Faithful to the End



The Life Stories of David and Alice Woodruff and of their son, Owen

PREFACE

Of course the main purpose for recording life histories is to preserve in part the lives of those involved. There is a desire to know our ancestors driven partly by curiosity but mainly by a need to help us know ourselves. I believe that we are a direct product of our ancestors. Uncle Lloyd says that he butchers the same way his father did. I cannot believe our knowledge and skill inheritance is limited to butchering. Our value system, parenting skills, style of speaking, occupations, attitudes and even unconscious gestures are influenced by our parents and unless we make a conscious effort to divert from parental example, we will probably follow them.

There is another purpose for writing this history. Since both Alice and David are dead and neither have left journals which give us their experiences first hand, I have gone to their descendents: children, grandchildren, nieces and nephews, for information. Therefore this history is not only a record of David and Alice but also in part, a record of each of those who have so kindly contributed.

In an attempt to preserve the meaning and spirit of their testimonies, I have recorded them as I received them. Much of information was recorded orally as these people recounted their memories and impressions. I only corrected grammar where the meaning became unclear. I have deleted some information when the children of David and Alice felt that it was incorrect.

Writing this history of David Patten and Alice Jane Woodruff has been a rich experience. Not only have I been blessed with an intimate knowledge of these two stalwarts, I have also gained a greater appreciation of their children and spouses: Vibert and Retta, Rhoda, Lloyd and Rachael, Golden and Bonnie. I am pleased to include the nephews and nieces of David who have added their fond memories. Two people from outside the family who have added that special dimension to the history are Lucy Jones and Victor Barr. Lucy, especially, has provided touching memories that until this time were unknown to the rest of the family.

Because we are recording the lives of imperfect beings, some of the information may cause discomfort to some. That is not the intent. However to portray these lives as accurately as possible, it is necessary to include these instances. I hope that we can acccept those things which have happened and learn from them.

I wish to extend appreciation to all those who have helped gather the information, edit and print the final product.

Garry L. Woodruff

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INTRODUCTION

DAVID PATTEN WOODRUFF JR.

David Patten Woodruff Jr. was born in Vernal, Unitah County, Utah on August 22, 1881 to David Patten Woodruff Sr. and Arrabelle Hatch. He was the oldest boy in a family of 11 children. He grew to be 5 foot 9 and 3/4 inches tall and weighed 150 lbs. His eyes were brown and his hair black. He enjoyed good health until about 6 months before his death, caused by cancer of the stomach.

His father farmed in Vernal until David was about 10 years old when the family moved to the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming, just out of Cody.

His schooling was received at Vernal, Utah and in the Big Horn Basin. However, much of his education was achieved on the back of horses that he loved so well. Throughout his life he always kept the best. He raised racehorses and enjoyed running them at the County Fairs and wherever he could raise some competition.

He enjoyed breaking horses and mastered the mane hold. With his left hand firmly gripped in the mane, the toes of his boots dug in under the front legs and held there by his spurs buried into the horses belly, he gentled many a horse. Much of his early life was spent working on his father's ranch and hiring out to the neighbours where he not only broke horses but did any job that needed to be done.

In 1901 and 1902 he left home to enter the Brigham Young Academy at Provo. While there he took a carpenter course. He was not a natural carpenter but worked hard to succeed. One of his instructors told him that he would never be a carpenter and suggested that he pack up his tools and go home. David perservered however, and got a good start on a mandolin. His children remember seeing that partially built mandolin on several occasions. David used that training to build two houses, several barns and granaries.

In the early nineteen hundreds mission calls to young men were the exception rather than the rule. David was the exception. In December, 1902 he was ordained an Elder by his uncle, Apostle A.O. Woodruff and left for a mission in Germany in January, 1903. While there he provided leadership in the units serving as branch president and clerk.

In the fall of 1905 he returned home to Cardston, Alberta where his father had moved with his family while David was in Germany. One of the first things that he did after alighting from the train was walk up to the H. S. Allen Store. When he walked in, his attention was attracted to the beautiful young clerk working there.

He then made a prophetic statement that was to set the course of history for many lives. "That's the girl I'm going to marry."

Shortly after that Henry Hinman invited the Woodruff family over to dinner. It was there that David officially met his bride-to-be, Alice Jane Hinman. They were married on April 3, 1907 in the Salt Lake Temple by John R. Winders.

They moved from the Caldwell District, where Dave's parent's lived, and took a homestead in the Ewelme District north of Glenwood. While there 6 children were born: Owen Hinman, Henry Vibert, Rhoda, Lloyd D, Norma and Golden Wayne. In 1925 David and Alice moved their family to Hartley where they could associate more readily with L.D.S. people.

