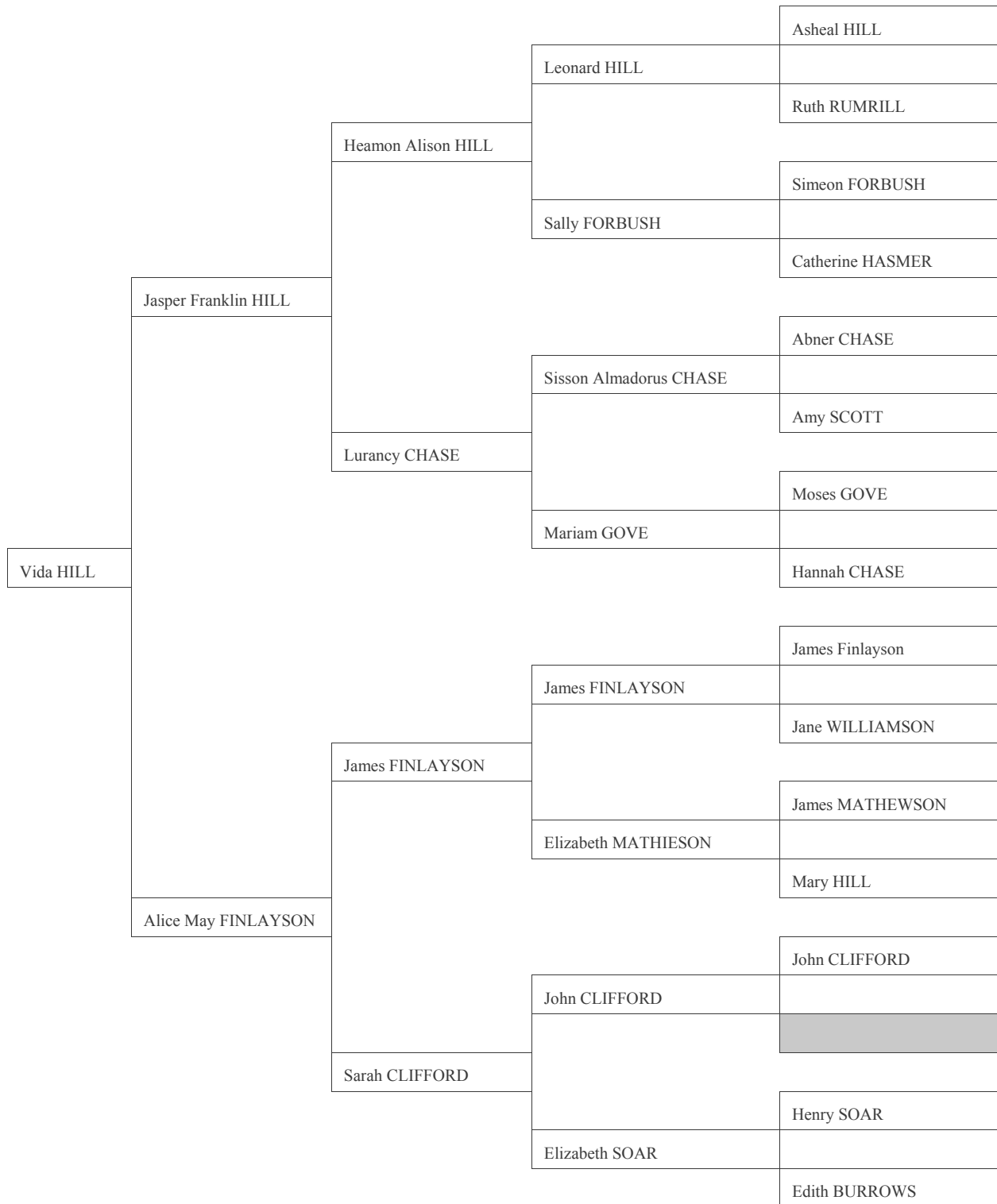


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HISTORY OF PAYSON

(Copied from the "New Years Enterprise & Star", a paper published in Payson Jan. 1, 1892. Prize essay by Miss Melissa Manwill of the Payson Public Schools)

The city of Payson is situated on a fertile tract of land in the South Central part of Utah County. It is located on Peteetneet Creek, 66 miles south of Salt Lake City and 18 miles south of Provo, the county seat and at an altitude of about 4,350 feet above sea level.

The first settlement of the city was made in the summer season of 1850 by James Pace, in whose honor Payson was named. Andrew Jackson Stewart, John Courtland Searle, W.S. Pace, Alison Hill and others. Thirteen in all comprised this brave company of pioneers. On the day following their arrival, they set to work to prepare for the comfort of their new homes and no time was lost in the erection of log houses in the shape of a fort for protection against the attacks of hostile savages and the wild beasts which roamed about. As winter was rapidly approaching, they also put up a supply of hay and progress was made toward tilling the soil, working water ditches and preparing to put in their crops.

As we all may know, many disadvantages had to be worked against, many hardships and privations endured. The male portion of the community even having to keep themselves armed while at work, besides standing guard at night in order to protect themselves from the savages. Yet, while suffering all the hardships allotted to frontier life, the labors of these noble citizens were blessed and rapid increases were made in both their number and in the comforts of their surroundings.

Some time elapsed before the people broke up their fort and began to make individual homes, yet, not knowing at what time the Indians might attack them. The Indian mode of fighting the "whites" was to sweep down upon them in the night or shoot them from ambush while they were at their work or traveling. When friendly with the "whites", they were still a nuisance, always annoying the settlers, begging for and stealing everything that came in their way. Our early settlers were not wealthy People, and the then existing conditions which caused them, with numbers of their fellowmen, to cast their lot in these valleys, are too well known to require repetition. During the month of December of the year 1850, a meeting was called and Joseph Curtis, George Curtis and James E. Daniels were elected as school trustees. A resolution to build a school-house was adopted and a comfortable log structure was soon located in the present vicinity of T. E. Daniels block and in this building a school was immediately started. For some time this building answered the purpose of not only school-house, but meeting house and fort combined. When an attack from the Indians was looked for, the women and children were all put into the building, with the men standing guard. These were dreary times for the settlers of Payson and what a contrast can be drawn between those days and the present.

When the people grew stronger in numbers, they endeavored to settle a town on the south, named Santaquin, but in doing so, many difficulties were encountered and a man, by the name of Tindel, was shot by Indians while he was plowing potatoes. In company with him was his brother-in-law, John Sheffield, who was pursued by the savages until he reached Payson. The Indians stated afterwards that they could neither catch or shoot him, he seeming to fly. About this time also, Mr. Alexander Keele was shot at Payson while on guard duty. Later on, three boys left for Springlake

to cut oaks for fuel and a heavy snowstorm coming up while wandering back to town, one of them was lost in the blizzard and found only after his life was extinct.

The first store in Payson was owned by B. F. Steward and a Mr. Backman, of Provo and was located on the present site of the Francis Hotel.

Think, and compare, if you can, the past condition of our city and the state in which it now exists. With a steady growth of population she is now the most flourishing and popular city in Utah County. Eight hundred of her population of over three thousand are within the school age, ranging from six to eighteen years of age.

Payson has always taken the lead in educational interests and has good institutions to represent these interests. The public schools under the principalship of Prof. D.H. Christiansen, are partly taught in a massive handsome structure located in a very picturesque position in the south central portion of town. The Presbyterian Academy is located on Main street, a short distance north of the Central School building. Rev. A.C. Todd and Mrs. C.E. Sullivan have control over a large number of the youth of Payson and are laboring very diligently for their welfare. The Methodists also, under the charge of Rev. R.T. Smith, are using their power toward instruction and the edifying of the young.

Our city has business establishments too numerous to mention, also roller mills, electric light works, two railroads, a telephone and telegraph, one of the finest opera houses in the territory and dancing halls and other places of amusement. The best and newsiest paper of the county is published by one of our young men, born and raised in Payson and a small weekly school paper is published by the Iloff Academy.

We all have a chance to be prosperous and good as we have three churches, The Latter-Day-Saints, Presbyterian and Methodist, Sunday Schools and meetings being held in each with equal regularity.

It is said that our city ranks with the third in Utah in musical education and we have here the "Champion Silver Band" whose equal is unsurpassed in the Territory.

When the Tintic Railway connects our city with the great Tintic District, we may expect it to greatly increase the business of Payson and to aid in her growth. People of Eureka desiring to take advantage of our excellent educational facilities will make this their home in order to give their children the privilege of attending school, this alone being the means of great advancement in the interests of Payson.

The mining districts in the section are in favor of having the County divided and if this is accomplished our flourishing city will be the capital of the new county. With a glorious future before us in every aspect, every citizen should lend his energies to add to the growth and continued prosperity of Payson and never rest until she has been recognized in the front rank of the live cities of the west to which her prosperous condition certainly entitles her.

Business Interests:

Payson was well supplied with general merchandise stores. Among those were: Brewerton Irvine

& Company dry goods store, John Q. Stark, J.S. Page & Sons, The Payson Co-Op, Page and Quigley Druggists and Stationers, J. A. Loveless Collar and Harness Manufacturer, George Williams Harness Maker, S. Worsencroft & Son Hardware and Stove Dealer, The City Liquor Store, The Co-Op Roller Mills, under the management of Mr. James Finlayson, D.T. Goff Payson Bakery and Eating Place.

Amusements:

Socially, the people mix and mingle together as they do elsewhere, dancing being a favorite pastime. Payson has a commodious Opera House, built at an expense of \$12,000 by a Stock Company, but on account of financial troubles resulting from such a large enterprise of this kind, it was sold for little more than one third this sum. Mr. Frank M. Hatton now being the owner and Mr. John E. Betts manager of the place. Mr. Bette also conducts a hotel in connection with the Opera House and furnishes excellent accommodations to the many traveling combinations which visit this city.

Social Hall:

A Social Hall situated in a central portion of the city, two blocks west of the Francis Hotel, is a large and first class dancing hall. It is under the management of Mr. J. Frank Pickering and neatly decorated with flags, bunting, etc. and furnishes good accommodations for those who enjoy dancing. Other smaller dancing halls are also here located.

The Hotel Francis is the largest and best equipped hotel in Payson and is under the management of Mr. John Francis. It has all modern conveniences, is lit by electricity and is the favorite resting and stopping place for the visitor and the jolly commercial traveler.

A good weekly paper, The Enterprise, is the only newspaper published and printed in Payson. Instituted in 1889 by McClellan and Pickering, it has steadily grown in influence, circulation and popular favor and is one of Utah's best weekly newspapers. The Enterprise is published every Saturday by J. Frank Pickering, the office and editorial department being situated on Main Street, a few doors south of the bank and the press composing room across the street in the Exchange building.

Churches, Schools and Society

As is the case with majority of the cities in Utah, the greater portion of Payson's population are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, commonly called Mormons. They are, as a rule, honest, God-fearing people, whose worst feature is that they try to "do to others as they would wish to be done by". In business life and in political matters, notwithstanding statements to the contrary, the Mormon people are as others, independent and free to do as they wish and consider best. Owing to the size and increasing population of the Payson Ward, it was a few weeks since, divided into two Bishop's Wards over which Messers. John E. Huish and John S. Page, respectively were chosen to preside as Bishops. In addition to regular service, a well attended Sabbath School under the superintendency of John S. Page is held each Sabbath morning in the L.D.S. meeting house. A number of well organized societies are also in connection with this Church, among them being the Relief Society, an organization of ladies organized for the purpose of assisting the poor, etc., the Young Men's and Young Ladies Associations (Mutual Improvement Associations) two worthy organizations, the purposes of which are well set forth in their names, and the Primary Associations for the instruction of the little folks. An excellent choir under the leadership of Prof. Hyrum Brimhall renders the singing exercises at the regular meetings and Sabbath Schools of this

denomination.

Payson Public Schools

There are enrolled this season in the Public Schools of this city 550 pupils. These being taught in eight departments of which the following are the names of the teachers with grade of each department:

D.H. Christensen	Grammar
Miss Ida Coombs	Grammar
John L. Finlayson	Intermediate
Miss Elmina Wilson	Primary
Miss Matilda Marsh	Primary
Miss Laura Miles	Primary
Miss Alcesta Lewis	Primary
Mrs. L. Dalton	Intermediate

The first four departments are taught in the large Central School Building and the others each in a ward or district school-house. The Presbyterian School and Mission was conducted under the pastorage of A.C. Todi and had a membership and enrollment of over 100.

A Methodist Church and School, called the Iliff Academy was built in 1890. They published a weekly newspaper called the "Iliff Academy Herald". The building was a very beautiful and commodious one and was completed during 1892 at a cost of near four thousand dollars. They had near 100 students enrolled. The curriculum was very complete and the school of music under the directorship of Mrs. R.T. Smith and Mrs. Prof. Bradford was well patronized.

Payson Silver Band

In musical matters Payson is justly entitled to a position in the front rank, and in the line of a silver band contains the best in Central Utah and one of the best in the Territory. For many years our city has had two brass bands, the "Payson" and the "Huish" and on Nov. 21, 1889 the two were dissolved and a new organization formed, including the best musicians of both of the former bands under the name of the Payson Silver Band. The names of the officers and the instrumentation are here given:

President	John Done	
Secretary	Ralph Archbold	
Asst Musical Director	George A. Perry	
Business Manager	O.P. Huish	
	George H. Done	Solo B flat cornet
	George A. Peery	Solo e flat cornet
	John Done	First b flat cornet
	Edward Miles	2nd b flat cornet
	O.P. Huish	Solo e flat alto
	Ralph Archbold	first b flat alto
	Albert Huish	2nd e flat alto
	Hyrum Brimhall	b flat tenor (slide trombone)
	Charles Peery	baritone

Fred Hoyt
Squire Brooks

b flat clarinet
Bass drum

Our city has a good orchestra under the leadership of Professor Hyrum Brimhall. A drum corps is usually on hand when such music is needed to stir the heart and soul to deeds of patriotism, and a good and popular organization is the Spanish Mandolin and Guitar Club.

Benjamin

Benjamin is situated midway between Utah Lake and Payson and was first settled by parties from Payson in 1868. Progress was slow until 1870, when the population began to increase and the town has since steadily prospered. A general merchandise business is carried on by Mr. P.I. Stewart in a fine brick building on main street and Mr. G.W. Hickman also carries a stock of general merchandise at his residence. The post office address is Payson.



STORY OF MY LIFE BY CLEON HUISH MOORE (written at age 69)

I, Cleon Huish Moore, was born at home, 334 West 1st North in Payson, Utah County, Utah on the 8th of September 1896 to Samuel Drollinger and Clara Ann Huish Moore. No Doctor in attendance, just a midwife.

My father was born in Payson, Utah May 2, 1855 to John Harvey and Clarissa Jane Drollinger Moore. My Grandfather was born April 19, 1816 at Georgetown, Brown County, Ohio. My Grandmother was born September 12, 1824 at Springfield, Butler County, Ohio.

My Mother was born 10 of July, 1862 in Payson, Utah to Walter Henry and Ann Smith Huish. Grandfather Huish was born in October of 1827 at Uley, Gloucestershire, England. Grandmother Huish was born 9 of August 1829 at West Bromwich, Stafford, England.

My Grandparents were all converts to the Mormon Church and crossed the Plains enduring all the hardships of the pioneers. I was blessed by my father 6 of December 1896 in the Payson 2nd Ward. I was the eighth child in a family of eleven children. My parents were married 10 October 1881 in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. The following morning, my father left for a mission to Mississippi. My Mother came home alone by train to live with her father until his return. He returned two years later and they held their reception. That summer they were called to colonize St. Johns, Arizona. Father had to get things ready, so they did not leave until 29 October, 1883, when their oldest child, Walter Harvey (born 7 of Sept. 1884) was seven weeks old. They went by wagon with a four horse team and it took six weeks to go overland through a rough, wild, desert country. They crossed the Colorado River on a raft at Lee's Ferry. They arrived at St. Johns, Arizona 5 December very happy to be at their destination. One other family travelled along with them.

Father taught school and they both worked in the church. The people were poor and it was not a productive country and they suffered hard times. Clara, Leila, Rachel and Samuel Drollinger Jr. were born in St. Johns. Rachel just lived from 3 April 1889 to 18 January 1890 and was buried in St. Johns.

After eight years of hardship, those who wished to leave were released and Father and Mother with their children left 29 September 1892 and returned to Payson to live. Mother and the smaller children came from Holbrook by train and Father and Walter brought the wagons, arriving about four weeks later. 30 November, 1892 Oro Huish was born; 8 May 1895 Lorin Edward was born and he died 2 Sept. 1895. 8 Sept. 1896 I came along next. 28 June 1900 Donald Huish was born. 3 June 1902 Maeser Huish was born and 15 January Vernon Smith was born.

I just remember my Grandfather Moore once, when I rode in an old buggy with him and drove the cows to the meadow. The cows were driven each morning after being milked and brought home at night for milking. Grandfather was taller than my father and had white hair and beard. My father's moustache and beard were red and I never remember seeing him without a beard until after Mother died. Mother said one fourth of July after the children left for the celebration Father shaved, and the children did not recognize him with Mother and wondered who he was. I do not remember the time.

Grandmother Moore lived a few years longer, alone and died on the 10th of January, 1908.

The home was located where Eckersley's live now (94 West 1 No.). I remember there was an open well on the south side of the house. As I go by today, I wonder if the well was sealed over or filled up. Grandmother had a music box they had to wind up. It had rolls that turned and how I did love to hear it play. My Grandmother Huish died 22 April 1880 when mother was just a girl and Grandfather died 27 March 1898 before I was born so I was about cheated when it comes to Grandparents.

Mother said the night I was born there was a snowstorm and the next morning the children were hunting warm clothing to wear. The snow never left the north side of buildings until the following spring. Father was a stern man and when he said "Do" or "Don't" you did what you were told.

As a small child, I would hold my breath when I cried. A spanking soon ended that.

My father enjoyed music, but he couldn't carry a tune. Mother was a beautiful woman and had a lovely voice. She was a slave to her family and the "city relatives". They came to the country for vacations, but Mother had so much work, she couldn't get away.

When I was six years old, before starting to school, Father took me out and cut off my blonde curls. They were Mother's pride and joy.

To get water for household use and for drinking, we had a pump well east of the house.

As I grew up, there was always work for everyone, but never any money. Hand me down clothes, as I was smaller. Always so many chores. Many pigs, and we had to pull weeds and pick up apples in summer time to help feed them. A corral full of horses and one of cows that all had to be taken care of. Cows milked and milk separated and the calves fed the skim milk. Horses and colts were taken care of before going to school. The animals were driven twice a day to the creek about three blocks away to get water.

2 October, 1904, I was baptized by my brother, Walter, and confirmed by my father.

When I was ten years of age, I was sick in bed all summer with appendicitis. In those days they didn't go to the Doctor for everything. Operations were uncommon. We had the Elders and I know I drank five gallons of olive oil that summer, but I have never been bothered since.

Mother would never let us go swimming. She said if we didn't know how to swim, we wouldn't get drowned. Once in a while when we were working in our wood lot, up in the hollow behind the high school, we would remove our clothes and play in the creek that run through the lot. It was refreshing. One day we tried smoking cedar post bark and someone saw us and our parents heard about it before we got home. Well, we heard about it also. Coal oil lamps were used to light the home and when I was very small we got electricity. We had one drop light in each room and in the winter the water would freeze up in the coldest weather and we would have no lights and have to use lamps again. My father was the Stake clerk and at quarterly conference time, President Page asked my folks to entertain the General Authorities who came to visit. They were given a bed and

meals. I was quite young, but remember meeting a number of the Apostles.

Thinning beets, I think, was the hardest, most tiring work for children, because they are the ones who did it. The beet seed was planted quite thick and when the plants had four to six leaves men would go along with hose and chop out the beets eight inches apart, leaving a bunch at each end and the children had to crawl on hands and knees and pull out all the extra beets, leaving just one in a place. Your wrists got so sore, you felt like your hands would drop off and your knees also, but the next morning, back to the field we went until the job was finished.

When we plowed our land, we would use two horses and a hand plow, walk all day holding the handles of the plow with the lines to guide the horses tied together around our neck. Later, we got what was called a sulky plow that had wheels and a seat and three horses pulled it and we could ride. That was something. We didn't have a grain drill, so had to throw the grain around by hand and then harrow to cover the seed. It was hard, tiring work.

When we planted potatoes, we would drop the potato sets with an "eye" (potato eye) on each piece in a furrow and then cover them over. The potato planter really helped lighten the work.

In the winter, all the chores had to be done before we went to school, so it was "up early and at it". After school, hurry home and chores again. On Saturdays there was hay and straw to haul, stables to clean and always extra work. The older brothers and sisters went to the Brigham Young Academy and I stayed home to help run the farm to help pay interest and their school expenses. They worked away part of the time but I had to keep the farm going.

I went first to the Central School, then to the one room Taylor school in the first and second grades. It was heated by one round pot-bellied stove. You would cook on one side and freeze on the other. To the Peteetneet school for the third, fourth, fifth and sixth grades. Then back to the Central School for the 7th and 8th grades. The new high school was ready for us in High School. When I was a Senior, there was a scarlet fever epidemic going around and I had a severe case of it. Was very ill for about three weeks and at that time I was not allowed to go back to school for six weeks. It was at the close of the ear, so I did not get my diploma. I am the only one of the family who did not attend the University.

Leila and S.D. used to sell knit goods. I went with them to drive the horses or mules to make deliveries from Pleasant Grove on the north to Eureka on the south. I was young and they thought I didn't need any money to spend, so it was for free I worked.

Father bought a farm on the West Mountain and due to finances he could not pay for it, so he divided it up and sold it to Walter, S.D. Oro, Fred Skinner (Clara's husband) and me. So, I was running my own farm before I was married and also helping father. It was dry land then, as the Strawberry water was just a promise.

The farm was six miles north-west of Payson and too far to commute each day with horses. So, we camped in a tent. I stayed out of school so much each year, and all of one year that I lost interest. When the older children go away to school and don't get married and need help, well, it's hard on

the younger ones who have to help.

Camping at the farm at night was weird because the coyotes would howl every night and sometimes it sounded like many of them and not too far away. We would see them quite often.

There were many ground squirrels and ground dogs that ate the green grain. They would sit up like a stake by their holes and the only hunting I ever did was shoot them with a 22 rifle.

After we could irrigate, they were a thing of the past. The meadows had many birds of all kinds, blue cranes, shrike pokes, big owls, buzzards and many smaller birds. They have pretty well disappeared now.

One year we planted 25 acres of dry land field corn. The ground was marked off in squares and the corn planted in the corners of the squares by hand. With a horse and hand cultivator, we cultivated it both ways. At harvest time, it was cut with a knife, hauled home and piled. In winter, the corn was shucked for the pigs and the fodder was fed to the livestock. Dad always had plenty of work for everyone. When I said I was going away to work, he said if there wasn't plenty to do around home, he would find more to do. He didn't think I needed spending money.

In September of 1917 my brother Donald and I were baling hay. It was hard work at that time. No modern machinery. Donald got overheated and took sick. That night he went unconscious and in one week he had burned up with fever and 20 September, 1917, he passed away. He was just 17 years old and a large fellow and we were quite close. It was a terrible shock to me and as time went on, I grew bitter. He had always been a good boy and his going seemed unjust. Several months after his death, I woke hearing the most beautiful music and there stood Donald at my bedside. He looked wonderful. He told me that I was all mixed up, that he was fine, and for me to go on and do that which I should and all would be well. There was a bugle call and he started to go. I begged him to stay and tell me more. The bugle sounded again and he was gone. Perhaps I don't understand but I am not bitter.

Harvesting grain was another hard job. It all had to be cut with a grain binder and then shocked in small piles in the field. Then loaded on wagons and brought to a stack and wait until you could get a threshing machine. It took many men to get it done. If it wasn't stacked, you traded work with other farmers and it was hauled directly to the threshing machine. This took many days to pay the farmers back. When I was younger, the mothers had to cook for the threshers. No matter how long it took to get the job done, they had to be fed three times a day. Now days the grain is cut and threshed in one operation and all you have to do is take care of the grain as it comes from the combine machine. Very easy now by comparison. Hay harvesting is different nowadays. It used to be loaded by hand onto hay racks and hauled to a stack. Then a horse was fastened to a large hay fork and it was pulled up onto the stack from the wagon. Men had to place it where they wanted it. Now days it is cut and raked and when dry enough it is baled in the field and hauled and stacked where you want it. As we were growing up, Father taught us how to make willow whistles. He selected the willow carefully, then tapped the bark with his pocket knife to loosen it, then slipped it off and made a notch in the wood, then slid the bark back on again and we each had a whistle. I have made them for some of my grandchildren. They make just as good a whistle as some you buy in the stores.

At family gatherings the children always had to wait for the grown-ups to eat first. We wondered if there would be enough food for us and always stood around waiting for them to finish eating. We finally were always well fed.

There was quite a group of young fellows who enjoyed going around together. Some of them were: Willis Stark, Willard Tanner, J.B. Stark (all passed away) Clyde Tervort, George Martin and Vernile Reece. We started going with a group of younger girls and at Ward and Mutual parties, I met Vida Hill and started going with her. We enjoyed doing things together with the group. Dancing, sleigh riding, many home parties. We enjoyed singing. We belonged to the 2nd Ward choir. I belonged to the boy's Glee Club and Vida, the Girl's Glee Club in high school.

I did not have a car, but we double dated with fellows who had access to one. Eight of us had a double mixed quartet and went around to different wards to furnish music on Sunday afternoons. Sacrament meeting was held in the afternoon and Mutual at night. The Ward choir put on operas under the direction of William King Driggs (father of the King sisters on radio and TV now). We had to make our own entertainment, but life wasn't too bad when we had a chance to get away from work.

In August of 1918 I received my call to go into the service in World War I. I was to leave 5 of Sept. I had been farming all summer and the crops were just ready to harvest. I asked for thirty days to finish my harvesting and it was granted. Crops were very necessary to keep food for everyone and especially the soldiers. Vida and I decided to get married before I left. So August 29, 1918 we went to the Salt Lake Temple and were sealed for Time and Eternity. Our friends Harold Jones and Zenda Stark were married the same day. There was a large crowd with us and we enjoyed the day. We went into the Temple at 7:30 a.m. and didn't get out until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We went to Salt Lake on the Orem electric train and didn't get back until 9 p.m. My sisters Clara and Leila had prepared a wedding supper for us and it lasted until after 2 a.m. I finally asked the group if they had been "sleeping up" for the occasion. The next evening Vida's mother had a supper for us. We had no reception.

A little later, I had an opportunity to sign up to go to the University of Utah for training. Due to the "flu" epidemic we were not called to leave home until November. I was standing guard one cold, stormy night and caught cold. It turned to flu pneumonia and I was taken to the hospital at Fort Douglas. My temperature went to 106••and for days my folks were given no hope of my recovery. My father stayed with me at the hospital several nights while I was so serious. So many sick and dying men, the nurses were worn out. Each day more beds were empty, due to so many deaths.

The war had ended and when I was able to get out of bed, the middle of January, I was given a discharge to go home. My mother stayed at home to look after things while Father was with me. Vida came to Salt Lake and visited me twice each day for days. We stayed with Vida's folks until March and then moved to the West Mountain farm and lived in large room of Oro's the first summer. In the fall, we moved back to Payson, where our son, Ray Hill was born, 8 December 1919. We had a foot of snow the next morning. The day before had been like summer. In March we moved back to the farm to a two room house I had bought and moved onto our place.

After one good year, farm prices went to almost nothing. The crash came in 1920 for the farmers

and lasted until in the 1930's. The crash for the United States didn't come until 1929. With everything high that we had to buy and such low prices for our produce, things were bad. Many people lost their farms. I have wondered why we stayed, but the Church authorities did say, "stay on your farms". At that time, jobs were very scarce so we struggled as best we could. In February Grant was born at Vida's mother's home, due to a terrible storm that clogged the roads so cars could not get through. I took her to town in our buggy and it took two hours to get through, the drifts were so deep. 19 of January, 1927, on a very cold night, Maynard Cleon came to us on the farm. He was our cute little red head. The nurse said, when she bathed him the next day, he got up on his hands and knees.

We had three lovely little boys and were happy. I could see help coming for me.

At first, our house was by the main road and our corral and roads were 40 rods to the west. I slid in the open drain so many times with two buckets of milk that I persuaded Vida to let me move the house by the yards. Then, in bad weather, our lane back and forth was a problem to get to the road and back. When Grant was a baby we bought a Model T Ford and were happy to get it, paid \$150. We were starting to live. Before this we had driven a horse and buggy for five years, or sometimes in a wagon. Sometimes we rode with 2 mules on the buggy.

We had no electricity for ten years, so we used a gas lamp to light our house and a gas flat iron for Vida to iron with. The men working together finally got the electricity out there and it made living much better. We traded a cow for a cabinet radio and really enjoyed it. We had really been pioneers. We still carried all our water from a flowing well and Vida did the washing with a hand washer. After electricity, we got an old electric washing machine. My brother, Walter, is a blacksmith and did much of my blacksmith work for me, but I did a lot of it myself as I had a shop.

Trying to make a better living, I bought sheep. I enjoyed taking care of them. But, it turned out to be a Sunday job during the summer, as they were on a range with other men's sheep and that was the day they wanted to go to the sheep camp. After several years the price of wool went to 5¢ per pound and we almost lost everything, so we sold our sheep for what we could get for them.

My Mother died of cancer 14 of August 1927. She had been ailing for over a year. Father, Huish and Vernon lived together and the boys attended the B.Y.U. Later, Huish married Claribel Hurst. He was a schoolteacher and Vernon went away to teach school. Father was not able to keep the farm and home going, so his estate was divided up as evenly as possible and written on paper and put into plain envelopes. Then each child drew in turn, according to age, and I drew the old home. Each family had to pay their share of the indebtedness against the property. Father reserved the east side of the house for himself.

In December, 1931 we moved from the West Mountain into Payson into the home where I was born and where we are still living.

Father married Linda Christensen of Moroni, Utah when he was 79 years of age and moved to her home. In the spring of 1934 he let us have his part of the house, which we appreciated. Alice, our only daughter, was born 18 March, 1932, and on October 14, 1934, Paul Frank, our youngest son was born here in this home. With five growing children, we appreciated having more room.

I, with the boys help, continued to take care of the West Mountain farm. Farming five miles from home was a problem for all of us. Lunches each day, where we had been having a hot dinner, irrigating turns that lasted as long as 100 hours at times. Vida had the responsibility of the work at home. Three coops of chickens to take care of and eggs to gather and case. In 1934 there was drought to make it worse and I left Vida and the boys to take care of things and got a job with my team, 59 miles from home above Soldier Summit. I was away all summer, just returning on week ends. Vida had a bad time. This was the year Paul was born.

These were some or the prices we got for about 15 years: Wheat, 35¢ a bushel, hay, \$6 a ton, barley, 50¢ per hundred, beets, \$4.50 a ton, lambs, 4¢ and wool, 5¢ a lb.

I was almost killed in a gravel bank cave-in in 1929, buried up to my chest.

In February, 1936, our friends, the Will Lichfields from Provo, Utah, invited us to go to California with them. It was our first time out of the state and we really enjoyed it. We went to the ocean and where the World's Fair was held in San Diego. Saw many thing of interest in Southern California. We had many wonderful trips with the Lichfields through the years. Several to California to the Rose Parade, through the Northwest up into Canada and around the Big Bend. A months trip to Mexico City in January, 1948, 300 miles south to Acapulco, 300 miles west of Mexico City to the active volcano. To Yellowstone and to Glen Canyon several times. Through Monument Valley and from Blanding, Utah over the mountains to the West and to the natural bridge, and ferried over the Colorado River at Hite. It was quite an experience. At Moencopi, Arizona we watched the Indians do their rain dance. They were beautifully painted and costumed. We were invited to go into their home for food, but did not accept.

Vida and I have taken many trips on our own when other people didn't want to do the things we did. Twice we went through Yellowstone and east into Cody, Wyoming, then on to Spearfish, South Dakota and saw the Passion Play. Rode through the Black Hills and to Mt. Rushmore, where the faces are carved on the mountain side. It was a beautiful vacation.

My life hasn't been all one big vacation. November, 1938, I was taken to the Veteran's Hospital in Salt Lake City with a thigh thrombosis. I was in the hospital for ten weeks and then no work for months. I am blessed to have two legs, but one is not normal and always aches. I wear an elastic stocking to my knee all the time.

I was in the hospital again in 1951 for a week and shorter trips to the hospital.

The only reason I did not die a long time ago, the good Lord has given me a chance to accomplish the things promised in my Patriarchal Blessing, or repent from my neglect.

On 28 November, 1940 Ray left for a Mission to Texas. He had belonged to the National Guard, but was released to go.

The Fall of 1941, Grant went to California to work in an airplane plant. He returned the spring of 1942. The 2nd World War was on and four weeks after Ray returned from his mission, Grant left for the service. Four weeks later, Ray left for the service. After Basic training, Grant was sent to

North Africa and Italy. He was on the water 45 days getting to his destination. Some of the ships in his convoy were sunk. He was with the ground crew in the Air Force.

After basic training, Ray was sent to England. From there to France and Belgium. He helped take care of prisoners of war. The war ended in Europe and Grant came home on a furlough in August, 1945, thinking he would be sent on to the Pacific area. He was home when the war ended with Japan and had enough "point" so he was discharged from the service in September of 1945. Ray didn't return from Europe until the first part of March, 1946.

April 23, 1946 Maynard was inducted into the service and after basic training was sent to Korea and Japan, with the army of occupation. He returned home, October, 1947.

Our three sons returned home clean young men and with a firm testimony.

Ray always said life was made up of experiences, and he was thankful for the ones he had had.

In 1944 I sold the West Mountain farm and bought one in the Payson "Old Field", just a mile from home. I am still farming this property.

In 1960 I bought a tractor, so the team of horses I have enjoyed using were put out to pasture.

In 1945 we had our home made modern with a bathroom, a new cupboard and sink and hot water tank. Before this, all the water had to be heated on a coal and wood stove, and bathe in a tin tub.

23 January, 1946 Grant was married to Betty Jean Hanks. They now have three children. Sharon Ann born 23 May 1948, Richard Grant born 17 April, 1952 and Janean, born 7 April, 1956. They live in Salem, Utah and Grant and Jean work at the Payson Chronicle Publishing Company. He is the Ward Clerk and they are all active in the Ward. The children in school activities.

Ray met Betty (Elizabeth) Winter, an English girl who was in the British Army at L.D.S. services in Belgium. Her parents and grandparents were members of our church and entertained the missionaries in the New Castle District. When she was discharged from the service, Ray sent for her and she came by airplane from England to Salt Lake City. They were married two weeks later on 16 October, 1946. They have four sons, twins, Ray and David, born 11 November, 1948, Gary, born 27 March, 1952, Kent, born 31 July, 1957. They lost a baby girl, Victoria, born 4 March, 1955 and died 15 March 1955.

Just before Gary was a year old, Betty went back to England to see her people and was away three months. In June 1960 Ray sent his family to England to see their grandparents. Three weeks before they left Betty's mother passed away, but they went anyway to see the family. Ray went in August for three weeks and they all returned together. They all went by jet plane. They live in Salt Lake City and Ray has been a Bishop since Oct. 1960 and was a counselor to Bishop Byron Gibbs before being a Bishop. Betty works in Relief Society and the boys are active in their groups.

21 January, 1948 Maynard and Gaylia Clayson were married. They have four children. Carolyn, born 25 December, 1945. Gwen, born 22 February, 1953. Randall Maynard, born 25 September,

1955 and Bradley Clayson, born 4 August, 1959. Maynard graduated from Brigham Young University in June, 1954 and teaches school in Payson. They live in the First Ward. He was Nebo Stake Sunday School Superintendent for several years, and a counselor two years previous to that. He is 2nd counselor to Bishop Gilbert White since October, 1960. Gaylia and the girls work in Sunday School and Primary and the children are all interested in music and school activities.

October 13, 1950 Alice was married to Willard George Jewett. 15 January, 1951 he left for the service. He was stationed at Fort McArthur, California and Alice was able to be with him part of the time. After their son, Craig, was born, 10 January, 1952 at the Payson hospital (she had been living with us) and when Craig was 2½ months old, Willard came and moved them to Calif. January, 1953, when Willard was released from the service, they moved back to Payson. Alan was born 20 June, 1953 and Terry was born 14 August, 1955. Willard worked as a meat cutter for Safeway Stores for several years, then started selling insurance, moving to Nephi, Utah. In 1959 he was transferred to Salt Lake City and the family moved in August to a home there. Pamela was born 28 March, 1960, a welcome addition to the family. Alice had always wanted a sister and didn't get one and then three boys of her own. Now a girl, she was happy. The whole family are very active in their ward. Two of the boys taking piano lessons and doing well.

Our first four children were all married in the Salt Lake Temple. 10 December, 1953 Paul, our youngest son, left for the service. Most of his time was spent in Texas, after basic training in California. He returned home in September, 1955 in time for the Fall Quarter at B.Y.U. He accepted a Mission call and left 21 March, 1956 for the Western States Mission, spending most of his time in Colorado. He returned 16 March, 1958 in time for the Spring Quarter at the "Y". That summer he spent in Uravan, Colorado working in a uranium mine. The summer of 1959 he spent in Los Angeles, California working. He met Nancy Priscilla White at the "Y" and fell in love. She was from Los Angeles. 18 Sept, 1959 they were married in the Los Angeles Temple. Ray and Betty, Alice and Willard, and Vida and I went to California for the wedding ceremony and the reception held in the Westwood Wad. It was a lovely affair. They moved back to Provo for Paul to finish his college requirements for graduation in June 1960. He tried selling life insurance in Lehi and didn't like it, so they moved back to California for two years and worked. Decided they wanted to raise their family in Utah, came back and lived in Moab for two years as a Probation officer. Decided to go back to school and get his Master's Degree, so has been living in Salt Lake City, going to the University of Utah for the past two years. He is graduating in June, going out in Social Work. Nancy had been very helpful all the way or he couldn't have accomplished all he had. They have three children, Paul White, born 19 July in Provo 1960. Lisa Louise, born in Los Angeles, 23 November, 1961 and Catherine Marie born 11 July 1963 in Moab and they are expecting again in September. They are moving to Provo, after graduation, to work. My father passed away 5 November, 1945 in Spanish Fork at Walter's home. His wife, Linda, had died in February, 1939 and he came back to Utah County to be with his children. For his birthday (90th) we gave him an "Open House" here at home. He was tired when it was over but he really enjoyed meeting so many friends.

Clara's husband, Fred Skinner, died of a heart attack in Spanish Fork February 19, 1940. Clara went back to teaching school. After retirement, she moved to Idaho Falls, Idaho to be near her children. Leila's husband, Milton Beck, died 11 June, 1951 of a heart attack in the field, sitting on the mowing machine with the team of horses standing still and him still holding the lines. On 8 of January, 1966

Rachal, Walter's wife, passed away. She had been blind for a number of years.

S.D. Jr. and his wife, Mabel, came for Rachel's funeral services and the next morning we had a phone call saying Mabel died at 3 o'clock 13 January, 1966. Quite a shock to all the family, so many deaths. Huish's wife, Claribel, died 11 July, 1954, 20 minutes after being stung by a honey bee. On April 19, 1955 he married Bessie Brown and she mothered the four children.

I still continue taking care of the farm. With a tractor it is much easier than horses. I have discontinued raising sugar beets and raise sweet corn, grain and hay. Machinery is so expensive to buy, I hire most of the heavy work done. Grant takes quite an interest in the farm and I don't know how I would manage without his help and interest. I also raise a few potatoes and usually at potato harvest, part of the family come and bring the grandchildren to pick up potatoes, make kind of a party of it. Gary don't think much of the party. He says he never wants to pick up another potato. I think they enjoy the dinner Vida has prepared for them at noon. Nancy, Paul's wife, felt different about it. They came back to Payson after the wedding in California and we had an "Open House" for them. A family group picked up the potato harvest the next day in the field. Nancy said it was a fun day. She was reared in the city.

2 October 1961 we left with Lichfields on a trip east. We had never been in that direction before. We visited most of the places of interest in our Church history. Nauvoo, Carthage jail and the Temple at Kirtland, Ohio, owned by the Reorganized LDS Church and kept up by them. We went to the Hill Cumorah and the Sacred Grove where everything was so peaceful and quiet. It is near Palmyra, New York. We visited the home of Joseph Smith, which is nearby. We went to the Peter Whitmer farm where the Church was organized. Also the Martin Harris farm which was mortgaged for \$3,000 to pay for the printing of the first 5000 copies of the Book of Mormon. We visited the Corning Glass Manufacturing Company in Pennsylvania and watched them make fancy glass dishes. Into Lancaster, Pennsylvania to see the Amish people. They dress alike, use horses instead of tractors and automobiles. Work together and help each other. On to Philadelphia to look around and then on to New York City. We went through the Holland Tunnel under the Hudson River into Manhattan. We visited Rockefeller Center, a group of high office buildings, the Empire State Building. Went up to the 102nd floor. Had a tour through the United Nations building. Visited Radio City Music Hall. Took a sight seeing boat up the Hudson river by the statue of Liberty and back up the east river, a 35 mile cruise. Did many other things. Visited Washington D.C. Went through the capitol building, the Smithsonian museum, the Lincoln Memorial and other places of interest and on to Virginia. Went to Arlington Cemetery and watched the changing of the guard. Watched the President of Finland lay a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown soldier. To Fredricksburg, Virginia and through the battlegrounds of the Civil War, also through the area where the Revolutionary War was fought. On to Williamsburg, the city that has been restored to it's original Colonial state. Went to Jamestown, the first permanent English settlement in America. To Richmond and through the Shenandoah Valley, to the Luray Caverns, the most colorful we have seen. We stopped at Independence, Missouri, visited the LDS Church Headquarters, saw the Temple site, went through the Reorganized Church's beautiful building, stopped at places of interest on the home trail. I forgot to say that we went to Niagara Falls on the way to New York. Really enjoyed them. Put on "zombie suits" and went under the falls. We were gone 25 days and had a most pleasant trip. We returned 26 October and the 14th of November Will Lichfield was killed in an automobile accident, going west out of Death Valley with Frank and Clare Eastmond. The three

were killed instantly and Beulah was taken to Lone Pine Hospital where she was very bad for two months. Then she was flown to the hospital in Provo. It took many months after she left the hospital for her before she was well again. She married Charles Cox three years after Will's death and they seem happy.

Just before we left for our trip east, I sold the team that had been so faithful to work and which I had been so proud of. I let Grant take them away, as it bothered me more than I thought it would. Also sold the cows. I had been milking since six years of age and when everyone else was cleaned up on Sundays and holidays I had to change into old clothes to milk and separate and take care of the chores. We miss the extra milk and cream, but it sure seems good to be that much retired. We just keep 6 old hens, a dog and 3 cats.

In 1953 the gas was brought into Payson and we had it put into our house. We bought a new gas stove and water heater. Also a stove for the living room with automatic controls. Seemed good to have heat, plenty of hot water and fuel to cook with and use without having to make a fire. The modern conveniences are wonderful. We were so long without them.

In May, 1965 we took out the chimney and wall dividing our two front rooms and made one large room of it. We paneled the walls and tiled the ceiling and had a new wall furnace installed. It makes our old home much more pleasant. We had the one front door and window changed to just one large window 5' by 8' and the end windows the same height with one glass pane.

On January 15, 1958 Vida had her gall bladder removed at the Provo Hospital. She way away one week and her health is better.

June 18, 1963 Vida and I went with a BYU Fine Arts Tour to Europe. There were 36 in our group, with Dr. John Halliday as tour director and Dr. Wayne Hales as his assistant director. We flew by jet plane from Salt Lake City to New York and from there to Portugal, Spain, France, Switzerland, Ital, Germany, Austria, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, England, Scotland and Ireland. We also went from Italy to Greece by ship. Vida and I had a stateroom with 2 port holes. The Mediterranean was so blue and quiet, no sea sickness. Athens Greece was so interesting. So many ancient ruins. We spent several days there and returned to Italy by ship. We had two days of train rides. One through Italy where Grant was stationed during the war and one through the Austrian Alps. We enjoyed both days very much. It was beautiful scenery. We had over 30 flights. Got along fine without air-sickness. We traveled in hot countries and cool ones. Saw the great art of the world. The original "Last Supper" in Milan, Italy that was painted on the wall of a church. They sand bagged it during the war to save it. The "Mona Lisa" and "Venus deMilo" at the Louve in Paris. We rode the gondolas and the Grand canal in Venice. Saw the "Little Mermaid" in Denmark. The beautiful fields of flowering Holland. Saw a bull fight in Madrid, Spain. We saw the Temple in Switzerland and met our friends, Heber and Veoma Done at the London Temple. They were missionaries at the time. We helped with sealings in the Temple. Each day was filled with sight seeing and many night entertainments. We were gone 66 days and had a wonderful time. Returned 23 of August.

I put part of the farm in soil bank and Grant took the responsibility of the rest of it. The others helped when they could. Everything was fine when we returned. The whole family met us at the

airport in Salt Lake at 6:30 a.m. and we went to Alice and Willard's for breakfast. They all seemed happy to have us home again.

As we go through life, many of the events do not seem important, just part of life, or perhaps they seem just obstacles. Many years later, we see they were character builders. I have asked myself many questions, such as, "Why was I born to LDS parents?", "Why so much hard work?", "Why so much inequality in money for the work done?", "Why so sick at times?". As time goes by, most of the "why" are answered, or we take things as they are and try not to complain. The things in life have not been fun to me, nor disagreeable. I just go along. I cannot remember when I didn't go to church. When I was old enough, I was ordained a Deacon, Teacher, Priest, Elder, Seventy and High Priest. I have been a President or in the Presidency of every quorum. I was Group Leader of Ward High Priests, also the Group Teacher for several years. I was the Stake High Priests President for three years. Sunday School Teacher for years. President of the Y.M.M.I.A. for 2 years. A Counselor to Bishop Byron Mendenhall for 5 years. Have served two years as a Stake Missionary, been a Ward Teacher since I was 15 years of age. I was Chairman of the Genealogy Committee for 8 years. We worked hard in the Ward to get people interested in genealogy. We have made many trips to the Temples to do work for the dead. These are important events too: When I was given my wife for Time and Eternity in the Temple. When each child was born, when they came from the army, clean young men, when they were all married in the Temple. When Ray and Paul received their Mission calls and accepted them and received honorable releases. Now the privilege of going to the Temple and doing work for those who didn't have the opportunity.

Vida had trouble with her right leg the summer of 1965. The knee joint wore out. She had knee surgery the 13 of September in Provo and was in the hospital for 9 days. Came home in a cast from her toes to her hip. She was in this cast 3½ months and then I took her to Provo 3 times a week for sometime, then twice each week for therapy to get her leg to bend. She is getting along quite well now, but I really had a rough winter. I had all the work to do besides waiting on her. She couldn't move without my help for weeks. She used a wheel chair and crutches and I was happy when she could do for herself and help with the work.

Harold Jones, the one who was married the same day we were, passed away .23 February 1966. He had been ailing for some time, but it was still a shock to us. Zenda seems so lost without him and we really miss him. Frank and Leona Thomas and the Jones's were married the same day as we were and for years we have celebrated our wedding anniversaries together. We were hoping we could celebrate our "Golden Weddings" together, but we never know how long we will be here. We should live each day as if it was our last day on earth, but I'm sure we don't. Winter time still brings it's work and snow shoveling is quite a job for me. Mowing lawns in the summer is no easy job either, as we have a large lawn. Also a big flower garden that takes a lot of time to keep looking good. This besides the farm ... we are glad to see Fall come.

Vida's father, Jasper F. Hill, passed away 26 of October, 1965. He had been ailing for quite some time. He was 88 years of age. I had to take Vida to the funeral services in a wheel chair. It was quite hard on her. Her mother is still living at the age of 88. She lives alone and has pretty good health.

We have 18 grand-children and enjoy having them come to visit us. They all enjoy my parched corn

and I try to have some in the winter for them.

We bought a new Chevrolet in February, 1965 and we really enjoy driving it.

February 1967 ... To bring this story up to date.

30 May, 1966, Memorial Day, Leila and some of her family were visiting here, when the telephone rang and it was word that Vernon, my youngest brother, had just died of a heart attack at Leila's home. He was just 60 years of age, and it was a real shock to us. His funeral was held in Bountiful where they had lived for years, on 3 June 1966 and they buried him in Mount Pleasant, Utah. His wife, Estrella, was from that area and they had a burial lot there where they had buried a baby boy some years before. We took Oro and Ethel to the funeral and burial in our car.

That same evening, Rulon Hill's wife, Dee, passed away just after we returned from Vernon's burial. She had been ill for a while. Her services were held 7 of June, 1966 in the Park 2nd Ward chapel with burial in Payson Cemetery. We were still having too many deaths in our families.

Maynard and his family spent the summer of 1966 in Greeley, Colorado. He was in school and took his family with him. They rented a nice home for the summer. We spent one week end with them and enjoyed our drive out and back besides the lovely time spent with them and seeing the surrounding area. They took a week of traveling before returning home just before school started in the Fall.

In October, 1966 S.D. married Leona Ford. We were invited for the ceremony in the Salt Lake Temple. There was a room full of family and friends. She seems like a lovely person and we wish them every happiness.

21 October, 1966 we left with Charles and Beulah Cox in their car for a trip to Florida. We traveled in 12 states and really enjoyed the South. In New Mexico we went through the Carlsbad Caverns. We toured the Capitol building in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, the French Quarter in New Orleans, with it's many narrow streets and shops, the wrought iron work is beautiful. Passed many oil wells pumping away. Saw the Negroes hand picking cotton. Some cotton is picked by machines. Visited a cotton gin and watched the seeds taken out of the cotton bolls, and the cotton baled ready for shipping to the manufacturers. Saw many of the beautiful live oak trees that are green the year round. Some are 100 years old. The magnolia and eucalyptus trees are lovely. Some streets were lined with pyracantha bushes red with berries. The cypress trees are covered with Spanish moss. Some of it hanging as long as 6 ft. In a forest of trees it looks very weird.

We rode along the Gulf of Mexico for miles with it's white sands. It is white and fine as salt. Crossed many long bridges, one was 22 miles long over the water. We crossed many shorter ones. Some were toll and some not. Some would open to let boats go by and we watched this which was very interesting. The Everglades and bayous were most interesting to us. Water all along the sides or the good roads, and beyond ... swamp and jungles. Sat by the seashore at Miami Beach and saw the full moon over Miami which was thrilling. We drove through orange, grapefruit, and pecan orchards. Saw many lovely gardens, all kinds of flowers and shrubbery. Many colored birds. Went to Silver Springs and went out in the glass bottom boat to see life in the water. Fed the fish which

would jump to take bread from our hands. This is the place where many under-water movies are made and we saw many of the props in the water. The gardens were lovely. We wandered around and left. We went to Cypress Gardens and saw the spectacular water show. Took a ride in a small boat through the canals, through the colorful gardens. The cypress trees in the water were covered with Spanish moss. The flowers were of all kinds and colors.

At White Springs, Florida we visited the Stephen Foster memorial and the Carillon Tower where concerts are held daily. Stephen Foster music was being played in the background and we enjoyed it. The diaramas depicting Foster's well loved songs of the South were very nice. There were eleven of them. I bought one of his records to play at home. We visited the Tupperware International Headquarters at Orlando, Florida. The shell factory at Ft. Myers. At Moultrie, Georgia we visited with Charlie's brother and his family and went to supper at the Elks club with them.

We saw the Confederama at Chattanooga, Tennessee. The battle that sealed the fate of the Confederacy. The homes in the South are all off the ground due to the wet conditions. I called them on "stilts". It snowed on us in Georgia and we quit traveling at 4:30 in the afternoon. Our weather had been most delightful up to now. The next morning the roads were dry and we came on our way. Just stopped at the most interesting places. The trees were all in fall colors of brilliant hues and the rolling hills were a riot of color. We came through Santa Fe, New Mexico, an old city. Narrow streets and many rock buildings. We had 19 days of vacation and enjoyed it very much. It snowed on us from Helper home and we were glad to get here. Everything was fine, except our dog, "Bounce" was gone and has never come back. Paul graduated from the University of Utah in June of 1966 and we went up to the graduation exercises. They have bought a house in Provo just off the canyon road at 3600 North. This is the first home they have had of their own and they are very happy with it. Nancy had a new baby boy on 23 Sept. 1966 and they named him Michael White. We went to Provo for the Fast services and I stood in for the blessing. He is a lovely baby and they now have two boys and two girls. Paul is enjoying his work in Provo.

Just before Christmas 1966 we went to Salt Lake City to see the beautiful decorations and lights on the Tabernacle grounds and then to Alice and Willard's ward to see Craig get his Eagle Scout award. Just two boys were made Eagle scouts. Several years ago we went to Salt Lake to see Ray's twins, Ray and David get their Eagle Scout awards. We are proud of our Eagle Scouts. It shows much leadership. Our other grandsons are working to that end.

Each year we have our Family Christmas party here. Vida and I prepare supper for about 5 o'clock and then enjoy watching the children open their exchange gifts from under the Christmas tree and the ones we give them. This past Christmas, they said, was the best ever. Our twin grandsons had to work and we really missed them.

We stayed with Ray's family for nine days shortly before Christmas while Ray and Betty were in California. This is the way to get acquainted with your grandchildren.

13 January, 1967, Rulon Hill married Elva Peterson from Springville in the Salt Lake Temple. We were invited to go on the session with them at 5 o'clock. There were 20 in the group and we all went out to dinner together after the marriage. It was a lovely evening.

15 January, 1967 Grant left the Payson Chronicle after 21 years working there. He has taken a job at the BYU printing office in Provo and seems to be quite happy. Jean quit the Payson Chronicle last summer and is working for the Nebo School District in supplies in Salem and prints for them one day a week in Spanish Fork. She is enjoying her work. Sharon has been going to school at the "Y" and working part time.

29 January 1967 we were in Salt Lake and went to Church with Ray and Betty. Ray was released as Bishop of Parley's 7th Ward. He was on his 7th year, and had been a counselor for 2½ years previous. Three wards meet in their new chapel which has been erected and dedicated while Ray was Bishop. It cost about one half million dollars and is a lovely edifice. President Curtis told us they were releasing him for new experiences which he deserved as his ward was at the top. 70% of the ward were present and everyone praised Ray as the Bishop. Made us feel good.

Bringing this story up to date ... April 1969.

It wasn't long after Ray was released as Bishop of his Ward that he was made a High Councilman. Then in a few months, he was released and made Stake Clerk. He really enjoys his work. He changed jobs and started working for Hiland Milk Co. and is happy in his work.

We left February 1967 with Beulah and Charles Cox to go to Palm Springs, California. Dr. John Jones had invited them down and told them to bring friends, so we were invited to go. The Jones's had a lovely apartment in a condominium in Cathedral City just out of Palm Springs and it was our Headquarters while there. We spent all one day with the Jones's and were taken all over the area. The place is noted for it's beautiful country clubs and golf courses and we saw most of them. We went with a large group to "Indian Wells" country club for Sunday dinner and after Sunday night Church services, had a gathering at the Jones home. The following day we went to the Date Festival in Indio. Were at a program where the Lennon Sisters entertained and to a lovely pageant at night. We returned home by way of the Sultan Sea and Imperial Valley to Mesa, Arizona, a beautiful drive. At our motel in Mesa, my niece, Ann Skinner Friess and her husband, Howard came and visited with us. We traveled by Las Vegas and returned the same way. Saw some beautiful shows while there. We had nine delightful days with good company.

August 1967 Maynard took his family, other than Carolyn, to Ohio (Athens) for a year. He went to school to get his Master's degree in Guidance and Counseling. Carolyn spent the winter at BYU. When school was out in the spring, Gaylia's father, Lawrence Clayson took her to Ohio to her folks. The family enjoyed the East as they took weekends and vacation time touring the many places of interest. They all returned in time for school in the fall of 1968. They made many new friends while away. Travel broadens our lives in so many ways.

The spring of 1967 Vida and I were the speakers in Sacrament meeting in the ward. We are not public speakers.

January 1968 we went to Salt Lake and stayed with the Jewett children while Willard and Alice went to Scottsdale, Arizona for a week. He had to go for his Insurance Company. They flew down. It is good for Alice to be able to go with him and leave the children.

Again in January, 1969 we stayed with the children again for a week while the parents went to Florida. We enjoyed their family. They are so nice to us. The day before they returned, we woke to find their basement flooded with several inches of water. Terry woke to take his house dog outside and jumped into a pond of cold water. Needless to say, it was a big days work to get it all taken care of. The boys all worked along with us and the help of ward members who were so kind to get it all soaked up. Craig took over just like his father would. There was real cooperation. Craig and Alan are each Eagle Scouts, getting them when 14 years of age.

The Jewett family had to give the program in their ward one Sunday evening. They all took part and did a fine job. We went for the program, also Ray and Betty.

The summer of 1968 Vida and I went to Bullfrog, Arizona. Went to the marina where they dock boats to go on Lake Powell. It was a beautiful setting. We came back up the canyon and found accommodations at "Fry Motel" and were glad to find it as we had traveled miles without seeing anyone. We had a nerve wracking ride up the narrow, winding road up the mountain side as there had been a storm and washed away some of the road. Were glad when we hit the good road going into Blanding. We were gone two days. In early fall we were invited to Sidney Hendersons reception in Vernal, Utah. He is Beulah's grandson and we have known him since he was a baby. We went to the reception and the next day went on to Flaming Gorge reservoir and then down Sheep Creek canyon where there was a bad flood the year before. Several people lost their lives. The destruction was still in evidence. We enjoy our short trips. There is so much work here at home all summer, but we can leave between irrigation turns and harvesting. We go for a day or two. It makes life much more interesting for us and the work don't seem so bad. We love traveling.

The summer or 1968 we had a car port built on the east side of the house. We took one tree out and had the big walnut tree by the house topped to make room. We really enjoy the carport. During the warm weather, we used it as a patio and put the car in the garage, but for bad weather it is nice to just go out and get in the car out of the storm.

Our 50th Wedding anniversary was 29 August 1968, and our children had a nice party for us. We had it on my birthday, 8 September, 1968, a Sunday afternoon. We waited for Maynard and his family to return from Ohio so all the family could be present. Vida's sister, Nelda Hanks, came and helped decorate the patio and made corsages for each member of the family. She came back in the afternoon to supervise which we really appreciated. Many friends and relatives called and we had a most delightful day. They were all served cake, ice cream and mints. We received many lovely cards, many coming from distant places. Another thing that made it so lovely, the day before, many of the family came and worked on our yard and lawn, mowing, raking and really cleaning it up the best it has ever looked. We do appreciate our family. Sometimes I guess they wonder, but we really do. We are always happy to have them visit us.

Our Christmas family parties, when we are all together are real happy times. Hope we can continue having them for many years. Thanksgiving is also an enjoyable occasion as we try to have the whole family together at least every two years. Some have to go to the other side of the family, so we share these years.

As time goes along we are saddened by the death of dear friends. 2 March 1967, Veoma Done,

Heber Done's wife, of Provo passed away. We had been friends for many years. 21 Feb. 1968, Zenda Jones, Harold's wife, passed away. Harold had died 23 Feb. 1966. We miss them so. We buried Byron Mendenhall 24 April 1969. He was a friend of more than 50 years. I was a counselor to him for 5 years in the 3rd Ward Bishopric. His wife, Marie, was Vida's Counselor in 3rd Ward Relief Society. When Will Lichfield died in an automobile accident 14 November, 1961, we could hardly accept it. We had traveled with them and been such good friends for so many years. You can't get more old friends, you have to find new ones. Three years after Will's death, Beulah married Charles Cox. He had been a friend to each of them for many years. They seem very happy together and are good company and we enjoy their friendship.

We enjoy our study group in Provo. Getting together twice each month, the 1st and 3rd Sundays in the evenings after Sacrament services. We have been with them for six years. We take turns having them for supper, then a lesson and a visit. It is such a congenial group, all about the same age. We treasure their friendship.

We also enjoy getting together with a genealogy group of part of the Moore family. Wayne Beck (Leila's son), his wife, Evalyn, S. D. and Leona Moore, his daughter, Louella Miller, Ray and Betty and Huish and Bessie Moore. Trying to do some record keeping.

The Hill family get together are very enjoyable. As we get older these things we do make life more interesting. Our children are all busy with making a living and their church duties. Ray enjoys his Stake work. Betty was a counselor in the Relief Society for several years and still active in the organizations. The twins, Ray and David had their 6 months in the service the summer of 1968 and are in the National Guard. They go to the U. of U. and work part time. Gary is in high school and Kent in the grades. Alice is President of the Primary in her ward and Willard is President of Y.M.M.I.A. which keeps them both busy. The boys, Craig, Alan, Terry in their Priesthood work along with all the activity at school. Pamela in the grades. These two families live in Salt Lake City.

Paul and Nancy live in Provo and are active in their work. Paul is in the Welfare office. Nancy has a cub scout group and they do many things. Paul W., Lisa and Catherine are in school so that just leaves Michael at home. Nancy is taking night classes at the "Y".

Grant's family live in Salem, Utah. He is one of the Presidency of Seventies in the Stake and they keep him busy along with his work at the "Y". Jean is doing very well with the Nebo School District in their office. Along with home and Church duties, she is a busy girl. Sharon lives in Provo, works full time and goes to school at night.

June of 1968, Richard had a back operation in Salt Lake. He has worn a brace for over 2 years to check curvature of the spine. It didn't work. Ten vertebrae were fused in his spine. After his hospital stay, he was bed fast without standing or sitting, for three months, in a cast. Then a walking cast. After 9 months he was free of casts, but with limitations on what he could do. He has come through all this with a sweet spirit. The whole family helped him through the ordeal which was very hard on each of them. Faith and prayers really helped as Richard was given lovely blessings. He has just been voted in as vice-president of the Spanish Fork High School. A school of 900. Janean is such a sweet spirit to be around. She is in 7th grade. We enjoy all of them.

Maynard and Gaylia each have positions in their ward in Payson 1st Ward. Maynard in Priesthood and Gaylia a class leader in Relief Society. They have both been active in leadership positions in ward and stake. Gwen is very busy in the Junior class at high school and her piano. Randy and Bradley in the grades. Randy took up target shooting this past winter and did very well, getting many badges. Carolyn is going to school at the "Y" and working part time. They are all good students and get much encouragement at home.

Christmas morning early 25 December 1968, my oldest brother, Walter, passed away in the L.D.S. hospital in Salt Lake City from a stroke. He was just ready to leave to spend Christmas with his daughter, Eleanor, in North Carolina, when he was stricken 10 days before his death. The funeral was held 28 Dec. in Spanish Fork and he was buried in Payson by his wife, Rachel. 29 January 1969 we left with Beulah and Charles Cox in their new Bonneville Pontiac car for Mexico. They had invited us to go with them and we gladly accepted. We left at noon in a snow storm. By the time we got to Nephi it was quite nice, no storm. We took a week to get to Mexico City. Went into Mexico by way of Nogales and down the west coast. We were in Mexico City five nights, doing things each day. Mexico City is beautiful with many things to see. Beulah met an old guide and he talked her into going on to Yucatan. We left Mexico City Monday morning and enjoyed our ride to Villahermosa to meet the guide, Jose Davilla and his wife Hazel on Saturday morning. He drove the car for 5½ days. He is an Aztec Indian and he knew where to go. We visited Palanque, the ruins that Jose says is the land Bountiful of the Book of Mormon. It shows the beautiful work of the ancient people. We went on to Merida Yucatan and to the ruins of Chichen Itza. They are wonderful. Also the ruins of Uxmal. We enjoyed them all. The only thing, our knees and legs couldn't. We drove along the Gulf of Mexico for days and on the return trip took a different road part way and had to ferry across five different bodies of water. Very interesting. We left our guide at Villahermosa and back to Veracruz. Then up the east coast to Tampico, on to Monterrey, then to Laredo and crossed into the United States. The big problem in Mexico is the water so we used bottled water in the hotels and were careful and got along fine. Getting sleeping accommodations was no problem. Our car insurance was \$3.30 a day while there. We had beautiful weather, came home very brown. Really got sunburned one day before we bought hats to wear. We hit a little storm as we came into Utah, not bad but when we got home they had had the worst storm of the winter.

There was over a foot of snow around our place. Rulon Hill had been over with his tractor and blade and cleared a trail for us, which we appreciated. We had traveled 7,000 miles without any trouble and had a really wonderful months vacation in the winter time down south in the sunshine with wonderful company.

We go to the Manti Temple as we can to do work for the dead. We quite enjoy the work.

I have been very busy this April getting ground ready for planting. Digging up wild oats and replanting to lucerne. The wild oats come if nothing else. At my age, the days seem too long, but I can't just sit and do nothing. I get on Vida's nerves when I do. As long as I can, I can drive the tractor and work a while each day. Guess I will keep at it. Irrigating is the hardest part but I guess I will just do as much as I can and let it go. Guess I never will be really retired. The farm is better security than money in the bank.

At our study group Sunday, 20 April, 1969, at Beulah and Charles Cox home, Wayne Beck was invited to talk to the group on the new "Giant Step" in genealogy and record keeping and temple work and it's importance. He is very informed and interesting. His wife, Evalyn was with him and they made the evening very enjoyable. He has been a Mission President in Brazil, besides two previous missions in the same area. His family with him the last two. He has traveled with the General Authorities to Conferences as a speaker . There were invited guests, and Beulah, with the help of her granddaughter, Rolaine Henderson Glazier, served supper to about 30 people before the talk. Everyone seemed to enjoy the evening.

This Spring, now May, the flowers have never been more beautiful. They are all just a picture. Paul has left Welfare work and is now in Social work and rehabilitation and seems to enjoy it much more.

June 1970 ... bringing this story up to date.

The first part of June, 1969, Vida and I took off for Mirror Lake in the Uintah mountains. It was beautiful with snow among the trees. We had gone up earlier but the road was blocked with several feet of snow so had to turn around and come back. This day we traveled on to Evanston Wyoming and then decided to go on to Lander. We had never been there. We found Dora and Leslie Cloward's daughter, Fay Holden and stayed overnight with them. She and her husband, Floyd, were very gracious and took us on a sight seeing tour around the area, which we enjoyed. Friday morning we cleaned the snow off our car, then left for Idaho Falls. It was a beautiful drive over the Continental Divide and by the Teton Mountains. We visited with my sister, Clara Skinner in Idaho and then came home. A delightful two day trip.

In July we saw the Pageant, "Mormon Miracle" on the south slope of the Manti Temple grounds. It was very inspirational.

26 July we went to church with the Jewett family in Salt Lake when Craig received his "Duty To God" award.

Maynard and Gaylia left July 24, 1969 for a trip to Hawaii. Were gone about three weeks. Carolyn and Gwen stayed at home to work. The boys visited in California with their aunt. They had an earlier vacation to Washington with all the family. Life goes on through the summer for us with irrigating, gardening, harvesting and canning. We take little short trips for a day or so to get away from the drudgery and makes life happier. I never learned how to fish and don't know how to play.

The S.D. Moore family reunion was held here 16 August 1969 on our patio. We had 6 large tables and had supper at 6:30. Everyone seemed to enjoy it.

We took Vida's mother and rode to Strawberry one day. The Jasper Hill family gathering was held here 30 August, 1969. Over 100 came to enjoy visiting. Ice cream was served.

We went over to the ground breaking for the Prove Temple 15 Sept. 1969. 12,000 were present.

17 Sept. Vida and I went to the State Fair in Salt Lake and to the Ice show at night. A fun day for the two of us.

Have been busy this fall planting fall grain.

Have been put in teacher for the High Priests. Have held the job before.

The latter part of August we had a 4-day vacation. Went to Idaho. Stayed overnight with Bernell and Barbara Skinner in Twin Falls. Went on to Cour-de-Lame. A most beautiful country. Into Montana and down to where the earthquake was near Yellowstone Park and saw the destruction. Rode through Yellowstone and on home by the Teton mountains.

Each year we have our family Christmas party which is very enjoyable and a lovely Thanksgiving dinner and family get-together . 1969 Maynard and Gaylia took the family to the 1st Ward recreation hall where there was plenty of room for games along with the dinner.

15 Jan. 1970 we went to Salt Lake to stay with the Jewett children while Willard and Alice went to Palm Springs Calif. Sunday morning, the 18th, President McKay passed away. We came down to Boydens to our Study Group at night. Fourteen of the group sat and listened to the story of President McKay's life on T.V. A night to remember.

19 January. Maynard's birthday. I went to the Veteran's hospital to get an appointment and they kept me. They found I was diabetic so was kept two weeks to get rid of sugar before they could operate. I returned home 9 of Feb. Just have to take a pill each day to combat sugar . Getting along fine.

My sisters Clara and Leila, have both had time in the hospital this past time.

19 March, Vida and I went to Idaho Falls to see Clara. Came back the 20th.

21 March 1970 was Vida's birthday. The evening before, the Hill family came and spent the evening.

The week before, our family was here for a hot supper and an enjoyable evening.

In March I was feeling better and in the field on the tractor. 13 April we took a three day trip to Nevada and Arizona. We enjoy our "get-aways".

29 April, 1970 Maynard's family came and made a tape recording of the early part of our lives.

14 June, 1970 went to Roy, Utah to bid Jay Hill, Earl's son, goodbye before his departure for the Japan mission.

My sister, Leila, is not good. Back in hospital.

16 June Craig and Alan Jewett came to see us. Craig leaves for the service 18 of June. Going to South Carolina.

We had four grandchildren graduate from high school this spring. Gwen Moore, Richard and Gary

Moore, and Craig Jewett. We got to some of the graduation exercises.

25 June we went for the day to Mirror Lake, on to Evanston, Wyo. On to Bear Lake, then over the mountains to Logan. Snow was still by the roadside in the mountains. It was a delightful day. We don't always go to church in our own ward, but visit other wards with our children.

Nov. 6, 1970 ... Bringing story up to date.

The 17 of July we saw the "Mormon Miracle" again. Went down with Alice and Willard to the Temple grounds to Manti.

I got the barley combined and sold the latter part of July.

We went to Salt Lake to the Moore reunion the 22 of August. Later our family went to Alice's and had a get together on her back lawn, for our 52nd wedding anniversary.

Tuesday, Aug 5 we went to the Manti Temple and did two sessions. On our way, early, we hit two deer in Salt Creek Canyon, on a curve. Headlights startled them and they crossed in front of us. Some damage done to the car. We had Frank and Leona Thomas and Charles and Beulah here for our anniversary supper. Each year get together.

August 26. took Beulah and Charles for the day and went to Mirror Lake. She fixed a lovely lunch and we enjoyed the day.

29 August. Our Anniversary day. We went down to Salina and over the new road to Castle Dale. Visited a short time with an old friend, Dora Nichols Dennison and on home to spend the evening with Frank and Leona.

Sunday afternoon, Sept. 6. 60 members of the Hill family came and visited while Florence Dalton and family were here for Homecoming. Vida's mother went back to Calif. with the Daltons and stayed about 5 weeks and then returned by plane. Her first plane ride at 92.

25 Sept. We went back to Idaho Falls to see Clara. She hasn't been too good. We stayed overnight with her and enjoyed our visit. The next morning we went over to Shelley and stopped to see Vida's cousin, Vera Hill Tew and said "hello" to Ed Cutler and his wife. They all seemed happy to see us. Instead of coming the short way home, we went over to Montpelier and down by Bear Lake and over the mountain to Logan and home. The ride was very delightful as the fall colors were in profusion all the way to Logan. Craig returned home 18 of Oct.

I helped Grant and Maynard dig potatoes the last week end in Oct. They had potatoes on my place in the field.

23 Oct. Beulah and Charles invited us to go to the BYU "Frolics" of 1970 in the Fieldhouse. It was an outstanding program which we enjoyed.

We were the witness couple at the Manti Temple 29 Oct.

I haven't been feeling too good since working in the field this fall. Went to the Doctor and he says it's my heart, so must take it easier, along with medication. A week later, feeling much better.

5 Nov. A new road was opened up from Green River across the San Raphael area. A beautiful scenic route, shortening the route from the east to the west coast. We took the day and went over this new area. It is a beautiful new road through spectacular sights of unusual formations and coloring.

Maynard and Gaylia have just bought a beautiful new organ for the family to enjoy. All four children, along with Gaylia, enjoy playing and really enjoy it.

3 March

The 20 November, 1970, Sharon Moore was married to Richard Murano in the Relief Society room of the Spanish Fork Stake House. Shirl Hanks, a cousin, of the Salem Ward Bishopric, performed the ceremony. There was a large crowd of family and close friends to witness the ceremony. A lovely reception was held later in the Armory building and a large crowd attended the affair. We feel bad it wasn't a Temple marriage, but we can always hope and pray for that in the future.

20 members of our family had a lovely Thanksgiving at Ray and Betty's.

Catherine, Paul's 2nd daughter, fell and broke her leg 30 of November 1970 and was taken to Utah Valley hospital for a month in traction. She was very sweet about it. Was then home for New Year's in a cast from her chest to her toes on the right leg and to her knee on the left leg. She was very active for her condition. Got out of her cast 22 Feb. and is going on crutches for a short time.

I went to the Veteran's hospital in Salt Lake 16 Dec. for a check-up and couldn't get in. Was supposed to go back the next day and was snowed in at Alice's, so couldn't make it. Our next appointment was for 4 of Jan. 1971 and stayed all week.

We had our study group from Provo 20 Dec.

Our Christmas Family party was 23 Dec. with smorgasbord supper and exchange of gifts.

We had a group of friends 30 of Dec. The Ray Johnsons, Eckersleys, Glen Cowans, Rulon and Eva, and Huish and Bessie. 15 of the Hill family were here New Year's night. 1 Jan. 1971

18 of Jan. we went to Salt Lake to stay with the Jewett children while Willard and Alice went to Palm Springs, California.

I took sick with blood clots and went to the hospital 21 Jan. and was there for three weeks. Came home 12 of February. It is sure good to be home and getting better. Vida has been having trouble with bursitis in her right arm, which is a problem.

Craig Jewett has been called on a mission to South Argentina and has to learn a language in Provo. He went into the Mission Home the 12 of Feb. and will leave 20 of April. Alice and Willard

entertained for family and friends at their home after his Sunday night meeting, 24 of Jan. where all the family were on the program but Pamela. They did very well, I was told, as I was in the hospital.

My sister, Leila Beck passed away the 30 of Jan. 1971 at a Provo hospital where she had been for several months. Her services were held in the 6th Ward at Payson 2 Feb. 1971. Vida, Ray and Alice came down from Salt Lake to the services as I was not able to come. It was a real stormy day. My sister, Clara Skinner, came down with Bernell from Idaho Falls. She is pretty good. The funeral was on her 85th birthday.

Grant's birthday was on 14 Feb. and we were invited over to have birthday dinner with them. Sharon and Rick were there. We enjoy having our children and grandchildren come to see us as often as they can. Have had much company since coming from the hospital, which we enjoyed.

February was a beautiful Spring month most of the time. Vida bought a beautiful recliner chair so I won't sleep on the floor.

Maynard has bought a set of drums for the boys and they are enjoying them. He really has a music room.

Tomorrow is Vida's mother's 93rd birthday and the family are going to have dinner together to celebrate it. She is in pretty good health. Reads without glasses and enjoys company. February was a pretty good month, but into March it has really been winter.

5 of March we rode into Salt Lake. The first time since I came from the hospital 12 of Feb. It's good to get away and enjoy going again.

7 March, we were at Brimhall's for Study Group. We rode up to Sundance one day and another to Park City to watch the skiers. Vida has bursitis and has been going to the hospital for therapy but we are now going to an osteopath in Salt Lake for treatment. It is very slow getting well.

13 March on a Saturday, Willard and Alice, Pam and Maynard came and really cleaned our front room. It looks very nice and we really appreciated their work.

Willard has bought a lovely new camper.

The 14 of March we had dinner with Ray's family and bid Gary "Goodbye" before he left for the service on the 19th. The adult members of the family came for Mom and Alice's birthdays the 19 of March. Most of the Hill family called the 21 of March.

25 March, Vida and I went to Salina and on the new road to Green River and home. An enjoyable afternoon.

Grant bought a nice truck the 27 of March.

Vida's cousin, Cleo Finlayson, passed away 30 of March and his services were in Salem 2 of April

1971. He had been an orphan from 6 months of age.

Alice and Willard went on an Easter trip with their new camper.

10 April, Maynard, Grant and Dave came and dug ditches for Dad.

20 April. Craig left for the Argentine Mission and we went to the airport in Salt Lake to bid farewell. He seemed very happy about going and I'm sure will be a good missionary. There were many friends to see him off.

This spring was very dry for quite some time and then we have had two weeks of real cold, stormy weather.

Since we are feeling better we have been going to the Temple again. Were witness couple one session.

23 April I bought two new tires ... \$63. We need good tires as well as we like to ride.

The Study Group were at Boyden's 25 April, 16 May at Cox's. We enjoy the friendly group.

All the trees seem to have outdone themselves in blooms this year. Just loaded. Some frost but still some fruit.

20 April. Bradley won out in his age group on the piano in the Kiwanis talent show.

May 1st. Grant, Maynard, Randy, Paul, Willard and Terry came and painted the house. Used 6 gallons of paint. Dad had painted some before and finished later and the house really looks beautiful. It was really appreciated. We enjoy going to the travelogues at the Old Tabernacle with the Senior citizens as we can.

11 May, 1971 Vida's mother fell and hurt her back. The family take turns in helping out.

We took off the 12th and 13th of May for the southern part of the state. Saw the Wayne Wonderland, Arches by Moab, Goosenecks, Lee's Ferry, Jacob's Lake country and down through Zion's Park and home. Too fast and too far, but we just ride ... don't hike. Vida's sister, Dora and husband Leslie Cloward celebrated their Gold wedding on 16 of May. It was a lovely affair.

21 May we went to Provo for the cornerstone laying of the new Temple. It was quite colorful. 22 of the Church authorities were present.

Alan Jewett graduated from high school 28 of May. Gwen Moore, Maynard and Gaylia's daughter is gifted in many ways. She is good at writing poetry also:

TO JUST REMEMBER
To just remember those small moments
in giving, loving, overshadows wrong,

disappointments and makes all life
somehow worth living.

Gwen Moore

Went to the viewing of my cousin, Walter Huish, in Spanish Fork on June 1. He was Roy Huish's son. The same night we went to Prove for Jean's brother in law's viewing, Dave Lewis, who had been very sick for 9 months, and leaves wife and four children.

8 of June. We went with Willard and Alice's family to Lake Powell (Bullfrog) and were taken for most of one day on the river in his boat. It was a lovely day and we enjoyed it. We left them there and came back by way of Bluff and Blanding. We enjoy the scenery in the southern part of the state. Were gone most of three days.

Father's Day June 20. We had 31 of the family for supper. We enjoy our family "get-togethers".

27 June. Had our study Group.

29 June. We went to Idaho Falls and visited shortly with my sister', Clara Skinner. Then went on over to Yellowstone. Stayed at West Yellowstone overnight. Then on through the Park and home the next day. A beautiful drive.

Gary returned from the service in July and 2 weeks later he had a call to go on a mission to England in September.

30 July. We enjoyed a Ward reunion at the Girl's Home in Santaquin canyon.

3 of Aug. President Smith's wife, Jessie Evans, passed away age 68.

8 of August Grant's family gave the program in Salem ward. It was Richard' s farewell before leaving for the mission. Grant, Jean, Janean and Richard each gave good talks. There was a large crowd and after the services an open house was held and many friends and relatives called for punch and cookies. Most of the family stayed for picnic supper.

11 August. On Wednesday evening we went to Spanish Fork to witness Richard being set apart for the Japanese Mission by President Robertson. A lovely evening.

15 Aug. Study group at Clark's.

18 of August we were at the airport to bid farewell to Richard. Many of the family were present to say "bon-voyage".

For our 53rd wedding anniversary we ate supper with Frank and Leona Thomas at their home on the 28th. On the 29th we ate dinner with Alice's family, called at Ray's, Paul's and Beulah's. Enjoyed the day.

2 Sept. Willard's mother, Ina Jewett, passed away. The funeral was held 7 of Sept. due to Sunday

and Homecoming.

Monday, 6 of Sept. The family came for dinner after the Homecoming Parade to help celebrate my 75th birthday.

We had reservations for Hawaii for 15 Sept. I was on my way to the field to work on the morning of the 14th and ran the tractor in the ditch, with me falling under it. Hurt both my legs quite badly, just blessed I wasn't killed. We left on the 15th at 8 a.m. for Christopherson's 10 day tour of Hawaii. I could have felt better, but got along pretty well with two sore legs. It was a beautiful vacation. We saw Richard briefly at the Cafeteria in Laie at the church School. He seemed very happy and also very busy. Gary went with us to the plane the morning we left and saw us off. But he had left for England 2 days before we came home.

12 Sept. We had dinner with Ray's family and went to the meeting with the family when Gary had to speak. They also called on Ray and Betty. They all did well. An Open House was held after church. Many people called for punch and cookies. The family being fed Supper.

30 Oct. Study Group here. 17 Oct. at Beulah's.

I have been working hard in the field getting grain planted after the plowing and since our vacation.

24 Oct. Willard was made Sunday School Superintendent. He has good leadership. He had been a Mutual President previously. Alice is Stake Primary President, was a counselor before and a Ward President before. We are happy for their assignments.

31 Oct. Three Wards were made in Salem and Grant went in as 2nd counselor to Bishop Wallentine in the 2nd Ward. Jean is Sunday School Coordinator.

We did 11 sessions at the Manti Temple in the Fall. Our winter really came early and we have had much snow and cold.

The Family had Thanksgiving at Paul and Nancy's. 24 of us and a lovely time.

We had our annual Family Christmas party here at home Christmas Eve. 27 really enjoyed the evening. We went to visit all the children on Christmas Day.

We were at Clarks 13 Dec. and Boyden's on Dec. 27. Here the 10 of Jan. We went for the Provo Temple viewing 10 January 1972. Were invited to go as guides the 12th and 13th afternoons which we enjoyed. We also went to the dedication of the Temple. We were in the Marriott Activity Center on 9 of Feb. and saw it on a large screen. It was lovely.

Carolyn Moore, Maynard's daughter has accepted a ring from Clayne Pope. Planning on being married the end of May.

8 March we went to the Activity Center in Provo to the Mexican Folklore Ballet. Very good.

16 March. Alice and Alan came to visit before Alan left for the service in Texas.

18 March. Alice's birthday. 15 of the family came and cleaned the yard, trimmed trees and shrubbery. It was surely appreciated and we all enjoyed dinner together. We told them it was a present for our birthdays, Mother's and Father's Day, but they won't listen.

We went to the U. of U. activity center 18 March with Alice and Willard to a show, "A Family Night To Remember". Rowan, and Sandi and Sally of the Lawrence Welk show were some of the entertainers. We really enjoyed it. Stayed overnight with Alice and came home Sunday morning.

21 March. Vida's birthday. (72) Huish and Bessie went to the Manti Temple with us and we did two sessions. In the evening most of the Hill family came to visit.

Paul and Nancy's Catherine fell and broke her arm 31 March. We have been doing initiatory and Temple work at Provo this Spring and enjoying it.

22 April. I took Vida for a ride in the truck up on West Mt. to the relay tower. It is a beautiful view from there. It also brought back many memories of my earlier life when we lived at West Mountain. My brother Oro and I cut many cedar posts and drug them home from there. We also did some exploring. Found 2 springs and an old mine. I always brought down a little cedar for Christmas which the family seemed to enjoy. Vida still likes them.

Vida's sister, Cloris Kindred, had a heart attack 25 April in the Provo hospital. Was in intensive care for several days. She seemed to be improving but 7 May died quietly in her sleep. Her home was in Springville, and her services were held there. She was buried in the Springville Evergreen Cemetery 10 May, 1972. She left a husband, Fred, and a daughter, Phyllis and two sons, Boyd and Kent with 11 grandchildren. It seems too many people our age are just dying without apparent cause. Makes one wonder when our turn is coming.

We went to the Regional Dance Festival at the "Y" Fieldhouse on May 6. There were 4000 in colored costumes and it was just beautiful.

Sat. 13 May. Alice and Willard had the family to their home for a Mother's Day party on the back lawn. It was a lovely evening with most of the family present. Good food and congenial company.

Vida's mother has been ill and in the hospital lately. Since bringing her home Vida is helping over there. Someone is with her all the time.

It has been a really dry Spring with no rainfall lately. It was so cold all our fruit froze and many of the early flowers. It seems I have been wearing boots for some time now and I will be glad when I get the grain watered up. Grant is so good to help come and irrigate and do things for me. I really appreciate his help and consideration. He came and we cut the first crop hay Thursday afternoon. It made my day.

We were invited to go to the Salt Lake Temple on Thursday afternoon at 4:30. It was a beautiful wedding for Carolyn and Clayne. Bro. Murdock performed the ceremony. There were 30 there to

witness it. Carolyn looked beautiful in her wedding dress. Afterward the group went out on the Temple grounds for pictures. At 7:00 the family and relatives were invited to the wedding supper at the Hawaiian restaurant. Forty were in the group and we had an enjoyable time. Carolyn and Clayne left the following morning for a Hawaii honeymoon. 9 June a reception was held in Payson 1st Ward. A large crowd of friends and relatives came to wish them well. Gwen was maid of honor and looked real sweet. She left 12 of August, 1972 for Frankfurt, Germany. She was happy, but looked a little lonely, going alone so far from home. From all reports she is doing well and having an enjoyable time.

4 May 1972 Willard Jewett was made a High Priest.

The week of 6 June Willard took the family to Bull Frog. They all enjoy water skiing.

Paul and Nancy and family spent their vacation in California with her people.

The morning we saw them off on the plane, we went on to Idaho Falls, visited with Clara, my sister, then went on our way. Came home by way of Bear Lake the next day. An enjoyable short trip.

23 June. Lynn Hanks, Jean's father died of a heart attack. It was real hard on the family.

25 June. We went to Roy, Utah to Jay Hill's Welcome Home from the Japanese Mission. Jay is Earl Hill's son. He was in the same Mission as Richard Moore.

We were witness couple at the Provo Temple 28 of June.

Vida has been helping to care for her mother since May.

2 July 1972 President Joseph Fielding Smith passed away from a heart attack. Quite a shock to everyone. A week later Brother Harold B. Lee was made President of the LDS Church. Both wonderful men that the members can emulate.

12 July. We went to Vernal, Utah. Stayed overnight and on to Flaming Gorge and home the following day. The ride was delightful. Through Wyoming we saw many antelope. Through the mountains a deer bounded along on the road in front of our car for a distance before going up the mountainside.

7 August. We entertained our Provo on our carport. They seemed happy to be here for dinner and the evening. 21 Aug. We were all at Boyden's.

10 August. Jean had a serious operation at the Payson hospital, but is doing fine and was home in one week.

18 Aug. We went to the BYU for Carolyn's graduation from college.

I had the combining done the first part of August, and have been plowing, harrowing, and irrigating since. Will be glad for a rest. The weather has been extremely hot.

The Moore reunion was held 19 August at the Payson Park. It was quite well attended, other than our family.

25 August my brother Oro and his wife, Ethel are having their 50th wedding anniversary party in Provo, Utah.

The family were here for Homecoming and dinner on the porch, or carport. (1972) We enjoy the family coming.

On my 76th birthday we went to Salt Lake to an I.F.A. meeting to see if we were getting any returns on poultry stock. Had a lovely banquet and enjoyed the day. As we were going to Alice's, our car quit on us. Alice picked us up and our car was taken to a garage for a transmission job. We brought Willard's car on home that night. Went to Clyde Tervort's (an old friend) funeral and back to Salt Lake to get our car.

Had my birthday supper at Beulah and Charles Monday night. Had been invited on his birthday but couldn't make it.

Sunday, 13 Sept. We went up Mill Creek canyon for a picnic lunch with Willard and Alice and children. Lovely afternoon.

18 Sept. We bought a new Impala Sport model car. Light green with a white vinyl top. Enjoying it. We took two days, went out into Colorado and came back into Utah and went south into Arizona in new car. Very nice.

Vida's aunt, Laura Coombs, died 2 Oct. 1972. Buried 5 Oct. She was Alice Hill's sister.

After Vida's sister, Chloris, died, her husband, Fred Kindred, had no desire to live. He got along through the summer, but in Sept. he had to be taken to the hospital. With no desire to go home to an empty house, he didn't respond to treatment and passed away 6 Oct. Just 5 months after her death. After a beautiful service, 9 Oct. 1972, they laid him by her side in the Springville Evergreen cemetery. He looked so peaceful in death that it seemed just what he wanted. To lose both parents in so short a time was hard on the family. But life has to go on for all of us no matter what happens.

Have been doing Temple work quite often, also sealings and initiatory work. Have been witness couple twice. Vida's mother wasn't so well after Chloris's death. The family took turns helping out. 20 Oct. she was taken to the hospital with bleeding ulcers. She didn't respond to treatment and passed away 30 Oct. 1972. 94 years old. Had a long full life. She was survived by 11 children, 61 grand children, 180 great-grand children and 20 great-great-grandchildren. Quite a posterity. Lovely services were held for her in the 2nd Ward chapel 2 Nov. 1972. The 2nd ward served to the large family in the recreation hall. The estate was divided and the house cleaned out in the next few days. The city owns the property and it is to be demolished.

We had a beautiful fall. No frost until way in October, and since that time it has stormed so much that beet harvesting has been a real problem. We got our potatoes out just in time.

18 Nov. and all the leaves have not fallen yet. We had about a foot of snow a month ago and since then ... none. Very unusual fall. Florence Rigby, one of the members of our Provo Study group passed away 11 Nov. 1972. Her funeral was the 14th and we attended. We are having too many funerals. Makes us wonder whose turn next.

Ray had a gall bladder operation 8 of Nov. and was in the hospital one week. Is getting along fine.

Part of our family were at Ray and Betty's for Thanksgiving dinner. Paul and family and Grant's were not present. We had a lovely day. Betty's sister Dorothy Jewett and family were also present. They almost seem part of our family.

Alice was released from Stake Primary as President Dec. 1972. The family Christmas party was held here 17 December. Dave brought his girlfriend, Pat Sluder. He gave her a diamond at Christmas time and we are happy for them. They plan a May 4 wedding.

We visited with each of our families Christmas Day. Grant and Jean bought a new organ for their Christmas. Maynard's family spent part of the holiday in Arizona. We had a heavy snow storm during the holidays.

Vida's cousin Auzro (Nim) Hill died 3 Jan. in Tooele. Maggie Tolman, Grandma's (Hill) youngest sister died 6 Jan. 1973 in California and they buried her in Bountiful 10 Jan.

The old Hill home was demolished 9 Jan.

18 January. we went to Heber, Utah, visited with Lynn and Eva Hill, went on to Park City to see the skiers.

Maynard's birthday 19th (1973) January. Cold, snowy day. We had dinner at Brimhall's with group.

2 Jan. 1973, Vida's sister, Nelda and husband, Melvin, left for a 35 day tour to New Zealand and Australia and area.

Beulah and Charles left 24 Jan. for South America.

4 Feb. we had a phone call from Alan Jewett saying he had a mission call to the Florida South Mission. He leaves 24 March. Just a month after Craig returns, from the Argentina mission.

A peace treaty was signed in January ending the war in Viet Nam. We hope it will.

14 Feb. 1973 we had Grant and Maynard's families here for supper and wedding anniversaries. It was a nice evening.

14 Feb. we drove to Delta to a viewing of my cousin, Eliza Rawlingson. Went on to Lehman caves and home.

15th Witness couple at Provo Temple.

19 Feb. We rode to Idaho Falls to see my sister Clara and home.

20th Feb. We had a phone call from Alice saying Craig would be in on the 24th, so we met him at the airport at 3:15. He was glad to be home. They had his Welcome home the 25th. Many of the family were present. Alice and Willard fed the family, Jewett's and Moore's in the family room and it was a nice get together.

4 March 1973. The Hill family at Earl Hill's home in Roy, Utah for Alice Hill's birthday remembrance.

18 March, 1973 Alice's birthday. Alan's farewell was held at 4:15 in Salt Lake. Alan, Alice and Willard spoke, besides Stake Pres. Richards. It was a very good meeting. After church, the Jewett and Moore families who were there had supper at Alice's. The Ward members who called were fed cake, punch and fudge. Many called. The night after, for family night, Alice and Willard brought the family here for supper, and the evening. We enjoyed all of them.

20 March, 1973. We took a trip in Arizona to get away and see the desert in bloom. It was beautiful. We visited Havasu City, where the London Bridge is located. It is a beautiful area, with flowers, trees and shubery. Many little shops selling English trinkets and post cards. Many eating places. It was Vida's 73rd birthday and a delightful place in the sun. When we left our motel in Yarnell the next morning at 7:30, it was snowing and we had some problems getting home. The freeway up from Phoenix to Flagstaff wasn't good. We sat on the mountains for hours waiting for the roads to get cleared of cars off on the side. When we finally got to Flagstaff at 4 p .m. We stayed for the night. Came on home Fri. evening.

We received a phone call saying we were Great-Grandparents for the first time. Carolyn and Clayne had a new boy and they are going to name him Jeremy Clayne.

I received my 50 year continuous membership certificate March 31, 1973 at a banquet for World War I members, also a Citation of Appreciation signed by Post 348 commander. The first 50 year one signed by the National commander and the National Adjutant. A tree was planted in my name in Payson City Park.

We rode into Salt Lake on the 24th to tell Alan "Goodday" just before he went to the Mission home. The morning of the 29th we were at the airport at 7 a.m. to bid farewell to him as he left for Florida. His family, the Bishop and a few friends were there to say goodbye.

The morning of April 4 Vida had a phone call saying her brother, Kenneth was dead. His wife, Irene, found him in bed, of an apparent heart attack. She was alone and a real shock to everyone. He hadn't been too well, but no one thought he was ill enough to die. His funeral was held in Spanish Fork 8th Ward chapel 7 April, 1973 and they had lovely services for him. He was buried in Spanish Fork on a cold windy day in a brown metal casket, in beautiful Temple clothing. He left a wife, a son, LaRay and three daughters, Caroly, Maureen and Kathleen and 12 grand children, four brothers and six sisters to mourn his passing.

Ray and Betty's Kent received his Eagle Scout award April '73. 30 April. Ray and Betty had a

dinner party for the Sluder and Moore families at the Chuck a Rama in Salt Lake. About 40 were present, to get the families acquainted.

3 May. David and Patricia Sluder were married at the Shalamar, a wedding reception center in Salt Lake. It was a lovely affair. Dave's Bishop married them, so it was not a Temple marriage. Patricia promised me she would go to the Temple one year from their wedding day. If that promise is kept, we will be happy.

12 May, '73. The day before Mother's Day we had our family, the ones who could come, for supper. 25 were present and we really enjoyed having them here. We can't all get together on Sundays, due to different Church times and commitments. Mother's Day we ate dinner with Paul's family and enjoyed them.

Monday, after lunch, the 14th, we left for Twin Falls, Idaho. We visited with Clara in the evening and stayed overnight with Bernell and Barbara Skinner. They recently moved Clara to Twin Falls so they could see she was taken care of. Her health is good but she is very forgetful and shouldn't be left alone too long at a time. We returned home by way of Montpelier, Idaho and Bear Lake over the mountain to Logan.

Randy Moore and Terry Jewett graduated from High School this spring 1973.

The night of May 21 we had just been in bed a few minutes when the police siren roused everyone. The dam on a reservoir in Payson canyon had broken and people were being warned of a flood! It came down the canyon and many basements were flooded. It caused much destruction in areas. Our place was high enough that the water did not come onto our property. The road in front looked like a canal. Our curb and gutter were worthwhile. It was about 1:30 a.m. and lasted till around 3 a.m. by our place. Much later in other places.

Sat. June 16, 1973. The family came for Mother's Day. Maynard and his family left for Europe June 20, 1973 to tour and bring Gwen back with them. She had spent a year working in the church office in Frankfurt, Germany. They had a lovely four weeks vacation.

June 18 we had quite a hard frost that froze corn and grain. Most came out of it.

19 June. Beulah and Charles went with us to Bryce and Cedar Breaks canyons, a two day vacation.

10 July. Betty's birthday. We had supper with them in Salt Lake.

The Hill family have been getting together for birthdays. The cherries and apricots were plentiful this year and we have them all away.

16 July, '73. Beulah and Charles went with us and we went to Canada to get sucaryl with cyclamates so could can fruit without sugar. Came back by way of Yellowstone. Stayed at Canyon. Saw many elk and moose in the distance.

29 July. The Cleon Moore family have the Sunday night program in church. Gwen, Craig and Jean

were the speakers. I took charge. Had many compliments on the program. 20 of us had supper here after the program.

1 August. We went to Tremonton to Howard Friess's funeral. He was Clara Skinner's son in law. Died of cancer. Oro and Ethel went with us.

24 Aug. A group of family met Richard (Grant and Jean's son) at the airport as he returned from the Japanese mission. He looked real good. His Welcome Home was held 9 Sept. in Salem. The house was filled to overflowing. Richard gave a good Gospel sermon. After the service Grant and Jean served cake and ice cream to a large crowd of relatives.

We had our annual anniversary dinner with Frank and Leona Thomas 25 August at their home.

29 August. We celebrated our 55 wedding anniversary with our children. They took us to dinner at the Firehouse cafe, then had family group pictures taken. We spent the remainder of the evening here at home, visiting. Vida had a beautiful orchid corsage and I a carnation. 25 long stemmed roses in a vase on our table. Everything lovely. Thanks again to our family.

Vida's sister, Edith, has her birthday the same day as mine, and she fixed a lovely dinner for the Hill family to honor both birthdays. It was my 77th. Time flies too fast.

I told Grant, Maynard and Willard I would turn the farm over to them 15 Sept. 1973. Them to take over 1 Jan. 1974. Ray and Paul did not want to be involved in the farm.

3 Oct. 1973 Vida and I took a trip out into Colorado. The mountains were a carpet of Fall color. We came back through Rangeley oil fields, Vernal and home. Enjoyable time. Left at noon Wed. and came back Fri. afternoon.

6 Oct. We went to the airport to meet Gary, Ray's son, as he returned from the England South Mission. He looked real good and seemed happy to be home.

21 Oct. The ward held his Welcome Home. He gave a good Gospel sermon. There was a good crowd. After Church Ray and Betty served ice cream and pie to relatives.

24 Oct. 1973 We had new linoleum put in our kitchen and bathroom. Also a new 40 gallon water tank.

28 Oct. 1973 I ordained Stanley Bliss a High Priest. My first experience in ordaining a High Priest.

2 Nov. We had our first snowstorm. 14½ inches. But it didn't last long.

22 Nov. Our Moore family had Thanksgiving dinner at the 1st Ward recreation hall hosted by Maynard and Gaylia. 27 were present to enjoy, all helping.

Vice President Spiro Agnew resigned and 57 days later, on Dec. 6, 1973 Gerald Ford was made the new Vice President.

The fall of 1973 we are having an energy crisis. Each broadcast makes us wonder what is going to happen. Shortages in so many things, along with gasoline. We must live the best we know and live close to our church and it's teachings. It seems to be fulfilling prophecy.

15 Dec. The Hill family had their Christmas party at Roy and Alene's in Spanish Fork. 16 present. A lovely evening.

22 Dec. 1973 Saturday evening our family had our Christmas party here at home. 29 present. Had exchange of gifts after supper. Everyone seemed to have a good time.

Sunday Dec. 23. We had turkey dinner with Paul's family. Monday night, Christmas, we went to Salt Lake and spent the night with Alice's family and enjoyed watching them with their gifts on Christmas morning. We had car trouble and came home early on Christmas Day after visiting briefly with Ray and Betty and Grant and Jean. We visited around during the holidays. Then, New Year's we spent in Provo with Beulah and Charles Cox. New Year's Day Maynard and Gaylia watched the Rose Parade with us. Vida's sister Florence Dalton and husband, Sherman, spent the holidays in Payson.

26 Dec. 1973 President Lee died after a sudden illness and was buried 29 Dec. in Salt Lake City. Monday morning, Dec. 31, 1973 Spencer W. Kimball was sustained as the new 12th President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He chose the same 2 counselors Brother Lee had President N. Eldon Tanner and Pres. Marion G. Romney. President Lee had just served 17 months as the President and we wonder why he was taken so suddenly at the age of 74. We have to accept what the Heavenly Father has for us and not question.

19 Jan. 1974. On Maynard's birthday we had supper with their family. While there Randy was ordained an Elder by Maynard. Mike Montague of the High Council took charge. The Elder's Presidency were present and Clayne and I helped them ordain him. He received a lovely blessing by his father. Quite an honor for Maynard.

Feb. 15, 1974 We used our car and Alice, Willard and Pamela went with us on a short trip south. We visited with Terry in St. George where he is going to college. He took us on a tour of the area. We left him at noon on the 16th and went on down into Arizona as far as Havasu City where the London Bridge is. We had seen it before but the Jewett's hadn't. Lovely vacation.

26 Feb. We rode out to Vernal, Utah with Beulah and Charles. They went to get Elaine and Royal from their motel there. We were put in the bridal suite for the night after a steak supper in their dining room by Charles and Beulah. Just a 24 hour trip, but nice.

Vida's cousin, Roland Hill died 6 Jan, 1974 in Springville. He was the son of Leonard Hill and his first wife. 25 Feb. his wife, Lucille Waters, died in Payson Hospital of a cerebral hemorrhage. They were buried in the Payson cemetery. Vida's brother in law, Walter Thatcher, her sister Emma's husband died at Payson hospital 3 March 1974. Emma died 26 April 1950 and he had remarried and lived in Salem. He was buried in Payson by his wife after services in the Salem ward where they lived. He left his wife, Christi Sabin, three sons, and three daughters to mourn his death, besides many grand-children. Funeral was the 9 of March.

Terry Jewett had a week's vacation in Hawaii. Feb, 1974 He went with a chorus from Dixie college.

20 March. Part of our children living near and Vida's brothers and sisters in this area came for her 74th birthday and spent the evening. Alice has us to dinner the previous Sunday hers, Vida's and Pamela's birthdays.

21 March 1974 We left with Charles and Beulah and went to San Francisco for a week. I went with my feet dragging but enjoyed it. Did fun things besides riding the cable car. Charles and Beulah did most of the driving so I relaxed. Went by way of Donner Pass which we hadn't done before. It was a lovely drive.

24 March 1974 our old Nebo Stake, now Payson Stake, was divided, Maynard was sustained as Stake Clerk in the new Stake, on the east side of town. Maynard and Gaylia seem happy about his assignment which is good. We were left in the old Stake and there was no change in the Presidency.

Ray W. gave his girl friend, Vicky Yeske, a diamond. They have set 4 Sept. 1974 as their wedding day.

14 April we had Easter dinner with Ray and Betty's family, and met the new bride to be. Very nice. A beautiful red-head.

14 April 1974 Nancy, Paul's wife, graduated from BYU. We felt it was a red letter day for her family. To take care of home and family and graduate with honors so she can teach school. They have all helped and worked hard so she could accomplish this. We were to the exercises and enjoyed them. Then had dinner with the family. A very nice evening.

28 April 1974 Paul and Nancy went with us up to Heber. We visited with the Brent Hill family. (Lynn Hill's son) We toured their beautiful new home in Midway. A lovely home.

5 May 1974 We visited in Salt Lake. Went to see my brother S.D. who had been in the hospital. He is still not good after two operations.

10 May, 1974 For Mother's Day we had the family here for supper. We really enjoy the children coming.

11 May I had to irrigate, then we went to a High Priests Pot Luck supper, and program. Followed by a Musical at the high school.

Dee Clark belonged to our Study Group in Provo and died 8 May. We went to his viewing but could not go to the services. His wife, Vergie moved to Chicago with her son.

Sunday, May 12. Mother's Day we went to Roy, Utah after Sunday School. It was Larry Hill, Earl and Ada Jean's son, Farewell for a mission to the South German Mission. Vida had to give a short sketch of the Hill Family. We all ate at the home after the meeting. We rode up with Edith and Kathle, Rulon and Eva, Kathle drove Rulon's car. We returned in a terrible dirt storm and were glad to get home safely.

We were in Salt Lake 13 May for Willard's birthday.

15 May and 23 May. We did 3 sessions at the Provo Temple.

30 May We went to Janean Moore's high school graduation exercises. They were held at Spanish Fork. She graduated with high honors. She is a sweet, talented girl.

I couldn't get my driver's license until I got new glasses. We got them in Salt Lake 18 of June. We had our car parked by Alice's and it was backed into. Not serious. My glasses really helped and worth all they cost ... about \$60.

For Father's Day, June 15, we had the family here in the evening for supper on the patio. 30 members present.

16 June Father's Day. Willard was put as 2nd counselor in the Bishopric in their ward in the Winder Stake.

15 June 1974 Craig Jewett was made a 2nd Lt. in the Army.

20 June We rode to Castle Dale to an old friend's wedding party. She was Dora Nichols Denison. A school friend. She made the comment to us, "Did you ever think we would live so long?"

We had a large cherry crop this year and gave them all away.

28 June We did sealings at the Temple 6:30 a.m.

Gwen Moore changed jobs and is going to be a legal secretary to a group of lawyers.

17 July 1974 Beulah and Charles went with us to Manti to the "Mormon Miracle" Pageant. We stayed at a motel overnight.

19 July. We went to Salt Lake to witness the marriage of Terry Paul Jewett and Pamela Kay Anderson. The marriage was in the Winder Stake House at 6:30. The reception was held in the Jewett's back yard which was made beautiful for the occasion, and many friends and relatives called. They have their own apartment and seem happy. It was not a temple marriage but hope they will go later on.

We enjoy Alan's letters which come frequently.

23 July, 1974. We left with Beulah and Charles for a trip east in their new car. We went up through Yellowstone and it's beautiful scenery. Out at the northeast entrance. A spectacular drive to the top of the mountain with it's many switchbacks. When we reached the top, we said, "top of the world". On into Montana and the beautiful farming country. The grain had been cut and the straw baled. We visited the museum in North Dakota. It is in the badlands of North Dakota at the South entrance of the Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park. Saw many oil wells working away. The sides of the road are all cut and baled or it is rolled into large rolls which could make several small bales.

Many small hay stacks are in the fields, just hauled loose. We counted as many as 25 small stacks in one field. We passed many small lakes on our way to Minneapolis, with beautiful farms surrounding them. As we went through the small town many little white churches with their steeples were visible in the distance. There were no mountains, just rolling hills, very green.

We crossed over the Mississippi River going into Wisconsin. The sides of the road are covered with pine and many other trees. We went to Manitowoc to board a ferry boat to cross Lake Michigan. We stood on deck and watched them put a large train on the ferry. We had a cabin with bunk beds and a wash bowl. Many people sat up all night. It cost \$66 for four people and the car. It cut out one day's driving and with gas at 60¢ or more and a night's lodging we weren't out any money. We drove on across Michigan and into Sarnia, Canada on Sunday afternoon. Our money isn't worth as much as Canadian. We got \$18.95 in exchange for \$20.

There was a 7¢ tax on everything. We traveled on in Canada. We bought sucaryl to be able to can fruit for diabetics. Tobacco is raised in this area and there were many drying barns on the farms. We came to Niagara Falls Tuesday morning. The sun shining on the falls made them beautiful. The spray was so heavy we had to have rain coats. We ate a good breakfast in the dining area and went to the International Centreskylon Tower and to the top and a good view of the surrounding area.

We went through Customs and on our way to Palmyra, New York. Found a nice motel some distance away, rest a while, then went to Palmyra and Hill Cumorah to see the Pageant. It was most beautiful. Thousands of people, cars and busses. It was late when we got to our motel. The next morning we went back to Palmyra and visited the Joseph Smith home and the Sacred Grove. A lovely quiet place to visit. Many tourists everywhere.

We left and rode along Seneca Lake for miles through rich farms and vineyards. We stopped at Corning where glass is made and dishes and everything in glass is made by hand. We watched the glass being made and many beautiful objects in glass. It was very interesting. On our way into Pennsylvania we drove through the Allegheny Mts. and Cumberland Mts. which were covered with beautiful trees to the road. As we traveled on our way, the streets were quite narrow and tree lined. The homes were large, two storied and well kept. In Illinois we visited the Dickson Indian Mounds museum. An ancient Indian burial ground. We stopped in Carthage and took the tour through the home and jail and saw the film. Then on to Nauvoo. Went through the new Bureau of Information building with a guide. Rode through the town. Found the cheese factory where the Nauvoo blue cheese is made. Beulah bought \$40 worth for her family.

We came on west enjoying the scenery and places of interest. We stopped in Boulder, Colorado at Earnest Lichfield's home and stayed overnight with the family. Ernest took us on a tour. He has a good job there in computers. We left the next morning for Utah. We had traveled 5,000 miles at 55 miles an hour. Most cars passed us but we held to the speed limits. We arrived home 7 Aug. after a nice vacation and found everything fine at home.

As we were homeward from our vacation we listened to the news and the following day the headlines of the newspapers said that Richard Nixon, the President of the United States had resigned. The first President ever to do so. Quite a let-down for many people. Gerald Ford, the Vice President became the new President on the 9 of Aug.

Grant had been a counselor to Bishop Wallentine in Salem but was released.

Ray quit High Land Milk Company and started working at Welfare Square 12 Aug. 1974. He seems happy about it. He is one of the Counselors and is to be called Bishop Moore.

For our 56 Wedding Anniversary, Frank and Leona Thomas and Beulah and Charles Cox had supper with us on 27 of Aug. On the 28th we went to see "Oklahoma." at the high school. People from our 3rd ward had parts in it.

29th, our day, We had supper with Beulah and Charles in Provo. The 30th we went to Midway for Swiss Days, with the Cox's and stayed for their evening program. Very nice.

1 Sept. 1974 Earl Hill and family had supper with us on the patio.

2 Sept. Labor Day. Part of our family were here for dinner. We enjoyed the week. Seems like we keep busy around the place between times.

We went to Salt Lake early to witness the marriage of Ray W. and Vicky Yeske in the Salt Lake Temple, at 8:30 a.m. They make a lovely couple and she was a beautiful bride. Pictures were taken near the Temple and then 30 went to a wedding breakfast at the Lion House. A lovely meal served at one long table. The reception was held in the evening at the Lion House. It was a lovely affair.

For my birthday part of the family came on the 7th and put up the fence between us and the apartment on the west. It's good to have it up. Then we all ate supper together which was fun. We appreciate our family and what they do for us. On my birthday, the 8th, we went to church and at night we went to Tischner's to celebrate Edith's birthday, ours being the same. The Hill family try to get together for the birthdays which is good.

19 Sept. We used the money the children had given us for my birthday, so Vida and I went to the Fair and the Ice Show, at the Salt Palace. We visited with Ray at Welfare Square and he took us on a tour through the area.

18 Sept. We took Beulah and Charles for the day. We went through Mirror Lake on over to Evanston, to Bear Lake and over the mountain to Logan canyon. A beautiful ride down the canyon.

In September I plowed, worked down and planted the farm for the boys. They are too busy to do it for themselves. Vida has been making a baby quilt.

13 Oct. 1974 was Randy's Farewell in the 1st Ward. Most of the family came for the meeting. He is going to the Spanish speaking mission in Oakland, California.

16 Oct. We went to see him set apart for his mission by Pres. Mangelson, assisted by Maynard.

19 Oct. He went to the Mission Home and then to the "Y" to the Language school for 2 months.

We have had a beautiful Fall. Our first cold storm 21 Oct. On the first of Nov. we picked

nastursiams.

The Hill family have been getting together for birthdays as they come along.

Part of the family were at Alice's for the Thanksgiving dinner in their new family room ... 14' by 30'. It is lovely. Paul's family were with her people in California. Grant's family met with the Hanks.

Our first snowstorm the 7th of Dec. Just less than 2". We have been doing Temple work each week.

Willard Jewett was made first counselor to Bishop Byron Fisher on Dec. 1, 1974. He had been the 2nd counselor.

We were invited to eat dinner with Ray's family on his birthday 8th of Dec. It's good to be with his family.

13 Dec. Gary visited with us and on the 14th we had more snow.

14 Dec. We entertained the Hill family with a turkey dinner and all the trimmings for their Christmas party.

Our pyracantha bush was full of robins one day eating all the red berries.

19 Dec. 1974 Nelson Rockefeller was made Vice President of the United States. We had been without one for seven months. Neither our President or our vice-president were elected by the people.

21 Dec. 1974 We had the family here for our Christmas family party. We fed 29 and enjoyed the evening with stories, carol singing and exchange of gifts. They left in a bad wind storm.

24 Dec. We went to the Jewetts for the evening and night. Were with them for the opening of presents on Christmas morning, also a nice breakfast. We went on to Ray's, then came to Paul's, Grants, Maynard's and home.

Beulah and Charles spent the evening with us. A nice Christmas.

26 Dec. 1974. We went to the airport with Maynard, Gaylia and Brad to say farewell to Randy who was leaving for his mission. He looked fine and seemed anxious to be on his way.

We enjoyed a number of nice Christmas programs during the holidays and spent New Years Eve with Frank and Leona Thomas. New Year's Day we watched the Parade and football games. Alice, Willard and Pam came and had supper with us.

Life is now settling down to routine again.

8 Jan. 1975 We had a big snow storm and the snow and ice lasted until the end of the month. 1 Feb. Grant used the tractor and blade to clear the piles of snow from our back door yard.

16 Jan. Beulah was operated on for gall bladder. We visited several times with them at the hospital and one evening we took supper over and ate with them in Provo after she returned home.

18 Jan. Paul and family and Alice and Willard were here and had dinner with us.

19 Jan. Maynard's birthday.

I had a bad cold the first part of Feb.

13 Feb. 1975 We bought a beautiful new couch.

14 Feb. Alice phoned and said they were grandparents. Terry's wife, Pamela had a baby girl and it had problems and was in the University hospital. It was there for two weeks before they could bring it home.

The afternoon of the 14th Alice and Willard came and got our old couch for Terry and Pam. They ate dinner here. Paul and Nancy came the same day.

15 Feb. Grant and Jean had us for Grant's birthday supper. Sharon and Rick were there also.

16 Feb. We had dinner with Paul's family.

17 Feb. Marie Mendenhall died. She was Byron Mendenhall's wife and I was counselor to Byron in the Third Ward Bishopric for 5 years. We had been friends for more than 50 years.

1 March 1975. We went to Salt Lake to see the new great-grand daughter. They had just brought her from the hospital. They moved Terry's family into the U. of U. apartments that day.

5 March. The Hill family were together for Elva's birthday. Florence and Sherman Dalton were here from California.

6 March. We went to my cousin, Kenneth Tanner's funeral.

7 March. Early in the morning a friend, James A. Daniels, we heard had passed away in the night of a sudden illness. These deaths lately have bothered me. We went to the Senior Citizens banquet and then to the West Ward to Glen Thatcher's daughter's wedding reception (Terry Lynn). Many of the Hill family were present.

More winter weather ...

17 March, 1975 We had the family here for Vida and Alice's birthday. Just our children and partners.

21 March. We went to the airport with Alice, Willard and Pam to greet Alan as he returned from the Florida mission. The Hill family came for Vida's 75th birthday.

23 March 1975. We were in Salt Lake for Alan's Welcome Home. The family have a very good program and Alan gave a good talk. We went to the Jewett's for good food.

26 March. More snow to sweep.

28 March. We went to Salt Lake to see Terry and Pam's baby blessed. Many Priesthood members stood in for the blessing.

Vida and I went to Ray and Betty's for dinner for Gary's birthday. All their children were present.

The first part of April, Vida had trouble with infections.

6 April. The Hill family met at Edith's for supper while Althea was here for the funeral of Doug's father in law, Kay who died of a heart attack.

9 April. We went to Salt Lake and bought a new sport jacket a real nice one. Alice drove us and we stopped to see S.D. who has been ill for 1½ years. Kent, Ray's boy went to Washington to represent the Ward for 1 week. We have had a cold, wet, nasty Spring.

26 April. It looked like Christmas time this morning.

27 April. Maynard phoned and said Gwen had a diamond from Robert Cundick. The father is Tabernacle organist. They called to see us one evening. A real nice young man.

3 May 1975. I had a heart attack and was sent to the hospital in an ambulance. Was in intensive care for 5 days, then in a semi-private room for about 9 days. Family were the only visitors I was allowed for days.

17 May. Vida brought me home where I wanted to come. It was more pleasant at home than the hospital. I think I am getting alone fine. Rest, eat and sleep was what the Dr. ordered, and I have been getting it. The family came as they could to visit.

It snowed most every day while I was in the hospital.

20 May 1975. We had the biggest snow storm of the year. At least one foot on the lawn. Many trees broken and shrubs mashed down. Gardens about ruined. Electric lines down. We were without any electricity from 5:30 a.m. until 8:30 p.m. No heat, so I used blankets to keep warm. We don't appreciate electricity enough.

22 May 1975. Mr. Reed Nielson and Mr. Roberts came and hauled away the limbs from the walnut trees that the storm brought down. Such good neighbors. When Vida was worried about the carport falling Mr. Nielson came and took the car out and braced the roof so we didn't have to worry. Stanley Bliss mowed our big lawn. Such a good neighbor. He checks us each day to see if we have needs.

8 June 1975. We went to Alice's for dinner. I was feeling much better.

12 June. The Hill were at Nelda's for her birthday.

14 June, Father's Day. 33 of our family were here for supper and visiting. We enjoyed it.

15 June (Sunday, Father's Day). We had steak dinner with Paul's family. Very nice. Visited with Beulah and Charles later.

18 June. We had a severe hailstorm that ruined the gardens and \$1,000,000 damage done to the orchards in this area.

22 June went to Alice's for dinner, on to Ray's and back to Sandy for Naomi and Eldon Tew's Gold wedding. Naomi is Vida's cousin.

24 June. I was feeling much better. Checked with the Dr. and he said I could start doing a little work.

4 July, 1975. We watched the Salt Lake parade on TV. Saw "Funny Girl" at Spanish Fork in the afternoon and to Cox's for the evening.

8 July. The Hill family at Edith's for patio supper for Florence's Birthday. They were here from California.

19 July. Pat and Dave had a new baby girl, our great-grandchild. A lovely baby.

This is a busy time of year. Peas and cherries and apricots. Canning season.

27 July. We went to Church with Ray and Betty. Saw the new baby when Dave and Pat came in the afternoon.

1 August. We went to the Provo Temple with Gwen and Robert to get her endowments.

7 August They were married in the Manti Temple. We did not go, but went to the Wedding Breakfast at the Wilkinson center in Provo at noon. Their reception was held in the Payson First Ward in the evening and the following night an "open house" was held in Salt Lake at the Cundick home. We did not go.

11 August. My brother, Samuel D. Moore Jr. died at a Salt Lake hospital. He had been ill for 1½ years and his wife, Leona had been a very faithful wife in taking care of him. His funeral was held in his home ward where they had both been very active. 18 grandsons stood and sang "O My Father", which was lovely. He was buried in Pleasant Grove by his first wife, Mabel, the mother of his children.

We had signed with Christopherson's Tours to go to Alaska before I had my heart attack. A week before we were to leave, the Dr. told me I could go if I was careful what I did. It was for 11 days.

20 August, 1975. We left Salt Lake airport at 8 a.m. for our flight to Seattle. We made stops at

Boise, Idaho and Portland, Oregon before getting to Seattle. We were taken by bus through the country on our way to Vancouver, British Columbia. A beautiful drive. Saw the Elizabeth Rose Gardens and the Stanley Park before getting to our hotel. The shrubbery and trees and flowers were beautiful. We flew from Vancouver to Prince Rupert and from there we were taken by ship up through the inland passage. We had a stateroom on the outside by the water which was nice. We were on the ship for two nights and into the third day. Then by bus through Haines up through the Yukon Territory, into Alaska and on to Fairbanks for three nights. One day was spent at Point Barrow, the farthest north city in Alaska. It was cold 30° and a wind. We were given parkas to wear which we needed. Dog teams are not used anymore, so they use snowmobiles. One old man still keeps his dogs. Water is very precious and costs 7¢ a gallon. The Eskimos put on a show for us. It was different, but part of their culture. Everything is very expensive in Alaska. Wages are high but so is anything one buys. Homes sell from \$50,000 to \$75,000 and they are small. A pineapple sundae cost us 95¢ and just one scoop of ice cream. From Fairbanks we went by bus to Anchorage, a beautiful city. Passed Mt. McKinley, the tallest mountain on the continent. We toured Anchorage and on Aug. 29, our 57 Wedding Anniversary, Beulah and Charles took us to a lovely dinner and entertainment which we enjoyed. It was a highlight of our trip and the following morning we flew toward home. Stopped at Seattle and waited for our flight to Salt Lake. Alice and Willard met our plane at 9:40 p.m. and we stayed with them overnight. We are glad we have seen Alaska, but don't want to see the same trip again. There were 37 on the tour.

It was the morning of Homecoming when we returned. Part of the family were here for Labor Day with us.

7 Sept. The Hill family met at Edith Tischner's for my birthday which is the same as hers. (Sept. 8) Then on my birthday, part of the family came to visit in the afternoon and I had a new clock. Very nice. In the evening had supper with Frank and Leona Thomas and Beulah and Charles.

26 Sept. 1975 Sharon Moore and Rick Murano's baby was born in the Provo hospital.

28 Sept. We were in Salt Lake for the blessing of Dave and Pat's baby. They named her Melynda. We all had dinner at Dave's home. A good crowd. Kent was made an Elder the same day.

12 Oct. We saw the "Y" Homecoming parade in Provo.

13 Oct. Alice and Willard's 25th wedding anniversary.

14 Oct. was Paul's birthday.

16 Oct. Ray and Betty's anniversary.

22 Oct. Beulah and Charles went with us to St. George to go through the Temple before it was re-dedicated after it's being closed for some months to renovate and change. It was first dedicated 6 April, 1877, having been 6 years in construction at a cost of between \$500,000 and \$800,000. We rode on down over the new road as they had not been on it. We had snow coming home.

25 Oct. 1975. The Hill family were at Dora Cloward's for her birthday and 3 Nov. we went to

Heber, Utah for Lynn Hill's birthday and all went out to supper.

8 Nov. We were in Salt Lake and Alice and Willard took us out to dinner to "Pipes and Pizza". An interesting place.

9 Nov. 1975. We went to Church in Salem where Sharon and Rick's baby was blessed, and given the name of Ciara Lynn.

My niece, Carol Beck's, husband, Winifred Johnson, 59, died 11 of Nov, 1975 in Meadow Vista, California.

18 Nov. We had a large snowstorm.

21 Nov. 1975. Gary Moore to say he was engaged to Jana Summers. The wedding to be in March.

27 Nov. Thanksgiving. Paul and Nancy hosted the family for dinner at the Timpanogos Health Center. 42 family members present. We all helped with dinner, and it was a lovely day.

29 Nov. We had 18" of snow and Grant and Maynard dug us out.

2 Dec. Charles Cox had eye surgery in Salt Lake.

6 Dec. Vida broke her toe.

7 Dec. We had birthday dinner with Ray's family. We were having Fall weather again. 50••

9 Dec. Beulah went to the hospital with a mild heart attack. She got along fine.

18 Dec. 1975 We went to Salt Lake to witness the marriage of Richard and Leann Mousley. We were taken to Utah Hotel later for dinner. A nice evening but a foggy night, but they had a good crowd.

15 Dec. A good friend, Heber Done died in Provo. We had known him for many years.

Due to so many other things, we did not have our family Christmas party until Dec. 27. We fixed supper here for 37 of the family. We had a nice time, but it was made not so happy as usual due to the death of Gaylia's father, Lawrence Clayson, who died on Christmas day of a heart attack. Gaylia told us to go with the supper and they came for a while.

We spent Christmas Eve and Night in Salt Lake with Alice and watched them open presents. After breakfast we went to Rays, and later to Paul's where we ate dinner. On to Grant's and then to Maynard's where we found that Mr. Clayson had passed away. New Year's Eve 31 Dec. we spent with Beulah and Charles in Provo, coming home in the night. We spent New Year's Day quietly at home.

Forgot to say that Nelda and Melvin Hanks had the Hill family party 29 Dec. She fixed a nice

supper for sixteen people and we had a very good time.

Maynard and Gaylia had a Japanese boy from San Paulo, Brazil for 3 months during the winter. He was an exchange student and they had new interesting experiences.

After the Holiday parties, life settled down to routine living. We had so much cold icy weather, have been staying at home. I haven't felt so good as in the fall, having chest pains and the Dr. told me to do nothing so Vida is taking over again.

I will be glad when, the weather warms up and I can get out in the sunshine.

We had birthday dinners with Maynard the 19th of Jan, then Grant on Feb. 14, 1976. Then Grant and Jean invited us for Vida's 76 birthday the 21 of March. The family either came or called. Also the Hill family.

We were at the Salt Lake Temple at 8:45 a.m. on March 23, 1976 to witness the marriage of Gary Moore and Jana Summers. We enjoyed the wedding breakfast at the Lion House and the reception in Ogden in the evening. Lovely affairs. We were in Salt Lake with Alice and Willard two nights.

My chest pains still continue so I can't work. Alice and Willard had a trip to Hawaii 9 March 1976.

11 April 1976. We had dinner with Ray and Betty, went to church with them to see Milton Jewett made a Bishop. We came home early and I had trouble that night breathing. My nephew, Milton Beck was here and he and Maynard gave me a blessing, which really helped me. Vida made an appointment with the Dr. for Tuesday and he sent me to the hospital for chest x-rays. Found I had water in my lungs. I was given medication to clear them and since have been doing pretty good without pain. As long as I don't get over-tired, I get along fine, but it bothers me to see Vida trying to do so much. The boys and Alice help as they can which we appreciate. Warmer weather helps.

Richard and Lani have been living in Provo since their marriage. Both working. Richard in school and working toward being a Seminary Teacher. They were interviewed by an authority and Richard was passed on. He has his assignment in Globe, Arizona to teach and will go after he is graduated from the "Y" in August, 1976. We are happy for them. They are a lovely couple.

19 May, 1976. We received a call from Maynard saying Carolyn had a new baby girl. Both doing fine. They are going to name her Hilary.

Our garden is coming along fine.

5 June 1976. The news came on the radio that the Teton Dam in Idaho had broken and many towns were flooded out. Many left homeless. Farms covered with debris, thousands of cattle drowned. Over \$1,000,000,000 damage done. Payson flood was nothing by comparison. We felt blessed.

Paul and Nancy's Paul W. 10 of January and found he has rheumatic fever. Must have bed rest.

13 June. We were in Payson 2nd Ward to hear Larry Hill, Earl and Ada Jean's son, gave a report

of his missionary experiences in Germany. After the services the Hill family met at Nelda's for a "day late" birthday party for her.

10 June. Freeman Bird, an old friend from West Mountain days died. We enjoyed the as neighbors in the 1920's. They moved to Mapleton and his burial was there. Our sympathy to Eva.

7 June. We buried another old friend, Rebecca Twede. She was 95 years old. They were West Mountain friends. We have many memories of West Mountain days. Now so many have passed away. We wonder who is next.

16 June. The family were here for Father's Day.

27 June. 1976. The Hill family were in Spanish Fork for LeRoy's Birthday.

2 July. We had a phone call from Kent saying he had a mission call to Rio de Janero, Brazil. To leave for the language school in Provo 23 Sept. He was very excited as he had been waiting anxiously for his call.

3 July. Ray and Betty visited with us.

4 July 1976. We were in the Edgemont Ward in Provo to see Hilary blessed. I stood in for the blessing with many Priesthood holders. It was the Bicentennial Day and many testimonies were given on how thankful we should be to live in America. We went to Carolyn's for picture taking, then to Paul and Nancy's to check on Paul W.

Vida has been busy drying cherries and canning fruit and vegetables. Alice came one day and they did corn together.

17 July. We received word that Ray W. and Vickie had a new baby boy. They are going to name him Chad.

18 July. Grant was made clerk in Palmyra Stake.

19 July. We were invited to Dave and Pat's Mindy's first birthday party. It was a lovely affair. Much food and gifts.

23 July. We were in Orem and our car was hit by a hit and run. It took four weeks to get it repaired.

24 July. We were to Grant and Jean's for Lani's birthday supper.

Paul W. is now allowed to live his life wisely.

1 August. We went to church in Salt Lake to the Winder 10th Ward to see Willard G. Jewett set apart as Bishop. Willard is a good leader and should do well.

5 August. Grant and Jean helped Richard and Lani move to Globe, Arizona.

8 August. The Third Ward got a new Bishopric. Elmo Beck, Van Beckstrom and Duane Patten.

28 August. For our wedding anniversary we invited Frank and Leona Thomas, Beulah and Charles Cox to have supper with us.

29 August. Our real anniversary. We went to church in Salt Lake for the blessing of Ray and Vickie's baby. They named him Chad Ray. I stood in for the blessing. We were invited to have dinner with them.

6 Sept. 1976. The family came for Homecoming and to celebrate my 80th birthday two days early. Alice brought a beautiful birthday cake to go along with the dinner. The Hill family were here to celebrate mine and Edith Tishner's birthdays 8 of Sept.

16 Sept. We were to Paul and Nancy's for a lovely supper to honor Paul W. He was getting his Eagle Scout award. That evening there were 7 eagle scouts and 6 were from Paul's ward.

17 Sept. We went to St. George with Alice and Willard. On Sat. morning we witnessed the marriage of Terry and Pamela Jewett and their baby Shawndale sealed to them. It was a lovely ceremony. After, Willard took the group to dinner. We enjoyed eating with them.

19 Sept. 1976. We were at Kent's Farewell in Salt Lake. The family put on the program and all did well. Gary gave a very inspirational talk. After Church punch and cookies were served to many people.

23 Sept. Ray and Betty brought Kent and we had dinner together. Kent went to the language school.

24 Sept. Vida's sister, Edith, had a mastectomy operation in Salt Lake. She is doing fine.

Grant, Willard and Maynard had a busy fall, getting their farm ready and planted. I helped as I could. I enjoy being out with the boys doing what I can.

17 Oct. 1976. Gwen Moore Cundick had an 8 lb. baby boy. Everything fine.

22 Oct. We went to the airport to greet Randy as he returned from his mission. We went to supper with the family, then visited with Gwen and Robert and saw the new baby. Enjoyable day.

24 Oct. Randy's welcome home was held in his ward. There was a good crowd and Randy did well. After church, the ones from Salt Lake came down here for supper.

7 Nov. Gwen and Robert's baby was blessed and named Joel Robert. We did not attend.

9 Nov. 1976. Vida and I got our swine flu shots.

4 Dec. Alice and Willard came and Willard repaired our sink. Thanks much.

7 Dec. We were at the airport to bid Kent farewell as he was leaving. Instead of going to Brazil, he was being sent to Mass. as his visa hadn't come for Brazil. He will be working with the Portuguese speaking people in New England. All his family were present and Kent seemed to be very anxious and glad to get going. The family Christmas party was held at Alice and Willard's the 14 of December. 38 present. The holiday season came and went with the usual get togethers with family and friends and life settled down to the everyday living.

3 Jan. We had our first snow. 3 inches.

17 January 1977. Vida's cousin, Nellie Kapple, died and 19 Jan. her uncle Jesse Finlayson passed away. 91 years old.

29 Jan. Randy Moore gave Ruth Hall a diamond. They are planning a late Spring wedding.

28 Jan. Ray phoned saying that he had word from Kent, saying he had received his visa had come and he was leaving for Brazil Feb. 1. He also told us some sad news, Dave and Patty were separating. We thought they were happily married so it was a real surprise.

1 Feb. Kent flew from New England to Brazil without stopping in Utah.

13 Feb. We had birthday dinner with Grant's family.

27 Feb. We were at the 11th ward for the farewell of Theron and Pat's son, Gary, before leaving for his mission, to England. We were surprised when they voted in Gary's father, Theron, as the new Bishop. He is the 5th son of LeRoy and Alene Hill to be a Bishop.

1 March. We had a little stormy weather. More snow than in the winter.

19 March. Our children came for supper to celebrate Vida and Alice's birthdays. This is one day each year the grand-children are not included. I surprised Vida with a beautiful bouquet of long stemmed red roses.

21 March. The Hill brothers and sisters came for Vida's birthday.

10 April. Ray was released as Stake Clerk and made a High Councilor. He seems to really enjoy the new assignment. He is a good leader.

14 April. We planted some garden.

16 April. Part of the family came to help clean our yard which was really appreciated. We are very proud of our Sterling Scholar grandson, Brad Moore. He took first place in the Business category of the competition sponsored by KSL and the Deseret News. He is genuine in every way.

27 April 1977. We were invited to go to Salt Lake with Maynard and Gaylia to see the road show that Gwen had written and produced. She and Robert made all the props. It was a fine production. Gwen had written a lullaby for her baby, Joel, for piano and violin. Gaylia asked them to play it for

us. It was beautiful and another thing that was so impressive, their baby, Joel, six months old sat on the floor and didn't take his eyes off his parents while they played. He seemed to enjoy it. One could tell he has been brought up with music in the home.

3 May. Two years today since I had my heart attack. I have been doing pretty good, but more trouble lately with my heart. The Doctor told me to use the nitroglycerine pills for the pain, and carry them with me all the time. They really help.

Vida has been taking the brunt of the irrigating, so Grant brought some new culverts to be installed instead of using canvas dams. It should make irrigating much easier for us.

7 May. 25 of the family came for pot luck supper for Mother's Day. We had a feast and a lovely time. We had to eat in the house due to such cool weather.

15 May, 1977. We had our 8th great grand child. A baby girl born to Sharon and Rick Murano in the Provo hospital. They are naming her Kelly Ann. Sharon got along fine and home in 2½ days.

17 May. Randy Moore and Ruth Hall were married in the Salt Lake Temple. They had a large crowd but we did not attend the ceremony. I didn't feel up to it. We have had cold stormy weather for about a week. It has been good, everything has been so dry.

19 May. It was Seminary graduation held in Santaquin. Brad was President of the Seminary so had charge of the program. He gave a very inspirational talk without notes and did fine.

20 May. A reception was held in Salt Lake for Ruth and Randy and on the 21st, an Open House held in Payson 1st ward. Very nice parties. The families who didn't attend in Salt Lake did in Payson.

19 May. We went to Lindon to see our 8th great grandchild and see Sharon and Rick's new home. A beautiful home.

26 May. Brad's high school graduation and he received a scholar-ship to the "Y".

Most of the family came for Memorial Day 29-31. We had a week of stormy weather, rain and cold and missed two water turns, it was so wet.

The first part of June it turned to summer, 85 to 90•• Did our garden, hoeing corn and potatoes.

4 June Paul, Mike and Grant came and worked.

On Memorial Day we talked with Ivan and Alene Shepherd. Alene said to us, "it won't be long until we're all over here". I week later we buried Ivan quite a shock. When we talked to Alene later, she said, "I didn't think it would happen quite so soon."

9 June. Paul's family vacationed in California.

12 June. Nelda, Vida's sister and her husband, Melvin Hanks, celebrated their Gold wedding day, combining it with Nelda's birthday, which was on the 8th. It was held at their home and many people called to honor them. A lovely affair.

13 June. Our family were at Paul and Nancy's for Father's Day. They had just returned from their vacation. A nice day.

25 June. Brad went with some Seminary Presidents to New York to get ready for the Pageant at Palmyra. The class Presidents were honored in that way. He was happy to go.

18 July. Maynard and Gaylia left on vacation and went back to the Pageant.

18 July. Ray and Betty vacationed in Idaho and Canada. We stayed at home this year. We did go on a canyon party of the barracks WWI with Frank and Leona Thomas.

16 July. We were invited to Ray W. and Vicky's for a steak supper for Chad's 1st birthday party. A nice time.

24 July. We watched the Salt Lake Parade on TV. Then spent the afternoon with Beulah and Charles and went out to supper. Vida has been very busy canning fruits and vegetables and drying cherries.

Later part of July, we had plumbing problems. Reid Neilson, our good neighbor really helped us.

4 August. Brad's 18th birthday. He returned from New York. His parents had returned and met him at the airport.

1 August. I had a check up and was doing quite well.

7 August. Sharon invited us to Lindon when their baby, Kelly Ann was blessed. I stood in for the blessing. We were invited for dinner and happy for the invitation.

12 August, 1977. Beulah was taken to Provo hospital with a heart attack. She had to have a pace-maker to keep her heart going.

15 August. The Jasper Hill family reunion was held at the Salem Church. About 250 present. A real turnout.

19 August. 12 of the Hill family were at Nelda's for a patio party before Florence and Sherman left for California.

26 August. We had our annual dinner with Frank and Leona for our 59th wedding anniversary.

Alice is a counselor in the M.I.A.

27 August. Alice and Willard invited our family to their home to celebrate our 59th wedding anniversary and an early birthday for me, my 81st. It was a potluck supper on their back lawn. much good food. Thanks.

On my 81st birthday, 8th Sept. We took a ride up Spanish Fork Canyon and came back by way of Nephi and Moroni. We got food on the way. Vida did most of the driving.

11 Sept. 1977 Sunday morning

(At this point, Vida continues Cleon's story)

Cleon kept having trouble with his heart and having to take nitroglycerine pills for the pain. I called the Doctor, and he said, "Bring him right over to the hospital", as he could be having a heart attack. I took him and he was put in Intensive Care, until Wednesday afternoon. He developed bladder trouble and had to have a bladder operation Friday morning the 16th. I was to bring him home Monday, but he had a bad spell Sunday afternoon so was kept until Thursday the 22nd. His operation was very painful as they could just give him a local anesthetic on account of his heart. He suffered more than anyone knew. Prayers really helped him. So many were said. Administrations by Maynard and Grant were beautiful. He came home with a urinary bag which really bothered him. The Doctor showed me how to care for him and I was glad to have him home to do it. He was happy to be home. He spent much time in bed. As he grew stronger, he was in the front room much of the time. First he used a walker, then a cane and got so he could walk without either. His sickness taught me some nursing skills. His wound had to be dressed each morning and night. His bladder had to be irrigated twice daily. I bathed him in bed each morning as he was too weak to get in the shower or tub. He enjoyed the attention I gave him and I was happy to see the improvement each day. I sat by him in the front room, read to him or just held his hand for periods of time which was enjoyable.

We appreciated the help our children gave us. They came as often as they could to the hospital and here at home to help. One day Alice and Willard cleaned the kitchen. The boys worked outside to take care of things.

I took Cleon for a ride several times but he seemed happy to just be at home with me taking care of him.

On Nov. 11 1977 I took him to the Doctor, he was so ill. He sent me to the hospital for a blood test for him. He had been checked the previous week and said it was fine. The Doctor called within 2 hours and said, "Bring him to the hospital, NOW". He was put in intensive care and was there for 2 weeks, very ill. He was very despondent and we were told to give him all the support we could to help bring him out of it. I was allowed to go and stay with him in the intensive care room as long and as often as I could. Some days from 3-6 hours, just sitting there beside him holding his hand. When the children came to visit I would go out of the room and he would say "where's Mother?", so I would go back. I went morning, noon and night to feed him.

He was on oxygen all the time, fluid going into his arm and a heart monitor on him. He got so he couldn't eat ... or wouldn't. The family came to visit real often, the children and many of the grandchildren. We congregated in the waiting room each day or night. Alice was good to stay with me if I would let her, she had a family that needed her also, so I let her go home.

On the 12th of Nov. (1977) Grant, Maynard, Paul, Randy and Brad came and worked on the west lot, taking cut tree stumps and old trees and plowing and cleaning it up. Cleon was too sick to be interested in anything.

I spent Thanksgiving dinner time with Maynard's family and when I went back to the hospital Cleon was out of Intensive care and in an upstairs room, so happy to be there. He said, "Now I feel like I have a chance to go home."

While in Intensive care, he kept saying, "Let me die", Take me home. He didn't even want to be prayed for. Later, he felt better. Each time Dr. Frischnect (the heart doctor) came, all he wanted was for him to let him go home. The Doctor would not release him, he was so weak. He said I couldn't take care of him alone. But, after a week, he was allowed to come home. Oxygen was put in the home before he came. When Grant and Maynard brought him in the house he was so happy. Then when he got in his own bed he beamed all over. I was sorry we hadn't brought him sooner. He was so weak, it took two to get him out of bed and into his chair. I could take care of him in bed. He could hardly eat, his throat was so sore from having the oxygen for so long. I tried to take good care of him and told him to stay with me and I would gladly care for him. He had suffered so much and said, "Don't hang on to me". I told him that bad as I wanted to, I wasn't.

When he was so ill in the hospital and didn't want to live, Grant and Maynard and I knelt and Grant gave a beautiful blessing and told the Lord that His will be done. We just prayed for his comfort and to get well if it was so willed. He hadn't felt too good since his heart attack on 3 May, 1975.

We brought him home on Thursday evening, the 1st of Dec. and he passed away Sunday morning at 8:45 a.m. in mine and Alice's arms.

Dr. Hall came and said he'd had another heart attack. He was taken to the Rigby mortuary. After all preparations were made, we had his viewing Tuesday evening at the mortuary and Wednesday before the services. A beautiful flag draped his casket. His funeral services were very peaceful and beautiful and he was laid away in a beautiful metal casket wearing beautiful Temple clothing. There were many beautiful flowers. Many people called to give sympathy. Much good food was sent in and the family left one by one and just Alice and I were left. Alice stayed with me for two nights and then I sent her home to her family. I decided if I had to sleep alone the rest of my life, I might as well start.

Maynard and Grant took over and really took care of so many details that had to be done. Ray and Paul did things as they could. I am so grateful to my family for all the things they have done for me and for their father during his sickness and since. They all come to help me in my loneliness, which really helps.

As I came home one day last January (1977) I found Cleon's testimony written on an old envelope and I tried to get him to write it on a white paper so it could be put in his book in his handwriting so it could be put in his book. He did not do it. So, I am copying it for his children and grandchildren to read.

January 16, 1977

I, Cleon Moore, have never written my testimony to my posterity. I think they all know and what I expect, but it will be a good thing to write some of it.

I have always believed in Jesus Christ; God the Father, and the Holy Ghost. Three distinct persons, but one in purpose.

God answers prayers. If we need them, we must have faith that He will and gave them to us. If all our prayers were answered, would we work?

When am I happy? Building chapels, sending sons and grandsons on

missions. Are our friends with big homes and much money happier than us who have to work hard for what we have? I think not.

I cannot pray when I am angry, but give me time to think it over and I feel very humble.

I pray we can all be together in the hereafter.

I love you all very much.

Dad

NOTE: The original copy of this entire manuscript was in the handwriting of Vida Hill Moore.

A TRIBUTE TO MY HUSBAND, CLEON HUISH MOORE, WHOM I LOVED DEARLY.

by his wife, Vida Hill Moore

He was the 8th child in a family of eleven children born to Samuel Drollinger and Clara Ann Huish Moore. He was a proud, handsome man and loved good clothes and always to look nice. He was a good husband and father to his five children ... Ray H., Grant B., Maynard C., Paul F., and his only daughter Alice. They were his pride and joy. He was a hard worker all his life. His father was a farmer.

Cleon bought a farm on West Mountain and was farming that before he was married. He drove horses and mules and used machinery for horses to pull. It was much work to take care of animals. He loved his animals, horses, cows, sheep, pigs and chickens. He later bought a tractor which helped. When he was older and had given up the livestock, he enjoyed the freedom it gave him.

He loved to travel and we did quite a bit of it.

He was an avid reader, especially good Church books. He knew the Gospel and in a class could often answer every question, but did not. He always gave the other people a chance. In his funeral President Phillip Jones said of him "he was always getting us back on the subject."

He held many Church positions of leadership, but would much rather teach a class of any age than preside.

After his death I was asked what I thought he was doing and I said, "If there is a place they need teachers, he will be there and happy."

He had many hospital stays, very ill at times. He spent eight months of our married life in hospitals. Many times we were given no hope or his recovery, but faith and prayers and good nursing brought him home again until his heart wore out. He had several heart attacks and did not want to die in the hospital. He coaxed to come home and finally the doctors let him. He asked that we not hang on to him. Grant gave a most beautiful prayer and ask our Heavenly Father to let him be as comfortable as possible as long as he was to remain with us. He was home three nights and two days and just quit breathing. He died in Alice and my arms 4th of December 1977 at 8:45 on a Sunday morning. He was 81 years of age. I miss him more than my family know.

As I came home one day in January 1977, I found Cleon's testimony written on an old envelope. I asked him to write it on a paper I could put in his book in his hand writing. He did not do it, so I am copying it for his children to read.

January 16, 1977.

I, Cleon Moore, have never written my testimony to my posterity. I think they all know and what I expect, but it will be a good thing to write some of it.

I have always believed in Jesus Christ, God the Father, and the Holy Ghost. Three distinct persons, but one in purpose. God answers prayers if we need them we must have faith that He will and give them to us. If all our prayers were answered would we work? When am I happy? building chapels, sending sons and grandsons on missions. Are our friends with big homes, cars and much money happier than we who have to work hard for what we have? I think not.

I cannot pray when I am angry, but give me time to think it over and I feel very humble.

I am adding ... to my children and grandchildren. I do want to live again in my posterity and through them perpetuate my ideals of life and duty to self, fellowmen and God. May you find in my life something that will inspire you to a better and more useful life. A will to not leave this world until you have made it a better place in which to live. And have not only made your own life worth living but have contributed, materially, in making the lives of others better and happier.

May your lives be characterized by usefulness and goodness and not be dominated by selfishness. Above all, may your lives be worthy of the emulation of your posterity. And may you have posterity that the name of Moore shall not be forgotten, but live on and on in honorable remembrance.

I pray we can all be together in the hereafter. I love you all very much.

Dad (Cleon Huish Moore)

CLEON HUISH MOORE... **IMPORTANT EVENTS IN MY LIFE** *written January 1956*

I was born 8 September, 1896 in the same house we now live in (334 West 1st North, Payson, Utah) to Samuel D. Moore and Clara Ann Huish. My mother said there was a cold snow storm that night. No doctor or hospital, just a midwife at home. I came along about the middle of eleven children. As I grew up there was always work for everyone, but never any money. Hand me down clothes and working hard at chores and on the farm to pay the interest and send the older brothers and sisters to the BYU to school. They worked away part of the time but I had to keep the farm going. My father was a stern man. When he said "Do" or "Don't", that was it. He liked music and tried to sing. You should have heard him. It was funny. My mother was a beautiful woman and had a lovely voice. (Now you can see why I had troubles with my singing and voice, but the ear was ...) She was a slave to the City relatives and her own children. How nice it would have been for her to of got away from home part of the time. You see, I just remember the last part of her life. In 1906 when I was 10 years old I was sick in bed all summer with appendicitis. In those days they didn't run for the Dr. for everything like people do now. Operations were uncommon. We had the Elders and I know I drank 5 gal. of olive oil that summer. They must have broke for I never have been bothered. We played after work and on Sunday afternoons. Sometimes horses and sleighs, but no commercial entertainments. We had a neighbor lady, Mrs. Dean, (she had been raised a Quaker) she thought all we kids were going to hell for sure.

Along came World War I, so before I went into the service, I married the girl of my choice, Vida Hill in the Salt Lake Temple 29 August, 1918. My stretch in the army was short. Most of the time in a hospital bed with flu pneumonia. My fever went to 106•• We went in debt for a farm on West Mountain and lived in a two room house, after one good year, prices went to nothing. The crash came in 1920 for the farmers and lasted till in the 30's. (The crash for the United States didn't come till 1929) With everything we had to buy so high and almost nothing for our produce, things were bad. Many lost their farms, I never have been able to understand why we stayed. Well, the Church Authorities did say to stay on your farms. At that time there weren't any jobs around here, Ray, Grant and Maynard were born while we lived on the farm. We were pioneers with bad roads and no conveniences. Mother had died so we bought my parents home and moved to town. Farming 5 miles from home was not easy. Alice and Paul were born here. In 1934 there was a drought to make it worse. I left my wife and little boys to take care of things and got a job with my team 50 miles from home, above Soldier Summit and stayed all summer, Vida had a bad time. This was the year Paul was born.

These were some of the prices we got for about 15 years:

wheat 35¢ bu	lams 4¢ lb.
hay \$6.00 per ton	wool 5¢ per lb.
barley 50¢ bu	
sugar beets \$4.50 ton	

I was almost killed in a gravel bank cave-in about 1929. In 1938 I was in the hospital 10 weeks and then no work for months with thigh thrombosis. I am blessed to have 2 legs but one is not normal and almost always aches. Again in the hospital in 1951. The only reason I didn't die a long time ago, was the good Lord has given me a chance to accomplish the thing in my patriarchal blessing or repent from my neglect.

Ray served two years in the Texas Mission and over three years in the United States Army in France, England and Belgium. Grant served about three years in the United States Army in North Africa

and Italy in the Air Force. Maynard served about 2 years in the Army in Korea and Japan. Alice's husband, Willard Jewett, served 2 years in the Army in California and Paul served 2 years in the army in Texas. Paul has just received a call to the Western States Mission. Our family have come back home clean. Not boys, but better men in the Gospel for being on their own and having those experiences. At this time, they are all working in the Church.

As we go through life many of the events do not seem important, just part of life or perhaps they seem just obstacles, but many years later we see that they were character building. I have asked myself many questions, such as, Why was I born to L.D.S. parents? Why so much hard work? Why so much inequality in money for the work done? Why so sick at times? As time goes by, most of the "whys" are answered, or we take things as they are and try not to complain. The things in life have not been fun to me, nor disagreeable. I cannot remember when I did not go to church. When I was old enough I was ordained a Deacon, Teacher, Priest, Elder, Seventy and High Priest. I have been President or in the Presidency of every quorum. President of Ward YMMIA, Counselor to Bishop Byron Mendenhall for 5 years, Group Leader in Ward High Priests, Stake High Priests President, Sunday School Teacher, Teacher of the Ward High Priests Class, Chairman of the Ward Genealogy, been on a Stake Mission and a Ward Teacher. These are important events too: When I was given my wife in the Temple. When each child was born. When they came from the Army. When they got married in the Temple. When Ray and Paul received their Mission calls, and the privilege of going to the Temple and doing work for the dead.

When I was a young man, in August, 1917, my brother, Donald and myself were baling hay. (It was hard work in those days, no automatic machinery) Donald got over-heated and took sick. That night he went unconscious and in one week he had burned up with fever and died. It was a terrible shock to me. As time went on I felt worse about his death. He had always been a good boy. He was young and his going seemed unjust. I was getting bitter. Several months after his death, I awoke hearing the most beautiful music I have ever heard and there at my bedside was Donald. He looked wonderful. He said that I was all mixed up. That he was fine and for me to go ahead and do that which I should and all would be well. There was a bugle call and he started to go. I begged him to stay and tell me more, but the horn blew again and he was gone. Perhaps I don't understand, but I am not bitter.

HISTORY OF WALTER HARVEY MOORE

AS TOLD TO HIS DAUGHTER,
ELEANOR MOORE BARTHOLOMEW

(Walter Harvey Moore is the oldest brother of Cleon Moore.)

I, Walter Harvey Moore, was born September 7, 1884 in Payson, Utah County, Utah. My parents were Samuel Drollinger Moore and Clara Ann Huish. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints called them on a mission to colonize St. Johns, Arizona, Apache County in 1884. Sam and Clara left Payson for their mission when I was seven weeks old. They traveled with a four horse team and covered wagon, with all their possessions to make a home in Arizona.

It was the middle of October when they left Payson and they arrived in St. Johns the middle of December, They had only poor dirt roads, the country was dry and winter was coming on. Mother stated that I had colic nearly every night, but would sleep fine during the daytime when the wagon was moving. Many a night she was up with me, sitting by the campfire with the wind blowing, hopeful that my colic would improve. It is a wonder that I ever lived through it. They journeyed through southern Utah, across the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry and on across the northern Arizona desert, Their companions enroute were Jeff Keele, his wife and twelve year old son.

The water was poor and they were advised to drink green coffee that was roasted, When buying the coffee at one Indian Trading Post, they bought two pounds and had it put in one package. After traveling 15 miles, they stopped at a post to divide the coffee. In it they found \$65.00 in gold coin. They had traveled too far to return it, so they divided the money and used it. Three people had watched the coffee scooped and measured, but no one had seen the money.

The first two years my father taught school without any pay except a little food that people could give him. Food was so scarce, Mother had no nurse milk for me, so Father bought a nanny goat and fed me on goat's milk to keep me alive. Father had mission work to do and left Mother a great deal alone.

The first home I remember was a one room log cabin. Vicious wild dogs roamed the desert and came into town for food. They would break into houses and granaries to get meat. At one time, two of these dogs made their camp by Mother's home while Father was away. She could hardly get out of the house to even get a little water and had a hard time to even get neighbors to help get the dogs away.

Trouble came in St. John's between the Church members and the Mexicans. War was looming and I well remember my father making bullets so as to have protection. The Lord blessed the people and the war passed away.

The Church Authorities came visiting for Stake Conference. My father was Stake Clerk of the St. Johns Stake and often these visiting brethren stayed in our home. Some I remember were: Francis M. Lyman, John Henry Smith and Joseph F. Smith (who later became President of the Church).

There were now three children, myself and two sisters, Clara and Leila. Father would take two girls with him when we had Stake Conference as Mother was singing in the choir. I always had the privilege of sitting with the Apostle, which aided in keeping me quiet. I well remember them feeding me raisins. At one Conference Mother took sick. Father had to be at school this day. We

always had Conference for two days. Mother was taken home with severe hemorrhage near the close of the meeting. I left my companion and made my way home as fast as possible. On arrival, I was told to run and get my father, that Mother was dying. When Father left the school, I was soon away in the rear. When I got home, I wanted to go and see my mother, but I was not permitted and I lay on the doorstep. The Apostle had administered to my mother, with the help of other Elders. I heard my mother say, "Oh Sam, don't let me die!" There was no chance to obtain a Doctor, but my mother recovered. This is the first time a ever remember anyone ever being healed through prayer. It has been a testimony to me all my life.

The next Conference was held up the river among the pines. As I was on my way back to camp from Conference, I was crawling through fallen tree trunks and one of them rolled and I was caught and crushed. Mother said that I knew nothing for hours. I was administered to and revived, apparently all right.

I well remember getting yeast from a neighbor for mother to make bread. I loved to sip the yeast. On one of these trips, the Mexican Catholics were holding a Convention, and women were marching on one side of the street and the men on the other, then going to their Church for services. Mother took me, but I do not remember much of the service.

Father was called to be a peacemaker between the Indians, the whites and the Mexicans over the mixing of their sheep on the range. Father, going on many trips, obtained a burro and saddle for me to ride with him across the desert range. One trip I saw a rattlesnake den where Indians would practice handling them. On another trip, when dividing sheep, at the sheep corral, there were over 33 rifles leaning up against the corral. The spirit of the owners was tense. Father's job was to divide over 2,000 sheep among these men. Some of the sheep had as many as six brands on each. In dividing, some of the men got furious and ran for their rifles to shoot out their differences. Father stopped them three different times. The last time, he told them he was doing his best to divide and how could he tell which one the six different brands belonged to? "I shall do my best, but if you run for your guns again, I am going." Peace came and the sheep were divided. Each owner took his sheep and was happy and contented. My father was respected all over the desert by these different me.

At home again, I went into the Mexican town one day and got lost. My father found me hours later in a Mexican home. They were having a great deal of fun talking to me.

A trip to Concho. Father picked up 50 head of sheep which had gotten away from the herd and into another herd. We picked them up at Concho. I rode a horse and drove the sheep. Father drove the team on the running gears of a wagon, with our bed and grub tied on the back gate. We travelled for three days through the Mogollon Mountains. Three days travel south of St. Johns. Up there was a sawmill. At night father kept a little fire close by the sheep and watched. The sheep were disturbed several times each night. One morning, before we left camp, we found the tracks of a lion that was nearly 8 inches across. The night we landed at the sheep herd in the mountains, Father told the Mexican herder about the lion. The Mexican was very attentive that night, his bedded sheep were disturbed, but he could see no animal. The next morning the Mexican herder watched while the sheep were feeding early and they were disturbed. Then the Mexican spied the disturber, he fired one shot and the lion, which was over 9 ft. from tip to tail, lay dead on the ground.

We loaded up a load of lumber at the sawmill and left for home. We were over two days on the road. The first night at camp, Father was hunting cow chips to make a fire, all of a sudden he heard a most exciting rattle because I was chasing a snake. Of all the screams I ever heard from my father, that was the loudest. He got his rifle and shot the head of the snake off. Then he dressed the snake. It was fat and father rendered out the fat and we took it home. We took this oil and used it later in

my ears, I used to have a great deal of ear ache with "gathered" ears. The Indians had told father about this use of the oil. It was the most soothing thing that I ever had in my ears. The running ears soon healed, but since that time, my hearing has been impaired.

In the summer, or fall, when the grapes were ripe along the Little Colorado River, Father took the family up the river to find wild grapes. We picked tubs full and father made a press to get out the juice and Mother made jelly.

At Christmas time it was exciting to me. The young men of the town had taken our Bishop's load of wood to the church. They dismantled the wagon and put it up on the roof of the church and then put it back together. Then they put the load of wood back on the wagon and bound the wood to the wagon. After a week, with the help of the Bishop, the boys helped get the wood home.

Jody Crosby, my little pal, went with his parents to the Meadows for the holidays. On the return trip home, Jody's legs got in the back wheel of the buckboard. He passed away. We had no Doctors. This was the first dead person I ever remember seeing. Diphtheria was raging in the town. People were losing their children. Finally it came to our house. I can well remember them carrying my baby sister out and to the graveyard. My two other sisters and I were not expected to live, but by faith and prayers and the hard work of Father and Mother, we survived.

Something odd ... I saw Father and three other men start with a team and buckboard for Conference up the river. They had breast collars for their horses. The horses were accustomed to pulling the buckboard, but not with the breast collars. For the first few miles the three men pushed the buckboard onto the horses until they got them started.

We went to Pine Top Conference in a covered wagon with the whole family. Near there, while camping, one horse must have eaten Loco, (a poison weed on the desert) and when we arrived at the Conference one horse died. That night at camp, before the Conference started, Joseph Robinson came to our camp, trying to help Mother. He scalded himself and took care of the scald by packing wet salt on it. Father and I went to a cattle camp the next morning and obtained a horse, so we would be able to come the 90 miles back to home. Over a year later, the cattle ranch company was bringing a herd of cattle from the ranch to the railroad. They had driven their cattle over 90 miles before they came to our town. Out south of town the cattle stampeded. There were over 1800 head, all large steers, some with very large horns. We had the horse we borrowed and had taken care of it since we got it from this ranch. I saw the cattle coming over the hill as I was on my way home from the pasture. I also saw my two sisters and a neighbor's boy playing in the street and the cattle were coming our way. It was only seconds when I got the children in and the gate shut when the stampede went past and headed out for the hill again. Up on the hill, a cowboy was trying to "mill" the cattle, when his horse fell and broke his leg by stepping in a prairie dog hole. This rider held his horse down while the band of 1800 head went over him. The manager came for the horse we had kept a year, so as to take the cattle another 90 miles. When I gave the horse to the man, I cried to lose him. The man said, "Never mind boy, I'll bring you a better horse in two or three weeks." Within the time, the horse came, it was a little desert buckskin horse of about 600 pounds. It was the best trained saddle horse I've ever seen in my life.

A week later there was a big roping contest out of town. One of the cowboys from this ranch came and borrowed my little pony. The first I had ever owned. He went into the roping contest. When his turn came to go out and catch a 1800 lb. steer and tie him, he came out on this little horse, by the gate where his steer was to be turned loose. The crowd booed him for having such a little horse to catch and throw such a big steer. But there was no more booing when the steer was caught and thrown in less time than anyone had done in three days. This rider took the sweepstakes for the contest.

I had a garden of sorghum cane and melons. On my seventh birthday I invited my playmates. 27 in all, and fed them all the melon and sorghum they could eat. We played with little wagons in our front yard and around outside the fence and some other games. I had seen my mother have "melon busts" with her friends on Sunday afternoons and wanted to do the same.

The first school teacher I had was a Mexican woman, but I cannot remember her name. It was cold in the school. The teacher made up a big fire in the stove and the sparks went out and set the shingles on fire next to the pipe. The wind was blowing and it did not take long to get a good start. The boys gave the fire signal to my father, who was teaching upstairs. Father went hand over hand up the bell rope and out over the belfry and over the dome of the roof. All the children were let out of school. We watched my father pull off burning shingles and put out the fire to save the school. My second school teacher was a Mrs. Holman. Mexican children and white children mingled in school together. The boy pals I had were Herbert Burry, Joy Patterson, Frank Brown, Charlie LeSeur and Peter Peterson. Older boys were two Freemans and Charlie Blohm and the two Farr boys.

Girls I remember at school were Maggie Dana, Dora Bloh, the Butler girls and the Davis girls.

One Saturday night, skunks had made a den under our log house. Early in the morning, we couldn't sleep because the "perfume" just choked us out of the house. There was nothing to do but have a cleaning. All day Sunday was a fight. Holes were pulled up in the floor, and fire torches were used to run off the animals, but to no avail. They had to use long handled tools. When the skunk was finally located, he was forced out with rakes and a board nailed cross ways on a pole. As soon as he was close enough to be picked up in a sack, he was carried off in the yard and killed with an axe. The perfume was so great that the children in Sunday School and everyone else could tell there was trouble at our house. After Sunday School, the boys gathered at our place and several of the boys went home "perfumed" too. One especially, Charlie LeSuer was drenched. His mother had to wash him with mud and bury his clothes. We never forgot our "day of no church". Seven big skunks were taken out from under our house that day.

When my father's sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Wimmer, came to see us, it was the first time I ever knew that I had cousins.

I was baptized on my eight birthday by my father. It was at the water wheel at the old mill race. I had to go to the pasture after the service to get the cow and did I hate that!

At the Pine-top Conference (about 1890 ... four Stakes met together) all members who were called there on missions to settle were released to make their homes wherever they chose. A year or so later, my father and mother decided to come back to Utah. In getting ready, selling our home and selling what possessions we could spare, our means were very meager. I couldn't buy shoes to fit, so I started on the trip barefooted. The first night out, we camped at the meadows, about ten miles. People had all moved, but one family. Skunks would not live under a house very long where people did not live. This family had a flock of chickens. Just before dark, the chickens were out in the yard and fed. As night came on, they had to lock them up tight. When the dark began to come on, the woman of the house advised us to stay in, as they had to keep the door shut or they would have visitors. There would be a full moon that evening and Father and I had planned to make our bed on the ground, but Father and I were advised to sleep in the wagon. As the moon got higher, it was almost as light as day. The woman took us to the back window to look out and showed us better than 150 skunks! "Now, when you go out, pay no attention to them anymore than walking through a flock of chickens and you will never smell anything," she said. We found this to be true. The next night we camped on the desert and Mother and the three children slept in the wagon and Father and I slept on the ground with a gun at Father's side. Less than 10 minutes from the time we got in bed,

here came two big dogs, one a black and the other white. Father tried to give them a scare, but no scare. They were almost in bed with me. Father shot the gun to scare them. The white one ran away about four rods and howled terrible. The other one lay on the ground ... dead. "Mother" he called, "I am going to take another shot and scare the white one away." In the morning, we found him dead. Father pulled them to the side of the road before we left. The next day at Woodruff, we tried to buy new shoes for me, but to no avail.

That night at Holbrook, Mother and the other children were to leave on the train for Utah. It was after dark when the first train I had ever seen in my life pulled into the station. I thought I would see a big, black iron horse pulling the train with it's legs flopping around, which was quite a disappointment. Father got on the train with Mother and the children and rode the train to the watering tank. I sat on a pile of sacks at the side of the station and saw the train pull out. During the next 20 minutes before father got back, all kinds of things went through my mind, thinking that I should, maybe, never see them again. When Father found me, I was crying. The next morning we pulled out on our journey across the desert towards Utah, with Grandma Roundy and William Burry in another wagon.

We had barrels of water on the sides of the wagon for our horses and ourselves. Along the road the water was scarce. At times, when we stopped along the dry bed of the Little Colorado River, we had to dig holes in the bottom of the river to find water and refill our barrels. We came to the black falls along the river; there were large and small black lava rock that were from a crater. Several days later, down the river, we came to Rock House Springs, where we found the first good water on the trip. We were away from the Little Colorado now. The next water was at Bitter Seeps. Horses would not drink here and neither could we.

A couple of days later, we stopped at the Colorado River on the plateau above the river ferry. The next day was a big day. Early, Father took his shot gun and went up the plateau and shot his gun to call the ferry boat to come and take us across the river. He gave the signal in reply to the call. In driving down the narrow dugway to the ferry, we only used two horses on each wagon. The rest we took behind the wagons. Mr. Burry wanted me to drive our lead team down to the river, but I would not. It looked so scary, I hugged the upper bank all the way down ... and walked. We watered our horses before we got on the boat. One horse we were leading would not drink unless he got his front feet in the water. Father tied him to the other horses harness with a long rope and when his feet went into the water, he slid into the river and slid out of sight. Only by the aid of the other horse with the rope, was this horse able to get out by being pulled. By this time, the flat ferry boat had come across the river. Father drove the wagon with two horses onto the boat, unhooked them and tied them to the front of the wagon. The other two were tied to the back of the wagon. There were only small sides on the boat. When the boat started out, we went up the river in an eddy next to the shore. The ferry man thought it was far enough and turned the boat across the river. Father and the ferryman pulled two oars to steer the boat. The current of the river, drove the boat down the river and across about three or four blocks. The ripple of the center of the river was running up and down about three feet high. We hit an eddy on the north side of the river below the landing and pulled up along the river bank to the landing. We unloaded our wagon off the boat with our horses, next we had to recross the river and repeat our journey and get the other wagon and team. The next trip across and back was very successful without any trouble.

Father and Mr. Burry now had to make preparations for loading the barrels with water and then pull up out of the canyon. While they did this, Grandma Roundy and I walked up the river to the Upper Ferry to show me where she and her husband and company had to cross some years earlier. They had no big boat for this ferry. To cross at this point, it was only passable during high water and use little boats. At high water time, the lower ferry had it's landing covered with water so deep, there was no chance to use a boat. At the upper ferry they had to pull their wagons apart and make small

loads across. Grandma Roundy showed me, as near as she could remember, where on the rough water, her husband was thrown overboard and that was the last time that she ever saw him. She put her wagons together with the rest of the company and still had a hazardous trip getting away from the ferry and up to the plateau. The getting away was at "Lee's Backbone". For a half mile, there was a big chasm on one side and the booming river below on the other side. They had to ride their wagon on the spring seat, as it was so narrow, that a person could not walk along the side of the wagon and drive their horses. She had been a widow a number of years now and was moving alone to Utah. It was a sad time for me to see Grandma weep at the spot where she had lost her husband. By the time we got back to the wagons, they were already to roll. The road was rough, with rocks and slabs in the middle. They had to lift the wheel a foot sometimes over big slabs of rock. At places the wind had filled sand in on the road which made it slippery. It took us the rest of the day to land at the top of the plateau, just west of the new Navajo bridge, by three big rocks which were close together. The wind, by this time, was blowing like a hurricane. We had to pull the wagons close to the rock and tie the wagons to smaller rocks to keep them from blowing over. It was good that we had crossed the river early in the morning. Had we not done so, we would have had to camp on the south side of the river for five days, as it is impossible to cross the river when the wind is high. (Since the new bridge was built, they have ceased operation of the ferry).

The next stop was on top of the Buckskin Mountain in the Kaibab Forest. The wind didn't blow so hard that night. Just before camping, I saw one side of an elk horn that was nearly five feet long. The next day we had to get down the rocky slope on the other side and it was after dinner time before we made it. There was no road to follow and the rocks were slick and the wagon would even turn sideways, sometimes even pushing onto the horses. We had to hold the leaders back so they couldn't pull. In two or three hours travel, we came to the Navajo well which was about 16 feet deep. No ropes were on the well and there was a narrow trench down to the well, so that cattle could not get down. At the bottom, the well was lined with rock, so that the dirt would not cave into the water. The water was excellent! We now carried the water in buckets and refilled our barrels. Just before dark we stopped at the town of Johnston, Utah. The following day we started across the long valley ... desert. The roads were rutty and filled with dust. Father was riding with Mr. Burry and Grandma Roundy in the back wagon. Father had let me drive the lead wagon as the trail was vivid. About a mile out, the teams got frightened. I was on top of the double bed on the spring seat and I threw my brake on with my foot. Then to keep the wheelers from getting their feet into the double trees of the leaders, I had to use my lash whip, and away we flew! hitting chuck holes. I bounced the length of my legs above the seat many times. Holding the four lines and the whip, I managed to drop back on the seat. The ride had been nearly three miles long and the horses were all lathering, by this time, when I said, "Whoa." they were all ready to stop. Imagine the feeling of my father, who was following and could see nothing but a cloud of dust until he was within a hundred yard of me. I sat on the seat and when my father came up beside me, he looked at the outfit. Everything was still intact, ready to go. He jumped up on the seat beside me and put his arms around me and cried as he kissed me, saying something about having expected to see me somewhere along the road, bounced out of the wagon ... dead. I had to admit that through the whole experience I had felt as if I had someone at my side, helping me, but I had seen no one.

The next day, we got to the rim of the basin. There was a big pine tree 150 feet high which had been hit with lightning. The tree was better than six feet in diameter and one half of it was gone and pieces of wood were strewn for yards around. On the inside, that was still standing, it was charred black.

Leaving the rim of the basin and starting down the Sevier River we caught up with the Jimmey Christensen family and the Pete Peterson family coming from St. Johns. In time, we came to Panguitch. We saw bull berries along the river. We camped at the north side of Panguitch and the wind was cold. While here, overnight, Father met some Indians and bought some jerked venison

and some grapes from them. We traveled several days down the Sevier River and tried to locate his brother Joseph at Joe City, but his brother and family were away on a trip. We traveled on and before we got to Nephi, Father pushed his horses faster than the others wanted to travel and we left the Christensen and the Burry family before we got to Nephi.

Sena Christensen was my age. If she couldn't have her way, or get what she wanted, or if she got the least bit "crossed", she would faint. One evening she fainted and fell over a cactus. For two or three days and evenings, Sena would be sitting there crying while her mother pulled out the cactus slivers. No more fainting. While at Nephi, Father went in the post office and mailed a letter to my mother in Payson. We made a big drive that afternoon. We went through Mona, Star, York, the last two only had one or two houses, then Santaquin and we arrived at Spring Lake about 7:50. It looked like we were going to drive right into the lake. Suddenly, Father pulled west into his brother's yard, and no one was there but the children. They didn't know us, but we were made welcome and received kindly. At Nephi and along north I had seen the first snow in Utah on Mt. Nebo. My uncle and his wife were at a rally before the coming election. Father met many friends of his earlier life at the rally. That night when my Aunt came home, (their little house only had two rooms) family beds were made on the floor and I slept with my cousins, Clarence and Reed, who are both gone to the other side now. In fact, Aunt Vinnie had 13 children and they are all gone now (at this writing).

The next day, Father and I pulled on to Payson, arriving just before noon. Mother was going from Grandfather Moore's to her father's, Grandfather Huish. While on the way, my baby brother, S.D. choked on a piece of candy. A stranger grabbed the boy and ran, carrying the boy and shaking him. By the time he got to the doctor's office, the candy had moved. My little brother was out of danger, but still weak. Mother didn't recognize the man who carried her baby at first, but when she got to the doctor's office she discovered he was the son of a family she knew well. Father soon found his wife at the Doctor's office. It was a happy meeting for me that day, getting acquainted with my grand-parents. As a family, we lived at Grandfather Moore's for a while. I had to milk cows, but this was nothing new to me as I had been doing that back home for about three years.

As I started to school the teacher gave me a placement test. They put me with the second reader. My first teacher in Payson was Joseph Page. (Two years later he was called on a mission and died the day he was to depart for the mission field.) We moved to a house a block and a half east, just halfway between my two grandfathers. Now I was attending Sunday School and Primary. On Nov. 30, 1892, while I was staying at Grandmother Moore's, my second brother, Oro, was born.

My Grandmother was a mid-wife and had been set apart by Brigham Young for that purpose and she also took schooling as a mid-wife. She brought my brother into the world, the same as she did me. Many a time I drove the horse and took Grandmother to her work and waited until she was ready to go home. She brought over 500 babies into the world and never lost a baby or a mother. School went nice for several years. I was about the youngest in the class. Then I began having trouble with my ears. Some years before, I had had the drums punctured and gathered due to wood ticks. It has been somewhat of a handicap. I wanted to graduate from the eighth grade when I was 13, but father said that I was too young. I was taken out of school three weeks before it finished and went to work on the farm with my grandfather and Uncle George Moore. The summer before I had helped my father haul hay for Uncle Smith Tanner. We worked for hay to help feed our horses and cows.

In 1895 I had the privilege of going with my grandfather and grandmother Moore to the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple. I had been living with my grandparents previous to going to the Temple. Father and Mother went earlier. We first went into the big Tabernacle and went into the tunnel from the Tabernacle to the Temple (I had to wait for my recommend to come from Arizona). When we

went through the door into the Temple, we were in the font room. The big oxen under the font took my eye. We then went up winding stairways and also through several rooms to the top story. There were altars at each end of the hall. We were sitting nearer to the west end than the east as the people were coming in to this large assembly room. I could hear the most beautiful singing by a choir. It seemed more beautiful than I had ever heard. Turning to my grandparents, I asked them if they could hear the singing. They could not. I said, "I don't see why you can't, because it is so beautiful". My grandfather said, "Be still my boy and listen, it must be the voices of heavenly being singing." I listened till all were seated and when the president of the Church arose at the pulpit in front of us, the singing ceased and the choir in the Temple began to sing. Grandfather asked me if the singing had ceased and I told him "Yes". He said, "Remember this my boy. That singing was for you and not for your grandparents." I listened to the services and then the Temple choir sang again and prayer was offered. Our trip to the outside of the Temple seemed very short. We were out in a hurry. Still living with my grandparents when I was 14 years old, I rented part of his garden and raised vegetables and gathered them as they matured and sold them to peddlers who were hauling produce to Eureka, a mining camp, where they could not raise gardens. I collected enough money to buy my clothes for the winter, having a little spending money that bought my books, besides the rent on the garden. I went to school the next year to finish the 8th grade. The next two years I farmed with my Uncle George and Grandfather and also worked some with my father.

During the later hay season, my grandfather, over 80 years old, taught me how to stack wild grass, hay and straw and how to make nice, straight piles. It had to be so it would shed the storm. This proved, later, to be a real advantage to me, since it made it so that I could get jobs for others doing stacking. I now began to lease land and do farming on my own. I was 16 years old. In my farming, I turned all that I made over to my father and in return he saw that I had books and clothes for school when I went. When I went to BYU, I really enjoyed the dances, but I had very limited means, so I figured out a way to go to the dances that cost me very little. I took my two sisters with me and also 5 or 6 other girls. They all knew my financial condition, but they, wanting to go to the dances too, but not alone, so they said. "We want to go to the dances, so will you let us pay the price to get in and you can hand it to the door-keeper as we go in?" So, this was the arrangement and we had many good times at those dances.

Just before my third year of school I received a letter from the President of the Church, Joseph F'. Smith, asking my condition for a mission. I was the only one out of 16 from our stake whose name was sent in and did not receive a direct call. Mine was a letter of inquiry for my condition and also the financial condition of my father. I answered this letter of inquiry and a letter came back stating that I was honorably released from this mission and that my time had not yet come.

Later on, Walter' graduated from BYU, was married, taught at the Murdock Academy in Beaver, graduated from the University at Logan, moved to Spanish Fork and set up shop as a Blacksmith. He also managed a coal delivery business.

All his children (his and Rachel's, his wife) were married in the Temple.

In later years, his wife, Rachel became totally blind. At that time, the doctors told Walter that in order to save her mentality, that he would have to "court her" harder than he had ever done before ... which he did. Rachel finally passed away on Jan. 8, 1966. After that, Walter lived at home in Spanish Fork.

Later on he suffered a stroke while attending Church with some of his family. The Doctors indicated that he could be fed intravenously and kept alive that way although all hope of a recovery was gone. The family agreed that it would not be a kindness to him to keep him alive that way, to which the Doctor added his own agreement. Walter lived only two days after that decision was reached. His

funeral was held Dec. 28, 1968 and his body was laid to rest in the Payson cemetery beside that of his beloved wife.

Walter had lived a full life, raised a fine family, filled many responsibilities in the Church and done much good throughout his years on earth.

(This copy of Walter's history was made by Gaylia Clayson Moore, the wife of Maynard Moore, a nephew of Walter Moore. She edited this history for the benefit of her children.)

CLARA MOORE SKINNER'S CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF LIFE IN ST. JOHN'S, ARIZONA, AND THE PEOPLE THERE

(Clara was the older sister of Cleon H. Moore)

It was a small town. A street divided it north and south. All on the east side of the street were Mexicans, the White's on the west side. (It seemed much smaller when I was on a visit there in 1927)

On Sundays we went to Church. Father was Ward Clerk and sat on the stand. Two or three of us children would sit with him. Our mother sang in the choir. As we children grew older, we sat on the front row and had the responsibility of being quiet. Our Father taught school and was paid by the parents. Part of the children were Mexicans. One day we went to a Mexican wedding in their church. All the Mexicans sat on the floor in groups. Each Mexican lady had a black shawl over her head. The visitors sat on chairs. It was a beautiful Catholic Church. We always had a melon patch and some sugar cane for making molasses. When the melons ripened we had them every day. Father would tease mother by washing her face with the rinds. One day she got it back on him. He always took a nap after dinner in the hot summer time. I saw mother cut a melon in half, took one piece and stood there by the bed and quietly had a big laugh. Then she plopped it over his face, turned it a few times and ran across the street to the neighbors. He followed after and when he caught her ... he put his arms around her and gave her a big kiss. One Christmas day we spent at Freemans. It is the first time I ever saw a Christmas tree. It was in the center of the room and looked beautiful with tinsel, lights and presents. Santa was there, dressed in red. He was a jolly fellow. He told us about Jesus and danced around the tree with us. Then he had a present for each one.

One day we were all playing by a big ditch when a little neighbor boy fell in. When they got him out, they thought he was dead. Another neighbor boy caught his foot in a wheel of a cart. He was sick for a long time and finally died. It was the first death I remember. We had a baby sister who died of diphtheria. She looked so sweet in the pretty white bed they put her in.

One day Walter, Leila and I went with neighbor children to play in the river bed of the Little Colorado River. It was a very dangerous place to go and we had been told never to go there, because it could be dry and if there was a storm in the mountains, a flash flood, a raging torrent, could come all at once. When we got home we had a lesson we never forgot for running away and being disobedient.

There were many prairie dogs and skunks in our area.

We went in a covered wagon to Conference in the tops of the mountains, prepared to stay for a week. At this meeting, the people who had been asked to come to Arizona to colonize were released and Father and Mother brought us back to Payson to live. We left our little sister, Rachel there, in the cemetery.

A SHORT HISTORY OF HIS PARENTS AND GRANDPARENTS, *(Written by CLEON H. MOORE)*

Parents: SAMUEL DROLLINGER MOORE & CLARA ANN HUISH
Grand Parents: JOHN HARVEY MOORE & CLARISSA JANE DROLLINGER

My father, Samuel Dollinger Moore, was born in Payson 2 May, 1855 on the corner of First West and First North. His father was John Harvey Moore and his mother was Clarissa Jane Drollinger. They were converts to the L.D.S. Church at the time of Joseph Smith and their families were early settlers in America. I have 1/3 of a dollar issued by the Continental Congress in 1776 that my great grandfather earned in Washington's army. Great grandmother Drollinger (who lived with my grandparents) was a member of the first Relief Society.

My grandparents didn't come West with the first Saints, but waited four or five years. One morning, Grandpa said to Grandma, "I have been to Utah during the night and saw where we will build our home, so let's go." On their way West the camps and the road were familiar. They spent two days in Provo and Grandpa said, "This is not the place". When they arrived in Payson, he said, "This is where I came to in my dream". There wasn't water enough in Peteetneet Creek for any more people, so they spent the winter at Halladay Spring, west of Spring Lake. The next Spring the Indians were on the warpath, so they came back to Payson to strengthen Payson Fort. One time they were out of fuel and no one else could leave, so Grandpa went up Payson canyon alone for wood. After he had cut his load, he got so deathly sick he could not load even the small pieces. He managed to get on the wagon and go for home. When he crossed Walker's Flat a large group of Indians were having a war dance. Small Indians shot arrows at him as he went by, but the others didn't stop the dance and they never caught up with him. When he arrived home there was great excitement. The Indians had killed a man at Santaquin¹ and then gone up Payson canyon. Everyone thought Grandpa had been killed too. When anyone asked him about it, he always said that getting sick when he was after wood was not an accident. He wasn't sick when he arrived home.

When one of the late handcart companies arrived, the Moore's took in a widow lady, Mary Taylor, her father (all I ever heard him called was Grandfather Boar) and two sons. They were all in poor shape. One son died young and the other was Uncle Jesse Taylor. Grandfather married this lady, Aunt Mary, and took care of all of them. Aunt Mary was sick for eight years before she died and my Grandmother Moore took care of her. What great love in a polygamy home. Grandmother Moore was a midwife and spent many years giving service to others.

When my father was a boy, he and Grandpa were getting out wood. They used a horse to drag the logs to a pile before loading. While piling logs the hook on the chain caught father's leg and just about tore the calf of his leg off. That accident almost took his life. He was sick so long he had large bed sores. At that time he received a Patriarchal blessing. Many years later, he got another Patriarchal blessing from another Patriarch who knew nothing of the first. The two blessings were almost alike. (They don't give more than one now.)

¹ EDITOR'S NOTE: Ferney Linderill, the first husband of Polly Lucina Sheffield, the 2nd wife of John Harvey Moore, was killed in Santaquin on October 18, 1953. This story is contained in the "History of Polly Lucina Sheffield" as written by Laura Rawlinson Morrey. The man referred to here, may be Ferney Linderill. Is this a coincident?

At their home the creek separated the house from the coral. There was a bridge over the creek without side rails and about a 8 foot drop. Father got "smart" once and covered his eyes to walk across the bridge and walked right off the side and into the water.

Father said the best pair of pant he ever had was a pair his mother made for him from a seamless sack.

My father was in one of the first graduation classes from the Brigham Young academy.

My mother, Clara Ann Huish, was born 10 July, 1862 at Payson. Her father was Walter Henry Huish, born in 1827 in Uley, Gloucestershire, England. His father died before he was born and his mother worked in a spinning mill. But she died early in his life. (He had two dates and didn't know which was his birthday.) Her mother was Ann Smith born in West Bromwich, England in 1829 in a well-to-do family. They were married in 1848. (How the Gospel changes peoples lives.) They heard the LDS Missionaries, accepted the Gospel and had the urge to gather with the Saints. They stayed in St. Louis two years. The company he worked for wanted him to stay, but the urge was too strong.

Their home in Payson was on the corner of First North and First East. Grandfather was a machinist by trade, and a good one. He did well in Payson, always giving jobs to others. He built a planing mill and a furniture shop on the northeast corner of where the park now is. Many pieces of his homemade furniture are still in use. He also built a large brick furniture store (the building where the Dixon Market now is). Her mother never received any of the large estate left in England. Perhaps it is just as well. (Too much money has spoiled some of the Huishes anyway). Grandfather Huish sent money to his brother, James Huish, for he and his family to come to Utah. They settled in Payson.

My mother was used to nice things in her early life, but not without work and responsibility. Her mother was not well for a long time and she died when mother was 13 years old. Mother went to Father's school (He was the teacher), but she said she didn't know he was interested in her until school was out in the spring. Henry Barnett went to grandfather Huish one time and propositioned him to trade daughters and then they each could have a young wife. Thanks to grandfather, he said, "Clara can choose her own husband". My father and mother were married 10 October, 1881 in the Salt Lake Endowment House. The next morning Father left for a L.D.S. Mission to Mississippi. Those were the days when the people were very hateful toward the Mormons. The two years father was on a mission, mother lived with Grandpa Huish. After the Mission, their new life was one of happiness and joy, making plans for a new home in Payson. A year went by and their first son, Walter, was born. Then a call came for them to colonize in St. Johns, Arizona. (1884) Putting their belongings in a wagon, they were off for their new home, wondering if they would ever see loved ones again. Six weeks of travel through a rough, wild desert country, crossing the Colorado River on a raft at Lee's ferry. Then on to their new home on the Little Colorado River. It was a hard, unproductive place. It was real pioneering. Mexicans, rough cattle men and then the Mormon colony. The cattle men hung three men one night without giving them a trial. Clara, Leila, Rachel (she died) and S.D. were born there. It was such a hard mission that after eight years, the Church leaders told the people they were released if they wished. So, my folks came back to Payson in 1892. I might grumble because of this mission and it's hardships, but I never did hear my parent complain of it.

Back in Payson and a new start, with nothing to start with.

Father was the first clerk of the St. Johns Ward. Also, first clerk of St. John's Stake and President of the Seventies there. He was the first clerk of Nebo Stake. Also a member of the Presidency of

Nebo Stake High Priests, the first President of the YMMIA (when a young man) and a Teacher many times in the Ward.

Oro, Loran (who died), myself, Cleon, Donald, Huish and Vernon were born here (in Payson). Father taught school for 25 years, but in those days they were starvation wage.. When I can remember he had quit school and had borrowed money to start farming. Mother died of cancer in August, 1927. Father was still farming and badly in debt. After mother's death Father started doing Temple work. Much of the time he would leave home at 5 a.m., go to Salt Lake Temple, do three sessions, then come home, arriving about 2 a.m. the same day. For a time he stayed in Salt Lake. He married Linda Bradley Christenson from Moroni in 1934. They went to Moroni to live. She died in 1939. He came back to Payson to live, spending the time with his children. On his 90th birthday, Vida (my wife) had an open house for him. The weather was beautiful. At this time his health was good. Many friends called that day. I have never seen anyone happier than he was that day. He died 5 Nov. 1945 leaving a numerous posterity to call he and mother blessed.

(If you are interested, Aunt Clara Skinner has a more extensive history of our parents)

LIFE OF SAMUEL D. MOORE

Samuel D. Moore, son of John Harvey Moore and Clarissa J. Drollinger, who were married in Nauvoo, Illinois, Oct. 6, 1841. The subject of this sketch was the sixth child of the family. My parents arrived in Salt Lake City in Sept. 1852, and arrived in Payson a week or two later.

In 1853 the Walker Indian War broke out and for safety the people of Payson built a fort for protection. The houses formed a hollow square. I was born in the Fort Row, Payson, May 2, 1855. A year or two after that a town was laid out and my father secured a lot and built a house, a part of which is yet standing and is known as the Strawberry Hotel. There I spent all of my early life. My earliest recollection dates back to my first pair of pants which my mother made from home made cloth in the early part of the winter. I was either two and one half or three and one half years old. My next vivid recollection was seeing my father start for Camp Floyd with a load of straw. I was then a little over three and one half years old. From then on my recollection of prominent events in Payson and of Payson people is quite vivid. For years I knew every man, woman and child in town, and where they lived and I could tell you yet.

At about the age of 6 or 7, I was run over with a wagon load, twenty bushels of wheat, in the early morning. I was picked up unconscious and hurried to a near by house, where I was placed on a bed. I remained unconscious until about noon, giving no signs of life. My mother asked that I be administered to, and almost immediately I opened my eyes. Imagine the condition, if you can. As I lay there I was perfectly conscious in my own mind and could hear and realize everything what was said. I have never been able to express my feelings as I listened to those men talking of my death and burial, yet not be able to move, speak or even open my eyes.

I was baptized May 10, 1865, by William Whitehead and confirmed a member of the Church the same day by Thomas Jackson and John B. Fairbanks. When about 16 years of age, I was ordained a deacon, the only office of the lesser Priesthood I have ever held.

I have had the experiences of a pioneer life from my earliest existence. My father was a farmer and as soon as I was able, had to do many of the kinds of work incident to the farm life of a pioneer.

On the second day of Oct., 1865, I met with an accident in which I had the calf of my left leg torn off, a part of it hanging down my leg. I was carried home, about three blocks, and there an improvised surgeon sewed the most of the calf of my leg back in place. Anesthetics were scarcely known and no one in our part of the country knew how to use such a things if they had had it. So I lay on my face on a cot and gritted my teeth and uncomplainingly bore the pain of that operation. During the next six weeks nearly all of the part of my leg that was sewed back decayed away. My mother moved me about the room like a babe. I was so thin and emaciated. When I was better, I tried to walk but could not even stand alone. I soon recuperated however and go to my feet alone.

My education began when I was about seven years old. I learned the alphabet from a little board that had the letters printed on it, and which I carried on a string hung around my neck. Between 8 and 9 years of age I attended school nine months of the year and made rapid progress. I was advanced in that time from the first to the fifth reader. (We had no grades.) I was one of the best spellers in school, could write a fairly good hand, obtained a prize for repeating the multiplication tables backward from 9x12 to 2x2 without a mistake and had worked about half way through what was then known as "Ray's Third Part Arithmetic". What I accomplished in that 9 months of school is about equal to the 6th or 7th grade, but the teacher nearly killed me.

At the end of that time, I was so nervous I could neither stand still, sit still, or lie still, yet I had no signs of St. Vitus Dance. To recuperate from that condition my father sent me to a small ranch to

herd sheep. At the sheep herd I picked up in health very rapidly and as given above, that fall I met with the accident of having my leg nearly torn off. As soon as I was able, after my accident, I spent the remainder of that winter in school and other winters following, though I never again made as rapid progress as I did my first year in school.

About 1837 a high school was started in Payson and I attended two winters. Part of the later year I assisted the teacher with the lower grades. Starting 1885, just after I was 20, I taught my first school. In January 1876 the M.I.A. movement was started. An association was organized in Payson Ward by two brethren who had been called as missionaries for that purpose, Elders Milton H. Hardy and Morris Young. They organized associations from Salt Lake to St. George. The officers selected for the Payson YMMIA were as follows: Charles Brewerton president, John B. Fairbanks first counselor, Samuel D. Moore second counselor, Jonathon S. Page secretary.

How different the conditions then and now. The officers of the association had to make our own plans, select our own subjects, arrange our own programs and be entirely responsible for the success of the organization. This was my first experience in Church work. This organization continued without change for a couple of years, our president and secretary being both called to a mission in the southern states. In the summer of 1877 the officers and a few leading members started a public library and reading room in Payson and conducted it for nearly two years. The leading members of the organization nearly all moved away and it was allowed to die a natural death.

In the spring of 1877, with a number of others I went to visit a part of the country then new. Under the leadership of A.K. Thurber of Richfield we visited Fish Lake and then went on into Rabbit Valley, now Wayne County. We had two wagons. They were the first that were ever driven into the valley, no other wagon track having preceded us. At that time Grass Valley was just being settled and people were thinking of settling Rabbit Valley. I seriously considered settling in a new country, but during that summer concluded to devote myself to educational work and entirely gave up the idea of being a pioneer.

In the summer of 1878 in company with some other young teachers from Payson, I attended the first Teacher's Institute ever held in Utah. It lasted two weeks and was under the direction of professor John R. Park, President of the University of Utah. This Institute was a strong incentive for me to go on. One of the lecturers was Professor Karl G. Maeser who had already been appointed principal of the Brigham Young Academy by President Young in Provo. I made up my mind to attend the Brigham Young Academy the coming year, though about all I had to go on was ambition. As I remember, school opened on the 28th day of August. Our Institute lasted until nearly that time. I spent the first two days of the term arranging to leave home so that I did not start school until the morning of the third day that school opened. I attended the Normal class under professor Maeser, and on the 4th of June, 1877, graduated, as we termed it, and then obtained a diploma bearing a star of distinction in the class.

During the summer of 1877 I was ordained an elder. When I graduated from the B.Y.A. my finances were absolutely exhausted, so I concluded to teach and did so in Payson the school year of 1877 and 1878.

During the coldest time of that winter, the first part of January, my sister's baby was dangerously ill. Her husband was at a sawmill in Santaquin Canyon. She wanted someone to go after him. No one appeared available but myself. So, after school on the evening of January 9, with a team and a light spring wagon, I started to go after him. About 9 o'clock that evening I got to the old mill in Santaquin canyon ... could take my wagon no further. I unhitched my team, rode one, and led the other. About 4 miles farther up to the saw mill. I got there just as the men were ready to go to bed. It was surely a bitter cold night and the men at the mill could scarcely believe I had come up the mill

that night. I learned that my brother-in-law had left for home in company with another Santaquin man, William Bacon, during the afternoon, so I had missed him just outside of the mouth of the canyon. After warming myself a few minutes I said, "I must return". The men tried to prevail to prevail on me to stay until morning. I told them I had to be back to take my school the next day. So, after warming myself a few minutes, I started my return trip. Reached my wagon alright. Hitched up and drove to the home of William Bacon just outside of Santaquin, woke him up and learned that Brother Huish went to Santaquin to a Brother Openshaw. I went on and woke up Brother Openshaw and learned that Brother Huish had started for home afoot, about 9 o'clock. He reached home just before 12. I got home at 2, having made the trip alone during one of the coldest nights I have ever spent out of doors. But I went on the next day with school, as usual.

After school, in the latter part of March, my brother, whose wife was sick, prevailed to go up Santaquin Canyon, haul a pile of logs to the mill and haul the lumber on a bobsled down to what we called "The Loading Place". During that week a number of snow-slides run into the canyon. One evening as I was going up the canyon, I was just on what was known as White Pine Bridge where a slide nearly always ran every winter. Just on the bridge, I heard a roaring sound ... like it was up the canyon. I was thoroughly frightened, as Mark Twain, "Agitated". I never whipped a team as hard in my life as I did that team for about 50 yards. The noise stopped, and I concluded I was out of danger. Next morning, as I went down the canyon, about a quarter of a mile below the bridge, I came to where the ice slide had run down the small side canyon. Hundreds of thousands of tons were scattered along the slope. One piece, about two or three tons in weight, lay right in the middle of the road. I had to make a road around it to get by. That accounted for my slow slide down White Pine.

In early April I went to Fillmore and spent my only summer working for Mr. J.V. Robison, for one dollar a day, to get money to go to school the next year. I quit work and started to school in August and put in the three school years of the B.Y.A. This was the school year of 1878 and 1879. The school year of 1879 and 1880 I taught again in Payson. I spent the following summer assisting my father on the farm. School year of 1880 and 1881 I taught in Richfield. On September of 1881 I received a call to go to the Southern States as a missionary.

On October 10, forty years and four days after my father and mother were married in Nauvoo, I was married in Salt Lake City in the Endowment House to Clara Huish. That same evening, I was set apart a missionary to the southern states and at 7 o'clock the next morning, left my wife in Salt Lake City to go home alone and I took the train for the southern states. For two years I had all the varied experiences of a Mormon Missionary. During the last 6 months of the two year term, I presided over the Mississippi Conference. By the way, I spent my whole two years in Mississippi. During that time, my duties led me to almost every county in the state. I arrived home on the first of Oct. 1883 and we had our wedding party at my father's home on the 10th day of Oct, just 2 years after we were married.

I spent the school year of 1883 and 1884 teaching in Payson. I was ordained a Seventy on the 18th of November, 1883. In the latter part of April, we were called to go to St. Johns, Arizona and make our home. We were just starting in life and had no available means to go with. I spent the summer working for an outfit. Our first baby was born September 7, 1884 and seven weeks later, on Oct. 29, we started with a four horse team overland to St. Johns, Arizona. We arrived in St. Johns on December 5 of the same year. Two weeks afterward I was teaching a private school, depending on the people, who were as poor as we were, for a tuition bill and something to live on, and believe me, it was during the next 8 years we had lean living.

In May 1885 I was appointed Ward Clerk with the following officers: David K. Udall, president, Elijah M. Freeman, first councilor; William H. Gibbon, second councilor. This organization

continued for nearly five years. During this time I was set apart as one of the Presidency of the eighty-third Quorum of Seventies. Headquarters of the Quorum at Snowflake, fifty miles away. A 50 mile desert separating the eastern and western portions of the state, which were about equal in population. I was the only president in the eastern portion, the other six residing in the western portion. I was given charge of the seventies in our portion of the Stake and asked to visit the Seventies and report to the headquarters of the Quorum at least every six months. This continued about two years. Incidentally, it required 450 miles to travel my beat and make my report. This before automobiles were known and in a land where carriages were almost unknown ... absolutely unknown as far as I was concerned. The travels had to be made either on horseback or in a wagon. "Sons, or sons in law, do not be afraid to visit a small beat in a Ward."

In 1889 Snowflake Stake was divided and St. Johns Stake was organized by Apostles Francis Marrion Lyman and John Henry Smith. The Bishopric with whom I had labored were appointed the Presidency of the Stake and myself appointed clerk of the stake and also clerk of the High Council. This position I held for over three years until all missionaries that had been called to St. Johns were honorably released and wife and I concluded to return to our old home in Payson, Utah. At the same time St. Johns Stake was organized, the One Hundred Third Quorum of Seventies was organized in St. Johns Stake and I was selected as one of the Presidency in that quorum. This position I also held until my removal from the Stake. However, there were seven of us to perform the same duties I had previously performed alone.

In the summer of 1890 the Religion Class movement was started. Dr. Karl G. Maeser, superintendent of Church schools visited our Stake and organized the religion class. At that time, no Stake organization of religion classes were effected. I was selected as teacher of Religion Class of the St. Johns Ward, under Bishop Willard Farr and I had as my assistant Sister Nellie George. We had, in our Religion class, an attendance of between 125 and 150 children. As it was at the beginning of the Y.M.M.I.A., the same experience was repeated in the Religion Class. We had to select our own subjects, make our own programs, and prepare our class lessons. How different now.

I labored in this position for about 2 years, resigning on account of press of other duties. The St. Johns Mission was a hard mission. We worked hard. We lived hard, and we strove hard to live our religion. With all, we were happy. We lived among one of the best peoples to be found anywhere and obtained many blessings and valuable experiences. The surrounding country was a desert and a great deal of land, supposed to be fertile and tillable proved to be strongly impregnated with mineral so that crops were almost impossible. Such is briefly our mission experiences in St. Johns. However, I forgot to mention that when St. Johns Stake was organized, my wife was selected as councilor to the Stake president of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement and served in this position from the organization of the Stake until our removal therefrom. She was also a member of the choir during the whole time we were in St. Johns. We left St. Johns for our former home September 29, 1892. At Holebrook, wife took the train and reached Payson three days later, coming with Conference visitors. Wife with three young children and I with the oldest boy came overland, reaching Payson between 3 and 4 weeks later.

Soon after reaching Payson I was selected as president of the Y.M.M.I.A. of Payson 2nd Ward and held that position for one year. I also continued my occupation as teacher in the public schools.

In Jan. 1901 when the Nebo Stake was organized, I was selected and set apart as Stake Clerk and Stake Tithing clerk, which position I held for over 7 years. On the 11 of April 1903, I was ordained a High Priest by Henry Gardner.

About the year 1910 I was selected as 2nd councilor to the president of the High Priests of the Nebo Stake, which position I held until after the death of Jonathon S. Page, president of the High Priests

Quorum and until the division, when L.R. Taylor was selected as President and Justin A. Loveless was selected as president of the High Priests.

SAMUEL DROLLINGER MOORE

Samuel Drollinger Moore, son of John Harvey Moore and Clarissa Jane Drollinger, was born in the "Old Fort Row", Payson, 2 May 1855. The country was then new and the people used the Fort to protect themselves from the Indians. After the Indian troubles were settled, as a little boy, I herded sheep and cows and assisted my father who was a farmer. Then I attended such schools as we had, in the winter time. I had to endure the exposure, poverty and privations of a new country.

As I grew older and into manhood, I followed all the occupations incident to the settlement of a new country, sheep herder, cowboy, farmer, bronco-buster, freighter and canyon man.

In childhood I learned to be a rapid reader and throughout life I have been a persistent student and reader, thus obtaining a fair education for those times. At 17, I attended the local schools in Payson. In 1875, at the age of 20, I entered the Brigham Young Academy at Provo and graduated with the first normal class with a star of distinction. President of the school was Carl G. Maeser. The following year I taught in Payson. The next year I attended the B.Y. Academy again. The following two years I taught at Payson and later at Richfield, Sevier County.

10 October, 1881, I was married to Clara Ann Huish, daughter of Walter Henry Huish and Ann Smith, in the House of the Lord, and the same evening I was set apart as a missionary to the Southern States, leaving at 7 o'clock the next morning. I labored in the state of Mississippi. The last six months of my mission I presided over the Mississippi Conference, traveling all over the state and writing a brief history of the work, that which had been done in the state up to that time. After my release I arrived home 9 October, 1883. Clara and I had our wedding reception the next evening. It was held in Payson the 19 of October 1883. It was just two years from the day of our marriage. I again took a school in Payson.

The following April in connection with 290 others, we were called to another mission as colonizers at St. Johns, Arizona. We were asked to start for Arizona 10 May, but I was not able to get an outfit to go overland that Spring, so I spent the summer working for an outfit to go with. It was fortunate for us we could leave in May, for those who left earlier could not cross the Colorado River on account of high water until the latter part of August, so they were in St. Johns just a short time before us. We left the middle of October and reached St. Johns on 5 of December. Our babe then was just 3 months old.

During the following 8 years I taught school. On the 4 of July, at a Conference of 4 Stakes in Arizona, held at Pinetop, in the top of the Mo'kyon mountains, all who had been called as missionaries to Arizona were honorably released.

I then taught school in Payson, after our return there in October of 1892, until 1901. Since then, I have engaged in farming and fruit raising.

I have known all the privations and vicissitudes of pioneer life, both in a new country in both Utah and Arizona. We served ten years as missionaries. I labored as President in the 83rd quorum of Seventies, also the 104th quorum of Seventies, as Ward clerk 3 years in St. Johns ward, 5 years as Stake clerk at St. Johns, 7 years as counselor to the President of High Priests of the Nebo Stake, which office I now hold.

22 March, 1922.
(to Clara Moore Skinner by her father)

**A SKETCH OF THE LIVES OF
SAMUEL DROLLINGER
AND
CLARA ANN HUIISH MOORE**

Written by Vida Hill More, a Daughter-in-Law (1968)

My Father-in-law, Samuel Drollinger Moore, whom I shall call "Grandpa", was born 2 May 1855 in Payson, Utah County, Utah in what was called "Old Fort Row", to John Harvey and Clarissa Jane Drollinger Moore.

John Harvey was born 19 April 1816 in George Town, Brown County, Ohio, the son of Andrew and Rebecca Curry Moore, who were married 6 July 1816. Andrew was a farmer and worked hard. They had a family of seven children, four boys and three girls. The missionaries converted them to the Mormon Church and they were baptized 1 May 1833. They left Missouri 12 May 1834 to be with the Saints. In 1836, the mobs began hostilities so they left with others and build a settlement which they called "Far West". In March 1842, he moved his family to Nauvoo, Illinois. They were there when the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum Smith were brought dead from Carthage Jail. It was a very solemn seen.

Andrew and Rebecca crossed the plains with their family and a company of Saints in 1852 and settled in Payson.

John Harvey was born in the same town as President U.S. Grant lived. He was personally acquainted with the famous General, the two having often been playmates together. John watched him driving the horse to turn the bark mill in his father's tan yard.

In 1837, he joined the Mormon Church and passed through all the trying scenes the members experienced in Illinois and Missouri. He was in the government's service, as teamster during the Mexican War. On 6 October 1841, he married Clarissa Jane Drollinger in Nauvoo and they passed through all the troubles of the Saints. They started across the plains in June 1852 and arrived in Salt Lack City, 11 September 1852 and came on to Payson, Utah to settle down and live. They had four small children, Rachel, Melinda, Rebecca Estella, John Harvey, Jr. and Clarissa Jan. Caring for small children crossing the plains was no small task. Their first home was one room, then a home was built at 94 West and First North. the Poteetneet Creek ran through their property. The barns, pig pens and chicken coops were built on the east side of the creek and the home on the west side. A plank bridge was built across the creek to get back and forth. The home was made larger and used as a hotel. It was a nine room frame building. It had a large pantry with shelved on three sides. On the 4th side behind the door were large flour, molasses and sugar barrels. A work table was on the other side of the door. All dishes and food were kept in here.

The furniture, some of the chair seats were laced with rawhide. Beds were post models laced with rope. Corn shucks and straw mattresses with feather beds and pillows. The hotel had a sign painted black and white, it was 26 feet long and 10 feet wide and was called the "Moore Hotel".

When the rider carrying the message from the investigators of the Massacre at Mountain Meadows to Brigham Young reach Payson, he stopped at the Moore Hotel and secured a fresh horse and hotel accommodations. This was in September 1857.

Great Grandfather and his wives were very kind and friendly to all their guests, often without

charge. Aunt Mary, the third wife and John Harvey were the real standbys at the hotel. Clarissa went out as a midwife and cared for the mothers and babies. Just as soon as she was back, she helped. The two wives were very congenial and each time Clarissa bought things for herself, she bought the same for Mary. That lovely spirit was always felt in the hotel.

This cherished story was told by Clarissa Jane.

She was what one would call a religious women for the teachings of the Church had a great appeal to her from childhood. When the Latter Day Saints were moving to the Rocky Mountains with the Saints?" But there was never a definite response from Harvey until one morning in 1852. It was at breakfast, Harvey said, "Clarrissa, how soon can you leave for the West?" We were going with the Saints to the Rocky Mountains. Clarissa was so surprised at the declaration that she wondered what had given him the change of heart. But the Spirit had manifested itself to Harvey in a dream and his heart was filled with joy. He knew what to do for the good of his family. He said, "I have seen the trail from here to the Great Basin, every water hole, stream and camping ground.

As the company he was in traveled to the West, he often described their camp ground for the night, they had been made so familiar in his dream. On one occasion he said, "Here we are at our night camp ground and it is only eleven o'clock in the day." He thought here is once I am mistaken. But the captain of the company, when they had stopped said, "We will stop and wash our clothes and rest a little and resume our journey in the morning." When the company got to Provo, Harvey was almost persuaded to remain there, but he said "no", this is not the place that was revealed to me." But when they got to Payson, he said it was the place they were to stop. But the few settlers at Payson said there was not enough water here for more people so you will have to move on. They did go on but only to the Hilliday field and because of Indian troubles that fall the people at Payson were glad to have him move into "Fort Row" form usual protection. Here he and his family resided until his death 15 November 1899.

Samuel Drollinger Moore was the sixth child of John Harvey and Clarissa, the second of their children to be born in Payson. The four oldest children were born as the Saints were being driven from place to place in the early history of the Church.

In 1853, the Walker Indian War broke out and for safety, the people of Payson build a Fort for protection. The houses formed a hollow square. Grandpa was born in the Fort Row 2 May 1855.

When the town was laid out, John Harvey bought a lot and built the house I have described at 94 W. 1 No. which was the Moore Hotel. In later years, it was called the Strawberry Hotel. Here Grandpa spent his early life. He remembers his first pair of pants which his mother made from homemade cloth when he was very young. He also remembers seeing his father start to Camp Floyd, west of Lehi, where Johnson's Army was camped, with a load of straw.

When he was six or seven he was run over with a wagon that had wheat on it. He was picked up unconscious and remained so for some time, showing no signs of life but could hear what was being said about his death and burial, but he could not speak. After the Elders administered to him, he rallied. He was baptized 10 May 1865. When he was sixteen years of age, he was ordained a deacon, the only office of the lesser Priesthood he ever held.

He had the experiences of pioneer life from the first he can remember. His father being a farmer, he learned all the different kinds of work incident to the farm life.

In 1865, he met with an accident that tore the calf of his left leg off, part of it hanging down his leg. An improvised surgeon sewed most of it back in place -- no anesthetics then so he lay on his stomach and gritted his teeth and bore the pain. During the next six weeks, most of the flesh torn off decayed away. His mother had to handle him like a baby and it took some time to recuperate.

His education started when he was seven. He was a very good student and learned rapidly. he was one of the best spellers in the school. he spent his winters in school. In 1873, a high school was started in Payson and he attended two winters, the last part helping the teacher with the lower grades. In 1875, just after turning twenty, he taught his first school. In January 1876, the Mutual Improvement Association was organized and Grandpa was chosen as second counselor to President Charles Brewerton with John B. Fairbanks as first counselor.

In 1877, with others in two wagons, Grandpa went to visit a new part of the country. Fish Lake and Rabbit Valley. They were the first wagons to ever drive into that area. He seriously considered settling in a new country but during the summer decided to get an education instead of pioneering again.

He decided to go to the Brigham Young Academy and attended the normal class under Professor Carl G. Maeser and obtained a diploma bearing a star of distinction. The Summer of 1877, he was ordained an Elder. He taught school in Payson in 1877 and 1878. He worked in Fillmore one summer for \$1.00 a day to get money to go back to school to the B.Y.A. He taught in Payson again in 1879 and 1880. The school year of 1880 and 1881, he taught in Richfield. In September of 1881, he received a call to go on a mission to the Southern States, which he accepted.

On 10 October 1881, 40 years and four days after his parents were married in Nauvoo, he was married to Clara Ann Huish in the Salt Lake Endowment House. The same evening, he was set apart as a missionary and left the following morning for the mission field, leaving his new bride in Salt Lake City to come home alone. he labored in Mississippi the two years. The last six months he presided over the Mississippi Conference. He returned home the 9 October 1881 and they had their wedding party at his father's home 10 October just two years after marriage.

Clara Ann Huish was born 10 July 1862 in Payson, Utah, to Walter Henry and Ann Smith Huish. Walter Henry was born in Uley Gloucester, England 31 October 1824 to Edward and Elizabeth Ball Huish. On his father's side, he is of French descent, on his mother's, English. His great grandfather came from France. His father died before he was born, leaving his mother with three children besides himself. He was cradled in a wool basket by the side of his mother's spinning jenny in the factory where she worked. At the age of eight he went into a machine shop to learn his trade. he was changed from one job to another to the dismay of his mother, but he learned the different phases of the work which helped him in later life because he had a general knowledge of all branches of the trade. Later, he helped perfect the machine to make the first pins with solid heads. he later learned steam engine building.

His mother died when he was 15½ years of age. he joined the L.D.S. Church and was baptized in 1845. 12 June 1848, he married Ann Smith, the daughter of John and Hannah Cooksey Smith.

Ann Smith was born in West Bromwick, Staffordshire, England 9 August 1829. She came into the Church under the protest of her parents and proved to be a fine amiable woman.

In the fall of 1849, Walter and Ann sailed for America on the ship "James Pennel" and landed in New Orleans in November. From there, they went to St. Louis, Missouri. After many hardships and illnesses, he sold his small shop where he repaired machines and he and his wife emigrated to Utah. they arrived in Salt Lake City in 1859 and came on to Payson to settle down in 1860.

Here he made the first planing mill and the first engine lathe in the Territory. The machine business being inadequate in a country town, he went to general manufacturing of furniture and everything for house building in the wood line. He had a fine furniture business and made most all his machinery.

His wife, Ann, died 22 April 1880, leaving six lovely children, John Edward, Lilly Annette, Clara Ann, Albert Smith, Alma Vilete, and Royal Truman to mourn his passing along with him. 23 August 1883, he married again to Christina Larsen and they had five children, Olive, Elizabeth, Henry Alexander, Flora Ethel and Eva, Carl dying in infancy.

He passed away 24 March 1898 in Payson, Utah, leaving his widow and 5 sons and 5 daughters to mourn his passing.

After Clara Ann's marriage to Grandpa and he leaving for his mission, she returned to Payson to live with her father at 1 North and 1 East. She kept the home going for her father and brothers who were still at home. her mother had been ill for several years and had died. So taking care of the home was not a new task for her. She received her education in the public schools along with helping at home. She was a very religious girl, taking part in church activities. She had a lovely voice and may enjoyed her singing. She was a beautiful young lady which carried throughout her life. She was the sixth child and the second daughter. Her sister Lilly, married John B. Fairbanks, the artist and the parents of Avard Fairbanks the noted sculptor. His father had done well and she was used to the nice things in life, but not without effort.

After Grandpa returned from his mission, the years of 1883 and 1884, he spent teaching school. He was ordained a Seventy 18 November 1883. In April 1884, they were called to go to St. John's , Arizona to help colonize. he had recently returned from his mission to Mississippi and had no available. They were just starting in life as a married couple. He spent the summer getting an outfit ready to go. Their first baby, Walter Harvey was born 7 September 184 and seven weeks later, 29 October, they started with four horse team overland to St. Johns. they arrived at their destination 5 December 1884. The group they should have left with earlier could not cross the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry due to so much high water, until the latter part of August, so they were not too far ahead of them getting to St. Johns.

Grandma used to tell of crossing the River at Lee's Ferry and how frightened she was. The Ferry boat went down stream and then made its way up an eddy on the opposite side. They were very happy when safely on the other side. The trail up the mountain side after the crossing was no easy experience. A Keele family traveled with them.

They had many experiences. One day they stopped at a "Trading Post" to buy supplies. Their drinking water was so bad they each bought a pound of coffee for a hot drink as they made camp. The coffee was put into the same container. As they prepared their supper and took some coffee out of the sack, they found several pieces of gold coins. The coffee had been dipped into one large sack and put into theirs and had not been notices. They expected someone to come after them to get the gold, but no one ever did. Apparently the gold had been put in the coffee sack for safe keeping. They kept it for months, then divided it between the two families and used it.

Two weeks after they reached St. Johns, Grandpa was teaching a private school, depending on the people who were poor as they were, for a tuition bill and something to live on. It was during the next eight years they had lean living.

In 1885, Grandpa was appointed clerk to President David K. Udall and served for about 5 years. During this time, he was also set apart as one of the seven presidents of the 84 Quorum of Seventies.

head quarters were fifty miles away. He was the only one of the Presidency in the eastern portion, a fifty mile desert separating the eastern and western portion. he was asked to visit these Seventies and report every six months. It required 450 miles of travel to visit and report. No automobiles, he had to go ether by horse back or wagon.

In 1889, Snowflake Stake was divided and St. Johns State organized by Apostle Francis M. Lyman and John Henry Smith. Grandpa was appointed Stake Clerk and Clerk of the High Council. he was also selected as one of the Seven Presidents of Seventies to the 103 quorum. He held this position for over three years until all the missionaries that had been called to St. Johns were honorably released if they wished to leave.

The summer of 1890, the Religion class movement was started. Carl G. Maeser, Superintendent of Church Schools visited St. Johns and organized it. Grandpa was selected as the teacher. They had to select their own subjects and make their own programs and lessons. Their attendance was from 125 to 50 children. When the St. Johns Stake was organized, Grandma was selected as counselor to the Stake Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association President and served until they were released as missionaries. She also sang in the choir during their stay in St. Johns.

During this time they were having their family, she was kept real busy with her duties as a mother besides her church activities. Her second child, Clara Ann, was born 2 February 1886; Leila, born 2 March 1887; Rachel, born 3 April 1889; passed away 18 June 1890 and was buried in St. Johns. Samuel Drollinger Jr. was born 14 September 1890 as Grandma was a busy person and with no modern conveniences it was real work. There was a Mexican settlement across the Little Colorado River from St. Johns. Smallpox was in their settlement and the people in St. Johns had to put up their own quarantine to keep the Mexicans out. They wanted their children to had the disease, said if they were going to die they might as well die young.

As the cowboys came into St. Johns, they were a problem and were as wild as T.V. shows make them. Grandpa was invited to a neck tie party for some cattle rustlers but he didn't accept the invitation.

The St. Johns mission was a hard one, they worked hard and lived hard and strived to live their religion. Food was a problem because the land was not very productive, so much mineral in the soil the crops could not grow. The surrounding country was a desert. Grandma said many times they ate bread and onions. They were happy, they lived among good people and obtained many blessings and valuable experiences. The family never heard any words of complaint.

After the missionaries were released they decided to come back to Payson to make their home. It was at a conference of four stakes, on 4th of July, held at Pinetop on top of the Mo'kyou Mountains that all who had been called as missionaries to Arizona were honorably released.

They left St. Johns 29 September 1892. At Holebrook, Arizona, Grandma with the three younger children came on home by train and Grandpa and Walter brought their belongings by wagon, which took between three and four weeks. Grandma walked in on her father which was a real surprise to him as he didn't know she was coming. She said it was a mistake to surprised him so.

They found a place to live until they could get them a home of their own. They built one at 334 West 1st North and were happy to be settled in it. It was a three acre lot and almost a small farm. Oro Huish was born 30 November 1892 less than two months after they returned from St. Johns.

Grandpa went back to teaching school in Payson and to his church activities. He was set apart as Stake Clerk and Stake Tithing Clerk and held this position for over seven years. 11 April 1903 he

was ordained a High Priest by Henry Gardner. When Nebo Stake was divided he was counselor to Justin A. Loveless the President of the Nebo Stake High Priests. Grandpa taught school until 1901 then went into fruit raising and farming. On the home lot they had a cherry orchard and a large raspberry patch besides a truck garden. It was work for everyone.

Lorin Edward was born 8 May 1895 and died 2 September 1895 and buried in Payson. Cleon Huish born 8 September 1896. Donald Huish born 27 June 1900. Maeser Huish born 3 June 1902. Vernon Smith born 15 January 1905. There were no modern conveniences. Grandma had to cook on a coal and wood burning stove. There was a wood box and coal bucket sitting by the stove. Ashes to be emptied each morning and soot to be cleaned out real often so the oven could be used. An outside well to get water for all purposes. Bathing was not so easy either. All the water had to be carried in and heated on the stove. a round tin tub, used to bathe in then the water emptied outside and brought back ready for the next one. The tub usually placed by the kitchen for warmth.

At first, no electricity, so coal oil lamps and candles were used. When the electricity came to Payson and one drop light could be had in each room, it was wonderful. There was no inside plumbing so one outside was used. Grandma did all her sewing either by hand or on her treadle sewing machine.

She wouldn't let her children learn to swim, said if they didn't know how they wouldn't get drowned. The children were all taught to me morally clean, to go to church, pay tithing and live good lives. They were set good examples. Christmas's were not elaborate but were happy times.

While Grandpa was the Stake Clerk, they were asked by President Page, at quarterly conference time to entertain the visiting Brothers from Salt Lake City who came to Payson. They were given a bead and meals a number of times. In this way, the children met some of the Apostles.

Grandpa bought a farm and used many horses to pull his machinery. The horses all had to be watered and fed each morning, curried and harnessed before they could be put onto the wagons or machinery. They also had many cows to be fed and milked, the milk separated and the skim milk fed to the calves and pigs, each night and morning. They had many pigs to be taken care of. In the summer, weeds had to be pulled and apples that had fallen from the trees, picked up and fed to them. They also had chickens which took time. Many chores to keep all the men folk busy while Grandma and the girls prepared the meals to fee the hungry people.

Grandma always had cream, milk and eggs she sold to neighbors. It was quite an extra job as she had no refrigerator and had to go into the outside cellar each time to get them.

The children were all taught to work and if any of the boys wanted to go away to make a little money for themselves, Grandpa would say if there wasn't enough to do around home he would find more for them. The older children, when they finished the grade school in Payson went to the B.Y.A. to High School. Clara and Leila both taught school in Payson.

Grandpa owned a bob sleigh which they enjoyed in the winter. The roads were not cleared then as they are now so sleighing was enjoyed for a longer period of time in the wold weather. They had bells to put on the horses which made a merry sound as they went along, with the right kind of company, warm under blankets. Walter learned the Blacksmithing trade. He married Rachel Hayes 1 September 1909 and they lived in Spanish Fork. S.D. and Leila sold knit goods and took orders and delivered them from Lehi on the North to Eureka on the South.

Grandpa bought an 85 acre farm on West Mountain. He could neither take care of it nor pay for it due to the depression. He turned it over to part of the family to farm and pay for it. those participating were Walter, S.D., Oro, Cleon, and Fred Skinner, a son-in-law. Some time later he

bought 30 acres in Santequin on borrowed money. It was a mistake because he was too old to care for it and so many of his sons were doing other things and couldn't do all of it for him. Leila married John Milton Beck 21 May 1913 and they lived in Knightsville, Utah, later coming back to Payson. S.D. married Mabel Caroline Monson 2 September 1914 and they lived in Pleasant Grove and he taught Seminary. Clara married Joseph Fred Skinner 2 June 1915 and moved to Spanish Ford where Fred taught school.

In September 1917 Cleon and Donald were bailing hay. It was a very warm day and they had worked hard. Donald got overheated and took sick that night. He went unconscious, burning with fever. He lived one week and passed away 20 September 1917. He had always been a fine fellow and a big husky one and his passing was a hard blow for the family. He was buried in Payson, Utah.

Cleon married Vida Hill 29 August 1918 and they moved to the West Mountain the following spring after his return from the service in World War I. Vida lived with her parents while Cleon was away.

S.D. and Mabel were in Texas on a mission at this time. In the fall of 1919 Oro went on a mission to the Central States. 30 August 1922 Oro married Ethel Nuttall and they moved to the West Mountain farm.

The 14 August 1927 Grandma Moore passed away. She died of cancer. She had been ailing for over a year but had kept up her work pretty well. The family had been together for her birthday just a month before. Shad had always worked hard and never seemed to complain. Her family imposed on her and especially Sunday night suppers, but she seemed happy about having them. City relatives came to stay quite often but they never seemed to return the same to her. She was just 65 years old and too young to die when she and Grandpa could have enjoyed their later years together. She was buried in Payson 17 August 1927.

Grandpa, Huish and Vernon lived together and the boys attended the B.Y.U. They got up early, milked the cows, separated and took care of the milk and chores before leaving for school.

Maeser Huish married Claribel Hurst 22 May 1930 and taught school in Payson, and 21 June 1934 Vernon Smith married Estrella Fehser and they went away to teach school.

After Grandma's death Grandpa was lost, he did temple work in Salt Lake and did genealogy. He tried living with his children which is not easy after you have had your own home for so many years.

Grandpa was not able to keep the home and farm going so his estate was divided up as evenly as possible as written on paper and put into plain envelopes. Each child drew in turn according to age and Cleon drew the old home. Each family had to pay their share of the indebtedness against the property. Grandpa reserved the east side of the home for himself. Oro did not participate due to his own desires.

Cleon moved his family to the home December 1931. Grandpa lived at the home part time but was not too happy. In 1934 he married Linda Christensen of Moroni, Utah when he was 79 years old and moved to her home. In the spring of 1934, he relinquished his part of the home.

He seemed quite happy with his new wife, she was much younger. They had quite a struggle to live as some of the family did not live up to the agreement made when the property was divided. Linda's health was not too good and she passed away in February 1939, five years after their marriage. She was buried in Moroni, Utah. Grandpa came back to the Payson area to live. He lived with different members of his family but finally moved in with Walter and Rachel and they were good to him.

Clara's husband, Fred Skinner died of a heart attach 19 February 1940 at home in Spanish Fork. Clara went back to teaching school. After her retirement she moved to Idaho Falls to be near her children.

For Grandpa's 90th birthday the family gave an "Open House" for him at the old home. He was tired when it was over but he really enjoyed meeting so may friends. As the summer wore on Grandpa got weaker and weaker and passed away 5 November 1945 at Walter's home in Spanish Fork. He was tired out and said he was ready to go with his loved ones who were waiting for him. He was brought back to the old home for the viewing and to the 3rd Ward (his home ward) for his services which were very fitting for him. He was buried in Payson 9 November 1945.

Leila's husband Milton Beck died 11 June 1951 of a heart attack, in the field, sitting on a moving machine with the team of horses standing still and him still holding the lines. A great shock to everyone. They buried him in Spanish Fork, 14 June 1951.

Huish's wife Claribel, died 11 July 1954, 20 minutes after being stung with a honey bee. That was a shock to everyone and especially her family. Her services were held in the 3rd Ward chapel and her burial in Payson, 14 July 1954. Huish was Bishop of the 3rd Ward at the time. Then 9 April 1955, he married Bessie Martha Brown from American Fork. She mothered the four children and has made a lovely wife for Huish.

Life goes on pretty much as a day to day living for most of the family. Heartaches have come and sicknesses for some, but life has to go on for those who are left. Most have met it bravely.

8 January 1966 Rachel, Walter's wife passes away. She had been blind for a number of years and Walter had taken good care of her, have to be eyes for her also. Her services were in Spanish Fork and burial was in Payson, 12 January 1966. S.D. and Mabel came for Rachel's funeral services and the next morning early, work came that Mabel had died in her sleep, 13 January 1966. Her funeral was held in Salt Lake and she was buried in Pleasant Grove 17 January 1966.

12 October 1966, S.D. married Leona Fora. She seems like a lovely person and is making a good life for S.D. in his loneliness. 30 May 1966, Memorial Day, Vernon died at Leila's home in Payson of a heart attack. He was just 60 years of age. His funeral was held in Bountiful 3 June 1966, his home for many years. They buried him in Mt. Pleasant where they had buried a baby years before. It was Estrella's old home.

Grandpa and Grandma Moore have had many of their posterity in the service of their country. Also, many missionaries for the Church, and more going out from time to time. They have a numerous posterity and they are busy in ward and stake activities and seem happy in the things they are doing.

ADDITIONAL ENTRY: 2 JANUARY 1969.

Walter H. Moore passed away Christmas morning at 3:00 a.m. December 25, 1968 in the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah from the effects of a stroke suffered the evening 15 December 1968. His lovely funeral services were held in Spanish Ford 28 December 1968 and he was buried in Payson, Utah. His children are scattered from coast to coast but were all here for the funeral. Clara Skinner cam from Idaho. Leila Beck had gone to spend Christmas and the winter in California with her children and was not here for the services.

ADDITIONAL ENTRY: JANUARY 1976.

Leila wasn't well for quite some time. Spent time in the Payson hospital and then put in Elared Hospital near Provo. She passed away 30 January 1971. Her funeral services were held in Payson 6th Ward, 2 February 1971 and she was buried in Spanish Ford cemetery by her husband, Milton. It was a real stormy day. Cleon was in the hospital in Salt Lake and unable to go to the funeral. Clara Skinner came from Idaho Falls with her son Bernell. Leila was buried on Clara's 85th birthday. All Leila's family were present but Frank's and they were unable to come from Washington, D.C. due to his work. They had spent the previous summer visiting many times during their vacation.

In July, 1971, S.D. and Leona had a lovely vacation in Europe. 24 December 1973, S.D. had a serious operation, a slow growing cancer. Several weeks later another serious operation and was still recuperating in May 1975. Leona, his wife, was very good to him and spent her time nursing him.

Ann Skinner's husband, Howard Freiss, passed away in Phoenix, Arizona, 28 July 1973 and was buried in Tremonton, Utah 1 August 1973 where they had buried two children. We took Oro and Ethel and went to the funeral.

Cleon had a heart attack 3 May 1975, was taken by ambulance to the Payson hospital. Was in intensive care for several days. [He] came home to rest 17 May. No work just recuperate. Getting along fine. 20 August 1975, we were able to take an 11 day trip to Alaska as we had planned before he was sick. We took it easy and got along fine.

S.D. did not get any better and when Leona and the family could do no more for him at home, he was put in the hospital. He passed away 11 August 1975. His services were held 15 August 1975 at 12(noon) in the 21st Ward in Salt Lake. He was buried by his 1st wife (Mabel- the mother of his children) in Pleasant Grove. In the funeral 18% of his grandson stood and sang "O My Father". It was beautiful. He left a numerous posterity besides his wife Leona to mourn his passing.

11 November 1975, Carol Beck's husband, Winefred Johnson passed away in California 59 years of age.

Huish has had blood clots in his legs and spent several weeks in the Provo hospital the fall of 1975. He is slowing improving.

A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING BY W.A. YOUNG ON THE HEAD OF
CLARA ANN HUISH,

DAUGHTER OF ANN SMITH AND WALTER HENRY HUISH.

BORN 10 JULY, 1862 AT PAYSON CITY, UTAH CO., UTAH.

GIVEN 16 FEB. 1877 IN THE VESTRY AT PAYSON

Sister Clara Ann, I place my hands upon thy head and bless thee with a father's blessing and say unto thee, "let virtue and chastity be thy constant companion. Go not in the way of strangers but let thy abidings be in the house of God among thy friends, that thy feet may never go astray. Know this truth, that virtue is the brightest jewel in the crown of the daughters of Zion." Thou art of the seed of Joseph and thou hast come through a virtuous lineage. Let thy garments be pure and unspotted and thy soul shall be lifted up. Honor thy father and thy mother and thy days shall be long upon the earth and thou shalt become as a fruitful vine and become the mother of a multitude of faithful sons and daughters inasmuch as you will accept and abide in a celestial law. And know this great truth, that you have been blessed with the privilege of coming forth at this time for some wise purpose.

Do not put thy trust in the arm of man, but seek to have that spirit that God only gives, to be thy constant companion and you shall be sustained through every hour of trial. I bless you with the privilege of living upon the earth to a good old age through your obedience to the counsels of your parents and the observance of the laws of life and health.

You shall come forth in the morning of the first resurrection and eat of the bread of life forever.

I seal you up unto eternal lives with a forgiveness of your sins through your faith in the name of Jesus.

Amen

(Clara Ann Huish was Cleon Moore's mother)

STORIES OF JOHN HARVEY MOORE THAT HE LIKED TO TELL

John Harvey Moore was born 18 April 1816, the third child of Andrew Moore and Rebecca Curry Moore, near Georgetown, Brown Co. Ohio. He was an honest sincere man. He didn't talk much, but when he did, he meant every word of it. He loved children and was very kind to them, however, he expected them to listen, honor and obey their parents. He seemed very stern, never the noisy, jovial kind, but possessed a "dry" wit. He had a testimony of the truthfulness of the mission of Joseph Smith and the teachings of the Gospel.

He was a good farmer and a good provider. He liked to tell his experiences to children, especially to his grandchildren. They were usually faith promoting or a good clean joke.

INDIANS AT WALKER'S FLAT

The neighbors, back in his time, usually went to the canyons together to get logs and firewood because of the Indians. He often told the following story concerning such a time.

One day the men decided to meet at a certain time at the mouth of the canyon. That morning John Harvey was delayed, but decided to go anyway, thinking he might be able to overtake them. He did not see them, but went on anyway, alone. He cut his wood and was loading it when a terrible weakness came over him. The weakness increased and he was unable to put all the logs into the wagon. He finally decided the best thing for him to do would be to go home. He got into the wagon, but as he rode along he felt sicker and extremely weak. As he neared Walker's Flat (this event occurred in Payson Canyon) he could see the Indians were having a war dance on the far side of the flat. He slowed his team so as to go as quietly and as unnoticed as possible. Little Indian boys at the side of the road threw stones at him, but he said nothing and slowly passed along on his way. Still, he was worried, for it was at a time when the Indians were out to kill white settlers. Two men had been killed at Santaquin the week before. As this time, he was praying for strength. Then as soon as he was far enough down the road to feel safer, suddenly the weakness left him and he then whipped up his horses and hurried on home. However, he always maintained that he had been guided through that experience by a very strong power, an unseen spirit, that of the Holy Ghost.



THE DUCKS IN THE POPPIES

The Duck and Poppy Story was one of his favorites that he liked to tell about Clarissa, his wife.

It happened in the summer time when the bank of the creek, which ran through the lot where they lived was covered with a beautiful big bed of blooming red Poppies. Because of the need for feathers used in pillows and feather beds (they owned and ran the local hotel) and having a stream of water, they kept about fifteen big white ducks.

One very hot afternoon the ducks had gotten out and had gone to the poppy bed... In the very late afternoon, there they all lay ... apparently dead. They had eaten the poppies. So, the feathers were plucked from each duck, leaving just the wing and tail feathers. Then each duck, when stripped, was tossed over the bank to be buried. However, it was too late in the day to do it that evening.

What was the surprise the next morning? ... to see them alive and quacking for food! ... all well. The opium in the poppies had put them off. By night the poor ducks were suffering from sun burn, for lack of coverings, and being in the sun all day. And guess what next? Each duck had to wear a little jacket, until the feathers grew back in ... made from red flannel, by his wife, Clarissa.



THE CAT STORY

Grandmother thought she had just as good a joke on Grandfather. He kept cats at the barn across the creek to keep down the mice. Each morning and evening when he had milked the cows, a pan of milk was given to the cats. Finally, after a few years, he had so many cats, it was a problem. What should he do? He knew he could drown them in the creek, but no, that was too cruel. He just would not. So, one day when he was going to the canyon, he filled a gunny sack with cats and kittens and thought he would take them on a canyon trip. He left the sack of pets by a tree stump and knowing they would scratch themselves out of the sack before too long, he went along home, thinking it had been a fine way to get rid of the extra cats.

When he got back home, he told Grandmother about it.

Then, three days passed and he was still quite proud of his idea. Then the next morning when he went to the barn, he was greeted by the same cats he had taken to the canyon in a gunny sack. They were all there, anxious to be fed their morning milk. When he went back to the house he said, "Well Clarissa, the cats were smarter than I was."

She never did know what he did to get rid of them the next time.



A DREAM OF JOHN HARVEY MOORE

This cherished story was told by Clarissa Jane Drollinger Moore, who was the wife of John Harvey Moore. She was a religious woman. She said the teachings of the Gospel had great appeal to her from childhood. When the Latter Day Saints were moving to the Rocky Mountains, she often said to her husband, "When are we going to the Rocky Mountains with the Saints?" But there was never a definite response from Harvey until one morning in 1852. It was at the breakfast table, Harvey said, "Clarissa, how soon can you leave for the West?" and then went on to add, "We are going with the Saints to the Rocky Mountains". Clarissa was surprised at the declaration and wondered what had given him the change of heart. The Spirit had manifest itself to Harvey in a dream and his heart was filled with joy. He knew now what to do for the good of his family. He said, "I have seen the trail from here to the Great Basin, every stream and camping ground."

As the company he was in traveled Westward he often described the campground they would have next for the night, it had been made so clear in his dream. On one occasion he said, "Here we are at our campground and it is only eleven o'clock in the day." He thought, here is once I am mistaken, but the captain of the company, when they had stopped said, "We will stop and wash our clothes, rest a little and resume our journey in the morning."

When the company got to Provo, Harvey was almost persuaded to remain there, but he said, "No,

this is not the place that was revealed to me." When they got to Payson he said, "This is the place we are to stop." The family resided in Payson and Harvey passed away 15 November, 1899.



UNCLE JOHN'S COFFEE POT

Uncle John had used coffee much of his life. Good brethren and his wife had tried to get him to discontinue the use of it, but he insisted that he must have his coffee, and recently his wife had united in using it with him.

He then became very ill and a major operation was necessary. For some time he was not expected to live. After he became better he insisted that he have his coffee for every meal. One morning he arose very early. He went directly to the kitchen, took the old coffee pot and package of coffee, went to the old abandoned well, pried up one of the cover boards and threw the old pot and package of coffee down the well. When his wife went to get breakfast, she hunted and hunted in vain for the coffee and the old pot. She made quite a fuss because she knew she had put it in a certain place in the cupboard the evening before. She feared to call her husband to breakfast because she was sure of the disturbance he would make and she felt that she also must have her morning stimulant. She finally called him to breakfast without the coffee and to her great surprise, her husband was not disturbed at all. While they were at breakfast, he told her of a dream he had had the previous night.

It was as follows:

"I dreamed that I died and went into the world of departed spirits. When I knocked at the door, the keeper opened the door, gave me a hearty greeting and wanted to shake hands with me. I could not shake hands with him because I was carrying my old coffee pot under my robe and must not let it be seen. There was no place to put it and I must not drop it. Every direction I turned, my friends who had departed this life earlier wanted to greet me and shake hands with me. I could not shake hands with them because I must hold the old coffee pot. Everybody wanted to know what my trouble was, but I could not let them know what I was carrying under my robe."

In my misery I awoke. It was just beginning to get daylight. It was a great relief to realize that I was still in mortality. I wanted no more to do with the coffee pot I had been carrying, or any other coffee pot. That is why I threw the old coffee pot and the coffee down the old discarded well this morning.

THE MOORE HOTEL

The proprietors and wife of the Moore Hotel were John Harvey and Clarissa Jane Drollinger Moore. Mr. Moore was born in Georgetown, Ohio April 19, 1816. He married Clarissa Jane Drollinger October 6, 1841. She was born September 12, in Springfield County.

Mr. Moore and family started across the plains June 1, 1852 and arrived in Salt Lake City in September. They came on to Payson.

Their first home was one room on what is now north 1st West. Two or three years later they started building their home on 1st North. The Peteetneet Creek ran through their property. It isn't known when they started the hotel, but when the rider carrying the messages from the investigators of the massacre at Mountain Meadows to Brigham Young, he stopped at the Moore Hotel and secured fresh horse and hotel accommodations. This was in September 1857.

The Hotel was a 9 room frame building. It had a large pantry with shelves on three sides. On the fourth side, behind the door, were large flour, molasses and sugar barrels. A work table was on the other side of the door. All dishes and food were kept in here. As to the furniture, some of the chair seats were laced with rawhide, beds were post models laced with rope. Corn shucks and straw mattresses with feather beds, and pillows.

The Hotel was built on the west side of the creek, and the barns, pig pens and chicken coops built on the east side of the creek. A board bridge was built across the creek. The Hotel had a sign painted black and white 26 feet long and 10 feet wide. It was called Moore Hotel.

Mr. Moore and his wife were very kind and friendly to all their guests, often without charge. Aunt Mary (2nd wife) and Harvey Moore were the real stand-bys at the Hotel. Clarissa went out as a mid-wife and cared for the mothers and babies. Just as soon as she was back, she helped. They were so congenial and every time Clarissa bought things she bought the same for Mary. That lovely spirit was always felt in the Hotel.

TAKEN FROM THE EVENING NEWS CLIPPING OF NOVEMBER 17, 1899

Death of John Harvey Moore, a Veteran and Pioneer. Payson, Utah County Nov. 16

Last night John Harvey Moore passed quietly to his rest, after a short illness of about 8 days, or old age and general debility. Father Moore, so called by his old acquaintances here, was one of the pioneers of Payson, coming here in 1852, accompanied by his wife and four children, who yet survive him. Now his descendants number 127, as follows: 12 children, 92 grandchildren and 23 great-grandchildren.

Brother Moore was born April 19, 1816 at Georgetown, Brown Co., Ohio, making him 83 years of age at the time of his decease. His wife, surviving, has been his partner for 58 years. In his boyhood he saw President U.S. Grant, then a boy of his own age, driving the horse to turn the bark mill in his father's tan yard.

Brother Moore was baptized at Far West in June 1837; passed through the troubles of the Saints in Missouri and Illinois; was in the Governments service as teamster during the Mexican War. In the early days of Payson, he was Presiding Elder over one of the Districts of the town; filled positions in the city council, was city treasurer for many years and was identified with all the public business of the town through all his long life and won the respect of his fellow citizens and his numerous acquaintances throughout the state.



(From another news clipping ...)

John Harvey Moore, one of Payson's oldest citizens, passed peacefully away at his home on "D Street" Wednesday evening 20 minutes before 6 o'clock, after an illness of only 8 days. Death resulted from old age and general debility. Deceased was in his 84th year, being born April 19, 1816 at Georgetown, Ohio, the town where U.S. Grant was reared. He was personally acquainted with the famous general, the two having often been playmates together.

In 1837 he joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and passed through all the trying scenes the Church experienced in Illinois and Missouri, remaining a faithful member until death called him to the other side.

He was married at Nauvoo Oct. 6, 1841 to Clarissa J. Drollinger who survives him, and they have lived together over 58 years. They had seven sons and five daughters, all of whom are living except three sons, 92 grandchildren and 23 great-grandchildren. With his wife and four children, he came to Utah in 1852, locating in this city, where he has since resided. He was closely identified with the early affairs of Payson City and was a man of high moral character, noted for his honesty and integrity.

The funeral will be held in the Tabernacle Sunday at 1:30 p.m.

**LETTER WRITTEN BY
CLARISSA JANE DROLLINGER MOORE**

**TO HER CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN
OF SAMUEL DROLLINGER MOORE SR.**

*Payson, Utah
18 March 1881*

I, Clarissa Jane Drollinger Moore decide to leave to my posterity a biographical sketch of my life up to this date to be read by them fifty years hence. For their information an benefit. I was born near Springfield, Butler County, Ohio, 12 September 1824. My parents moved to Indiana when I was three years old. Their names were Samuel and Rachel Cook Drollinger. They were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, 8 July 1831. In the fall of 1833, we moved to Missouri, having arrived one week before the expulsion of the Saints from Jackson County. While there we had to leave our wagons and flee to the woods for safety from the mob. As we were going out of the county, we camped in Lafeyette on the same night the stars fell. We camped there during the winter on a farm that my father bought. Then we moved on the Tabo Prairie. On the following June we moved to Clay County. My father went to Lafayette to enter a piece of government land, where he was taken sick and suffered until 16 August 1834, when he died, leaving my mother and six children, all sick. Three weeks after my oldest brother John Franklin died which left my mother with four sons, Abraham K., Samuel D., Benjamin W., Sammeon C. Drollinger and myself. We were left without a home.

I was baptized in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in April 1835. That same fall, I had a very severe spell of sickness. In February 1838, we moved to Caldwell County. I was in Far West at the time Joseph Smith was delivered up to the mob. We left February 28, 1839, and moved to Quincy, Illinois, having to walk every step of the way through mud, rain and snow. April 1840 I went to Nauvoo. The next July, I was taken sick from exposure and lay sick three months with inflammation in my hand.

I was married 6 October 1841 to John Harvey Moore. I became a member of the Relief Society 1 August. My first child, Rachel Melinda, was born 26 August 1842. My second child, Rebecca Estella, was born 13 November 1844 ten miles South of Nauvoo. In 1846, we left Illinois with the rest of the Saints in consequence of the mob. We stopped in Lee County, Iowa when my third child John Harvey was born 28 March 1847. In the Spring of 1848, we moved to Potawattame and settled on Big Pigeon where my husband left me and my children in a tent and was gone four months in Government service. My husband embraced this Gospel in the spring of 18 ____ . My fourth child, Clarissa Jane, was born 7 October 1849. I left my home the first of June, 1852. I drove a three horse team across the plains arriving in Salt Lake City, 11 September, then moved to Payson, Utah where my fifth child, Sarah Frances, was born 28 January 1853. In the Spring of 1854, I received my patriarchal Blessing under the hands of Father Morley. My sixth child, Samuel Drollinger, was born 2 May 1855. 9 May 1856 my husband took a second wife. My seventh child, Anna Mary, was born 12 March 1857. 21 February 1858, my husband took a third wife, Mary Soar Taylor. My eighth child, Franklin Andrew Cook, was born 17 October 1859 and died 19 January 1860. Myself and husband and sealings and annointings at the Endowment House. My ninth child was born 7 April 1862 and died 10 August 1865. His name was Franklin Edward. My tenth child, George Barton, was born 8 January 1870. I labored in the Relief Society faithfully for many years. In 1873, I went to Salt Lake City and studied midwifery and have been a practical midwife ever since. In 1878, I was set apart under the hands of Bishop Joseph Tanner and his council to the office of Second Counsellor to the President of the third District of Relief Society, Payson Ward, which office I have endeavored to fill faithfully.

My mother is alive and well, has lived a widow ever since my father died. She is now in her 83rd year. I am now in my 57th year. I have had forty grandchildren, thirty one now living, 9 dead. I have 1 great grandchild.

I now wish to bear my testimony to my posterity that id do know this is the Kingdom of god set up in these the last days. I have had many Testimonies for myself. I have been healed and my children also many times by the power of God through his servants holding the Holy Priesthood. I never have regretted the trials I have passed through which are many for I know that my reward is sure. When you read this my body will be sleeping in the dust and Oh!" do remember that my hearts earnest desires are that you all may be faithful in keeping the commandments of God. that we may meet in Eternity where there is no more parting. But all is peace and happiness. This is the earnest and sincere prayer of your mother in the worthy name of Jesus Christ.

This was written by Clarissa Jane Drollinger Moore to here posterity. It was placed in a Relief Society box to be opened after 50 years.

NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF CLARISSA JANE DROLLINGER MOORE, WIFE OF JOHN HARVEY MOORE.

Another Pioneer Gone
She was Acquainted With The Prophet Joseph Smith

Clarissa Jane Drollinger Moore, one of Payson's oldest residents, passed quietly away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. S. Tanner on E Street at 2:35 p.m. after a short illness.

Death resulted from old age and general debility, the deceased being able to get up and walk across the room to the day of her death.

Sister Moore was in her 81st year, being born in Butler Co., Ohio, Sept. 12, 1824. When a small child her parents, Samuel and Rachel Drollinger, removed to Indiana where they heard and embraced the Gospel, being baptized by Elder Solomon Hancock in July 1831. The family moved to Jackson County, Mo, in 1833 and endured the suffering privations consequent to the driving of the Saints from Missouri. During these trying times her father died in Clay Co., Missouri, thus she was left fatherless in those troublesome times at the age of 10. She, with the other members of her family, continued their enforced journey with the Saints to Nauvoo, Ill., where she was married to John Harvey Moore, who she survived over five years.

At the time of the exodus from Nauvoo, with her husband and family, she moved to Council Bluffs, Iowa, where they resided until 1852, when with a family of four small children, they crossed the Plains and arrived in Utah in September of that year, coming at once to Payson where Sister Moore has resided for over 52 years.

She was the mother of ten children, five sons and five daughters, all of whom survive her but two sons who died in infancy. Her grandchildren number 90, great-grandchildren, 60 and great-great-grandchildren 1, making a total of 161 descendants, of whom 122 survive her.

She was present at that memorable meeting in Nauvoo, August 8, 1844, and rejoiced in the testimony which she often bore that she knew the mantle of the Prophet fell upon Brigham Young. She was a member of the Relief Society in Nauvoo and also in Payson, Utah, where she labored for several years as 2nd counselor to the President, Sister Betsy Jane Simons. Sister Moore died as she had lived, a faithful Latter Day Saint, with the joyous hope of a glorious resurrection.

Funeral services will be held at the Payson Second Ward Meetinghouse, Friday January 13, at 11 o'clock a.m.

A LETTER WRITTEN BY
B.W. DROLLINGER
TO HIS MOTHER AND FAMILY

Qu Co. Iowa
Mar. 20, 1864

Dear Mother, brothers and sisters,

I take this opportunity to write you a few lines to let you know that we are all well at present and hope when these few lines come to hand they will find you all enjoying the same blessings.

I received your letter some time ago but being very busy feeding as I have a good deal of stock. It consumed mornings and evenings and Sundays. The balance of the time I have been hauling brick and rock to build Will a house. That is a poor excuse for not writing. The family are all gone today so I will write. I have nothing of great importance to write you only that I am getting along as well as could be expected for an orphan boy that had no better chance than I have had. I have a farm of 120 acres of land in good cultivation. 34 acres of timber, plenty of horses, cattle sheep and hogs. Money at interest. Last season I built a stable and a barn. This season I want to build a house. Then if nothing happens and you won't come and see me I must go and see you. It is a long tedious road to go a visiting but I want to see you all very much, especially my mother. It seems like a long time since you left the old Mississippi bottoms and since I left you on the Demoin River. I have children very near as big as I was then. To think back that long the families that were here then are scarce. Now four families are all I believe excepting Abrahams that were here when you left. Excepting war, times is tolerably good, everything is scarce and high but skin plasters and they are plenty. So we say times are good, money is out of the scrape. A twenty dollar gold piece would cure the sore eyes. Hear I want you to write. As soon as you get this let me know what sort of money you have to use in these.

No more at present but remain your affectionate son and brother

B.W. Drollinger

Rite soon and don't do as I did.

**LETTER WRITTEN BY
MARY MOORE**

(3rd Wife of John Harvey Moore)

Payson, Utah
Feb. 20, 1881

I, Mary Moore, desire to leave to my posterity a biographical sketch of my life to be read by them 50 years hence, for their information and benefit.

I was born in the village of Beauverlee in Nottinghamshire, England on January 22, 1825. My parents, at that time, were of no religious persuasion. My parents names were Henry Soar and Edith Burns Soar.

At an early age I joined the Methodist Society. At the age of 18 I married William Jesse Taylor, who was not a professor of religion. By him I had two sons named William and Henry Soar. We lived very happy for a little over two years, when I was left a widow. Three years from this time, I joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and in the year 1856, I with my two sons, started for Utah territory. We left our home on the 26 of May and crossed the sea in the ship "Horizon". We had a prosperous voyage of nearly 40 days and landed at Boston. From this place, we traveled by rail to Iowa City, state of Iowa. We left Iowa City in the month of August to cross the Plains with a handcart in the Company known as "Martin's Company". We had a perilous journey across the Plains and had to endure many hardships. We encountered snow in the Black Hills which continued until we arrived in Salt Lake City. My son, William, was taken sick with the mountain fever 700 miles from Salt Lake City and myself and Jesse had to pull him in our cart until we arrived at the Sweetwater, where teams Salt Lake City met us and there we left our carts. Previous to this time, we had to subsist on 4 ounces of flour a day for 9 days in the snow, which was knee deep. It is said that 600 started in our company and nearly one half died before we arrived at our destination. Many had their limbs badly frozen. William and myself among the number.

We arrived in Salt Lake City on the last day of November of the same year after suffering many hardships and privations for the truths sake, but I know my reward is sure.

We arrived in Payson on the 2nd of December and were well treated by the people. I could not stand on my feet for three months after I arrived.

In the month of February, 1858, I married John H. Moore, being his third living wife. In the year 1860, in the month of July, my eldest son, William, died of a disease contracted while crossing the Plains.

In the year 1862 my father arrived in Payson, having joined the Church and emigrated. In the year 1864 my son, Jesse, married Sarah A. Marsh, who are living at this date and have 6 children living and two who are buried.

In the year 1868 the Female Relief Society was organized in Payson. I was appointed and set a part to act as second Counselor to Jane B. Simons, President of said Society, which position I hold today. I also hold the position of second Counselor to the President of the Silk Association of this place.

I have written this sketch of my life, as stated, for the benefit of my grandchildren and others, and

I also add my testimony of the divinity of this work. I know it is the work of God and hope and trust that any of my posterity that may come in possession of this may be strengthened in their faith by it and be worthy of such parentage, for truly, we suffered much for the truths sake! But the reward of the faithful is sure. I have six living grand-children: Sarah Almira, William Jesse, Samuel E., Edith E., John C., and Eva May Taylor. I will direct this to Caprin Taylor, hoping that he may live and become an honorable and useful man. I subscribe myself, your loving grandmother.

Mary Moore

HISTORY OF POLLY LUCINA SHEFFIELD

(2nd wife of John Harvey Moore)

Written by Laura Rawlinson Morrey

Polly Lucina Sheffield was born in Batavia, Genesee Co., New York on 4 May 1837. She was the daughter of Anson Sheffield and Marie Tott. Owing to the fact that the parents had seven daughters and two sons, they gave some friends the privilege of rearing Lucina as their own. There was one sister 18 months older and one 15 months younger, so the Mother, being in poor health, let her go with this childless lady who loved her very much. She remained with them about three years, or until her own people joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and began preparations for moving, west-ward, the date of which is not known to us.

Her foster mother, who had not joined the Church was unwilling to give her up to her parents. She refused to give Lucina her clothes. It was a sore trial to the child and she often told of how hard it was and in later years, how hard it was for her to become adjusted to a large family after being the only child. Polly Lucina was 14 years of age when she came to Utah in the same company that her family traveled with, but working for another family, who, in return for her services, hauled her belongings in their wagon. She walked practically all the way. The lady in whose service she was, was an invalid, so Lucina did the cooking over the camp-fire. While walking along the way she would gather buffalo chips for cooking the evening meal. Her last chore before breaking camp was to look on the "hounds", or running gears of the wagon, to see that no dishes were left unpacked.

The Sheffields stopped, on their way West, in Wisconsin, where their eldest daughter Elizabeth Ruth married a man by the name of Rect Armstrong. She remained there, but in later years came to Utah to visit her people. Another daughter, Lucina Maria, died in the Potawatamee Country of Black Canker. Another child, Lucia, had died in Illinois 29 Sept. 1844.

The family arrived in Utah in October of 1852 and went to Payson, Utah to make their home. The second daughter, Jane Ann, married Thomas Daniels and lived in Payson. Marmora married Mr. Carpenter and went to St. George. Mary A. married Samuel Thomas Curtis of Salem. She died in Payson, leaving three small children.

In Payson, Lucina went to work for Mr. and Mrs. Tanner. Perhaps it was the same family with whom she had crossed the plains. Also in the employ of this family was a widower named Ferney Fold Linderill, born 14 September 1821 in North Carolina to Wiley Linderill and Mrs. Sidney Linderill. Mr. Linderill had lost his wife, Sarah Ann Holt, being the first person buried in the old cemetery. He had a little daughter, Mary Elizabeth, who lived with her mother's people. She later married Henry Young. Lucina and Ferney were married in Payson in March of 1853. They were building a home and had the home ready for the roof, when the most tragic thing came to them... On the morning of October 18, 1853, seven months after their marriage, Ferney, in company with several other men went to Santaquin to harvest their crops. The settlers of Santaquin had been driven from their homes by the Indians and had made their temporary residence in Payson, that being a more populous town and by its numbers able to defend itself against the Indians who were then on the war-path under the leadership of Chief Walker. Crops had been planted at Santaquin that spring and a small party owning the land there had gone from Payson in the morning to harvest their potatoes. Among the number were Jonathan Page, Ferney Linderill, Sylvanus Calkins (A Mormon Battalion Boy), John Sheffield, a lad of 10 who was a brother of Lucina and a brother in law of Ferney, and many others. They were in the habit of going out and return to Payson the same day.

On the morning of this day, one of the boys saw a coyote going over the hills. He couldn't resist shooting at it, although that was contrary to orders in those days, as firing a gun was the signal agreed upon to announce the approach of Indians. The older men were alarmed at once, but upon finding out the cause of the shot, reprimanded the boy and returned to their different patches of potatoes, working to secure them against the winter's use. About 2 p.m., firing was again heard, but the men had grown careless, thinking it was the boys shooting again. As the shooting continued, they became alarmed and Jonathon Page and Calkins, who were working together looked up and saw several Indians in the distance firing at Ferney Linderill and John Sheffield. Linderill ran a distance and fell, but they lost sight of the boy, John Sheffield. Mr. Page, in relating the incident said, "The Indians came straight toward us, firing as they came. We prepared to use a wagon box as a breastwork and fight them, but so many of them came in sight through the oak brush and corn that we decided to leave and run to the main body of harvesters. We had two yoke of oxen, one of which was chained to the wagon. This one was so frightened, and sagged back on the chain until we could not unhook it. We started driving a yoke of Calkins cattle before us, but they moved too slow, so away we ran, leaving them. With that war whoop ringing in my ears and the bullets and arrows flying around us, I cleared the three foot sage brush like a deer. Calkins called to me not to leave him. I slowed my pace until he came up. The bullets and arrows were screaming and whistling around us. We soon resumed our pace, the Indians pressing behind us, until we reached a thicket of oak brush, into which we rushed for shelter. The Indians soon approached above us on a ridge, not a rag on them. Their bodies shone and glistened in the sun. They danced about, waving the scalp of poor Linderill and shouting their terrible war cry. As we dashed into the thickest oak brush, we saw Able Butterfield (a large man) on another ridge. We called to him that the Indians were upon him and to run for safety, but as we watched him, we could see him walking up and down on the slope opposite the Indians, waving his arms and calling in his strong voice for the boys of Payson and Spring Creek to come on. This ruse no doubt had it's effect, for the Indians did not come out and attack them!

Levi Colvin let Johnathon Davis ride one of his horses to Payson to give the alarm. Soon, about 40 men came to our relief with wagons in charge of Col. W.C. McClellan.

Robert Collet (later of Pleasant Grove) and John Sheffield ran to Payson, reaching there soon after Mr. Davis on horse back. Mr. Colvin and Mr. Page, before relief came, went up through the brush and found the body of Mr. Linderill. He was scalped and all his clothes were gone except his shirt, which the Indians could not remove. One of his arms was pinned to his body with an arrow. One of the arrows had gone through the body entering the back and protruding at the breast bone. He was shot seven times. Two bullet holes and five arrows were found in his body. One bullet passed through him close to his heart and he must have run at least 70 yards before he fell, after being shot".

The company from Payson soon came up and took the body and laid it in a wagon of straw and covered a quilt over it and sorrowfully went back to Payson where his body was interred in the cemetery with military honors. Mr. Page being one of the party to fire the salute above the grave.

The horror that filled the soul of poor Lucina at seeing the scalped and naked body of her husband as she raised the quilt and looked into the wagon was indescribable. She could never mention it without shedding bitter tears.

Some time after her husband had been killed an Indian came to her door begging for food. He was wearing the boots which had been taken from Ferney's dead body.

Lucina became a mother four and a half months after her husband had been killed. On 27 Feb. 1854 she gave birth to a baby girl who was given her father's name, Fernnie Francis Linderill. Making a home alone was a very difficult undertaking in pioneer times. She chose to be independent, as her

own people were not in a position to render her such assistance and were grudging in having added responsibilities.

In the fall of 1855, Lucina, sitting in her kitchen at about 8 o'clock at night peeling and coring apples to dry, was surprised to have Mrs. Clarissa Moore call on her. She was a neighbor. She soon found the object of the visit when Mrs. Moore asked Lucina if she would consider marrying her husband as a second wife? She said that she and Mr. Moore had talked it over and agreed to put the proposition to her. The two would call a week later for her answer. After thinking it over, Lucina decided to marry Mr. John Harvey Moore, so in the spring of 1856 they were married. He was well to do and all went well with her for some time. On 16 July 1857 she gave birth to her first son, Joseph Andrew Moore. Two years later another son, James Harvey Moore was added to the family.

About this time the Endowment House in Salt Lake City was completed and a call went through the Church, asking all L.D.S. members to come in for their sealings. Lucina wished to be sealed to her first husband, Ferney Linderill, for Eternity. Mr. Moore didn't argue about it, but he took his other wives, Clarissa and Mary, the third wife. He didn't come to see Lucina anymore. He told her all was over between them, so she was "widowed" for the second time at the age of 23. After struggling to get alone, she married again as a second wife to John Morrey in Oct. of 1864. She always laughingly said that she didn't marry Morrey for love, but for his wood pile. He was an ambitious man and always had a good big pile of wood, which was a sign that he was a good provider. His kindness had been demonstrated to Lucina by chopping wood for her and always seeing that she had a supply.

John Morrey was an Englishman who had resided at Goshen, Utah Co., Utah before moving to Payson. He had been born 7 Dec. 1815 at Nantwich, Cheshire, England. He had been married, lost his wife and child before joining the Church and migrating to Utah, arriving in Utah in September, 1850 in the Aaron Johnson Company. He went to Pleasant Grove and later to Goshen and in 1861 or 1862 to Payson. In the meantime he had married Hannah Lee. They had buried their baby, Thomas N. and were now childless, except for their adopted son, Norman Thomas Lamb, an orphan who they had taken when he was four days old, which was about 1863. In 1867 the double family started with 2 wagons and 4 oxen to go to Lincoln County, Nevada.

There were John Morrey, his first wife Hannah Lee and their adopted son, Tom Lamb, who was five years old, the second wife, Lucina Sheffield, with her children, Fernnie Linderill, 13; Joseph Moore, 10; James Moore, 8; and baby Elizabeth Morrey, who was a few months old. They got as far as Hatton, then known as Corn Creek, where they stopped over night at the stage station. They heard that there would be a drawing for lots in a new town farther up the creek (Kanosh). Morrey drew a lot near the middle of the town and here this large family started to a home in a one room dug-out and started making adobes for a home. This took two years. This family was among the first group of people to call Kanosh "home" there being only ten or twelve other families located there. Morrey also drew for farming land and got five acres near town and fifteen acres farther away, but all could be irrigated by the small stream from the canyon. Joseph Moore said he wondered how they got along the first few years in Kanosh. The land was unimproved and unpromising. As an emergency measure in 1868 John and Hannah went north looking for work. John found work in Echo canyon, helping to build the Union Pacific Railroad into Utah. Lucina stayed in Kanosh where she said she was the first school teacher in Kanosh, holding school in her home. This was for a very short time.

Her children came along very fast. Her baby, Elizabeth, had died during their first summer in Kanosh. Wesley was born 22 of February, 1869 and died at birth for lack of help. It was on his sister's (Fernnie's) 15th birthday. John Ferney was born 27 February (year is blank) and was named for her. William Anson was born 22 January 1871. Charles Henry was born 14 November, 1872. Mary Marie on 25 July, 1874. Asa Romanzo was born 14 May, 1876 and George Albert was born

on 3 December, 1878.

There was very little schooling for the children as living was so hard and opportunities few. The mother, Lucina, was a very studious woman. She loved books and always posted herself on current events. She had not had much chance for schooling, but was well read and loved geography and arithmetic and history. She was an excellent speller. She was a great reader and politician. After the family moved to Kanosh, the Indian war was over and the Indian boys and white boys played together, but Lucina always had an awful fear of the Indians.

When John was a small child an Indian came to their home and acted very surly. Lucina was stricken with fright. He demanded bread. She had none, and told him so. He sat down on a chair near the door, with his gun across his lap, as if to wait until she gave him some. John went up to him and jabbered, in his little baby voice, as though he were talking Indian language. The Indian at once jumped up and left, growling as he went. Lucina always thought the child had been inspired to say something to cause him to leave, as she had prayed for deliverance.

The family struggled along, enduring the hardships of pioneering. Mr. Morrey (or Murry, as he was called, the name being a carry-over from the English pronunciation) was 22 years older than Lucina, and the work was becoming too hard for him. (He was 63 years of age when George was born.) He made shoes, freighted, farmed and did whatever he could to make a living.

Another sorrow came to Lucina in February of 1876. Her 2nd son, James Moore, was 14 years old. Thinking he could get a job away from home, he went to Nevada to work. But when he arrived, the company he was to have worked for had quit that day. He returned home, but he had contracted pneumonia. He died within a few hours after he arrived home.

Hannah Morrey died in 1878. Her adopted son, who was about 16 years old joined an emigrant train going to Arizona and remained there.

In the fall of 1884 Mr. Morrey fell ill and after several months, on Feb. 16, 1885 he passed away leaving Lucina again a widow with six children under 16 years of age.

Her daughter, Fernnie, had married William Hatton of Hatton. Her son, Joseph Moore, had married Almeda Harmon and had moved to Joseph in Sevier County. John then felt that he was the head of the family. He at once decided to build a new home. This was quite an undertaking for a 16 year old boy, but with his little brothers he set out to make adobes with which they built a nice home. This home is still standing and was still in use in 1947.

Lucina studied obstetrics under Mary Ann Gay in about 1895. About this time Lucina had trouble with her legs at the ankles. They broke out in varicose veins (ulcers) and for 29 years she suffered untold agony with her affliction.

In 1906 Lucina went to Salem, Utah and her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Sheffield, doctored her legs and cured them up. By wearing elastic stockings she could then enjoy life. She had a nice home, the one her sons built on the same lot her husband had drawn in Kanosh. She visited her children who were married and lived in various places. She had plenty of means and friends. She contracted pneumonia 22 December, 1908 when she was nearly 72 years old and on December 29 she passed away ... in the arms of her son, John and surrounded by her family at her home in Kanosh.

She had been a mother before she was 17, a grandmother at 37 and a great-grand mother at 55.

LIFE SKETCH OF POLLY LUCINA SHEFFIELD

by Tindrall Moore Morrey

Polly was born 4 May, 1837 at Betheny, Genesee Co., New York, the daughter of Anson and Maria Howe Mott Sheffield. Anson and his family migrated from New York by way of the Great Lakes, embarking at Buffalo and disembarking at Milwaukee, then overland by ox team to the Saints in Potawotamie Co. He had been mayor of his home town in New York and had conducted two L.D.S. Conference and had later been made Captain of a company of Saints enroute to Utah. They arrived in Utah and settled in Payson in October of 1852

Polly's friends called her "Sine", short for Lucina. She had been in Utah a short time when she met Ferney Fold Tinderall, who had migrated to Spanish Fork, Utah from Tennessee in 1850. While pioneering there he had made friends with a number of the local Indians and felt little fear of them. His wife, Sarah Ann Holt, had died there, leaving him with a daughter, Mary Elizabeth. Mary, who later married Henry Young and had two boys who died in infancy. She was about six years old when Polly met them. Ferney and Polly were married in March of 1853. Their first home was in a wagon at Goshen, Utah. He spent the next summer growing crops at Santaquin, Utah and with a house on wheels it is very probably that she spent time there also, but before the crops could be completely harvested they were called into the Payson Fort because of Indian raids.

In October of 1853 Ferney and Polly's brother, John Wesley Sheffield, a boy of 10 years, in company with others of the men who had crops at Santaquin, went there intending to finish the harvesting. Milton R. Hunter tells the story of the day in his "Utah In It's Western Setting", a history book for school children but the age of John Wesley Sheffield and the date of the tragedy are different from mine, but my date is taken from family records. Ferney was the only one of the group to lose his life and was so badly mutilated by the Indians that Polly was not permitted to see him when they brought him home. Hunter's history says that he was buried immediately and with a military funeral and that he was loved and respected by everyone.

Their daughter, Fernie Francis, was born 27 of the next February, 1854. Polly was sixteen the 4th of May, married in March, a widow in October and a mother in February, before her 17th birthday. It must have been hard for her and she said she never could feel so happy again as she had been with Ferney, but that it was impossible to "stop", since "Life must go on".

Her father, mother and sister, Jane Daniels, lived at Payson and it seems natural to think that she could go to them for comfort. Her mother's brother, John Mott, was very kind to her and helped her in many ways.

On 9 May, 1856 she was married to John Harvey Moore at Payson, Utah. He had migrated to Payson and settled in that place in 1852 with his wife, Clarissa Jane Drollinger and their children. Two children were born to John Harvey and Polly Moore. They were Joseph Andrew and James Harmon Moore. (Joseph is my father) Joseph was born 16 July, 1857 at Payson and James was younger than he.

Judging from the family stories I have heard, life after this marriage went on smoothly until the question of sealing for eternity came along, then the marriage was wrecked on the rocks of disagreement. The question was whether Polly should be sealed to Ferney Tinderall or John Moore for eternity? They decided to separate. She nearly lost custody of the boys and I have heard her say that through the help of her uncle John Mott, she was able to keep Joseph and James. I know very little about their life as a family, but I know that father and possibly James too was born in his

father's old home in Payson in the southeast corner room. Father played as a child in the evening on the streets of Payson with the neighbor children. He was herding cows near Spring Lake when he tasted his first strawberries.

One day Polly had visitors. They were an English couple with no children. John Morrey and his wife were alone except for her stepson, Tom Lamb. They were her neighbors and came to see if she would marry him, making her a 2nd wife for the 2nd time. She was not anxious to marry again, but while thinking it over, she remembered that she had always admired the big wood pile he always kept on hand. She said "yes" and they were married in October of 1864 and as long as he lived she had a good husband and plenty of wood. Their eldest daughter, Elizabeth was born in Payson in October of 1866 and died in 1867. John then had four step-children and decided to go to Lincoln County, Nevada where there might be work with better pay. He sold out and rigged up a good outfit for traveling and started west. When they camped in Corn Creek (Hatten) there was to be a drawing next day for city lots for the beginning of Kanab. It was getting late in the year to travel, so they went to the drawing and got a lot one block west of Main Street and one block south of the Public Square, which is now the home of Will Hatten. Their first winter there was spent in a dug-out. I hope it was a spacious one, but I have my doubts. Father said that he could never understand how they all made it to Spring.

As soon as possible they built an adobe house and planted an orchard. Among my early memories is one of eating pears and sweet pit apricots from the old trees there.

John and Polly's eldest son, Wesley was born at Kanosh 22 Feb. 1867 and died the same day. 27 Feb. 1869 John Ferney was born. About this time Polly taught the first school in Kanosh, so she must have kept busy. Before the first term was finished there was trouble and she was dismissed by Committeemen Thomas Greener Sr., Dennis Dorrity and George Roberts because of a spelling match. Sarah Barney spelled Samuel Dorrity down and he refused to go down. He seemed to have a "pull" with his father, Dennis Dorrity. My father had a deep desire to establish that school credit for his mother. He felt that she should be mentioned in Kanosh history as the first teacher. She was a good reader and an exceptional speller and delighted in a good spelling match. The spelling match was one of the amusements of her day. (I will try to write Constantinople as she spelled it for fun at parties? "Con-n that's a con, stan, that's a stan with a constant, no, that's a no with a Constantino, pie, thats a pie with a Constantinople". As children we wanted her to spell it often, but she usually said it was too much nonsense.

Her sons, William Anson was born 22 January, 1871 and Charles Henry was born 14 November 1872. By this time, John had acquired a small farm to keep the family busy, but still strife and contention between father and Tom Lamb caused father to leave home and go out West with a four mule team and wagon working for Thomas Ross, when he was 16 years old. That surely was a worry for his mother. He then cut cordwood for the mines and freighted for George Crane until he was married.

A baby was born to John and Polly 22 July 1874. They had lost their first daughter and now they were happy to have their second daughter, Mary Maria. Fernie spent most of the time with her sister, Mary Tinderall Young and Joseph Moore was in Nevada. He found work for James and sent for him to go out there on the stage in Feb. of 1875. The work had been shut down when he got there, tired and hungry. There was no time to eat or sleep before catching the stage to go back home. Through exposure he contracted pneumonia and died. This came as a shock and disappointment to the family. He was so loveable and kind to everyone. He was about 16 years old.

On 14 May, 1876 Asa Romanzo was born and George Albert, Polly's youngest son was born on 3 December, 1878. When George was born Joseph was past 21 and he was thinking of a home of his

own and trying to get enough to start one. On 7 March, 1879 he had \$10 in cash and got ready to start for the Sevier Valley. He and Almeda Harmon were married that day at Fillmore and started for the place they called home for the rest of their lives, Joseph, Sevier, Utah. So, as I grew up there were short visits back to Kanosh to see our grandparents. Visits came not so very often, but we learned a lot about the people of Kanosh from messages brought by Uncle John Ferney Morrey and from Joseph and Almeda's friends.

John Morrey died 16 February, 1885, leaving Polly with a family of six children ranging in age from 6 to 16. John Ferney was 16 at that time and must take the responsibility of the work. He took up stock raising, with the good mountains range for the summer. He soon came to be one of the cattlemen of Kanosh. We enjoyed many visits from him. When fall came and he was riding on the range, it was not far to go down on the Sevier for a night. Our family enjoyed his happy laugh, and the stories about the Millard people and about his work. If it was to be a short stay, half the night was spent getting the news about all the births and deaths, and all the jokes on everybody. Then he would sing or whistle the tune while he taught Emily and Clarissa the new round dances that were just coming out in Kanosh. Next morning he must leave early to get back to his mother and the "boys" and look for more of his cattle on the way back through the mountains.

John Ferney Morrey married Laura Rawlinson from Aurora, Utah and they moved to Joseph, Utah in the winter of 1900. By this time most of Polly's boys were grown. Charles Henry married Ella Hyatt and also came to live in Joseph. As long as Polly lived, she always had some of her boys with her. William and Asa never married.

Polly was very much a home body and loved to do things in her own way. She wanted to, and did stay with the old home until she died. Since so many of her family lived on the Sevier, she made many trips to visit around with us and that is when I became better acquainted with her. I recall how she always looked to be carefully dressed, with every hair of her head in it's proper place. Her hair was thick, long and dark. It was parted in the middle and braided and pinned firmly in a pile on the back of her head. The first job for her after breakfast was to take care of her hair. I wonder who made her dresses? I don't know and don't know who I could ask, but I feel quite sure that she did very little sewing. Her dresses were a perfect fit and she wore them with grace. She was always well posted on current events and was surely lost without a daily paper. The work seemed to be more easily done if she knew what the rest of the world was doing. The boys always helped her get the fruit dried and put into sacks for the winter's use. The special pride of her household was one of the first models of the steel Majestic ranges. It surely was a grand thing in those days, when most people only had smaller and cheaper ones.

After a long illness, she passed away 28 December, 1908. Aunt Fernie F. Robinson came to Joseph thinking someone would be going to the funeral. Walter and I took her over to Kanosh. After the funeral, I used the range to do some cooking of things that were there, sour cream cookies and other food and did the churning for Asa. It was sad to know that he must manage without his mother. At that time, (1908) Polly had eight living children, six sons and two daughters. Now only two of them are living, Mary Maria and George Albert. But there is a large posterity. I have no way of knowing the number.

LIFE SKETCH OF
JOSEPH ANDREW MOORE
(*Son of Polly Lucina Sheffield & John Harvey Moore*)

Joseph Andrew Moore was born at Payson, Utah, July 16, 1857. He is the son of John Harvey Moore and Polly Lucina Sheffield. Both parents came to Utah, with their people, for the Gospel in 1852. The Moore's coming from Brown County, Ohio and the Sheffields from New York. To this union two sons were born, Joseph Andrew and James Harmon.

These boys grew up together, playing over the town of Payson, and as they grew older, herded cows on the foothills between Payson and Santaquin. Quite generally the lunch for the day was a bag of cooked greens to go with what roots and berries they might find. It is small wonder then, that the boys had straw-berries for desert the first time they ever saw them. The strawberries were growing at Springlake and the owner had gone to Church in Payson. The boys took advantage of the owner's absence and ate their fill.

They were living in a location in which they were making a fairly good living, but circumstances made it so that things had to change for the boys. Their Father and Mother could not agree. As a result there was divorce and the Mother was given custody of the boys. She married John Morrey of Goshen and in 1867, Morrey started with two wagons and four oxen to go into Lincoln County, Nevada. He took with him his first wife, Hannah Lee and her step-son, Tom Lamb, his second wife, Polly Lucina, her daughter, Fernie Tindrel and two sons, Joe and Jim Moore. They got as far as Hatton, on Corn Creek and stopped at the mail and freight station over night. There they heard that there would be a drawing for lots in the new town, Kanosh, up further on the creek. Morry drew and got a lot near the middle of town and here, in the spring of 1867, this large family started a home in a one room dugout, and while living in this one room, they made adobes for their first small house. This took two years and Joseph often wonders how they got along and managed to live for the first seven years that they were in Kanosh.

He was only 10 years old, but most of the gathering and herding of oxen, cows and horses must be his work, since Daddy Morrey was not able to ride or walk very far and the animals had to be put out on the foothills to graze.

Early in the first Spring at Kanosh, when Joe was only ten years old, he went to bring the oxen from the foothills southwest of town. He encountered a heavy spring snow storm, which came up just as he found the cattle. He tried to drive them home, but they wanted to go the opposite way from the way he thought home would be. After working with them till he was exhausted, they came to the creek. He knew then that he was lost, because there was no creek where he wanted to go. He sat down to rest and think. The cattle went slowly down the creek, but he was too tired and discouraged to do anything but follow. When the oxen took him home, he found that he had been trying to drive them south, and he could hardly believe that the big white "castle", with a high chimney, which he first saw, was William Prow's shack with one lone slab standing higher than the others and changed in appearance by piles of snow!

There was very little of "reading, writing and arithmetic" for the boys as they were growing up in Kanosh at that time. Their days were spent herding, cows and horses, farming and doing other jobs. For pass-time, they fought and wrestled among themselves and the Indian boys. After supper there was probably organized recreation for the older ones, but the younger ones just had to follow along and amuse themselves as best they could. Joe followed along one Christmas Eve, his sole purpose being to get in on the treats of pie, cake and other nice things, while the crowd did the singing. He accomplished this by just stepping into each house with the older ones. But after numerous

warnings to "stay out" or take a ducking, the older boys took him by the feet and hands and threw him into the pond. He struck the ice, went through and was soaked. It was 3 or 4 blocks home but he was not long getting there. The caroling went on without him. It seems like in pioneer days, things had a way of going on, no matter who dropped out.

Many play "battles" were fought between the white boys and the Indian boys. They used mud switches and as they warmed to the work, it became a real battle. The mud, flying from the stiff switches, left welts wherever it hit the mark.

Thus Joseph's life went along, with a few pranks, a little play and a lot of hard work until he was about 16 years of age. He was always trying hard to be of help to his mother in her not too easy work. At this time, because of trouble with Tom Lamb, he decided that he should leave home and go to work. Hans Christensen gave him work herding sheep with his son. He took cash and pants for pay. He next herded cows for Radford on the Ross ranch in the mountains and took a heifer for pay. While working there, he traded for a saddle and bridle. He then made a trip out west with a four-mule freight outfit for Thomas Ross and was paid at the rate of \$10 a month. With adversities at home and being discourage at his work, he had a desire to go back to Payson and see his father and his mother's people, the Sheffields.

Give a boy a pony, and saddle and bridle and he will be able to accomplish almost anything. Daddy Morrey had given him a colt, which was then old enough to start to be ridden. With this outfit he made the trip to Payson. He spent the first night at the home of his Grandfather, Anson Sheffield, whose home was just across the street from the John H. Moore home. In the morning, his father found him. His father found that he wanted work, so he offered him a job driving one of his two teams on a railroad contract near Santaquin. His father boarded him and they rode together to Santaquin each morning. He worked two months and received \$120.15. His father had paid every cent he owed him and Joseph felt more wealthy than he had ever felt before. From then on he always knew that he had a good, honest father.

When this work was finished, his father asked him what he was going to do next. Joseph didn't know, so his father told him that if he would go to school, he would buy his books, pay his tuition and board and clothe him. Joseph tried to go to school, but after a few days, he found he would have to go with children about half his height, because he was, of course, quite old for the class he was in, and he was extra tall for his seventeen years. As a result he decided not to go anymore. This was a great disappointment for his father and in later years he regretted very much that he did not take advantage of the earlier opportunities of the school work so kindly offered to him by his father.

Joseph then returned to Kanosh and obtained work with George Crane freighting from York to points south and west and later from Juab. His life between the ages of 17 and 23 was spent at this type of work and cutting cordwood for the smelters at Ely and Pioche, Nevada.

If the "washboard flat" between Juab and Scipio could talk, it could tell the story of many days spent by Joseph and the teams as they pulled slowly along through the mud and dust. If the weather was wet, and the traveler alone, it often meant a stop at the bottom of the hill until someone else came to "double" him up. If dry weather, the dust was "knee deep", but the work must go on at any hazard. They would work to overcome these obstacles just to return and go through the whole thing again. In this part of the country, known as the "wash-board" because of the regular up and down travel over numerous hills, there was one hill that was impossible for one team, with it's load, in wet slippery weather. It was at the foot of this hill that Joe met Tom Lamb for the first time after they had quarrelled and parted back at Kanosh, when Tom had been promised a thrashing as soon as Joe got big enough to handle him. They spent the night alone there and they cooked supper, ate and slept together and talked their problems over. Then they helped each other up the hill in the

morning. That was the last time that Joe saw Tom and he was always happy that they had that one meeting and that he could go through life feeling that all was well between them.

Joseph's younger brother, James, died when he was about 16 yrs. old, after a trip out West to obtain work. He went out in the stage and the company that he was to work for, quit work the day he arrived. There was nothing for him to do but return on the same stage. As a result of being over tired and chilled, he contracted pneumonia and died.

About the time that Joseph and his folks came into Kanosh, Almeda Harmon came with her mother, and sister Harriet and step-father, John Riddle. Almeda was born 14 April 1862 at Providence and came to Kanosh from North Ogden when she was about six years old, about 1868. Her mother, Eliza Bronwish, was English and a very good reader. Almeda was able to go to school some under Mr. Goddard and learned to read and write. She also learned in the early years of her life to apply her hands to all kinds of fancy work and sewing. She ranked far above the average in speed with a crochet hook and knitting needles. She could make buttonholes as well as any English seamstress and always took time to do them well.

When she was 18 and Joseph was 23, they were married at Fillmore, Utah, March 7, 1880.

From here it would be well to tell of the things they accomplished together, for in this life and the life to come there is no separation for them. Their interests were the same and no one was allowed to come between them. If they differed in any opinion, they reached a complete understanding again and their children heard very little about it. Their motto was, "Peace at Home", both feeling that they had seen enough family trouble in their childhood days.

They had some land in Kanosh, but they felt they could do better on the Sevier river. They could work for Andrew Ross and he would let them live in his one room log cab with himself and his wife, Nora. The only property they could take with them was the heifer, (grown to be a cow, now) the pony and the old green box with their clothing. The box was practically new then, but got the name "old" as the family grew up and the box showed that it had grown old along with them. It measured about 2½ ft. high, 3 ft. wide and 4 ft. long and was used for the table in their first new home. Brother McClatchy traded the home now owned by Cliff Shipps family in Joseph for the land they had at Kanosh and they were able to make a home of their own in 1882. This place was traded later, for 20 acres in the fields north of town and this became their home till 1896, when a lot in town was added to the family possessions and they moved off the farm.

By studying together, they gained much valuable information and Joseph learned to read and write and became a great help to his children while they were growing up and were in school. They studied the text books along with the children and became very good at history and geography. As a result, the books settled many arguments between them and their father. In the end, it usually turned out that he was right. Almeda worked at her hand work and bought many good books of history, theology, stories and poetry. From the home environment came a desire for education and a patriotic feeling toward government.

Joseph served as a school trustee at Joseph, Sevier County for many years. He helped build the first good brick school house and voted for blinds and curtains at the windows for the protection of the children's eyes. He was heartily in favor of furnishing supplies or anything that could be done for the betterment of the school system. He always said that his parents gave him the best they could and that he should do all he could for the education of his children. He was a civil officer also and has never been afraid to speak his mind in behalf of right and justice. He made the arrest of two bad men who came into the community but in both cases was not armed. He never used a gun, but still had his way and felt confident when he was working in the cause of right. May that quiet,

inoffensive, yet firm way stay with him through his remaining years.

Twelve children were born to the humble home of Joseph and Almeda and the last one was made just as welcome as the first. There were three sons and nine daughters. One son and eight daughters reached manhood and womanhood. They are all married and have families. Joseph remarks with a smile that he has been married twice and all his children once and there had not been a divorce in his or his children's records. It does seem remarkable when you consider the length of time as being 57 years.

While Joseph and Almeda were raising their family, people thought a lot of their neighbors. Here is a "neighbor story". In the year 1888, a terrible diphtheria epidemic went through the entire state. Joseph had four small children and he also had a neighbor who had lost two of his dear ones and their married daughter who was home to help them was near death's door. No one dared go to help them. They needed washing and cooking done, so Joseph carried the washing home and he and his wife did it and it was taken back to the door of the stricken family. With prayer in his heart for his own children, he helped all he could and his family was spared an attack of the dreaded disease. So, Joseph and Almeda went on together giving the best they had and taking what life brought them. Helping as much as they could in the church and community until the year 1915.

Then, suddenly, Joseph found that he was very much alone and lonely, for his loved companion had gone to a greater sphere of action and he was left to keep the home going and to be both father and mother to the daughter still at home. He knew that Almeda had gone on, disappointed, because she was not sealed to anyone ... neither her father, mother, husband or children. Here, Joseph started one of the most difficult, bravest fights of his life ... to get that work done up. Now Almeda surely has comfort as she sees her family, knowing that the majority of them are sealed to her for eternity.

For 22 years now, Joseph's life has been one of rigid adjustment. He kept the home fire burning until the last daughter was married. Then, he married Rinda Sheffield and went into a new community and made new friends, held civil office and made good. He was promoted to the Priesthood and respected in the church there. When his wife died some years later, he left a host of friends in Salem to come south again to start all over among old friends and part of his family at Sevier, Utah, but a new and different life. Again he is making good and at eighty is able to read the newspaper and keep well informed on current topics.

May he never lose his sense of humor and his desire to play a prank or get a good joke on those who he associates with. That is the one thing that will make everyone remember Joseph and help to keep him young and happy.

March 1, 1945

I finished this historical sketch for father's 80th birthday. At that time he was looking forward to a reunion held on that day at Emily's home in Clear Creek canyon on the 16th of July. He was very happy with so many of his family around him. We all had such a grand time and made plans for another meeting to be held on his 81st birthday. He had a picture taken with his seven daughters and others with the group of his posterity that could be present. But, he was not to attend anymore reunions in this sphere of action, for he departed this life the next February. Sometimes I try to picture the joy of a more wonderful reunion that must have taken place as he went on to meet his companion of this life and the mother of all the children he had to leave here and those who had gone before and could say to her, "My dear, I have conquered and the family is ours for Eternity". I am sure that nothing could give her more real joy.

by Eliza L. Moore Rawlinson

LIFE HISTORY OF ELIZA MOORE RAWLINSON

(Eliza was the oldest daughter of Joseph Andrew Moore, who was a half brother to Samuel D. Moore, who was Cleon Moore's father. This history is copied and included with the others, not so much for who the author is, but for the beautiful, descriptive narrative she gives of what it was like to grow up in that particular time and place.)

My childhood memories take me to the beautiful canyons and mountains through which we traveled to Kanosh to visit my two grandmothers; taking two days to get there.

My father was born in Payson 16 July, 1857 and moved to Kanosh in 1867. My mother was born in Providence, Utah and moved to Kanosh in 1868. They both grew up alone with the town. They were married in Fillmore, Utah, March 7, 1880.

After giving his mother half of his money, which was \$10, my father took Mother and the few belongings they had and went to Joseph, Sevier County, Utah to make their first home. He went to do farm work for Andrew Ross. Because they had no home of their own, they lived with Andrew and his wife, Nora, till the summer of 1882. This was a one room log house and though they all did the best they could, many unpleasant situations were bound to arise, making it a very happy day when Father was able to exchange his land in Kanosh with Mr. Mc Clatchy, for the Cliff Shipp home in Joseph. The house was small, but they were so happy to have that acres of their own. Although Mother was very lonely while Father was in Castle Valley with Tom and Sam Welles, looking for more land and water, she loved her little new home very much. She was sad, too, at times for while she had been living with the Rosses, a son was born to them, but he was born dead.

Before I was old enough to know much about it, Father traded farms with Cliff Shipp, so the first memories which I have are of things that happened on our new farm, not in the first home where I was born. Sept. 11, 1882, but on the twenty acres across the road north from Albert Warenski's home in the field. Being born when I was, I think I was a great comfort to my parents and I know that I was very welcome, for, although I know that their family grew faster than the house did, they never complained at the birth of any of their twelve babies.

Our little house faced the south and had one window near the door. Uncle John Sheffield made us a visit with his family and I can remember the things which happened while they were there. One was a pillow fight between their two daughters, Arthemey and Vincenia, over which side of the bed they should have. The other was a continual tug-of-war between my sister, Clarissa and their son, Develle. They were about two years old and couldn't get along at all.

Because the farm was small, we moved onto the Government land, between the river and Warenski's house. This time, the house was set to face the south. We were close neighbors to Warenski's. While living near this good family, I got my first lessons in democratic and community life. The mother, Aunt Sophia, to me was a good, thrifty homemaker. She was one of the Well's sisters and from my association with them and their children, I learned many valuable lessons, both spiritual and temporal.

As I look back over 50 years, it seems to me that neighbors lived closer together then than they now take the time to do. We children of the neighborhood generally got home to roost, but would you believe that our ducks never knew just who they belonged to and there was no trouble about it either.

On picking day, it was all hands on deck. The children drove the ducks to the pen and held the sacks for the feathers while the mothers clipped toes to mark the new ducklings and picked feathers from the old ducks. While this was going on, we were not allowed to even sneeze or laugh, because if we sneezed, we scattered feathers and if we laughed, we swallowed them.

It was a disappointment to me when I found that Grandpa Wells was real Grandpa to all the Wells families, and not to me, but that I could call him mine. That was a real privilege and he is still that to me.

Ida Warenski and I were together most of our play-time until she died from diphtheria during the epidemic of 1888 and 1889. That was a gloomy time for all. Ida's brother, Arthur, died also and her sister, Nettie, almost lost her life by going home to help her folks. All public gatherings were stopped and people had good cause to be afraid of association with anyone. But everyone did everything possible to help heart broken neighbors, some of whom had lost many of their loved ones.

At this time there had been three more added to our family. Emily, Clarissa and our first brother, James. We were very proud of him, but could not take him to church for a blessing. Bishop Murdock came to our home to help Father name him.

Here are a few things that happened to me in my pre-school days, while my work was to keep the babies from the river and tell which way the cow went.

Oh!! those old slant bonnets! How could Eliza Newby wear hers so faithfully? I could not do it; so Mother made a nice light weight one for me and still it smothered me. Regardless of the size of the freckles growing on my face, I just had to take the thing off to get my breath. Mother promised me that she would sew it to my braids next time I took it off and lost it. I soon forgot again and came in without it and had to go to the cotton-woods on the river bank to find it. I wore the thing all that day, because it was sewed on, but couldn't eat a bite of dinner with it that way even if the food did smell good. And I still can't stand a bonnet. There was no fruit grown in Joseph when I was a child, so naturally we were all thrilled when Father's friend from Kanosh came to stop a day with us and brought us a basket full of nice ripe tomatoes! I guess we would have been sick if we had been turned loose to them and I know the tomatoes would have been. We had eaten one and were waiting for a given time when we were to get another, when Jim Harmon came in. He was offered a tomato and then, in due time, Father said, "Have another Jim". I promptly said, "He's already had one". Then wondered why they all looked at me so and why Jim didn't care for any more tomatoes.

I did not enter school until I was eight years old, because my parents thought it was too far for me to walk alone to school, so I studied at home until Emily was old enough to go with me. Libby Hatton was my first teacher and she decided that I had learned enough to make me ready for the first reader, so I missed the Chart and Primer classes. My first school was on the north-east corner of the Public Square in Joseph. I remember now that it was the first "all purpose" house built in the town. It was one room with the door in the east end. A good sized stage, about 3 feet higher than the floor of the room, a folding wooden partition was used for dramatics and also to make a second school room. A home dramatic club was organized and did a lot of playing. There, in about 1888, I saw my first theatre, "Ten Nights In A Barroom". Because of my age, my parents knew that I should not go, but Father decided, finally, that I could go, since the other girls my age were going. For my first public appearance, I recited "Billy Rose" in a Sunday School program given from this same stage.

The school house was not so good for summer celebrations, so the bowery was made and kept up by putting new willows on each year. The old bowery was a nice place after a parade; especially

one on the 24th of July, that I well remember. We had been looking forward to the day for some time and had our new shoes and white dresses ready. At daybreak the roar of the salute shook the earth. It was made by filling a wagon thimble full of powder and firing it. After our work was done, we slipped into our new dresses. Then came the shoes. They were put on over alkali cracks around our toes and on the cushions on top of the feet and laced firmly half way to our knees. This, after going barefoot all summer.

A quilt was in the bottom of the wagon box and all the children sat on that, while the horses trotted up the lane to town. The smaller children were singing a tune that sounded all "wiggly" as the heat waves did as they rose in wavy bands from the fence posts in the distance. We had not waited long on the square when the cannon boomed and we saw the "pioneers" coming. They were camped in a circle on the square near us. I was so thrilled, I was "goose-pimply" all over, even though I knew most of them when I got a look under their bonnets and their slouch hats. What a day. It was like the celebrations we have on the 4th of July now. But then there was more shooting and we always knew we would hear Aunt Ett Wells sing "The Star Spangled Banner". Cliff Shipp would read the "Declaration of Independence" and Grandpa Wells would pray. After all this excitement, we would trot back toward home, so glad to have a little home, where we could take off our shoes, have a little cry, get a few soothing words from our parents, who were always able to agree pretty well together, and then "cuddle down" for the night. In the summing up of the things of the days events, we learned many valuable lessons in Church History and in Patriotism. I had three teachers in the old School House. They were Libby Hatton, Miss. West and Eliza Ross. Compared to the things that are done in the school these days, ours would seem rather un-eventful, but I loved my books and enjoyed school very much. I guess I was too slow to get into as much trouble as some of the children, for only twice, during my eight grades of schooling, was I called up before the class for punishment. The first time was when I had a new History book and was so busy with it that I was unaware of the fact that I was holding my pencil under my lower lip and then on top of my upper one. I came back from my book to find the others all laughing and Miss Ross angry with me. She thought I was doing it to amuse the class and made me stand up so they could all see me do it again. I guess I really did look funny then, for I cried, and my lips just couldn't curl the right way to hold the pencil and was finally forgiven if I would never do it again. Miss Swenson was my first teacher in the West room of the new brick, two room building on the south east corner of the Public Square. (the north half of the building is still in use at this time). It was a wonderful improvement over the other school building. For some time we got along without blinds or curtains at the windows. This made a blaze of light in the east room in the morning and in the west room in the afternoon. A great change from the one with so little light. Stella Jacques was my first teacher when I was promoted to the east room. She was a small, quick-motoned, clever lady; a good elocutionist, and very interesting. The room was heated by a red-hot stove in the center of the room. This made it roasting hot for those seated near the stove and cold for those near the wall, but we got along nicely with so many other good things to do with. Many funny situations came up to give us a good laugh once in a while, one of which I think is worth telling: A bucket of water with a dipper was on a box on the opposite side of the room from the teacher's desk. Drinking time came at recess and noon time, unless we got special permission. The boys along the outside aisle figured out a way to drink out of turn, by dropping out of their seats and crawling on hands and knees to the bucket when they thought Miss Jacques was not looking. She soon got to looking however, and when one of the boys disappeared once, she tip-toed after him and just as he put the dipper to his lips, she lifted it on up and emptied it on his head. Then she put it gently back in the bucket and went back to her work. The smile on the face of the poor wet "rat" was different from the one he had given us as he had slipped from his seat. After that, they all could wait, very nicely, until recess.

I had other teachers: Jacob Magelby, Parley Magenby, Mr. Reed and O.U. Bean. But they all did their work in this same room. I especially liked to study geography, History, and English. So, with a little work, a little trouble and fun, I got through with the eight grades of schooling available in the

County at that time. To go further in school, it would have been necessary for me to go away from home and finish. I wanted very much to go to Provo. Aunt Fernie Robison lived there and thought she could find a place for me to work, but Father advised me not to go because he could not help me and I would be far from home. So, I decided to work at home.

While my struggle for education had been going on, there had been changes in things at home. George Warenski had come to the age of 21 years and had home-steaded the land our house was on, making it necessary for us to move again. So, Father bought a dry lot above both canals and moved his little house and took his family back to town. He added two rooms to the house and filed on Indian Creek for irrigation water. When the soil was planted and irrigated, we found that anything would grow. Mother loved it and worked so very hard to make the trees and garden grow and she had such beautiful flowers.

Since I last mentioned the family, this home had been built and the family had grown in number. Fern, Hattie, Killarna, a still born girl and Eva made the total up to eight children. (seven girl and one boy living at that time) Mother had two children after I finished school. Harvey in 1901 and Elma in 1905. Giving them a family of ten living children. We constituted a happy family unit, but there was a lot of money in the country that we never did see, and I am thankful that my parents kept me in school as long as they did.

Things might have been very different had there been more boys in the family, because in those days girls worked so hard for a very small wage. I worked at housework in the summers after I was fourteen years of age and never got more than \$1.50 per week until I was nineteen and went to a hotel to work from 5 a.m. to 10 p.m. Then I received \$3 a week without Sundays off. This gave me little time to get into mischief, because I had to sleep a little each 24 hours. Many times I wished I had been a boy so I might help the family more and too, I loved the out of doors work.

Since there was only one man and one boy in the family with so much to do outside, it was the duty of the first girl up in the morning to make the fire and start things going.

In December of 1900, Uncle John Morry and his wife moved from Kanosh to Joseph. Their home had to be fixed and cleaned so they stayed with us three days. Laura's brother, Walter, was helping them and with no hotel in town, he stayed with us too. The accommodation was poor, but he was satisfied to spread his bed on the kitchen floor. Mother was not well and feeling responsible for breakfast, I got out early the first morning to get through before time for school. Try to imagine my surprise when I found the kitchen warm, the kettle boiling and the box full of wood for the fire. The bed was folded neatly and the young man was gone. This story was repeated each morning of their stay. I mentioned it to Laura and she said this was nothing out of the ordinary for Walter. I just thought then, that if she should happen to be that way always, he would be a handy man to have around.

His home at that time was in Aurora, and as soon as Laura was settled in her new home, he hurried home because he had not seen his mother or his sister, Jane, for some time. I didn't dare tell anyone so, but I hated to see him go. It was not long until he came back to see Laura again and of course he came to see my folks too. From these meetings, our friendship grew into more than just that. I got acquainted with his family. They were all very kind to me and I soon found that they all loved Walter in a very special way. They told me how hard he had worked to help his mother get the things she needed while bringing up her family alone. The only question in my way when he asked me to be his wife was, "What would his family do without him?", but no one else said anything about it and I hope they were all as happy as I was about it.

We were married April 22, 1903 in the Manti Temple by J.D.T. McCallister. The trip to the Temple

was made in the little one horse buggy, and "May" was the horse we drove. Walter's mother went with us and she expressed great joy for the privilege of going back to the Temple to see her son married there. We made our first home in Aurora. From September to March we lived in Parley Sorenson's home. During the summer, while Walter was working in Kimberly, I had made 30 yards of carpet. I did the weaving on Mother's loom and was proud to have it to put down.

Most of our furniture was second hand, because neither of us had married for money, but I did get a new Singer sewing machine. It has paid it's way all these years and is still going strong. I joined the Relief Society for the first time in Aurora, before I was 21, but I did not stay there long enough to do much in it. The first of March 1904, we carefully piled all our earthly belongings in the middle of a "flat-rack" and started to move to Joseph. The morning had promised to be a good day, but part way to Richfield we met a stiff south wind. It was a little cool and kept coming until the snow came too. We went into Richfield through a blinding snowstorm, one of the warm kind, with flakes as big as a dollar. Our household good were covered and were not wet, but we were. The journey was only half done, but we had to camp. We stayed with Mary Jane Ross and reached our new home the next day. This home was on a farm we were renting from Albert Gay. It is a mile and a half east of town. While living there, our two oldest children were born, Ila and Glen. They were little more than a year apart and kept me busy, but I enjoyed them so much. After two years here, we bought a lot in town from Ben Dennice. We had two good sized rooms in the house and it was so good to be just across the street from my folks.

Walter was made Superintendent of the Sunday School there and he sang in the Ward choir. When the head of a family is going to Church, it is easier for the family to go, so that became a part of our weekly program. This is James's birthplace. He was three weeks old when my brother, James left for his Mission to the Southern states. It was here that I received a call (visit) from Mother's father and also her mother.

It seemed we couldn't settle down without a farm, so we decided to move again. John Trumbo wanted a partner on a farm he was buying south of Bountiful, and we wanted a farm. We had planted gardens and flowers for others to enjoy and trees for the people of Joseph to stand under now, while they wait for their mail. When we left it all I wondered if I would ever find anything that would be as good.

This time, I took the children and went to Salt Lake City on the train, and John came with his wagon to take us to Bountiful. After we left, Walter did the packing and moved by team. That was a long lonesome week we had while we waited. We made the move in 1909 in early Spring.

I had taken some of Mother's old pictures away in my album and among them was the picture of Grandpa's mother. He told me he had been thinking of her and the things she told him while they were working together in the Logan Temple for their dead. She had told him of the terrible death of his father, Alpheas Harmon, who was frozen to death while returning to Nauvoo from an L.D.S. mission to the Eastern States. This day his mind seemed to keep going back to her and he told me of her firm faith in the Gospel and her kindness while bringing up her fourteen children. When he was leaving, I asked him to take the picture, that he might see it more often and he said, "No, you keep it, but remember who she was for her husband is Alpheus and he has an uncle by the same name and neither of them has any other name, so you may need the name of their wives to keep their record straight". I kept the picture and remembered, and when we heard about Melvin Harmon, of Price, who was looking for the record of another Alpheus Harmon, we wrote to him and by being sure about Hulda Vaughn Harmon, we were able to find our place on a family tree dating back to 1645. This has added to my testimony of our responsibility in record work. After ten days of waiting at Bountiful, our Daddy came with all our belongings and life began again on a new farm, with new neighbors. It was a beautiful place, at the mouth of North Canyon and the hills south of

us began at our back door, with wild shrubs and flowers and great patches of mushrooms. The elevation was high enough to give us a good view of the settlements to the north. The sun was always a little slow about getting up in the morning, because of the very high mountains east of us, but it took its time about going down in the evening, and as it quietly slipped out of sight behind the Great Salt Lake, the scenes were numerous and breath taking.

While doing the work of that first summer, I often stopped long enough to wish for a paint brush and time to use it, but with my home work and our three children not old enough to help and so wide awake and ambitious, there was little time for other things. Their important work of memorizing verses of rhyme and snatches of Sunday School songs took some of my time. I loved it then, and now I know that it was the beginning of a thing to bring entertainment and joy all through our family life.

Lemira was born in October and through the winter, we were busy taking care of the new baby and getting ready for the next years work. Walter and the children attended Sunday School in the south ward of Bountiful. He was a teacher and again I was glad that he was anxious to go because it was too far for the children to go alone. This was all the social life we had besides the visits of the Relief Society teachers, Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Egbert. They were so kind and helpful in every way. I shall never forget them. They brought a lunch and spent the afternoon once.

In September of 1911, Tynette was born at the same place as Lemira, excepting that when Lemira was born we lived in a small house built for a granary and now, Aunt Hannah had moved into Salt Lake City and we were living in her house. I am tempted to say just a little here about that small granary home where I had my children so close to me that I had to put them on the bed to play to make room for me to work. It might have looked to some like our investments were going the wrong way, but I know now that it would take a heap of houses and land to buy my family. This farm was sold and we must find another place to live. We finally decided that we should come "south" again. This time to Millard County. In November, 1911, we moved to Oak City, Utah. Our home there, was a two room house on Parley Roper's lot that we rented from Uncle Abe Roper. Again, the house was small, but we had a garden, a tent, and all out-of-doors, as long as we stayed in the lot or on the ditch bank near the fence. About four years were spent there. They were busy ones, but I enjoyed living there. I had been without the church meetings so long that it was a treat to attend them there. I did my first Relief Society teaching there, going out with Verna Lovell and Agnes Lyman. The last time I saw Mother before she died was when she came to Oak City to see us and spend the 24th of July. It was so nice to have them; Father, Mother, Elma and Gelda Hyatt, also Aunt Hattie. But the time seemed short. They came by team and it took longer on the road than they had time to stay after they got there, but that was the mode of travel then and it was good that they had a white topped buggy instead of a wagon to ride in. The children all had such a good time while they were there. This home was Harvey's birthplace. He was born in August of 1914, giving us a family of six, besides ourselves. We had some jolly times with them and their friends and cousins. Today, while Dad and I are here alone, I can look back to those times again and see the children as they dug play houses in the ditch bank, or while the girls played paper-dolls all over the floor. The boys would "ride the range" on their prancing stick horses, pulling up abruptly to say "How-do-man" each time they met. Then as they grew tired of the more strenuous play, they always enjoyed a program playing Sunday School or Primary.

Mother died in April of 1915. This sad news came suddenly and was a great shock to us. This year was one of events and it was good that we could not see them all at once; because we had a lot of sickness and Walter's mother died in December. Since our marriage his mother had been a very dear part of our lives, and I could not miss my own mother more than I did his.

We came to Delta in September of 1915. Lewis was born in November. We had a crop to harvest

on this 40 acre farm which has been our home since that time, but we had no house and had to rent in town. We spent the fall and winter in Ezra Bunker's house and in the spring, went out to the farm to camp and spend the summer building a new house between jobs of work. When the house was built, it was so good to have a new home to go into and feel that it would always be our own. It has been our home now for 25 years and in it we have enjoyed so many of the joys of a family life. Measuring by the yard stick of today, we have not known a real sorrow.

Since neither Walter or I had been blessed with more than an eight grade education, naturally we wanted more for our children. They all gave us their cooperation and they have all graduated from the Delta High School. Two have had 4 years at BYU and they have all mastered music to the extent that they can read it and make it useful to them in their homes and their church. Five have been able to attend Snow College at Ephraim. The family has sent the two oldest sons, Glen and James on Missions for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and had the joy of their honorable release and safe return home.

Here they have all grown to manhood and womanhood and while trying, in our weakness, to guide and help them we have been so very thankful for the help and inspiration we have had from the organization of the Church. Our children are all married now and we were very happy to see them, each in turn, worthy to go to the Temple to be sealed to good men and women.

Now the population of our home is back to two again. A little lonesome sometimes, but happy in the knowledge that any moment we can expect the fumble of a small hand on the door knob, followed by the appearance of a grandchild and those boys and girls, who will always be just that to us ... regardless of how old they got to be.

Signing off now. December 28, 1941, to get ready to do more and bigger things next year. Life begins at sixty.

Grandma and Grandpa Moore (Vida and Cleon) happened to meet the author of this history at what I believe was an evening event of a "Blackhawk" camp. Conversation ensued, where they learned that her father was a half brother to Cleon's grandfather. Later, Cleon and Vida made at least 2 trips to Delta to visit with Eliza and from whom they obtained this personal history. Many years elapsed before I was able to read and truly appreciate the stories told here, as well as the effort involved in obtaining it.

Gaylia Clayson Moore

HISTORY OF WALTER HENRY HUISH,

taken from "Tullidges Magazine" and printed in the New Year's Enterprise-Star January 1, 1892 Payson and Spanish Fork Paper.

Walter Henry Huish, the principal manufacturer in Payson, both in iron and wood, was born in Uley, Gloucestershire, England, 31 October 1827. His father's name was Edward Huish and his mother was Elizabeth Ball. On his father's side he is of French descent; on his mother's, English. His great-grandfather came from France. His father died before he was born, leaving his mother with three children besides himself.

The hard struggles of the widow, left with her orphan children, to support them by her own earnings and management, formed the earliest remembrances of the subject of this sketch. His mother began those struggles for the support of her orphans by apprenticing herself to the proprietors of a woolen factory to learn the spinning. Her eldest son, Alexander, twelve years of age, apprenticed to shoe making, her girl, eight years of age, she put to service and James, then five years of age, who now lives at Payson, she sent to school and at ten, apprenticed him to a blacksmith to learn his trade; her babe, Walter H., the Payson manufacturer, was cradled in a wool basket by the side of his mother's spinning jenny in the factory where she worked. The widow Huish was of a very religious turn of mind and belonged to the Independent Church. She was an exemplary woman and was much sought after for her good works. She visited the sick and the dying and administered to them spiritual comfort and often times healing virtue, for she possessed the natural power of healing and believed that the power of God could be made manifest now as of old and that the prayer of faith could "save the sick" according to the teachings of St. James. It was for this possession of the natural healing art and the fervent spiritual consolation which attended her visits to the sick bed that caused her to be sought after by her neighbors and the country around.

From the age of six to eight her youngest child worked with his mother in the woolen factory. At eight, he went into a machine shop to learn the trade; but for two or three years the boy was changed from one shop to the other as his employers saw fit for their own purposes, they not keeping their contract with the mother and her son, as they would have been compelled to had his father been alive to enforce the terms of the engagement. The boy, for the first three years worked in the molding shop, in the blacksmith shop, and pattern shop, and finally in the machine shop, where he ought to have been put on the outset. The mother and her son felt this conduct of the employers to be cruel, but he now sees a providence in it for it gave him general knowledge of all the branches of the trade.

When he was about thirteen years of age, his mother was taken sick from cold and exposure. At this time his wages was only half a crown per week and the boy was greatly concerned over the condition of his mother and the need of her support. Her religious having toned the mind of her boy, he felt impressed to pray to the Lord for means to help his mother, which he accordingly did. Soon afterwards, a man, an inventor of means, who was engaged in the invention and construction of a machine to make pins with solid heads, came and offered the boy ten shillings per week to help him in his work. He was engaged in this construction two years and a half and when he had been in the inventor's employ two years his wages were raised to a pound per week. Finally they made and perfected the machine and then he was engaged to go to Birmingham to set the machinery in motion. With these machines, the first pins with solid heads were manufactured.

Just before the boy, who was then about 15 and ½ years of age, went to Birmingham, his mother died, but her last years were made blessed as her declining condition permitted by the abundant support furnished by the labors of her devoted boy who had prayed to the Lord for means to help

his mother and received an answer to his prayers.

Young Huish, having worked at Birmingham about a year at making machinery for the manufacturing of pins went to West Bromwich and engaged himself to an engine builder to learn steam engine building. About this time in 1845, he found the Mormon Church in the city of Birmingham. He was baptized under the Presidency of "Father Crook", whose name was, at that time, familiar in the British mission among the early converts. Huish was baptized by an Elder Clark and confirmed by Father Crook and other Elders. Next Conference he was called to the office of a Priest, by John Banks, who ordained him also. Banks, at this time was president of the Birmingham Conference. On June 12, 1848, he married Ann Smith, the daughter of John Smith and Hannah Cooksey. She was born in West Bromwich August 9, 1829. She came into the church under the protests of her parents and she proved herself a fine, amiable woman. To them was born one son in England, who died in his childhood at Council Bluffs.

After the birth of their child they emigrated to America, bound for Utah. They sailed in the fall of 1849, in the ship "James Pennel" and landed at New Orleans in November, having been eight weeks on the voyage. From New Orleans they proceeded to St. Louis. It was the year when the cholera raged so dreadfully in that city after which a great fire broke out consuming the shipping and the warehouses. This fire was still smoldering when they landed.

At the landing place some officers of the Mormon church met the emigrants and gave them instructions when seeking for work, if asked, to deny that they were Mormons, with the mental reservation that they were Latter-Day Saints. Next day Huish went to a foundry and asked for a job and sure enough, the first question put to him was, "are you a Mormon?". "Yes, Sir" was the reply. "I am glad to hear a person tell the truth" returned the employer, "I will give you a job".

In the Spring of 1850, Walter H. Huish, with his wife and child, moved to Council Bluffs and settled in the woods at Council Point. At this time, no flour could be bought in that part of the country in consequence of the outfitters for the gold mines of California draining the country around of everything. A Mr. Harding engaged Huish to work for him hoeing corn, agreeing to pay him a bushel of corn meal for two and a half days work. This being a new business, his system unaccustomed to such diet, the country new and unhealthy, and working in the excessive heat, he was struck down with fever, and ague, in which condition he continued all the summer. All his neighbors were also down with the same disease and there was none to help excepting one brother to give to the camp even a drink of water. His name was Cox. He was one of the famous Mormon Battalion and had returned to Winter Quarters after his discharge. His Christian name, Mr. Huish has forgotten, but it can be found in the Battalion roll. This brother supplied the whole camp with water allowancing out to each family a canful a day which was fetched from the muddy waters of the Missouri River. Had it not been for Brother Cox, the camp must have all perished. It was during this calamity, that Mr. Huish's child died, his wife being down with the fever and ague as well as himself.

It was just at this time that his old employer in England hearing that he had gone into this new country, wrote to him and said if he would come back he would raise his wages and make him overseer of his shop. It was a great temptation under such circumstances, but he said to his wife, "No. If we have to die, we will die".

In the fall of the same year he was advised by the president, Allred, to return to St. Louis and get well. He and his wife were both carried on board of the boat, which, on it's voyage struck a snag, which carried away the side arm of the boat where their berths and luggage were, leaving them entirely destitute.

When they reached St. Louis, they were put ashore on the levee and they could neither walk nor move from the place where they were put. Said his wife, "What shall we do?" He answered, "Something will be provided pretty soon." It was Sunday evening; a Mormon meeting was being held in Market street. A sister, (a widow) by the name of Powell, says something whispered in her ear, "Go down to the levee." which was repeated three times. Thus urged, she left the meeting, came down and found the sick brother and his wife which had been her neighbors and went for Brother Brain, well known in Salt Lake City, who brought a buggy and took them to the widow's house. Many providential events also followed this God-send on the levee.

After recuperating for nearly 12 months, Huish started in a small shop in making and repairing machines. His business increased wonderfully and he made a great many friends. There he remained till 1859, when he resolved to go to Utah, but could not, at the outset, sell his business. Yet he had a dream that he was going away and so persisted in telling his wife that they were going to Utah that season. While in this perplexity, going down to market one Saturday night, a stranger met him and said, "Isn't your name Huish?". "Yes, Sir" ... "Don't you want to go to Salt Lake?" ... "Yes, Sir" "What will you take for your business?" ... "Eighteen hundred dollar's." ... "I will come see it." The man came on the Monday; the bargain was made; with this means Huish and his wife emigrated.

They arrived in Salt Lake City in September 1859 and after looking for a place to live in and settle, he came to Payson in the spring of 1860, purchased a house, but business calling him back to St. Louis, he went on this business and partly on a mission, driving one of the teams in Joseph W. Young's train to fetch the poor. After he was gone, his family moved to Payson. He spent the winter of 1860 in St. Louis, settled his business, made patterns of a planing machine and engine lathe and brought his castings along in the spring of 1861.

Here, in Payson, Mr. Huish made the first planing machine and the first engine lathe in the territory. This same machinery with which he carried on his business is in operation now at Fort Ephraim, Sanpete County.

Under a great many difficulties he has struggled from that time to the present, but determined to make home manufactures in his line a success, which he has done. The machine business being inadequate in a country town, he turned his attention to general manufacturing and everything for house building in the wood line. He has as large furniture manufactory as there is in the territory, has a fine furniture store on the main street in Payson, and he has made all his machinery, excepting two patented articles, which machinery can be propelled by either water power or steam.

Of his family it is to be noted that his wife died April 22 1880, leaving six children, all honorable citizens of the place. Her eldest son is a member of the present city council of Payson and has been one of the directors of the cooperative store. His youngest daughter, Clara, the wife of Samuel D. Moore of Payson, is now with her husband on a mission to colonize Arizona among the Mormon people. His other daughter, Lilly, married a young artist of Payson, John B. Fairbanks.

Mr. Huish has since married again, and although his years are now far advanced, he gives his personal attention to the mechanical part of his extensive business with a vim suggestive of his younger days. His sons, John E., Albert, Alma and Royal are all associated with him in the manufacturing, lumber and furniture business under the firm name of W.H. Huish and Sons and to Mr. Huish, and in fact the entire firm, is due the credit of giving Payson one of it's most flourishing and progressive industries.



*This part of the history was taken from the "Header" 2 April 1898,
Payson's newspaper at the time of his death.*

It was his misfortune in the year 1880 to lose by the hand of death his beloved and devoted wife, Ann, which took place on the 22 of April, leaving motherless his six children. He was married to Christine Larson 23 August 1883 and from this happy marriage four children have blessed their union.

He was ordained a High Priest 31 October, 1869 by Elder D. Fairbanks, which office he honored through many years and held at the time of his death which occurred Sunday morning 27 March 1898. His labors in the priesthood and in the Church have been tireless and unceasing from the time he became a member and his constant desire was for the advancement and the glorification of the Latter Day Saints. He died a faithful Latter Day Saint in full fellowship and as such rejoices in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

His demise leaves a wife, 5 sons, 5 daughters, and an army of friends to mourn his loss.

Funeral services were held in the Tabernacle Wednesday 30 March at 2 o'clock p.m. and were attended by a large congregation who assembled to pay their last respects to the departed. Patriarch Evans of Springville, Charles Brewerton, David Lant, and J.B. Tanner were the speakers. A large cortege followed the remains to their resting place.

*Caroline Smith was sealed to Walter Henry Huish 21 May, 1913 She was a sister to Ann Smith Huish. She was married first to William Martindale and was divorced August 22, 1858.

AN ARTICLE ABOUT WALTER HENRY HUISH

The first planing mill to be built in this territory after the pioneers reached Utah was built at Payson. The site of the first mill was about 3rd North and 2nd East or just across the road south from where Charles Brewerton's home now stands. Payson also had the first engine lathe.

Walter Huish was called by Brigham Young to go to Payson in 1859. Mr. Huish made patterns for a planing machine and engine lathe on his trip back to St. Louis in 1860. He also brought by on team across the plains the shafting, pulleys and cutter heads.

In 1865, James Finlayson framed and put together the first planing mill in the territory for Mr. Huish. He, with Warren Timmy, commenced operating a machine shop, cabinet making and carpenter business, and also made spinning wheels. His business grew so fast he bought the Sabin machine shop which was on the north east corner of our present Memorial Park. It took in the place where the monument of Alexander Keele now stands. Huish enlarged the building, added improved machinery and established a large plant for the repair and manufacture of almost every article in wood and iron and supplied the entire territory with his products.

It is interesting to note that all of the machinery that Mr. Huish used in his shop was of his making, excepting two and they were patented machines brought from England. He manufactured the things that were in demand in those days ... wooden barrels, wash tubs, buckets, etc., and all kinds of furniture. The first furniture was put together with wooden pegs with a knob on one end. The knobs protruded from the sides of the bedsteads and ropes were woven from one to another of the pegs to hold the straw or feather mattresses. He also had a cider and vinegar mill here. The vinegar was stored in large wooden barrels. The planing machinery was sold and taken to Ephraim, Sanpete County and the engine lathe was sold to the Orem when they put in their machine shop in Payson in 1916.

Mr. Huish, Joseph S. Jones, Jonathon Page and Wimmer introduced the steam saw mill and had a large business at the head of Payson canyon.

It is said that Mr. Huish gave more business employment to a larger number of people than any other business in Payson, for which the citizens were very grateful.

All fine furniture and cabinets were soon made. Soon caskets were also made in his shop, supplying the surrounding territory.

Walter H. Huish and Sons were the first undertakers in Payson and J. Eugene Huish was the first Embalmer.

***THE FOLLOWING OBITUARY WAS COPIED FROM A NEWSPAPER
ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF
WALTER HENRY HUISH,***

(PRINTED ON 27 MARCH, 1898)

Walter Henry Huish, a highly respected and progressive citizen of Payson passed away at his home Sunday morning about half past one o'clock, after an illness of about five weeks.

He was born in Uley, Gloucestershire, England and came into the world fatherless, his father, Edward Huish, having died several months before Walter's birth.

At the extreme early age of six years he began to work by the side of his mother in the woolen factory and continued to do so for two years, when he was apprenticed, at the age of eight to a machinist. At the age of thirteen, he was employed by an inventor at a salary of ten shillings a week. Which position he attributed to be the answer to prayer. It is a noteworthy fact that this new employment was upon machinery for the manufacture of solid head pins and it is to the inventive genius of that thirteen year old boy that the world owes, in part, the honor of that wonderful improvement to so useful a domestic article. When the machinery was completed he was taken to Birmingham to set it in operation, and with those machines the first solid head pins the world ever saw were made.

Leaving Birmingham he went to West Bromwich and engaged himself to an engine builder to learn steam engine building. It was at this place that he first heard the Gospel message and became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, by baptism at the hands of Eden Clark.

On June 12, 1848, he married Ann Smith and was exceptionally fortunate in his choice. Nine children were the result of this happy union.

He emigrated to America with his wife and one child in the fall of 1849, landing at New Orleans. He came on to St. Louis, Mo. where work was obtained in a foundry.

In 1850 he moved to Council Bluffs and in the fall of the same year he returned to St. Louis. He emigrated to Utah in 1859 and resided for a while in Salt Lake City. The next year he returned to St. Louis and spent the winter there. During his absence, his family moved to Payson, where they have since resided.

Here in Payson, Mr. Huish made the first planing machine and the first engine lathe made in Utah. His same machinery is now at Ephraim, Sanpete County, Utah.

From this time on, his efforts and exertions to build up home industries are well known.

April 10, 1880 he lost his beloved and devoted wife, leaving six motherless children. In 1883 he was married to Christina Larson, five children being the result of their union, one being dead. He died in the faith of Latter Day Saints, rejoicing in the hope of a glorious resurrection. He leaves a wife, five sons and five daughters.

The funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon in the Tabernacle and was largely attended by friends and relatives. A large cortege followed the remains to their resting place in the city cemetery.

THE LIFE OF ANN SMITH HUISH,

WIFE OF WALTER HENRY HUISH

In the home of John Smith and Hannah Cooksey three children were born. The family was not well to do, but they were not poor. They were industrious and saving. They were gentle folk and proud of their fine manners and good breeding. They were heirs to a great fortune. Through industry and saving they were trying to get sufficient money to fight legally and for their rights. Thousands of dollars had been spent for lawyers and court proceedings etc. Those who were holding the property were reluctant to lose it and having more money, they succeeded. Mrs. John Smith and her sister, Mrs. Hatton, sole heirs to this large estate, never received it. It is known as the Cooksey estate.

John Smith, his wife Hannah and their three children lived in a modest home, not enjoying many luxuries. When the Mormon missionaries visited them, they were interested and their three children joined the Church, namely, Thomas Smith, his wife, Elizabeth Berry, Walter Henry Huish and his wife, Ann, and Caroline Smith. The parents had a home for which they had struggled. The hope of sometime getting their estate, and the tragedy of their children all leaving them and going to America, for they were talking of emigrating. All these made the parents cling to what they had rather than risk new adventures in a new country at their advanced years. They could not be persuaded to join the Church or to come to America.

In a letter written to Ann in America, it says:

"Dear Ann, I hope and pray that when your children grow up they will not leave you alone for some new-fangled religion."

In another letter, she wrote:

"... father is not well, we worry about you going out in that desert filled with savage beasts and wild Indians. I fear we will never see you again in this life."

and they never did.

My grandfather and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Walter and Ann Huish, with their first baby, Walter, left England in 1849. Her parents were heartbroken.

Shortly after arriving in St. Louis, their baby sickened and died. Her mother wrote:

"... had you but stayed at home as we wanted you to do, this might not have happened."

Grandfather owned and managed a manufacturing business in St. Louis for about 10 years. Grandmother worried so much about fire. She said she never went to bed at night that she did not go out and look in the direction of the shops to see if there were any signs of fire.

They crossed the plains in 1858. My mother, Lilly Annetta, was two years old. Her brother, John was five, and a new baby came soon after they arrived here. Much of the way they walked. Dr. Shipp visited their home in Payson when I was ten years old. She said, "Is this the little girl who used to cry and say, I want to get in the wagon"? Many a mile young lady, I have carried you on

my shoulders."

They named the new baby Caroline for my grandmother's sister, who had preceded them to the valley.

I have a letter my mother's Aunt Caroline wrote, asking my grand-mother to bring a stove, some peach pits to plant, some earrings, which were in fashion and hard to get, some writing paper and if she could, some pictures of the folks at home. She was very frail and did not live long after coming to the valley.

Little Caroline died on a Sunday afternoon before she was two years old. My mother said Grandmother would take her two little children and walk to the graveyard to visit the lonely little grave. As they talked she told of the lovely church yards in England, where there was grass, flowers and beautiful trees and here her baby lay where only weeds and sagebrush grew and each grave had a fence around it to keep cattle off ... Oh if only she could go to that cemetery now, after one hundred years, she would not weep because her loved ones were there.

After Grandfather had his family carefully located, he returned to St. Louis to settle up his business affairs; to try to sell out.

Grandmother was alone in a place with other pioneers; however she had no mother or father, sisters or brothers, aunts, uncles or cousins and she felt quite alone. In England she had heard some terrible tales of how people disappeared in Utah and no one ever knew where they went. "They" got away with anyone they wished out of the way. The stories said they were called "Danites" and that they worked in the way the KU KLUX KLAN did.

In England the missionaries were telling of Joseph Smith, of his prayer, his vision, of the answer to his prayer, of the Book of Mormon, the organization of the church and of it's place among other churches and the peoples of the earth and of the mission and responsibilities of it's members to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ and to warn the people of it's necessity to join and live it's teachings and ordinances.

Grandmother had heard the Gospel plan from the missionaries in England, she had joined the church and thanked her Heavenly Father for her testimony of it's truth. Her young womanhood had been lived between these two forces, because in her home, her father listened to and read in the English papers all the bad stories of the Mormons and Utah, and in a letter sent to Walter and his daughter Ann, 27 Feb. 1862 from West Bromwich to St. Louis, written by her father and mother, Mother wrote:

"There is a great deal against the Mormons at Salt Lake Valley. I'm sorry to say that your father believes all these newspapers tales and lots of books that are published against them, but I cannot persuade him to heat the Saints. (They knew Walter and Ann were preparing to go to Utah and the mother wished them a safe journey.) Your father wished you a pleasant and safe journey, but he would much rather you would come back here, for he was grieved that he had children so silly as to be dragged 10 thousand miles from their homes by such a silly lot. He said he shall never go to the Valley if anyone would give him 500 pounds. He says you had better make up your minds to come back where you can have a comfortable home for, Dear Ann, he knows you have repented going and wished yourself home many times since you left. Dear Walter and Ann, we should love to see you in the flesh again, but if you do not come back to see us, it is hard to think that we must bid you a final farewell, return, return, or we must say with the poet ...

Walter Huish had now gone many miles from her. She was alone and lonely and many remembrances came into her mind.

The first night alone she went to bed early so as not to have a light in her house. Later she was awakened. She heard men's voices, then wagons moving and then it sounded like shovels in gravel. She could not make up her mind what it was, but wondered if someone was being buried in the street, where grass would be undisturbed or discovered. Soon, all was still but she could not go to sleep. Wild tales went through her mind. She thanked the Lord she had not been molested. Next morning her fears melted away as everything proved to be alright. The men who had worked all day in the fields had worked far into the night to gravel the walks to eliminate the mud.

The first Sunday she went to church, she dressed as was her custom, in a lovely dress and her ribbon trimmed bonnet. At church the women wore calico dresses and sun bonnets. The silk dress was placed in the trunk. She never wore it again and dressed as the others did, in calico and sunbonnet. Her beautiful clothes were worn as pioneer costumes years afterward.

She made all her families clothing. Her husbands and her boys suits all had to be made at home. There was no place to buy them. Even most of the cloth was homespun and hand woven. She had learned in England to be a "tailoress" and she did very good work. She sewed on the first sewing machine bought in Payson. She was a hard worker, but always a lady. Every afternoon she put a better dress on and was cleaned up if callers came in.

When Lilly was ten years old, her mother became ill and could not tread the machine, but she held the work in place and had Lilly tread the machine. At fourteen, she depended on Lilly a great deal as she had been taught by her mother and soon must take it over. Clara, a younger daughter, by this time tended her younger brothers and practically did the housework and cooking.

Ann Smith Huish was sick for many years and for almost a year was bedridden. By now, Lilly had three children and lived away from home where her mother died 22 April, 1880.

Walter and Ann's family

		(died)
Walter Henry	6 May, 1849	4 Sept. 1850
John Edward	7 May, 1852	28 Dec. 1917
Walter Henry	6 Sept, 1854	15 Sept. 1856
Lilly Annetta	24 Feb. 1857	8 May 1898
Francis Caroline	26 Oct. 1859	27 Sept. 1860
*Clara Ann	10 July 1862	14 Aug. 1927
Albert Smith	23 June 1864	14 May 1939
Alma Vilete	13 Oct. 1866	15 Mar. 1940
Royal Truman	10 Dec. 1868	13 Dec. 1937

* Clara Ann was Cleon Moore's mother

This history was written by Ann Smith Huish's granddaughter, Lilly Annetta Fairbanks Yates.

A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING BY W.A. YOUNG ON THE HEAD OF
ANN SMITH HUISH,

DAUGHTER OF HANNAH COOKSEY AND JOHN SMITH.

BORN 9 AUGUST 1829 AT WEST BROMWICH STAFFORD, ENGLAND.
GIVEN IN THE VESTRY PAYSON, UTAH 16 FEB. 1877

Sister Ann, I lay my hands upon thy head and bless thee with a father's blessing. Thou art as one from a city and two from a family. Thou hast received much and much is required at thy hands. Accept of a celestial law and abide in it that you may receive a celestial crown and if you will exercise faith you will have an opportunity if you will seek for it, not only to do the work for your sister but also for your father's household. With your children to help you, you can lay the foundation for their exaltation, which is your duty to do and you will receive your reward.

You are of the seed of Joseph through Ephraim, having been amalgamated with Amassa, you are entitled to all the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob pertaining to your sex.

You shall be blessed in your children and they shall be multiplied around about you and the cup of thy joy shall be full.

I bless you with the blessings of the father and say unto thee, Remember the Lord, the y God in the days of thy prosperity and He will remember thee in thy declining years, and with your companion.

Ye shall have an inheritance in Zion and in the morning of the first resurrection, ye shall come forth clothed with immortality and eternal life. For I seal you up with eternal life with forgiveness of your sins through your faith in the name of Jesus Christ.

Amen.

HISTORY OF THE MOORE FAMILY ... BY ANDREW MOORE

(So far as our family history is now known, it begins with Amos and Sarah Foreman Moore, residing in Franklin Co., Pennsylvania. Andrew Moore, whose genealogy will be found in our family record, writes as follows concerning the family history. S.D. Moore, copied at Payson, Utah. 14 Feb. 1925)

My father moved his family from Pennsylvania to Ohio when I was seven years old. His family consisted of his wife, three sons and one daughter. I being the second son. My elder brother's name was William, my younger brother's, Ebenezer, and my sister's name was Margaret, being the youngest of the family. His occupation was farming. He taught us to believe the Bible. I lived with my father until I was upwards of 22 years of age. I then married my wife, her name being Rebecca Curry. (Daughter of Robert and Phebe Curry.) We were married on July 6, 1815. Rebecca Curry was born Wednesday, June 7, 1797, Rockingham Co., Virginia. We lived together and had four sons and three daughters. My occupation was farming. I lived a sober and a moral life. I believed in the universal salvation of the human family. I remained contented in this belief until I heard an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints preach the fullness of the Gospel. The Elder's name was Uriah Curtis. It stirred my mind to read the Bible. All I read confirmed the doctrine he preached. I bought a Book of Mormon, read it carefully, and the spirit bore testimony to the truth of it. This was in 1832. I remained in this situation for about one year. The same Elder, with Samuel Drollinger, came there. I went to hear them preach. I was fully convinced of the truth of the doctrine. They baptized three or four in the neighborhood. I still remained in the same situation for a month or 6 weeks after they left. Then there came two other Elders, one by the name of Jonathon Summer and the other Simeon Gardner. I went to hear them preach. I went forward for baptism and was baptized about the 1st of May 1833. My wife's eldest daughter and mother and two others were also baptized at the same time. They organized a branch there, consisting of 11 members, ordained one Elder and one Priest. We held meetings every Sabbath Day. We enjoyed ourselves well until the spring of 1834. I sold my farm and on the 12th of May 1834, I started with my family for Missouri to gather with the Saints.

I landed in Clay Co., Missouri about the 13th June, a few days before Brother Joseph came up with the camps, which was June 23, 1834. There was great excitement in the country until the army dispersed. I saw Brother Joseph for the first time heard him preach. I then bought a farm of 80 acres and settled on it and lived in peace until the summer and fall of 1836. I had the pleasure of seeing my two younger daughters baptized. The mob began hostilities amongst us threatening death and destruction if we did not leave the county. A compromise was made and we agreed to leave them in peace as we had found them. The brethren looked out a location about 40 miles north of Liberty, Clay County where there were but few inhabitants. We made a settlement there and built up a city, Far West, on a beautiful prairie surrounded by timber near a beautiful creek called Shoal Creek. I sold my farm in Clay County and bought a lot in Far West for fifty dollars (four miles from Far West).

On 7 June 1837, my two oldest sons were baptized ... John Harvey and Robert Curry ... into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. In August the same year my third son, Amos, was baptized.

I settled on my land, improved it and built a home.

(Two pages were torn from my history book. On page 8 I said I would give an account of the proceedings of the mob against us, of

which I will now continue.)

In August 1835 an election held in Galatin, Davis County to elect state officers. They said the brethren should not vote and they stood up for their rights and went to the polls as free citizens to vote for the men of their choice. The mob commenced their abuse, struck one of the brethren. They hollered "Kill him, damn him, kill him. The brethren ran to his relief. A fight ensue with clubs, stones or knives. Several were knocked down. The brethren held their ground. The mob cried for quarter. From that time the mob began to collect in bodies. The brethren stood in their own defense, dispersed them several times. They would rally again. We called on the officers to put the mob down. We then petitioned Governor Boggs of Missouri; but we could not get any relief. We found we had to depend on ourselves. We armed ourselves as well as we could to stand in our own defense. In 1838 they collected a large body of armed men under the pretense of militia and came into Caldwell County headed by Samuel Bobard, commenced hostilities, burned a wagon loaded with goods and furniture. The brethren raised a company and followed them. They had a skirmish. There were three of the brethren killed and one of the mob. The Governor then ordered out 15 or 20 thousand men. They came against Far West. As soon as we found they were under Government command, we sent a flag of peace as we did not want to fight against the government. They sent in a proposal that if Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Sidney Rigdon, Lyman Wight and two or three others would come into their camp, they would make a compromise and also if the Mormons would give up their arms they would be protected. Those men who were called for went into the camp and we laid down our arms. I had two rifles and one sword and laid them down. I have never gotten them back although they promised they would be returned to us. When the men who were called for went into their camp, the officers told them they were prisoners of war and they should be dealt with as such. They held a court martial and ordered them to be shot the following day on the public square in Far West and that all Mormons should leave the state. They said those were government orders and must be obeyed. Doniphan said it would be willful murder to shoot men in that way without a legal trial and that he would have no hand in it and he would take his men and go home. That the blood of those men be upon their own heads. That threw the camp into confusion and they did not put their blood deed into execution. They resolved to try them before the 28th circuit judge. They called a court and held a mock trial and tried them for treason, but could not substantiate the charge and then they committed them to jail for further trial but wouldn't let them to bail.

We all had to leave the state by the following spring and they compelled us to sign a deed of trust to all our real and personal property to defray expenses. They said we might get away as best we could, after robbing us of all we had.

In January of 1839 I was ordained a Seventy under the hands of Levi Hancock. March 6, 1839, I started for Illinois. About 15th of the same month we crossed the Mississippi River at Quincy. I went into McDonough County and rented a farm. In May of the same spring Joseph and Hyrum and the other brethren except Parley P. Pratt and three or four others made their escape. All that had a desire to get away. When Joseph and the Brethren came to Illinois they made a purchase of a tract of land on the rapids of the Mississippi River at a small town called Commerce. Laid it out and commenced to build a city called Nauvoo. In 1841 they commenced to build a temple one hundred feet by eighty feet. I stayed in McDonough County three years. There were also a number of other brethren there. They organized a branch of the Church there. I was appointed to preside. We kept up meetings and had good times. At that time I baptized nine in the Church. One of them was Andrew, my youngest son. I purchased a lot in Nauvoo for which I paid one hundred dollars. In March of 1842 I moved, with my family, to Nauvoo. In the following September, I was called to take a mission. I traveled in company with Normal M. Head. We labored in the eastern part of Illinois and in Indiana. We raised up a branch of eight members, ordained one elder and one priest. Then we returned home. We were gone about 7 months. I followed farming for a livelihood and labored on the temple.

In June 1844 the mob commenced their hostilities here against us. They came in a body. They found they were not strong enough so they petitioned the government for help. The governor came in person with a small force to inquire into the situation. He came to Carthage where the mob had gathered. He dispatched a messenger to Nauvoo for Joseph and Hyrum and some others, promising them protection and also pledged the faith of the states for their protection and safety. They complied with the request of Governor Ford. When they got them into custody, they put Joseph and Hyrum, John Taylor and Willard Richards into prison to wait for trial. Governor Ford sent some of his troops home and with others came to Nauvoo leaving the prisoners in the hands of the mob after promising them protection. When the Governor left Carthage the mob rallied to the jail in numbers about one hundred and fifty, painted themselves, rushed to the door, shot Hyrum. He fell, explained "I am a dead man!" He received four musket balls. Also they shot John Taylor. He received four balls, but the wounds did not prove fatal. Joseph jumped out of a window, expired immediately. This was on the 27th of June 1844 at 6 p.m. Willard Richards was not hit with a ball. The mob dispersed at once. The bodies of Joseph and Hyrum were brought to Nauvoo. A more solemn scene I never witnessed. To see the bodies of the prophets of the Lord and the Patriarch that had been inhumane murdered (butchered) by the hands of wicked men for the cause of truth.

We remained quiet to see if the government would do anything bringing the murderers to justice, but there was nothing done. We leave the event with God.

In August 1844 following, I was ordained a President in the 5th Quorum of Seventies.

In the latter part of the fall the mob tried to get up an excitement. Along in the winter they began to hold their secret meetings. We thought best to send delegates through the adjoining counties to set forth true statements of things to allay the excitement that was got up by the circulating lies. I was chosen as one of three others to go into McDomough County and had good success in allaying prejudices, except in one place they threw eggs at us when we were reading documents. We filled our mission and returned home in 16 days. In the summer of 1845 the mob began prowling again. In September they began burning buildings, destroying grain, killing and driving cattle and horses away that belonged to the brethren. They burned near 100 buildings. The sheriff went with a posse of men to stop the career of the mob and to put a stop to the burnings and quelling the mob. There were three of the mob killed. This enraged them more and the more they rallied their forces. The Governor sent a force under pretense to stop the mobbing. They went against us, got out a writ for the sheriff and several of his posse and a number of others. The sheriff stood trial and got cleared. They made a proposal to us if we would stop all proceedings against us and we might stay until the ensuing spring. To which we agreed seeing we could not be protected in the state by the law. They let all the house burners go free and all the rest of the assassins and murderers. We see there is no law to protect the Saints and not one in authority to step forward to defend our rights. We have again to leave our beautiful homes upon the account that wicked men rule.

The Saints proceeded to finish the temple. They furnished one room by the first of December, so that they commenced giving endowments on the third of January, 1846. I went into the temple with my wife. We received our washings, annointings and endowments and my family also received their washings and annointings.

I continued to meet with my quorum once every week to transact business and to see that the quorum was in unison and that all things was straight that came under my charge and to give instructions that we might be benefitted together and that we might grow in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

In December 1845, brother Truman Leonard gave me a present of 10½ yards of satin, net worth \$1.00 per yard.

About the last of March 1846 I was attacked with a very violent attack of pleurisy. In my sickness the 5th Quorum made a present of \$1.33 in cash. April 13, same year, Brother Able Butterfield of the 5th Quorum, made me a present of 4 lbs. of Sugar, 2 lbs. of coffee and 37½ cents. Cash value all 93 cents.

John H. Moore and family, Andrew Moore and family, Robert Curry Moore and family, Amos B. Moore and 2 children and wife Sarah Head and family, came across the plains in 1852 in Albert Merrill's ten and the company of fifty. Also Thomas Charles Davis Howell, who afterwards moved from Payson to Cache valley in early days.

*A LETTER WRITTEN BY **ANDREW MOORE,**
APRIL 22, 1870., TO HARVEY MOORE*

Guilfor Nodoway Co. Mo.
April 22 1870

Dear Son and Daughters and Grandchildren,

We are all in reasonable health and hope these lines will find you all in good health. Your mother is in the same condition of mind that she was when we went to the valleys. She has been that way since the first of July.

I bought 45 acres of land, a house and fourteen or fifteen acres of improvements with a crop on it. Five or 6 acres of corn, half an acre of potatoes and sugar cane enough to make seventeen gallons of molasses and a good garden for which I paid 750 dollars. We have a good span of mares and a good wagon and a good set of harness. We have 3 cows and 2 yearlings. Times are pretty good here for farmers. Corn is from 50 to 60 cts. per bushel, wheat is from 75 cts. to \$1.00 per bushel and horses bears a good price. Cows are from \$30 to \$45, the price owing to the quality. They fatten a great many hogs and send them off on the cars. Goods are very low.

I received a letter from Andrew, he said they were all well. He wrote that he was a coming here as soon as he got means to come with. And I would be glad if you were coming too. I feel very anxious to see you all. Harvey and Tilley Ivie are living with me, they want to see you all. Harvey is tending the farm. There are a great many saints through this country. The Elders are preaching all through the state. They are raising up a great many branches. The power of God is made manifest to a great extent. They have the gifts of the gospel in the Church. I want you to read and search for the truth of those things for yourself. I feel a great anxiety for you and your family and all the friends.

Curry and his family are coming here this spring. You must excuse me for not writing sooner for I was waiting to see if your mother would get better.

Is it true that Brigham is going to take his Church to Sanora and if so, are you going too? I do not want you to think that I forgotten you for I assure you that I have not, I think of you very often.

Artilla says she wants some of her cousins to write to her and she will answer it. She says she wrote to the girls once and never an answer.

I will bring my letter to a close. I remain as ever your affectionate father

Andrew Moore
to Harvey Moore and family

Goodbye write soon send your address to Guilford Nodoway Co., Mo.

THE HISTORY OF RACHEL COOK DROLLINGER

by
Rachel Hayes Moore
wife of her Great-Grandson

(written February 14, 1946)

(My husband, Walter H. Moore, has frequently talked to me concerning his great grandmother, Rachel Drollinger and the events connected with her life which seemed to carry interest. Hence, I decided to write a short history of her life for the Daughters of the Utah pioneers.)

Rachel Cook was born in Mason County, Kentucky, on the 14th day of June in the year 1798. Her parents were John Daniel Cook and Anna Mary Bistel. She was one of a family of twelve children.

On December 21, 1819, she married Samuel Drollinger, in Ohio. She was the mother of the following children:

John Franklin Drollinger
Abraham Kidd Drollinger
Clarissa Jane Drollinger

Samuel Dudley Drollinger
Rachel Melinda Drollinger
Simeon Cook Drollinger

Her third child married John Harvey Moore and became my husband's grandmother. On the 8th of July, 1831, she and her mother were both baptized while living in Clay County, Missouri. She moved to Missouri with the Saints.

Her husband died of typhoid fever on the 6th of August, 1854. In September one of her sons also died. Later she went to Illinois with the Saints at the time of the persecution of the Prophet Joseph Smith in Missouri.

When Grandfather Moore was courting her daughter, Clarissa Jane Drollinger, he would walk from Quincy, Illinois to Nauvoo, a distance of twenty miles, stay over the weekend and walk back to Quincy to be ready for work on Monday.

After marriage, Grandfather and Grandmother Moore lived across the Mississippi River from Nauvoo in what is now known as Fort Madison, Iowa. Great Grandmother Drollinger lived diagonally through the block from the Prophet. Grandfather Moore worked during the day with men who were plotting against the Prophet. They talked freely of their plans, little realizing or suspecting that Grandfather was sympathetic with the object of their plots. Grandfather would tell Grandmother what he had heard while at work. He would take his wife across the river by ferry to spend the day with her mother; Great Grandmother Drollinger would then relay to the Prophet word of the schemes of his enemies. The enemies were puzzled to know how the Prophet learned so much about their plans.

After the martyrdom of the Prophet, Great Grandmother Drollinger was at Conference and saw the mantle of the Prophet fall on the shoulders of Brigham Young.

Rachel Drollinger crossed the plains with her children and made her home in Payson. She and her daughter, Clarissa, lived near each other. Great grandmother Rachel was in the Relief Society Presidency in the early days of the settlement of Payson. She lived in one little room, containing a cupboard, table, stove, bed, a loom, and also a spinning wheel. She spun yarn and wove cloth to support herself. She went among the poor and needy, nursing the sick and helped to care for immigrants.

At one time a messenger in white appeared to her and made the promise that if she would give freely of flour to the poor, her flour bin would never be empty. Many times she scraped the bin clean for others, but always found flour when she went again. The messenger had disappeared as quickly as he came. She was a woman with a sense of humor and a dry wit. She knit a pair of fancy white stockings for my husband (her great-grandson) before he was born. When asked who she was making them for, she said, "I don't know. I have never seen it."

One day she and another woman sat at a window watching people pass. Her friend said, "There goes Sister Jones, I wonder where she is going today?" Great Grandmother Drollinger said, "I don't know, but I'll call and ask her if you would like me to." After living in Utah a number of years, she went East to visit members of her family who had not come West. She was not contented to stay there however, but returned to Utah. She lived sixty years a widow and used to say that she was afraid her husband would not like her, so old and wrinkled. She many times wished she could die.

She pieced many quilts. She made a seven star quilt by hand at the age of 95. She did beautiful needle work. She used to say that much of the trouble the Saints had in the early days of the persecution came from within the church.

In the Moore family there have been five generations in the church beginning with the mother of great grandmother Drollinger. Rachel Cook Drollinger died on the 22 of January, 1894 in Payson, Utah,

The HUISSH Coat of Arms

"Argent on a bend of honour sable, three roaches on the first."

CREST: "An elephant's head couped proper crowned and tused or"

The Huish family is descended from Richard de Huywys who came to England with William the Conqueror and settled in Somerset. The original arms, born by members of the family subsequent to the Conquest was: "Gules, a chevron or between three roundlets of the first." The present coat adopted in 1314 in recognition of a marital union with the De la Roache family is an adoption of the arms of that family. "Roche" in Norman English-French means a certain small fish. The new arms superseded the old. In 1452, a John Huyshe moved to Nottinghamshire and changed the spelling of the name to Huish for this branch. The American strain, which settled in Utah, is descended from this branch. the parent group still living in Somerset, spell the name Huyshe.

Titles possessed by the family are: Baron Harcomb and Lord of Sands Manor.

HUYSHE (HUISSH)

Sources: "Huyshe Genealogy from Proceedings of the Somersetshire Archaeological and Natural History Society" 1897.
Research done in England.
"The Lives and Times of our English ancestors"

This is a branch of the ancient family of Huysh of Doriford, in Somersetshire, whose name originally spelt Hywis, was taken from their residence Lod=Hywis in the same country.

Living in the reign of King John (1199-1216) was Richard de Hywis of Lod-Hywis. Lot Hywis is in the parish of Nettingcomb and the family is descended from John de Hywis of Linch in the parish of Luxborough. Richard had two sons, Richard and John.

We assume from this information that Richard was a person of means, a holder of land and was the Lord of the Manor. the homes even of the wealthy of this period were not a place of luxury. there was no glass in the windows (called windholes), instead there were wooden shutters to close when the weather was bad and thus leave the home in darkness. At this period there were not the fireplaces with brick chimneys or feather beds. They slept on straw mattresses and had an open fire with smile(?) coming into the rooms

The food eaten at this time consisted of the grains, wheat, rye, barley (used to make ale and the average man drank a gallon a day), oats, peas, beans, onions, cabbage, parsley, leeks, fruits such as apples, pears and plums, and honey.

For transportation, the wealthy had horses and carts, the poor walked. Even though travel was dangerous, it does not mean that little travel was done. The Lord and his family traveled extensively from manor to manor.

This was a time of discontent that brought about King John signing the Magna Carta at Runnymede in June of 1215 which brought some right and liberties to the people.

John de Hywis of Lynch in the parish of Luxborough has a son, John, and this son had a grant of a house and a caracate of land in Doniford from John Fitzure. This was contemporary with Henry III (1254). He has a son Geffry. Geffry de Hywis lived at the time of Edward I (1282). This was the time of the final organization of the English parliament. Geffry was on the Jury for the hundred(?) of Williton, County of Somerset. He had a son John.

John de Hywish was of Lynch and Doniford. He lived at the time of Edward II (1326). His family consisted of three children: Gilbert de Hywish, William de Hywysh, who lived at the time of Edward III (1330-32), a daughter, Joan, who married Walter Perceval, the second son of Sir Richard Perceval of Corneville. She was left a widow in 1387 and she conveyed her lands in East Quantock to her brother, Gilbert.

Gilbert de Hywish was of Doniford and Lynch and he lived at the time of Edward III (1331). He married Alice, daughter of Sir John Durborough and they had four children. They were Oliver, Alexander, John, and Agnes who married John de Tetton.

This period of Edward III's reign was quite eventful. The Black Plaque hit in 1348 and in three years wiped out about half of the population.

It was also a time of war, not only the beginning of the Hundred Years War between England and France, but the constant border problems with Scotland. At his time the knight or lord of the manor owned military service to the king in return for his land, and the tenants owned the knight a similar service in return for their tenancy. During this century, this changed and troops were raised by contract and pages paid.

The Manor did not disappear but its nature changed where the working class became rent payers for their land and they worked for wages. The black Plague brought about a shortage of labor and this in turn made more opportunities for the working class, and more freedom.

Most people ate with their fingers. A few were beginning to use knives, spoons and forks. Partners shared a platter between them and used the same drinking vessel. Dinner was eaten in the morning between 9 and 10, the followed by supper about 5 in the afternoon. bathing was till infrequent.

Oliver Hywish of Doniford and Linch lived at the time of Edward III (1369-76). He married the daughter and heir of Simon da La Roche. In consequence of this marriage, the arms of Roche were taken by him and his posterity, instead of the ancient hearings of the Hywis's. He had two sons: John and Richard. Richard was given Lynch and he lived at the time of Henry V (1423) and had a son Oliver whose daughter and heiress married John Woods of North Tawton.

John Huysh of Doniford lived at the time of Henry VI (1433). He married Catherine and had a son Oliver. John was seized of the manor of Lud-Huyshe. By deed dated 8 May (Henry VI [1430]) gave the said manor to John Hyll and Cecyle, his wife and heirs.

This was the time of the War of the Roses, and Henry VI was defeated and the House of York ruled until 1485, when Henry VII of the House of Lancaster again regained the throne.

Amusements were similar in some respects to those of the previous century. Archery was at the tope of the list because of military significance. running, jumping, and wrestling were encouraged for military purpose. Other games were football, tennis, skittles, etc. The church yard was a favorite spot for evening of dancing and singing in spite of the frowns of the clergy. The upper classes hunted, fished, hawking, placed chess, backgammon, cards and attended tournaments.

Printing was introduced from Germany in 1476 and the stories of Chaucer and King Arthur were published.

Oliver Hewish of Doniford lived at the time of Henry VI (1455) and married Johanna, daughter and co-heir of John Avenell of Blackpoole in the parish of Southmolton in the County of Devon. Oliver had three children: Oliver, Elizabeth, who married John Dodington of Dodington, and Anne who married Alexander Vernie, son of John Vernie of Fairfield.

Oliver Hewish of Doniford lived at the time of Henry VII (1495) and married a Canendish and they had four children. John Huyshe, the heir, Humphrey Hewish, Thomas Huysh, and a daughter who married Chichester of Hawle in Devon. Oliver was Escheater for Somerset, Henry VIII (1523).

The 1500's marked the transition from the middle ages to the modern world. The first half of the century was the reign of the famous King Henry VIII. Henry instituted the registration of births, marriages, and deaths.

In 1500, society was divided into four classes: first, gentlemen (that is prices, lords, men of title and squires or country gentlemen holding land); second, citizens or burgesses (the great new English middle class - traders); third, farmers and yeomen (cultivators and producers of goods); and fourth, artificers(?) and labourers (who worked for hire).

Brick chimneys were being built and glass was beginning to replace wooden shutters. Most furniture was made of oak. Sweet smelling herbs were used in the homes to try to offset the foul odors caused by poor sanitation. The larger homes were now having more private rooms built.

Traveling was now safer and easier. Comfortable Inns were numerous. Wheeled transport came into general use. The river continued to be the main arteries to transport goods.

About 1555, coaches were introduced into England. The towns were connected by roads (but nothing more than tracks). The parishes were responsible for the roads running through them; but little money was available for them.

John Hewysh of Doniford, gentlemen. He married Grace, daughter of Richard Walroand, Esq. (her brother, Humphry Walrond is mentioned in John Hewyshes will). They had five children: William, the heir; Roger, ancestor of Huysh of Allen; James, ancestor of Huysh of London, Sand and Clysthidon; Dorothy, who married Edward Hensly of Devon; Alice, who married John Borne. John's will is dated 24 July 1551 at the time of Edward VI and proved 8 Feb. 1552.

STORY OF MY LIFE

by
Vida Hill Moore

I, Vida Hill Moore, was born at home, 540 South 5th West in Payson, Utah County, Utah, 21 March 1900, to Jasper Franklin and Alice Mary Finlayson Hill.

My father was born in Payson, Utah 2 September, 1877 to Heamon Alison and Lurancy Chase Hill. My grandfather was born 24 December, 1836 at Petersboro, Hillsboro Co. New Hampshire. My grandmother was born 17 May 1842 at Lincoln, Addison Co., Vermont.

My mother was born 4 March, 1878 in Payson Utah to James and Sarah Clifford Finlayson. Grandfather Finlayson was (born) 6 Oct., 1830 in the Parish of Inverkielor, County of Farfar, Scotland. Grandmother Finlayson was born 5 September, 1848 in Nottinghamshire, England.

My grandparents were all converts to the L.D.S. Church and crossed the plains, enduring all the hardships of the Pioneers. I was blessed by Grandfather Finlayson in the Payson 2nd Ward 3 June, 1900.

I was the second child and the oldest girl in a family of thirteen children. Rulon was the first child (born 21 Sept. 1898). We lived in part of Grandfather Hill's home at first and when I was three years old, Grandfather bought a home on the northwest side of Payson and moved to that location and we had the whole house. We needed it because the family was growing.

When I was 7, Dora (25 Oct. 1901), Erma (11 Sept. 1903), Chloris (22 July, 1905) and Nelda (12 June, 1907) had been added. We all had to help as much as we could with the chores around the home. We used coal oil lamps for light at first and I can remember when the electricity was put into our home and how happy we were.

We had no hot or cold running water in the house, but had to draw all our water from a 60 foot well that was at the north-west corner of the house. It was a big job for a family, especially for bathing and the laundry.

When Rulon started to school at 6 years and I was 4½ years old, I wanted to go along and he wanted me to go. Mother thought two or three days would satisfy me, but I liked it so well the teacher said to let me come. I was no bother. I went right through the grades with Rulon. Sometimes he didn't think it was so good, having a sister in the same room. We went in the Beginners in the old Central School. The first and second grades to the old one room Taylor School. They used a big pot-bellied stove to heat the room. The children by the stove burned and the ones farther away were cold. While playing at recess one day when I was in the 2nd grade, I sprained my ankle and was out of school one month. A very bad sprain. The 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th grades we went to the Peteeetneet School. It was on the east side of Payson and 1½ miles from our home. It was quite a walk in Winter in the deep snow. I always liked reading, spelling, times tables, fractions and geography. I never liked history very well. I used to enjoy the spelling bees when you lined up in two rows to see who could stay the longest. I was usually one of the last to be spelled down.

I was baptized in the font in the 1st Ward, 3 May, 1908 by Alma Potter and confirmed the same day by German Elsworth in the 2nd Ward.

Father used to go up Payson canyon with his team and wagon to get wood to burn. We hardly knew what coal was. He also brought down large loads of bark he stripped from dead trees. It made a

good fire. When his wagon box was not in use, it was put in the shade and we used it for a playhouse. If I went away to play, I had to take my little sisters with me and take care of them.

When I was ten years old, F. LeRoy, the second boy was born and (26 June, 1910) father was very happy. He thought five girls in a row enough.

We used a washing machine you turned by hand and we had large washings. Our ironing was done by sad irons you heated on the cook stoves. There was always a lot of ironing to be done.

Father was a farmer and we all learned to work in the fields as well as in the house. We thinned, hoed and topped beets as well as helped haul hay and grain.

Mother made our laundry soap in a large tub sat on three rocks. A small fire was made under the tub and grease, water and lye put in the tub and cooked two or three hours. When it was cooked long enough it was poured into a clean tub and cooled. Then it was cut into bars and stored for use. I still make my own laundry soap. At spring cleaning time our home-made rag carpets were taken up, put over the clothes line and beaten to get the dust out of them. Then fresh straw was brought in and spread evenly on the board floor and the carpet put back down, using the straw for padding. It had to be really stretched and was a job we helped to do. We also filled our bed ticks with fresh straw which were our mattresses. After a few nights they weren't so bad. They didn't feel like our spring filled mattresses of today.

Father bought a surrey with fringe on the top and we enjoyed riding in it. Mother used to take us to Spring Lake, a small lake three miles south of Payson, swimming in the summer time. Quite often several families would take their supper and we would have a party. Father would take us on a large hayrack if a group was going. We were also taken to Utah Lake and Castella, a resort up Spanish Fork canyon for outings. We had sleigh bobs and strings of bells for the horses which we enjoyed during the winter months. There was a steep hill just two blocks south of our home where we went sleigh riding on small sleds and some home-made sleighs that would hold several people. You could ride for three blocks. Many a spill did we take but it was fun.

Father had cows and we churned our cream into butter in a tall dasher churn. Mother molded the butter into pounds and we sold it to the stores in exchange for groceries.

We kept chickens and had to take eggs to the store also. I would rather stay home and work than go shopping with a sack or bucket of eggs.

We had berry patches and Father and I picked most of them. I had to hurry to keep up with him.

My Grandmother Finlayson let me help her pick berries. She was a very sweet but very particular person and I was happy when I could help her. We loved to go to her home.

In summers, Indians often camped in the tithing office yard which was nearby and we always hurried by but enjoyed watching the Indians from a distance.

A creek of water flowed through Grandpa's lot and we children used to put boards across the stream and make a swimming hole. Grandpa Finlayson always wore a long white beard and reminded me of Santa Claus. He died 19 December, 1908, when I was eight years old and Grandma died 25 of January, 1912 just before I was twelve years old.

Grandfather Hill's parents died crossing the plains and he came on to Payson as a boy of fourteen, with his sister and her husband, Courtland Searle. He returned to Salt Lake and came back to

Payson after he was married. He built a log home at Third West and 2nd South that was still standing and in use at the time this history was written (May, 1960).

When Brigham Young called for volunteers to back and help the emigrants, Grandpa took his team and again started across the Plains. He was gone six months and after that trip his health was never as good, due to cold and exposure. He died of asthma on the 24 of February, 1907, just before I was seven years old.

My Grandmother Hill suffered all the hardships, along with Grandpa, but seemed to always be cheerful. She lived until 26 of August, 1926 and died at the age of 84 years.

I remember my Great-Grandmother Chase. She lived in Salt Lake City, but came to Payson to visit her daughters. She took sick and died here in Payson 4 November, 1909, just 3½ months before she was 97 years of age.

We as children, enjoyed threshing time. So much activity. The children came from blocks away to watch. I remember when horses were used for the threshing power. It wasn't so easy for Mother because the threshers had to be fed breakfast, dinner and supper, if it took that long to finish. If they had machine trouble, the help still had to be fed.

When I was twelve years old, Althea was born (16 October, 1912). I was taught how to make bread and we had to make a big batch every other day. It seemed an endless job to me. I still make my own bread and other baking.

When I was fourteen, Mother had twin boys, Kenneth and Lynn (2 Nov. 1914) and I was kept out of school for two years. There was never a dull moment at home with 10 children to wash, iron, cook and wash dishes for, besides trying to keep them all clean and happy. It didn't seem there was ever enough money to go around. Shoes alone were quite an item.

I went to the 7th grade at the old Central school where I had started in the Beginners. The eighth grade was sent to the new high school. We thought we were quite big to be with the high school students. A new Junior High School was later built for students of that age. I went to High School but did not have the opportunity to graduate. I went out doing house-work for people to get money for clothes and things I needed that Father could not afford to give me. I worked all day for 75¢ and sometimes a dollar a day ... that was early and late.

I went to Religion class, Primary and Sunday School when young and to Mutual when I was old enough. Father and Mother always took the family to Church each Sunday. When I was 15, I was asked to help with the Kindergarten class in Sunday School. I was asked to join the Ward choir at that time. I had been singing since very young. I have helped with duets, trios, quartets, sextet, in ladies choruses and choirs all my life. I have sung in the Salt Lake Tabernacle a number of times with different groups. I have sung at a great number of funerals with different people and still do so occasionally. I enjoy music. When I was 17, Florence was added to the family (2 July, 1917).

Ernest and Ines Menlove were my parents very close friends and used to come from Provo to visit us quite often. Their daughter, Beulah, and I have been the best of friends since we were children. Many good times we had together as we grew up. I have spent many vacations in Provo with her and she in Payson at our home. We still love to visit, and do, often.

Other of my girl friends were Zenda Stark, Virginia Brown, Tressa Pickering, Phyllis Cravens, Ruth Daniels, Dora Nichols and Berneice Hill. There were others we partied with and some of the boys were, Cleon Moore, Willis Stark, Willard Tanner, Harold Jones and James A. Daniels. There were

others in our group and we had many nice parties at the different homes and at school and church socials. It was at these gatherings I met Cleon Moore and we started going together. There were just a few cars in Payson and we were not fortunate enough to have one in which to do our courting. We walked where we went, unless Cleon brought his horse, and buggy, which wasn't often. Earl Page and Willis Stark had Model T Fords and we double dated part of the time with them. Also, German and Blanche Ellsworth came from Chicago to their ranch in Spring Lake. They were at our house almost every day and we had many good times with them in their Model T. We had a mixed double quartet and many Sunday afternoons we went to other wards to sing. A group of us spent many evenings and Sunday afternoons having a song fest which we really enjoyed. In the winters we enjoyed bob sleigh riding with the boys. They would get their teams with sleigh bells and we had blankets to keep us warm. We had to plan our own entertainment more than today. We didn't have the money to spend the young people have now, nor the means of transportation. We enjoyed planning our own fun.

The first World War was on and many of the young men were in the service. It was hard on the young ladies as well as the young men who had to leave and go into the army.

The Spring of 1918 I went to Centerville, Utah to stay with Aunt Maggie Tolman for six weeks while she was teaching school. I was very lonesome for Cleon and was happily surprised when he came up to April Conference in Salt Lake City and came out to see me and we had a happy week-end together. Later, he wrote saying he was thinking of enlisting and I came back home. We had the summer and in August he received his call to go into the service 5 Sept. We decided to get married before he left.

25 August, 1918 we both went and received our Patriarchal blessings given by German Elsworth. They have always been a source of comfort to us.

29 August, 1918 we went to the Salt Lake Temple and were married for time and eternity. Zenda Stark and Harold Jones were married the same day. With their folks and our folks there was quite a large group to witness the marriage ceremonies. We went to the Temple at 7:30 in the morning and didn't get out until about three in the afternoon. A long day. Had lunch and came home on the Orem electric train. Arrived in Payson about 9 p.m. Cleon's sisters had cooked a large wedding supper for the two families. It was very late when everyone went home. The following night my mother had supper for the two families. My brother, Rulon, and Virginia had been married just 2 weeks before, on August 14.

Cleon had a farm and asked for 30 days to harvest his crops, which was granted. Later, he had an opportunity to take his training at the University of Utah and signed to go up there. That is the fall the "flu" was so bad and many people were dying. They did not call the group that were going to the U. of U. until in November.

17 November, 1918 he went to Salt Lake City. I stayed with my folks while he was away and they were good to me. Cleon caught cold walking guard one stormy night and it turned to "flu" pneumonia. He was taken to the Fort Douglas hospital and I was sent a telegram saying he was critically ill. Cleon's father went to Salt Lake that night but he and my folks advised me to wait until morning to go, which I did. Then mother went with me and we did go to see him in the hospital. He was very ill and his father was allowed to stay with him several nights while he was so serious. My mother came home, but I stayed in Salt Lake for ten days. I went to the hospital twice each day and every time, I saw bodies being carried away. We all had to wear masks over our noses and mouths. The doctors and nurses gave us no hope for his recovery. His temperature went to 106°. His father stayed by his side and kept him covered and took care of him. The nurses were so busy, they did what they could, but with so many patients they were worn out. Through the care he

received, and faith and prayer, his life was spared. I will always be grateful to his father, Samuel Drollinger Moore, and to his mother, Clara Ann Huish, who waited at home to take care of things.

The war had ended and when Cleon was well enough to leave the hospital, he was given his discharge from the service to come home. He was in the hospital for seven weeks and it took quite some time for him to recuperate. We stayed with my folks until in March 1919 and then we moved to the West Mountain farm which Cleon was buying. It was 6 miles north-west of Payson. We lived in one large room that belonged to his brother, Oro, the summer of 1919 and I cooked for Oro and part of the time, his hired help. It seemed we never had any privacy and I was glad when Oro left for a mission.

We moved back to Payson for the winter, where Ray Hill, our oldest son was born 8 Dec. 1919. In the Spring of 1920 we moved back to the farm to live in a two room house that Cleon had bought and moved to our place. We used coal-oil lamps for a while and then bought a gas lamp. I also had a gas iron. We carried all our water from a flowing well, and heated it all on a coal stove. We were pioneering again, but we were happy.

We drove a horse and buggy for five years. We first drove a mare we called "Cinder", and later a horse we called "Tiny". When we headed north on the home stretch he would duck his head and really go, and especially if it was cold or stormy.

My mother's two youngest children, Edith (8 Sept. 1919) and Earl (2 June, 1922) were born after I was married and having my children. In 1950 my parents sold the old home and moved into the 2nd Ward where they could walk to their meetings.

After living on the farm five years we bought our first car, a Model T, cranker Ford and were we happy. We paid \$150 for it. If you killed your engine you had to get out and crank it again. If you had good lights you had to drive about as fast as it would go. It was faster than "Tiny". The first years the highway wasn't travelled and in bad weather the roads were impossible for cars. We often got on "Tiny" and went to visit our neighbors. The mud was knee deep in many places. Some very good people lived in the West Mountain area near us. Byron Mendenhall and four of his brothers, Jesse, Will, Joe and Harvey with their families, Freeman and Eva Bird, Jack and Bertha Angus were some of them. There were a number of other families and we had many nice parties together. We had no electricity as yet, so no radios or electrical equipment. About 1929, through the efforts of different men, we finally got an electric line out to us. We then bought a very nice radio, traded a cow for it. We thought it was wonderful. We also got an old second hand electric washer. We were really starting to live.

On 14 Feb. 1923 Grant, our second son was born. Due to the worst snowstorm of the winter, which drifted the snow until the school wagon could not get through, Cleon got the buggy ready and brought me to town. It took two hours to get through. Grant was born at my parent's home. He was a lovely big baby and very much welcome in our home. About 4 years later, on 19 January, 1927, Maynard Cleon was born at our farm home on a very cold night. He was a very thin, wiry little red-head and the nurse said he got up on his hands and knees the night he was born. There were four of us to love him. The depression was on and we really had a struggle to pay our interest and expenses and keep a growing family. Farm produce was so cheap.

14 of August, 1927 Cleon's mother died of cancer. She had been ailing for over a year. His father and brothers, Huish and Vernon, lived together and boys were going to school at the BYU. We tried to help them by me baking bread and canning fruit for them. Huish later married and Vernon went away to teach school. Grandpa Moore was not able to keep the farm and home going, so his

estate was divided as evenly as possible and written on papers and put into plain envelopes. Each child "drew" in turn, according to age. Cleon drew fifth and we got the old home. Each family had to pay their share of the indebtedness against the property. Grandpa reserved part of the house for himself.

In December of 1931 we moved into Payson into the home where Cleon was born and where we are still living. Our only daughter, Alice, was born here 18 March, 1932. We were happy to have to have a little girl in our home. Grandpa Moore married Linda Christensen, of Moroni, Utah when he was 79 years of age and moved to her home. In the spring of 1934 he let us have his part of the home, which we appreciated.

14 October, 1934, Paul Frank, our youngest son was born. It seemed good to have more room and with five children, we could use it. Cleon and the boys continued to take care of the West Mountain farm, taking their lunches and going each morning. It was a different life for me, having to send lunches each day.

Our children had most all the diseases of childhood and were nursed through them successfully. Alice fell off the boys riding horse when she was six years old and broke her arm just above the elbow. It was so close to the joint, the Doctor could not set it bent so he had to set it straight out, so for a month it was quite a problem. She had to stay on the bed, unless someone helped her walk around.

November, 1938 Cleon was taken to the Veteran's Hospital in Salt Lake City with a thigh thrombosis. He was bedfast for seven weeks. I was given no hope for his recovery, other than he lived from day to day. His leg was swollen tight. He was in a wheel chair for three weeks more before I was permitted to bring him home. It was months before he was able to work. Ray had to quit school after the spring quarter at the "Y" to come home and take care of things. The boys took care of the farm all that summer. Cleon still has trouble with his leg and has to wear an elastic stocking, but we are very thankful he has two legs. His left leg is one third larger than the right one. He has had other shorter trips to the hospital, but not so serious. We are very thankful for the health we do enjoy.

Ray belonged to the National Guard. He was called on a mission, so was released from the Guard. 28 November, 1940, he left for the Texas-Louisiana Mission for two years. He enjoyed his mission.

The fall of 1941 Grant went to California to work in an airplane plant. He returned the Spring of 1942. The 2nd World War was going on and four weeks after Ray returned from his mission, Grant left for the service. After basic training, Grant was sent to North Africa and Italy. He was on the water 45 days getting to his destination. Some of the boats or ships in his convoy were bombed and sunk. He was with the Ground Crew in the Air Force. Ray went in the service also, and after basic training was sent to England, and from there to France and Belgium. He helped take care of prisoners of war.

The war ended in Europe and Grant came home on furlough in August of 1945, thinking he would be sent on to the Pacific area. He was home when the war ended with Japan and had enough points so he was discharged from the service in Sept of 1945. Ray didn't return from Europe until the first part of March 1946.

23 of April, 1946 Maynard was inducted into the service and after basic training was sent to Korea and Japan with the army of occupation. He returned home in October of 1947.

Our three sons returned clean young men and with a firm testimony. Ray always said that life was

made up of experiences and he was thankful for the ones he had had.

In 1944 Cleon sold the West Mountain farm and bought one in the old field just north of Payson and a mile from home. He is still farming this property. This spring of 1960 he bought a tractor and is really enjoying using it. He has kept his team of horses and uses them for cultivating. I told him to let them die of old age. They have been so faithful to him for so long.

Just before the war ended, we had our home made modern, by having a bathroom and kitchen sink and cupboard built around it. A hot water tank was installed. Before this, all the hot water had to be heated on our coal and wood burning stove. We all enjoyed these new fixtures.

On 23 of January 1946 Grant was married to Jean Hanks in the Salt Lake Temple. They now have three children: Sharon Ann born 23 May, 1948, Richard Grant, born 17 April, 1952 and Janean, born 7 April, 1956. They live in Salem, Utah and work at the Payson Chronicle Publishing Company. He is Ward Clerk in Salem Ward and they are both very active in their ward.

Ray met Elizabeth Winter, an English girl, who was in the British Army at LDS Services in Belgium. Her parents and grand-parents were all members of the LDS Church and had entertained the missionaries in the New Castle district. When she was discharged from the service, Ray sent for her and she came by plane from England to Salt Lake City and they were married two weeks later, 16 October 1946 in the Salt Lake Temple. They have four sons, twins, Ray and David born 11 November, 1948, Gary, born 27 March, 1952 and Kent, born 31 July, 1957. They lost a baby girl, Victoria, born 4 March, 1955 and died 15 March, 1955. It was quite a loss, their only girl. Just before Gary was a year old, Betty went back to see her people and was gone three months. In June of 1960 Ray is sending Betty and the boys to England to see the grandparents they have never seen. He will go for 2 weeks later on and come back home with them. Ray is first counselor to the Bishop in his Salt Lake City ward and they are all active in Church.

21 January, 1948 Maynard and Gaylia Clayson were married in the Salt Lake Temple. They have four children: Carolyn, born Dec. 25, 1948, Gwen, born Feb. 22, 1953, Randall Maynard, born 25 September, 1955 and Bradley Clayson born 4 of August, 1959. Maynard graduated from BYU in June 1954 and is teaching school in Payson. They bought a home in First Ward where they are active. Maynard is Nebo Stake Sunday School Superintendent. During the summer months he is a cement finisher and works hard at his job. His hobby is taking pictures, both slides and movie. We all enjoy seeing his pictures.

13 October, 1950, Alice was married to Willard Jewett in the Salt Lake Temple. 15 January, 1951 he left for the service. He was stationed at Fort McArthur, California and Alice was able to be with him part of the time. After their son, Craig, was born 10 January, 1952 at Payson Hospital, when he was 2½ months old, Willard came and moved them to California. Alice had been living with us. When Willard was released from the service they moved back to Payson. Their son, Alan was born 20 June, 1953 and Terry was born 14 August, 1955.

Willard was a meat cutter for Safeway Stores until 2½ years ago when he started with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and they moved to Nephi. In June of 1959 the family moved to Salt Lake City where he had been transferred. Their daughter, Pamela was born 28, March, 1960. Alice had never had a sister, so this little girl was a special addition to their family of three boys.

10 December, 1953, Paul, our youngest son left for the service. Most of his time was spent in Texas, following basic training in California. He returned home in September of 1955, where he returned to school at BYU. Later he accepted a call to the Western States Mission and left 21 March 1956. He spent most of his mission in Colorado. He returned 16 March, 1958 in time for Spring quarter

at BYU. On the 18 of September, 1959 he was married to Nancy Priscilla White in the Los Angeles Temple. Paul graduated from BYU in June of 1960.

It seems we have been saying "goodbye" to one or the other of our children since 1940. No wonder my hair is so gray.

Now we are back where we started in 1918, living alone, but with a lot of happy memories and children and grandchildren to come visit us.

(at this point Vida's journal begins to record the numerous trips and vacation taken with Will and Beulah Lichfield, therefore, since the same narrative is recorded in her husband, Cleon's journal, it will not be recorded here. What follows are more of Vida's experiences and comments that are not recorded in her husband's journal)

December, 1953 the gas was brought into Payson and we had it put into our home (334 North 1st West) and had a new gas range and water heater installed. It seems so good to be able to have heat "right now" without having to getting paper and wood to make a fire, then empty ashes and clean out soot and have a big coal bucket and wood box in the house. Each time I bake or take a bath I think how wonderful the modern conveniences are. We were so long without the things the young folks of today are brought up with and take for granted.

15 January 1958 I was in the Utah Valley Hospital in Provo for an operation to remove my gall bladder. I got along very well and was home in a week. My health is better.

Through the years I have worked in different Church positions. I was Secretary of the Primary for 8 years, five years on the West Mountain to Rebecca Tweede where we held Primary during the warm months. The children could not stay in town for Primary in the ward on account of riding the school wagon. Then I was Secretary to Zenda Jones and Naomi Tew in 3rd Ward for 3 years. I have taught a Sunday School Class, worked with the Gleaner Girls in Mutual. I have been a Counselor to four different Presidents of the Relief Society, Nora Hiatt, Irma Henderson, Viola Madsen and Pamella Huber. I was the Relief Society President in the Third Ward Relief Society from the 26 of May 1951 until July 19, 1953. Marie Mendenhall and Mae Chambers were my Counselors. Mae moved to Las Vegas and due to ill health, Marie was released. Hazel Coray and Zenda Jones were sustained in their place. 8 July 1954 I was set apart as Nebo Stake magazine representative with Mary Kotter as the President, Martha Chard and Lila Carlisle as counselors. I served in this position until August of 1957. I enjoyed working with the board members and visiting through the Stake, meeting new people.

I have also been a Visiting Teacher in Relief Society most of the time since 1921. I have also been Chairman of the Social Committee and decorating and flowers for funerals Committees for years.

At present Cleon is chairman of the Ward Genealogy Committee and I am the Secretary. We are trying to do home teaching in the Ward, getting other people interested in keeping records. We took a genealogy class from Lynn McKinley in the spring of 1956 which we enjoyed. I am now taking one from Grant Stevensen, trying to learn how to do a little research. We are working on a Ward Book of Remembrance at present, getting a ward history and pictures of all the Bishoprics and ward clerks since ward was organized in 1920.

Cleon and the children have always been active in the Church and I have tried to encourage and help them in every way I could. We go to the Temple often and enjoy doing work for someone who didn't do it for themselves.

We enjoy doing things together as a family. Our "in-laws" are just as dear to us as our children. We have a large lawn and the family really enjoy it. A large swing pleases all the children. Many a ball game, croquet or badminton game has, and is, enjoyed each summer. The lawn is bordered on the east by a hedge of snow-ball bushes. On the west is a large flower garden. It is a lot of work to keep up but it is "home" to all the family. Many family gatherings have been held here.

My parents are still living at the age of 82 years. Father has a large vegetable garden each summer and he and Mother sell sweet corn and new potatoes all season. Mother has a large flower garden. They are both active in the Ward and have held many Church positions. Their children gave them a big party to celebrate their Golden Wedding 15 December, 1947. Another party was held for them on their 60th anniversary in the Ward Amusement Hall. A family party is given each year. They have 12 living children at this time. Erma died 26 April, 1950, leaving 6 children. Rulon's wife, Virginia died 4 June, 1955. Along with their numerous grandchildren, they also have (5 great-grandchildren at this time.

2 May, 1945 Cleon's father celebrated his 90th birthday. We had an "Open House" for him, here at the old home. Many friends and family came to wish him well. He had a happy afternoon. He was living with Walter, his oldest son, in Spanish Fork. He passed away in Nov. of 1945 in Spanish Fork.

We are proud of our family and our 15 grandchildren. They all enjoy working wherever they are asked. I know we are all blessed in many ways by trying to do what the Lord asks of us. We can never be grateful enough for His blessings to us. We all have a rich history and a heritage to live up to and are striving to do so.

(At this point Vida's journal gives a detailed report of their trip to Europe with BYU. Since it is recorded in Cleon's journal, it will not be duplicated here.)

In May of 1965 we changed our home by taking out the partition between the two south rooms. We panelled the walls and tiled the ceiling, took out the one door on the southeast side and the one front window and put in one large 5 x 8 foot window. We had the end windows fixed to match in height with one large window pane. A gas furnace was installed and it makes our home much nicer ... keeps it all warm. A small porch was added which helps with the looks also. We had pale green drapes, inner sheer ones put up which gives a pleasant look to the room. Sept. 1966 we had the 15 x 20 foot room carpeted in a beautiful green carpet. We really enjoy our home now.

In February, 1965 we bought a new Chevrolet car. Traded our 1959 Rambler in on it. We really enjoy the new one.

The 1st Sunday morning in July 1965 I was in the garden picking peas for dinner and my right knee gave way with me. Cleon had to drag me back to the house. It had been giving me trouble for some time. Dr. Hall sent me to Provo to Dr. Charles Smith, a bone specialist. He said an operation was the only cure. 13 of September I had knee surgery. Was in the hospital 9 days and came home in a cast from my toes to my hip. I could not move without help. Cleon had all the work to do besides waiting on me. A real hard winter for both of us and especially him. I was in this cast for 3½ months, then out of it in the day time, and back in it at night for another two weeks. Cleon took me to Provo for therapy for two months to get my leg to bend. I was in a wheel chair and on crutches all this time.

My father passed away 26 October 1965 at age 88. Cleon took me to the services in my wheel chair. My father's only brother, Fred Hill, was buried a week, to the day, later ... age 90.

My mother is still going strong. She spends part of her time in Calif. with Florence, Althea and Lynn, who are living there. She will be 89 on 4 March, 1967. Just hope she continues in good health. She lives alone when at home.

8 January, 1966 Rachel Moore, Cleon's brother, Walter's, wife passed away at a rest home in Orem. She had been there a month. She had been blind for years, but had been able to adjust to her blindness very well. She was buried 12 Jan in Spanish Fork. S. D., another brother, his wife Mabel came to Rachel's services. The next morning our phone rang at 5:00 a.m. and it was S.D. saying Mabel had died in her sleep about 3 a.m. Quite a shock to all of us. We went to her funeral services in Salt Lake 17 January 1966. I was still on crutches.

23 February, 1966 Harold Jones passed away. He had been ailing for some time. Harold and Zenda, Frank and Leona Thomas and us were married the same day and had been getting together for our anniversaries for years. We really miss him and Zenda seems so lost, alone. We were all hoping to celebrate our "Golden Wedding" together, but we never know. Each day should be lived to it's fullest, but I'm sure we don't.

30 May, 1966, Memorial Day, Cleon's sister, Leila, and part of her family were here visiting and we got a telephone call from Beck's saying that Vernon, Cleon's youngest brother, had died of a heart attack down at Leila's. He was 60 years of age. It was really a shock to us. His funeral was in Bountiful on Friday, 3 June and they buried him in Mount Pleasant. His wife, Estrella, was from that area and they had a burial lot there. They had buried a baby boy there years before. We took Oro and Ethel Moore with us to the funeral and burial. Before putting the car in, we went to check on Dee Hill, my brother Rulon's wife who had been very ill. While we were there, she passed away. Her funeral was held 7 June in the Park 2nd Ward chapel and buried in Payson cemetery. We were having too many deaths in our families.

Maynard and his family spent the summer of 1966 in Greeley, Colorado. He was going to school and took his family with him. They rented a nice home. In July we spent one week end with them. It was a lovely drive and we enjoyed visiting them and the country around. They returned shortly before School started in the fall.

In October 1966 S.D. married Leona Ford in the Salt Lake Temple. We went up for the ceremony. They had a roomful to witness the ceremony. She seems like a lovely person.

My father continued to work, both in church and in the garden until the summer of 1965 when his health wasn't so good. When he couldn't take care of his church positions or go out and do things, go to church as he wanted, he had no desire to live. He had never been one to sit idle and it was hard on him, which made it harder on Mother. He passed away 26 October, 1965 at home in his bed ... 88 years old. He just "to sleep", not even disturbing the covers as he died. What a beautiful way to go. The funeral was held in the 2nd Ward chapel, the ward he had always belonged to and loved. The chapel was filled, many being turned away. He left a numerous to mourn his passing. He wrote a sketch of his life for me and at the end bore his testimony, which I will add here:

"I know the Gospel is true, that Joseph Smith did see God and through him did establish his Church again to earth. I also know that David O. McKay is our prophet today. May the Lord keep us together. May the Lord bless you all and keep us united as a family, not only in this life, but through all time."

I think we should strive to do as he ask us, but we all have to try.

(At this point Vida recorded a detailed description of a trip to the

Southeastern part of the United States that she and Cleon went on with Beulah and Charles Cox.)

We came home November 8, 1966. We are always waiting for new adventures. Our dog "Bounce" was missing when we returned, and hasn't been seen since.

Several days before Christmas, 1966, we went to Salt Lake to see the beautiful lights and decorations on the Tabernacle grounds. Then to Alice and Willard's ward to see Craig get his Eagle Scout Award. There was just two boys who received their them. Ray's twins, Ray and David received their Eagle Awards several years ago. We are very proud of our "Eagle Scouts". Our other grandsons are working toward that end.

We had our family here to our Christmas Eve party. We enjoy preparing supper for 5 o'clock and then watch the children with their exchange gifts from under the tree. It is really a fun time each year. Sorry we can't have them all stay the night for Christmas morning. There are 31 of us now and we can't bed them all down.

13 January 1967 my brother, Rulon married Eva Peterson from Springville in the Salt Lake Temple. We went up and took the 5 o'clock session with them. There were 20 in our group and after the marriage we all went to dinner together. Had an enjoyable evening.

19 January, 1967 Grant left the Payson Chronicle after 21 years of working there. He has started working at the BYU Printing office in Provo and seems quite happy. Jean had been working part time at the same place in Payson and in August 1966 she started working for the Nebo School District in supplies and doing their printing. She works one day in Spanish Fork and the other days in Salem. She enjoys her work. Sharon, their daughter, has been going to the BYU this past semester and working part time. She sent her boyfriend on a mission.

29 January 1967 we went to Salt Lake and went to Church with Ray and Betty. Ray was released as Bishop of Parley's 7th Ward. He was on his 7th year as Bishop and had been a counselor to Bishop Byron Gibbs for 2½ years before this. Three wards meet in the same chapel and they had built a beautiful one half million dollar edifice while Ray held office as Bishop. Everyone who spoke told of their love for Bishop Moore and what a wonderful man he was. President Curtis talked to us and said they were releasing him for greater opportunities. So we will just wait and see what comes next. He will have more time now to spend with his family and I'm sure they will appreciate it. Kent was a babe in arms when Ray went in the Bishopric and the other boys have grown up during that time.

We are so proud of all our children and grandchildren and hope and pray for the best for all of them.

It wasn't long after Ray was released as Bishop that he was made a High Councilman, then in a few months released made the Stake Clerk. He really enjoys his work. He changed jobs and is working for Hiland Milk Co. and is happy as purchasing agent for them.

We left Feb. 16 1967 with Beulah and Charles Cox to go to Palm Springs, California. Dr. John Jones had invited them down and told them to bring friends, so we were invited to go.

(... a detailed story of this trip follows and is not recorded here.)

August 1967 Maynard took his family to Athens, Ohio for a year. He went to school to get his Master's degree in Guidance and Counseling. Carolyn spent the winter at the "Y". When school was out in the Spring, she spent the summer with her folks. The family enjoyed the East as they

spent the week-ends and vacation time touring the many places of interest. They returned in the Fall in time for school. They made many new friends.

In May, 1967 Bishop Jones asked Cleon and me to speak in Sunday night services. We did, but we are not public speakers. I envy these young people who have the opportunity to give short talks while they are young. They seem to do it so easy in comparison to older people who have never had public speaking.

We have been in Salt Lake several times to stay with grandchildren while Ray and Betty and Willard and Alice have had to leave for a week at a time. This is the way to get acquainted with grandchildren. We love them all and enjoy being with them. The last time was in January 1969 we stayed with the Jewett children while Willard and Alice went to Florida. He had to go for his insurance company and took Alice with him. We got along just fine. No problems until the day before they returned home. Terry woke early to take his dog outside and stepped out on the floor into a pond of cold water. A pipe had broken in the night and the basement was flooded with several inches of water. Terry run in to wake Craig and flipped water on him to rouse him and Craig jumped out of bed to start after him and landed in the pond. Needless to say, it was a big job to get it all soaked up. Their 9' x 12' braided rug was water logged along with everything else. We all worked along with the Bishop and another young man we really appreciated. Then it took most of the day to get things back into place again. Craig took over just like his father would have done. There was real cooperation. Craig and Alan are each Eagle Scouts. Getting them when 14 years of age.

The Jewett family gave the program in their ward sacrament meeting one Sunday evening. They each took part and did very well. We went up for the program, also Ray and Betty were with us.

Since Cleon sold his team of horses and our milk cows, no more pigs and chickens to take care of, we are much freer to leave than ever before. He bought a tractor and his work is much easier. When the work is done, just get off the tractor with no extra chores. He had milked cows since about 6 years of age and I had washed a cream separator since a child, so it helped me. We miss the cream and milk but not the work involved.

We have been through Monument Valley a number of times in the past 10 years. We enjoy the open country and especially the desert when it is in bloom.

The summer of 1968 we went to Bull Frog, Arizona. We went to the Marina where they dock boats to go on Lake Powell. It is a beautiful place. We just looked around and came back and went up the canyon, thinking we could easily find a place to stay the night. Just at dark we found accommodations at the "Fry Motel" and were glad as we had seen none for miles. We went on up the canyon the next morning on a dirt road and further on there was a good road that took off so we followed it. It took us over to the Bridges National Monument. They have a Visitor's Center and a good road that led to the bridges. We enjoyed them. As we came up the canyon, we were glad when we got up the narrow winding road up the mountain side. A bad storm had washed the road in places a short time before. We were happy when we found the oiled road that took us into Blanding, Utah. We were gone two days.

In early Fall we were invited to Sidney Henderson's reception in Vernal, Utah. He is Beulah's grandson we have known since he was a baby. We went to the reception and the next day went on to Flaming Gorge reservoir. We don't fish, so just looked around, then down Sheep Creek canyon where there was a bad flood the year before. Several people lost their lives. The destruction was still in evidence.

We enjoy our short trips in the summertime, getting away between water turns and harvesting crops. It makes life for us much more interesting and the work don't seem so bad. We love traveling. The summer of 1968 we had a carport built on the east side of the house. Had to take one tree out to make room. We had the walnut tree "topped" to make room also. The children were unhappy, as it took their swing they had enjoyed so much. We really enjoy the carport. During the warm weather we used it as a patio and put the car in the garage, but for bad weather it is nice to just go out and get in the car out of the storms.

Our 50th wedding anniversary was 29 August 1968 and our family had a nice party for us. We had it on Cleon's birthday, 8 September, 1968 a Sunday afternoon. We waited for Maynard and his family to return from Ohio so all the family could be present. My sister, Nelda Hanks, came and helped decorate the patio and made corsages for each member of the family. She came back in the afternoon to supervise the serving and help, which we really appreciated. Many friends and relatives called and we had a most delightful afternoon. They were all served cake, ice cream and mints. We received many lovely cards. Many coming from distant places. Another thing that made the day so lovely, our yard was so clean and nice. Many of the family came the day before and worked hard, mowing and raking and really cleaning around the shrubbery and yard. The best our place has ever looked. We appreciate our family. Sometimes I'm sure they wonder, but we really do and we are always happy when they visit us.

Our Christmas family parties, when we are all together are real happy times. We hope to continue them for many years.

Thanksgiving is also a fun time. We try to have the whole family together, but every other year we have to share part of them to go to the other side of the family.

As time goes by we are saddened by the death of dear friends. March 2, 1967, Veoma Done, Heber Davis's wife, of Provo passed away. We had been friends for many years. She was buried 6 March, 1967 at the Timpanogos Memorial Cemetery in Orem. 21 Feb. 1968, Zenda Jones, Harold's wife passed away. Harold died in 1966. We miss them so, had been friends since childhood days and were married the same day.

We buried Byron Mendenhall 24 April 1969. He was a friend of more than 50 years. We had been neighbors out on West Mountain. Cleon was councilor to him for 5 years in the 3rd Ward Bishopric. His wife was my councilor in the Third Ward Relief Society.

When Will Lichfield (Beulah's husband) died in an automobile accident 14 Nov. 1961 we could hardly accept it. We had traveled with them and been such good friends for so many years. You can't get more old friends, you have to find new ones.

Three years after Will's death, his wife, Beulah married Charles Cox. He has been a friend to each of them for years. They seem very happy together and are good company and we enjoy their friendship.

We enjoy getting together with a genealogy group of part of the Moore family, Wayne Beck, Leila's son, his wife, Evelyn, S.D. and Leona Moore, his daughter, Luella Miller, Ray and Betty and Huish and Bessie Moore. Trying to do some record keeping.

The Hill family get-togethers are very enjoyable. For Mother's 90th birthday, 4 March, 1968 we held Open House in the 2nd Ward church. There was a large crowd of family and friends gathered to the occasion. Althea and Florence coming from California. Mother still enjoys pretty good health at the age of 91 and loves to go places and do things.

As we get older, all these interesting things we do makes life more pleasant and time seems to be slipping away for us. Our families are too busy to be bothered with us very often. We enjoy them as they have time. With their work at making a living and Church duties, they are busy. Ray enjoys his Stake work. Betty was a counselor in the Relief Society for several years and is still active in the organizations. The twins, Ray and David, had their six months in the service the summer of 1968 and are in the National Guard. They go to school at the University of Utah and work part time. Gary is in High School and Kent is in the grades.

Alice is President of the Primary in their Ward and Willard is the President of the Y.M.M.I.A. which keeps both of them very busy. The boys, Craig, Alan and Terry are active in Scouting, Priesthood and School. Pamela is in grade School. These two families live in Salt Lake City.

Paul and Nancy live in Prove and are active in their work. Paul has been in welfare work but is leaving for work in Social Work and Rehabilitation in connection with the State Hospital. Nancy has a Cub Scout group and they do many things. Paul W., Lisa and Catherine are in school, so that just leaves Michael at home. Nancy is taking a night class at the "Y".

Grant's family live in Salem, Utah. He is one of the Presidency of the Seventy in the Stake and they keep him busy along with his work at the "Y". Jean is doing very well with the Nebo School District in the office. Along with home and Church duties, she is a busy girl. Sharon lives in Prove, works full time and goes to night school. June of 1968 Richard had a back operation in Salt Lake. He had worn a brace for over two years to check curvature of the spine. It didn't work. Ten verabrae were fused in his spine. After his hospital stay he was bedfast, laying down for three months in a cast. Then a walking cast. After 9 months he was free of casts, but with limits on what he could do. He has come through all this with a sweet spirit. The whole family helped him through his ordeal which was hard on each of them. Faith and prayers really helped as Richard was given lovely blessings. He has just been voted in as Vice President of Spanish Fork High School the spring of 1969. 900 students. Janean is such a sweet spirit to be around. She is in the 7th grade. We enjoy each of the grandchildren.

Maynard and Gaylia each have positions in their ward. Maynard in Priesthood work and Gaylia in the organizations. They have both been active in leadership positions in ward and stake. Gwen is very busy in the Junior class in school, also Seminary and the piano, which she enjoys. Randy and Bradley are in the grades at school. Randy took up target shooting the winter of 1968-9 and did very well. He received many badges. Carolyn is going to school at the "Y", living on campus working part time. They are all good students and get much encouragement at home from their parents. Maynard is teaching school in Spanish Fork right now, but the family is living in Payson.

Christmas morning, Dec. 25, 1968 Cleon's oldest brother, Walter, passed away in the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City, from a stroke. He was just ready to leave to spend Christmas with his daughter, Eleanor in North Carolina, when he was stricken, ten days before his death. The funeral was held 28 Dec. in Spanish Fork and he was buried in Payson, Utah, beside his wife, Rachel.

In January, 1969 we were invited by Beulah and Charles Cox to go to Mexico with them. We appreciated the invitation as it had been 21 years since we were there. We left at noon on Jan. 29 in their new Bonneville, Pontiac car, in a snowstorm. By the time we got to Nephi the sun was shining and we went on our way with no trouble at all. We took a week to get to Mexico city. We went into Mexico by way of Nogales and down the west coast.

(... what follows at this point is a detailed description, day by day, of their trip, which will not be included here.)

... when we got back to Payson, the worst storm of the year had come the day before. There was over a foot of snow and my brother, Rulon, had been over with his tractor and blade and cleared a trail for us, which we appreciated. We had travelled 7,000 miles in the car, besides the taxi's we used in Mexico City. We had no trouble and had a really wonderful time. A wonderful months vacation in the winter down south in the sunshine with wonderful company.

We go to the Manti Temple as we can now to do work for the dead. We quite enjoy the work.

Sunday April 20, 1969, at Beulah and Charles home, Wayne Beck was invited to come and talk to our group on the new "Giant Step" program in genealogy and record keeping along with Temple work, and it's importance. He is very informed and interesting. His wife, Evelyn, was with him and they made the evening very enjoyable. He has been a Mission President in Brazil, besides two previous missions in the same area. His family with him on the last two. He has traveled with the General Authorities to Conferences as a speaker. There were invited guests, and Beulah, with the help of her grand-daughter, Rolaine Henderson, served supper to about 30 people before the talk. Everyone seemed to enjoy the evening.

Cleon has been busy this April on the farm. His tractor really helps him with the work. The irrigation is his hardest work and he will have to do the best he can the easiest way. As long as he can work, I suppose he will farm, as he can't sit idle and do nothing, so don't suppose he will ever really be retired. He says the farm is better security than money in the bank.

Thursday, May 1, 1969 most of the Hill went to Roy, Utah for the wedding reception for Earl's daughter, Elaine. It was a lovely affair.

The first part of June, 1969 Cleon and I went for a ride to Mirror Lake in the Uintah mountains. It was beautiful with the snow among the trees. We rode up earlier in the Spring, but the road was blocked with snow. This day we went on to Evanston, Wyoming and decided to go on to Lander, Wyoming. We had never been there before. We found Dora and Leslie's daughter' Fay and her husband and they insisted we stay overnight. They were very gracious and took us all around the area which we enjoyed. Friday morning we cleaned the snow off our car and left for Idaho Falls. It was a beautiful drive over the Continental Divide with the snow shining on the Snow on the trees. We visited with Clare Skinner for a while, then went on home. A delightful two days.

In July, 1969 we saw the pageant, "The Mormon Miracle" on the south slope of the Manti Temple grounds.

26 July we went to Church in Salt Lake with the Jewetts when Craig got his "Duty to God" award.

Maynard and Gaylia left July 24, 1969 for a trip to Hawaii.

There is always plenty of work for us here in the summer, so to get away for a day or two is very good for us.

The S.D. Moore family reunion was held here 16 August, 1969 on our patio and lawn. Six long tables were on the patio and supper was at 6:30. Everyone seemed to enjoy it.

We took my mother and rode to Strawberry one day.

The Jasper Hill family gathering was held here 30 August 1969 in the afternoon. Over came to enjoy visiting.

We went to the ground breaking for the Provo Temple on 15 Sept. 1969. 12,000 were present.

17 Sept, 1969 we went to the State Fair in Salt Lake and to the Ice Show at night A fun day for the two of us.

Cleon was put in as Teacher for the High Priests.

The latter part of August we had a four day vacation. We went to Idaho and stayed overnight with Bernell and Barbara Skinner at Twin Falls. On to Cour de Laine. A most beautiful country. Then into Montana and down to where the earthquake was near Yellowstone Park and saw the destruction there, rode through Yellowstone Park and on home by the Teton Mountains.

Each year we have our family Christmas party which is very enjoyable and a lovely Thanksgiving dinner and family get togethers. In 1969 Maynard and Gaylia took the family to the 1st ward recreation hall where there was plenty of room for games along with the dinner.

15 Jan. 1970 we went to Salt Lake to stay with the Jewett children while Willard and Alice went to California to Palm Springs for his meetings with the Insurance business. We came down to Provo to our Study group the evening of Jan. 18, the day President McKay passed away. Fourteen of us sat and listened to the story of his life on T.V. A night to remember.

19th of January. Maynard's birthday. Cleon went to the Veteran's Hospital in Salt Lake to make an appointment and they kept him! Found he had diabetes, so they kept him for two weeks before they operated on him and then another week. I stayed with the children until Alice and Willard returned. They were good to me and Alice took me to the hospital twice each day. We brought Cleon home the 9 of Feb. and he got along fine.

March 19, Cleon and I went to Idaho Falls to see Clara, she had been in the hospital, mending from a broken leg. (Cleon's sister)

Leila Beck (Cleon's sister) has been in the hospital and rest home for months. Old age is nothing to look forward to.

21 March 1970 was my birthday (70th) My brothers and sisters and our mother came the evening before and we enjoyed visiting. We entertained the children the evening before with a hot dinner.

13 April 1970 we enjoyed a three day vacation to Nevada and Arizona. We enjoy our get-aways together. 29 April 1970 Maynard's family came for Home Evening with us. We had a lovely supper and they made a tape recording of the early part of our lives.

(At this point, there is a news clipping concerning Gwen and the Sterling Scholar competition. The last paragraph will be included here ...)

"Eleven Payson High School students will be included in the Sterling Scholar State Competition.

Gwen Moore, Business Category. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maynard C. Moore. She is a member of the Concert Choir, President of the "Steno Club", participant on "Young American" and "High School Bowl" teams, chosen as outstanding secretarial student from Payson High School by the Secretaries Association, Timp Valley Chapter. She is also a Junior Sunday School Chorister in her LDS

ward, 4th year Seminary graduate, Secretary of the Payson First Ward Sunday School class and member of the Bishop's Youth Council."

Craig Jewett left the 18th of June 1970 for the service. Two days before, he and Alan came and had dinner with us. We enjoy our grand-children. We had four grandchildren graduate from high school this year, Gwen Moore, Richard and Gary Moore and Craig Jewett. They are all good students.

(At this point, Vida gives detailed descriptions of trips she and Cleon took to Mirror Lake, Evanston, Wyoming, Logan, Miracle Pageant in Manti, Utah, Moore family reunion in Salt Lake.)

25 August. We went to the Manti Temple and did two Sessions. It was early and we hit two deer as they ran in front of our headlights. Not much damage done to the car ... \$1,000.

August 29 (our Anniversary) we went to Salina and over, the new road to Castle Dale, visited with an old friend, Dora Nichols Dennison and on home. Spent the evening with Frank and Leona Thomas for our anniversary supper.

Sunday Sept. 6, 1970 60 members of the Hill family visited here while Florence (Vida's sister) and Sherman Dalton with their children were here. Mother went back to California with them and stayed for over a month.

(At this point Vida gives details of various trips: to Idaho Falls, Shelley, Idaho, an evening at BYU with Beulah and Charles, a trip to the Manti Temple, San Raphael area and Green River)

Cleon hasn't been feeling too good lately and finds he has trouble with his heart, so is having to take it easy. It is good he has his Fall work done. The Doctor told him to let me do the work.

Sharon Moore married Richard Murano 20 November, 1970 in the Relief Society room at the Spanish Fork Stake House. Her cousin, Shirl Hanks performed the ceremony. He was a Counselor in the Salem Ward Bishopric. We were sorry it wasn't a Temple ceremony, but perhaps in time it will be. The reception at the Armory building in Spanish Fork was a lovely affair, with many people attending. Sharon had made the decorations and they were beautiful. It was catered and everything was fine.

March 1971. We had Thanksgiving at Ray and Betty's with just 20 of our family present.

Cleon had an appointment for a check-up at the Veteran's Hospital on December 16, but they were so busy he couldn't get in and was supposed to go the next day, but we were snowed in at Alice's. We went up on the 4 of Jan. and stayed all day, then went back again two days later and was there for three more days.

We had our Study group here Sunday night, 20 Dec.

Our family was here 23 Dec. for our annual Christmas party with a smorgaasborg supper and exchange of gifts.

We had a group of friends 30 Dec., the Ray Johnsons, the George Eckersleys, the Glen Cowans, Huish and Bessie and Rulon add Eva. We enjoyed the evening.

Fifteen of the Hill family were here on New Years night. We went to Salt Lake to stay with the

Jewett children while Alice went with Willard to Palm Springs, California 18 Jan. 1971. Cleon got so sick he went to the hospital 21 Jan. with blood clots and other things wrong. He was there until the 12 of Feb. He had many visitors. It is so good to have him home again. I stayed with Alice most of the time and she took me to the hospital. They were all so good to me, but there is no place like home. I bought a new recliner chair for him, so he wouldn't sleep on the floor.

Craig received his mission call to the South Argentine Mission. They had his meeting on 24 Jan. and most of the Moore's and Jewett's were there. Alice and Willard had about 40 relatives for their supper and punch and cookies for the members of the ward and others who called. It was very nice. Craig left for the Mission Home 13 Feb. 1971 and then to the "Y" to language school for two months.

Cleon's sister, Leila Beck passed away 30 January. She had been in Eldred hospital for months. The funeral was held in Payson 6th Ward on 2 Feb. (her sister, Clara Skinners birthday). Clara came from Idaho Falls with her son Bernell. Ray brought Alice and me down to the services. Cleon was still in the hospital. It was a very stormy day and we just came down and right back to Salt Lake. They buried her in Spanish Fork beside her husband, Milton, and two sons.

Grant's birthday on 14 Feb. we were invited over to have dinner with them. Sharon and Rick were there also. We are grateful that our family takes so much interest in us, here at home, by telephone calls and visiting us. We enjoy each and every one along with other family members and friends.

4 March was my mother's 93rd birthday. The family that were able all had dinner with her at her home. Had a lovely time. She is in good health and enjoys life. Reads without glasses and has a lot of company. Feb was a very nice month, but so far in March it has been winter, snow, wind and cold.

(at this point Vida has included a short note, written by her mother on Vida's 70th birthday:

"I have never thought of you getting old, until Rulon was here yesterday and I said "It is Vida's birthday Saturday" He said, "Yes, her 70th birthday". I said, "Oh no!, can't be, just don't seem like so many years ago.")

Since Christmas Maynard has bought a set of drums for the boys and they are really enjoying them. One plays the organ and the other the drums and they change off. They really have fun.

Cleon is taking me to an osteopath for my arm. Had been going to the therapist at Payson hospital for three weeks before. Very slow getting better.

13 March, Saturday Willard, Alice, Pamela and Maynard cleaned our front room. We really appreciated it and it looks nice.

14 March we had dinner with Ray's family and bid Gary goodbye before he left for the service.

19 March we had the adult members of the family to celebrate mine and Alice's birthdays. Most of my family came for my birthday the 21 of March.

My cousin, Cleo Finlayson passed away 30 March and was buried in Salem, Utah. He was an

orphan from the age of 6 months. His father was my mother's brother.

10 April Grant, Maynard and Dave came and dug ditches for Dad.

20 April Craig left for the Argentine Mission and we went to the Salt Lake airport to bid him farewell. There were many friends there to see him off.

This spring has been very dry and then we had about two weeks of real cold, stormy weather.

Since we have been feeling better we going to the Temple again. Trying to go each week. Were witness couple one session.

23 April 1971 Cleon bought two new tires (\$63) As much as we enjoy riding, we need good ones.

30 April, 1971 Bradley won out in his age group in piano playing in the Kiwanis talent show.

1 May, 1971 Grant, Maynard, Randy, Paul, Willard, and Terry came and painted the house. Dad had painted some before and did the finishing later. They used 6 gallons of paint and it really looks nice and is appreciated.

May 12 & 13, 1971 We took off for the southern part of the state. Saw the Wayne Wonderland, the Arches by Moab, the Goosenecks, Lee's Ferry, Jacobs Lake country and down through Zions Park, and home. Too far and too fast, but we just ride. We neither one can hike.

Our garden, I mean Clean's, looks nice this spring.

11 May My mother fell and hurt her back. The family have been taking turns staying with her.

21 May, 1971 we went to Provo for the Cornerstone laying of the new Temple. It was quite colorful. 22 General Authorities were there.

Alan graduates from high school on the 28 of May.

Gwen Moore, Maynard's is very gifted in many ways. She is good at writing poetry along with many other talents, writing music and words to songs to have published.

June, 1971 we went to Lake Powell with Willard and Alice and rode in their new boat.

20 June. Father's Day we had 31 for supper.

Gary Moore returned from the service in July and three weeks later a mission call to England to leave in September.

3 August 1971 Jesse Evans Smith, President Smith's wife, passed away. We wonder why when he needed her so.

8 August, 1971 was the program for Richard leaving for his mission.

18 August, 1971 we went to the airport to bid farewell to Richard as he left for his mission.

For our 53rd anniversary we had supper at Thomas's with Frank and Leona. The next day Alice had dinner for us. The next day we visited with Ray's family and Paul's family and then with Beulah and

Charles.

2 Sept. Willard's mother passed away.

Homecoming in Payson was the 6 and 7 of Sept. The family came and we had dinner together for Cleon's 75th birthday.

15 Sept. 1971 we left for a 10 day vacation to Hawaii with Merrill Christopherson's tour. We returned Sept. 24. It was a lovely vacation, but the day before we left, Cleon tipped the tractor over in the ditch with him under it, so he left on the trip with two very sore legs. Was very blessed to get away with no more serious injuries. We saw Richard briefly at the cafeteria in Hawaii at the Church School where he was learning the Japanese language before leaving for Japan on his mission.

(At this point Vida's history becomes more of a journal, listing day to day doings. Only the more important things will be included from here on.)

Paul and Nancy invited the family to their home for Thanksgiving dinner in 1971. There were 24 present and we had an enjoyable time together.

The Moore family Christmas party was held Christmas Eve and it was a delightful evening with 27 present. My mother, Alice Hill and Nancy's mother, Mary White, were present. We all enjoyed the dinner and the exchange of presents.

We went for the viewing of the Provo Temple before the dedication on 10 Jan. We were invited to go as tour guides on the 12th and 13th, which we enjoyed. The Temple is to be dedicated 9 of Feb. and we hope to go.

Carolyn Moore, Maynard and Gay's daughter has accepted a diamond ring from Clayne Pope, a professor at BYU. They are planning on being married the latter part of May.

13 March, Alice's birthday. Fifteen of the family came and cleaned the yard, trimmed the trees and shrubbery. It was surely appreciated. We told them it was a present for my birthday, Mother's Day and Father's Day.

21 March, my 72nd birthday. Huish and Bessie went to the Manti Temple with us and we did two sessions. In the evening most of my brothers and sisters came and we enjoyed their visit. Families don't do enough visiting.

29 March, 1972 we were invited to go to the new Provo Temple and do initiatory work and we also did two sessions. The new Temple is lovely and we enjoyed the morning.

22 April Dad took me for a ride in the truck up to the relay tower on top of West Mountain. An interesting ride and the view from the top is beautiful. He told me of the things he and his brother, Oro, did while we were living on the West Mountain back in the 1920's. They would take axes and chop down cedar trees and a horse would drag them home and they were used for cedar posts in making fences. A real hard job. There are two springs of water where they could drink. Also, an old mine they explored. It brought back many memories of his earlier life. He always brought us a beautiful little cedar we used at Christmas time. We decorated it with popcorn strands, paper chains and little candles with little holders. We really enjoyed it but when the candles were lighted we really had to watch to see it didn't get on fire. We enjoyed many things out there different to today. But of course we were young then and could do many things that age keeps us from doing

now. Cleon has many interesting things his father told him as they worked together as a boy growing up that should be written down.

My sister, Chloris, had a severe heart attack 25 April, 1972 and was in intensive care in the Provo Hospital for several days and then in a private room. We all felt she was showing improvement but she slept away the morning of 7 May, 1972. My mother, at the age of 94 said, it should have been her instead of Chloris that died. Chloris had had two thyroid operations some time before and her thyroid was bothering her again which had affected her heart. It was hard for her to breathe for sometime before she went to the hospital. Shock treatments were used to keep her heart beating for several days. Due to other conditions, it was too much for her body and she passed quietly away. She left a kind, loving husband, a daughter Phyllis and sons Boyd and Kent with their companions and 11 grandchildren, along with a mother and six sisters and five brothers to mourn her going. More than 600 came to her viewing. She looked beautiful. Her clothing and casket were of the best, and Fred did everything he could think of that would please her. But time alone can slowly make life worth living again for Fred. The rest of the family life just has to go on and is as it should be. Too many leaving us ... our ages and younger. It makes us wonder how soon our time will come.

Saturday, May 13. Alice and Willard had the family to their home for Mother's Day. It was a nice party with most of the family present. We all had all we could eat and really enjoyed the day.

We were invited to the Salt Lake Temple the afternoon of 24 May for the wedding of Carolyn and Clayne and to the dinner at the Hawaiian Club for the family afterward. It was a lovely afternoon and evening. About 34 were at the Salt Lake Temple for the ceremony and 40 were present at the dinner. They left the following morning for a honeymoon in Hawaii. The reception on June 9 was a lovely occasion. Gwen was maid of honor and was beautiful. June 12 Gwen left for Frankfurt Germany to work in the LDS Church office there. A real opportunity for a lovely young lady. She seems to really be enjoying herself in Germany. We went to the airport to bid goodbye to Gwen and then went on to Idaho Falls to visit with Cleon's sister, Clara Skinner.

17 May. my mother was in the hospital again and we take turns taking care of her since then.

Jean's (Grant's wife) father, Lynn Hanks died of a heart attack the morning of 23 June, a real shock to family and friends.

Jay Hill, Earl's son, returned from his mission in Japan and we went to Roy for his "welcome home". He was in the same mission as our grandson, Richard and said Richard was doing a good work.

28 June We were the witness couple at Provo Temple. During the past year Dad has done 44 sessions, and I have done 43. Part in the Manti Temple and part in the Provo Temple.

2 July, 1972, President Joseph Fielding Smith passed away from a heart attack. A shock to Church members. The following week Elder Harold B. Lee was made President of the LDS Church with N. Eldon Tanner and Marion G. Romney as his counselors.

Dad had the threshing done early in August and has been plowing working in the field since then.

10 August, 1972. Jean had a serious operation in the Payson hospital. She got along fine and was home in a week. Her neighbors were kind to the family in bringing much food.

18 August, 1972, we went to Carolyn's graduation from BYU.

Cleon's brother, Oro and wife, Ethel had their Golden wedding party August 25, 1972 in Provo.

On Cleon's 76th birthday we went to Salt Lake to the annual poultry meeting and dinner. We were interested in their report on Poultry stock. It was favorable.

18 September. We bought a new Impala car, sports model, light green with a white top. We are enjoying driving it.

2 Oct., 1972 Mother's sister, Laura Coombs died in a Provo Rest Home.

6 Oct. Fred Kindred, Chloris's husband, died in Provo Hospital where he had been for about a month. After Chloris's death, he was most lonesome. Friends and family tried to cheer him up and get him to see the brighter side of life, but he had no desire to live and did not respond to the treatment. He said he just did not want to live in that house alone. It lacked one day of being five months from her death to his. The children laid him away just as beautifully as they had done their mother. Now he sleeps beside his beloved wife in the Springville Evergreen Cemetery. He had such a peaceful look on his face, as though this was just what he had wanted.

24 October Mother had a spell of vomiting blood and was taken to the hospital for transfusion. She seemed to respond for two days and then took a turn for the worse. She didn't respond to treatment and each day got worse and weaker. She passed away 30 October, 1972. She had wanted to go to Father for quite some time and thought he would come for her before she had to go to the hospital again. Her death came seven years to the day that Father was buried. The family all came home for the services, which were held on 2 Nov. 1972 (the twins birthday). It was a beautiful funeral. She was clothed in beautiful clothing in a lovely metal casket. The house was cleaned out of her belongings and the family all returned to their homes. The city owns the and the house is to demolished. That will make if final that are parents are gone. We are grateful for the heritage they left to us and should try to live lives so that we can all be together again. May her memory live with each of her family and may they all live to call her blessed. Life goes on for each of us and is as it should be. All of these deaths leave a vacant feeling for us. We can't get any more old friends .. we have to make new ones.

8 Nov. Ray was operated on to remove his gall bladder. He got along fine and was home in one week.

We had our annual Christmas party here on 17 Dec. since the family could all come at that early date.

David Moore gave Patty Sluder a diamond ring at Christmas time. We are all happy about it, as she seems a lovely girl.

We left home Christmas morning and visited with each of our families during the day.

We listened to a tape from Gwen on Christmas Eve of her travels in Europe.

Maynard's family went to Arizona for the holidays.

Shortly after Christmas, Utah was covered with a heavy blanket of snow. Salt Lake had 18". We didn't have so much but it sure limited travel during the holidays.

6 Jan. 1973. We had a phone call saying that Aunt Maggie Tolman had died of a heart in Altadena, California. She was 13 years young than my mother. That made 3 sisters dying in three months and 4 days.

Mother and Father's home was demolished on January 9. That seems to make everything final.

19 January, Maynard's birthday.

27 January, 1973 A peace treaty was signed to end the Viet Nam war to return the prisoners of war.

Beulah and Charles spent four weeks in South America. They asked us to go along, but we declined.

We received a card from Gwen at Christmas time while she was touring Europe.

4 Feb. 1973 We had a phone call from Alan (Jewett) saying he had received a call to the South Florida mission to leave 24th of March.

12 Feb. We had Grant's and Maynard's families for supper and the evening to celebrate their weddings and birthday anniversaries. We enjoyed the evening just visiting.

24 Feb. 1973 We met the plane to see Craig come in from his mission. His "Welcome Home" was one day later. Had a good meeting and the Jewett and Moore families had supper afterward at Alice and Willard's.

18 March. Alice's birthday and Alan's "Farewell" for his mission. A good meeting. They all did fine.

23 March, 1973. Had a phone call saying that Carolyn and Clayne Pope had a new baby boy. Their first child ... making Maynard and Gaylia grandparents for the first time ... and us great-grandparents for the first time. Everybody doing fine and very happy. They are naming the new boy Jeremy.

Randy Moore is a Sterling Scholar at Payson High School this year. Both his sisters had the same honor!

April 4, 1973 Irene found her husband, Kenneth, dead in bed of an apparent heart attack. Kenneth is my brother. A real shock to all. We hadn't thought he was that ill.

30 April Ray and Betty gave a dinner party at the "Chuck-A-Rama" in Salt Lake City for the Sluder and Moore families. The Monday before the wedding of Dave and Patricia at the Shalamar reception center. It was a nice party. The wedding, 3 May, at the Shalamar was in a beautiful setting, though not a temple marriage. They both promised Dad that a year from that day they would go to the Temple with us. We really hope so. Patricia is a very sweet young lady and we all love her.

To celebrate Mother's Day we invited our family to come Saturday afternoon for supper and a get together. We can't all get together on Sunday due to all the Church commitments. There were 25 of us and we really enjoyed having our family here.

We have two grandsons graduating from high school this spring, Randy Moore and Terry Jewett. 1973.

14 May, 1973 We went to Twin Falls, Idaho to see Cleon's sister, Clara Skinner. She has recently been moved there from Idaho Falls to be near her son Bernell. Her health is good but she has become very forgetful.

The night of May 21, we had just had a few minutes sleep when the policeman's siren roused

everyone. The dam on a reservoir in Payson Canyon had broken and people were being warned of a flood! It came down the canyon and mainly through Payson's Main Street, but also flooded many basements. It caused much destruction in many areas. Our place was high enough that the water did not come onto our property, but the road in front looked like a canal. Our curb and gutter were worthwhile. It was about 1:30 a.m. and lasted until around 3 a.m. by our place, much later in other places.

Maynard and his family left for Europe on June 20, 1973 to tour and bring Gwen back with them. She had spent a year there working in the Church offices in Frankfurt, Germany. They had a lovely 4 week vacation.

18 June, 1973. We had quite a hard frost that froze corn and grain, but most came out of it.

We have had a large crop of cherries and apricots this year. Gave them all away.

16 July 1973 Beulah and Charles went with us to Canada to get sugar with cyclamates so could can fruit without sugar.

29 July, 1973. The Cleon Moore family gave the Sunday night program in Church. 20 of our family present. Jean, Craig and Gwen were the speakers and they did very well. We all had supper here at home. Many comments on a very good meeting.

24 August 1973. Grant and Jean's son, Richard returned from the Japan mission.

25 August, 1973. We had our 55th Wedding anniversary. Our children all came and we went to the Firehouse restaurant for dinner and then had family group pictures taken. Then all were here at home for visiting. The children gave us the evening with an orchid corsage for me and a carnation for Dad, plus 2 dozen pink, long stemmed roses. We had a lovely evening.

15 Sept. 1973 Dad told Grant, Maynard and Willard he would turn the farm over to them for a price. Ray and Paul not interested in the farm. It will be made up to them. Dad plowed and planted the farm just the same. He will always take an interest in it I'm sure.

6 Oct. 1973. We met Gary, Ray's son, at the airport as he returned from his mission in England. His "Welcome Home" was on the 21st. Gary gave me a beautiful colored wool scarf from England. He is very thoughtful.

24 Oct. 1973. We had a new water tank and new linoleum laid in the kitchen and bathroom. It looks very nice.

28 Oct. 1973. Cleon ordained Stanley Bliss a High Priest.

1 Nov. 1973. We had our first snow storm of the winter.

3 Nov. 1973 When we got up this morning we had really had a snow storm ... 14½ inches on the level. Cleon got the tractor out and made a path so we could get the car out to the street. Everything was buried in the snow. It was a beautiful sight. Grant and Maynard called to see if we were snowed in, but we had already taken care of the problem.

For Thanksgiving 22 Nov. 1973 Maynard and Gaylia hosted the Moore Family at the 1st Ward.

October 1973 Vice President Spiro Agnew resigned and 6 Dec. Vice President Gerald Ford was

made the new Vice President.

The Fall of 1973 we are having an "energy crisis". Each broadcast make us wonder what is going to happen. We just have to live close to our church and live the best we know how and follow the church teachings. It seems to be fulfilling prophecy in the latter days.

Hill family Christmas party was held at Roy and Alene's in Spanish Fork. Dinner and the evening. 16 present ... all that live in Utah.

22 Dec 1973 Saturday. We had our Christmas party here at home. Supper and exchange of gifts. 29 of family present.

Spent New Year's Eve with Beulah and Charles.

President Harold B. Lee died Dec. 26, 1973. Elder Spencer W. Kimball made the new President of the Church on Dec. 30, 1973.

19th January 1974 Maynard's birthday. We had supper with their family. While there, Randy was ordained an Elder by Maynard. Mike Montague, of the High Council took charge. The Elder's Presidency were present and Cleon and Clayne Pope all helped. He received a lovely blessing. An honor to be able to ordain one's own son.

My brother in law, Erma's husband, Walter Thatcher, died at Payson hospital 5 March 1974. Erma had passed away in 1950.

20 March 1974. My brothers and sisters living in the area came for my 74th birthday and spent the evening, also Maynard and Gaylia, Grant and Jean, Paul and Nancy and the children. Had a nice evening.

24 March 1974. Our Nebo Stake was divided. It had shortly before been changed to Payson Utah Stake. The east side of Payson was the new Stake and is to be called the Payson East Stake. Maynard was sustained as the Stake Clerk. He and Gaylia seem happy about his new assignment, which is good.

We were left in the old Stake and there was no changes in the Presidency.

Ray W. gave his girlfriend, Vicky Yeske, a diamond. They have set 4 Sept. as their wedding day.

19 April 1974. Nancy, Paul's wife, graduated from BYU. We feel it was a red letter day for her family. To take care of a home and family and graduate so she can teach school. They have all helped and worked hard so she could accomplish this. She graduated with honors. We were to the exercises and enjoyed them. Then had dinner with the family. A nice evening.

10 May 1974. For Mother's Day we had the family here for supper. We really enjoy the children coming. It was just like Christmas, so many lovely gifts.

Tues. 14 May. The Relief Society honored the past presidents. Gave each one a graduation hat and a corsage. I reviewed 25 years of the Presidents on the program. A lovely luncheon served.

30 May. We went to Janean Moore's High School graduation in Spanish Fork. She graduated with honor's. A sweet girl, and so talented. She sings, plays and is a beautiful seamstress.

Cleon couldn't see to get his new driver's license so he had to get new glasses 18 June 1974. He is doing fine now with the new ones. About \$60 but worth every penny.

We had the family here 15 June 1974 in the evening for Father's Day. 30 of us had supper together on the patio. Fun time.

Monday was Gaylia's birthday.

Gwen is changing jobs and going to be a legal secretary for a group of lawyers.

19 July 1974. We went to Salt Lake to witness the marriage of Terry Jewett and Pamela Kay Anderson. The marriage was in the Winder Stake House at 6:30. The reception was held in the Jewett's back garden which was made beautiful for the occasion. They are at home in their own apartment and seem very happy. It was not a Temple marriage but hope it will be before long.

(At this point there is a detailed description of a trip "East" with Beulah and Charles)

As we were homebound from this vacation we listened to the radio and heard that President Nixon had resigned. Gerald Ford, the Vice President had taken the oath of office and was the new President. Nixon was the first President of the United States to ever resign.

Grant was released as counselor Bishop Wallentine.

Ray has quit his job at Hi-Land Milk Co. and is starting work at Welfare Square, and he seems happy about it.

For our 56th wedding anniversary we had Frank and Leona Thomas and Beulah and Charles Cox for supper on 27 Aug.

Labor Day, Sept 2. Part of our family were here to eat dinner with us on the patio. We enjoyed the week.

Seems like we keep busy around the place between times. We enjoy these get togethers.

4 Sept. 1974. We were in Salt Lake early to see Ray W. and Vicky Yeske married in the Salt Lake Temple. The reception was held in the Lion House in Salt Lake. A lovely affair.

For Cleon's birthday most of the family came on the 7th and put up the fence between us and the apartment on the west. Then we all ate supper together on the patio. We are surely happy to have the fence and the children do things for us which we appreciate.

In Sept. Cleon plowed and planted grain for the boys who were too busy to do it themselves.

13 Oct. 1974 was Randy's "Farewell" in the 1st Ward before he left for his mission to the Oakland California Spanish speaking mission. We went to the Seminary building to witness his setting apart by the Stake President, Brother Mangelsen, Maynard helping.

19 October 1974. Randy left for the mission home. 23 Oct. he left for the language school at the "Y" for two months.

I spent several days making baby quilt for Terry and Pam.

Nov. We were in Salt Lake and bought Cleon some new clothes.

19 Dec. Nelson Rockefeller was made Vice President of the United States. The first time we had a vice president in four months. Neither the President or the Vice President were elected by the people.

21 Dec. We had our family here our Christmas Party. 29 were present. They were all fed and after supper we had carols and a story and exchange of gifts. They all seemed to enjoy the evening.

We spent Christmas Eve with the Jewett family. Alan called and we all spoke with him.

26 Dec. Maynard invited us to go to Salt Lake airport to see Randy off for his mission. He seemed very happy to be going. The plane left out just before 9 o'clock.

We enjoyed a number of good musical programs during the holidays.

I must say that Dad gave me a beautiful pants suit for my Christmas.

8 Jan. 1975. We had a big snow storm and by the 22nd of Jan we still had ice and snow from that storm. It has been very cold.

19 Jan. Maynard's birthday. We have been doing Temple work.

Dad had a bad cold the first week in February.

13 Feb. 1975 We bought a beautiful new couch.

14 Feb. 1975 Alice phoned and said they had a new granddaughter, but it had problems and was in the University Hospital. Alice and Willard came and got our old couch for Terry and Pam.

1 March. The new baby girl was brought from the hospital. We went to Salt Lake to see it. It was doing fine.

17 March 1975 We had the family here for supper for Alice and my birthday. Dad and I really enjoy these family dinners. When the children start talking about their early life, brings back many memories.

21 March. My birthday. We went to the airport in Salt Lake to greet Alan Jewett as he returned from his mission in Florida. He looked good and happy to be home.

23 March was Alan's Welcome Home in the ward. Grant, Jean and Janean rode to Salt Lake with us.

25 March, 1975. We went to Salt Lake for Terry's baby's blessing.

1 April, 1975. I had trouble with infection in my body. I had to visit the Doctor for a checkup. It really helped.

27 April 1975. Maynard phoned and said Gwen had a new diamond given to her by Robert Cundick. His father is one of the Tabernacle organists, in Salt Lake. Their wedding day is planned for Aug. 5.

3 May 1975. Cleon had a heart attack and was taken to the hospital by ambulance. He was in intensive care for 5 days. Then in a semi-private room for 9 days. He was allowed to come home only if he did "knowing". He seemed much happier at home and I could take care of him.

I ate dinner alone on "Mother's Day. Later in the day Alice, Willard, Craig and a girl friend, Alan, Maynard and Gaylia, Grant and Jean and Janean came.

I brought Cleon home from the hospital 17 May and doing fine.

20 May we had a big snow storm. The trees and shrubbery were broken down, many limbs just hanging or on the ground. Two limbs were broken on our walnut trees and two of our good neighbors, Mr. Nielson and Mr. Roberts came and cut it and hauled it away. Many electrical lines were down and we were without electricity from 5:30 in the morning until 5:30 p.m. We don't appreciate electricity enough. Mr. Neilson came and propped up the our carport roof. I was afraid of it falling due to the weight.

Saturday, 14 June 1975. We had our family here for Father's Day get together. We missed it on Mother's Day. There were 33 present for supper and visiting and a good time.

15 June. We had a severe hail storm that ruined gardens and fruit trees.

24 June. Cleon checked with the Doctor and he said he was coming along fine and could start doing a little work. He had already been doing a few things to help, which really helped me.

19 July. We got word we had a new great-granddaughter. Dave and Patty's first. They are going to name her Melynda.

1 August 1975. We went to the Provo Temple when Gwen got her endowments. The Cundicks and Maynard, Gay, Carolyn and Clayne were also present. 7 August, 1975 they were married in the Manti Temple. We did not go down for the ceremony, but were invited to the wedding breakfast at the Wilkinson Center in Provo, which we enjoyed. The reception was held in the 1st Ward and was lovely. On the 8th an Open House was held at the Cundick home in Salt Lake which we didn't attend.

Cleon's brother, S.D. passed away 11 of August, 1975 after a long illness in the Salt Lake Hospital. His wife, Leona had been taking good care of him for over 1½ years.

20 August, 1975. We left for a tour of Alaska with Merrill Christopherson's tour. 37 of us.

(... there follows a detailed tour of Alaska, which is also included in Cleon Moore's history.)

It was the Sunday of "Homecoming" when we returned, so we went to work. Part of the family were for dinner on Labor Day and we enjoy visiting with them.

Sunday the 21st. Richard gave his girlfriend Lannie a diamond ring. The wedding is planned for December.

3 September Sharon and Rick had a baby girl born in the Provo Hospital.

We saw the "Y's" Homecoming Parade in Provo on Oct. 12.

27 Nov. Paul and Nancy hosted the Moore family at Thanksgiving Dinner. It was held where Paul works at the Timpanogos Health Center. 44 of us sat down together.

21 Nov. Gary phoned to tell us he was engaged to Jana Summers. The wedding is set for March.

6 Dec. I broke my toe ... just going to take time.

We did not have our Family Christmas party until Dec. 27. We fed 37 and they all seemed to enjoy it.

Gay's father, Lawrence Clayson, died at noon on Christmas Day from a heart attack. A sad Christmas. His large funeral was held on Saturday at noon. After the funeral we came back to finish preparing for our family party at night. Maynard and Gay came for a while. They have a Japanese boy staying with them. He is from Sao Paulo, Brazil, an exchange student. He seems to be fitting in with the family very well add happy to be here.

(At this point, Vida includes a short poem: Prayer of a Realist, and notes at the conclusion that she hopes to be able to remember what it says.)

"Prayer of a Realist"

Lord, Thou knowest I am growing older.
Keep me from becoming talkative and possessed with
the idea that i must express myself on every subject.
Release me from the craving to straighten out
everyone's affair.
Keep me from the recital of endless details.
Give me wings to get to the point.
Seal my lips when I am inclined to tell of my aches
and pains. They are increasing with the years and my
love to speak of them grows sweeter as time goes by.
Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may
be wrong.
Make me thoughtful, but not nosy, helpful, but not
bossy.
With my vast store of wisdom and experience, it does
seem a pity not to use it all. But thou knowest, Oh
Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

We were invited to have birthday dinners with Maynard on the 19th and Grant on Feb. 14.

Cleon has been having chest pains all winter and is really taking it easy. The cold weather don't help.

I drove us up to Salt Lake on April 11. It was too much for Cleon. That night he had trouble breathing. Maynard and Milton Beck (Cleon's nephew) gave him a wonderful blessing and he rested easier. I made a Doctor appointment for Tuesday and he was sent to the hospital for chest x-rays and found he had water on his lungs. He was given medication and as soon as they cleared, he felt better without pain.

As long as he don't get too tired, he is getting along fine. He hates to see me have to take over so

much of the work but if that keeps him feeling good, I'm glad to do it. The children help as they can, which we appreciate. Warm weather helps.

19 May, 1976. We received a call saying Carolyn has a new baby girl, both doing fine. They are going to name her Hilary.

5 June, 1976. News came on the radio that the Teton Dam in Idaho had broken and many towns were flooded. Many thousands of cattle drowned. Payson's flood was nothing in comparison. We feel blessed.

Paul & Nancy's Paul W. was taken to the hospital and found to have rheumatic fever.

16 June, 1976. The family were here for a Father's Day get-together, which we enjoyed.

2 July, 1976. We had a call from Kent saying he had a mission call to Rio de Janiero to leave 23 September.

4 July, 1976. We went to Fast and Testimony in Edgemont Ward in Provo to see Hilary blessed. Dad stood in for the blessing with many other Priesthood holders.

1 July was Gay's birthday, the 10th was Betty's, the 11th Katherine's, the 19th was Paul W.'s, the 31st was Kent's. A busy month.

Have been drying cherries and canning fruit and vegetables. Alice came one day and we did corn together.

17 July. We received word that Ray W. and Vickie have a new baby boy and they are going to name him Chad.

18 July. Grant was made Stake Clerk in Palmyra Stake.

23 July. We were in Orem and our car was hit by a hit and run. It took 4 weeks to get it fixed.

8 August 1976. We had a new Bishopric in Third Ward: Elmo Keck, Van Beckstrom and Duane Patten.

28 Aug. For our 58th wedding anniversary, we invited Frank and Leona Thomas and Beulah and Charles Cox to have supper with us.

6 Sept. The family came for Homecoming and to celebrate Cleon's 80th birthday (two days early). We all had dinner together.

17 Sept. We went to St. George with Alice and Willard. We went to the Temple Saturday morning to witness the marriage of Terry and Pamela Jewett and their baby, Shaundale sealed to them.

24 Sept. 1976 My sister, Edith Tischner, had a mastectomy operation in Salt Lake City. She got along just fine.

We enjoyed October Conference.

A busy fall, drying corn and prunes and caning fruit. Grant, Maynard and Willard had a busy fall getting their farm ready and planted. Cleon helped as he could.

17 Oct. 1976 Gwen Moore Cundick had a baby boy.

22 Oct. 1976 We went with Maynard and Gaylia to the airport to greet Randy as he returned from his mission.

24 Oct. Randy's Welcome Home was held in his ward. There was a good crowd and Randy did well.

7 Nov. Gwen and Robert's baby was blessed and named Joel Robert.

9 Nov. Cleon and I got our swine flu shots.

7 Dec. We were at the airport to bid Kent farewell as he was leaving on his mission.

The holiday season came and went with the usual family get togethers and also friends. Life settled down to everyday lining.

29 January, 1977 Randy Moore gave Ruth Hall a diamond ring. They are planning a late spring wedding.

Ray called and told us some sad news; that Dave and Patty were separating. We thought they were happily married, so it was a real surprise.

19 March. We fixed supper for our children for Alice's and my birthday. This is one day each year that we do not have the grandchildren. Cleon bought me a beautiful bouquet of long stemmed red roses for my 77th birthday. My first bouquet. They were lovely.

14 April. We planted our garden.

16 April. Part of the family came to help clean our yard, which was really appreciated and looks lovely.

We are very proud of our Sterling Scholar, grandson, Bradley Moore. He is genuine in every way.

April 27, 1977 We went to Salt Lake with Maynard and Gaylia to the "Road Show" that Gwen had written and produced. It was a fine production. We visited in Gwen and Robert's home after the show. Gwen had written a number for piano and violin and Gaylia asked them to play if for us. It was beautiful. Another thing that was so impressive ... their baby, Joel, 6 months old, sat on the floor and didn't take his eyes off his parents all the time they played. He seemed to enjoy it. One could tell he has been brought up with music in the home.

3 May, 1977. Two years today since Dad had his heart attack. He has been doing pretty good, but lately having more trouble. The Dr. told him to use nitroglycerine pills and carry them with him all the time. They really help.

I have been taking the brunt of the irrigating, so Grant bought some culverts (we paid) to put in the ditches to help so we won't have to use canvas dams. It will be much easier.

7 May, 1977. 25 of the family came for pot luck supper for Mother's Day. We had a feast and a lovely time. We had to eat in the house, the weather was so cool and windy.

17 May 1977. Randy Moore and Ruth Hall were married in the Salt Lake Temple.

15 May 1977. We had our 8th new great grandchild. A baby girl, born to Sharon and Rick Murano in the Provo Hospital.

19 May. It was the seminary graduation held in Santaquin. Brad was President of the Seminary so had charge of the program. He gave a very inspirational talk without notes and did fine.

26 May was high school graduation and Brad received a scholarship to BYU.

20 May 1977. A reception was held in Salt Lake for Randy and Ruth.

21 May 1977. An Open House held in Payson 1st Ward for them. Very nice parties.

18 June 1977. Our family were at Paul and Nancy's for Father's Day.

12 July 1977. Brad went with some Seminary Presidents to New York to get ready for the Pageant in Palmyra. The Presidents were honored in that way. He was very happy about it. He had been working in the bank and they gave him leave to go. There was an article in the Payson papers about this time, giving thanks and praise to Brad for his accurate reporting of the Payson High Schools Basketball and Baseball games during the season.

18 July 1977. Maynard and Gaylia left on vacation and went back to New York to the Pageant.

We stayed at home this year.

We did go on a canyon party of the Barracks WWI veterans with Frank and Leona one Monday.

24 July. We watched the Salt Lake Parade on TV. Spent the afternoon with Beulah and Charles, and went out to supper.

I have had a busy summer, dried many cherries, canning fruits and vegetables.

Later part of July we had plumbing problems. Reed Neilson, our good neighbor, really helped us.

4 August 1977. Brad's 18th birthday. He returned from New York. His parents had returned from their vacation and met him at the airport.

1 August. Cleon had a check-up and was doing well.

15 August 1977. The Jasper Hill family reunion was held at the Salem church. About 250 present, a real turnout.

26 August 1977. We had our annual dinner with Frank and Leona for our 59th wedding anniversary.

For Cleon's 81st birthday, we took a ride up Spanish Fork canyon and came back by way of Nephi. I did the driving as Cleon did not feel like it.

11 Sept. 1977 ... Sunday morning. Cleon kept having trouble with his heart and taking the nitroglycerine pills. I called the Dr. and he said to bring him right over to the hospital. I took him and he was put in intensive care until Wednesday afternoon. He developed bladder trouble and had to have an operation on Friday morning. I was to bring him home Monday, but he had a bad spell Sunday afternoon so he was kept until Thursday. I have been caring for him since that time and happy to have him home to care for. It has taught me some nursing skills.

Today ... 31 Oct. the children were called and all responded, came as they could. Grant and Maynard administered to him and later gave him a lovely blessing, along with the prayers of many others which really helped in his recovery.

We really appreciate all the help the children have given us. Doing the things I couldn't do. The boys on the outside and Willard and Alice in the house for me. Cleon really enjoyed the grandchildren as they came to visit with him. Thanks again to each of you. In seven weeks the days get rather lonely, especially when no one came.

16 Oct. 1977 Maynard ordained Brad an Elder. In the afternoon Brad, Randy and Ruth, Gwen and Robb, with Joel came and visited with us.

The first part of November, Cleon wasn't interested in leaving home, just wanted to be home with me. He seemed to be more tired all the time. I took him to the hospital for a blood test and a few days later the Doctor said blood test was fine. Less than a week later he was at the Doctor's and he had a new blood test and the Doctor phoned and said, "Get him to the hospital now in intensive care. Cleon didn't want to go and I didn't want him to, but he was too sick to be kept at home. He was in intensive care for two weeks, very ill and very despondent. He had had another heart attack. The Doctor said to give him all the support we could ... Which we tried to do. I was given permission to go into the intensive care room any time I wanted and to stay as long as I wanted. Most days, just several hours just sitting by his bed, holding his hand. I wondered if he knew I was there and the nurse said, "Of course he knows". I went to get him to eat, part of the time. He was on oxygen all the time, a heart monitor and liquid going into his veins. His throat got so sore from the oxygen all the time that he could hardly swallow.

The boys, Grant, Maynard, Paul, Willard, Randy and Brad came on the 12th and worked on the west lot, taking out trees and tree stumps and plowing and cleaning up the place, but Cleon wasn't interested. Cleon was taken out of Intensive care on Thanksgiving Day. I had dinner with Maynard's family and when we went back to the hospital he was in a room on the 2nd floor and so happy to be out of intensive care. He said, "I might have a chance to go home now." He wasn't good and wanted to come home, but the Doctor wouldn't release him until he grew stronger. He kept wanting to come home. It was a week later that he gave him permission to come. Cleon had not wanted to die in the hospital. Oxygen was put in the home before he came.

Maynard and Paul brought him into the house the evening of Dec. 1 and he was so happy to be home. When he got into his own bed he just beamed. It was so good to have him home. It took two to get him out of his chair or bed. I could take care of him while in bed. He had been so ill, he asked me not to hang onto him ... to let him die. I was given no hope of his recovery while in the hospital. One night when he was so ill and said to let him go, Maynard, Grant and I knelt by our bed and told the Lord that "His will be done". Grant gave a most beautiful prayer and just asked that he be blessed and be able to rest. One day when he had said, "Don't hang on to me", I told him that as bad as I wanted to, I was not. He had suffered for week's and had not been well for over 2½ years. He was not satisfied just to sit in his chair or lay in bed and watch me wait on him. I gladly would have done it. I asked him to just get well and stay with me as I didn't want to live alone. He had suffered too much and watched me do the work. The urinary bag he had to wear bothered him more than we knew. He was home three nights and two days and then Sunday morning at 8:45 he died in Alice and my arms. 4 Dec. 1977. The family were all so good to come all during his illness, children and grandchildren. Many prayers were said in his behalf, but it was his time to go. I could not ask him to come back to suffer more but I'm very lonesome by myself.

He was buried in a beautiful metal casket, in beautiful clothes, after a very befitting funeral service, so quiet and peaceful. There were many flowers and the casket was covered with our beautiful flag.

Many tributes were paid to him. There was much food here at home that had been donated. After the meal, the family left one by one until all that was left was Alice with me. I'm so grateful for Alice who stayed with me when I needed her the most. After two nights I sent her home to be with her family. If I had to be alone the rest of my life, I might as well start. The boys have been good to help me with all the problems that came after the funeral. Also, the outside things that needed attention.

The family had the Christmas party at Ray's in their large family room. It was a nice party. Life has to go on for children and everyone. It is more my life that has changed because they are not with it every day. When I walked into the party, Mindy, my little great-granddaughter said "Here is your Christmas present". She is Dave's daughter and a sweet child.

I spent 5 nights and days with Alice's family during Christmas and came home to go back again for New Years. They were all good to me and it was easier than being alone. Alice and Willard brought me home on Monday. They took me up through Park City West to watch the skiers. We ate in Heber and on home. It was a nice day but they talked me into it. I was grateful to them. Thanks.

Life has now settled down into routine. Relief Society, Visiting Teaching and Church. I guess my life will go on whether I feel like it or not.

7 January 1978. Alice and Willard cleaned my kitchen which I had been neglecting. They brought a beautiful cake and Craig came and we had it for his birthday ... early. They are all good to me.

Maynard and Gaylia had me to supper several times. I appreciate the interest my family and brothers and sisters have taken in me. One Saturday I drove to Prove. One thing, to see if I could.

14 January. I went to Saturday night Conference with Maynard and Gaylia, mostly to hear the song Gwen had written words and music to, that the church was using. A beautiful number.

15 Jan. 1978. I went to Church in Salem with Grant and Jean to Craig Hanks (Shirl's son) farewell before he left for his mission to Germany.

19 January. I ate birthday supper with Maynard and Gaylia.

22 Jan 1978. After Sunday School I drove to Prove to have dinner with Paul's family.

26 Jan. I went to the East Stake to hear Gwen give the talk at the M.I.A. Honor night. They sang her song "When Someone Cares". She did fine.

28 Jan. 1978. I prepared supper for my family, thought it was about time we were all together again.

3 Feb. 1978. I went to Salt Lake with Craig and was at Church on Sunday when Terry and Pamela's baby was blessed and given the name of Terri Emile. Came back on Sunday with Craig. I have been working on genealogy books lately to update them. I have been working with my sister, Nelda, on a picture of the Hill family.

14 Feb. 1978 Grant and Jean sent three beautiful carnations for Valentine. Thanks.

18 Feb. Ray and Betty came for dinner and I went back to Salt Lake with them. Stayed with Alice and went to Church. Alice and Willard brought me back on Monday.

26 Feb. I had dinner with Paul's family. They are good to me, come real often and phone most every night.

One day Grant took me to Provo to get the car changed into my name and also get a driver's license.

9 March. I had Maynard and Gaylia, Paul and Nancy for supper.

25 March 1978. Grant, Maynard, Alice and Willard, Alan, Paul and Paul W., Ray, Ray W. and Dave came and really worked all morning and into the afternoon. Thanks so much. They seemed to enjoy their dinner.

3 April 1978. The children, all but Ray came and we picked out a headstone in Provo. I appreciated their help.

Pamela Jewett was voted in as a Sterling Scholar in Homemaking from her school. She didn't get to the finals but I told her she achieved recognition and that was more than the others in her class did and she should be proud of what she did accomplish.

My neighbors, Stanley and Ruth Bliss, have been taking me to the Temple as they go. I appreciate it. It was hard at first because I had never gone without my husband.

The latter part of April the headstone was put into place, and it looks nice.

9 May, 1978. Alice came and took me to Salt Lake. We were at the Temple on the 10th to witness the marriage of David Moore and Tamra Lineberry. David's marriage to Patricia Sluder did not work out, Tamra seems a lovely religious girl and from all appearances they should be very happy. Dave told me he did not want to make the second mistake. The first marriage was not a Temple one.

13 May 1978. Our family were at Paul and Nancy's for a pot luck supper for Mother's Day.

20 May, 1978. I went on a 2 day trip with the Senior Citizens to Dead Horse Point and the Arches National Monument.

21 May 1978 I was at the First Ward when Maynard was sustained as their new Bishop. His first counselor is Gene Lofgran, 2nd counselor is Thomas Hudson. The members of the Ward seem quite pleased with the choice as they commented to me later. Maynard's family were all present and seemed happy about his assignment, Maynard is a good leader.

For Memorial Day Alice came Sunday afternoon and stayed overnight with me. Grant and Maynard came on Monday morning and picked flowers, Grant took Alice and I, with the flowers, to the cemetery to decorate. It hardly seems possible that it has been almost six months since we put Cleon there. It's still so fresh in my mind, more like last week. Life goes on and is as it has to be. I pray each night for help to see me through each day and the Lord is blessing me, I'm sure it isn't easy to live alone, but I'm doing the best I know how. Just keep busy and there's plenty of work here at home.

3 June 1978. Brad phoned to say he has received his mission to the Japanese Mission and leaves for the language school 10 of August. He is very happy about it.

I am getting ready to go to Idaho with Alice and Pamela. I appreciate all Alice does for me. She is so thoughtful. The boys are good also. I'm thankful for a lovely daughter.

I have been working in my garden and getting weeds out around the place. A big job. Mowing and irrigating.

9 June 1978. Some headlines in the paper, "LDS Church extends priesthood to all worthy male members." Quite a surprise to most people.

17 June. Our family came for Father's Day ... just part of the grandchildren.

Life go on for me, each day lonely. The children come as they can which helps and I keep busy around home.

8 July 1978. Maynard's family were all together taking pictures and I had supper with them.

24 July. I stayed home alone all day to celebrate. I wonder what lonely people do without a family to care.

28 July 1978. Word came that Huish Moore, Cleon's younger brother had died. It was a real shock to everyone.

30 July was Brad Moore's farewell in the Payson 1st Ward. They all did well. Much of the family took part. A large crowd.

5 August 1978. I went to Mirror Lake with the Senior Citizens. I go to the Provo Temple each Tuesday with the Senior Citizens. I have been doing my irrigating all summer. Grant or Maynard helps a few minutes and I finish.

7 August. I had Brad and Maynard and Gaylia for supper.

8 August, 1978. I went to the 3rd Ward reunion at the park and then to see Brad set apart for his mission by President Mangelson. A lovely blessing. I'm sure he will be a good missionary. He is so anxious to go. He went to the Language School in Provo August 10.

19 August. I went with the Senior Citizens to Bear Lake.

31 August, 1978. Ray and Betty came and stayed overnight with me. They stayed for the Homecoming celebration. By 11 p.m. I was tired after so much excitement and life settled down again.

3 Sept. 1978. I was asked by Bishop Keck to be the head of the Special Interest group. I was not voted in until 10 Sept. I hope it works out.

8 Sept. Cleon's birthday. Alice came and then took me to the bus to go with the Senior Citizens to the Osmond Studios.

14 Sept. I went with a group to Santaquin to a Special Interest pot luck dinner. Three Stakes. A good time.

21 Sept. 1978. Gwen and Robert Cundick's baby boy was born in Cottonwood Hospital. Mother and baby doing fine.

This fall I did apricot nectar, grape juice and pickles, a few bottles of preserves. Did not need fresh fruit.

30 Sept. Alice took me to an eye Doctor to have my eyes checked. I needed new ones, so I ordered them that day.

6 Oct. 1978. I took my Special Interest Group to Beulah's in Provo. She has traveled all over the world and has many beautiful things she has collected.

10 October, 1978. Maynard and Gaylia took me with them to the airport to bid farewell to Brad as he left on his mission to Japan. Had a good visit with him. He was anxious to be on his way and happy to be going. He looked great. May he have God's choicest blessings.

11 Oct. I had the car tuned up for winter \$90. It runs better.

13 Oct. 1975. I got my new glasses. \$114.00. I like them and can see better.

15 Oct. 1978. It was Kent's Welcome Home from his mission.

24 Oct. Alice came to spend the day with me. I am always so happy to see her walk in. She is a lovely daughter.

5 Nov. I went to Salt Lake with Maynard and Gaylia and to Church with Gwen and Robert to have their baby blessed. He was given the name of Bryce Moore Cundick by Robert.

10 Nov. Craig came and wanted me to go back to Salt Lake but I said, "No". Home is pleasant to me. I feel nearer to my husband here than any other place.

Maynard and Grant came and got my home ready for the cold weather. Thanks so much for your help.

12 Nov ... Sundays are my most lonely days. ... I know I am being blessed or I couldn't do what I do. I pray each day for strength to keep going and be able to take care of myself and am thankful for the health I enjoy.

20 Nov. 1976. Grant, Jean, Janean and Maynard and Gaylia had supper with me ... the family is getting large for a home.

26 Nov. ... Stanley and Ruth Bliss, neighbors, are really kind to me. I go to Church each Sunday with them. I don't drive my car at night or on bad roads in winter.

3 Dec. 1978. Ray, Betty and Alice came and had dinner with me. We went to Fast meeting. Later, Ray and Betty left, but Alice stayed to spend Monday with me. Just one year since Cleon died ... thanks for the thoughtfulness.

Randy Moore's father-in-law died and was buried on 6 Dec. after a bout with cancer.

I made three afghans during the winter. Something to do when alone.

12 Dec. I had a Christmas party for my Special Interest group. Maynard is so good to help me with the little problems as they come along.

16 Dec. 1978. The Moore family Christmas party was held at the Jewetts. Maynard drove my car and Grant and Jean rode with us. Gwen and Robert Cundick entertained with music, along with the children taking part.

17 Dec. 1978 ... Have been busy getting things ready for the grandchildren's Christmas, just remembrances. 50 in my family.

22 Dec. 1978 ... spent Christmas in Salt Lake with Alice and also Ray's families.

31 Dec. 1978. The Payson Stake was really stirred up. Two new wards made of the 8 we had. The 3rd ward was divided and a part of the ward that was taken from the west side was brought back into the ward and we lost the ones to the north side. We lost many young families who lived to the north side. Our ward is smaller but a good ward. We have Theron Hill as our new Bishop and he kept Bishop Keck's counselors, Duane Patten and Van Beckstrom. Bishop Keck was kept in the ward to the north (the 11th ward).

Jan. 1, 1979. I spent New Years Eve very quietly.

11 Jan. 1979. We had our January thaw and my back yard was one ice skating rink.

Jan. 19, 1979. I had supper with Maynard and Gaylia for his birthday.

Life went on during the real cold weather ... I left a fast drip of water in the tub so it wouldn't freeze and I'd have broken pipes.

I don't drive on bad roads or at night so my going is limited unless someone takes me. I stay home. I am not too unhappy at home as I keep myself busy. If nothing else, get out my genealogy and time passes. The family come as they can, but they are all so busy. I appreciate Grant getting the tractor out and moving the snow so I can get my car out. Great-grandchildren make their appearance frequently and I try to have a baby quilt ready.

7 Feb. 1979 I helped Helen Cowan with a duet in Relief Society. The first time I have sang that way in years.

14 Feb. After Relief Society I drove to Provo to see Beulah, the first time all winter. She isn't very good.

Betty's brother died in England and all we could do is send sympathy to her. It was hard on her, being so far away.

17 Feb. Alice phoned to say they were coming for me to let me ride to Idaho with them to take Pam back to school. I left Saturday afternoon with Alice and Willard. ... I thank the Jewetts for being so kind to me.

28 Feb. 1979. I went to the Temple with Helen Cowan and Gladys Clayson to do initiatory work.

28 Feb. 1979. My cousin, Sara Mitchell Farr, died in California after a long illness. She insisted she was to be cremated and so she was. Her ashes were brought to Payson for burial in her family plot. It gave me a weird feeling to see them carry in a small box to be buried. Do not cremate me, please!

9 March. I went with Maynard and Gaylia to Provo to see some work of Randy's. He took 1st place on and to visit Beulah.

16 March 1979. My family came and had supper for Alice's and my birthdays. A delightful evening. It is so good to get them all together at one time.

21 March 1979 My 79th birthday. My brothers and sisters living near came for the evening. I go to the Temple often with my neighbors.

1 April I enjoyed listening to 2 days of conference.

7 April. Part of my family, Grant, Maynard, Ray, Betty, Alice, Willard, Craig, Paul, and Mike came and worked hard all day cleaning my lot. I invited Jean, Janean and Gaylia to come and eat dinner with us. It was Janean's birthday. I enjoyed all of them. Thanks.

20 April 1979. I went with Grant and Jean to Janean's college graduation. There is always plenty of work here. I have been planting garden and keeping my lawn mowed.

27 April. I went with the Senior Citizens to the Manti Temple as I hadn't been there since the Provo Temple opened.

29 April. I had supper with Grant and Jean. Thanks for the invitation. I know I am being guided by a higher spirit because I get so many impressions that give me peace of mind.

5 May. Grant and Jean moved into their new home. It is lovely on the waterfront of Salem pond, north side.

12 May for Mother's Day part of the family met at Paul and Nancy's beautiful back lawn for a get together and pot luck supper. They were good hosts and we enjoyed the evening. Thanks.

16 May. Paul came and sharpened my lawn mower and cut the lawn. I appreciate what the family do for me. There was so much growth in the barnyard and area, I started pulling and piling it (children were playing there) Grant saw what I was doing and got his lawn mower. Willard and Alice came and Grant and Willard mowed all around the area. It sure eased my mind.

19 May 1979. Maynard came and sprayed all around so nothing will grow I hope ... in and around the barnyard.

22 May. Kathle Tischner came and dragged Cleon's old 60 Dodge truck away. He is going to fix it up and get what he can for it. It worried me in the barn with the neighbor children playing there.

The flowers are and have been in profusion, forsythia, lilacs, bridal wreath, tulips, honeysuckle and snowballs. Some of the family think I should have a new home and let them sell this big lot. Perhaps I should, but I have lived here for about 48 years and here is where my memories are. I'm afraid it would break my heart to see the old home demolished. I am comfortable here. I can walk out my back door with no steps, just two at the front, and steps bother me now days. I know my lot is too big, but when I am gone the family can do what they want with the place. They all have their own homes. I am so grateful for the blessings I have. I pray for good judgement in my decisions. I get impressions and if I follow them I feel good about them. I am trying to live a good life. I go to Sunday School, Church and the Temple. I pay tithing, fast offering and church assessments. I go to Relief Society, am a visiting teacher, sing with the Relief Society chorus and ward choir. I am head of the Special Interest group and try to get sisters interested in doing some thing. It seems to be a thankless job as so many sister are not interested in doing anything, but I keep trying.

Between Church, family and trying to keep up this place, my garden and flowers, I keep busy, but I am alone too much. I have never lived where I could "neighbor" so since my husband died, it is very lonesome here.

On Memorial Day, Paul and Nancy and Alice and Willard came, then my brother Earl and Ada Jean, their daughter Julie and her boyfriend. Most of them stayed for supper with me. Then the next day Craig, Grant and Maynard came and picked snowballs. I picked the other flowers and arranged them all and we went to the cemetery to decorate the graves. The men left for home. Later Ray and family came and we ate dinner together.

The road in front of my place has been torn up for weeks, and it is so dusty when the wind blows it's awful. Hope they get it oiled before long. I hear I have to pay 90¢ a foot.

1 June 1979. I went with the Senior Citizens to the Ogden Temple. We ate lunch there and back to the Salt Lake Temple for a session. A good day. I hadn't been to the Ogden Temple before.

(...overnight visits with Ray's family and then Alice's family are detailed in Cleon Moore's history.)

8 June 1979. Grant drove my car and the three of us went to Salt Lake to witness the marriage of Janean and Steve Jackson. It was a beautiful ceremony. A lovely reception was held in Salem that night.

...The road front is finally oiled and smoothed down so, no more dust.

17 June. Father's Day. I irrigated from 2:30 a.m. until 8:00 a.m. Took flowers to the cemetery for Cleon's grave early morning. Was invited to Grant and Jean's for supper. A nice day for me, as Sundays are my most lonely days. Maynard and Gay came in the evening.

4 July. I spent quietly through the day, but after 10 at night the people at the apartment at the west put on their own fireworks till midnight and I stayed out by my buildings to see I didn't have a fire.

7 July. Grant and Maynard came and sprayed my lot, all around the barnyard, so hope no weeds grow next spring where they sprayed. It helps them as well as me.

July 18 ... Paul and Nancy came. They said Lisa is planning a fall marriage. She seems so young to me.

July 20. I went with Thelma Harmer with the Senior Citizens on a picnic up Spanish Fork canyon to a resort.

24 July. Maynard and Gay came and watched the Salt Lake parade with me on T.V. ... more fireworks over the fence late at night.

July 27 Bliss's invited me to go to the Temple. We did 2 sessions.

5 August. Kent phoned to say he had given Barbara Takos a ring. The wedding 14 Nov.

13 August. The Hill family reunion was held in the 2nd ward church.

14 Aug. Did two sessions at the Temple and a Stake supper at night.

16 August ... Life goes on for me with my garden, irrigating each week, going to the temple, Special Interest and church, along with my family who are good to me. When I get time on my hands I get out genealogy books and time passes.

20 August 1979. Craig Jewett phoned from Missouri and visited with me. I think I know him the best of my grandchildren because he visits me the most.

27 August. I've had a busy day, guess I'm growing old. I'm sure tired tonight.

29 August 1979 Would have been our 61st Wedding anniversary. Alice and Pam came to spend the day.

30 August. Maynard and Gay took me to see "Kiss Me Kate". Thanks

31 August. Ruth Bliss took Thelma Harmer, Pamela Huber, Emma Wignall me to the Fireworks. We sat in the grandstand and enjoyed them. Homecoming time.

1 Sept. 1979. I went to Midway to "Swiss Days" with Maynard and Gay and Randy and Ruth and enjoyed the day.

2 Sept. My father's Birthday always seems to hit "Homecoming" celebration. I went to church and then to Grant's.

Ray and his family came for "Homecoming". Part ate at the Park and part came to eat with me.

Have been, asked for my Special Interest to put on the Sunday night program the 16th. Have been working on that.

8 Sept. Cleon's birthday. The family met at Alice's in Salt Lake for a get together, and pot luck supper. I had a freak accident. Got my finger crushed in a folding chair and was taken to St. Marks hospital at 7 p.m. Was given a tetanus shot x-rayed and my finger sewn up. It was 10 o'clock when we got back to Alice's. I just had to wait my turn in emergency. The family had all gone home. I stayed with the Jewetts til Monday and Alice brought me home, and I had to see Dr. Hall. Had stitches taken out on Saturday. Just had a very sore finger that was always in the way ... middle finger on my right hand. The family was good to check on me to see how I was doing.

16 Sept. Was my day in charge of the Special Interest program. I had a hard time getting sisters to help so I helped with 2 duets and gave a talk ... I had prayed I could do my part and not be afraid and my prayer was answered.

I went to the State Fair and the Ice Follies with the Senior Citizen group.

22 Sept. Alice and Willard came and took me for a ride up Payson canyon. It was beautiful with all the fall colors. Maynard and Gay came later.

23 Sept. This is black walnut time and I have spent many hours, gathering and hulling, washing and drying them and storing them for winter. Nuts are so expensive to buy.

29 Sept. I went with the Senior Citizens to the circus in Salt Lake. Thelma Harmer and my sister Nelda also and we spent the day together. A nice day.

2 Oct. The Temple with Thelma ... 2 sessions.

4 Oct. 1979. The farm money was divided among the five children. Dad and I gave it to them.

6 Oct. Listened to Conference through the day. We had a first cousins party here for pot luck

supper. 20 present for eating and visiting. Nice time.

7 October I was alone and enjoyed conference. Alice and Willard came later, then Maynard and Gay, Gwen and Robb and the children. The children are good to come which I enjoy.

Each Tuesday is a temple day and Wednesday Relief Society.

Quite often, I hear from my missionary grandson Bradley Moore. I love my grandchildren.

21 Oct. 1979. A beautiful clear morning. I went to Sunday School. ... Maynard and Gay came later. With Maynard's Bishop job, he is a very busy man. He comes as he can. I have many people tell me what a good Bishop they have in their ward.

Each day brings it's work for me. When I get tired of house work, there is plenty outside to do. If not, I get genealogy out.

Went to the Temple on Wednesday. Went with the Senior Citizens on Tues, and did a session. Gladys Clayson picked me up at 4:30 a.m.

25 Oct. I went to the High Priests banquet with Bliss's.

26 Oct. Senior Citizens banquet and program.

27 Oct. Maynard and Grant came and they, along with Alice, Willard and Pam, Grant and Willard all went to work. They fixed the roof that had been leaking, mowed the lawn, fixed my taps on the outside so they wouldn't freeze. Before he could get under the house he had to kill black widow spider's. They put plastic in the windows that needed it.

When the work is finished, they all go home and I am alone again. Very thankful for the help they give to me and grateful for the good family that Dad and I have. They had a good father which we all miss very much.

30 Oct. I passed the old Moore Hotel the other day and it has been changed. The porch on the west has been taken away. It has been painted and a window trim put on. Looks nice. The other part was changed years ago.

6 Nov. Still gathering leaves and walnuts for the garbage man. Got my canned storage from the cellar, cleaned down the cellar, put my garden tools away, getting ready for winter. Then went to the Temple.

Nov. 14 at 10 a.m.. went to the Temple to see Kent and Barbara Takos married. 50 present to witness it.

I get such a good feeling when I see so many of my grandsons worthy to go to the temple. Then, such a number of them worthy to stand in when a new great grandchild is blessed. I came home with Grant, Jean and Maynard and Gaylia after the reception.

15 Nov. A busy day for me, getting all my garbage out, doing my visiting teaching, then a funeral at noon for an old friend, Dora Hancock.

16 Nov. Getting ready for a Special Interest pot luck dinner at 1:00 at Aline Shepherds's house. 12 present. Sometimes I have wondered if it is all worth it, but this time it seemed it was.

23 Nov. It was Lisa's wedding (Paul's daughter) at 10:30. It was held at a Community Church in Orem. She married Josh Hopkins. Just the two immediate families and the Grandmothers present. Paul and Nancy seemed happy, but I couldn't but compare it with the one the week before. ... I didn't feel good that afternoon and evening and didn't leave home again until Tues. Good to feel good again. The boys, Grant and Maynard with Jean and Gaylia were good to check on me. I appreciated their caring.

28 Nov. I went to the temple with the Westphals and did two sessions.

3 Dec. 1979. Alice phoned to say she was coming to spend the night with me. Just 2 years since Cleon passed away and the children are all thinking of it also. Grant stopped to visit with Alice and me and he phoned Maynard and said "bring Mother and Alice and come over and spend the evening with us", so we did and the six of us had a nice visit.

4 Dec. I have been doing a few things getting ready a little Christmas spirit and getting ready for the holidays.

7 Dec. 1979 Two years today since we buried Cleon. I rode to the cemetery but not much consolation. I know we put him there, but I don't feel he is there, so I can feel just as low at home as in the cemetery. It seems a long time since he left, but a very short time since I was taking care of him. I wonder how long I will feel this way.

8 Dec. I went to Salt Lake with the Senior Citizens to the Salt Palace to see the "Festival of Trees" and out to dinner at a restaurant. A nice day.

Sundays, Visiting Teaching, Washdays, Relief Society all come along and I take care of each one as I can.

I go to the Temple for endowments as I can and do initiatory work quite often with different ones as I can.

I made cookies for the Ward Party for Christmas and went with Stan and Ruth Bliss. Afterward, Stan took us around to see the decorated homes. There were none nicer than Bliss's, and his neighbors.

14 Dec. I took a wreath to the cemetery.

I enjoy my Home Teachers as they visit each month.

19 Dec ... Maynard and Gaylia took me to the Payson High School Christmas program at night. Thank's everyone.

Been getting "goody bag" ready for Christmas. Cookies, candy, popcorn, gum oranges, marshmello covered with caramel candy and puffed rice. It was quite a job to fix 55 bags but I enjoyed doing it.

My brother, Rulon, comes to see me once in a while. I can see he is aging. He is 15 months older than me. He has his problems.

22 Dec. Our family Christmas Party at Bay and Betty's house. 35 family members had pot luck together. We have to share some of the families each year. After the family left for home, I went with Ray and Betty to Temple Square and walked through "Fairyland". It was lovely with all the

white and colored lights through the trees. Christmas with Alice and her family.

27 Dec. I cleaned up the Christmas things and went to Maynard's for supper.

31 Dec. ... Grant used the tractor and cleaned the snow from the back yard. ... Maynard and Gaylia came to visit later.

New Years was a quiet time for me.

3 Jan. 1980. Frank and Leona Thomas were hit by a truck on 4th North in Payson at 9:15 a.m. She died from the effect. Frank was in the hospital and is slowly recovering.

10 Jan. We had a hard wind and it blew a big limb off my walnut tree into the road so I went out in a snowstorm and cleaned it up. The boys thought I was crazy, but there was no one else to do it. There were many cars that passed, but I just dodged them.

19 Jan. Alice and Willard came. ... We rode up and visited with Maynard and his family for his birthday. It was his 53rd.

22 Jan. 1980. I wrote Brad in Japan. In the evening, I rode to Salt Lake with Maynard and Gay to a program. It was a Composers Guild and Gwen had won in a contest. The song had never been used before and the U. of U. Institute choir sang it. It was lovely. Gwen is so talented in so many ways. It was held at St. Mark's Cathedral, a beautiful building. (the song was "Voice of My Cry")

The days go by. I keep myself busy at something. I tied off two baby quilts last week.

27 Jan. ... a big snow storm. I am snowed in, but my big concern is the carport. I have at least 20" of the white stuff. At 4:30 I looked out and there was Grant coming in, shoveling the front and Maynard waded through and got the ladder and they both cleaned off the carport and a path to the cellar and little house, so I could get supplies. I don't know what I would do without my good family. They are so kind to me. Grant and Maynard are near and I'm sure they sometimes feel picked on, but I do appreciate them more than they know. I'm glad for storage. We sometimes wonder why we have it. Just obey our prophet when he speaks and we are prepared.

30 Jan 1980. Relief Society and Primary cancelled on account of snow.

31 Jan. Paul and Nancy came in the evening. Paul started the tractor and cleared snow for an hour with lights on the tractor. Nancy took me to the grocery store.

1 Feb. 1980. Grant came and finished clearing the snow. Maynard came to help Grant get his truck out of a snow bank.

(.....details of a 3 day visit with Alice and Ray in Salt Lake City is detailed in Cleon Moore's history)

6 Feb. Relief Society and Finlayson relatives came for genealogy. Maynard helped me with my business. Thanks.

8 Feb. I have tied four baby quilts this bad weather.

23 Feb. I was invited to Maynard's for Gwen's birthday supper.

25 Feb. I got the car out for the first time and rode to Salem to see Nelda and Dora (my sisters).

I have been tatting some and giving it to the girls. It is almost a lost art. I started tatting when I was twelve years old.

1 March 1980. I had Maynard drive my car to Salt Lake. On the way home we visited with Carolyn and I visited with Beulah.

2 March 1980. The Church has changed to the block system. We go to Church and in three hours we are through for the day. It will cut down on car travel for people who have to drive. I think we will like the system as soon as we get used to it.

6 March. I've been having more trouble with my heart lately.

18 March. I went with the Senior Citizens to the Temple again. The first time all winter. I enjoy doing Temple work.

21 March 1980. My 80th birthday. When I looked out this morning, it was fairy land. Snow had fallen in the night and everything was white. It wasn't long before the phone started ringing. Ray and Alice called from Salt Lake and Craig from San Antonio, Texas. Each of the family called through the day along with friends and relatives. My buzzer rang and there stood the florist with a most beautiful bouquet. I looked at him and said, "For me?". He said, "From Rick, Sharon and the Girls". When he left I shed tears. There were 12 blue carnations, 12 white daisies, 3 spider mums, with all the greenery and ribbons. Lovely. Thanks so much. I also had many cards and gifts. Thanks everyone. My brothers and sisters came in the afternoon and part of them ate with me. It was a lovely day and one to remember.

22 March 1980. My family had a dinner party for me at Alice and Willard's in Salt Lake which I enjoyed.

22 March. Maynard and Gay were at the airport early to bid farewell to Gwen and Robb and Joel and Bryce who were moving to New York to live. Robb has a job there and the company were moving them. They sold their Salt Lake home and agreed to stay at least two years ... they are buying a home there. We will miss them. A lovely family.

29 March 1980. Willard and Alice came. Willard and Grant and Maynard worked on the back entry until night. Took out old walls, ceiling and floor and replaced them with wall paneling and tile. A real dirty job. Will have to come again to finish.

30 March Sunday morning I was up early to get some of the dirt cleaned up and get things under shelter. Just about finished and we had the worst blizzard of the winter.

Roan Griffiths took my TV that needed attention but brought it back so I could hear Conference \$45.25

I had to go to the laundry for curtains, rugs, and other things before I could put things back in place.

12 April 1980. All my children came and worked around the place, burning and cleaning. It looks good. Willard spent the day finishing the entry.

I planted some garden. The children don't think I need it, but it gives me interest outside and I have always had a garden. I suppose I will as long as I can work.

28 April. Janean gave birth to a lovely baby daughter in the Provo Hospital. Doing fine.

7 May. I was at the Salt Lake Temple for the marriage of Pamela and Thomas Nead. Beautiful ceremony ... and reception at "Seven Oaks".

8 May 1980. Gaylia took me to Provo for an eye appointment which took most of the afternoon.

10 May. Grant and Maynard and Paul, Ray and wives came Saturday afternoon to visit and we had supper together and then I went back to Salt Lake to spend Mothers Day with Ray and Betty.

20 May. ... car trouble. Kathle came and took it to his garage and brought it back to me in the afternoon. It needed a new battery and a few other things, but runs fine now. \$75.68.

Monday morning Grant and Maynard came early to pick snowballs for me. I arranged many bouquets and we took them to the cemetery ... a truck load. I told the boys I was showing them were to put the flowers, so when I'm gone they will know where to decorate. I'm about the last of the older generation and think they should know.

29 May ... We had an earthquake that shook southern Utah County. Did some damage in areas.

1 June 1980. The Payson Utah Stake Presidency was changed after 10 years. Vernon Finch new Stake President. Larry Kimball 1st and Bernell Evans 2nd counselors.

Maynard is starting his new home ... three blocks south of where he is living.

Maynard used the weeder on the lot.

7 June Alice and Willard came in the afternoon and took me for a ride and out to supper. It was about time I was getting out of the house. Thanks

20 June. I was working on my books and took pencil and paper and started in to the kitchen to get some dates from the calendar. I didn't make it. I have always been in a hurry and this day I slipped on the top step and landed on my right knee. It hurt and I couldn't move ... or perhaps I didn't try hard enough. Anyway, I lay from 3:40 on Friday until 9:30 Saturday morning before Ray and Betty came from Salt Lake and found me. Ray called the ambulance and I was taken to the hospital. They found I had broken my leg just above the knee, so they couldn't pin it. I was put in to a cast that night. I was in the hospital for 10 days and was taken to Maynard's home for 2 days then to my home for the rest of the week. The family took care of me. I was to go back in a week for a check up. They examined my leg and found another broken bone under my knee, so was taken back into the hospital. That night I was pinned and put in traction with weighs on my leg. That way for 6 weeks and out of traction, but still in the same bed for another 2 weeks. 55 days in the same bed, besides the 10 days before. My stay in the hospital was not too bad. I had good food, good nurses and much company, which I enjoyed. Many x-rays and therapy. I was put in the Hubbard tub four times (450 gallons of water) and left 20 minutes in the square tub a number of times. I had to get out of the hospital, so on Labor Day (the first Monday in September) Alice came in to say, "I'm taking you home with me." A load lifted from my shoulders. She and Willard were very good to me ... (Alan and Lori's wedding took place during this time) ...

15 Sept. Alice brought me home to stay. A Mrs. Seat came to stay with me for 6 weeks and when she found I was more efficient than she was she wanted to go home so I let her and have been living alone since she left ... with the help of Alice and the boys.

I will be forever grateful to my family for the interest they took in me, coming to visit and taking care of the home. The many prayers that were said in my behalf and the blessings I received from day to day. I am so thankful to my Heavenly Father for his blessings to me and my family and hope and pray I am worthy of the many things I am given.

4 August. The Hill reunion was held and I was sorry I couldn't be there.

Brad came from his mission and come to see me. His "Welcome Home" was 10 of August.

29 August 1980. It would have been my 62nd wedding anniversary. Alice always remembers such days.

8 August. Pam and Terry Jewett had a baby boy. His name is Jacob Tyler Jewett.

11 Sept. Rick and Sharon Murano had a baby girl. Her name is Brittany Lee.

18 Sept. Gary and Jana Moore had baby girl. Her name is Meredith Brooke.

I was not able to attend any of the meetings. I am sorry. I missed many nice things while recuperating from my broken leg, but I'm being blessed each day and happy to be living and doing what I can, for myself and the help of so many nice people.

I had therapy for several weeks to get my leg to bend but it has been real stiff. The therapist came to my home. The Doctor said at 6 months he would manipulate it and bend it, but at 6 months he was afraid he might break it again and I would rather have a leg that won't bend all the way than to break it again. I see the Dr. in Feb. Mrs. Seat left 1 Nov and I was happy without her. Alice wanted me to go to Salt Lake with them but I said "No". It changes their life when I'm there. I'll try to tell them to go do the things they want as I am used to being alone. Sometimes they do ... but something keeps calling me home.

The family party was at Jewetts on Saturday night after Christmas and I came home with Grant and Maynard. It was good to be home. New Year's Eve was a quiet one for me.

I had Thanksgiving dinner with Grant and Jean's family. A day later Maynard and Gay had their Thanksgiving dinner and I enjoyed being with their family. ... Maynard comes to see me as he can. With his Bishop's job and building a new house he is a busy man.

Brad Moore gave Carrie Lynn Ashton of Orem a ring for Christmas. The wedding will be in the summer.

29 Jan 1981. Paul and Nancy were made grandparents when Lisa gave birth to a baby boy. They going to name him Chad Kevin Hopkins.

I'm glad the hostages are back home safely after 444 days in captivity in Iran. Their homecoming was a real thriller.

Maynard is still working hard on his new house.

8 Feb ... Maynard and Gaylia, Brad and Carrie came to see me in the afternoon. Some days I have much company, other days none. So many things I miss when it is so hard to get around. I have had many birds near the house cleaning up all the old apples on the tree and around and eating my pyracantha berries

17 February. Alice took me to the Doctor. He says my knees are full of arthritis and gave me medication for it.

I have had boys playing in the barn and Grant and Maynard hope they have fixed it so they can't.

24 Feb. I went to Relief Society. Later in the day I had a bad spell with indigestion. Grant came and went for Maynard and Gaylia. They talked to the Doctor. As the day wore on I felt better and the next morning I'm fine.

27 Feb. Maynard took me to the bank and then to see his new home. It's lovely. When we returned Grant was here and we visited, I enjoy and appreciate my family so much.

3 March, 1951. Grant, Maynard and Gay came in the evening.

We're told to keep a diary but my life is so much the same each day. I keep busy at something, reading, tating, genealogy, doing things I can do for myself. I love company. Some days no one comes, other days several. I love my home and the quiet I have here. I appreciate the Lord's blessings to me each day and the impressions I get as I know he answers my prayers.

10 March. Alice came and we went to the laundry ...

14 March. Maynard moved into his new home today. Brad, Grant and Randy helped him. They have been moving smaller things all week, so today the furniture ... I miss the neighbors the Bliss's. They are on a trip to Mexico.

18 March Alice's birthday, but Ray and Maynard had quarterly conference. Alice was babysitting for a grandchild, so we didn't celebrate.

20 March. My brothers and sisters came for my birthday. We had supper together for my birthday. A nice evening.

22 March. After Church Maynard came for me and I had dinner with them and Brad and Carrie.

26 March. Alice came and took me to Salt Lake, etc. ...

When they took me back home on the 30 of March we heard on the radio about the shooting of President Reagan. It caused much excitement. We're glad his wound was not so bad as it seemed at first. Maynard and Grant came after we got home. They all visited. It's good to be home again.

(...at this point in her journal, Vida's handwriting begins to deteriorate.)

4 April 1981. Conference weekend ... I listened to all 5 sessions and enjoyed them. I was alone and could listen without interruption. We were told to obey the commandments and to love one another. Good advise for all of God's children.

Alice called on Sunday to see if I was alright I am happy for company as I am alone too much. Grant, Jean, Maynard and Gay come more often as they are nearer.

11 April. Grant, Maynard, Paul and Mike, Willard, Alice and Pam came and worked on my lot and in the house ... my place sure looks better and I'm so thankful to each of them. I still can't get into the yard to help ... 10 months since I broke my leg. I sure have had to learn patience.

12 April. I got up early Sunday morning and watched the space shuttle blast off from Florida to begin a 54½ hour test flight around the earth with 2 astronauts aboard and then Tues. morning I watched to earth near Edwards Air Force Base in California ... just when and where it was supposed to. Quite thrilling.

17 April. Ray and Betty came. He mowed my lawn, dug ditches, ran the tractor, took me shopping and to the cemetery. My car wouldn't run.

18 April ... Kathle took my car to the garage in Santaquin.

19 April. The old Tabernacle across from the 3rd Ward Church has been torn down to make room for a bank.

24 April ... Kathle brought my car back. Good to have it running, again. \$69.55

27 April 1981. Gay phoned to say that Gwen had a new baby girl. Everything fine. They are going to name her Gretel.

29 April. I tried out my car to see if I could drive it. I did. Maynard and Gay came to visit in the evening.

30 April. I always have books handy to work on. Got some black walnuts, cracked and picked them out. Try something each day to see if I can.

2 May. Maynard came and sprayed for weeds early this morning.

4 May 1981. Had first water turn. I supervised as I could. I needed it.

5 May. I made doughnuts today. The first time in years.

10 May Mother's Day ... Maynard and Gay came to visit.

12 May. Maynard took me to Deseret Federal in Spanish Fork.

14 May. Paul and Mike mowed the lawn. Grant came. I had my first fall since I broke my leg and frightened Grant. He helped me up, but I wasn't hurt.

17 May. It's good to go to Church each Sunday and get the sacrament.

I really missed it while I was away so long. Jean's Aunt Lottie passed. Death is sweet in many cases.

15 May. Alice came and we took flowers to the cemetery, washed and rode to Spanish Fork. Alice is a comfort to me. I truly love her.

22 May. I made 8 loaves of bread this morning.

24 May. I didn't feel so good, so missed church.

29 May. It's good to be able to get out and hoe a few weeds, after sitting so long. Maynard planted my glad bulbs.

1 June 1981 ... I have irrigating turns each week. The boys help as they can and I do the rest. Grant and Maynard come often to check and do little things for me. Paul sees my lawn is cut each week. Alice comes and does all the little and big jobs that need doing that I can't do for myself. I talk with Beulah on the phone every few days. She and Charles are not good. Life goes on. I do whatever I can without help and each day I try ... Maynard sprayed the lot twice.

Salt Lake with Ray and then with Alice ... Alice brought me home on Monday morning. We went by way of the new Jordan River temple and the Angel Moroni statue was sitting there on the ground waiting to be hoisted atop the Temple. Alice said, "This is as near to the Angel Moroni as we're going to get".

14 June. Church. Some TV shows I enjoy. It helps pass the time I am alone.

18 June 1981. When the Payson Chronicle came out this week it had a big story about Althea (my sister) and Buss Carson's Golden wedding. The story listed me as one of the dead family members. I wasn't too happy about it. I was "resurrected" in the paper the following week.

20 June. One year ago today since I broke my leg. I am still limping. Maynard and I picked the pie cherries that the birds left.

Father's Day party at Paul's was lovely. 46 present.

21 June 1981. Father's Day. The longest day of the year.

23 June. In Relief Society we had a speaker who talked about "Writing about your stresses". I thing mine are not being able to drive my car and do my shopping when I need to, getting things from my upstairs and cellar and on high shelves, waiting for someone to come help, having someone come after me and take me and bring me back when I was always able to do it for myself and having to use a walker, or a cane or something to put my hand on so I won't get overbalanced. Being alone too much and not being able to walk very far. When I get that way, I take my hoe and go out and hoe weeds, or get out my genealogy books and work on them, or get my tatting shuttle and tat, or read or watch TV. Quite a life. So, I doubly enjoy company or someone saying "Let's go".

June 26. My brother, F. LeRoy's, birthday. I just called to wish him a happy one. Almost impossible to get a family together these days. When I was listed among the dead members of my family, a few days later the florist came with a beautiful bouquet of flowers and a note from Paul and Nancy that said I was very much alive.

29 June. Grant took Jean to Las Vegas to a special Doctor to see if her breathing can be helped. Time will tell.

I picked cherries, bottled some and put some in the deep freeze. I feel better when I can do things for myself.

2 July. Had a fire in the vacant lot east of my bottom lot. The fire department put it out.

6 July ...I've been smelling skunks and the boys thought they were under the brooder house, so they banked dirt all around it. If they were there, they still are, as I can't smell them anymore.

10 July. Have had some problems and was sent by Dr. Woolsey to Prove hospital. Florence and Edith took me and I enjoyed the day with them, as we spent the day doing other things. My report from the Dr. was that I was OK.

Bradley Moore and Carrie Lynn Ashton were married in the Salt Lake Temple. A reception was held in Orem that evening and on the 11th a reception was held in Payson 1st Ward, I just attended the one in Payson. Carrie seems a lovely girl and we welcome her to our family.

21 July. I bottled 14 bottles of apricots, Maynard picked them. The next day I did apricot nectar and jam.

29 July ... Maynard gets my dams in so I can irrigate ... I take a hoe with me when I go outside and try to keep the weeds down, I am so slow at everything. The gladiola bulbs Maynard planted for me in the spring are lovely now.

There are many things for me to do each day and I am so slow. It takes me so long. I don't want to fall again.

I got a new recommend and got it signed but still haven't been to the temple for so long, I surely miss going.

I have done quite a bit of fruit canning this summer. One of the family brings up empty bottles and the next one that comes takes the full bottles down my cellar. I can't get down my cellar.

21 August. Nancy graduated from the "Y" with a master's degree.

23 August. Between Ruth Bliss, Nelda and Melvin, Edith, Grant and Maynard, I didn't need a garden this year, I thank each of you.

27 Aug. I drove my car to Orem and visited with Nelda (my sister) and Melvin.

28 August. I passed out money to my children again.

29 August ... It was our wedding anniversary and Maynard drove my car and we took flowers to the cemetery, I guess it helps me.

5 Sept. Kent and Barbara had a baby girl. ... This one makes my 23rd great grandchild under 8 years of age. Homecoming celebration I went to the parade with Alice and her family. About 33 of the family came to eat dinner at my house. It was good to have them here. It was much different before Cleon left ... always such a vacancy for me.

Tuesday was his birthday and I was alone all day, I couldn't get him flowers to the cemetery. I can't manage flowers and a cane and go alone. Sorry.

20 Sept ...many visitor's. Some Sundays I have to spend alone.

20 Sept. to 30 Sept. ... visits with various families I have been raking up walnuts for over three weeks and giving all I could away and putting the rest in the garbage.

1 Oct. 1981. I bought a new recliner chair, very nice \$386.85. I enjoyed October conference. Craig came and listened with me on Sun. morning.

7 Oct. Gay took me to see Dr. Woolsey. She waited 1½ hours for me. I dug my gladiola bulbs and most of my potatoes with a hoe. Grant came and finished them.

14 Oct. Alice took me to Prove to an eye Doctor, He says I have cataracts, I haven't decided what

to do about it yet.

21 Oct. Gay took me to see Dr. Woolsey again.

22 Oct. The toilet wouldn't flush and Maynard and Gay came and worked until 10:00 but I had to get a plumber next morning. I find we can't live in this world alone. Isn't it good we can't!

26 Oct. It looks like my walnut tree has about shed it's nuts, I hope.

The Doctor thought I had 2 skin cancers and took me to the emergency room at the hospital. It showed later, benign.

31 October. I won't have many walnuts next year. The boys had my 2 trees topped and one cut down. I'm happy about it. They will use the wood in fireplaces. ...I helped the boys clear the brush off the lawn. It took several days.

As Alice comes we go shopping. One day to Prove to get me some shoes.

12 Nov. I drove my car to get a permanent and next day to the Dr's office. I haven't been driving.

13 Nov. Kathle winterized my car. It runs fine. \$45.63.

22 Nov. 1981 The Payson Utah Stake was split and two stakes made.

25 Nov. Ray came and took me to Salt Lake to spend Thanksgiving with their family. ... Saturday he took me to Alice's.

29 Nov. ... Alice brought me home.

6 Dec. 1981. I went to meeting in my ward and then Gaylia came for me and I went to the 1st Ward when Maynard was released as their Bishop. From the reports spoken to me he was a well loved Bishop and many people sorry to see him released. Maynard and Gay visited me in the afternoon and I told him what some had said. He said "That's better than having them all happy to see him gone". Some pressure should be off him now. He was Bishop when he was building his home and while I was in the hospital 65 days. He is living in their home now and I'm better so it should be easier for him.

7 Dec. 1981. Four years today since we buried Cleon.

10 Dec. Visits in Salt Lake with Alice and Ray's families.

30 March. Alice came and worked all day cleaning everything. The therapist comes almost every afternoon to get my let to bend. I had my dinners sent in by "meals on wheels" for 2 weeks.

2 April. ... I am thankful for each one of my children.

4 April. General Conference time. When I look at President Kimball and Brother Tanner and Romney, and see how they keep going as tired as they look, I could weep for them. Then I take heart at my condition.

5 April 1980. Gay took me to the Doctor's appointment at 1:30. If I don't get this knee bent the doctor wants me to go to the hospital and he will bend it, so I am working on it.

Maynard got in school and had a bad spell, phoned Gay and the Dr. had him put in intensive care in the hospital. They gave him shock treatments to get his heart beating as it should. They kept him here until Wednesday and he rested at home the rest of the week. He seems to be getting better each day.

6 April. Bessie visited me and I enjoy her visits.

7 April ... Maynard and Gay call most every evening. Edith comes quite often. The therapist comes almost every day. He thinks I am doing fine.

10 April. Grant's family had an Easter party for the children and I was invited to go, but I am better off at home with my leg when children are running around.

11 April. I listened to a talk by Brother Ezra Taft Benson given at the "Y". He was quoting from prophecy of the winding up scenes and it sounded like we are living in them.

... I appreciate Maynard and Gaylia who come often. They don't stay long but I know they care.

12 April. Pam had a baby boy in Provo Hospital.

Jean had a Doctor appointment and found her back trouble is arthritis Just live with it with medication. We were so in hopes something could be done for her.

16 April. Grant and Richard worked all morning moving tree limbs that were put in the west lot when the walnut trees were topped. They were burned in the bottom lot.

17 was clean up day. Grant, Paul, Mike, Ray and Betty, Maynard and Jean came. The men outside and the women in. Pot luck dinner we enjoyed.

18 April. Sunday, I spent alone.

19 April. Got things ready to go to the hospital Tuesday morning. Gaylia picked me up at 6:25 a.m. I hadn't had a very good night ... one of my heart palpitation spells. I checked in and was put to bed. They got me ready for knee manipulation at noon. I wasn't looking forward to it. The same procedure as the operation. I was to leave at night, but was kept until morning, and therapy before leaving. Gaylia picked me up around 11:00 and took me to their home. They worked. Willard fixed taps, changed tires on the car, got it running, had it washed and serviced. They brought food. Later we went for a ride. It was good to get away for a while. I have been in so long.

25 April My company seems to come in bunches, then I am alone again. I had Grant, Maynard and Gay, Randy and Ruth, Edith and Kathle, Grant and Jean. Maynard came back at night to give me a blessing which I was grateful for.

26 April. I'm having a real struggle with my leg. Bessie visited this morning. The therapist came and I went to the doctor and they both made me feel better. The doctor accepted what Medicare paid, said I didn't owe him anything.

27 April. Edith came this morning and told me Leslie died the night before ... (Vida's brother in law)

28 April. Talked with Rhea on the phone this morning. We have quite a bit in common. She helps me with genealogy.

29 April ... Paul brought Beulah's wheel chair when he came on Thursday.

30 April ... Edith and Kathle took me to the funeral in the wheel chair. After the funeral, Dora (my sister) made the comment, "Vida can live without her husband, and so can I". We were all taught to do what had to be done and I think that is the way we lived. After the funeral, Althea, my sister, stayed with me for the afternoon. I enjoyed her visit.

1 May 1982. Grant and Maynard came for a short time ... in the evening Grant and Jean came and we took the wheelchair back to Beulah.

My therapist comes each afternoon and life goes on.

Spent the Mother's Day weekend with Alice and Willard.

10 May. I had a Dr. appointment Monday and Alice brought me home and to the Dr. Then she worked in the house all day doing things for me that I can't do. I sure appreciate her help.

I go to the hospital for therapy Mon, Wed, and Fridays each week. Gaylia, Edith and Nelda are taking turns taking me. Thanks. Paul comes each week to mow my lawn and shop for me.

I made 6 loaves of bread one day and 2 pies another day and cookies another day, so I am getting stronger.

On Sundays I listen to channel 11 and get what sermons I can.

31 May. Grant and Maynard came, we picked flowers and went to the cemetery. In the evening Maynard took me to see the cemetery and to his house for a visit.

6 June. Pam and Tom's baby blessed and given the name of Nathaniel Thomas. I didn't feel like going.

13 June. Richard and Lani's baby blessed and given the name of Asia. She is a beautiful baby. I did not attend.

19 June. Grant and Maynard came and used the tractor and sprayed for weeds. Later in the day the family went to Paul and Nancy's for a Father's Day get-together. About 50 family members present. A lovely time. I went back to Salt Lake with Alice. To Church with Alice on Sunday. The first time since Feb.

22 June. Alice brought me home. We visited in Provo with Beulah and Charles.

27 June. I went to Church in Third Ward (home ward) since February. It was good to go.

Maynard has been taking me for therapy lately. I appreciate it. Life goes on from day to day. I do what I can and if I don't want to work no one says I have to.

3 July. Maynard and Gaylia left by plane for New York to visit Gwen and family, whom they haven't seen for over 2 years.

4 July. Janean had a baby girl in Provo Hospital.

7 July. Edith took me to the Doctor and he stopped the therapy. I was glad.

I am doing quite well living alone, with family help.

20 July. Maynard and Gay returned from New York. My lawn was being eaten up by bugs. Maynard and Grant took care of it.

I watched the 24th parade on TV.

1 Aug. Janean and Steve's baby was blessed and given the name of Megan. I went with Grant and Jean.

3 August. I went with Maynard and Gay to have Randy and Ruth's baby sealed to them in the Jordan River Temple. I had never been in that temple before, so was happy to go. We went on into Salt Lake for lunch with the group.

2 August ... Hill reunion at the park. Large crowd and all seemed to enjoy it.

11 August Maynard took me to get a permanent.

14 August. Moore reunion in a park in Provo. I went with Ray and Betty. I can't seem to get my family very interested.

23 August. I invited my children to a steak supper for a get together. Went back to Salt Lake with Alice and Willard for 4 days.

29 Aug. Brad Moore was put in 1st counselor in the Bishopric. Randy is president of M.I.A. and Gwen choir director in her ward. Carolyn is Primary President.

Sept. 7. Gay took me to wash at the Laundromat and I took care of it alone. The first time.

Sept. 8. Cleon's birthday. I spent alone.

10 Sept. *(at this point, Vida begins to lose track of what year it is.)*

23 Sept. Alice took me to Salt Lake to see Dr. Lyle about my eyes.

24 Sept. Had an eye implant. Stayed in Salt Lake with Alice until the 28th, when Alice brought me home. Got alone fine by myself.

2 Oct. Enjoyed Conference by myself.

5 Oct. I was alone in the morning and in the afternoon had much company.

5 Oct. Afton Nelson (Beulah's daughter) called and said they had found Beulah dead in bed. She had died in her sleep. Was quite a shock. In the evening Maynard took me over. The night of the viewing my family all went over but Alice and see came to the funeral. Beulah has been my friend all my life, that part is now over, I will miss her.

After Beulah's funeral, Ray and Betty took me home with them, spent several days with Ray and Betty and then with Alice and Willard.

28 Oct. Maynard has been ill but is feeling better.

2 Nov. Maynard took me to vote.

9 Nov. Maynard called me in Salt Lake saying, that Oro died that day (Cleon's brother). Paul, Maynard, Gay, Grant and Jean went to the viewing in Provo.

12 Ray and Betty came, we had dinner and then went to Provo to the funeral.

18 Nov. Paul helped me with taxes and took me shopping.

19 Nov. Grant and Maynard replaced the plastic the wind had taken off the windows.

21 Nov. Church. Maynard and Gay met Gwen and family at the airport. Gwen had been given an airplane ticket to come to Salt Lake to give a presentation to the General Board, by Elaine Cannon who had been present in New York where Gwen had given it. Quite an honor. The whole family came and were here at Thanksgiving time and we could all have a nice visit.

25 Nov. I had Thanksgiving dinner with Grant's family and another dinner with Maynard's family the next day.

28 Nov. I was asked to 10 minute talk in Church. So I did. Maynard came to hear me and took me to his ward to hear Gwen's boys, Joel and Bryce sing. They did fine.

Gwen and family visited me Monday morning before leaving for New York on Tuesday.

4 Dec. 5 years since Clean left.

5 Dec. I worked several days and made doll quilts for great grand-daughters.

14 Dec. 1982. My brother, Lynn died early this morning. Grant and Maynard cleared snow so we could get out. Thanks.

18 Dec. My family had planned their family Christmas party for this night at Ray and Betty's. I rode up with Grant and Jean and Maynard and Gay.

Nine days in Salt Lake with Alice and Willard and Ray and Betty.

7 January. Maynard and Gay found Zelma Clayson (her father's wife and her stepmother) on the floor at her house in Santaquin. She had suffered a massive stroke. The ambulance took her to Payson hospital where she passed away. The family felt it was a blessing. She was a very kind, loveable person and the family will miss her.

19 Jan. Grant took Jean to Salt Lake to get an eye implant. Maynard's birthday.

21 Jan. Maynard's and Gay's wedding anniversary.

25 Jan ... My cold has hung on, so no church for 3 Sundays.

1 Feb. ... Life goes on for me. The children come as they can and I enjoy each of them.

6 Feb. I went to Church again and it was good to go.

24 Feb. I drove my car to Salem. The first time driving in months.

1 March. Gaylia took me for a Doctor's appointment. Just a year since I had a new knee. He said he wanted to see me in a year.

2 March. Jean had an eye implant in Salt Lake. It was her 2nd implant and she is doing well.

11 March. Jean's mother passed away after a long illness.

18 March. Alice's birthday.

19 March. The family met at Alice's for birthday supper for hers and my birthdays.

20 March. Sisters and brothers came for supper and visiting for my birthday.

21 March. Grant and Jean, Maynard and Gay ate supper with me.

29 March. I drove the car to Dora's and got along fine.

April Conference was inspirational. On Sunday evening I went to Maynard's house for supper. Carolyn's family present also.

12 April. Maynard took me for an ear test. Not good.

Went shopping alone for the first time.

18 April. The family came and worked on the lot. All tired. Looks good.

17 April. I drove my car to Church for the first time.

18 April 1983. Carrie and Brad had a baby boy in Provo. All doing fine.

Lisa and her husband Josh Hopkins are separating.

21 April. There was a big mudslide up Spanish Fork canyon. Did much damage.

21 April. ... getting a new hearing aid.

22 April. Brad's wife, Carrie graduated from BYU ... four days after she gave birth to a baby boy.

8 May. I went to Mother's Day with Alice and Willard.

11 May. Maynard took me to Spanish Fork to Deseret Federal and closed out account and gave the money to the children. \$3,000.

15 May. Church and then I went to Provo with Maynard and Gay to get Brad and Carrie's baby blessed. He was given the name of Stephen Bradley Moore. A lovely baby.

22 May 1983. I feel like I'm sure doing better. I'm feeling good.

28 May. Ray and Betty came and Dave and Tamra. We went to the cemetery with flowers.

Went to Salt Lake with Paul and Nancy and saw play "South Pacific".

29 May. I went to Church at West Ward for LeRoy and Eva Hill's missionary farewell before their mission to Israel. He will be the Patriarch there for 18 months.

30 May. Grant and Maynard came to help with flowers quite early. Alice and family came too. We all took flowers to the cemetery.

31 May. Edith (my sister) had a problem and went to a hospital in Salt Lake. It was not malignant.

2 June 1983. Maynard and Gay went by plane to New York to see Gwen and family.

3 June 1983. The state is having a terrible time with flooding ... water and mud. Many homes with much damage.

13 May ... I told the boys I would give them the tractor and machinery that goes with it if they would keep my lot clean.

18 June. Our family met at Paul's for Father's Day supper. I went back to Salt Lake with Alice.

26 June. I am now driving my own car and going to the Laundromat.

20 July. Paul picked me up and we went to West Jordan Temple to witness the marriage of Paul W. and Charlene Ensign. Paul and Nancy could not go. I went to the reception at night at the Lion House with Alice and Willard and came home with Maynard and Gay.

21 July ... I'm always glad when the 4th and the 24th of July are over with on account of the fireworks I have to the west that goes on till midnight each year.

My children are good to visit me as often as they can and I appreciate it.

7 August 1983. I went to Church and got my Temple recommend signed. As I passed the old home (where my parents had lived) I saw it was been torn down. I was sure happy. It has been an eye sore for years.

12 August 1983. Willard, Alice and Maynard came and worked all day in the bathroom. Took the old tile off and made me a new bathroom. Looks great. I paid for the material and they worked for free.

14 August. Jean was put in intensive care at the hospital.

17 August. Dave phoned to tell me I had a new great granddaughter. My 30th great grandchild.

19 August. Brad graduated from college and he is going to move to Tucson, Arizona for his work.

20 August. Maynard, Alice and Willard came again and worked to finish painting and working on the roof to stop the leaking. Ray and Betty came and I went to Prove with them to the Moore reunion. When I returned I had new bathroom curtains, a new shower curtain and everything was in place. Thanks to my family who are so kind to me.

23 August. Three neighbor boys, 2 six year olds and a 8 year old, climbed up the cherry tree and went into the roof of the granary, pulled off the shingles and roofing, made a hole down into the attic and threw things out to the ground, 15 feet below. Stanley Bliss found them and brought them to me. The next day Grant and Maynard repaired the roof and went and talked to the mother, as he

knew them. I had been home when it happened, but the folks were not. One of the mothers was and I had told her, Guess I'd better stay at home to protect things.

27 August. Jean had been taken home from the hospital after a week, and then had to be put back in for several days.

29 August. Our wedding anniversary. To celebrate I went to the Laundromat and washed.

31 Aug. Jean called from the hospital. I was happy to hear from her.

2 Sept. Homecoming time. Jean not well enough to go home.

3 Sept ... Maynard and Gay took me to the stage play "Annie" at the high school, I enjoyed it.

Jean was taken home Sunday afternoon.

5 Sept. Alice and Willard came and took me to the parade ... I did not find any of my brothers and sisters in the park. Life changes. None of them feel like going but Edith.

8 Sept. Cleon's birthday and Edith's. I took flowers to the cemetery and then to Edith's to visit a while.

10 Sept. I rode to Eureka with Maynard and Gay.

11 Sept. Jean taken back to the hospital.

15 Sept ... I don't always feel 100%, so take it easy.

21 Sept. Rulon (my brother) 85th birthday. I visited them. It's good to be able to drive my car at least to Salem and do my shopping at home.

25 Sept. I was in charge of Stake Special Interest at night in the 2nd ward.

1 Oct. Conference in Salt Lake.

6 Oct. Maynard dug my potatoes.

9 Oct. Didn't feel very good so missed church. Grant, Maynard and Gay came.

Walnuts were a big job for day. I was glad when they were gone.

14 Oct. Paul's birthday. Several days I wasn't so good.

15 Oct. Maynard and Gay took me to Prove to the BYU parade.

25 Oct. Had to have new teeth, so have been visiting the dentist. \$350.00.

1 Nov. I went to the High Priest's party with neighbors.

10 Nov. Paul didn't come so I went to town and did my own business. It made me feel good. I was asked to make a history for the Relief Society and have been working on that lately.

15 Nov. I have missed several wedding receptions lately. Maynard and Gaylia planned on going to Arizona to have Thanksgiving with Brad and Carrie, so they had Thanksgiving dinner with Carolyn and Clayne and Randy and Ruth and I on the 18th. A lovely dinner and evening. But Maynard caught cold and they didn't go. They ate their Thanksgiving dinner alone. We had at least a foot of snow. Grant and Maynard put plastic on my windows.

23 Nov. Ray came for me and I spent Thanksgiving with them in Salt Lake and some days with Alice too. They are all so busy, I feel I am in the way so I was glad to be home again.

4 Dec. Six years since Cleon died. Grant, Paul and Nancy and Maynard and Gay came to visit. I was glad for their company.

8 Dec. Ray's birthday. Sharon and Rick Murano have a new baby boy. My 32nd great-grandchild.

19 Dec. The family party was at Maynard and Gaylia's in the evening. A lovely time, but the family had a hard time getting to Salt Lake afterward. It took them 2½ hours through the bad snowstorm. Christmas was lovely. I was in Salt Lake with Alice and her family. Maynard and Gay had a week's vacation in California.

Jean isn't good again. This is bad weather for her breathing.

11 January 1984. Gay said as she went outside there were 6 doe deer standing in the road in front of their home, they just looked at her and wandered away. I told the families in Salt Lake as I didn't want them traveling on these bad roads.

15 Jan. 1984. Jean in the hospital again, in intensive care. A bad time. A jug of water fell off my entry cupboard in the middle of the night and I had to get up and investigate. I thought my carport had fallen in.

19 Jan. Maynard's birthday. Not feeling good.

21 Jan. Maynard and Gay's wedding anniversary. Jean out of intensive care and feeling better.

6 Feb. went to Maynard's for supper and the evening.

16 Feb. Alice and Willard came and worked on the sink. I went back with them to Salt Lake.

21 March 1984. My birthday. I had many phone calls and flowers.

22 March 1984. The day after my birthday, my hip broke and let me fall. I could reach my phone and called Ruth Bliss. She came and called the ambulance and I was taken to the hospital. I was operated on the 5th night. They thought I had blood clots in my lung but found they were mistaken.

9 April. I was taken to a care center in Provo for recuperation and to get therapy for 2 weeks and 2 days. I did fine.

24 April 1984. I was brought to Maynard's home and they took good care of me. I got sick and the Doctor found that I had a bladder infection. Maynard and Gay helped me through that. When I felt better, Ray came and took me to Alice's.

12 May. They kept me for two weeks and Alice brought me home and I have been lining alone since with the help of family.

On Memorial Day the cemetery looked like a flower garden.

12 June. I am getting around better each day and I thank my Heavenly Father for His many blessings I receive. I love home and am so grateful I have one to live in. My children are a blessing to me and I appreciate each one of them for the interest they have in me. What they do and the help I receive from them. They are all busy, but they make time to help me. Thanks.

16 June. The Cleon Moore family met at Paul and Nancy's for Father's Day. A lovely time. 49 present.

17 June. I went to Church for the first time since I was in the hospital.

24 June. Grant's stake got a new Stake President and he was released after 9½ years as Stake clerk. He was ward clerk for 13 years.

26 June. Maynard and Gay took me to Provo to a musical I enjoyed. Jean is in the hospital often. She is a worry to Grant and the family.

8 July. I was released as Special Interest President. I had the job since 1978. I am the Relief Society Historian now, I have been keeping it in my book anyway. Gave the R. S. a copy.

11 July 1984. Maynard and Gay left on a trip to Europe for three weeks. The Olympic torch went through Utah on it's way to California.

24 July. I watched the Salt Lake parade on TV. Went to Springville with Grant and Jean to see Janean and Steve.

When Ruth and Stan Bliss go fishing, I most always get fish too.

1 August 1984. Maynard and Gay returned from Europe.

10 August. Hill reunion was held in Payson Park. Our family were in charge. Most families represented.

18 August. Moore reunion in Provo, I went with Ray and Betty.

21 August. I cleaned out my raspberries. Used my walker. Maynard took me to vote.

24 August. I drove my car. The first time in months.

3 Sept. Homecoming time. We ate in the park, and some of the family came down here for ice cream cones.

5 Sept. I rode with Edith, Eva, Nelda and Althea to see Rulon in a care center. On the way home we had supper in Salt Lake. A nice day for me.

7 Sept. Jean still isn't good. It's Cleon's birthday.

11 Sept. Jean's arm and elbow was operated on. Getting alone OK.

12 Sept. Megan, Steve and Janean's baby had to have tonsils and adenoids out. She isn't well. Got along quite well.

Sharlene Wells from Utah was chosen as Miss America. She will be a good missionary for the Church.

29 Sept. Grant, Maynard and Ray took down and part of one cherry tree and cut them up with Grant's saw for firewood.

Oct. 1984. Grant and Maynard cleaned out the old shop. Maynard looking to see if there were any old treasures as Grandpa used that shop years ago. He didn't find much. He is always looking for relics.

13 Oct. 1984. I rode to Provo with Maynard and Gay to the BYU Homecoming Parade.

14 Oct. Paul's 50 birthday.

25 Oct. Dora's (my sister') 83rd birthday. I rode to Salem to visit her.

26 Oct. Grant and Maynard came and hauled the wood they cut up into the barn to keep it dry. Good thing as we had storm at night.

20 Nov. Clayne Pope put in as Bishop in a college ward.

27 Nov. Jean had a bad night and Grant had help getting her to the hospital.

30 Nov. I had a "lifeline" installed in my home. I wear a special "necklace" all the time I'm at home. The children are happy as now they don't worry about me so much. It's worth every penny. \$15.00 a month.

1 Dec. 1984. Brad is here from Arizona and visited.

3 Dec. I had leg trouble, couldn't walk without the walker. Went to the Doctor. He gave me a shot for bursitis in my hip and told me to use my walker and have painkillers and heat for a few days. Have been getting along fine.

4 Dec. 1984. Cleon died 7 years ago today.

8 Dec. He and Betty have the flu. I have been tatting all fall for snowflakes for Christmas trees, for children and grandchildren. I have made 88 small ones and 4 large ones and gave them all away.

14 Dec. Jean was operated on this morning for gall bladder and hiatal hernia repair.

22 Dec. Grant and Maynard fixed my taps in the bathroom.

I had Christmas in Salt Lake with Alice and family, also Ray and family.

31 Dec. Supper with Maynard and Gay. New Year's Eve.

1 Jan. 1985. I watched the Rose Parade from California on TV.

4 Jan. 1985. Jean was taken to Provo for several days for test, then back to Payson hospital again. She is not too good. Grant is really upset about her.

5 Jan. 1985. Frank Thomas died today. My old friends are all gone now. Maynard took me to the viewing. Jean is still having a bad time. Grant is at the hospital much of the time. Maynard and Gay are doing what they can for Grant and Jean by going to the hospital and having Grant for meals and Gay does the ironing for Grant's shirts. All are willing to help, but this is one time that everyone feels helpless.

8 Feb. 1985. Jean slept away after a hard struggle. Everything that Doctors and nurses and Grant and the family could do for her had been done. She asked Grant and Richard to pray and dedicate her to the Lord as she was tired of fighting. She had tried so hard to live and go home ... 2½ months in the hospital besides many trips there through the years. We will all miss her. Especially Grant and the family. Sometimes death is a sweet relief after so much sickness. Life has to go on for the ones left, even is we don't feel like it.

11 Feb. My brother, LeRoy died in Spanish Fork after 2½ years in bed with bone cancer.

12 Feb. Jean's funeral. Grant and his family stood in line at the viewing for 3 hours. She sleeps, near her people, in Salem cemetery. We all miss her, but life has to go on. I'm sure Grant wonders how, but he is being blessed by Heavenly Father and time is a great healer. One never forgets. You just get use to been alone.

9 March. I got word this morning that my brother Rulon died last night.

21 March. My birthday. Many family and friends came or called.

(at this point, Vida's handwriting becomes nearly unintelligible.
However, she still continues to be faithful in her journal writing ...
)

26 March. Grant and Maynard and Gaylia come as they can to help me. I appreciate each one.

5 April 1985. Drove my car, first time in months.

13 April. The family came and worked on the lot. 18 present.

19 April. Elder Bruce R. McConkie died. He knew when he was going and told the Saints in Conference it wouldn't be long. Just 2 wks. later. He was a great man and I loved to hear him speak in Conference. He was very inspirational whenever he spoke. I listened to his funeral services. They were beautiful.

The children all come as they can and do for me what I can't do for myself.

1 May. The boys cultivated and cleaned ditches and helped me irrigate. Thanks. The boys helped me with a garden.

Weekend in Salt Lake with Ray and Betty and with Alice and Willard.

4 June. Maynard and Gay left for New Orleans and boat trip on the Mississippi.

22 June. Father's Day. Paul and Nancy had the family for pot luck.

9 July 1985. ... was hanging out my wash after a trip to the Laundromat and caught my foot on a leg of the laundry bag and fell on the grass. I held my legs with my right hand so they wouldn't get hurt. I had forgot to put my lifeline on when I came home, so I laid on the grass until I saw Nancy

Brook, my good neighbor, and called as loud as I could and she came running. She called Maynard and Gay and they called the ambulance. I was taken to emergency at the hospital. Had a broken hand. The Dr. took care of my hand by putting it in a cast. I was taken to x-ray and found a fractured pelvis. You just lie still for that. I was put in a private room for 8 days, then taken to Provo Care Center by ambulance for 20 days. Had therapy twice a day and got along fine. A private room most of the time., then Kathryn Groesbeck was in the other bed. I had known her since childhood. We had lots of conversations.

3 August. Alice came and took me to Catherine (Paul's daughter) and Russell Ferguson's wedding at Paul and Nancy's home. It was beautiful but not a Temple marriage, but we can hope.

After 20 days my family took turns taking care of me. I stayed with Maynard and Gay for 2 weeks and took off the cast, ... while I was at Maynard and Gay's, they told me that Gwen and Robert had separated. It was a real surprise as I thought everything was alright

2 Sept. Alice and Willard took me to Homecoming celebration and I have been living at home every since, with the families help. I have my dinner's sent in by meals on wheels and get along fine. However, writing is a problem.

5 Nov. 1985. President Spencer W. Kimball died at the age of 90. A long period of church work and loved by many people. Ezra Taft Benson was named as the new President and Prophet of the Church, at age 86.

Nov. Gaylia called me and said her daughter, Gwen, was married to Stephen Coltrin 25 Oct. 1985. They live in New York.

15 Nov. I went to Arizona with Alice and Willard. Craig was going to work and they took two cars so he could have one there. We were there 3 beautiful day's. I enjoyed the trip.

16 Nov. Grant and Maynard enjoyed going to Ballgames together.

Spent week of Thanksgiving with Alice and Willard.

2 Dec. 1985. Randy and Ruth Moore had a new baby girl 7½ lbs. They are thrilled. They are naming her Jessica.

4 Dec. 8 years since Cleon died. I didn't think I would live so much longer.

8 Dec. 1985 Ray's birthday. I phoned him.

21 Dec. Holidays in Salt Lake with Alice and then with Ray.

1 Jan. 1986. Maynard, Gaylia and Grant came for New Years dinner with me.

8 Jan. I went with Maynard and Gaylia to Provo to have pictures taken.

18 Jan. Grant had a sick spell and was in the hospital 4 days. The Doctors couldn't find his trouble but he is feeling better.

We later got the pictures and some better than others, but glad we have them.

26 Jan. 1986. Grant told me today that he was dating. Over 1 year since Jean died.

I bought a new color TV with remote control and am enjoying it. Have stopped having my dinner's sent in. Think I can do for myself. At least I am trying.

28 Jan. 1986. I watched the shuttle take off from Florida, and saw it explode in the air killing 7 astronauts. A terrible thing to happen.

9 Feb. Grant brought his girlfriend to meet me. (Virginia) She seems a lovely lady. Alice and Willard and Maynard and Gay were here.

14 Feb. Maynard and Gay went to California to San Francisco to meet Gwen and her husband. They were gone 3 days.

22 Feb. 1986 Grant and Virginia came to show me her diamond ring. They are going to be married the first part of April. I hope they will be happy.

9 March. After church Maynard and Gay brought Brad and Carrie.

15 March. Went to Salt Lake with Grant and Maynard and Gay for a family party at Jewetts.

21 March. I went with my sisters to a dinner at Santaquin.

29 March. The family came and spent the day cleaning. We ate together.

1 April. Maynard and Gay brought Gwen and family who were here from New York and I met the new husband.

4 April. Grant and Virginia Bradford were married in Salem by Keith Hanks.

5 April. A very inspirational conference from Salt Lake and I enjoyed it.

6 April. Got word that Charlene and Paul W. have a new baby girl.

11 April. Had checks made out for the children ... \$... They all help me.

29 April. Terry and Pamela Jewett had a new baby boy.

25 April. After Church Maynard and Gay brought Brad and Carrie to see me.

21 May. The family each one came and flowers were taken to the cemetery.

I have spells with my heart and back. If I take it easy, I get along fine. I love life and my family and hope and pray that I can live in this beautiful world as long as my Heavenly Father lets me stay here. I love the Gospel and Temple work and we did much of it until I was alone and couldn't go on account of health.

30 May. Weekend in Salt Lake with Alice and family.

Maynard planted tomatoes and some garden for me.

14 June. Father's Day at Paul and Nancy's for the family.

3 July. Maynard and Gaylia left for a 3 week tour of Europe.

8 July. My story is so much the same now.

10 August. Hill family reunion at Payson park.

15 August 1986 Carrie and Brad Moore had a new girl.

16 August. Alice took me to the eye Dr. Later back to Alice's for party with family.

18 August. Alice took me to the "eye institute", The Dr. said I have a "dry eye" and to take eye drops.

22 August. Maynard brought Jeremy and Hilary down to see me. They were visiting while their parents were away.

29 August. Would have been my wedding anniversary. Maynard and Gay visited.

1 Sept. Homecoming time. Went to the parade with Ray and Betty.

3 Sept. Maynard and Gay kept Brad and Carrie's baby while the parents were in Yellowstone. They brought her one afternoon to see me.

8 Sept. This would have been Cleon's 90th birthday. Took flowers to the cemetery with Alice and Willard, Maynard came and we had a nice visit.

12 Sept. Maynard and Grant fixed my bedroom light.

28 Sept. Maynard and Gay took me to South Jordan to have Brad and Carrie's baby blessed. Given the name of Camille Helen.

4 Oct. Conference. I enjoyed it. I was alone and could listen.

5 Oct. Maynard and Gay and Grant and Virginia came late.

12 Oct. I went to Maynard and Gaylia's ward where they were the speakers. They did fine.

15 Oct. Maynard helped me get rid of the black walnuts.

25 October. I went with Maynard and Gay to the BYU Homecoming Parade in Provo.

27 Oct. Family party at Ray and Betty's. I stayed the weekend.

27 Nov. Thanksgiving with Alice and her family.

4 Dec. The children come as they can. I keep busy tatting.

9 Dec. Alice came and we took a Christmas wreath to the cemetery to Cleon's grave.

18 Dec. Paul took me for a permanent. Maynard took me to supper at Grant and Virginia's and Grant brought me home.

24 Dec. Christmas holidays with Alice and her family. Later spent some days with Ray and his family.

26 Dec. Maynard and Gay left for South Carolina where they will meet Gwen and Stephen for their Christmas gift. Nice.

29 Dec. Bishop came for tithing settlement.

31 Dec. I was invited to Grant and Virginia's for supper. Also Maynard and Gay.

1 Jan. 1987. Avarad Fairbanks, Cleon's cousin, died. I watched Rose Parade from California on TV.

6 Jan. Maynard was sick and out of school.

I do what I can for myself and the children do the rest.

19 Jan. Maynard's birthday. I went with Grant and Virginia to supper there.

7 Feb. My furnace quit on me. I had no heat for 2 days.

9 Feb. I had the furnace fixed \$94.08. It's good to have heat this weather.

Feb. 12. For Grant's birthday supper, Maynard and Gaylia and I went to supper in Salem.

14 Feb. Grant came alone to see me. I enjoy him. He always remember's me on his birthday. Grant isn't alone now.

2 March. A beautiful sunrise this morning. Spring is on it's way and I'm glad to be alive.

4 March. I'm always glad to see any of my family. They are good to me.

8 March. Maynard and Gaylia brought Gwen, Stephen and the children to see me. They were here from New York. I enjoyed them.

13 March. A few days in Salt Lake with Alice and her family.

16 March ... I get quite tired, so have been resting.

19 March. Maynard and Gaylia came and brought me a new shower curtain for my birthday. It looks nice.

21 March. The family all came and we had birthday supper at Grant and Virginia's for Alice and my birthdays.

22 March. Church. Maynard and Gay and Grant and Virginia came. My family keeps track of me. Thanks.

28 March. The family came and worked on the lot. It looks nice and I appreciate my family more than they know.

15 April Oro Moore's (Cleon's brother) two daughters came and visited me. Good to see them.

3 May. I got a recommend from Bishop Mortensen. Alice took me to the Temple in Salt Lake. I needed some information. I found they didn't keep records until 4 years after I was married.

10 May. Mother's Day with Willard and Alice.

16 May. Maynard took me to the cemetery.

25 May. Grant came with Janean and family. Good to see them. Some of the family are here each day, or they phone. Thanks.

10 June. Alice brought me a beautiful new bedspread. I paid.

1 August 1987. The Hill reunion in Salem. A nice crowd and a good time.

2 August. Darrell Hill (my brother, Rulon 's son) died, in Roy, Utah of cancer.

4 August. I rode to Roy with Grant and Virginia and Maynard and Gay, for Darrell's viewing.

15 Aug. I went to the Moore reunion in Salt Lake with Ray and Betty

29 August. My wedding date. Had visitors, and the family came.

3 Sept. Homecoming time. We all visited at the park and here at home.

8 Sept. Alice made a big cake and the ones who visited were served she said, for' Cleon's birthday.

Maynard took me out to Hazel Baird's at West Mountain.

9 Sept. I went with my sisters for the day and enjoyed myself.

14 Sept 1987. Ray and Betty came and we rode out to West Mountain where we used to live and looked around. Everything is different. They have a nice home with electricity and running water and grass and flowers. We had a flowing well.

4 Oct. We listened to Conference.

10 Oct. Went to Provo to the B.Y.U. Parade with Maynard and Gaylia.

3 Nov. Alice took me to Dr. Bennion's this morning. He said I have gastritis and to take pills.

26 Nov. Thanksgiving at Alice's.

September 1988. I quit keeping a journal some time ago. I had been keeping one each day. I said, "No one wants to read what I have, so what is the use". I had been keeping one for a long time. After I quit, my grandson, Richard Moore came and wanted things I had written, so I gave him some. Just as soon as he got some, other's heard about it. It has created more interest in some of the family so I guess I better get busy again. Craig Jewett said, if I would write again, he would start. At Christmas time I saw him and he is keeping a journal, so I am busy again.

8 Sept. was Cleon's birthday ... death date Dec. 4. My family is so good to me. I am always hear, "don't do this or that" I'm not supposed to go upstairs or in the cellar, or stand on anything high. It's easier to take care of me at home than in the hospital, so I listen to them, and let them do it for me. Maynard and Gaylia are far away in Kentucky (Indiana) on a mission, but he phones me quite often and I receive letter's from each of them, and they send nice pictures that I enjoy.

18 Oct. I had a cold and didn't go to Church. I get phone calls just to see how I am if the family can't come. They sure keep track of me. Thanks.

Time spent at Alice's. Alice took me to an ear Doctor. I tried them out but decided I didn't want them. I wear a hearing aid, glasses and "life-line". I don't need more to worry about.

Randy (Maynard's son) and his son, Jeff came to see me. The family went to Grant and Virginia's for Thanksgiving dinner. In the afternoon we all spoke to the missionaries who couldn't be with us. It was nice and we enjoyed them.

Nov. 1987. Time in Salt Lake with Alice and then Ray and families.

Dec. 1987. I fell in the house. Maynard here and picked me up, getting along fine.

7 Dec. We buried Cleon 10 years ago today. It seems like forever to me.

8 Dec. Grant and Maynard, with men helping, tried to move the two chicken coops. They couldn't be moved very far.

10 Dec. Grant and Maynard came before 8 o'clock and worked all day burning the coops. It was hard work and cold, but they finished before dark. It sure looks better with them gone.

12 Dec. The family were at Maynard and Gaylia's for early Christmas dinner. Very nice evening, I haven't been going to Church for quite some time, due to the bad weather. Christmas at Ray's and then at Alices. They brought me home, I wanted to come. The two boys (Grant and Maynard) had taken care of things. They are always helping here with something I can't do. They are so good to me.

1 Jan 1938. Home for New Years. I watched the parade on TV. We had much snow and the boys come with their snow blowers and dig me out. The boys keep the carport cleared of snow, so they can park and get me out if I need to go. They won't let me get on snow at all, alone. The boys also got up on my carport and cleaned the snow off.

10 Jan. Craig's birthday, I wish he could find him a wife.

15 Jan. Kathryn Grossbeck that I have known since childhood died.

(At this point, Vida writes that Maynard and Gaylia have been called on a mission to Louisville, Kentucky. Inasmuch as she wrote concerning the mission some time earlier, it is evident that there is confusion in her mind here ...)

22 Jan. From her home in New York, Gwen planned a surprise party for her parents at the Marriott hotel in Salt Lake City. It was a real surprise. No one had said a thing to make them suspicious. The tables were all set for a nice meal, and a program all arranged. They had 25 singer's from a group in Salt Lake who sang several numbers. Beautiful. Different ones were on the program and after the dinner and program, the floor was cleared and an orchestra began to play, and all who would, danced. It was a beautiful evening. I rode up with Grant and Virginia. I was glad I had been included. Gwen had a room in the hotel for her parents to stay the night and they all had breakfast the next morning. Gwen and Steve brought them home and went back to Salt Lake to catch their

plane to New York.

Maynard and Gaylia leave for their mission 24 Feb. and are very busy getting ready to go. Maynard bought a new car today, he told me. Gaylia had a sick spell and they didn't get away as soon as they had planned.

I will miss them. Maynard is here if I need him.

I couldn't live alone if it wasn't for my good family.

Lisa was married to Steven Long in Salt Lake. Paul and Nancy were there.

14 Feb. It was Maynard and Gaylia's missionary farewell at their Third Ward. The family all came and went to the meeting to hear them speak. They did fine. It was also Grant's birthday. The people were also invited at the home for treats afterward. Quite a crowd, and a nice time.

15 Feb. Alice fixed dinner for the family and we all enjoyed our visit together before the missionaries left.

23 Feb. The Stake President set the missionaries apart. A good crowd of family members.

7 March 1988. Alice came and stayed overnight and took me to the Doctor the next morning. I am getting along fine. I'm tired of Dr.'s but sometimes we have to go.

14 March. Maynard and Gaylia were supposed to leave on their mission, but she took sick (inner ear infection). It was a week before she felt like travelling.

21 May. Alice and Willard invited my brothers and sisters to her home for a lovely birthday dinner for me. Kathle and Edith took me to Alice's. Nelda and Alene and Earl and Ada Jean. We had a good time together. This is all that's left of the Hill family around here. Florence and Althea live in California. Dora is in a rest home in Spanish Fork. Stayed with Alice the rest of the week.

Maynard and Gaylia left for their mission on the 17. While I was away.

3 April. Our time change. I wish it would stay like it was. I'm always glad to hear from the missionaries. They seem to be settling down to their new way of life and like it. I'm glad they do.

8 April. We all miss Maynard. Grant and Maynard have been working together for a long time and now it's Grant alone, unless someone comes to help. She comes to help me and he uses her, and she likes it along with helping me. Some of the family came for clean up day and they all worked. What would I do without a good family? I soon give out and have to rest again. I try to keep the house liveable with all the help Alice gives me. I love her.

24 April. Carrie and Brad Moore had a new baby girl.

15 May. I forgot to say that Mother's Day was lovely. I was at Alice's

16 May. I didn't feel good, so just laid around all day. Alice came and took me to the Doctor. He prescribed some pills and when I had finished taking them I felt better.

Christmas in Salt Lake with Alice and then with Ray for a few days. We keep getting snow and Grant says "Stay in the house and keep warm".

My sister, Dora Cloward, who had been in a rest home for so long, died. Her funeral was in her home ward in Salem. A good crowd.

My neighbors, the Bliss's see I get to Church when I can go.

Grant came and Randy Moore and family came. We had a nice time. Such cute children.

Grant has had leg and hip problems.

29. I went to the first meeting to get sacrament and then someone brings me home, as I can't hear what they say. So, I come home and listen to Provo radio and they always have a good speaker from 11-12 that I can tell what they are saying. I enjoy each Sunday that way.

Craig and Marilyn McMurdie were married on March 9 in the Salt Lake Temple.

When Maynard came from his mission Grant said, "Now I can have my leg done."

They all worry about me living here alone. I thought I was fine but everybody says, "Stay in the house and keep warm." We have had lots and lots of snow this winter. I am not allowed to get off the cement. So, I do what they tell me so they don't have to worry. It is easier to care for me at home than in the hospital.

Grant had his operation on his leg the 13 of March in the Payson hospital and is getting along fine. In a few days Maynard helped him get home and into his bed. He seemed happy. He is using crutches and getting along fine. It's hard for him to sit at home alone, so he calls Maynard and he has been helping him. I'm glad for Maynard.

Alice came and brought a nice cake for my birthday. The family came as they could. Gwen sent flowers from New York. Just beautiful.

I didn't write in May.

June. Alice came and took me to the cemetery for Decoration Day. Maynard came in the evening and took me to see the cemetery. It looked just beautiful. Thanks everyone.

Grant and Maynard do my irrigation now. They say, "Stay in the house and we'll get it" So I do.

July. The children do not keep track of anything so I decided I better start writing again.

Maynard and Gaylia enjoyed their mission and it is good to have them home. Between the two boys they look after the water with the irrigating.

(This is the final entry in Vida's History.)

The following notes are excerpts from the journal of a daughter-in-law, Gaylia Clayson Moore:

June 23, 1990

At the present time Maynard's mother is doing fairly well, in spite of being a few months beyond her 90th birthday. The family held a very nice Open House for her birthday at the 3rd Ward Cultural Hall. She had many visitors that afternoon and enjoyed herself immensely. She still lives by

herself, in her own home, with the help of her children. Maynard takes care of her irrigation turns, her garbage and innumerable weekly chores. Grant mows her lawn and plows the vacant portions of her huge lot, Paul edges her lawn, takes her grocery shopping and helps her keep her money straight. Alice comes each week and cleans her house, helps her with her clothes and her washing, plus special emotional support. Ray and his wife, Betty are serving an L.D.S. Mission in North Carolina at present.

Grandma's hearing has failed considerably these last few years and in spite of a good hearing aid, she has a great deal of trouble. On a "one to one" basis she does fairly well, but in a group, she picks up almost none of the conversation. However, she still attends her Sacrament meetings most of the time, with the help of good friends and neighbors.

June 26, 1990

... I went with Maynard, down to Grandma's house. While he was out putting her garbage at the curb, she and I talked a bit. Her problem is worse than I'd realized. She said she is ready to stop answering her phone when it rings. When I asked "why"? she said it was "...because people don't talk plain on it. They all just mumble so I can't understand what they say." I told her it was because her hearing was worse, but I don't know if she understood or if she believed me. She said Maynard talks a lot worse since his mission than he did before, because she used to understand him, but now she can't. Again I told her it was because her hearing was less than it had been before. But I know she didn't believe that. How sad it is that when she needs it most, her hearing problem is robbing her of communication with her children. ...

August 16, 1990

... Maynard's mother continues to decline. Of late, she has begun to accuse Maynard of taking "things" from her genealogy books. This is very difficult for him and for me too. He would never remove anything from her books. She has several large books and one of her greatest sources of pleasure is to go over them and rearrange things. Whenever she is unable to locate something, she becomes convinced someone has taken it ... and accuses him. This is difficult for Maynard, even though he knows it is due to her deteriorating state of mind.

September 18, 1990

Our phone rang at 6 o'clock this morning.. It was the hospital, calling to tell us that Maynard's mother's "lifeline" had rung and they were unable to reach her by phone. So, we dressed and drove the few blocks to her house. The doors were all locked but Maynard managed to get her east screen door off and then used a key to open the inner door. Grandma was laying on the floor, between her bed and the dressing table ... and she was in a lot of pain, especially from her hip and shoulder. She also had a bad cut on her ear that had bled over her ear and down her nightgown. She wanted Maynard to try and lift her, but as he started to, the pain was too bad and we knew an ambulance would be necessary. So we dialed "911". They came and even though they were extremely careful, she was in much pain as they eased her into the ambulance. X-rays showed a broken hip (she'd broken the other one a few years ago and it had been "pinned" together successfully). They also had to close the cut in her ear with stitches. It was 9 o'clock that night before she was finally taken into surgery.

Sept 19-24

These days were extremely difficult for Grandma. She withstood the surgery very well for all her 90 years, but after coming out of the anesthetic, she became totally disoriented. At first, not even recognizing her children. It was hard for her family, not being able to really communicate with her. However, by the 24th she was doing much better, with only occasional lapses.

September 26

Grandma's situation has worsened. Last night she became quite violent and it became necessary for the nurses to sedate her, and to tie "restraints" on her wrists, to keep her from pulling out her I.V. catheter and antibiotic tubes. So, when we went to see her, she was "out" and tied to the bed. We felt bad to see her that way. She'd had a real bad night from what the nurses said. Right now, she is scheduled to go to Eastlake Nursing Home in Provo on Thursday. (Maynard went to see Dr. Bennion to find out what the plan was, etc. It's hard to get information about a patient in the hospital when the patient herself is unable to communicate.)

It seems that when we made the choice not to move to Seattle, many years ago, where Maynard had a very good job offer after he earned his Master's degree in Ohio, that we were also choosing to be "Johnny on the spot" so far as our parents were concerned. For both Maynard's and my parents, we have been the ones to "be there", the closest in a physical way to them. But, I have never been sorry. After all they have done for us in years past, it's been a very real blessing and a privilege to be here for them when they needed us. I have never been sorry for the choice we made back then.

September 30, 1990

Our lives continue to revolve around Grandma's current situation. She was taken by ambulance to East Lake Care Center in Provo. She seemed to enjoy the ride, but does not understand where she is. However she seems calmer and more at peace within herself ... she doesn't seem interested in therapy at this point. Other times when She's been in the hospital, she's been anxious to get better so she could go back home, but she never mentions home now ...

October 30, 1990

A month has passed now since Grandma entered the Care Center. It has been a month of gradual deterioration for her. At times she can recognize people, but is seldom able to put people and their names together, altho most of the time she seems to enjoy having company. Her appetite has dwindled to almost nothing and she is very thin. She no longer recognizes her own physical needs, so she is diapered. Medicare paid for her 1st 29 days at the Care Center, but after that the family must assume the bills. However, Grandma has financial means of her own that will be sufficient for quite a while. Grandpa provided well for her. It will cost \$55 a day at East Lake, plus supplies. It is sad to see her like this, but, thankfully, she seems free from pain.

November 9, 1990

Grandma seems to be improving somewhat at the Care Center. She is now able to move herself around the halls in her wheelchair and seems to really enjoy saying "hello" to those she sees. She also seems glad to see her visitors, but has no interest at all in food or in reading. She has lost more than 50 lbs. since she entered the Care Center. She asks a lot about "Dad" (Grandpa) and does not seem to realize he has passed away sometime ago. She also asks frequently about "Mother", who has of course, been dead for many years. She is going to be moved in soon with a room-mate. We hope it goes well.

Wednesday November 14, 1990

... Grandma no longer knows what her glasses or her teeth are for. She seems to be back many years in time and asks often about people who have been dead for many years.

November 27, 1990

... We went to see Grandma at the Care Center ... she asked if we'd seen Alice and she said she hadn't seen her for a long, long time ... too bad she can't remember because Alice comes often and does a lot for her. I am also impressed with the kindness of the attendants at the Care Center, especially since those patients are, for the most part, almost totally helpless.

December 2, 1990

... Maynard's family all met at the Care Center today, for a planned family prayer. (all but Ray and Betty who still on their mission in North Carolina) Maynard was mouth and did it beautifully. The family had agreed that they would fast and pray for Grandma's comfort and her peace of mind, and that those who cared for her would do so with kindness aid that the Lord's will would be done. She sat there in her wheelchair in a flowered dress during the blessing. However, there was almost no response at all from her during the time we were there ... no words at all. She looked so frail and helpless. I thought of a piece of poetry I'd read once a long time ago that reminded me of Grandma at this stage of her life and it ended with these words "... a little old lady, on her way to God". It seemed to fit Grandma this morning. This special prayer time was a spiritual experience for her family.

December 23, 1990

.....Grandma can no loner tolerate solid food now. Her diet consists only of baby food and liquid and she will only eat a very little of that. She seldom recognizes her visitors.

January 3, 1991

... Grandma sees to be a bit more alert. It's a surprise to all the family. She isn't scratching her eyes anymore and looks much better, even though she still isn't interested in food. She spends her time in either her bed or her wheelchair. She seems glad to see us when we come, but doesn't mind at all when we leave. The family seem to have come to the conclusion that Grandma has suffered a small stroke sometime since she broke her hip ... maybe back in the hospital following surgery.

January 17, 1991

Grandma seemed quite alert this morning. Her voice is stronger too. She said she needed to "get three afghans done for Rulon". (Rulon is her brother and he has been dead for quite some time).

May 2, 1991

Today Maynard's family all met in Provo (Ray is home from his mission now) at the Utah Valley Regional Medical Center with an official from Medicare in regard to their mother's finances. They gained information and rules, etc. for Government aid. The thought keep running through my mind as I sat in the car and waited for them .. Will it someday be our children being worried about either Maynard or I in a similar situation"? I surely hope not.

But then, Maynard's mother wouldn't have chosen this situation for herself either. The fact is, we don't have a choice. It' just seems to be a part of life sometimes. But I know and I have told my family that I don't want extreme measures taken to merely preserve my life, if there is no hope beyond a vegetative state. I would hope they would have the courage to "pull the plug", or to see that it never got "hooked up" in the first place, depending on my circumstances. Maynard and I are both in agreement on this. In Grandma's case, she is not "hooked up" to any machines at all. I am touched by how often each member of her family go to see her and try to visit with her, in spite of the fact that the visits are all pretty much "one way", with very little sign of recognition on her part. The Moore family are extremely supportive of her in spite of all this. Seldom has a day gone by without at least one, and usually more than that, family members visiting her.

May 29, 1991

... This week Maynard's family (brothers and Alice) met at the Walker mortuary here in Payson to pick out and buy the necessary things for when Grandma's funeral comes. It has become necessary, inasmuch as her money will soon be exhausted, and in order to get her on Medicare, this has to be done. Then they all went down to the old home and had a good talk together.

August 3, 1991

... Maynard and his brothers and Alice are in the midst of cleaning out the old family home. They've gone several days so it is pretty well cleaned out by now ... We went to visit Grandma later in the day. She was asleep and reports from the attendants say she is sleeping more and more all the time.

September 7, 1991

... Grandma is asking more and more about her parents, but never asks about her husband anymore. Her memories seem to be all about her childhood years. There are pictures on the wall near her bed of her and her family, but she doesn't seem to recognize them. This is very hard for her children.

October 2, 1991

Grandma was extremely cheerful today as we visited with her. We can't understand most of what she says, but her smiles and animation demonstrate her cheerful attitude. However, it is obvious that she doesn't know who we are.

October 17, 1991

... Today, as Maynard showed Grandma pictures of her children, she was able to name each one correctly (except Paul, she said he was "Ray".) She is much more alert ... Grandma's top teeth are false, but she's had a few (3-4) left in the front on the bottom. One broke off just before she came to East Lake. Another one went about a week ago and today we saw that a third one is gone. ... all just broken off at the gum line. However she complains of no pain.

December 5, 1991

... Grandma is extremely cheerful these days. These last few weeks, although we can understand very little of what she says, her happiness is evident to everyone around her. She's also taken a new interest in food. All the family have noticed a change in her behavior. She's talking more and trying so very hard to enunciate her words carefully. Tonight she said, "last night I looked and looked and I couldn't find the stove, or the house, or the bed or anything at all." Then a little later she asked, "Where is Dad?" Maynard just told her he hadn't come yet.

December 22, 1991

Today Maynard's family all gathered at East Lake Care Center for a little Christmas celebration for Grandma. There were packages for her to open, slippers, a new nightgown, a lovely robe, a new sweat suit, socks ... and a doll ("Tummy Talk") that "talks" and "giggles" when her stomach is pressed. The doll was the hit of the afternoon. Grandma loved it. She wasn't really sure who all of us were, but she seemed to enjoy the afternoon anyway. The doll continued to be a real source of pleasure for Grandma and her favorite source of amusement all through the remainder of her time at East Lake Care Center. I have thought often since then that such a doll could very well provide joy for many other older people in Grandma's situation. What a thoughtful gift it was!

January 24, 1992

... Maynard had a call from East Lake Care Center. Grandma was not doing very well. She was running a low grade fever and asked for his permission to give her antibiotics. Maynard said, "yes", after which he called the rest of the family.

January 25, 1992.

We went over to see Grandma early and found Alice there with her. Grandma didn't open her eyes at all. She doesn't look good. Her blood pressure was so low they didn't dare (the attendants) try to get her into an upright position, for fear she'd faint. The Dr. has been called. The family are aware that at 92 years of age and in her present condition, she won't live much longer, but it's difficult to see her like this. It's a difficult time.

February 20, 1992

Grandma's illness didn't last long. She soon recovered and was up and about in her wheelchair again. When we visited with her today, we have to search the halls for her. She'd just had her weekly hairdo and she looked just beautiful.

April 16, 1992

... We were at the Care Center by about 3:15 (following a call from there, that Grandma wasn't doing too well). Glenda, the Supt. met us at the door and explained that Vida's vital signs were not good. X-rays had been taken and the Dr. had been to see her and had concluded she was "septic" which meant she had developed a fast moving infection of some sort, and that her circulation was beginning to shut down. She walked to Grandma's room with us and explained the situation as we went. Grandma's hands were cold and clammy and one of her legs was cold as well, but the other one was still warm. She was on oxygen. She didn't like the tube in her nose and Maynard held one and then both of her hands to keep her from removing it. She occasionally squeezed his hand.... an indication that she knew someone was there. Altho she didn't open her eyes, she would squeeze back hard when he squeezed her hand. However, she was struggling a bit for breath. The situation gradually grew more serious as the minutes ticked by.

The family had all been called and one by one they arrived, all except for Paul and Nancy, who were in Moab. It was about the time that Grant arrived that all of us began to realize the bloating of her stomach was increasing rapidly. This continued as time passed. However, she didn't seem to be in pain, altho we could see that she felt uncomfortable, since she seemed a bit agitated and kept moving from one position to another. She kept up a constant "plucking at her bed covers.

The family just stood there by her bedside. Alice stayed right at her side, stroking her hair and holding her hands and talking to her. Nurses and attendants came in often, checking on her. Gradually Grandma's skin began to take on a "mottled" appearance. Both her legs had become cold. Her breathing grew more labored. She had rolled a bit to her side and lay with her head resting against the hard metal guard rail at the edge of her bed. She looked very uncomfortable and the nurses said they'd like to remove her sweat suit and get her into a hospital type gown so they could care for her easier. She had begun ooze blood from her mouth ... a very dark, foul smelling material the nurse said was called "coffee grounds blood". They said it was probably coming from her bloated stomach.

Just prior to this, the family had closed the door and had prayer and administered to Grandma, with Grant doing the anointing and Maynard sealing it. We all left the room while the nurse and Alice changed Grandma into a regular hospital gown. But, no sooner was that done than Alice opened the door and Alice tearfully called the family back in saying, "I think she's going". Grandma was laying on her back. The oxygen had been removed because it wasn't doing any good, since she'd been breathing only thru her mouth for quite some time. I walked back into the room. Grandma's going was just a very gentle slipping away into eternity. It had been less than an hour since she had been administered to and Maynard had told Heavenly Father that the family were ready if he needed to take her home now. It was evident that He had heard the prayer and responded. I have no words to explain the calm, beautifully spiritual feeling that was there in that room as Grandma passed away. I don't think that anyone who witnessed it will ever forget it. I know I won't. It was a special privilege to have been there. The Walker mortuary was called and we all waited until they arrived and removed Grandma's body. Then her things were gathered up, her clothes were donated to the Care Center ... except for the new robe, which Alice took home. Alice also took the little doll (it had been her gift to her mother originally) which has become a real keepsake, inasmuch as it had given Vida some real comfort during her last months at the Care Center. Grandma had been there nearly 19 months.

Leona, her roommate had been out to dinner at Vida's death and when she returned, she asked if she could just sit by Vida and hold her hand for a little while. The family said "Yes". Leona was a sweet little lady who had done her best to "mother" Grandma and take care of her. She would be lonely until they find her a new room mate. It was 9 o'clock at night by the time we got back home. Grandma had been ill for only less than 5 hours. She had died at 5 minutes to 7 in the evening.



Grandma's obituary read as follows when it appeared in the local newspapers:

"Vida Hill Moore, 92, of Payson, died April 16, 1992 at East Lake Care Center in Provo.

She was born March 21, 1900 in Payson, a daughter of Jasper Hill and Alice Finlayson Hill. She married Cleon Huish Moore, August 29, 1918 in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. He died December 4, 1977. She and her husband were farmers and spent the earlier years of their marriage at West Mountain, moving to Payson in 1932. Through the years she has sung in many choirs, as well as at numerous funerals in the area. She enjoyed tatting, reading and visiting with her family and friends. She was an avid genealogist and did much compiling of family records and photographs. She was an active member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, serving in the auxiliary organizations. She and her husband did extensive Temple work.

She is survived by a daughter and four sons: Mrs. Willard (Alice) Jewett and Ray H. Moore, both of Salt Lake; Grant Moore, Salem; Maynard Moore, Payson; and Paul F. Moore of Provo. 19 grandchildren and 52 great grandchildren; four sisters: Nelda Hanks, Salem; Althea Carson, North Hollywood, California; Florence Dalton, Glendale, California; and Edith Tischner, of Payson; and a brother, Earl Hill of Roy. She was preceded in death by four brothers and three sisters.

Services will be Monday at 11 a.m. in the Payson Third LDS Ward chapel, 191 North Main. Friends may call at the Walker Mortuary 587 South 100 West, Payson tonight 6-8 p.m. or at the Church Monday 9:45 - 10:45 a.m.

Burial will be in the Payson City Cemetery.



Grandma's funeral was beautiful. She always paid a great deal of attention to the way her loved ones were dressed for their funerals and the kind of casket they were buried in. It is my opinion that she was pleased with all the arrangements for her own burial. Her clothing was of the best ... Temple clothes that would have pleased her, and her casket was the finest.

Standing in the cemetery, I was impressed with the thought that two special spirits, Cleon's and Vida's, had been separated for a long time, but were now together. I know that pleased them both. It had been a long time coming.



*(This history was copied from Vida Moore's history,
as written by her own hand, by Gaylia Clayson Moore
August, 1994.)*

HISTORY OF JASPER FRANKLIN AND ALICE MARY FINLAYSON HILL

(written by Vida Hill Moore, a daughter, 1968)

My father, Jasper Franklin Hill, was born 2 September, 1877 at 210 South and 3rd West in Payson Utah, Utah County, in a little log house, to Heamon Alison and Turancy Chase Hill. Heamon Alison was born 24 December, 1836 in Peterborough, New Hampshire, the son of Leonard and Sally Forbush Hill. His parents died of exposure and sickness while crossing the plains and were buried at Winter Quarters. They were firm and true to their faith and gave their lives for the sake of the Gospel in the exodus from Nauvoo. Their five orphan children crossed the plains with other families. Heamon Alison, called Alison, crossed the plains with his sister and her husband, walking all the way, driving sheep and cattle.

They arrived in Salt Lake City 23 September, 1850. Alison came on to Payson, Utah with the first settlers at the age of 14. He stayed in Payson for a short time and then returned to Salt Lake City. All he owned were the clothes he wore. He worked where he could and later rented a piece of hay land.

25 November, 1860, he married Lurancy Chase, the daughter of Alamadorus and Mariam Gove Chase. Lurancy was born 17 May, 1842 in Lincoln, Addison County, Vermont. Her ancestors were known as "Quakers" and were taught to live very simple. It was wrong to wear any bright clothes, to sing, whistle or dance. Her parents embraced the Gospel and came to Utah in 1853. She walked most of the way from Iowa when she was eleven years of age.

Alison and Lurancy lived for a while with her parents in Salt Lake, and in 1862 they moved to Payson. Alison took up farming and they built their first home, a room made of logs. They became the parents of seven children, two dying, one ... a boy, Sisson Alamadorous, at four months of age and a girl, Amy Cilinda, at about six years of age. My father was the sixth child.

In 1866 Alison went with others from Payson to help immigrants from the Missouri River to Utah. He was gone six months at great sacrifice to his family and himself. His health was never as good after that trip and he suffered with asthma due to cold and exposure the rest of his days. He passed away in Payson on 24 Feb. 1907. His wife, Lurancy, lived alone until 28 August, 1926, when she died from a stroke.

When father was quite young the family moved from the first log house to a home about one mile away in the south west of Payson. He grew up here, helping his father with the chores and working in the fields. When given the opportunity he would help other farmers, to make a little money for his own. He attended school, starting at the one room Taylor school. There were four one room school houses in Payson, besides the old Central School. They were all heated by large pot bellied stoves, which were kept so hot the children sitting near them would "burn" and the ones further away were cold. Father was not privileged to stay in school when Spring came, but had to help with the work. He wore cowhide boots, with no overshoes or rubbers and when they got wet they were very stiff and hard to wear, causing him to have painful bunions that bothered him all his life.

His mother made the candles that lit their home. Later on, they had coal oil lamps which were quite an improvement.

When quite young, he went to the canyon with his older brother, Leonard, to get wood to burn. He continued this practice for many years, making many trips each fall and winter for our winter and summer fuel. He said he got warm three times with his wood, when he cut it in the canyon, when he chopped it up and when he sat by the fire.

Father hauled the first load of rock for the foundation of the 2nd Ward church. He hauled brick and lime for the Church from Provo and Benjamin and worked many days helping to build it.

The first time Father went away to work was at Mammoth, helping to build a railroad. He lived with a group of men of all kinds in a large tent and wasn't very happy about the kind of men they were.

Father also helped haul the sandstone that was used in building the old Stake House. (It has been torn down) It was used for many years.

He was taught the value of prayer and testified that many of his prayers were answered.

In those days, the young people had to plan their own recreation. There were no picture shows, or bowling alleys, no cars to go riding in or take your sweetheart for a spin. Money was scarce for most young people. Father used to work for 75 cents a day helping farmers and when he was older, he worked on the section for \$1.50 a day (ten hours). Young people had canyon parties, they would go to the lake fishing and sleigh riding in the winter. Father owned a bob sleigh and had bells to put on the horses. Many nights they would use more than one team of horses. When one team got too tired they would change. The roads were not cleared of snow then, as they are now, so they could sleigh ride for miles most of the winter. At their dances at midnight there was an intermission and the group would go to one of the homes for refreshments, then they would go back and dance until 2 or 3 o'clock. It was at school and these parties that Father met Alice Mary Finlayson, a beautiful young lady and they fell in love.

Alice was born 4 March, 1878 to James and Sarah Clifford Finlayson. Her father was born 16 Oct. 1830 in Inverkiel, Forfarshire, Scotland, a small village near the Lunan River. He received his education at the parish School in this village. He went into business with his father at fourteen years of age, learning the trades of mill building, carpentry, cabinet making and being a wheelwright. He was brought up as a staunch Presbyterian, learned to read the Bible and keep sacred the Sabbath Day. When he was twenty, he went to Dundee, Scotland to further his knowledge in mechanics. It was here that he heard the L.D.S. Missionaries preach the first principles of the Gospel. He was baptized 2 August, 1850. He and his brother, John, were the only ones of their family to join the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He married Jane Malcolm 13 August, 1852. They lived in Glasgow, Scotland until 21 January, 1855 when they emigrated to America, bringing with them a six year old boy they had adopted. They landed in New York 16 Feb. 1855. He worked at his trade until April, 1856 when they moved to Detroit, Michigan. 1 October, 1857 they moved to St. Louis. His wife became very ill there and passed away 3 Feb. 1858. On 1 June, 1859 he married Mary Ada Alexander and on the 12th of June, 1859 they, with the adopted son, started across the plains to Utah, arriving at Salt Lake City 23 August, 1859. They received their endowments on 11 July, 1860. They had five children, one dying in infancy. His 2nd wife (Mary Ada Alexander) died 19 Sept., 1871 in San Francisco, where she had gone for her health.

On 11 of August, 1873, he married Sarah Clifford in the Endowment House. She was born 5 Sept. 1848 in Greasley parish, Nottingham Shire, England. Sarah was the daughter of John and Elizabeth Soar Clifford. (Sarah's girlfriend, Susan Naylor, said that Sarah was the most beautiful girl she had ever seen) She had black hair and eyes. Sarah was the 2nd of three children. Her sister, Emma, was born 1 August, 1846 in Eastwood, England. She emigrated to Utah and married William James Stone 15 May, 1871 in Salt Lake City. Sarah's brother, Thomas, was born 1 April, 1851 in Eastwood, England and married Mary Ann Godfrey. Sarah had grown up in England and been educated there. Their family belonged to the Church of England. How this family came to belong to the L.D.S. Church we do not know but records at the Church Genealogy Library show that they were baptized 4 May, 1861 by James Robinson.

Sarah married Anthony Wilson on 5 Feb. 1867 in England. He was born 21 Feb. 1846 in Eastwood, Nottingham Shire, England, the son of John Wilson and Alice Chambers. They were the parents of three children; Elizabeth born 1 Sept. 1867 and died 12 Nov. 1869, Emma, born 23 April, 1869, Eastwood, came to Utah with her mother and married Phillip John Mitchell, 9 Nov. 1887 and was the mother of 5 children, John born 25 October, 1873 in Eastwood, England came to Utah with his mother and died in Ogden, Utah 15 May, 1872. Sarah's husband, Anthony Wilson, worked in a coal mine. On the 24 of March, 1871, about noon, he was brought home, mangled, due to an accident at the mine. Sarah's sister, Emma, had emigrated to Utah, also her aunt, Mary Soar Taylor and son Jesse, so after her husband was killed, she, with her two children, came to Ogden, Utah staying with her sister. She came to Payson to visit with her Aunt Mary, who had married Harvey Moore. She secured work with the family of Brother Sidney Pace. It was while in Payson that she met James Finlayson, a widower with three small boys. His father was James Finlayson and his mother was Elizabeth Mathewson. His children, by his second wife, Mary Ada Alexander were: Fredrick James, George, Alexander, Mary Ada, Frank Fuller and Lisle Sara. Mary Ada died very young and Lisle Sara was taken to New York by her Aunt and made an actress. Her stage name was Lisle Leigh. James and Sarah went to Salt Lake City to be married in the Endowment House. They were married by Joseph F. Smith. They made the journey by team and wagon. They became the parents of twelve children; Rosabella (born 12 June, 1874, died 30 March, 1876, Laura Ann born 13 Nov., 1876, Alice Mary, born 4 March, 1878, James Henry, born 8 Oct., 1879, died 2 Nov. 1904, Mary Rosetta, born 15 June 1882, died 24 Oct., 1882, William John born 25 Nov., 1883, died 21 July, 1917, Jesse David born 26 Dec. 1885, Harvey Leo born 16 April, 1888, died 15 June, 1888, Louis and Louie (twins) born 9 April, 1889, Louis died 2 Feb. 1890 and Louie died 8 March, 1890 Maggie, born 23 Jan. 1891 and Roxie Eliza (known as Virginia) born 21 Oct. 1892. All were born in Payson, Utah. Sarah mothered the 3 boys left by the death of Ada. Sarah and James entertained many of the Apostles and visiting Brethren who came to speak at Conferences, giving them a bed and meals while staying in Payson. James passed away 19 Dec. 1908 and Sarah died the 25 Jan. 1912, both in Payson and buried in Payson. He was 78 years of age and she was 64. They loved the Gospel and both worked hard in doing their share in both a civic and religious way.

There was just one drop light in each room. It fell on a long cord from the center of the ceiling. When the water froze up in the coldest weather, we had to use lamps again, until the men could get the water thawed. Bread making was quite a job ... a big batch of bread being made every other day. Father bought a bread mixer for mother, but it was harder work than it was to mix it by hand. We had cows and made butter to sell. It took at least one pound of butter each day to feed our family. We kept chickens, pigs and horses and they all had to be taken care of each day.

Father raised sugar beets and each summer we all went to the field to thin the beets. Men went along with hoes and chopped out the beets, leaving a bunch about every ten inches. Then we had to crawl along on our hands and knees and take out all but one beet that was in the bunches the men had left. It was hard work and your hands and knees got very sore. The work also caused some real backaches. Then we had to keep the weeds out of the beets all summer long. It seemed to me that we were in the field most of the time. Then we helped to haul hay and also shocked the grain. Threshing time was interesting to some people, but to us it was another job. The threshing men were fed three meals each day and there were quite a number of them to be fed. If they broke down, the men still stayed to be fed. At first the threshing power was created by horses. Then later on an engine was used. Nowadays the grain is cut and threshed in one operation by what is called a "combine" machine ... much easier and quicker.

Another sister, Althea, was born 16 October, 1912. Now, with the increasing numbers in the family, more room was needed. A dining room had been added and a short time before the twins, Kenneth and Lynn were born (2 Nov. 1914) the log room on the north side of the house was torn away and a new, nice bedroom was added to the house. The twins made the 9th and 10th children in our

family. It took a lot of washing, sewing and ironing to keep us all clean and fed. I was kept out of school for two years to help at home. Our heat for the home was by coal, and mostly wood, stoves. Soot had to be cleaned out real often and the ashes from beneath the fire box emptied every day. A wood box and a coal bucket always sat by the kitchen stove. Kindling wood had to be cut every evening for early morning fires, and if it was wet, it had to be dried in the oven before we went to bed. Our parents bought an unright piano which added to our home. Some of the children started taking piano lesson. We were quite fortunate to be able to own a piano.

Father bought a surrey with the fringe on top. We really enjoyed this buggy. We could all ride to church instead of walking. We had a horse we called "Bess" and mother really enjoyed driving her when she wanted to go shopping or visiting. Mother used to take us to Spring Lake to go swimming in the summer time. Also, she would take garden produce and chickens to Spanish Fork to trade for materials and clothing. It was as good as money. She would take us children along for the ride. Mother made our clothes, and she had a treadle machine, so it was a tiring job. There were few conveniences, no cars or telephones, so if you wanted a message sent, you went or sent someone else with it.

Mother made the soap that was used for washing clothes. She put a big tub, outdoors, on three rocks and made a small fire under it. Then she put water, grease and lye in it and boiled it for 2 or 3 hours. When it had boiled long enough, she strained it through a screen and poured into a clean tub to cool. When it hardened it was cut into bars and put to dry, then stored for use.

My mother, Alice Mary, was born in the adobe home her father had built some years earlier. This home was torn down and a new, large brick one replaced it. Grandfather built well and this home is still standing and in very good shape (as this record is being copied in October of 1994, this same home still stands in good shape at _____). He also built the grist mill and my mother used to love to carry his hot dinner to him and watch him at his work. She adored her father and he seemed to make a fuss over her, which she enjoyed. Mother was the 3rd child and she used to watch her father make the little caskets and covers for them and then prepare the bodies of her little brothers and sisters for burial who passed away. It was quite heart breaking for a little child and hard for her to understand.

When mother was three years old, her father was called on a mission back to Scotland. She missed her father very much. It left Grandma with six young children to care for, in addition to all the work, which she willingly did. Her mother made the candles that were used to light the home. Then later lamps were used. They were hard working people and did everything they could to make home life happy and give their children they best they could. Fast meetings were held on Thursdays and mother was baptized in the open air font by the creek by the old saw mill and walked home in her wet clothes. She attended all four of the one room school houses in Payson, also the Central school. There was no school beyond the 8th grade in Payson at that time, so if a child received more education they had to go to Provo or Salt Lake City and many could not afford to send their children. Mother was happy when she could go to Provo with her father on business trips and she was taken to Salt Lake City when the capstone was laid on the Temple and also to the Dedication of the Temple. Grandpa had a nice horse and buggy and they were enjoyed by the family. There was a creek running between the house and their barnyard, with a bridge over the creek. As children they used to play in the barnyard and swim in the creek. As mother grew older, one of her best girl friends was Inez Daniels. She had many other friends, but this friendship continued on through the years. Inez's boyfriend was Ernest Menlove and this couple, along with Jasper Hill and Alice enjoyed many happy times together.

Father and Mother were married 15 Dec. 1897 in the Salt Lake Temple. They traveled there by a horse drawn carriage. It took two days to go and they stopped in Lehi on the way, overnight, at a

hotel. After the marriage, they stayed in Salt Lake City a few days with my Great Grandmother Chase before returning home to start housekeeping on their own. They lived in part of Grandpa Hill's home for a while and then my Grandparents moved to a home on the north side of town and their old home was left to my parents. They needed more room because they were starting a family of their own. Rulon was born 21 Sept. 1898. I, Vida came 18 months later on 21 March 1900. Dora Alice was born 25 Oct. 1901, Erma on 11 Sept. 1903, Cloris 22 July 1905, Nelda 12 June 1907. By now, Father thought they had about enough girls and needed a change. He was very happy when the next baby was a boy. He arrived on 26 June, 1910 and they named him F. LeRoy.

Money was scarce and with a growing family, mother had to scheme in many ways to keep the house going and feed and clothe the growing children. Our father was a farmer and we all learned to help in the fields as well as in the house. We washed with a hand washer and for years we drew all our water from a 60 foot well that was at the north-west corner of the house. We used coal oil lamps and were happy when the electricity was put into the house.

Spring cleaning time was something! First, our home-made carpets were taken up off the floor and put over the clothes lines outside. Then they were beaten with a broom or a long stick to get the dust out. Before we put them back on the floors, fresh straw was spread evenly over the floors. Then the carpet was laid down over the straw and stretched just as tight as we could get it. The straw served as the padding. Our bed ticks were also filled with fresh straw which were our mattresses. After a few nights they weren't so bad, but they surely didn't feel like our spring-filled mattresses do today.

Bath night was another "event". The round tub was brought in by the kitchen stove and it took many kettles full of water to heat enough for a bath. Then the tub was emptied outside and brought back in for the next one. Considering that all the water had to be drawn from an outside well and then heated on the stove, it was a real job. No wonder we didn't bathe several times a week. Later, after we had the pipe line water it was much easier and we abandoned the old well. Until we had pipe water, the horses and cows all had to be driven to water twice each day ... to the creek.

Father used to put straw on the hay wagon and cover it with blankets and then, along with other families, we were taken on outings to the lake (Utah Lake) and the Springlake, three miles south of Payson ... sometimes taking our supper along with us. Those were real fun times. We were also taken, occasionally, to "Castella" in a covered wagon. That was a resort located up Spanish Fork canyon. We would leave early and stop at cold springs and cook our breakfast. Then we were sleep overnight at "Castella" and return home the following day. We very much enjoyed that as children. Father owned a horse we called "Old Bill" and he was very frightened of trains and every time a train would pass he about jumped out of his harness. There were lots of trains going and back from "Castella".

We always had a large garden in the summer, with all kinds of vegetables and many fruit trees and berries of all kinds, so we were all kept busy. It seemed to take a half bushel of peas and a peck of new potatoes to fill all those hungry children, along with whatever other food we had.

There wasn't too much time for us to play in those days, but there was always someone to play with! Father' owned one half block and had the only house on that block. There were no nearby neighbors so we could make all the noise we wanted.

My sister, Florence, was born July 2, 1917 so we had a new little sister to love and care for.

Our oldest brother, Rulon, had been going with Virginia Brown for some time and on 14 August, 1918 they went to the Salt Lake Temple and were married. So, the family were growing up and

beginning to leave home, but adding new ones to our number. Virginia made a lovely addition to our family.

The First World War was being fought at that time, so before my boyfriend, Cleon Moore, had to leave for the service we were married on the 29 August, 1918 ... just two weeks after Rulon and Virginia were married. Cleon went into the army and I lived with my parents until early spring, when Cleon returned and we moved to a farm six miles northwest of Payson.

My sister, Edith, was born 8 Sept. 1919, just three months before our son, Ray was born. Then on 2 June 1922 our youngest brother, Earl was born. So my mother was having children along with her grandchildren, but it gave all the babies someone to play with.

My sister, Dora, was married to Leslie Cloward on May 18, 1921 in the Salt Lake Temple and she moved to Salem, Utah to make her home. 9 March, 1923, Erma married Walter Thatcher and they moved to a farm 2 miles west of Payson. She made a lovely wife and mother. She held many positions in the Church and was kept busy with her family of six children. Then in April of 1950, she had a serious illness and on 26 April she passed away. Her children have all gone on and made their lives a success, all being married in the Temple, having families of their own and holding positions in the church.

In July of 1920 it was decided by the Church Authorities that the 2nd Ward that Father and Mother belonged to, needed to be divided. Father was chosen as the new Bishop and his brother, Leonard, was called to be the new Bishop of the new 3rd Ward. Father had been Sunday School Superintendent for several years and the crowd had increased so there just wasn't room to put them, so Father talked to President Joseph Reece, the Stake president, about the situation. The division of the Ward resulted. Our Father was always very religious and active in the Priesthood Quorums. Anything that was asked of him, by authority, he did willingly. We sometimes wondered if his religion meant more to him than his family. He was Sect. of the YMMIA and later president of that organization. Each position he had held made being the new Bishop easier for him. He worked very hard on this calling and fathered the Ward for 10 years. When he was released in 1930, many beautiful tributes were paid to him and his counselors, Laban Harding and John C. Taylor. Father said no better men could be found. After his release he was chosen as counselor to Justin Loveless in the High Priests Quorum. He was also a High Councilman for 7 years while President Wayland R. Wightman was the Stake president. He was High Priests Group Leader in the 2nd Ward when he was 80 years of age. He said he had been a Ward teacher from the age of 13 years, without a break. He leaves quite a record for his family to follow.

Mother was the mother of 12 children when our Father was made Bishop of the Ward. Two were married and in homes of their own. But to take on "mother of the ward" was an added task. She met it cheerfully and stood by Father as she had done in his other assignments. She taught Religion Class and primary when her children were small. She taught a Gleaner class in Mutual and loved the girls. She was a counselor to Sister Annie Curtis and Hazel Coray in Relief Society for years, worked on Relief Society Stake Board and taught a Sunday School class of young people for many years. She was a Visiting Teacher in Relief Society for many years and a member of the Daughters of Utah pioneers. She and Father hardly ever missed Mutual or any activity in the Ward. They both sang in the choir from the time they were young people until they got quite old. They loved music and always had it in their home. Our youngest brother, Earl, was born while Father was Bishop, but Mother took it all in stride and did then best she could.

Weddings came along quite frequently. Nelda and Melvin Hanks were married in the Salt Lake Temple on 8 June, 1927 and then next year, on 28 June, 1928, Chloris married Fred Kindred in the same Temple. Now, the grandchildren were arriving quite frequently.

Mother was still driving "Old Bess" in the surrey, but by now, many people were driving automobiles, and mother and then children finally convinced father that they needed a car. So, in 1928 they got a new car. Father never would drive it. He said it wouldn't stop when he said "Whoa". Many of the family tried to teach him to drive it, but he said "No". Althena drove it at first, but it wasn't long until Mother learned to drive and then she could go when and where she wanted and take Father to his appointments. About 1933, on Memorial Day, Mother had Elizabeth Manwill with her, returning from the cemetery and a truck ran her off the road and wrecked the car! ... hurting the two women quite seriously. After that, it was several months before she was able to get around and then it was on crutches for some time. When she recovered and was able to "go" again, Father bought another car. She drove this car until she was past 80 years of age and then family made her stop driving. She was unhappy about this decision because now she had to wait for someone to take her where she had always been so independent.

Mother nursed her children through all the childhood diseases and some more serious ones. Chloris had knee trouble and many operations that left her knee stiff and was a handicap to her, but she cheerfully went about her work anyway. Kenneth was sick most of one winter, but good nursing brought him through.

In 1930 F. LeRoy was called on a mission to the Northern States. On 5 October, 1932 he was married to Alene Argyle of Spanish Fork. They eventually had a family of seven children while living in Payson but later moved to Spanish Fork, Utah. A year earlier, on 25 May, 1931, my sister, Althea was married to Ralph ("Bus") Carson ... both couples were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Later "Bus" and Althena moved to California with their family of five children and formed their family troupe show a "wild west" type of trick horseback riding and fancy roping routines that became very popular at rodeos and other outdoor entertainments. Lynn (one of their twins) was married to Edith Curtis on 20 Oct. 1937 and Kenneth (the other twin) married Irene Braithwaite on 13 June 1938. Lynn and his family lived in Spanish Fork and Kenneth lived in Leland. Florence married Sherman Dalton on 19 Dec. 1935, quite some time before the twins were married. They moved to Glendale, California and have a family of four children. On 22 Nov. 1939, Edith married Kathie Tischner and moved to Santaquin, Utah. They have five children. Earl, the youngest child, went on a mission to the North Central States in the fall of 1939. When he returned from his mission, his girlfriend, Ada Jean Holbrook, left on a mission and he waited eighteen months for her to return. They were married 30 June 1948. They live in Roy, Utah and have seven children. Earl was in the Navy during World War II and served for several years.

All thirteen children have married in the Salt Lake Temple. At this point, 14 grandsons have been on missions. Sons, sons in law and grandsons have been Bishops, Bishop's counselors and heads of Church auxiliaries. The women have been Relief Society presidents, on Stake Boards, YWMA presidents in Stake and Ward and primary workers, Stake and Ward. A number of grandsons were in the service of their country during World War II.

On August 14, 1956, Lynn and Edith were divorced and on the 17 of May, 1957 he and Eva Luella Van Wagoner were married. They live Heber.

In 1944 our parents sold the home where we were all born and reared and purchased a home near the 2nd Ward Church. This made it much easier for them to get to their meetings without needing to ride.

They fixed the house up and were very comfortable in this home. It took their family a while to get used to the idea of a new house, but all of us were happy for our parents because they were happy about it. It was much easier for them to get to town now and they had many new neighbors they enjoyed.

In 1954 the 2nd Ward Mutual honored Mother by putting on a "This Is Your Life" type program for her. Many tributes were paid to her.

4 June, 1955, Rulon's wife, Virginia passed away. She had been ill "off and on" for a number of years. We all loved her very much, along with Rulon and the whole family grieved at her passing. Rulon was really lost, trying to live alone, so on 23 March, 1956, he married Iva Dee Barnett Pearson. She made him a lovely companion and they were happy for 10 years. She had cancer and passed away 3 June, 1966. Another heart breaking tragedy. Rulon and Virginia had lost their oldest daughter, Zola, on 1 Nov. 1933 and a baby boy on 20 May, 1935. He seemed to be having almost more than his share of sorrow. Then on 13 January, 1967 he married Elva Peterson, the widow of Andrew Peterson of Springville. They were happy together. Both having lost two previous companions, they could share each others feelings.

On our parents Golden Wedding anniversary in 1947, a large reception was given by their family in the 2nd Ward Church. It was a happy day for Father and Mother. The family made happy occasions for many of their anniversaries, but celebrated again on their 65th wedding anniversary. They were Payson's longest married couple at that time. They were continuing to enjoy life. Their children have taken them on many vacation trips which they enjoyed. However, Father was more of a "home" person than mother was. He loved to go away, but didn't want to stay too long. He would say to mother, "Go on, I'll stay home", but Mother hated to leave him alone too often. He had always farmed and he continued to raise a big garden each year. He rented a small garden spot to raise corn and potatoes besides the lot where he lived. He used his team of horses until they were so old (in his farming) he really hated to part with them when he could no longer run the farm. Mother and Father sold sweet corn and new potatoes for years and many people from the area enjoyed their garden. It was hard work for them, but Father would rather work than sit around and we couldn't get him to stay out of the garden. When he couldn't hoe standing up, he would crawl along on his knees. Finally we all decided that if that was where he was happiest we would leave him alone. They both did Temple work and Genealogy as long as they were able to. Father continued to work both in Church and in the garden until the summer of 1965, when his health wasn't so good. When he couldn't take care of the Church positions or go out and do things that he wanted to do, he had no desire to live anymore. He had never been one to sit idle and it was hard on him, which also made it hard on Mother.

Father passed away 26 October, 1965 at home, in his bed at 88 years of age. He just went to sleep, not even disturbing the covers as he died. What a beautiful way to go. His funeral was held in the 2nd Ward Church the Ward he had always belonged to and loved. The chapel was filled for the services, many being turned away. He left a numerous posterity to mourn his passing. He wrote a short sketch of his life for me, and at the end, he bore his testimony which I will add here.

"I know the Gospel is true. That Joseph Smith did see God and through him did establish His Church again to earth. I also know that David O. McKay is our prophet today. May the Lord keep us together" He also said, "May the Lord bless you all and keep us united as a family, not only in this life, but through all time and Eternity"

I think we should strive to do as he asked us, but we all have to try.

Father's only living brother, Fred, died and was buried the following Saturday, just one week after Father. They both left large families to mourn their passing.

After Father's death, Mother was a very lonely person, but she insisted she would stay in her own home. A furnace had been put in the house sometime before along with a gas range to cook on, so it wasn't hard to keep the house comfortable and much easier than with a coal stove. Fern

Wellington, a neighbor of mother's, did many kind things for her, so she wasn't alone all the time when her family could not go in to see her. Mother had always kept her hands busy doing something. She had made many Temple aprons for sale and for members of her family. She has done many pillowcases, much embroidery and crochet edges. She has done much handwork for the Relief Society and made baby quilts for the great-grandchildren as they came along. She is happiest when she is busy. She has many relatives call in to see her. She goes to California each year for an extended visit with her daughters Florence and Althea. There are several other relatives there also and they are very kind to her as well. She enjoys her trips to California because there is always someplace new to go and things to do that are different from here at home. Her sister, Maggie, lives there and visits in Payson frequently. Mother's sister, Laura (just older) lives in Santaquin, Utah with her daughter, Hattie Ahlin. She and mother can visit with each other often, which both seem to enjoy. Laura celebrated her 90th, 13 Nov. 1966 in Payson, where an Open House was held for her.

Mother bought herself a new color television set which she enjoys when she is alone. It helps while away the time. At present (1968) she has 12 living children, 62 grandchildren and 132 great-grandchildren, with more expected. Also, 5 great-great grandchildren. On 4 March, 1968 she will celebrate her 90th birthday and the family are planning an "Open House" for her at that time at the 2nd Ward Church.

Mother has lived a long, useful life and we pray she will have health and strength to go on as long as the good Lord will let her remain with us.

(The following entry was made on 17 March, 1971 by Vida Moore)

Life goes on pretty much the same for mother. She enjoys going to Church activities as she can when the weather permits. Many friends and family visit her each day. She keeps herself busy with her handwork, some for family and some for the Relief Society.

At Christmas time she enjoys the many family Christmas parties she attends and also the different family birthday parties as they come along. Plus, the family always have a special party for her own birthday. With her many grandchildren and great grandchildren, weddings and receptions are occurring frequently. She also enjoys the family gatherings at Homecoming (near Labor Day time), when her daughters and their families are here from California. In 1970, Mother went back to California with Florence and Sherman Dalton and stayed for several weeks. She returned home by airplane, her first ride in the air. She really enjoyed it.

She enjoys car rides with anyone who will take her, if they are not too long and go to new places. She is still saying "goodbye" to missionary grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Mother is very alert, loves to read to herself and to others and she likens poetry. She cooks for herself most of the time, lives alone, which we all think is remarkable!

In May some students from BYU came and painted her home. She enjoyed visiting with the 10 young people who were there. On the 11 of May she fell at her bedside and hurt her back. So, the family have been taking turns helping her. Rulon and Elva have been very good to her. Living so close, as they do, they can run in real often, which helped the rest of the family as well as mother.

On June 3, she awoke with a nose bleed just after midnight. Rulon and Elva, along with Mrs. Wellington, worked with her, but finally had to take her to the hospital (which was just across the street from her house). She was getting along pretty well and was taken back home on Sunday afternoon, but had more trouble on Monday, so was put back in the hospital. Again, she seemed to

get along fine. She was extremely upset, but as soon as she relaxed, she felt much better.

Mother stayed at home through then winter, visiting with her family and going to the different family gatherings and parties. The day before her 94th birthday (4 March) she flew to Los Angeles in company with Rulon and Elva who went on to a 10 day vacation to Mexico..... Mother returned home with them.

My sister, Chloris, had suffered with thyroid trouble for several years and complications from this condition finally forced a stay in the hospital. The morning after she was admitted she suffered a severe heart attack and then was in intensive care for several days. She died on 7 May.

Then, on 2 Oct., 1972, mother's sister, Laura Coombs, who would have been 96 on Nov. 13, passed away at a Rest Home in Orem.

Five months after Chloris' death, her husband, Fred Kindred also passed away.

Mother seemed to taken all these deaths in her family, coming so close together as they did, in pretty good spirits, but I'm sure that each one did more than we think to her feelings. However, she seemed to "lose interest". We continued to take her meals and someone tried to be with her most of the time. Then on Oct. 20 she had a spell with bleeding ulcers and vomited blood. She was taken to the hospital for a blood transfusion on Friday night and it seemed that she was doing somewhat better, but on Monday she didn't seem so well. Each day she seemed to grow weaker. The family visited real often and for 36 hours one or two of the family were there with her. Sunday afternoon, as I was there with her, she kept saying, "Home, home, take me home, let me die". I left after about an hour. She was checked on through the night but before morning came she had slept peacefully away.

After her funeral, the estate was divided and the things in the house were taken. Then city owned the home and it will be torn down. Mother passed away on 30 Oct., just 7 years from the day that our Father was buried.



POETRY THAT WAS SPECIAL TO GRANDMA

"My Get Up And Go Has Got Up And Went"

How'd I know my youth is all spent?
Well, my get-up and go has got up and went.
But in spite of it all, I am able to grin,
When I think of the places my get-up has been.
Old Age is golden, I've heard it said,
But sometimes I wonder as I get into bed-
With my ear's in the drawer', my teeth in a cup,
My eyes on the table until I wake up.
Ere sleep dims my eyes I say to myself,
"Is there anything else I should leave on the shelf?"
And I'm happy to say, as I close my door,
"My friends are the same, or much much more."

When I was young, my slippers were red
I could kick up my heels right over my head.
When I grew older my slippers were blue,
But still I could dance the whole night through.
Now I am old, my slippers are black.
I walk to the store and puff my way back.
But I really don't mind when I think with a grin,
Of all the grand places my get-up has been!

"My Dad"

Now that Mother's day is over
My thoughts turn to my Dad
To pass him up without a word,
It really seems too bad.
He goes to work most every day
And never quits till night.
And when he gets his supper, then hen works while it is
light.
He cuts the lawn and sprinkles it or' mends a broken toy.
I think I've got a better Dad than any other boy.
He earns the money for our clothes,
and flour from the mill.
For everything around the house,
Dad has to foot the bill.
He takes me for a pleasant walk or plays a game of ball.
He doesn't smoke, or drink, or swear,
And never scolds at all.
Now Ma, she makes me wash my face
And scrub my knuckles sore, she says
Now Charlie wipe your feet
or Charlie shut the door.
My Dad, he looks at me and winks, he's just full of fun.
He knows just how a feller feels, because, why, well...he's
been one.
Now Ma, she keeps a feller down
And makes him toe the line.
She's fine, but no one's better than that
Dear old Dad of mine.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF JASPER F. HILL *(written by Jasper F. Hill on 20 June, 1958, when he was 80 years of age)*

(The original of this history was in his own beautifully precise handwriting. The spelling was not perfect, but the thoughts he expressed certainly are.)

I was born Sept. 2, 1877 in a little log house one block south of the 2nd Ward Church. I am writing this for the benefit of my children, who I love very much. To see them taking part in the Church gives me a lot of pleasure. Mother and I have tried to teach you honesty and clean living. We have also tried to teach you the value of honest labor and how to work. Nothing worth while comes without effort.

My boyhood days were spent on the farm. My education was very limited. As soon as spring came, I was taken out of school to help with the work. Many days I have worked for other farmers for 75 cents a day. When about 16 or 17, I worked on the section for \$1.50 a day ... 9 and 10 hours a day. I used to spend a lot of time during fall and winter, getting out fuel for the winter. In the winter, after the snow got deep, I would go with a bob sled and get maple and oak and sometimes go to the top of the canyon and get large logs on a sled, with three or four teams going together to break the road so we could get out with our loads. One trip I remember going with three other men. They got their loads close to the road and went off and left me there alone. Had a hard time getting my load out to the road. The sun was going down. When I was ready to leave, a man by the name of Jed Robinson had a sawmill over the ridge and was up there, pulling his lumber to the top of the ridge and camping at the mill. He came up with a load just as I was ready to leave. He tried hard to get me to camp with him till morning. I was wet through to my waist, and he said I would freeze before I got home, as it was about zero weather. I told him "No", that my folks would be worried about me. The road was broke and plenty of snow. Then team was cold and wanted to go. I wrapped a quilt around my legs and let them go. A lot of the time they were on the lope. It was after dark when I got home. My clothes were froze till it was hard to gent them off. I sure told then boy off that left me up there alone. I guess it is silly to tell about these things that happened 50 or 60 years ago

The first time I went away from home to work was up to Mammoth building a railroad from Upper Mammoth down to a mill at Lower Mammoth. The boss furnished a large tent where we ate and slept. It was a rough lot of men working there. They spent their evenings playing cards and gambling, which was very disgusting and unpleasant for me. I had always been taught the value of prayer. There was no chance for prayer in there, so every night I went out among the sagebrush and had prayer, and I'm sure my prayers were answered. This was about the time that Mother and I started going together, and it was good to get home again.

I would like to mention here another trip I had. When my brother, Leonard, lived in Grass Valley, I made two or three trips down there a horseback. One fall, when Leonard was up, I went back with him. I drove two cows down there. Sometimes we would tie them behind the wagon. It took us three days to go down and I came back the day before Christmas, a horseback. Another time I went down and where I camped I left a sack of clothes hanging out by the barn. I was gone for a month and when I came back, I called there to see if I could get them. The man had my shirt on, wearing it. I didn't mind that, but I got the picture of my future wife which was in my clothes.

I guess you all know about my trip to the Temple with a saxophone. Also, I remember I was working in the field and I told Mother I wanted to take a lunch with me. When noon came, I went to a tree in the shade to eat my dinner and when I opened my dinner bucket, what do you think my good wife had sent me? A full bucket of lard! Now the moral of this story is to you girls, Don't send your men to the Temple with a horn or to work with a bucket of lard for a lunch.

I could tell you a lot of things that happened to me in answer to prayer. When Cleon was in the service and was in the hospital with the flu, a telegram came to Vida, telling her that her husband was in a dangerous condition. Vida, of course, wanted to go to the hospital and wanted Mother to go with her. I was out west, plowing. Mother sent Chloris out there to see if she should go. I sent word that she should go. After Chloris started home on her horse, I knelt down behind the plow, knowing that many people were dying with the flu. I asked the Lord if he would let me know if Cleon's life would be spared, and prayed for his recovery. While kneeling there, a voice said to me these words, "His life will be spared" and I arose, looking around to see who it was talking to me, but there was no one in sight. Mother returned in a day or two, and of course, I asked her about Cleon's condition and she said, "They are taking three or four out dead every day." and "I fear we will hear of Cleon's death any moment". I told her that was not going to happen. That he was not going to die for it had been made known to me. He had a long siege, but finally came home and is still living. Thanks be to the Lord. When he speaks, you can depend on it.

Most of the pleasure we got, back in those days, we had to make it ourselves. House parties with candy pullings and dancing and games of all kinds. Post Office was one of the best. In the winter, sleigh riding was a lot of fun. I had a nice team, with double bobs and bells on then horses. Sometimes we would "run down" two and three teams a night. New Year's Eve we would have a party and then 12 O' clock came, we would sleigh ride the New Year in. I believe we had just as much fun as the young people do today. In the summer time we used to go down to Utah Lake. We would put a layer of hay on the hayrack and spread quilts over it and take 15 or 20 with us. That was lots of fun. I guess this is enough of the "kid" stuff. So, let's talk about our young married life.

Mother and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple 15 December, 1897. We didn't have much to get married with, and we haven't got much yet, but we have a lot to be thankful for. With a lot of hard work, the Lord opened the way. He sent a lot of noble to our keeping, which we are very proud of...worth more than the wealth of the world. So we are rich in one way. I have got a lot of joy out of the work I have done in the Church. The first office I held was as Secretary in the Mutual. Vern Manwill was President. Then I was president of the Elder's Quorum, Sunday School Superintendent. While in Sunday School, the crowd got so large, we couldn't find a place for them. We talked it over with the Bishopric and I was chosen to head a committee to wait upon the Stake presidency to see what could be done for more room. It was left in their hands to decide what was best.

About three weeks later, I was coming home from irrigating all night out west and president Joseph Reece caught up with me and said they had made a decision on what to do with our Ward. He stated they were going to divide it and that I had been chosen as Bishop of the 2nd Ward. I was tired out and had been up all night watering, but I didn't get any sleep the next night either. It was a hard question to decide. But it proved to be the richest 10 years in my life. I had two of the best men I have ever known as my counselors, Brother John C. Taylor and Brother Laban Harding. We saw alike in everything that came before us , and if I do say it I don't think the ward has ever been in better shape since. Don't take me wrong, but I think the records will prove it to be true.

After being released as Bishop, I went into the High Council for about 7 years. Then I served as counselor to Bishop Justin Loveless in then High priests presidency. At the present time, I am group leader in our Ward. I might say that I was called as a Ward Teacher when only a kid in the Aaronic priesthood. I don't think there has been a break in that calling since. I still hold that calling. I hope you won't think I am boasting. It has been good experience.

Mother and I appreciate very much the honor and respect you have shown us. You have all been wonderful, celebrating our Golden Wedding and also our 60th Wedding, to say nothing about the many other things you have given us. We are proud to know we have had 6 grandsons and 2 sons fill missions in the world, two of them being out at the present time. And to seen you all accepting

jobs in the Church makes us very happy. May the Lord bless you all and keep us all united as a family. Not only in this life but through all time.

In closing, let me bear you my testimony that I know the Gospel is true, that Joseph Smith did see God and through Him, did establish His Church again to earth. I also know that David O. McKay is our prophet today. May the Lord keep us together.

(signed)

Father

Jasper F. Hill

THE STORY OF ALICE MARY FINLAYSON HILL'S LIFE

(written by herself)

I, Alice Finlayson, was born 4 March, 1873 in Payson, Utah to James and Sarah Clifford Finlayson. My parents were good, honest, hard working people and did everything to make home happy and give their children the best they could in music and in education. Twelve children were born to them; five dying in infancy.

As a girl I loved music and a good clean time. My chums were; Ines Daniels, Roxie Brewerton, Clara Stark, Irene Reece, Ruth Place Laura Travis, Iva McClellan, Emma Colvin and Matilda Douglas. We had many lovely parties, outings and horse back riding. On the 4th and 24th of July, we would all ride our horses in the parade and go for a ride after.

My boy friends were Jasper Hill, Ernest Menlove, John C. Taylor, Lee Stark, Ray Wilson, Will Fillmore and Fred Hill. As time passed Jasper and I fell for each other and had a happy courtship, along with Ines Daniels and Ernest Menlove. Oh the many good times we had and decided we were meant for each other. We went to the Salt Lake Temple and were married for time and eternity on 15 Dec. 1897 and our reception was held 20 Dec., 1897 at home with a big supper. We have worked together now for 36 years. We have had our ups and downs, our trials and sicknesses, but have tried to do our best in raising 13 children, eight girls and five boys, to man and womanhood. At this writing, eight of them are married and our youngest is Earl, 13 years of age. We have tried to give them all an education in school and in music and let them have every advantage we could afford.

In my early married life, I was called to work in the Religion class, as first assistant to Ella Cowan. I had many good times in this position. Next, called to work in Primary with Thursa Smith, Rose Tervort and others. I would take one or two babies in the baby buggy, sometimes put the third child in, and hurry to meeting. Many a time I have taken an armful of wood to help make the fire. Then I was called to help on the Social Committee of Relief Society with Lily Cloward, Ann Barnett and Adelma Taylor. We worked together for seven years and had many good times. I was called to the 2nd Ward Relief Society on 19 August, 1920 to be 2nd counselor to Annie Curtis. For five years we enjoyed working together. Then Sister Curtis was called to the Nebo Stake Relief Society and Sister Chasta Olson Harris took her place and I, with Ann Barnett were the Presidency of the Relief Society. After two years, I was released. In 1930, Hazel Coray was chosen as President and I with Louise Cox, worked together for two years. In 1933 I was chosen as chorister of 2nd Ward Relief Society and served for 3 years, also chairman of the program Committee. I have enjoyed my work with the women very much. The years 1931, 1932 and 1933, I, along with Genevieve Ellsworth had charge of the M.I.A. Gleaner Girls. We out over many programs and did much activity work. We put on the "Road Show" "Girls of America" and took 1st place in the Ward and we played it for the Stake M.I.A. of Nebo District. It took 24 girls to put the Pageant on. We also put on the program for Mother's Day, "The Divine Mother" and a little play, "The Right Thing At The Right Time", with the help of the M Men. We served banquets for the M Men and Gleaner Girls with much success. At the end of three years work, we and the class of girls took a bus trip to Salt Lake City, taking along our lunch. We visited the State Capitol, Memory Grove, went to the Tabernacle Organ Recital, to the State penitentiary and to radio station KSL. A delightful trip. In the year 1940 I was ask to work on the Sunday School Stake Board with Mr. Bartholamew as Superintendent, Mr. Cutler and Mr. Peterson as counselors, enjoying my labors. In 1946 I was called to work in the Stake Relief Society with Gwen Dixon, pres. and Thelma Harmer and Mrs. Cidroyd as Counselors. There is joy in the service of the Lord. I worked with Junior Genealogy for a while and then worked in Junior Sunday School in the year 1941, until released in 1949. I was called to the 2nd Ward Sunday School in July of 1949, teaching a group of girls and boys, 24 enrolled. I have enjoyed the class very much, trying to plant faith and wisdom to help them grow in a love for our Gospel and to live

good clean lives.

Later on, we bought an old home on the corner of 4th West and 1st So. and remodeled it to suit our needs and moved away from the old home on the hill where our 13 children had been born and reared. We moved into this "new" home in May of 1944. We were happy to be near the 2nd Ward Church where we could walk to our meetings.

Our children gave us a beautiful "Golden Wedding" party in the 2nd Ward Church. It was a lovely affair on Dec. 15, 1947 and then again on our 55th wedding anniversary in 1952. That one was an Open House with all our children present. We were happy to think they would do so much for us.

In 1956 I gave up the Sunday School class the first of the year. The last 2 years, I had 12 girls in the class. They came to my home on Sunday morning after Opening Exercises as the Church was being remodeled.

I have been a Relief Society Visiting Teacher for over 35 years and have enjoyed the work.

15 Dec., 1957 our children have us a 60th Wedding party at the Church. Our daughters, Florence and Althea were not able to be present. (They live in California)

In March of 1958 we went to California to spend my 80th birthday on March 4. Florence and Althea's families prepared lunch and we all ate together at Disneyland. I had a birthday cake with 80 candles on it. A lovely day.

Feb. 17, 1959 ... I just want to leave my testimony of the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints to my children. I know God hears and answers prayers, if we ask in faith and work to help ourselves to combine our work with our faith. We do gain strength by struggle. One cannot draw water from an empty well. Our Father will help us when we study and learn to keep his commandments, when we do His will and put our trust in His promise He will bless us when we ask in faith.

The children come often to visit and help me in many ways to share my loneliness since Jasper, my dear Husband passed away on Oct. 26, 1965. I am doing my best to help myself and with the help of the Lord and my family, I am trying to do the best I can, alone. On Sept. 2, 1966, Jasper's birthday, the children came and brought dinner to eat with me, just to remember we are still a family and that we all miss Father. He went so peacefully, with not a regret. He had worked so hard all his life in Church, Home and public, trying to live a good life.

On my 90th birthday, the children held an "Open House" for me at the 2nd Ward Church. The family all helped to welcome the visitors and serve cake and ice cream to about 400 people. It was a lovely afternoon.



At this point, Alice ended her history. However, her daughter, Vida Hill Moore, has added basic information concerning the rest of her mother's life, as follows:

Mother wouldn't live with her children. She preferred her own home, so that is where we tried to keep her happy. One of us took a hot dinner to her each day, and a kind neighbor lady, Mrs. Wellington, stayed most nights with her. For years, her daughters kept her home neat and clean and her washing and ironing done up. Edith took care of her hair. We tried, but it seems she could just

remember the California visits. Edith, the youngest daughter was especially kind to her and Mother depended on her very much.

Mother had her last two children when her first three were starting families of their own. She was 44 years old when Earl, the youngest, was born.

We all tried to keep her happy, but at age 94 she was ready to go to Father. She had bleeding ulcers and was in the hospital several times. The last time, she didn't snap back as she had done before. She died 30 Oct. 1972, just seven years after our Father passed away. We laid Mother away in a pink metal casket in beautiful Temple clothing on Nov. 2 (the twins birthday).

Her funeral was very fitting for her and the family go on living ... with just memories.



**A TRIBUTE GIVEN AT THE
50th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY OF
MR. & MRS. JASPER F. HILL,
DEC. 15, 1947, BY CHARLES DOUGLAS.
(they are the parents of Vida Hill Moore)**

While gazing around in an album old,
I found a story I had never told.
It was about a good man who lives close to me.
It also mentions his wife, you will see.
His father came here with the first pioneers.
They settled this country without any fears.
He married a girl by the name of Chase,
And started right in to increllase his race.
They had a few children and then, it is said,
A boy was born whose hair was quite red.
They took this boy to church, for to bless,
And christened him Jasper, along with the rest.
Now Jasper grew fast and got very strong.
He attended his Church as he drifted along.
While attending Mutual, I guess this is right,
He asked his friend Alice to go out that night.
Now Alice was backward and said, with a smile,
"I'll ask my ma-ma, just wait here a while."
Well, it started a romance which sure ended well.
The story is long, but I'll try it to tell.
You see, James Finlayson, Alice's Dad,
Was stern in his way, yet he liked this lad.
They would stand at the gate till late, about ten.
Then Jasper would say, "I'll be back, you say when."
This gate where they stood had pickets wide,
And was painted green, like the lawn inside.
Well, this carried on, I don't know howling,
Till one bright night, Jasper, feeling quite strong Said,
"Alice, my dear, I'm now quite a man.
Going on twenty. May I have your hand?"
Again Alice shrank and said, "Ask my Pa."
But Jasper forgot and went to her Ma.
Some arguments started but ended OK.
And Jasper and Alice were soon on their way.
They went to the Temple and returned man and wife,
And raised thirteen children during their life.
Now twelve of the children, eight girls and four boys,
Got married, of course, and were wished many joys.

But one of the boys, his first name is "Earl",
Hasn't quite decided, for he hasn't a girl.
To raise a large family, it takes lots of time,
But Jasper and Alice have surely done fine.
They have lived in a crowd, but now are alone.
Well, I would hardly say that, just look in their home.
You'll often see Jasper, with Alice his wife,
Reflecting back on their wonderful life.
They count all their fingers and all of their toes,
Then they add seven and everyone knows
The number of grand-kids these two people score,
And by adding the great-grand kids makes eight kids more.
I think you have heard this yarn before.
It tells about Jasper when he opened the door.
It happened some place, it won't matter where,
When all of their friends were calling for air.
They had made their beds in a room quite small,
And were trying to sleep, but couldn't at all.
The room was dark and the air was stale,
And some of the crowd were growing quite pale
When Ines raised up and said, "Alice, my dear,
Tell Jasper to open the door in the rear.
Well, Jasper obeyed, as a husband should,
And opened the door as wide as he could.
This settled them down, as fresh air will,
But how it happened worries me still.
For the door he opened hung on a wall,
And wasn't the door in the rear at all.
The door he opened let in no air,
But they slept till morning without a care.
Jasper had made a mistake and opened the cupboard door.
But you can josh him about it, he won't get sore.
This story I've told was just told in fun.
Some of it's true, like when it begun.
But all joshing aside, we want you to know,
We wish you the best, wherever you go
May life shed it's blessings in unending tide,
To you, Mr. Hill and your beautiful bride.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF HEAMON ALISON HILL
(the father of Jasper F. Hill -- compiled by Jennie B. Hill)

Heamon Alison Hill was born at Peterboro, Hillsboro Co. New Hampshire 24 Dec. 1836. He was the son of Leonard Hill and Sally Forbush Hill. On his father's side he was a grandson of Asheal Hill and Ruth Rumrill Hill. On his mother's side he was a grandson of Simeon Forbush and Catherine Hasmer Forbush, who were of Acton, Mass. Leonard and Sally Forbush were married 21 Nov. 1826. Sally's wedding dress was a pink brocaded silk, a very lovely color. Leonard and Sally lived at Peterboro, New Hampshire where all their children were born, except their last child, who was born at Nauvoo, Illinois.

Their children were as follows:

	Born	Died	
Charles Fredrick Hill	06 Jan. 1829	06 May 1847	
Sarah Julia Hill	21 Nov. 1830		m. Bingham Bement
Jerusha Morrison Hill	21 Mar. 1832		m. Courtland Searle
Cyrus Andrew Hill	3 April 1834	30 June, 1834	
*Heamon Alison Hill	24 Dec. 1836		m. Lurancy Chase
George Eldridge Hill	29 Aug. 1838	28 May, 1905	
Mariah Josephine Hill	13 April 1840		m. Courtland Searle
Justis Franklin Hill	16 Nov. 1841	16 Nov. 1841	
Emerald Jasper Hill	30 Sept. 1845	30 Sept. 1846	

Leonard and Sally lived in Peterboro until 1843 when they joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. They were the only two of their families who joined the Church. They moved to Nauvoo, Illinois, where their last child was born, but only lived one year.

Heamon Alison's parents were firm and true to their faith and gave their lives for the sake of the Gospel in the exodus from Nauvoo. They were ostracized from their two families. One book on genealogy says that "... they joined the Mormons and went West."

Aunt Mariah Searle, who I interviewed before writing this sketch, stated that her father was a carpenter by trade and they had a very comfortable home in Peterboro. When they moved to Nauvoo, he helped to build many of the homes in that city. She said that they had a home on the outskirts of Nauvoo, but it was not completed when one day; and she says she remembers this distinctly, she was sitting in the doorway when the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum, stopped at their home and came to the well for a drink. They were on their way to Carthage, where they were both subsequently shot and killed. She said that her father said that this was the last place they stopped as they left Nauvoo for the last time. The cup that they used was kept in the family for a long time. She said they came to the well, but did not go into the house.

Before their father could complete their home, an armed mob drove them out of Nauvoo in the spring of 1846. They, along with thousands of others, were forced to leave all they had, except for the few things they could get into their wagons and started West with the Saints, to an unknown land. This was done by the orders of Governor Ford of Illinois.

After crossing the Mississippi River, the sanitary conditions were so bad that the family took sick. They were sick for a long time. During that time, the Father and their baby brother, Jasper, died. They were so poor that they did not have enough to bury their father and baby brother. But the Lord blessed us for a man came to us, and seeing our plight, took us to his farm, gave us one room in his

home, put our cattle in his pasture and buried our Father and baby brother in his burying ground. We stayed there for a long time because our Mother was so ill and also our older brother, Charles. About February we reached the east side of the Missouri River. From lack of food and exposure to cold, our Mother again took sick...and died, on 17 Feb., 1847. We pulled her body on a hand sled across the Missouri River, so as to bury her on a hill. It seems that we were to be further tested, because on the 6 May, 1847 our older brother Charles died, thus leaving five out of our family, three girls and two boys. We had no parents, no home and no food. Sarah, the oldest was 17 years old. She did all she could and the Bishop helped too, but we sold everything that could be spared to buy food, even our clock and our looking glass had to go.

At last our family had to be put in different homes. Sarah and Mariah went to live with a family by the name of Havers, or Harvers. Mr. Jesse Harvers was on a mission. Jerusha lived with a family by the name of Farnsworth and Heamon Alison and George lived with a Turley family. It was while Heamon Alison lived with this family, that one of the Turley boys snapped a whip and it struck Heamon Alison in the eye, causing him to lose the sight of that eye.

After our sister, Sarah, married Bingham Bement, a widower with two sons, we all went to live with them. We only had one room, but we were together. While here, trying to prepare to go to Utah, an epidemic of smallpox broke out and we all had the disease. Sarah was expecting her first child and when it was born, it was literally covered with smallpox and only lived a short time. Aunt Mariah said that those were such trying times because they had so little to go on.

In the Spring of 1850, Heamon Alison started across the plains with a Mr. Bigford and his wife. Mr. Bigford took cholera and died. This made more work for Heamon Alison and he said, "I not only walked the distance but, to keep the sheep and cattle on the trail, I walked twice the distance. I only rode one half day when I was too sick to walk."

He arrived in Salt Lake City in October of 1850. All he owned was the clothes he had on. That had been a long and tiresome trip for a boy of only 14 years.

His sister, Jerusha, married Courtland Searle, and they were sent to settle on Peteetneet Creek, now known as Payson. Heamon Alison came with them in that first group of Pioneers to Payson. He was one of the two boys that raced to the creek to get a drink and he won out. He worked whenever he could. The first year, he herded for his board. Later on, Heamon Alison rented a piece of hay land south of Salt Lake City. He had to cut the hay with a scythe and give the owner 3/4 of the crop for rent.

About this time he began to visit Lurancy Chase. He asked her to marry him in the spring of 1860, but she said, "I could not see living on that farm, so I put him off until 25 Nov. 1860, when we were married." She went on to say, "We lived in two rooms of my father's house. These were log rooms with no chinking. We had plenty of fresh air and it was plenty cold." In 1862 they moved to Payson, Utah and built the little log cabin that flow stands on the corner of 3rd West and 2nd South. (It has since been torn down.) When first built, it had a dirt floor. This was the first home Heamon Alison had had since the family left Nauvoo. He was as proud of that humble cottage as we are of the lovely homes we have today.

They had been married five years and no baby had come to bless their home. Grandma Hill said that one day a Mr. Milan Fillmore came to her door and asked her if she would take his baby. She hesitated because she had no experience with babies. When he saw her hesitate, he raised his arm and said, "Sister Hill, I promise you, in the name of Jesus Christ, that if you will take this motherless child and love it, and care for it, the Lord will bless you with children of your own." She took the baby....but it later died. Grandma Hill said, "I thought I would have felt no worse if it had been my

own." On April 2, 1866, about one year later, a baby girl was born to their home. They named her Mariam Lurancy, after her grandmother, Mariam Gove, and her mother.

Heamon Alison must have had great faith, for when President Brigham Young called for volunteers to go back and help the immigrants who did not have sufficient means to get to Utah, he left his wife and this 3 week old baby girl. On April 25, 1866, took his team and again started across the plains. The family has a letter that he wrote to Grandmother Lurancy Hill just before he reached Fort Bridger, Wyoming. It reads as follows:

(dated 10 May, 1866)

"....All is well. I have lost my appetite in Provo and found a dogs, for I can eat double rations. We have had one mud hole that has reached all the way. Our cattle are lost every night. I see Charles. He is a night herder. I see Sisson. We are in three different companies. I was glad to hear from father. Sisson said that he was getting well. He was over to the Bishop's the day that he left home. We have very heavy loads. We have cattle give out every day. My team is able to work yet. It has rained or snowed almost every day and night since we started. Our captain is too slow and easy. I have not forgot you and I hope you are all well. Tell little Lurancy to be a good little girl and Pop will bring her something pretty. Remember your prayers. Direct a letter to Laramie and write on the envelope, "remain there until called for". Camped six miles this side of Bridger."

Your affectionate husband, Alison Hill

11 May, I guess this is enough. I wrote on an ox yoke, "arrived at Bridger 17 May"

Grandpa Hill returned six months later, Oct. 1866. This was a great sacrifice at this time of his life, as he was needed so much at home to make his family comfortable. After that trip his health was never as good as before, due to cold weather and exposure.

Grandpa sold his team to buy his wife their first cook stove. Many times he walked from Payson to Salt Lake City. In the winter, he would across the ice on Utah Lake to shorten the distance.

The Lord blessed Heamon Alison Hill and Lurancy Chase Hill with seven children. They are:

	born	died
Mariam Lurancy	2 April 1866	6 Oct. 1957
Leonard Alison	3 April 1868	24 Aug. 1945
Sarah Jane	27 April 1870	28 Dec. 1949
Sisson Almadorus	20 March 1872	18 Mar. 1873
Fredrick Simeon	15 Feb. 1875	Nov. 1965
*Jasper Franklin	2 Sept. 1877	26 Oct. 1965
Amy Cyllinda	4 Feb. 1880	15 Dec. 1885

Heamon Alison Hill was a true and faithful Latter Day Saint with true ideals. He came up in trials and tribulations, but he did not falter in his testimony of the Gospel. He has reared a great posterity that is a credit to his name. He always heeded the counsel of those in authority in the Church. May we always revere his memory and follow his example.

Heamon Alison passed away on 24 Feb. 1907, at home.

At this point, Aunt Jennie included the following poem, which she said was a fitting tribute to a noble grandfather.

I Follow A Noble Father....

I follow a noble father, his honor is mine to wear
He gave me a name that was free from shame,
A name he was proud to bear.
He lived in the morning sunlight
And marched in the ranks of right.
He was always true to the best he knew
And the shield that he wore was bright.

I follow a noble father, and never a day goes by
But I feel that he looks down on me
To carry his standard high.
He stood to the sternest trials, as ever a brave man can
Though the way be long, I must never wrong
The name of so good a man.

I follow a noble father, not known to the printed page,
Nor written down in the world's renown
As a prince of his little age.
But never a stain attached to him and never he stooped to shame;
He was bold and brave and to me he gave -The pride of an honest name.

I follow a noble father, and him I must keep in mind
Though his form is gone, I must carry on
The name that he left behind.
It was mine on the day he gave it, It shone as a
monarch's crown

And as fair to see, as it came to me, It must be when I lay it down.

HEAMON ALISON HILL

(taken from a news clipping at the time of his death)

"H. Alison Hill closes eventful career at the age of Seventy."

H. Alison Hill, who died 24 Feb. 1907 was one of the first settlers of Payson, Utah. He was born 24 Dec., 1836 in Petersboro, Hillsboro County, New Hampshire; the son of Leonard Hill and Sally Forbush. His parents embraced the Gospel as taught by the Latter Day Saints, when he was but a mere boy. He emigrated with them to Nauvoo, Illinois. In company with others, they were driven from their home, and amidst great hardships, made their way West.

The father, Leonard Hill, died on the way on Sept. 10, 1846 and was buried by the roadside. An older brother also died, soon after, in the same year. As if that was not enough, the mother, in the spring of the following year, 17 Feb. 1847, succumbed. It is said that Alison pulled a sled, carrying her body, across the Missouri river on the ice, to give her a decent burial. He was but 11 years of age at the time. All of these sad and untimely deaths had been the result of insufficient food and exposure to the cold during the expulsion from Nauvoo, Illinois

Alison Hill arrived in Utah in 1850, when he was but 14 years of age. He had walked nearly all the way. In fact, it is declared that in going to and fro, as was necessary to drive the loose cattle, he actually walked several times the entire distance to Salt Lake City. He went direct to Payson, arriving there with a few settlers, arriving there on 20 Oct. 1850.

He was married 25 Nov. 1860 to Lurancy Chase. This union was blessed with 7 children. Two of the children preceded their parents in death. In the year of 1866, he, in company with others, went East to the Missouri River for the purpose of bringing more immigrants from that point to Utah. This service he performed with honor and credit.

At the time of his death, he was survived by his good wife, three sons and two daughters. Those well acquainted with him have said:

"He was an honest man, whose word was as good as his bond, true to himself, his friends and his God."



His funeral announcement read as follows:

Payson, Utah Co. Feb. 26....The funeral of Alison Hill was held today from the 2nd Ward meeting house. His death occurred Sunday last, after many years of suffering from asthma. He was 70 years of age, and was one of the oldest settlers of Payson and has resided here since first coming to the country. His integrity and honesty were strong traits of his character and everyone respected him for these virtues. He died a faithful member of the Latter Day Saints church, of which he had been a member most of his life. His wife and a number of grown up children survive him.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LURANCY CHASE HILL

(compiled by Jennie Bird Hill)

Lurancy Chase was born 17 May, 1842 in Lincoln, Addison County, Vermont. Her parents were Sisson Almadorus Chase and Mariam Gove Chase. Her ancestors, for several generations back, were members of the "Society of Friends", commonly called Quakers. Therefore, they were taught that it was wrong to wear any bright colors. Their clothes should be made plain and simple. It was wrong to sing, dance, whistle or indulge in any slang phrases or swear words. They addressed each other as "thee" and "thou".

When Lurancy 's mother was nineteen, it was announced in the "Friends meeting for several successive Sabbaths that Sisson Almadorus Chase would take Mariam Gove as his wedded wife and they were married on 16 May, 1832.

While living in their first home at Lincoln, Vermont, three children were born to them; Rachel, born 10 January, 1834, who only lived a few hours, Hannah G. born 11 Dec., 1834 and Lurancy, born 17 May, 1842. They also adopted a little girl named Jane Ann, born 15 June, 1839.

When the missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints visited their neighborhood, Sisson Almadorus was persuaded to go and listen to them. In a very short time, he and his wife received the truth and were baptized. Having a great desire to gather with the Saints, they began to prepare to move to Nauvoo where the Saints were gathering. They arrived there in Nov. of 1843, seven months before the Martyrdom of the Prophet and Patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum. They esteemed it a great blessing and privilege and rejoiced in listening to his instructions. They shared the sorrow of the Saints, generally, at his death. Mariam was convinced that Brigham Young was the divinely appointed successor when she witnessed the mantle of Joseph fall on him, which was a strong and abiding testimony to her. While in Nauvoo, a son was born to them. He lived just a few hours.

When the Saints were compelled to leave Nauvoo, two years later, Sisson and Mariam, with their children, and Sisson's mother, moved into Iowa on the Sioux River, where they stayed for several seasons to get provisions and teams preparatory to crossing the Plains. About this, Lurancy says, "This is the first I remember of Pioneer life. Father built a rude log house, and I have a most vivid picture of Grandma Chase, sitting by the fireplace roasting potatoes, that was our evening meal. I also remember how 300 Indians came to our home. We did not know what would happen, but Father was able to make friends with them."

Three more children were born to them: Sisson Almadorus, born 19 January, 1847, Mariam, born 3 March, 1849 and Amy, born 3 October, 1851.

In May, 1853, when Lurancy was 11 years old, they started across the Plains, traveling in Captain Joseph Thorn's Company. Their outfit consisted of two wagons, one drawn by two oxen, the other by four young steers. They had three cows which supplied milk for breakfast and supper. The extra milk they put in a tin churn and the jolting of the wagon would churn it to butter. The fare was very meager. At times, buffalo would be killed, dressed and divided, which would make a very acceptable change of diet for a few meals. When the roads were bad, they would walk and that was most of the way from Iowa to Utah. Many times the cows were hitched up to help pull the load. Then Mother, who was not very strong, drove one wagon most of the way. Those of her family who were old enough to remember have said they shall never forget her standing in the wagon, face white as death, with a long whip in one hand. At one time they had a rest for a week, and they gathered wood to make a fire to shoe their oxen.

When the month of September, 1853 came, their long and tiresome journey came to a close. Lurancy's uncle, Isaac Chase met them at the mouth of Emigration Canyon. They never saw anything look so good as did Uncle Isaac's carriage after that long walk. They were dirty, tired and ragged. It was decided that Lurancy should come on with her father and the wagon, while the mother and the younger children went in the carriage, but she cried so hard that they tucked her in too.

They lived in one of the rooms of Uncle Isaac's adobe house for two years. It now stands in the center of Liberty Park in Salt Lake City and is occupied by the Park Custodian and his family. That winter was a hard one for them. They sold all they could spare to get enough to live on. They had so little clothing that they could not go out much.

Lurancy's father taught the Second Ward School and was supposed to receive \$3 from each pupil, but many were unable to pay, so a very small amount was received. Their food those two years was mostly corn bread and molasses. Once, when they had company, the Mother boiled beans and made dumplings of white flour, a real feast. Many times their meals consisted of mush, made of shorts (the refuse after whole wheat is ground into white flour) that they ate with molasses.

In the winter of 1855, the father took typhoid fever, and they all gathered around his bed, thinking that he could not live, but through the mercies and blessings of the Lord and the good nursing of his wife, his life was spared. However, he never fully recovered his strength. It left him with a bad cough. The burden of supporting the family was left with his wife and daughters. They washed the wool, corded and spun it and they wove it into cloth for their blankets and wearing apparel, which they sewed all by hand. They also made their own soap, knit their stockings and molded their candles.

When Lurancy was about 14 years old, a young man asked her to go to a dance. She was so pleased that she told him she would go, but after considering it, she knew that she had no dress that she could wear. She appealed to her sister, Hannah, who couldn't help her out. Then she had to tell him that she could not go. He asked no questions, indicating that he knew the reason. Soon afterward, she had a chance to do housework for another family. She worked for eight weeks and earned enough to buy herself and her mother each a calico dress; four yards of purple for her mother's and red and blue for hers. When that dress was made, she was one of the proudest girls in Salt Lake City.

They were soon blessed financially enough to buy two city lots east of where the Hamilton School now stands. They built two log rooms for which they were very thankful. In this home was the Ward Branch of the Z.C.M.I. The mother did most of the clerking.

A young man by the name of Heamon Alison Hill, a very industrious young farmer, rented some land outside of Salt Lake City. He decided he needed the help of a wife. He came to the Chase home frequently to see Lurancy. In the Spring of 1860, he tried to persuade her to marry him and move out on the farm. But she put him off until November 25, when they were married by her father. After the Endowment House was built, they were sealed there for Time and all Eternity. Their wedding supper was great. They had a chicken supper with white bread. A wedding cake made with molasses and a pie made from table beets.

They stayed for a while with Lurancy's parents. Their bedroom was a unfinished log room, with no chinking between the logs, so they had plenty of fresh air. In the Spring of 1862 they moved to Payson and went through all the hardships incident to Pioneer life. Their first home was a log cabin. It is still standing in Payson (has since been torn down) on the corner south of the 2nd Ward Church. Although it was only one room, no bride could be happier than she was when she moved into it. "Be

it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

They had been married five years but had no children, which was a great disappointment to them. Then a Mrs. Fillmore died, leaving an infant son. Mr. Fillmore asked Lurancy to take his baby. She hesitated because she had so little to live on. Seeing her reluctance, Mr. Fillmore raised his hands and said, "I promise you, Sister Hill, that if you will take this child and care for him as your own, the Lord will bless you with children of your own." She took the child and cared for it and loved it, but they were only permitted to keep it for a short time, when he became very sick and died. Within a year, a baby girl came to bless their home. She was born 2 April, 1866. They named her Miriam Lurancy. After that, they had the following children:

	born	
Leonard Alison	3 April 1868	
Sarah Jane	27 April 1870	
Sisson Almadorus	20 Nov 1872	(died 18 March 1873)
Fredrick Simeon	15 Feb 1875	
*Jasper Franklin	2 Sept 1877	
Amy Cylinda	4 Feb 1880	(died 15 Dec 1885)

When her first baby was just three weeks old, President Brigham Young called for volunteers to go back and help the Saints who were crossing the Plains at that time. It is certain that the hardships of his own journey were burned deep in the memory of Lurancy's husband, and having such vivid memories, surely helped to account for the warm compassion he had for others. Willingly, he left his dearly beloved and their three week old daughter, took his team and wagon and joined the other volunteers and on 25 of April, 1866, started back across the Plains. Surely, this says much for his character, but it says the same for the character of his lovely wife, sacrificing the companionship of her husband, when she needed him so badly herself. It was the planting season for their small farm, and surely without a successful year, there would be a long, hard year ahead of them until another planting season arrived. But she did not complain or falter in any way in letting him go with her blessings. She cared for her home and baby alone ... to the best of her ability and patiently awaited the arrival of the few letters her husband was able to send her by the methods of that day and time. A long six months later, her husband returned to her and how happy was their reunion. But from the exposure and the conditions of the trip, he was afflicted with an illness that affected him the rest of his life (asthma). Faithfully she stood by his side and did her share in sustaining him and in raising their children.

On through their lives they were active in the Church, always willing to serve whenever and wherever they were called. Their hardships were many, but nothing altered the firm faith they had in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They were staunch and true Pioneers. Lurancy worked for many years as an officer in the Primary organization. She was also a Relief Society teacher. She taught her children the principles of the Gospel, both by precept and by example. They were all true to the faith and active in the Church throughout their lives. Two of her sons became Bishops, one of them also a Stake Patriarch.

Her good husband was taken from her on the 24 of Feb. 1907, leaving her to finish her mission here on the earth alone. For more than 19 years she remained active and faithful serving in the Church and serving those around her. She was a guide and a light to her children and grandchildren, and she truly found joy in her posterity.

On the 28 August, 1926 she passed away at her home in Payson, Utah. She was laid to rest beside her beloved husband in the Payson City Cemetery. Their posterity is great and far reaching. The seeds she planted has reaped abundantly, a great harvest throughout the years.

This land of the West has been preserved
For a people tried and true.
Our father's and mother's spirits were held
For a special work to do.
The descendants of these noble ones
Must carry on this work,
And prize the heritage bequeathed to them
And never stop or shirk.
Let us not forget, as we go through life,
Though it may be many years,
What wonderful blessings have come to us,
From the work of the Pioneers.

JAMES FINLAYSON AUTOBIOGRAPHY *(Grandfather of Vida Hill Moore)*

I, James Finlayson, son of James Finlayson and Elizabeth Mathieson, born on the 16th of October, 1830 in the parish of Inverkeillor County of Forfar, Scotland, do write a few incidents of my life.

I was schooled at Inverkeillor, Scotland. I commenced to learn the Millwright trade with my father, James Finlayson, in 1844. March of Lunanbank, Forfarshire Scotland and worked with him until June, 1850. I then went to Dundee and worked for Herr and Company until January, 1851 and in that time I was sent north about 120 miles to the town of Wick to fit up a mill for the grinding of oats. I was nearly three months there.

I also, while in Dundee, first heard the principles of the Latter Day Saints promulgated and which I embraced and was baptized on the 2 of August, 1850 by Elder Allen Findley in the Dundee Branch, Scotland. I then, in January 1851, at the solicitation of my parents, returned home to work for father. He had moved and was now living at Gighty Burn, parish of Knell County of Forfar, Scotland, I worked with him until the latter end of May 1851 at which time I left and went to Glasgow, per railway, through Teffe. I stayed one night in Edinborough at the house of Mr. Wough, a gentleman with whom I was acquainted, who also showed me a few of the conspicuous places about town. I arrived in Glasgow the next morning on the 3rd of June, 1851. I returned on a visit to my father's at Gighty Burn on 1 Jan. 1852, stayed about a week and returned to Glasgow again.

I was called and ordained to the office of Teacher in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on 14 Dec. 1851 by Elder Robert Campbell, president of the Glasgow Conference. In the fall of 1851 I became acquainted with the partner of my bosom, Jane Malcolm Wand and was married on 13 Aug. 1852 by Robert L. Campbell, pastor of the Church in Scotland. We lived in No. 15 Crown Street in Glasgow. I was called and ordained to the office of priest in the Church of Christ of Latter Day Saints on the 18th of December, 1853 by Elder Edward Martin, President of the Glasgow Conference. I adopted Thomas Wand on 21 June, 1857. He was about 6 years old and son of Andrew and Wand. His father died on 21 June 1853 of consumption at 48 North Portland Street, Glasgow, Lancashire, Scotland. His mother died, also of consumption about 1850.

I and family lived in Glasgow until January 1855, when we emigrated to America (via Liverpool) myself and wife and William Wand, about 19 years of age and Thomas Wand, about 9 years of age. I paying their passage. We sailed from Liverpool on 21 January 1855. Arrived at New York on 18 February, 1855. One male passenger died during the voyage and one sailor was blown from one of the yards into the sea while reefing one of the sails and was lost during a gale.

I commenced work in New York for Mr. Birbeck on 26 Feb. 1855. I worked for him about 6 weeks. I then crossed the Hudson River to Hoboken, New Jersey and commenced work for Robert L. Havens at the patterns for Steam Floating Battery for the Government of the United States. I worked there until 1856, when I and my family moved to Detroit, Michigan. We visited and stayed with my wife's brother, George Malcolm, about 2 weeks at his farm about 40 miles from Detroit. After which my wife and I moved to the city and I commenced work for Kendrick and Co. in Detroit on the 30 April 1856 and worked for them until the end of Sept. 1857.

Mr. and Mrs. Teffe, my wife's sister and husband from Raphodel, Upper Canada visited us in Detroit in the spring of 1857. On the first of October, 1857, I with my family moved to St. Louis and arrived on the morning of the 3 October, my wife being very sick and was so, with little variation until 3 Feb. 1858 when death relieved her of her suffering. I called the best skilled physicians I could find, but they could not define the disease or trouble that she died of.

I commenced work in St. Louis at the Pilt Knob machine shop. Worked about 9 days, when they almost shut up their shop on account of the hard pressure of times in the money market caused by the failure of a great many of the banks and a lack of confidence in the commercial world generally, and which extended through the principal nations of the world and caused considerable suffering among the inhabitants thereof.

I next contracted with Captain Smith to erect a frame for the hoisting apparatus on the steam boat Falls City according to plan for 35 dollars. Commenced to work on same 3 Nov. 1857 and worked at it 14 days, including time for alterations, also putting engine in the hold 75 days. Received in cash, for all, 62 dollars. Commenced work for Mr. Huish at Crooksaw Factory 30 Dec. 1857 at \$2.50 per day. Worked 14½ days. Contracted to make and erect a hay press for David Todd in St. Louis 18 January, 1858 at \$3.00 per day. Worked 34 days.

Again went to work for Walter Huish in his shop at St. Louis on 18 March, worked with him till 23 May, making patterns. When I commenced to work for Mr. Raith and Coy at Fagand Flouring Mill in St. Louis 26 May, 1859 at \$2.50 per day. Worked for them at mill-wrighting until 25 October. Was sent by them to Wascantah Belville, Liberty in Illinois to repair mills and machinery in the distilleries. They, having no more work for me, I again went to work for Mr. Huish, making saw mill frames and patterns from Nov. 12 1858 to 12 Feb. 1859. When I again went to work for Mr. Raith and Coy at Summerfield, Illinois. 16 Feb. firing the engine and flouring mill until 22 April, when I finished and started to work the engine and mill, after which I returned to St. Louis to prepare to take my departure to Utah which I did, 18 May, accompanied by Mrs. Alexander and two daughters, Mary and Sarah, also Thomas Wand.

We sailed from St. Louis on the steam boat, "Isabella", to Florence, Nebraska Territory, where we arrived on 26 May and remained there until 19 June, preparing for our long march across the Plains to Utah Territory and here, on 1 June, 1859, Mary Ada Alexander was married to me by Horace S. Eldridge.

So, after all the necessary arrangements were accomplished, we started on our journey to Utah 12 June. All going well on the journey. We arrived at Salt Lake City 23 August 1859.

I became acquainted with my companion wife, Mary Ada Alexander, in the spring of 1858. She with her mother and sister then lived on 10th St. North #146 in St. Louis, where they lived until they started for Utah Territory with me. We were married, as before stated, in Florence Nebraska 1 June 1859 by Horace B. Eldredge. We received our Endowments 11 July 1860 in the Endowment House. Our children, as follows:

Frederick James Finlayson	born 24 May, 1860 in Salt Lake City about noon. Blessed by Nathan H. Davis 6 Sept. 1860 in Salt Lake City
George Alexander Finlayson	born 14 August, 1862 at 7 a.m. in Payson, Utah. Blessed by John Fairbanks 6 Nov. 1862
Mary Ada Finlayson	born 18 January, 1865 in Payson.
Frank F. Finlayson	born 20 May, 1867 in Payson
Lisle Sara Finlayson	born July 4, 1869 in Payson. (Her aunt changed her name to Lisle Leigh and had the care and training of her after her mother's death 19 Sept. 1871 in San Francisco)

Our daughter, Mary Ada, died 21 April, 1866 of Dropsy of the Brain in Payson, Utah.

My wife, Mary Ada Alexander, died 19 Sept. 1871 at 10 o'clock in the evening in San Francisco, California of pulmonary consumption. She was born 23 August, 1836 in Wheeling, Virginia.

Rebaptized 30 Sept. 1859 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Sarah Brentlinger Alexander, my wife's mother, daughter of M. Joseph Chance was born 29 May 1807 at Greensborough, Pennsylvania and died 17 March 1870 in Payson, Utah Territory.

Sarah Ann Alexander, daughter of William and Sarah B. Alexander was born 8 April, 1839 in Wheeling, Virginia.

On the 11 August, 1873, Sarah Clifford was married to me in Salt Lake City by Joseph F. Smith. Was born 5 Sept. 1848 in Greasley parish, Nottinghamshire, England. Widow of Anthony Wilson, who died at the above place 24 March 1871. Their children as follows:

Elizabeth Wilson	born 1 Sept. 1867	Died 12 Nov. 1869
Emma	born 23 April, 1869	
John	born 25 Oct. 1870.	Died 15 May, 1872

The children of James Finlayson and Sarah Clifford Wilson are:

Rosabella	born 15 June 1874 (Payson)	Died 30 March 1876
Laura Ann	born 13 Nov 1876 (Payson)	
Alice Mary	born 4 March 1878 (Payson)	
James Henry	born 8 Oct. 1879 (Payson)	
Mary Rosetta	born 15 June 1882 (Payson)	Died 24 Oct 1882
William John	born 25 Nov. 18875 (Payson)	
Jesse David	born 26 Dec. 1885 (Payson)	
Harvey Leo	born 16 April 1888 (Payson)	Blessed by his father when about 2 weeks old. Died of disease of the heart 15 June 1888.
Louis & Louie (twins)	born April 9, 1889 about midnight.	Louis died 3 Feb. 1890 Louie died of bronchitis 9 March 1890
Maggie	born 275 Jan. 1891 (Payson)	
Roxie Eliza	born 21 Oct. 1892 (Payson)	

This concludes the history as written by James Finlayson



The following is an addition to his personal history, as written by an unknown author.

James Finlayson was the son of James Finlayson and Elizabeth Mathieson. His early boyhood was passed at a small village in the vales of Lunan, by the Lunan waters or river called Millfield, where he was born. His father was a manufacturer of oatmeal mills machinery and general carpentering at March of Lunan, employing a number of mechanics in his business. They had no wealth, but a good store of energy and ambition and made a good success of his business. He had a common school education at the parish school a very few years. At the age of 20 years he went to the town of Dundee Scotland to further his knowledge of mechanism, mill building and carpentry and cabinet making and wheel-wrighting. After learning his trade, or trades, his desire was to learn a little of the outside world. Until then, he was reared in the faith of his Fathers ... strict Presbyterianism. Trained to read the Bible and to keep sacred the Sabbath Day. At Dundee he heard the Latter Day Gospel and embraced it. He was baptized 2 Aug. 1850.

With ox team and wagon containing all their clothing and provisions, he and his wife, her mother

and her sister and a young man by the name of Thomas Wand, he had brought from Scotland (an orphan and near relation of his first wife) started out, on the 12th of June from Florence, Nebraska with team and wagon along the route known as the Mormon Trail on the North Platte River.

Some time later, after their arrival in Utah Territory, James Finlayson and Ezra Thompson started and made the first nails on two machines. One for larger and one for smaller sizes.



THE STORY OF MY LIFE BY JAMES FINLAYSON *(written by himself)*

Date of Birth: October 16, 1850
Where born: Parish of Inverkeillor, Forfarshire, Scotland
Parents Names: James Finlayson and Elizabeth Mathewson

Where early boyhood was passed, with interesting incidents thereof:

At a small village in the Vales of Lunan, by the Lunan River, called Millfield, where I was born. Soon after this, my Father commenced business as a manufacturer of oatmeal mills, machinery and general carpentering at March of Lunan (same parish) employing a number of mechanics in his business.

Condition as to wealth of parents:

Had no wealth, but a good store of energy and ambition and made a grand success of his business.

Education received:

A common school education at the parish school for a very few years.

Where was your early manhood passed?

In learning the trades and business of my Father. With him, beginning when I was fourteen years of age.

What vocation were you naturally inclined to follow?

Mechanism

What were your early labors?

Mill building, carpentering, cabinet maker, wheelwright.

General course of your life, up to your removal to Utah:

After learning my trade, or trades, my desires then were to learn a little of the outside world, which until now, I had been reared in the faith of my fathers (strict presbyterianism), trained to read the Bible and keep sacred the Sabbath Day in connection with my vocation. So, when about 20 years of age, I went to the town of Dundee, Scotland to further my knowledge in mechanism and while here I first heard the Latter Day Saints preach the true principle of salvation and where I also embraced them, and was baptized on the 2nd day of August A.D. 1850. From thence, my desires were to gather and be with that people and learn more of the ways of God.

How were you outfitted for this journey?

With ox team and wagon, containing our clothing and provisions via for myself and wife, her mother and sister and a young man, Thomas Wand, I brought from Scotland, an orphan and near relative of my first wife.

When did you start?

We left the city of St. Louis on May 18, 1859, sailed up the Missouri River to Florence Nebraska, arriving there on May 26th.

By what route did you come?

On June 12th we started from Florence with our teams and on the route known as the Mormon Trail on the north side of the Platte River, through the Black Hills and Sweetwater over the Big and Little Mountains into Salt Lake Valley through Emigration Canyon.

Under whose command and whose direction?

Captain James Brown. We had about 100 wagons in the company.

What associations formed on the way?

One very interesting to me was the uniting in marriage by Elder Horace S. Eldredge, of Mary Ada Alexander to myself at Florence, Nebraska on June 1st, a few days before the starting of our company to cross the Plains with our teams and wagons, accompanied by her mother, Sarah B. Alexander and sister, Sara C. Alexander, of whom many of the older settlers will remember in connection with the Salt Lake Theatre Company.

When did you arrive in Utah? August 29, 1859.

Where did you first settle? In Salt Lake City

In what other places, if any, have you lived? How long in each place? Dates of different removals:

In Sugar House Ward. Moved to Payson in May of 1862. While living in Salt Lake City, in connection with other millwrights, I went to work on the 17 of Oct., 1859 to prepare the timbers and build the nail factory in Sugar House Ward for president D. H. Wells, under the direction of the late Bishop Kessler, with President B. Young the moving power and by Nov. 1860 all was ready to roll out the nail plates from the heavy wagon tire, but owing to defects in original plans and machinery, it could not do the work. So a change of machinery had to be made, for which I took a contract in June of 1861, remodeled the machinery, having it in operation by Nov. 1861, Ezra Thompson and myself starting and making the first nails on the machines a few days later.

What Missionary or other important labors have you performed? Give names and dates of departure and return.

At the April Conference of 1880 I was called on a Mission to Great Britain and had two weeks to get ready. Left Salt Lake City April 27, arriving at Liverpool per Steamship "Nevada" of the Guion Line on May 17. I was appointed to labor in Scotland and after preaching among the Orkney Islanders and North of Scotland, was called to preside over the Dundee and later the Glasgow Conference. In Aug. of 1881 I was appointed to take charge

of the company of Emigrants leaving Liverpool 9 Sept. 1881 by the late President Carrington and at the appointed time I sailed on the steamship "Wyoming", having a company of 650 Saints arriving at New York January the 12 and Salt Lake City the 21st.

Name and dates of public Offices Held, Civil or Military:

At the Payson City Municipal election held in February of 1869, I was elected Alderman, an Ex officio Justice of the Peace, to which position I was re-elected and acted for 11 years and until I left for Britain in 1880 and was elected Mayor of Payson City on Feb. 1883 and again in 1885 (for two terms).

When were you married?

First, in Glasgow, Scotland; Second at Florence, Nebraska; Third, at the Temple in Salt Lake City.

To whom Married?

Jane Malcolm
Mary Ada Alexander
Sarah Clifford

Give names of children:

Jane Malcolm:	none
Mary Ada Alexander:	Frederick James George Alexander Mary Ada Frank Fuller Lisle Sara
Sarah Clifford:	Rosabella Laura Ann *Alice Mary James Henry Mary Rosetta William John Jesse David Harvey Leo Louis and Louse (twins) Maggie Roxie Eliza

Give below a general resume of your life since arrival in Utah, stating all the important events, such as connections with our early Indian Wars. Political and Social Movements in your vicinity, and other occurrences of all kinds. The object of all being to prepare a complete history of your life, that the record may not only be kept for the children and future generations; but that it may instruct those outside our Territory, showing them the kind of people and the manner in which Utah was settled and made all that it is today. In all cases be sure of names. dates and facts in order that this may be the authoritative and final record:

My first wife died in St. Louis, Missouri Feb. 5, 1858 and Mary Ada Alexander, my second, died in San Francisco, California on Sept. 19, 1871. I was married to my first wife on the 13th day of August, 1852 by Robert P. Campbell in Glasgow, Scotland. And to my present wife August 11, 1873 by Joseph F. Smith in the Temple at Salt Lake City. Date of my second marriage was given above.

With my family we left Glasgow for America (via Liverpool) and sailed from there on January 21, 1855. We arrived at New York on Feb. 18, 1855. We visited the late President John Taylor at his office the following day and received a copy of the first number of the "Mormon", a newspaper he published there for some time.

We moved to Detroit, Michigan in April of 1856, remaining there until the 1st of Oct., 1857 when we moved to St. Louis, Missouri.

In the meantime, working at my business of engineering and Mill

Writing to pay our expenses in coming West for Utah. We stopped in St. Louis until May 18, 1859, when we left for our journey across the Great Plains and Mountains for Salt Lake City.

In leaving my Native Land and coming to Utah, my object and intentions were to identify and interest myself with that people who had brought to me, with others, the greatest boon, via the principles and plan of Salvation, with the power and authority to officiate and who were gathering to this land and who I believed had a great work to perform in reclaiming the desert and making it a fit abode and in the establishing of the Church and Kingdom of God upon the earth in fulfillment of prophecy and according to the decrees of the Almighty.

And so, in accordance therewith, particularly here in Payson, where I have spent the greater part of my days, have been interested in its welfare Religiously, Socially, Politically, Industriously and in any way to aid for the betterment and advancement of it citizens and the commonwealth.

I also started a Carpenter and Cabinet Making establishment in Payson, in which I continued until April of 1880 and later purchased the Payson Flour Mill and attended to that business for a number of years.

I do not know if you want ordinations of the Priesthood, but if so: I was ordained a Teacher Dec. 14, 1851. A Priest on Dec. 18, 1853 in Glasgow, Scotland. A Seventy in 1859 by Robert C. Campbell in Salt Lake City. A High Priest May 7, 1893 by W. H. Keelsey in Payson.

A few years ago, I read in the Evening News about the making of the first nails by David Sabin and others. I cannot give the exact dates when they started the business, but I have given the date of the time we got the machinery ready for D. H. Wells, myself and Ezra Thompson started and made the first nails on two machines, one for making larger sizes and the other for the smaller. Pres. Wells then sent two young men to operate the machines,

which I learned them how to operate, while others attended to operating the rolls, triphammer and furnaces. As Bishop Kessler was alive at the time of the dispute about the nail making, I expected he would have given the fact and data. I have forgotten the names of the young men who operated the machines. I merely mention this as an item of history.

In March and April, 1861 I also assisted in putting in the machinery for the paper mill in the Old Sugar House, which went in operation that year, making wrapping and newspaper material for some years after.



(Note: James Finlayson is the father of Alice Mary Finlayson Hill, who became the wife of Jasper F. Hill and he was the grandfather of Vida Hill Moore.)

The following "articles" are included here, not because they are vital to the history of the family, but because they are interesting and provide a glimpse into a tragic "slice" of early family history.

The following consists primarily of the story of Lisle Sara Finlayson (known on the stage as Lisle Leigh) as it is known in the Finlayson family and was told to me by Vida Hill Moore (daughter of Alice Mary Finlayson Hill, and granddaughter of James Finlayson).

According to James Finlayson's personal history, when he started across the Plains, he was a widower. His first wife, Jane Malcolm, having died after their arrival in St. Louis, Missouri from Scotland. Later, along the trail to Utah, he met Mary Ada Alexander, who was traveling in the same company of Pioneers, along with her mother, Sarah B. Alexander and her sister, Sara C. Alexander. James and Mary Ada were married at Florence Nebraska on June 1.

Following their arrival in Salt Lake City, they later moved to Payson, Utah, where 5 children were born to them. The youngest being a little girl they named Lisle Sara. While this child was very young, her mother (Mary Ada) became very ill. The nature of which illness is not known. However, her sister, Sara C. Alexander who had traveled in the pioneer company with Mary Ada and later with Mary Ada's new husband, James Finlayson, convinced Mary Ada that a change of climate would be beneficial to Mary Ada's health, and encouraged her to come to San Francisco and spend some time with her. (Whether or not Sara C. Alexander was already living in San Francisco at that time or whether she actually moved to San Francisco with Mary Ada is uncertain). However, Mary Ada decided that she would go to San Francisco to spend some time with her sister in the hope that a change of climate would improve her failing health. The child, Lisle Sarah, being too young at the time to leave at home, traveled to California with her mother. How long the visit lasted, we have no record, but it is known that Mary Ada passed away on Sept. 19, 1871 and was buried in California before her husband, James Finlayson, was even told of her death. Plans were made by James for the return of the baby, Lisle Sara, but before he could carry them out, the child's aunt, Sara Alexander, who was a stage actress by this time, took the child and moved to New York City where she had secured a part in a stage play.

Time passed and distance being what it was and travel being not only difficult, but costly and since

James had no way of knowing where to contact his sister in law, he was left with no knowledge of his little daughter.

Then in April of 1880 he was called on a mission back to Scotland. It would be necessary that he travel to New York City to board a ship for his destination. He saw that as a real opportunity to locate his daughter. We are not certain whether it was on his way to Scotland, or his return to the United States following his mission, that he was finally able to find Lisle Sara (whose stage name was Lisle Leigh). Her aunt had helped her to secure a career on the stage, at which she was doing very well ... and had also influenced her against her father and her family back in Payson, Utah. She wanted nothing to do with being a part of her family and since she was old enough now to make her own decisions, her father had no choice but to leave her in New York City. This was a tremendous sadness to him and being of a nature that did not discuss his troubles, very little of this encounter with his long lost daughter was ever said to his family members when he reached home in Payson.

Her history that follows this "explanation" does say that she visited Salt Lake City, as part of a touring theatrical troupe many times in later years and even mentions a visit to Payson in 1915. However, since her father died in 1908, there is little to indicate that the life-long estrangement between them was ever healed.

We are left to conclude one of two things; either the aunt, Sara Alexander, not having married, and feeling a deep love for a child of her own, took the opportunity when her sister passed away, to take the little girl to New York City where the father would not be able to find her and raise her as her own daughter, or the aunt had a deep seated hatred for her sisters husband and took the opportunity of her sisters death to hurt James Finlayson in a way that she knew would be deep and lasting. Take his daughter and influence her to hate her own father. Either way, it was a sad story.



ANOTHER STORY FROM GRANDPA'S BOOK
JOURNAL OF JOURNEY TO SALT LAKE

(James Finlayson)

Journal of journey to Salt Lake City, May 18, 1859 from St. Louis accompanied by Mrs. Ada Alexander and daughters.

We left enroute for Salt Lake City on May 18, 1859 by steamboat "Isabella". The boat left the wharf at 9 p.m. Took deck passage, but, everything taken into consideration, are tolerably comfortable when compared with what those on deck generally have to contend with, but we are cheered with the knowledge that to be fitted to receive the exaltation for which we are striving, we must first descend below all things and bear them meekly and cheerfully.

THE FOLLOWING CONSISTS OF ONE WEEKS JOURNAL ENTRIES FROM HIS (JAMES FINLAYSON) TREK ACROSS THE PLAINS.

Wed. June 22 Started from camp, all well. Camped at noon for refreshments. Traveled 16 or 18 miles. All going well. Camped at evening. Meeting, as usual and as a general thing, a good spirit prevailing.

Thursday. June 23 Started from camp, all well about 8 o'clock a.m. Camped at noon for refreshments. In the afternoon we traveled over a very rough road, crossing some 6 or 8 sloughs. Traveled a distance of about 20 miles. Camped at evening. A meeting was held and addressed by Captain Brown on various subjects of importance relating to our present condition. Dismissed by prayer.

Friday. June 24 Started from camp about 8 o'clock a.m. All's well. Camped at noon, as usual. The road being very heavy to travel, crossing about six or seven sloughs. In the afternoon the road turned from the river and we traveled through sand bluffs. We camped at night without wood or water, but we learned after, that water was only about a mile away. We traveled a distance of about 20 miles, meeting as usual in the evening.

Saturday. June 25. Detained in camp this morning on account of some cattle and horses being missing, having strayed off in the night. In consequence of the cattle stampeding in the night. Traveled over a heavy sand road. One accident occurring. An iron axle breaking. Camped at Prairie Creek, having traveled about 14 miles. At night a meeting was called, the President addressing the Saints on the necessity of being united and willing to aid each other and put away all selfish feeling and did not want to see any bad feelings existing in the camp and gave further instructions respecting teams.

Sunday. June 26 Camp moved out, all well, traveling over a heavy road. Made a distance of

15 miles. Camped at Prairie Creek. Meeting at night addressed by Captain Brown on the necessity of keeping an efficient guard around the camp and cattle and the Captains of "10's" spoke their feelings, and felt happy and well satisfied in having such a good Captain and felt to carry out his instructions in all things. Dismissed by prayer.

Monday. June 27 Started out, all well, at the usual hour, experiencing a very hot and sultry day. Camped at noon, 6 miles from Wood River. Moved on again and crossed the bridge over Wood River. One slight accident occurring, that of Brother Goodwin's wagon slipping off the bridge. The wagon was speedily unloaded and got out all right without anything being broke or damaged. Traveled about 20 miles. Camped for the night. Meeting as usual.

Tuesday. June 28 Rolled out, all well and in good spirits. The weather being hot and dusty and water scarce for the cattle. Camped at noon for 2 hours, the weather being a little more pleasant and traveled during the day 22 miles. Meeting, as usual, addressed by the Captain and thanking God for His mercies to us as a Company.

Wednesday. June 29 Moved out a little earlier than usual. Company all well. During the forenoon a man with a child in his arms, and attempting to get out of the wagon while traveling, fell under the wheel and both were run over, but strange to say, no bones were broken. Halted at noon, as usual. Moved and traveled during the day 20 or 22 miles.



**THE FOLLOWING IS TAKEN FROM THE NEWSPAPER
AT THE TIME OF THE DEATH OF
JAMES FINLAYSON**
(Grandfather of Vida Hill Moore)

James Finlayson, one of our oldest and most respected citizens, passed away at his home, in this city, last Saturday at 3:30 p.m. after an illness of ten days at the age of 78 years. 19 Dec. 1908.

Mr. Finlayson was born in the parish of Inverkeilor, Forfarshire, Scotland. He joined the L.D.S. Church in his early youth and emigrated to America in January, 1855, staying in New York sometime when he went to Detroit and later to St. Louis on Oct. 1., 1857 where his first wife passed away. Mr. Finlayson remained in St. Louis until May 1859 when he sailed up the Missouri River to Florence, which was then a Mormon outfitting point. He arrived in Florence May 26, bringing with him Mrs. Sarah Alexander and her two daughters, Mary Ada and Sarah. He married Miss Ada Alexander, June 1, 1859. The family traveled across the plains in an independent Company, arriving in Salt Lake August 20 1859. Mrs. Finlayson's sister, Sarah Alexander, afterward lived in the family of President Brigham Young. In the early history of the Salt Lake Theater she became, in her line (farce comedy) the most noted actress Utah has produced.

His wife, Mrs. Mary Ada Alexander, died Sept. 19, 1871 at San Francisco, while visiting there, leaving a husband and four children. The youngest of whom is Lisle Leigh (Sarah Alexander) the actress, who has made a great success.

Mr. Finlayson was engaged, for a time, in Sugar House Ward, Salt Lake City, building a nail factory, after which he removed to Payson and made his home here until his taking away.

Mr. Finlayson was united in marriage to Mrs. Sarah Clifford Wilson who, with the large family of children, deeply mourn his demise.

Mr. Finlayson has always been a prominent character in our city, having served the city as Mayor and also in other responsible positions. At the time of his death, he was the Director of the Payson Exchange Savings Bank.

Funeral services were held in the Tabernacle Monday at 1 o'clock and were largely attended (21 Dec. 1908).



LISLE LEIGH

"Lisle Leigh, of stage fame dies in New York. Native of Utah enjoyed long career as successful actress.

(this newspaper article is taken from the New York newspapers at the time of her death. She was James Finlayson 's daughter but was raised by her aunt, Sarah Alexander.)

Miss Lisle Leigh, 55, native Utah who attained fame in the theatrical world is died in New York, according to an Associated press dispatch reaching Salt Lake City on Thursday. Miss Leigh had been to Salt Lake only as a visitor and an actress, since childhood, but she is well known here, as she is throughout the country. She has played with some of the best American stock companies, spending much of her career in New York.

Miss Leigh was the daughter of the late James and Mary Ada Finlayson of Payson and was born at that place. She was a niece of Miss Sarah Alexander, actress, who played with the home dramatic company of Salt Lake, when Hiram B. Clawson and John T. Caine were managers of the Salt Lake Theatre.

Miss Alexander secured an engagement in San Francisco with a Stock company and took Mrs. Finlayson, who was in poor health, and the child, Lisle Finlayson, with her. They accompanied an actress by the name of Lisle Leigh and from her the child took her stage name, when she made her debut at an early age. Mrs. Finlayson died in San Francisco and the child was given into the care of Miss Alexander. After about 5 years in San Francisco, Miss Alexander took the child to New York and she became prominent on the stage in child roles until 14 years of age.

Miss Leigh became connected with prominent stock companies during her young womanhood and played leading parts throughout the country until her death.

Miss Leigh was a large woman and was always cast in majestic, queenly parts in which she was superb. She was an elocutionist of unusual talent and for several years, beginning about 1915, she conducted a school of elocution in Providence, Rhode Island, coaching young men and women for the stage. Surviving are three brothers, including Fred Finlayson and a number of half sisters and brothers. All are believed to be residents of Utah

(This article was re-printed in Utah newspapers. The portion of it that states she was "given" into the care of her aunt, Miss Alexander, was untrue. James Finlayson made several attempts to have the child returned to him ... without success. So far as is known, he never saw her again.)



LISLE LEIGH

(Daughter of Mary Ada Alexander and James Finlayson)

In the little community of Payson, Utah on 4 July, 1869, was born a baby girl to James and Mary Ada Alexander Finlayson. They names this tiny girl Lisle Sara Finlayson. She grew up to attain fame as Lisle Leigh in the theatrical world.

Miss Leigh was a niece of Sara Alexander. Miss Alexander secured an engagement in San Francisco with a stock company and took her sister, Mary Ada Finlayson (who was in ill health) and the child, Lisle with her. Mrs. Finlayson died in California on 19 Sept., 1871 and the child was given into the care of Miss Alexander.

On their way to California they had accompanied an actress by the name of Lisle Leigh and it was from her that the child took her stage name when she debuted at an early age.

Lisle went with her aunt to New York and became prominent on the stage in the child roles until she was 14 years of age. Miss Leigh became connected with prominent stock companies during her young womanhood and played leading parts throughout the country. She first came to Salt Lake City Theatre about 1889. She never lived in Salt Lake for any length of time, altho she appeared with the famous old Grand Stock company for a season. She made frequent visits here on theatrical tours. Her last appearance in Salt Lake City was about 1924 and the last visit to Payson was about 1915. One of her most notable roles was that of the mother in "Peg O' My Heart", which she played for a long time in New York City with Laurette Taylor.

About 1915 she conducted a school in Providence, Rhode Island where young men and women were instructed in dramatic expression for the stage.

Miss Leigh was on the road with the play "Not Herbert" until two weeks before her death. The play closed in Chicago and she returned to New York City where she died of a heart disease on May 19, 1927.



SARA A. ALEXANDER

(Sister of Mary Ada Alexander Finlayson)

Sara A. Alexander left Florence Nebraska on 12 June, 1859 to cross the Plains to Utah, with her sister, Mary Ada and husband, James Finlayson. Also her mother, Sarah B. Alexander. They first lived in Salt Lake City, moving to Payson, Utah in 1862.

Sara had great dramatic ability. She stayed a short while in Payson and took part with the local dramatic artists. She returned to Salt Lake City and became very noted in connection with the Salt Lake Theatre. While in Salt Lake she lived with one of Brigham Young's families.

She played in the cast under the management of T. A. Lyne in 1863. In 1864, George Pauncefort, who had acquired considerable fame on the London stage, came to Salt Lake City. It was during his stay that "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" were first produced in the Salt Lake Theatre.

She lived with one of President Young's families, who had befriended her and her mother after they came to Utah from the east, where they had been converted to the Church by the late James Dwyer. An eastern actor, who played here for some time, wished to marry Miss Alexander. Calling on President Young he stated his request. "Young man", the President replied, "I have seen you attempt "Richard III" and "Julius Caesar" with fair success, but I advise you not to aspire to Alexander. In the early history of the Salt Lake Theatre she became known in her line (farce and comedy) as the most noted actress that Utah had produced. She went on to greater triumphs then and went on to the New York stage.



**THE FOLLOWING ARE SHORT EXCERPTS
FROM THE MISSIONARY JOURNAL OF
JAMES FINLAYSON.**

Beginning **April 9th, 1830**, at the Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints just ended, I was called on a Mission to Great Britain by the Authorities of said Church and was set apart for said Mission under the hands of Wilford Woodruff, C. C. Rich and Joseph Young. Received my Certificate from Bro. John Nuttal on this 9th day of April in Salt Lake City. From this date, until the 25th of April, I was setting up my business affairs and preparing for my journey and mission, leaving Salt Lake City on the railroad train.

I went to President Taylor's office and obtained some information in relation to our journey, also a Clergyman's permit from Council Bluffs to Chicago or half ticket for that distance, also paid \$11.50 for a ticket from Chicago to New York.

New York. Sunday May 4th, 1880

Found Miss Sarah Alexander (who is the sister of my deceased wife), Mary Ada Alexander, who died Sept. 19, 1871, in San Francisco. She is living at 140 High Street, Brooklyn. Did not see my daughter. She has not been told of her father and brothers by her aunt, but she has agreed to make her acquainted with her family relations before my return to America.

Glasgow, Scotland. Tuesday, May 17, 1881.

Last evening, on my arrival I found Elders David McKay..... sent as missionaries to this Conference.

Cornbrae Iron Works. Monday May 30.

Walked ½ mile to the "Works" where I found Elder D. McKay, who I called to see by request of President Carrington, to talk with him about going to the North of Scotland. He was willing to go anywhere the servants of the Lord should say.

Tuesday 31.

Walked this morning 1½ miles to Sunnyside station, took train for Glasgow, bidding goodbye then with Elder McKay.

There are several entries where he records having written letters to his wife's sister in New York concerning his daughter, Lisle. In one of them he asks his former sister in law to please have his daughter write to him. There is no place in the journal where he ever recorded receiving an answer to any of his letters.

According to his family (his journal ended with his release from his mission) he stopped in New York and went again to his sister in law's rooms, but was not able to see his daughter. As far as is known, he never was able to see her.



TENDER MEMORIES OF MY FATHER JAMES FINLAYSON

by Maggie Finlayson Tolman

Here are a few of the loving memories of my father and mother, James and Sara Clifford Finlayson. I was their eleventh child. However, five of their babies had died in infancy. Laura, Alice, James, Will and Jesse, and Roxie, our youngest sister (who came two years after my arrival) formed the family my father and mother had at home. I also had three brothers from my father's marriage before and also one sister. My mother also had a daughter, Emma (Mitchell) from her earlier marriage to Anthony Wilson.

One of the first things I recall is riding on my fathers foot while he sang, "Nose, nose, nose, nose and who gave you that jolly red nose? Cinnamon and ginger, nutmeg and cloves, and that gave me my jolly red nose", or singing, "This is the way the ladies ride, trim, trim, trim and this is the way the gentlemen ride, trim, trim, trim. But the old farmer goes, hoppity jump, hoppity jump, jump, jump, jump." He also sang those songs to Cleo, my brother James's little orphan son, whose parents both died before he was 8 months old. His father and mother (Eva Mae Taylor Finlayson) died from typhoid fever just 6 weeks apart. His mother dying on 21 Sept. and his father on 2 Nov. 1905. Mother also sang the song about "This is the way the ladies ride" to us as well. I expect she did it because it was her way to teach us about how a "lady" did.

While I was small, my father worked at the Payson Flour Mill which he owned. They told me that when some woman brought flour back to the mill and said she could not make good bread with that flour, he would bring that same flour home and mother made most delicious bread with it. I remember Ireta Mitchell and I going up to the mill one day, and after father showed us where the wheat was put into the bin and where the flour came out of a tin chute, we went outside to play. Shortly we came back into the mill again, bringing beautiful green leaves. Father told us to go throw them away, without letting them touch our faces or necks, and then wash our hands in the creek, as the leaves were poison ivy. He was kind with us and told us that poison ivy made people sick and break out in a rash. I remember I used to watch for him to come home from work each evening, as that was the highlight of my day.

Father used to eat a plateful of oatmeal mush (we call it cereal now) for breakfast each morning. I understand that he never needed to go to a dentist until after he was 70 years old. In the evenings we used to eat parched corn, which was sweet corn dried on the cob, shelled and cooked on the top of the stove in butter. Good for the teeth. We also had apples and popcorn. There was always fun at home.

Finally, Father retired from the mill and he, with his sons, James, Will and Jesse farmed and gardened. When James grew older, he went away to work, as he had more money of his own when he worked away from home for wages. In those days, wages for work at home, or an "allowance" were unheard of.

Alice was married to Jasper F. Hill in the Salt Lake Temple. They went to Salt Lake City in a covered wagon and brought some furniture for their home back with them. Soon, Will went away

to work and then to the University of Utah to school. Laura also went to the University for one year.

By the time Father reached the Tabernacle, they knew they could not save the building, so the seats, etc. were carried out and the building burned. Father later worked on the new Tabernacle, erected on the same spot a few years later. (It was still standing at the time this history was written, but has since been torn down. It was located at 190 North Main Street.)

Father and Mother sent me to the Brigham Young University in Sept. of 1908.

Father attended church regularly. He blessed his babies and confirmed them after they were baptized, and helped administer to them and to others in times of illness. He made caskets for babies who passed away (he was a carpenter by trade). He had Family prayer of a morning and usually at evening as well. We always had a blessing on our food at mealtimes. I also dimly remember that on some Sunday mornings, Father would take his Temple clothes and go to the vestry at the back of the Tabernacle for a special prayer meeting. These meetings were later discontinued.

Payson Wards used to belong to the Utah Stake, then the Nebo Stake was organized. Father was a Stake Missionary and John Tanner was his partner. At a cottage meeting, after Father died, John Tanner said he dreaded riding to Spanish Fork, Santaquin and other places with Father, because he had been so "cold" and hard to get acquainted with, but later found that James was kind and a very interesting man to talk to.

Laura told me that Father went to the April Conference in Salt Lake in 1880. He was called to go on a mission with two weeks to get ready. He went on that mission, leaving Mother with three children. The oldest was Laura, who was 3½ years old, Alice was 2 years old and James was just 7 months old. Then there was Emma, mother's daughter by her first marriage, also Father's three sons by a previous marriage (Fred, George and Frank) to take care of. That has reminded me of the lines of the poem, "He sings to the wide world. She sings to her nest. In the wise eyes of nature, which song is the best?"

My Father was a kind, loving Father to me and a good husband to my mother. He believed in high standards in honesty, honest work well done, Faith in our Church. Careful spending and the wise use of money and in doing good to everyone.

One other special thing that Father did was to haul wood from the canyon. In those days there was no good road into the canyon. A place called the "Narrows" was dangerous and Father was in his seventies at the time of this incident. He used a team hitched to a wagon without the box on it and the wood, mostly logs, were tied onto the wagon frame. What a worried Mother we had at home until she saw him slowly coming home late in the afternoon.

Father used to have to irrigate his hay fields and other fields at night, carrying a lantern to light his way. Mother went with him whenever she could.

FATHER'S FUNERAL

Father passed away on a Saturday afternoon, 19 Dec. 1908. Fred, Father's oldest son was with us.

The funeral was held on Monday 21 December in the Payson Tabernacle. The hearse took Father's casket, while the family and friends walked to the Tabernacle. Fred and Frank walked with Mother. Friends of Father's were the pallbearers.

All of his funeral that I can recall was that Leslie Hickman, the Jesse and Father used to haul hay to the barn on a flat wagon, or hayrack. Then they would call me to ride, or walk the horse, old Kit, to pull the hay up into the barn. Either my father or Jesse stayed on the load of hay and put a large hooked fork into the hay and the other one in the barn had a rope fastened to the hooked fork, so he could pull it into the side of the barn where hay was stored. There was another rope fastened to the fork and it went up through a pulley to the top of the barn and this rope was harnessed, some way, to the horse and when the fork was filled with hay, I led the horse out across the street and this pulled the hay in the fork up into the air and the man in the barn pulled that fork of hay over into the barn just where he wanted it, and by pulling the rope, the hay was dumped and I brought the horse back to the barn. So on, until the wagon was emptied.

When Jesse left to go to work elsewhere, father leased his farm, but kept some of his hay land. I used to help him haul hay, riding up on top of a high load and being frightened of climbing down the short ladder and stepping behind one of the horses to get onto the ground again. Father was patient with me and saying that the horse would not hurt me, and helping me down. We always had plenty of food, good shelter and so did the animals on our place.

Late in autumn or early winter, Father, with help, would butcher a hog, and when it was brought to the house, he would cut it up into shoulders and hams etc. Then he and mother made lard from the fat. They cut and ground some of the meat through the sausage mill, called a meat grinder today. Mother made long, narrow sacks of muslin and the sausage was put into these sacks. Then Father hung them out under the eaves of the house. Then, some mornings, the frozen sausage would be brought in and Father would cut the round slices off and Mother cooked them for our breakfast. We thought that was a very special treat. The sausage would stay there as long as freezing weather lasted. The rest of the pork had to be salted, wrapped in a white muslin towel and put down in the wheat bin. Wheat for flour was kept in a large bin in our granary, down on the other lot. The hams and shoulders kept very well until each was used. Father took a grist (wheat) to the flour mill and brought flour home...200 pounds, or more, at a time and stored it in the flour bin that stood in a corner of the pantry.

In the spring, Father planted the garden, after having studied the seed catalogs during the cold winter months. He raised radishes, red ones and the White icicle kind, west of our house, also lettuce. At one time he put part of the Peteetneet Creek, which flowed through our lot, had been channeled to go from just inside our fence on the south side of our one half block of ground, to the east, then north, back west and on north through Brother Daniel Stark's lot, and on to the shop lot, where father had a carpenter shop. In the small island, almost, they had their raspberry beds. Father and Mother picked them, as they had worked hard to get them to grow and they were very careful of them. When he no longer needed the water for his carpenter shop, he flooded the channel and then planted strawberries. So, sometimes, we had strawberries and raspberries at the same time. We could not buy frozen fruits in those days; neither were the ever bearing kinds of berries grown back then. Up across the creek were grapes, apricots, apples, peaches, pie cherries, gooseberries, currants, also English currants, which we called bed-bug currants. At the west end of the same lot were the

potatoes and other things. and near the north fence was a bed of asparagus. Going through the gate on the north-west part of this lot was our back lot, where the woodpile, chicken coop and chicken run our outhouse, pigpens, granary, buggy shed, and places for other machinery, potato cellar and then the corral for the cows and horses, with a large barn and a stable for horses on the south side of the barn and one for cows on the east side of the barn, with the loft over the cow stable. Then, going through Stark's lot, near our houses, we came to the shop lot. Here Father raised carrots and other vegetables. Father sold a few of them but we ate most of them. Peas and new potatoes always tasted so good as we could not buy frozen peas and did not use many canned ones, so we just had peas once a year.

Father and Mother, with Laura's help (and maybe others) used to dry corn on slats, as we called them, made of lathe nailed closely together with a rim all around and then a clean muslin cloth placed on the slats and cooked corn, cut from the cob, was placed in a thin layer and left in the sun to dry. Father and the boys used to get the slats ready, bring in the corn and shuck it. They also raised corn for the pigs and had to shuck that too.

Father and mother also raised flowers. We had violets, roses and snapdragons, sweet williams, pinks and others. They also raised dahlias. One patch of dahlias grew south of our house, and also a bed of rhubarb grew there. We called rhubarb "pie-plant" in those days. Dahlias also grew back of the parlor between our house and Starks. He took the dahlia bulbs up in the autumn, sorted them and carefully put them in a box of sand and put them in the cellar under our house. Then in the spring, when danger of frost was past, he would sort them again and planted the good ones. The bulbs were delicate and had to be kept at the right temperature. If they were too warm, they rotted. If too cold, they froze.

Father and mother had friends and socials. I remember going to the old Opera House with them. (This building still stands today and is known as the Tolhurst apartments.) The seats in the Opera House could be covered or removed and a floor raised even with the stage, so people could dance. The ones I especially remember were the picnic dances, where they would dance the polygamy dance....mother on one side of father and me on the other side. Mother and Father also worked on the Old Folks Committee together and helped give dances in the upper floor of the City Hall (which stood where the Junior High School now stands ... known later as the Middle School, across from Payson Park), to raise funds to buy dishes for the Old Folks dinners. They went to the Black Hawk dances and parties. There had been a war with the Indians called the "Blackhawk War". Mother said that our father hadn't been in soldier in the War, but was a guard. The Veterans of that war and the people associated with it used to have Blackhawk parties and they still have Blackhawk encampments each year in Utah County, going to a different town each year.

Some of the friends of my parents who used to come to our house were: Charles Brewerton, David Lant ... who had both arms cut off, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bills (Father and Mother would have said "Brother and Sister Bills"), Brother and Sister Enoch Monk, David and Hannah Fawns, Mother's cousins, Jesse and Sarah Taylor, Junior and Hattie Wightman, Uncle John and Aunt Bella Finlayson (they moved to Canada when I was very young), Joseph Barnett, Isaac Hancock, Daniel and Elizabeth Stark, John and Millie Stark. Brother Charles Brewerton called at our place for a few minutes at a time when he was going to town or back. We lived one and a half blocks south and Brother Lant lived one block north of us, between Brewerton's and us and the three men were great

friends. They died within three months of each other. Brother Brewerton in October, Brother Lant in November and our Father in December.

Mother and Father used to go to friends houses for dinner and visits in the afternoon and evenings and had friends at our house too. Some times they took Roxie and me as we were the youngest and others in the family were either married or away somewhere. Baby sitters were unknown. They would take us in their single seated buggy. Roxie sat on Mother's lap and I sat on a little box or on Father's knee and of course I "drove" the horse.

Father taught us to hitch the horse, Dick, to the buggy, and to drive so that we could go on errands without walking. To go to most places we walked, unless it was a distance of a mile or more, or had very heavy things to carry. Emma lived about a mile northeast of our house and Laura lived nearly that far south east and Alice lived south west about the same distance. When we arrived back home with the horse and buggy, we were taught to unharness him, put the harness correctly on the wooden "arm" in the buggy shed, back the buggy into the shed and let "Dick" get a drink of water and then lock him back in the corral.

We played on the ice in the creek in the winter time and as soon as Father thought the ice was too thin, we were cautioned to keep off it because it would break with our weight. Of course it was lots of fun to play in the creek in the summer, but if one fell in, my what a scream, so we were very careful not to fall through the ice in the winter time.

When Alice married Jasper Hill there was a big wedding reception at our house. When Laura and Frank Coombs were married at our house, only members of the family came, as Laura did not want a big wedding. James and Eva May Taylor were married in the Salt Lake Temple and I do not remember a reception, but that would have been at the Taylor's house.

In Payson and other communities surrounding us, there were always celebrations for May Day and dancing around the Maypole. Fourth of July always meant a Parade with programs and games in the park. The park at that time was located on the grounds of the old Payson hospital (what is now the Payson City Center). On the 24th July there were sham battles with some Indians and some folks dressed up like Indians and some white person was "burned" at the stake to show the children how our parents used to have to fight the Indians. This, besides the parade, programs and the games. Our parents would always take us children to these celebrations.

Sadness also came into their lives, George who had married Lucinda Olson and lived in Payson for some years, moved to Logan where in November of 1903, he was burned (scalded) badly on his limbs and died. He had been working in the Logan Sugar Factory. Then in Sept. 1904 James's wife died and in November of the same year James died too. Each son left a baby boy under 8 months of age. So did Will, but he died in 1917.

Fred and his family moved to Provo and Frank and family moved to Idaho Falls, Idaho.

One Saturday noon, just after Father had come home from Stake Priesthood meeting, held at the Tabernacle, one block east of his home, the town fire bell rang and we soon learned that the Tabernacle was on fire. Father grabbed a bucket and went to help put out the fire. In those days

men fighting fires just took buckets and dipped water out of the creek of the little ditches that ran at the sides of the roads and passed them hand over hand to the ones nearest the fire.

Brother of Josephine H. Finlayson, sang "Hold Thou My Hand, Dear Lord" and the choir sang "Oh, My Father." We had to ride to the cemetery in horse drawn buggies and the horses had to walk all the way, so it was a long, cold ride. It was a bitter cold winter day and as soon as the grave was dedicated, everybody left the cemetery, except Uncle Jesse Taylor, the sexton, my brother, Will, my niece, Ireta Mitchell and me. Will relieved Uncle Jesse, who was helping the sexton fill the grave. Uncle Jesse thought Will should not have to do that for his Father, but there was no one else. Usually, the pallbearers stayed. Jesse Taylor was Bishop of the Payson 2nd Ward and had charge of Father's funeral.



HISTORY OF SARAH CLIFFORD WILSON FINLAYSON

*(Sarah was the mother of Alice Mary Finlayson Hill,
who was the mother of Vida Hill Moore)*

In far off England, in a little hamlet called "Beggarlee", in the Parish of Greasley, on the 5 Sept., 1848 (birth certificate gives the date as 7 Sept. but all other records give the 5th) a baby girl arrived to brighten the home of John and Elizabeth Soar Clifford, being the second child and second daughter in a family of three children, and they named her Sarah. Her older sister, Emma, was born 1 Aug., 1846 in Eastwood and her younger brother, Thomas, was born 1 April, 1851, in Eastwood.

According to Brenda Clifford Johnson (by correspondence of 26 March, 1964) Beggarlee and Beauvale were small districts. In recent years the old dwellings have been replaced with modern estates and shops. Not far from Beggarlee is Moor Green Pit, a coal mine. It was in this mine that Sarah's father, John Clifford, worked. Moorgreen coal pit has been modernized and is still in operation (as of 1966).

At the time the 1851 census was taken in England, March 31, we find this family living at "The Breach" in Eastwood. The "Breach" was two rows of about 70 houses that the families of the coal-miners lived in. The houses are still there (as of 1966) but have also been modernized.

Sarah grew up in Eastwood. Just how much schooling she had we do not know, but she seemed well educated (for the time), was a beautiful seamstress and did beautiful hand work, embroidery, crocheting, Etc.

It was to this mining community of Beggarlee that the Missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints first came sometime during 1847, at which period there were approximately 1650 souls, mostly coal miners (known as colliers) and agricultural workers. (This was only 10 years after the first LDS missionaries landed in Liverpool, England.) At this time, persecution of the Church was "the order of the day", so much so, that parents would threaten their unruly offspring with the phrase, "The Mormons will come for you." What then would the reception be for these strange speaking foreigners, who had the audacity to expound this "new" religion to a naturally suspicious, poorly educated miner? However, one virtue of the man who works close to the earth, either on the surface or below it, is a humble spirit, and that is as clay in the hands of the Lord.

Some time was spent in preaching in the small market place, visiting homes in the area, including the "Breach", where the Clifford family lived. Undoubtedly accepting insults and possible threats of violence, but sufficient numbers of the inhabitants gained a testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel that on Sunday, 2 July, 1848, a Branch, with a total membership of 16, including one Elder, One Priest, and one Teacher, was organized, with Elder James Stone as Branch President. (Despite opposition it has continued to grow since that time and has prospered, both in membership and spirituality).

Sarah and her family belonged to the Church of England at that time. She was required to learn a few verses from the Bible each week and a short chapter for every Sunday morning. She was not allowed to whistle or tell jokes on the Sabbath and could only sing sacred songs.

Just how she and her parents and sister came to join the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is not known. The family must have been searching for the truth, because we find in the Eastwood Branch records in the Genealogy Library at Salt Lake City (13656 pt 22) that Sarah's mother's sister, Mary Soar Taylor, widow of William Jesse Taylor, was baptized 28 June, 1848 in Beauvale, by W. Hendry and confirmed on 8 July, 1848. Sarah's grandfather, Henry Soar, was baptized 24 December, 1848 at Beauvale. Whether they were instrumental in helping to convert Sarah's family, we do not know ... It is in this same Genealogical Library film that John Clifford, wife Elizabeth, and daughters were baptized 4 May, 1861 by James Robinson and were confirmed 5 May, 1861. John was confirmed by James Robinson, Elizabeth by William Parker, Emma by James Robinson and Sarah by William Parker.

The Father, John Clifford, was not to have the privilege of enjoying the new Gospel, with his family, at that time, for very long. The following quote comes from the "Seraph" (a booklet called "Extracts From The History of Eastwood Branch" by Arthur Coleman).

Monday, 8th September, 1862, the Eastwood Saints had made all the necessary arrangements to enjoy themselves in a tea-party which was to take place at 5 o'clock in the evening; but the early of seven in the morning brought tidings of sorrow which cast a gloom over all their anticipated enjoyments, and the Saints were called to witness a scene which caused every heart to mourn. A Brother by the name of John Clifford, whilst working in the Moorgreen Colliery, was placing a charge of powder for blasting down the coal, when it accidentally caught fire from his candle, exploding the main charge. He was brought home, a mangled body, suffering from multiple injuries and lived until about 10 o'clock in the evening. About an hour before he died, Elder John D. Chase ordained him to the office of Elder. He left a wife, Elizabeth Soar Clifford, and three children, Emma, Sarah and Thomas to mourn his loss.

On March 4, 1865, Sarah's mother, Elizabeth, married Matthew Coleman, a widower, and moved to Selston. There were no children of this marriage. Elizabeth lived in Selston until the death of her second husband. Then she went to Bulwell to live with her son, Thomas, where she died 19 March, 1911.

It is not known whether Sarah went to Selston to live with her Mother and brother, or not, but since she was about 17 years old at the time, it is presumed that she remained in Eastwood. It was there that she married Anthony Wilson, in the Eastwood Parish Church on 5 Feb. 1867. Altho she was a Mormon, she and Anthony were married in the Parish Chapel inasmuch as England only recognized marriages performed in the Church of England at that time. Her husband, Anthony, was born 21 Feb. 1846 in Eastwood, Nottingham, England, the son of John and Alice Chambers Wilson. He was baptized into the LDS Church 26 Dec. 1869 by George Lake and was confirmed the same day by George Grov. Sarah and Anthony became the parents of three children: Elizabeth, born Sept. 1, 1867 and died 12 Nov. 1869; Emma, born 23 April, 1869 in Eastwood and John, born 25 Oct. 1870 in Eastwood. (It is interesting to note that these three children were all named for members of her own family, her mother, sister and father)

Anthony Wilson was a collier (as her father had been) and worked in the same mine as her father

had done. Their happiness was of short duration. The Moorgreen mine again brought Borrow to Sarah. On 24 March, 1871, about noon, Anthony was brought home mangled. There had been another accident in the mine and it had claimed the life of Anthony Wilson. They had been married for only four years. After that, Sarah had a horror of mines.

Again quoting from "The Seraph" July 1965:

"The mines claimed another faithful servant. This time it is Brother Anthony Wilson, son in law of John Clifford, who was previously killed there on 8 Sept. 1862. John's daughter had married Anthony in 1867. On Sunday 26 March 1871, Elder George H. Peterson, in company with many Saints from Nottingham, journeyed to Eastwood to attend the funeral services of Brother Wilson, who left a young wife and two children to mourn his demise. He was a faithful member of the Church and was loved and respected by the Saints. Many hundreds were present to pay their last tribute of respect."

After the death of her 25 year old husband, Sarah was caught up in the spirit of the gathering of Israel, and with the money the mining company gave her, she emigrated to Utah. Sarah, with her two children, Emma and John, left England Oct. 18, 1871 on the ship "Nevada". They were listed as: Sarah Wilson, 23, Emma, 2 and John, infant from Nottingham. Albert Carrington was the agent. There were 300 Saints in charge of George H. Peterson. The company arrived at New York November 1st and at Salt Lake City on November 11. Sarah's sister, Emma, had previously emigrated and had married William James Stone, 15 May, 1871 and they lived in Ogden. Sarah stayed with her sister in Ogden for some time. While there, sorrow again came to her. She was called to part with her baby son, John, who died 15 May, 1872 and was buried at Ogden.

Sarah's Grandfather, Henry Soar, and her Aunt Mary Soar Taylor Moore, had emigrated and were living in Payson, Utah. They told her that if she came to Payson, she could get work. After coming to Payson, she secured work at the home of Brother Sidney Pace. His wife had been sick for a long time and he needed someone to help in the home. It was here in Payson that met a widower, James Finlayson. He said that one day, when he was going to town, he saw a lady going up the street. She had a child by the hand, and something seemed to say to him, "...That's your future wife".

James Finlayson was born 16 Oct. 1830 in Millfield Parish, Inverkeillor, Scotland, the son of James and Elizabeth Mathewson Finlayson. Sometime later, he and Sarah traveled by team and wagon to Salt Lake City, Utah and were married in the Endowment House on Aug. 11 1873.

They became the parents of 12 children. James had been married twice before. First to Jane Malcolm (13 Aug. 1852) and second to Mary Ada Alexander (1 June, 1859.) Jane Malcolm had died in St. Louis 3 Feb. 1858. There were no children from this marriage. James and Mary Ada were the parents of five children: Fredrick James, born 24 May, 1860, George Alexander, born 14 August, 1862, Mary Ada born 18 Jan. 1865, died 21 April, 1866, Frank Fuller born 20 May, 1867 and Lisle Sarah born 4 July, 1869. (Mary Ada had gone to California to stay with her sister for a time in hopes the change of climate would be beneficial to her health and since Lisle Sarah had been so young, she had taken her along with her. However, the mother, Mary Ada, did not regain her health. Instead she passed away in California on 19 Sept. 1871. Her sister, Sarah took the 2 year

old Lisle to New York with her and raised her as her own daughter.) Therefore, when James and his new wife were married, he had three boys and she had one girl, Emma.

When James Finlayson came to Payson in May of 1862, he bought a house and a lot from a Mr. Stewart. (We have not been able to ascertain whether he bought it from Andrew Jackson Stewart or Benjamin Franklin Stewart.) In early records it states that Andrew Jackson moved to Provo, and that the people of Payson tore down his house for fear the Indians would use it as a hiding place. So, from that, we may assume that it was the Benjamin Franklin Stewart home. Also, in the early history of Payson, it states: "The first theatrical performance was given there in 1856. It was given in the home of Franklin Stewart."

In the home that James bought, in the upstairs was a large room with 2 small bedrooms on the north. The large room seemed to have been built for large gatherings. The door from the porch opened into it. The following is a description of this first home of James and Sarah, as remembered by their daughter, Laura Ann Finlayson Coombs: "The house had four rooms on the ground floor with 2 bedrooms and a large room upstairs. The stairway was outside on the south side of the house. It was boarded in. You went up a few steps to a landing, then turned north and there were a few more steps to a porch that went all the way across the front. There was a long porch under this, running across the front of the house. In the kitchen, the outside door was on the south. On the west of the door, on the south side was a wooden sink. However, there was no running water, no taps. The water was carried either from the Peteetneet Creek, as it was then called, that run through their place, or from the neighbors well. The kitchen stove was on the west side. It burned wood and coal. Under the window on the west side was the cradle. Babies were frequent, so this cradle had a permanent place. The north wall was straight for a ways, then there was a little depression ... the table and chairs were placed there. The door to the cellar was on the northeast corner of the room. The cupboard was built on the east side. The door to the living room was on the south east corner. The living room was straight in from the gate. In the living room was a sofa, stove, rag carpet on the floor, table, etc. From the living room you went into a small bedroom. Here the children slept, at that time, the girls. From this room, you went into the master bedroom. A little stove or heater was in this room. The older boys, Fredrick, Frank and George, children of his wife, Mary Ada, slept upstairs.

In those days, one could not press on a button and get a light. This first home was lighted by candles. Sarah made her own candles. She had a mold that made six at a time. A string, or some kind of absorbent fabric was placed in the mold, then grease was melted and poured into the mold and set aside to cool. One packed a candle from room to room in order to have light in the different rooms. Sarah always took the candle when taking the children to bed, to light their way. When the parents went anyplace at night the children were taken along. It wasn't safe to leave small children alone. It was so easy to set a house on fire. A candle accidentally falling over, or being set too close to a window, a breeze or light wind might come up and blow a curtain against the flame and catch fire. One day James came home with a kerosene lamp, one that hung on the wall. This made a much better light. But the lamp chimney had to be cleaned each day and kerosene added to the lamp.

It was in this home that Rosabella was born on 15 June, 1874, Laura Ann on 13 Nov. 1876, Alice Mary on 4 March 1878, James Henry on 8 Oct. 1879, Mary Rosetta on 15 June, 1882, William John

on 25 November, 1883, Jesse David on 24 Dec. 1885, and Harvey Leo on 16 April, 1888. After the birth of Harvey Leo, James and Sarah decided they needed a larger house so they decided to tear down that one and build a larger one. They moved the granary south west of the kitchen. They cooked and lived in the kitchen, the parents slept in the kitchen and the children slept in the granary while the new house was being built. By this time there were, Laura, Alice, James, William, Jesse and the baby, Harvey Leo. Rosabella and Mary Rosetta having died.

The baby brother, Harvey Leo, died on 15 June 1888. They had his funeral at the neighbors house (Daniel and Betsy Stark) because their new house was just getting started. The father, James and a Brother Brewerton made the little coffin. It was made of boards, wide at the top and narrower at the foot. Some cotton was put on the bottom and then it was lined with some kind of white cloth. By this time, Fred, George, Frank and Emma were married.

The family moved into their new home in the fall. It consisted of a large kitchen, pantry, bedroom, sitting room, and a parlor on the ground floor with a hall and stairs leading upstairs. There were three bedrooms upstairs, leading off from a hall. They bought a carpet for the parlor. This was their first "boughten" carpet. They also purchased a hanging kerosene lamp for that room. The lamp hung by chains so the lamp could be lowered to light and then raised again.

On 9 April, 1889, twins were born to James and Sarah. Their names were Louis and Louie. But they weren't very strong babies. Laura, (the second daughter) remembers that the day Louis died, her mother had him laying across her knees and Louie, the little girl, in her arms. Their father had just left for work at the mill. Their mother screamed and told Laura to run for Mrs. Stark, the boy was very sick, then to go for Mrs. Clarissa Moore, a midwife, and then run to the mill for her father. Little Louis died on 3 Feb. 1890 and Louie passed away the next month, 8 March, 1890. Then on 23 Jan. 1891 Maggie was born and Roxie Eliza was born on 21 Oct. 1892. This made 15 children born to Sarah and James was the father of 17.

When Brigham Young advocated the raising of silk worms, Sarah decided to try it. They had one mulberry tree, so the older children had to go to the mulberry grove to get enough leaves to feed the worms. Sarah put the worms on a little table in the corner of her bedroom (the old house). But this venture didn't prove very successful.

All the clothing was made by hand, and everything was made. Underwear as well as dresses, shirts, suits, etc. The underwear was made from flour sacks, or "factory" and bleached. All babies were always dressed in long dresses with lace and tucks and embroidery on them. The lace, at first, was home made, crocheted, knitted or tatted. (Later it was available in the stores.) For a baby the necessary items were, of course, diapers, undershirts, pining blankets, wool petticoats, white petticoats and dresses. Skirts in the dresses and the petticoats were about a yard long. The little feet were covered by hand knit, long stockings and booties that were either knitted or crocheted. Dressing babies required a lot of effort.

As soon as sewing machines were available, James bought one for Sarah. This made clothing the family much easier. With a growing family, Sarah needed all the help she could get.

The laundry was all done on a wash board. Everyone had a barrel that they put their wood ashes in

and then poured water over them. This made lye. This lye water was used to soften the water on wash days and to make soap out of grease and grease scraps, the rinds from pork, etc. The white clothes were all scrubbed on the board, sometimes a little lye water was added with the soap in this water, then they were put into boiling water, to which a little lye water had been added, along with some home made soap and boiled. Then they were rinsed through two waters. The colored clothes were scrubbed and rinsed. All of the water had to be packed from the creek or from the neighbors well. At first they had no well of their own. The tubs and buckets were made of wood with iron bands around to hold the staves together. A few people had brass buckets they had brought across the plains with them. To make soap, the women used old grease and rinds from pigs, added lye water and more water and cooked it a long time. An experienced person could tell when the soap was done or if it needed more lye, or if it had too much lye in it, by tasting it.

After wash day, it was ironing day. No electric irons or mangles to make this task easier. Irons were heated on the stove. The front lids were lifted from the stove and a piece of iron with handles on each end was put in their place. It held 3-4 irons. On this the irons could be heated much faster. Everything was ironed. The hand towels were long linen ones that hung on rollers. These towels, dish towels, socks, underwear, diapers, sheets, pillow cases, etc. were all ironed, as well as the dresses, shirts and petticoats. The petticoats were starched stiff. The first irons were made of all iron, even the handles. Several thicknesses of cloth was used on the handle to keep from burning the hands. Later, wood handles were used.

In those days most of the fruit to be stored for the winter was dried, such as apricots, apples, plums, etc. Later, cans were used. The fruit was put into cans, the lids fit down in, then rosin was melted and put around the lid, about like wax was used on jelly later on, only wax was put on the outside to seal the lid. Preserves and jelly were put into earthen crocks. Vinegar was made by taking the skimmings, when making jelly and preserves, adding water, and putting it into crocks.

One couldn't run to the store and get bread and cake like we do now. These had to be made at home. Nor were yeast cakes available. There used to be a Mrs. Powell who lived on 1st South and 2nd East that sold yeast "starts". You bought a "start" from her, paying with either money, sugar or flour. When you got home, you added potato water and sugar, then put it where it would keep warm. When it started to "work" (bubble and increase in size) you used it to make your bread, but always tried to keep about a cupful for your next "start". This could be used a number of times before going bad and a new "start" was needed.

While her children were young, Sarah did very little in the way of activities outside her home. But as they grew older, she was able to accept positions in the Church and Community. She was on the burial committee for 35 years. She served with Millie Stark, Lottie Monk and Ruth Quigley Webb. Day or night, when a call came, she went. There was no undertaker in those days. The dead person was laid on a board. In the summer time, bags of ice or bottles filled with cold water and ice were placed around them. They usually got the ice from the butcher shop. However, many people "put up" ice during the winter for use in the summer. They would cut blocks of ice from the slough or from the ice at Springlake. Then haul it to their cellars or barns and cover it with a heavy coat of sawdust. In the winter time the body was put into a cold room. All of the burial clothes had to be made by the burial committee, or those assisting them ... for both men and women. The body could not be kept for very long, so many a time Sarah sewed into the wee hours of the morning. The

women dressed the females for burial and the men dressed the men. There was no pay given or expected for these services.

Nov. 1, 1887 Sarah was put in as 2nd Counselor to Elsie Lant, who was the Presiding Teacher (now referred to as the President) in the 3rd District of Relief Society, with Martha Simons as 1st Counselor, Melissa Tanner Secretary, Mary Nebeker Assistant secretary and Phoebe Hancock Treasurer. At that time, there was just one Ward in Payson, but the Ward was divided into four Districts, with a school house in each District. Primary and Relief Society were held in each District. Elsie Lant died 7 Feb. 1889. Elizabeth Stark was put in as Presiding Teacher, with Sarah as First Counselor. They continued until the Ward was divided into two wards in 1901.

An Industrial Class was organized in Payson Ward in March of 1898. Sarah was put in as president with Betsy Mattinson as first and Lottie Monk as 2nd Counselors. Brother Henry Barnett was in charge of the boys. The class was organized to teach young girls to sew and embroidery.

People had to make their own amusements in those days. Groups of friends would meet at each others houses. Supper would be served and afterward they would play games, or sing songs or dance. Some of the songs that were popular at that time were: "Long Ago", "Sing It From The Heart" and "Hard Times Come Again No More".

Two of Sarah's favorite sayings were: "Speak of Anything, Speak Good" and "Don't Look Down, Look Up" and "If Anything Is Worth Doing, It's Worth Doing Well".

James Finlayson died 19 December and Sarah followed on the 25 January, 1912.

(I didn't know my Grandmother Sarah very well, as I was only six when she died, but everyone I have talked to said she was a wonderful person. I have received much help on this and with the help of my mother, Laura Ann Finlayson Coombs, her daughter)

The history is signed:
Rhea Coomb Hone
Granddaughter
1966

"A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER"

*(The following was written by Maggie Finlayson Tolman,
who was Sarah Clifford Wilson Finlayson's daughter)*

When I think of Spring in Utah, I remember lilacs...
Lilacs white and lavender and blue...
And of my mother. When I think of lilacs,
I remember you...
The little town we lived in, poplar trees,
The crystal stream, The brooding mountains,
All my girlhood dreams
Recalls those days. I was so thoughtless then...
There were so many things I failed to do.
But through the years, my selfish heart has yearned
To show my mother all that I have learned...
Of her true love of beauty, her great worth...
All that she gave me while here on earth.
White lilacs...
I should love to go and lay upon my mother's grave
A great armful of scented blossoms;
She loved them so...
And somehow, I still feel that she may know
I have not forgotten through the changing years,
When I would offer flowers wet with tears.
I never knew when I was young,
How aging mothers feel,
Until I too, come close to evensong...
Kindness and love and tender sympathy to bless;
And time to comfort with a soft caress...
And now, I offer lilacs fragrant, white,
Before I go...
Forgive me mother, for at last ... I know.

VIDA HILL MOORE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HER GRANDMOTHER

SARAH FINLAYSON

Valiant was my Grandmother. She came to this country a young widow with two small children. Here things, especially customs were very different from those she had left behind in England. Little is known of her early life. We do know she attended the Church of England and later joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, along with her parents.

She used to teach me by telling me that "A lady" would not do certain things that she did not want me to do. "A lady did not use a soiled handkerchief", "A lady kept her dress down, while sitting, over her knees". So, "A lady" had been someone to respect in England. "Ladies" were the wives and daughters of titled men of rank.

Grandmother Finlayson left her posterity a legacy of characteristics that make for greatness.

Faith that what comes to us in life as "sorrow" or "disasters" are really opportunities for growth and faith that the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, for which she left her homeland to be with people of that faith, is the truth that will make it possible for each one of us to find happiness, both in this life and the one to come and courage to face life uncomplainingly and go on as best we can.

Grandmother Finlayson believed in Cheerfulness ... looking for the good in people and events. She believed in helping everyone who needs our assistance. She always saw the beauties in nature. She had a true sense of gratitude for the blessings of loved ones and of home, for health, food and clothing. She exhibited patience in her life and didn't expect everything to come to her, simply because she might want it to. She taught her family to work and was a strong believer in "anything that is worth doing, is worth doing well". She taught her children and grandchildren to be honest and dependable and that one's word should be as good as one's bond. To keep our thoughts clean and our minds upon the good things of life. Grandmother was a good housekeeper and a good cook and a good homemaker.

She was quiet and dignified and most pleasant company. She was my Grandmother Finlayson.

VIDA



TENDER MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER, SARAH CLIFFORD WILSON FINLAYSON

*by Maggie Tolman
her daughter*

When I was a very young girl, I learned that my mother, Sarah Clifford Wilson Finlayson, was born far away, across the United States and over the Atlantic ocean, in a place called England. She was the daughter of John Clifford and Elizabeth Soar and was born 7 Sept. 1848 in Greasley Parish, Nottingham, England. She had an older sister, Emma and a brother, Thomas. She attended the Church of England and told me that in her town of "Eastwood", the church yard was also the grave yard or cemetery, not separate place like they are in Utah. On Sunday they went to church and were not supposed to even hum a tune that was not a hymn. Mother joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and was surprised to find that they sang hymns to tunes like "'The Old Oaken Bucket", which is "Do What Is Right" to members of the Mormon Church.

Mother married Anthony Wilson while in England. They had three babies, Elizabeth, Emma and John. Elizabeth died when she was two years old. When John was 5 months old, Anthony Wilson, mother's husband, was killed in a mine accident. Such a tragedy for so young a mother. Mrs. Betsy Stark, an old neighbor of ours, told me that the mining company gave mother a sum of money as compensation for her husband's death, and that with it, she left her homeland of England and came, with her two babies, to join with the Saints in Zion. It was a long, perilous trip across the ocean in those days and numerous ships had great troubles and never reached their destinations. Mother told me that the Captain said he was glad when Mormon missionaries and converts were aboard as he knew they would complete the journey in safety. I am sure that many kind friends helped mother on the ocean trip. Then she came by train across the United States to Utah.

When she reached Ogden, she visited with her sister, Emma and William James Stone and family. While there, yet another great sorrow came to her in the death of her little son, John.

She came to Payson to visit her Aunt Mary Soar Taylor Moore and her husband, Harvey Moore. She stayed in Payson and worked for Brother Sidney Pace's wife, who was ill. Brother Pace always told her that her bright outlook on life and cheerfulness healed his wife. Here in Payson, she met my father, James Finlayson, and they were married in the Salt Lake Endowment House on 11 August, 1873. Now their family consisted of Emma, my mother's daughter, and father's three sons. Father had married Mary Ada Alexander in Florence, Nebraska and they, with her mother, Sarah Alexander and sister Sara, and father's adopted son, Thomas Wand, came by ox team and covered wagon to Utah. Mary Ada died 19 Sept. 1871, leaving three sons and one daughter. The daughter was taken and reared by Sara Alexander, who was an actress and the daughter, Lisle Finlayson, was taken to New York and she also became an actress. I do not know what happened to Thomas Wand. The three sons stayed with their father so mother had a family of four children as soon as she married father.

There was plenty of work in those days. Clothing was not easily found in stores so most of the

wearing apparel had to be made at home. I do not know whether or not my mother had a sewing machine at that time.

On 15 June, 1874 their first child, a daughter, Rosabella, was born and she died 30 March, 1876. Laura Ann was born 13 Nov. 1876. Alice Mary was born 4 March, 1878. She and her husband, Jasper F. Hill still reside in Payson, Utah at this time. Jasper is still gardening and helping Alice and Alice helping him as they have always done. James Henry was born 8 Oct. 187?. When James was about six months old, father was called on a mission to Scotland with only two weeks to get ready. He sold his carpenters tools and raised what money he could and left home for his mission. He was gone 1½ years. Mother took care of house and children while he was away. When he returned mother and 7 children met him, and they had all grown until, for a moment, he did not realize that they were all his. On 15 June, 1882, Mary Rosetta was born and she died 24 Oct. 1882. William John was born 25 Nov. 1883 and eventually married Elizabeth Charlotte Lee and they had two children Leta and William. He died 21 July, 1917. Jesse David was born 24 Dec. 1885. He grew up to marry Sarah Roxena Richmond and they are living in Payson now. They have five children. Harvey Leo was born 16 April, 1888 and died 15 June 1888. Louis and Louie, twins, were 9 April, 1889 and Louis died 3 Feb. 1890 and Louie died 8 March, 1890. Such were the trials and the sorrowing of my mother and father for five of their children.

Then on 23 Jan. 1891 I (Maggie) made my appearance. I was healthy and I grew up to marry John H. Tolman. We have two sons, Lloyd and Glade. Roxie Eiza was born 21 Oct. 1892. She grew to adulthood and married James Henry Gourley. They had one child, Clifford. She later married John H. Burchett.

We children knew very little of our mother's early life, as she did not talk about her girlhood to us. She did tell me that conditions there in England were so different that when she came to America, she hardly knew to what to write to her mother. One example was the way a "castle" system worked in England. There, laborers associated with and married laborers, teachers associated with and married teachers, etc. There was no mixing with people of other stations in life.

As I grew older, I came to realize what dark, expressive eyes my mother had. When she was pleased, oh how they beamed! ... and when she was troubled or hurt, it all showed in her eyes. Her hair was black and parted in the center, combed straight back on either side and twisted into a knot in back. She was a very beautiful woman.

Now for some of the things I remember my mother doing? One of my earliest recollections is riding in our one seated buggy with mother holding Roxie on her lap and me sitting on a box or on my father's lap and "helping" him drive old "Dicke". Also, going to dinner at Brother and Sister Enoch Monk's house and to parties at Junior Wightman's. Such things as "baby sitters" were unknown in those days. We went to dances at the Opera House in Payson in the afternoon, danced awhile, ate supper, and then danced a while longer. I remember us dancing the "" polygamy dance" with mother on one of father's arms and me on the other.

Our house, as all houses were at that time, was heated with coal and wood stoves. The range in the kitchen, dining room, combined, the sitting room and the parlor. No stove or heat upstairs. Rarely in the parlor, unless they expected special company or a big crowd, the sitting room was used. Our

parlor was on the northeast corner of the house and was shaded so it was always cool, even in the summer and hard to heat in the winter.

Laura and Alice helped mother with her work and the boys, James, Will and Jesse helped father. Life was very different in those days. No running water in the house. There was a well out in the corner of the summer kitchen and a cock stove in the opposite corner. Our well had a windlass with a rope coiled around it and a wooden water bucket fastened to the end of the rope. A leather strap went around the windlass and both ends were fastened to form a loop and we could press on the strap and slowly and gently let the bucket down into the 40 to 60 foot well. The bucket had to go down gently or it would hit the rocks that lined the sides of the well and get damaged or knocked to the bottom of the well and then some man, or boy, would have to go down the well and get it. So, we learned to put the bucket into the well gently. We kids tried to draw water so that our mother would not have to.

WASH DAY, a big job. First, a fire was made in the stove. Then, a copper wash boiler (oval in shape) was filled with water, and it held many buckets of water. This boiler had to be filled with water that first had to be drawn from the well, or perhaps carried from the Payson Peteetneet Creek that flowed through our lot. Then, lye was put into the water and wood and coal added to the fire in the stove, so it would heat to boil. Then the "scum" had to be dipped off the top of the water that the lye had caused to rise to the top. Then the water was carried to the washer and put in, a bucket full at a time. Then the clothes and soap were put in. After that the washer lid was put on and the handle had to be moved back and forth, back and forth, back and forth ... and done by someone's hand, for about 10 to 15 minutes. It was a real job to "turn" the washer. Then the clothes were wrung through a wringer. This consisted of two rubber rollers and the clothes, one at a time, were fed into these rollers, which was also turned by hand. By now, the second water in the boiler on the stove was ready and into the boiler went the first batch of white clothes to be followed by other batches as they came out and were rinsed through 2 or more waters and then through a "blueing" water and then hung out on clotheslines to dry. It took most of the day just to wash. It was a pleasant job in the spring, summer and fall, but in the winter hands grew very cold and sometimes the clothes would freeze as they were hung on the lines and they would freeze so hard that most of the water would go out of them. But sometimes we had to bring the partly dry clothes into the house and dry them around the stove. There was not so many clothes as we have nowadays and we only washed them once a week.

Now, as to "baths". They all had to be taken in one of those "wash tubs" and the water had to be drawn out of the well and heated on the stove, then a little cold water added. Our mother was a busy woman. She had help from her children, and we all helped, but the burden for getting things done fell on her shoulders. She taught us that anything worth doing, was worth doing well

Ironing clothes was a problem in those days too. We had to carry wood or coal from the back lot where the wood pile and the coal shed were located and keep "mending" the fire to keep the irons hot that were on the stove. The stove was black and sometimes the smoke would come out onto the irons and they had to be wiped and cleaned often so the ironing would come out nice. They had to be changed often, so there needed to be several irons on the stove heating all during the process. Our father wore white shirts with stiffened front and they buttoned down the back on the shoulder and were a job to iron but mother made them look like new and taught her daughters to do likewise.

Making Bread: In my early days, I remember mother sending me to borrow a start of yeast from Mrs. Daniels, as people had to make their own yeast and keep a "start" for next time and occasionally something happened to the start. Then she would boil potatoes, save the water and a little potato and put the "start" of yeast in it, plus 2 or 3 teaspoons of sugar and put it where it would keep warm and soon, she had yeast." Then flour was put into a large pan, being sifted first, and the flour pushed from the middle to the sides, leaving a hole in the center into which was poured warm water, salt and yeast ... being sure to save a "start" for next time. Then mother stirred the flour from the sides of the pan into the liquid and then, with clean hands, mixed the bread dough by bringing the dough from the bottom and the sides of the pan and pushing it down into the middle. Then repeating the process until the dough was all mixed, and kneaded good. Then it was set aside in a warm place to rise. When it had risen to about twice its size it was mixed down again and made into loaves and biscuits. Then she let it raise again until it was doubled in bulk and then she baked it in a slow oven. Mother made delicious bread and taught her daughters how to make it just like hers.

RASPBERRIES: I remember being told that Mother brought the first raspberry "starts" to Payson and that they were hard to raise, as they "winter-killed" more than once. When I was young, mother and father had a big raspberry patch and mother picked the berries. She would come in with six baskets of berries in a little case with a wire handle fastened at each end, so she could carry berries without having to handle them again. The berries were large and dark red and were larger than most raspberries I have seen. They were fragile, so mother was extra careful in picking them. Her sun bonnet would be wet when she came in, but she took the baskets of berries out of the carrying case and refilled it with empty boxes and back she went, into the hot sun, to finish picking berries. She and father would weed and clean out the old canes and tie the bushes up in the spring. There is lots of work to growing raspberries. They sold many cases of berries each year and mother and her daughters put many into glass jars for eating in the winter. My parents also grew gooseberries, red currants, strawberries and black currants, from which mother made a delicious mixed preserves, She kept preserves in earthen crocks, or jars, from one quart to one gallon in size, on the top of which she tied a cloth and paper with a string.

STOVES: I have spoken before of heating water on a coal and wood burning stove, or range. These instruments for heating and cooking called for much work to keep clean and in good working condition. The top, oven door, and other parts of the range had to be blackened. First the top, needed to be washed or wiped off, then a piece of the cake of "blacking" was dissolved in water, and with a small brush or a cloth dipped into the liquid, all the black parts of the stove were painted. Then a large brush was used to polish the stove. It shone like new after each polishing. The heaters in the other rooms had to be treated in the same way. This was done about once a week. Every once in a while the stove smoked. Then mother got a large baking pan and the stove "scraper" and took the lids off the top of the range (six in all) and scraped the soot and ashes to the end where they fell into the bottom of the stove. Then she opened a little door under the oven and scraped the soot out into the pan, being very careful not to let it scatter, as it would blacken whatever it touched. Each morning, when the fire was made, the ashes had to be shaken out of the grate and the pan, containing ashes had to be emptied outside. Mother was usually the one who made the fire. At one end of the range was a large "cavity" called the reservoir and its purpose was the heating of large quantities of water. This had to be kept filled so there would always be hot water for washing dishes, hands, etc. A wash stand stood back of the door with a basin and bar of soap, so we could wash hands, arms face and neck and ears, as needed. The towel for drying hung on a roller fastened to the door. There

was no throwing towels on the floor.

HOUSECLEANING: In the spring, mother used to whitewash all the rooms and the hall, except the parlor and the sitting room, which were papered. Later, she also papered the bedrooms. Sometimes the boys and father would help. In the fall, after the grain was threshed, the rag carpets in the kitchen, sitting room and the upstairs three rooms had to be taken up and fresh, clean straw laid on the floor and the carpets were taken outside, shaken and cleaned and then put back down over the new straw and tacked down all the way around the room. Once, when James, Will, Jesse and a friend (I believe it was Ray Fillmore) were shaking a carpet on the path south of the house, James called mother to come and see how far a pebble they had put in the carpet would go into the air when they shook the carpet, one boy at each corner of the carpet. She watched as one pebble went up, and then told them to be careful, as the small stone might go through a window. They laughed and said they had done it many times. But, sure enough, the next pebble went through the upstairs window. While the straw was still new and clean, the ticks were taken off the beds, emptied, washed and dried ready to be filled again with the new straw. The ticks were about 2½ feet high and when the seam up the center was sewed up, the tick was put back on the bed and we children thought it real fun to get into bed on top of those full ticks of straw. By the next summer, the straw was all mashed down until the tick was not more than 6 inches high. So, we gloried in new straw filled bed ticks.

SEWING: In the days when I was a young woman, ladies wore skirts that swept the ground and they sewed most of their own dresses, petticoats and even underwear. I remember that my mother embroidered some beautiful, white cotton underpants for me. She did beautiful handwork. In mother's time, they bought a material called "linsey-woolsey" a material made of wool and linen, mixed from the woolen mills in Provo. Sheets were made of this for beds in winter. There were no heated rooms or electric blankets. When the sheet wore out through the middle) mother took the outside pieces, dyed them red, purple, yellow or green (with diamond brand dyes) and made pieces for quilts. These quilts wore for many years. All pieces left from making dresses, shirts, etc. were also used for piecing quilts. Mother also made our father's shirts. They had an oval yoke in the front and buttoned in the back on the shoulder. After enough blocks for the top of a quilt was made, cloth was bought for the bottom lining and a "bat" of either cotton or wool, or a mixture of both, was placed on top of the lining which had been stretched on four frames, forming a rectangle large enough for the quilt. Then the pieced top was placed over it and it was quilted, sewed by hand, through top, bat and lining. This was a time for inviting good friends to come and help quilt and a good sociable time was had while they quilted. Also, the hostess would serve a good dinner. Sometimes it took more than one day to finish quilting one quilt and then it had to be bound ... finished around the edges. This was called a "quilting bee". When dresses, shirts, and other pieces of apparel wore out, the parts not so full of holes were torn into strips and the ends sewn together to make a long, long strip. These were rolled into balls ready to be sent to the "rug lady", who had a carpet loom and she, using the warp (string) that was bought to go with the rags, wove them into carpet about one yard wide and as long as was ordered. Many women would be invited to come to someone's house to make "rag balls". (These gatherings were called "rag bees".) This is the way a lot of the visiting was done, as each of the group had her turn at being helped. Piecing quilts is a ""particular" job, as each piece has to fit the next pieces exactly or the quilt is not right. Mother went to Mrs. Craven's and helped do a quilt. Then she came home and drew her own quilt pattern. She left many good quilts for her family.

Mother had a "form" for making dress patterns. It consisted of pasteboard pieces cut in shapes for a shirt-waist, sleeves and gores for a skirt and each piece was filled with small holes so that by making marks with a pencil in the right holes, you could get a right sized pattern. After one pattern was cut, it could be used many times. At the time I saw this pattern maker, paper patterns were coming out in the stores, so I never actually saw mother's paper pattern maker in use, but it had it's day. Emma, Laura and Alice had helped mother sew, so they knew how to dress make and make their own wearing apparel. Mother was older by the time I was old enough to sew and Laura, or Mrs. Millie Stark did a lot of dress making and other sewing for me and I did not learn to dress make, etc. so well. Underwear was made at home also. Long underwear was worn in the winter ... long legs and long sleeves.

FLOWERS AND GARDEN: There were pots of geraniums blooming in the winter time in our kitchen windows. Father had put a shelf, half way up the large window and on it and the window sills were potted plants that had to be set on the table so they would not freeze in the coldest winter weather. Mother and father had many flowers growing outside in the summer.

I expect I should mention our "summer kitchen". It was fastened onto the kitchen and there, in the summer time, we cooked, baked, and heated water for washing, etc. It had a stove, without a reservoir and a big table that I think our father made, where we could eat, but mostly we ate in the kitchen, as it was cooler there, without a fire in that stove.

Father had a big garden and mother cooked each vegetable or fruit well. We had strawberries, raspberries, currants, peaches, apples, cherries and apricots on our lot to eat raw ... and cooked. Then we had asparagus. The first vegetable in the spring. Rhubarb, or "'pie-plant", as we called it, was the first fruit of the spring. Then about the 4th of July, we had peas and new potatoes, sometimes creamed together and often the potatoes were scraped, cooked and eaten with butter. They surely tasted good, as we had no peas or new potatoes since the year before. Canned peas were beginning to come on the market, but they were not common.

On winter nights we would sit around the fire and pop corn or went into the apple cellar and brought up apples to eat.

I ran into this joke and as it reminds me of our neighbor, George Stark, who lived in the house next door, I will put it here. "You don't know what the horn of plenty is until you've lived next door to a kid with a trumpet". Really, George was an extra good cornet player. He practiced hours each day and night. He died of typhoid fever while still a young man.

SOAP MAKING: In the first place, father raised hogs and he, with help of his sons or some other man, butchered them. Water had to be heated to boiling to dip the hog in after it had stopped bleeding so that the hair could be scraped off easily. Then the hog was cut open down the center and hung from a tree or a windlass, cleaned out and then, with feet spread apart, left to cool. Then it was brought to the house and cut up. All the fat not used for cooking was put into a 5 gallon can, from which the honey had been emptied, and saved for soap. It was called "soap grease", and all the rind from the pork went into the can ... usually a small portion at a time, as it was taken from the meat at the time of cooking. In addition, all other grease was saved and added to the "soap grease" can. Then, in summer time, mother would build a fire out under our locust trees, whose lowest

branches were up at least 15 or 20 feet. She had three rocks, good sized, that surrounded this fire. On these rocks she would place an old blackened tub. Then water and the soap grease were put into the tub and fire was made that was hot enough to make the contents of the tub boil. Then it all had to be strained through screen door wire into another tub to get all the big pieces of rind, etc., out. Then it was put back over the fire and lye (and other things) added and boiled to the right consistency. To keep the fire going just right, Roxie and I had to mend the fire. If we let it get too low, or put too many wood chips on it at a time, it would smoke and we would have to get a paper and fan it till it blazed again. This was not as easy as it sounds because the smoke would fill our noses and our eyes and we sneezed and wiped away the tears and hated soap making day. But ... it made good soap and it also cleaned up the yard of chips from the chopping of firewood. When the boiling liquid cooled somewhat, mother, with help, lifted the tub and carried it to a place over near the fence where she had tubs to pour the liquid soap into. When the soap had become solid, she took a knife and cut it into small pieces and laid it out on a board to dry. Then it was stored away for the washing of clothes. Then before putting the dried soap into the boiler, it had to be cut into thin slices. Nothing was wasted in those days. As I grew older, mother quit making so much soap. She was older then, and not as strong as she used to be. Also, she didn't have so much grease then and not so many people to wash for. Besides, soap was much easier to buy. Back in the beginning, it had been a necessity that she make her own soap.

BUTTER: Make a pound of butter? Sounds like a small job, doesn't it? Well, first you had to have a cow, or cows ... that had to be fed and tended to every day. In winter, they were kept in the corral or the barn, driven out about midday to the creek and the ice broken for them to drink in the winter time. Then they were fed and sometimes they were put into the stable which was part of the barn. In summer, as soon as they were milked in the mornings, they had to be driven about a mile away to the pasture and then in the evening they had to be driven back home to be milked and spend the night.

The milk was taken to the house and strained through a cloth and put into a fine strained into a tin pan about 12 inches in diameter and 2½ inches deep. In the winter, the pans of milk were carried down the steps into the cellar under our house that was reached from our kitchen. When the milk was sour and the cream raised to the top of the milk, then the cream was skimmed off and put into a jar each morning and each evening to make room for the new milk. When enough cream had been put into the jar, it was transferred into the churn. Mother's churn was a wooden bucket about 2½ feet high and narrower at the top than at the bottom. It had a lid in the center of which was a hole to allow the dasher to go up and down...up and down, again and again, until a yellow pat of butter gathered together inside the churn. Sometimes it took quite a long time for the butter to be separated from the cream ... which was now called buttermilk. Then there was a wooden mold, with a loose bottom, so when the butter was pressed firmly into the mold it was turned upside down and the bottom pushed out, so the pound of butter was also pushed out onto a piece of "butter paper" ... the forerunner of waxed paper. Then it was wrapped in the paper and you had yourself a pound of butter.

On special occasions, mother used one serrated butter paddle and one plain and she would make pretty little balls of butter. She could do such pretty little butter roses. She taught the older sisters to make them as well.

HOLIDAYS: May Day was our first holiday in the Spring. There would be the "Queen" and her attendants riding on a float, followed by Utah's best crop ... groups of little children, riding on another float. Then everyone would go to the park for a patriotic program. In the afternoon there would be races and games and dancing in the evening.

Then on the 4th of July the Goddess of Liberty was the "Queen". There would be another parade with "Columbia" on a float. There were always a few clowns as well. After the parade, again everyone assembled in the park for a program and lunch that families brought from home as well as other entertainment for the afternoon.

The 24th of July was "Utah Day" and Miss Utah was the "Queen". This one was a Pioneer parade. I can remember the three martial bands playing music with Issac Hancock playing the fife. There were floats depicting pioneer life and crossing the plains. There was a pioneer program in the park afterward, the same as the other celebration days. In the evening, there would be "sham battles" with Indians, and even sometimes, there would be real Indians were there and they would pretend to scalp the white settlers and burn them at the stake. Our father and mother took us to these holiday festivities until we were old enough to go by ourselves.

One time father and mother and Roxie took the excursion train to Saltair, a resort west of Salt Lake City on Great Salt Lake and Laura, thinking to make things more exciting, told me that the train went right over the water and I chickened out and would not go.

THANKSGIVING: I do not remember what we did on Thanksgiving, so I talked to Wilson Mitchell (Emma's son) on the telephone and I told him I could not remember what we did on Thanksgiving, could he? His answer was that "we ate"! Sometimes at Grandma's house and sometimes at ours or at Aunt Laura's or Aunt Alice's, but we always ate!

CHRISTMAS: Preparations for Christmas were many and varied. We children were put to making paper chains and garlands of popcorn to trim the Christmas tree. Mother, with Dad's help, made lard and sausage from the pork. Then there was the preparing of fruit, raisins and currants. They bought them in packages, as we do today, but they were not nearly as clean as they are today and the raisins were all seeded. After they were washed, mother sat in her rocker, the one without arms on it, and picked out every seed, lump of dirt or any little particle that should not be there, from the raisins. The currants were piled on one large platter, and maybe the raisins took more than one platter. They were all put on the warming oven to dry. It seemed to me that it took long hours to get them ready. From these, and other ingredients, she made mince meat for pies, fruit cakes and plum puddings. The puddings were put into a cloth bag and steamed or boiled in water. A number of pies were baked at a time and then warmed in the oven when needed. The home made lard was used to make the crusts of the pies. For a few years, the families of Emma, Alice and Laura came home for Christmas. We would celebrate Christmas on Christmas night because Emma was a widow and had to be "Santa Claus" for her five children, and she could buy presents for them about half price if she bought them on Christmas Day. For two years James played Santa Claus. We had a Christmas tree in the corner of the sitting room all decked out with chains, popcorn and candles. (There was no electricity at that time). The second year, Santa's beard caught on fire and someone yelled, "James, your beard is on fire." The next year was saddened by the deaths of May and James, dying six weeks apart, just a short time before the Christmas season. leaving their small son, Cleo

James, to be cared for by Father and Mother. Cleo was ill at Christmas time and Mother and Emma nursed him back to health.

That ended having Christmas at home, as the grandchildren were growing older and would rather stay at home and play with their new toys.

WEDDINGS: I do not know anything about Emma, Fred, Frank or George's weddings, as they happened years before I was born. However, I do remember that my sister Alice and Jasper Hill went to Salt Lake City in a covered wagon to be married in the Salt Lake Temple. They brought furniture back home with them. Then there was a big wedding reception at our house for them. I remember a large T shaped table and dinner was "served" at least three times to accommodate the crowd. Roxie and I were allowed to sit at the first table and we were surprised, as we usually had to wait for 2nd table when company was there. Laura, Emma, Mother and others helped cook and serve the dinner.

Laura and Frank Coombs were married in our parlor, with James and May Taylor standing as bridesmaid and best man. Then there was supper for the immediate families. They were later sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. James and Eva May Taylor were married in the Salt Lake Temple, going there on the train.

Jesse, the next one to wed, married Sarah Roxene Richmond at Provo in May. They came to see me as I was attending school at BYU. Later, they were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple.

William married Elizabeth Charlotte Lee in the Salt Lake Temple the day before Thanksgiving and came by train back to Payson and our family gave a dinner for them.

Roxie married Henry Gourley in June at Laura's house.

I was the last one at home and I did not marry until five months after mother's death. John Hewett Tolman and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple on 12 June, 1912 and went to our own rented house in Bountiful, without any dinner or reception.

Mother did not do all the work I have mentioned in this history all by herself. I am sure that Emma helped from the time she was a tiny girl until she was married. Then Laura and Alice helped. However, Alice says that she helped father with his work since she liked to hitch up the team of horses to the wagon or buggy and was quicker at it than James was. There were 7 babies and 13 years between Alice and I, with four of the babies dying and the other three were boys. So, for a time, after Alice and Laura married, Mother did have most of the work to do alone, although I remember well that Emma, Laura and Alice helped in many ways. Our Father was also good to help. James was away at work much of the time and he was married two years after Laura. That left Will, Jesse, Roxie and me to be cared for. As soon as the boys were old enough they went away to work, so work around the house became less, but maybe the worry over the boys being away grew. Will went to Payson High School under Fred Paulson and then to the U of U, and then to work in Salt Lake City.

Valiant was the name for my mother. She faced much sorrow in her life. She buried two husbands

and eight children. But I never heard her complain or say that life was hard or sit and mourn. She always kept busy and cheerful.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES: Mother found time for work in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, which she loved so well and had come from her beloved home in England to live with the other Saints. I do not know when she first began to work in the Church, maybe it was not till her children were older. At one time she was counselor to Betsy Stark in Relief Society. Then she worked in the Religion class. When I was small she worked in the Industrial Class. This was sewing, embroidery etc. I remember one of Jesse Miles daughters coming on Saturday morning for mother to help her. She told me she could have gone to one of the others, but she liked mother's work best.

Then mother also worked on the old Folks committee. She worked on that for years. They would give the Old Folks a big dinner and program in the Church once a year, which I think was in the autumn and Mother would work for days to get it all ready. I think all adults of the Ward were invited, but the ones over 70 years old were the special guests. The ones over 70 wore white ribbon badges. The ones over 80 wore red ribbon badges. Father always helped, taking her many places in his buggy. She, and the others on the committee used to go to the stores and borrow dishes. They all had to be washed when they got them and then washed again before they were returned to the stores. The committee so hated borrowing the dishes that they sponsored dances in the City Hall to raise funds to buy dishes for the old Folks Day. At long last, the dishes were bought, used once, and then stored in barrels in the old kitchen at our place. Imagine Mother's surprise when one of the auxiliaries came to borrow them. She had thought they would be just for Old Folks Day. But she shared them anyway. It was not many years after that before our Father passed away and Mother didn't go to Old Folks Day anymore.

Mother was also a member of the Burial Committee. In those days there were no undertakers and no mortuaries. When a child or a female died, someone would come for mother and, day or night, rain, snow or shine, Mother would go to wash and "lay out" the body. Then she, with others of the committee (Sisters Monk, Quigley, Wells, Bills, and Hattie Wightman) sewed and made the clothes for any dead person, male or female in the 2nd Ward of Payson. The morning of the funeral they had to go and dress the body of a female or child. Then go and decorate the Church with white cloth. Sometimes they pleated the cloth around the stand. Sometimes they "gathered" it in festoons, depending on the age and sex of the dead. Then they had to take care of the few flowers and after the funeral, prepare the body for burial, fixing cap or veil and closing the casket. Then they went to the cemetery and helped with the flowers there. Also, Mother usually made the slippers for burials. This was all a severe task for mother. She told me once that after she buried her last baby, she hated the sight of a cemetery. Yet, she went on her labor of love, being present with people in their extreme sorrow. Before she worked on this committee, she had gathered weeds and colored them, gone to the canyon and picked maple leaves and kept heads of wheat to go on the caskets, as she so hated to see a coffin with no flowers at all and in Payson, in those days, there were no flowers at all. Mother was really hurt when Aunt Mary Moore told her she would about as soon have nothing as those things. However, mother still took what she could find and made something lovely out of it.

TRAGEDIES: Besides losing so many babies, Mother had many other tragedies to meet in

her life. George Finlayson died 8 Nov. 1903 at Logan, Utah from the effects of an awful scalding that he received on the evening of Oct. 30, 1903. He and three other men were cleaning a deep vat at the Logan sugar factory, when by mistake, boiling syrup came pouring into the vat. There was only one ladder to climb out and George was the last man out. He lived until Nov. 8 and was buried the 11th in the Logan cemetery. He had been chief engineer at the sugar factory. Mother and Father worried about George for about a week, then sorrowing, they took the train for Logan. Traveling in those days was different and it was difficult as there were no automobiles. It was walk backs to the station or drive in a buggy or wagon, then the train to Salt Lake City and change trains for the train ride to Logan. Laura and Frank went to George's funeral from Cottonwood Canyon and James and May came from Murray. About 2 months after the funeral, Cindy, George's widow, came with her two youngest children to visit with Father and Mother. Erma, age about six and Frank Emerson, about 8 months. Emerson had been 6 months old when his father died.

Another tragedy that befell Mother and the family was Emma's plight. Emma had married Philip John Mitchell and they had five beautiful children, Phillip John, James Wilson and David Leo, and Emma Ireta and Sara. David was the youngest and when he was a baby, his father, Phillip, had developed what was thought to be epilepsy. This was presumed to have been caused by a wound he received on his head when he was a youngster. Once a month she would have to bring him down to town, as they lived on the outskirts of Payson, along what was then the highway to Salt Lake City about a mile or so from our place. They were two blocks from any neighbors and Emma had to leave her children alone while she brought her husband to town ... to the city jail ... and then leave him there, so he could not hurt anyone while the epilepsy spell came upon him. She would come to our place first and one of the boys or girls would go up to the jail with her. Then for three or four days, she had to come three times a day to give him his meals. Usually one of her brothers or sisters would go with her. When David was very young, she had her husband placed in the mental hospital in Provo. He was afraid that while in one of his spell's he might harm her or the children. He died there 24 Nov. 1908. This was a severe trial to her, to her parents and her children ... not to mention her husband, Phillip.

Then, to augment Emma's trials, Wilson hurt his leg when he was eight years old and for years he had a bad leg with running sores and the Doctors operated on that leg many times and wanted to amputate the leg but Wilson said "No". Mother helped every way she could, letting Alice stay with Emma, who was taking in washing to keep her children fed and clothed. A most trying period.

Then when Sara was eight years old, she went down a steep hill near their place on a sled. A high "bump off" of snow had been built on this hill, and as Sara went over the bump, she fell off the sled and a boy on another sled came right behind her and the sled runner went up the back of her neck ... and nearly broke her neck. For a long, long time she had to carry her head on a pillow and has never been able to turn her head to either the right or the left. She has to turn herself around to see on either side.

Emma, a true daughter of her mother, was a cheerful worker. She kept a home that was full of sunshine and love. Her children were always free to bring their friends home and on many winter evenings her home was filled with young folks enjoying games and Emma always knew where her children were of an evening and what they were doing. Whenever any of us who were with Emma would start to gossip, or speak in a critical way about someone else, she would always say, "Oh the

gift he gave us, to see ourselves as ethers see us."

Emma never talked about her troubles and one would think she never had a care. We loved her dearly. Whenever there was trouble or illness at home, Father always said, "Send for Emma".

My mother had buried a husband and seven children before I even knew her. When I was 13, nearing 14, our brother James's wife, Eva May Taylor Finlayson, died of typhoid fever. This must have seriously grieved Mother with sympathy for her oldest living son. She left a baby boy, Cleo James (six months old). James came to live with us, bringing the baby along with him. Six weeks later, James contracted typhoid and then pneumonia and died. Mother and Father bore their grief bravely. Mother was cheerful by nature, always looking on the bright side of things. So now, with her faith, she went on caring for little Cleo and the four of us at home, never burdening us with her sadness. Then, on Dec. 19, 1908, the greatest tragedy that I remember befell mother. That day mother's husband of 35 years returned to his maker. Maybe the tragedy of Mother's first husband's quick passing when she was young was a greater shock, but Mother was much older now and she knew the years ahead would be the most lonesome years of her life. I can still see very vividly the day my Father died ... how my mother knew he was going and she hid in the pantry or the bedroom and could not face Brother Pierce, of Salem, and other friends of father's who came to call on him, as it was Stake Priesthood day. Fred was there with Father. After the funeral, Will went back to Salt Lake City to his job in the bank and after New Year's and the BYU's vacation, Mother sent me back to school. If I would finish, nothing would stand in my way. Then another great trial for Mother in her loneliness...

Roxie would not listen to Mother, but went her own way and worried Mother and brought her great sorrow. She took sick, and had anemia, which grew worse and turned to pernicious anemia. Mother stayed at Laura's while I finished the Normal course at BYU 1912. Roxie was married that June and Will and Jesse had both married. So Mother, Cleo and I were alone. Mother thought that I had my Normal certificate and should use it, so in August I applied for a school and got a contract to teach in Cedar Fort. Mother thought she and Cleo could get along. After Christmas she came out to Cedar Fort, but that was no place for her. She was alone, without Emma, Laura and Alice to help. The nearest Doctor was 15 miles away in Lehi over rough roads that had to be gone over with a horse or team of horses, or wagons and buggies, or take the train. A train came out from Lehi about 10 in the morning and went back about 3 in the afternoon. The nearest telephone was five miles away in Fairfield, so I had to take her on the train to Lehi and then to Payson. I cannot remember how long she was in Cedar Fort. I think it was not more than 2 months. She went back to Laura's and stayed until I came home and got the house ready for her to move back into it. She would have a real bad spell and vomit until she was so weak she could not feed herself and then she would gradually get better until she could ride in the buggy and get around for a short time and then she would grow worse again. Emma came and stayed the winter with us of 1911-12. Mother died on Thursday night, 25 January, 1912, with Emma, Laura, Alice, Will and I at her bedside. That night we had no need to send for Elders to come administer to her as Lewis Ellsworth and Fred Tanner, I believe, just came to administer to her.

No need to call for help to lay her out, as Sisters Wightman and Webb came and stayed to do the job they knew must be done sometime that night. We laid her to rest beside her husband on a beautiful Sabbath Day. Fred walked by my side that day from our house to the Tabernacle and said that she

was where she had wanted to be from the time that Father had gone and that she had been a wonderful, unselfish woman. That when he, Frank and George were home, Mother thought always of them before she did her own.

TRIBUTE TO OUR MOTHER: Valiant was my mother. She came to this country a young widow with 2 children. Here, things and customs were very different from those she had left behind. Little is known of her early life. She attended the Church of England and later joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, along with her parents. She used to teach me by telling me "a lady" would not do certain things that she did not want me to do. "A lady" did not use a soiled handkerchief. "A lady" kept her dress down over her knees. So, a "lady" had been someone to respect in England. Ladies were the wives and the daughters of Lords and men of rank.

Mother left her posterity a legacy of characteristics:

- Faith, that what comes to us as disaster or sorrow is for our growth and faith that the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, for which she left her English home-land is the truth.
- Courage to face life uncomplainingly, and go on as best we can.
- Cheerfulness enabling us to look for the good in people and events. See the beauties of nature. Love to help everyone who needs our help.
- Gratitude for the blessings of loved ones and home. For health, food and clothing. patience in not expecting everything to come to us as soon as we want it to.
- She taught us to work and that anything worth doing, is worth doing well.
- She taught us to be honest and dependable and that our word should be as good as our bond.
- She taught us to be clean in our thoughts and keep our minds on spiritual things and our lives would be likewise. She was a good housekeeper and a good cook. A good homemaker.
- She was quiet and dignified and most pleasant company. As Margaret F. Maxwell said, "Everyone that knew her, loved her.

About the author of this history, Aunt Maggie Tolman:

I was the last one at home and I did not marry until five months after mother's death. I and John Hewett Tolman were married in the Salt Lake Temple on 12 June 1912 and went to our own rented house in Bountiful without a wedding reception. No one had wanted Cleo, my brother James's son, so when we went to Payson for the 24th of July, we found him staying at his Grand father's (Jesse Taylor) house ... and doing as he pleased. Cleo had been left an orphan before he was 8 months old, and his grandmother, Sarah Taylor, died a few years after his parents. His father had brought him to live with my parents and after his father's death, and my father (his

grandfather) died before Cleo was 5 years old and my mother (his grandmother) died before he was 8 years old. So, when we saw the situation with him, we took him to Bountiful with us. He lived with us for 9 years. We both often wished that we knew better how to raise a boy. He is only 13 years younger than I am. It was a big job for us and as I look back, it was also a trial for him, as we expected more from him than his years would indicate.

John and I had two sons, Lloyd John and Glade Finlayson. Lloyd married Dorothy Cotton and they had 5 daughters (but twins died). Glade married Erma Babcock and they had 3 sons and 3 daughter. John taught school for years and then worked as a carpenter and then supervisor of construction. We traveled to many different towns and finally moved to Pasadena, California. There, John passed away on 22 Jan., 1948. I still live in Pasadena and work for Mrs. Bruce P. Hall.



HENRY SOAR

(Great-Grandfather of Alice Finlayson Hill)

In the parish of St. Martin in Bilborough, Nottingham, England, a baby boy was born to John and Elizabeth Barnes Soar. He was christened in the parish church 20 August 1799 and given the name of Henry. He was their third son and fourth child.

Bilborough is in the North division of the county of Nottinghamshire and 4 miles west northwest from Nottingham. At one time it contained 267 inhabitants. The hamlet of Broxtow, in the parish, was once a place of considerable importance.

At one time there were coal mines and it was a thriving community, but the coal mines became exhausted and most of the inhabitants had to move. However, some interesting remains exist of an ancient manor house.

We next find the family in Beggarlee, in Newthorpe. Newthorpe is a hamlet and constablewick including the small village of it's own name and the scattered dwellings of Beggarlee and Hill Top about one mile west of Greasley church and seven miles northwest of Nottingham; it comprises about 1150 inhabitants and upwards of 100 acres of land, mostly belonging to Lord Melbourne. Here is an infant school and a General Baptist chapel. The Kilhamete chapel is situated at Hill Top and the Primitive Methodists at Beggarlee, where also is an extensive colliery.

(It might be interesting to note that a hamlet is a small group of houses belonging to a parish or village; a little cluster of houses in the country.)

According to Brenda Clifford Johnson, by correspondence of 26 March 1964, Beggarlee and Beauvale are small districts. In recent years they have built new estates and shops. In Beggarlee were open air swimming pools, but they are now all closed down and been built on. Next to Beggarlee is Moorgreen pit, a coal mine. Moorgreen has been modernized.

Apparently they were of the working class of people, and what nation can survive without these people? As he grew up, he was listed as a labourer. He knew the stone mason trade, but apparently had very little schooling, if any, as he couldn't write. He signed his name with an "X". In those days, the boys went to work at an early age. Some were working in the coal mines and factories at the age of eight.

He met and married Edith Burrows in the Greasley Parish Church, Nottinghamshire, England, 2 October, 1824. Witnesses to the marriage were Joseph Soar and Sophia Burrows. This church burned a few years ago, taking all the records.

Henry and Edith became the parents of nine children: Edith, Mary, Elizabeth (the grandmother of Alice Finlayson Hill), Thomas, Sarah, Curtis, Ann (who died in infancy) and Ann and Henry.

Henry's wife, Edith, died 8 June, 1844 in Beggarlee, at the age of 40 years, of a diseased liver, leaving a husband and family.

Just how, or when, he was converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, I do not know, but he was baptized on 25 December, 1848 and after his children were all married and in homes of their own, he had a desire to come to Utah. He put in his application. On March 30, 1862, he received word that his application was accepted. He acknowledged it April 1862 and set sail from Liverpool May 14 on the ship "William Tapscott" and arrived in New York June 25. He was listed on the ship, "Henry Soar, 59 years old, collier, Nottingham". William Gibson was president of the company he travelled with. Thomas John Clark, Francis M. Lyman and William Shivers, were the counselors and Robert Stuart and Samuel Evans were the stewards and James Ahlin was the cook. There were 808 Mormons aboard.

The Saints took the train from New York to Florence, Nebraska which was the outfitting place for the Saints to begin their long trek across the Plains. Henry came in the Joseph Horne ox train, the third Church train.

Joseph Horne was a man of wisdom and experience and had crossed the Plains a number of times. The company left Florence July 29 and was financed, or partly financed, by the Church through the Perpetual Emigration Fund. The members of the family repaid the debt after reaching Utah. This Company was composed of 570 souls and 52 wagons.

The log of the journey reveals that they traveled via the Elkhorn River, Loup Fork, Wood River, Willow Lake, Rattlesnake Creek, Fort Laramie, the Upper Platte River Bridge, South Pass, Green River and on into Salt Lake City, arriving there 24 Sept., 1862.

(An "Emigrants Guide" was published in 1848 by William Clayton. It contained the distance from point to point as near as a "Roadometer" could measure; and what the traveler could expect, the kind of country lying ahead and how far he must go to find a suitable place to camp. From this guide, I am quoting the information concerning the places mentioned in the log)

(Note I) Elk Horn, nine rods wide, three feet deep. Current very swift and not very pleasant to ferry. Plenty of timber on it's banks.

If the Elk Horn River is fordable, you leave the main road a mile before you strike the river, and turn north. After leaving the road 3/4 of a mile you will cross a very bad creek or slough, being soft and miry, but by throwing in long grass, it will be a good crossing. You then travel 3/4 mile further, you will arrive at the ford. You will go upstream when fording and gradually come near to the opposite shore, till you strike a piece of low land on the west side, you then pass by a narrow crooked road through the timber, till you arrive on the open prairie. You will then see a post erected in near a south direction, about a mile distant. Go straight to that post and you will find a good bridge over the creek ... and there, again strike the main road. From here you have before you near 500 miles travel over a flat, level country, and a good road, with the exception of several sandy bluffs mentioned herein. The road generally runs from one to two miles from the Platte River, but not too far to turn off and camp in case of necessity. All camping places, which lay near the road, are mentioned in this work. You will find near 200 miles without timber, but in that region you will find plenty of buffalo chips, which are a good substitute for fuel.

Buffalo are numerous after you arrive at the head of Grand Island and continue 200 miles.

Loup Fork --- Lake and Timber. Opposite to where the Pawnees were located in the spring of 1847, and is a good place to camp.

Ford of the Loup Fork. This is the pioneers ford, but is considered not so good as upper ford. River about 300 yds. wide.

Wood River --- 12 feet wide, 1 foot deep. Plenty of timber and a good place to camp. Banks descending, steep and some soft, but good for going out. The road now generally runs from one to two miles distant from the main Platte. The road now runs near the timber for two miles. The grass is high and a good chance to camp, without turning off the road.

Willow Lake --- south of the road and a good place to water teams, but no timber for camping purposes.

Rattlesnake Creek --- 20 feet wide and 1½ ft. deep. Swift current, sandy bottom, but not bad to cross.

Fort Laramie --- The fort lays about 1½ miles west of the river. The ford is good in low water. River 108 yds wide.

Note: Fort "John" or "Laramie" lays about 1½ miles from the river, in near a southwest course and is composed of a trading establishment and about 12 houses, enclosed by a wall 11 ft. high. The wall and houses are built of adobe, or Spanish brick. It is situated on the Laramie fork and is a pleasant location. The latitude of the fort is 42°12' 13"; longitude 104°11' 53" and altitude above the sea, 4,090 feet. After leaving here, you begin to cross the "Black Hills" and will find rough roads, high ridges and mostly barren country. There is, however not much difficulty in finding good camping places, each day's travel by observing the annexed table.

There is a road that follows the river, instead of crossing the Black Hills, and it is represented as being near, and much better traveling if the road is fordable. By following this road you have to cross the river three times extra, but will find plenty of grass, wood and water. If the river is fordable at Laramie, it is fordable at those three places, and you can go that route safely.

The upper Platte River Bridge --- Plenty of feed and some timber on both sides of the river. The best place to ford will probably be a little below the bend in the river. After this you will have 50 miles to travel, which is dangerous to teams on account of the Alkali springs. Great care should be taken to avoid them, by selecting a camping place where none of these springs are near.

South Pass --- This is the dividing ridge between the waters of the Atlantic and the

Pacific, altitude 7,085 feet.

Green River --- 16 rods wide. Good camping anywhere on the banks and plenty of timber ... It is not difficult fording in low water, but if too high to ford, the best crossing place is upstream. Plenty of grass here. But no other very good chance to camp on this side the river. Road leave Green River and no grass not water after this for fifteen miles. Land rolling, barren --- mostly sandy and several steep places to pass.

Mouth of the Kanyon --- You now enter the Valley of the Salt Lake. The road at the mouth of the kanyon bad, and rough with stumps. Afterward, descending and good.

Henry's oldest daughter, Mary, had settled in Payson. After her husband, William Jesse Taylor, died she, with her two boys, Jesse and William emigrated to Utah, arriving in 1856. She married John Harvey Moore 21 Feb. 1858. Mr. Moore owned a hotel and he also had some little houses outside of the hotel, he rented out and Henry lived in one of these. Just what he did after coming to Payson, I don't know. Payson was mostly a farming community, so I imagine he did farm work. Being 59 when he came, I doubt if he could do too much work. He did raise tobacco for a time.

Cleon Moore, grandson of John H. Moore, tells the following:

Henry Soar was showing his (Cleon's) father how to do masonry. Mr. Moore said, "Brother Soar, what would they do to you in England if they caught you showing us how to do this?" Henry then made a motion to represent he'd have been beheaded.

In England young boys were apprenticed out. They were bound by indentures or by legal agreement to serve another person for a certain time, with a view to learning an art or a trade. It was illegal to teach a trade any other way.

Henry also had a granddaughter in Payson, Sarah Clifford Finlayson, daughter of his daughter Elizabeth Soar, who had married John Clifford.

He died 17 April, 1884 in Payson and is buried in the Payson cemetery in the John Harvey Moore plot.



LIFE OF MIRIAM GOVE CHASE

(Great grandmother of Vida Hill Moore)

Miriam G. Chase was born 22 March, 1813 in Lincoln, Addison County, Vermont. Her parents and her ancestors for several generations back were members of The Society Of Friends, or what are commonly called Quakers, consequently Sister Chase was taught that it was wrong to wear any bright colors and that her clothing must be made in the plainest, and most simple way, also that it was wrong to dance, whistle, sing or indulge in any slang phrases or swear words. They addressed each other as "thee" and "thou" and their conversations were couched in the most sober and sedate language.

When she was 19 years of age, it was announced in the Friends meeting, for several successive Sabbaths, that Sisson Almadorus Chase intended to take Miriam Gove to be his wedded wife and on 16 May, 1832 the marriage ceremony was performed.

While they remained in Vermont three children were born to them, Rachel born 10 January, 1834, but only lived a few hours. Hannah G. born 11 December, 1834 and Lurancy born 15 May, 1842. They also adopted a little girl, born 15 June, 1839, named Jane Ann.

When the missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints began visiting their neighborhood, brother and sister Chase were persuaded to go and listen to them and in a short time they were thoroughly convinced that the missionaries were men of God, and the Church they represented was divinely established through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Accordingly, they were baptized and having a great desire to gather with the Saints, they soon began preparations to move to Nauvoo, arriving there in November of 1843, seven months previous to the martyrdom of the Prophet and the Patriarch. Sister Chase esteemed it a great privilege to meet the Prophet and rejoiced in listening to his instructions and shared the sorrow of the Saints, generally, at his cruel death.

When the mantle of Joseph Smith fell on Brigham Young, Sister Chase received a strong and abiding testimony that he was the divinely appointed successor of the great departed leader. She had a somewhat intimate acquaintance with President Young in later years and her confidence in him remained unshaken to the end. A few weeks after the Martyrdom, Sister Chase gave birth to a baby boy, Stephen, born 15 Sept. 1844 in Nauvoo, Illinois, but he only lived a few hours.

When the Saints were compelled to leave Nauvoo, Brother and Sister Chase moved into Iowa and stayed there long enough to raise and procure provisions, teams and wagons to cross the Plains with. They also assisted 50 other families to get started on their westward journey. While in Iowa, three more children were added to their family, Sison Almadorus, born 19 January, 1847, Miriam born 3 March, 1849 and Amy, born 3 October, 1851.

In the early part of May they started across the Plains in Captain Joseph Thorn's Company. Their outfit consisted of two wagons, one drawn by two oxen, the other by four young steers. They also had three or four cows, which supplied them with milk for their breakfast and supper and what was left was put in a tin churn and placed in a corner of one of the wagons and by the jolting of the wagons, was converted into butter and the buttermilk for the noon meal. One evening, after they

had camped for the night, a buffalo was killed, dressed and divided among the families of the company, which made a very acceptable change of diet for at least a meal or two. When the road was very sandy, or otherwise very hard to travel over, the cows were hitched up to help pull the wagons, and all who were able, walked. Besides Brother and Sister Chase and their six children, the widowed and invalid mother of Brother Chase and also a young man to keep care of the cattle and help with the heaviest of the work. He, however, was not accustomed to driving, so Sister Chase drove one team nearly all of the way across the Plains. She was always a very frail woman and in her younger days was considered by her people as almost an invalid all the time. Still, by the help of our Heavenly Father, she was equal to any emergency and those of her family who were old enough to remember, will never forget seeing her stand in the wagon, her face as white as death and with her long whip in her hand, driving across Green River, whose water was so deep that it came into the wagon box. On one occasion they camped for a week or more, so that the men could gather fire wood, burn it and shoe their oxen. They arrived in the valley on Sept. 11, 1853.

Brother Chase's uncle, Isaac Chase, met them at the mouth of Emigration canyon with a buggy and took sister Chase, two of the children and the grandmother home with him. The rest of the family came on with the teams and for two years lived in one room in the adobe house which still stands near the center of Liberty Park, and which is now occupied by the Park custodian, and his family. At that time, sage brush still grew in the streets of the city and most of the homes consisted of one or two log and adobe rooms, but the city was already laid off into blocks and wards and there were quite a number of good substantial homes and after their long and weary journey and the many hardships they had endured for several years past, the city looked very good to them and their hearts were filled with gratitude, that they had safely arrived in Zion. While living at the home in Liberty Park, Brother Chase taught school in the Second Ward one winter and the next winter was so seriously sick with Typhus fever that it was thought for some time that he must die, but through the faithful and splendid nursing of Sister Chase, and the blessing of our Heavenly Father, his life was spared.

In the fall of 1855, they moved on to the block immediately south of where the Hamilton school now stands. They purchased two city lots there, built two small log rooms and a few years later, the house in which Sister Chase lived, until within a few years of her death. For many years after coming to the Valley, besides the care of her family and the invalid grandmother, Sister Chase washed the wool, carded and spun it into yarn to be woven into cloth for their wearing apparel, also for sheets and blankets and she, with the help of her daughters, knit all of their stockings and made all of their clothing by hand, as there were no machines here in those days. They also made their own tallow candles and saved all of their pork rinds and every scrap of any kind and with that and the concentrated lye, made their soap, not only for the laundry but also for their personal washing use. In those days they did not have the washing compounds to make washing easy that we have now and concentrated lye was too expensive to be used for that purpose, so Sister Chase would put a few shovels of wood ashes in a barrel, fill it with water, let it settle, and in that way would soften the water to wash her clothes in.

When Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution (Z.C.M.I.) was first established, the people were advised to have a Branch of the Institution in each Ward and the first Ward Branch of Z.C.M.I. was conducted for some time in the old log house, first built and occupied by Brother and Sister Chase and she did most of the clerking.

Sister Chase was, for many years, President of the First Ward Relief Society, but when she was 70 years of age, feeling that a younger person would better perform those duties and having a great desire to hunt up her genealogy, and devote her time as much as possible to Temple work, she resigned as President of the Relief Society and went back to the old homestead, where she was born, and spent several months visiting her relatives in Vermont, Massachusetts and New York State, hunting up her genealogy. Her mother had died when she was but a young girl, but her father had passed away since she had left to gather with the Saints. Her sister and brothers, who were still living, thought she had been terribly deceived and deluded and was connected with a very wicked people, but her gentle, patient devotion and sincerity so impressed all of her relatives that she while away, that ever since then, they have mentioned her with the greatest respect and love and they have ever been very willing to help her, with the greatest respect possible, in getting her genealogy. She was also able to allay a great prejudice in the minds of her relatives and friends in regard to the character of our people.

Soon after her return from the east, she began going to the Logan Temple and doing her work there, and just as she had about completed the work for all the names she had been able to secure, she received a large book of genealogy from one of her nephews in Salem, Massachusetts, from which thousands of names have been attained for Temple work.

Sister Chase was a widow for 37 years and seven months, and in order for her to accomplish her hearts desire in doing Temple work and in other ways, she was obliged to live very economically. But she did it most cheerfully. She never felt too poor to assist those who were less favorably situated than she was and she took great pleasure in paying a strict and honest tithing. She had disposed of her property several years prior to her death, only retaining a life lease on one small room, where she fondly hoped to live as long as she remained on the earth, for though she knew that her daughters, and many of her grandchildren would gladly have her live with them, she felt that though her little room was ever so humble, there was no other place on earth so much like home to her. In February, 1909 she was requested to give that up. It was a great trial to her, but she yielded meekly and went to live with her granddaughter, Mrs. Amy Coult, in the 31st Ward, and greatly appreciated the care and comforts that were bestowed upon her. In July she went to Payson to visit her daughters, Lurancy and Amy. And there, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lurancy C. Hill, she quietly passed away on 4 Nov., 1909. A few weeks previous to her death, she wrote in a letter to one of her granddaughters, "I do not know how other eyes view my life, but I feel that I am now enjoying the results of some of the crumbs of bread that t I cast upon the waters in time past, and I am very grateful to the All-Wise Provider for His mercies and blessings to me."



HISTORY OF JOHN COURTLAND SEARLE

John Courtland Searle was the husband of Heamon Alison Hill's two sisters, Jerusha and Maria Josephine Hill.

John Courtland Searle and Jerusha Morrison Hill were the parents of Gaylia Clayson Moore 's great Grandmother, Sarah Ann Seale.

It is interesting that here ... with John Courtland Searle and his two wives, that the genealogy of Maynard and Gaylia C. Moore "meet", since Heamon Alison Hill became the great grandfather of Maynard Moore.

John Courtland Searle was born in Butler, Wayne County, New York on 30 January, 1826 the son of Breede and Rebecca Saxton Searle. He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on 1 June, 1850 by Martin Bushman.

While a young man, he came west with his parents, into Michigan, where they lived for some time. They then moved on to Iowa. While the family was living in Iowa, he returned to Michigan to get his Grandfather and Grandmother Saxton and bring them to Iowa.

He married Jerusha Morrison Hill on 20 March, 1850. She was the daughter of Leonard and Sally Forbush Hill and was born 27 November, 1832 at Petersburg, Hillsborough, New Hampshire and was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in 1843 by E.P. McGin.

On 8 June, 1850, they crossed the Missouri River and started West across the Plains, driving an ox cart, arriving in Salt Lake City on 3 Sept. 1850. President Brigham Young assigned them to go with James Pace and Andrew Jackson Stewart and their families to settle Peteetneet (Payson). Two young boys also accompanied them. They were Nathan Haws and John's brother in law, Heamon Alison Hill. They reached Peteetneet on 20 October, 1850. Being so late in the fall, they hurried to build houses, make corrals and prepare for the coming winter. John's house was the 2nd one built. There were no stoves in these one room homes. The cooking was all done and the room heated by a fireplace. The bread was baked in a "baking kettle".

John Courtland Searle plowed the first irrigation ditch made in Payson. He was assisted by his faithful oxen, Duke and Dime and Buck and Bright. All the water in Peteetneet Creek was turned into this ditch. This ditch was never changed. It runs north from Ammon Nebecker's home and is now known as Field Ditch #4. The first sod was turned by Mr. Searle. He also helped build two forts.

Their first child, a little girl named Jerusha Morrison was born 30 January, 1851, but owing to the hardships of the pioneer life, and the lack of proper medical attention, complications arose which caused the child's death on 8 Feb. 1851. She was barely a week old at this time. She was the first white child born in Payson and she was buried in what is called "Nebecker's Grove" but the exact

spot is not known.

John Courtland was the proud possessor of the first horse in the new settlement. He traded an ox to an Indian called "Ponawatz" for a "buckskin" pony. "Ponawatz" promptly killed and ate the ox. (Proof that the Indians preferred beef to horse meat.) John was ordained a Deacon 30 March, 1851, a Seventy on 24 May, 1857 and a High Priest 23 June, 1899.

His father, Breede Searle and family arrived in Payson the last of January or the first part of February, 1851. John Courtland built a house for his father, bringing the logs from Loafer canyon and hewing them with an ordinary axe, not having a broad axe. Some of the logs were hauled to a sawmill at Springville, where they "sawed on shares". So, some lumber was used in the construction of this house, which also contained a real window of glass, the panes being brought from Salt Lake City in 1850. This was the first house built in the old fort. This house was built on the lot that Joseph McClellan later bought and upon which he built his home. It was on this lot that John Courtland's father, Breede Searle, sowed the first apple seed planted in Payson. This seed grew into a very large tree.

On 9 April, 1857, he married Maria Josephine Hill, a sister of his first wife, Jerusha Morrison Hill, whom he had married 7 years earlier. Jerusha had in her possession the cup from which the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum took their last drink of water before the martyrdom, as they were on their way to Carthage. Mr. Searle took an active part in the Walker War in 1853 and in the Blackhawk War in 1865. He made two trips back to the Missouri River for the Saints, thus making five trips across the Plains by wagon and ox team.

In Nov. 1863 he went back to Fort Bridger to help the handcart company into Salt Lake City.

He also carried mail from Salt Lake City to Payson for a time. With the exception of a few years that he lived in Salt Lake City and a few years at Mountain Dell in Uintah County, he has resided in Payson since settling here in 1850. While in Mountain Dell, he was Superintendent of the Sunday School for six years.

He was the father of 23 children:

by his first wife, Jerusha:

Jerusha Morrison Eleanor Marie

(Great grandmother of Gaylia Moore)

*Sarah Ann

John Courtland

Edna Melissa

Lorna Estella

Albert

Joseph

Alice

Lilly

Minnie

James

by his second wife: Maria Josephine:

3 which died in infancy

Ida
Leonard Breede
Fredrick
Agusta
Frank
Garry Norman
William Hill
Asa Lyman
Cyrs Ray

John Courtland Searle died at Payson, Utah 17 November, 1920. He was 92 years old at the time of his death.



The following is the text of an article taken from a newspaper article written by Inez Robb, dated November 13, 1961.

According to Vida Hill Moore, and the elderly members of her family, GILES CORY is related to the Hill family, and although a search was made through the genealogy sheets in Vida's books, the only CORY found there was female.

"OLD WITCHCRAFT TALE REVIVED"

by Inez Robb

Truth is stranger than fiction and has a lot harder time getting to first base. Man dearly loves legends --- true, false or middlin'.

No red-blooded American, myself included, is ever going to repudiate Parson Weems, George Washington, the cherry tree and the future first President gallantly saying, "Father, I did it with my little hatchet, I cannot lie." Millions of Americans have cut their moral milk teeth on that one, and a good thing too.

But there is an earlier legend of even sturdier breed that dies harder than the cherry tree. In Washington D.C. recently, the canard was repeated by a witness before the House Un-American Activities Committee. The witness testified that one of his ancestors, Giles Coray, was burned at the stake during the dreadful witch hysteria that assailed Salem, Mass. with such hideous results in 1692.

The witness, Richard L. Criley, not overly betrayed a lamentable ignorance of his ancestor, but of American history. Contrary to popular belief which has been strongly held in this country since the Salem madness, no witch or witches were burned at Salem.

They were burned by the thousands in Europe, including children of eight and nine. So strongly is the stake associated historically with punishment for witchcraft, that it has subverted the truth about Salem, which is bad enough without the flame and the fagots. While the Salem hysteria lasted, 20 persons in that small community suffered death for witchcraft. All but Giles Coray were hanged. He had the sad distinction of a more terrible fate, but not at the stake. Cory was pressed to death, the only instance on record in this country of any individual suffering this fate, provided by an old English statute.

"Pressing" was a refined method of torture, designed to make the victim confess, rather than to kill him. The method consisted of piling pieces of iron or rock on the poor victim, increasing the weight, day by day and decreasing his food allotment.

This treatment was first applied to Cory in prison when he refused to plead either "innocent" or "guilty" to the charge of being a wizard. Tradition says that when he refused to speak in jail, he was finally taken to "witches hill", where the other victims died on the gallows. There, where the other innocents had met their fate, he finally died by pressing.

Cory met his death so stoically that he was called the "Iron Man". What makes the story of this

brave man doubly bad is that he was accused as a wizard and died for it when he was in his eighty-first year.

Who is to say why the stubborn old man refused to enter a plea? Perhaps he knew the futility of any such plea in Salem at the time. Or perhaps for his Christian contempt for such an indictment. Who knows?

It is not chic to Longfellow nowadays. But anyone who wishes to learn more of Giles Coray can find him embedded in Longfellow's "New England Tragedies". And he is a central figure in a play by another New England writer, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

But it is odd that so little has been written of this man who occupies a small but unique niche in American history. Even now, legend says, his old and gallant ghost haunts the site where he died. probably Americans will go on believing that witches were burned at Salem until kingdom come. But if I were a descendant of old Giles Cory, I would be proud enough to keep the record straight.

The "incident" described above took place on 22 September, 1692.

Cory was buried in an unmarked grave on Gallows Hill, overlooking Salem.