Life in Hartley dealt some tragic blows to them. In December, 1928, twin girls were born. One was stillborn and the other died two weeks later. On June 10, 1929, David succumbed to cancer at the age of 47, leaving Alice to raise the family alone. Then on December 4, 1935, Owen was accidently killed while moving a house.

On May 10, 1933 Rhoda married Richard Cobia. Vibert married Henrietta Bohne on December 31, 1934 and took over the farm. Alice took the remaining three children; LLoyd, Norma, and Golden and moved to Cardston. On March 28, 1945, Lloyd married Rachel Rasmussen and Golden married Bonnie Stoddart on July 3, 1957. Norma never married. She died of cancer in Cardston on May 8, 1966.

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ALICE JANE HINMAN WOODRUFF

Alice Jane Hinman was born in Farmington, Utah on July 29, 1884. She was the sixth child of Henry Lyman Hinman and Mary Jane White. Her parents immigrated to Canada when she was about 10 years old. She grew to be 5 foot 6 inches tall and had sparkling blue eyes and light brown hair. She received most of her schooling in Cardston. She was active in cultural and social events. She sang in the choir, acted in several drama productions, and organized a social club with five of her girlhood friends. Thirty years later this same group of girls ended up back in Cardston after their families had been raised and the Club met weekly to discuss literature, visit and play cards until one by one death took them. It may well be proposed that that same club is active today in another sphere.

Alice was an industrious girl. After she left school she was employed as a clerk in the H.S. Allen store. She tells of many interesting experiences while there. One day a young cowboy came in to the store and asked to see the hats. She showed him one of the best. He asked the price.

It was $5.00. Now the price a man paid for his hat was an indicator of his social status and $5.00 was not a price one could clearly boast about so he asked if she had any hats that were more expensive. Understanding the rules of the game, Alice said that she thought she had something else in the back. She took the hat into the back, replaced the price tag with one that said $7.50 and presented the newly priced hat to the cowboy. He was ecstatic. Now he had the most expensive hat in town.

Facing the street was a large glass window. Indians wishing to pass the time of day or just rest would sit on the window ledge and take in the sun. On this particular day Alice heard a war whoop from one of the Indians sitting there. His hat flew off his head as a puff of dust lifted from it. A small hole appeared in the window pane. Later they found the cause of the commotion when they dug a bullet from the front of one of the shelves in the store. Cardston was a real western town.

News that the Woodruffs were expecting their son, David, home from his mission in Germany permeated the town well before he arrived. All the young girls talked of nothing else. Alice must have shared this excitement. She was 21 years old at the time and certainly of marrying age. However she was shy. On the day that David arrived she was working in the store. While several of the town girls tried to make themselves unobviously obvious, she tried to hide as she busied herself behind some shelves. Perhaps this is one thing that attracted David to her.

She proved to be a good mother, a loyal and loving wife, with a strong testimony of the gospel and a high set of moral values. She loved Dave all of her life. She did not often speak of him after his death but when she did she used a special tone of love and respect reserved just for him. She was a widow for 33 years. During that time men came courting but she soon let them know that she was Dave Woodruff's wife and he alone would receive her affections.

Alice lived the remainder of her life in Cardston in a small white house on the east side of the street, across from the temple block. She was killed in a car accident on Highway #2 just south of Claresholm, Alberta on August 29, 1961 at the age of 77 years.

The Sunday before her death was Stake Conference. The family gathered at her place for dinner. All those living in Canada were present: Vibert and Retta, Lloyd and Rachael, Golden and Bonnie and their families and of course Norma enjoyed that last meal. In addition and in keeping with Alice's life long practice, Lucy Jones, an old friend of the family, who had missed her ride home, was invited to dinner.

The next day Norma drove Golden, Bonnie and their young daughter and Alice to Calgary to visit relatives when the fatal accident happened. She had visited with all of her

children and grandchildren, with the exception of three grandsons who were in the mission field, within the week before she died.



Family portrait of David Patten Woodruff Sr.
David Jr. is far left on the back row.



David Woodruff,
missionary picture



Alice Woodruff
taken about 1950

CHAPTER 1

MEMORIES OF THEIR CHILDREN AND SPOUSES

HENRY VIBERT WOODRUFF

Shortly after their marriage, Mother and Dad proved up on a homested about 8 miles north of Glenwood. While Father was moving what worldly possessions he had from Caldwell over to the Ewelme area, he borrowed a team of horses from one of his relatives. He had the team of horses on the wagon and another horse tied to the side. While he was crossing the river the old gal tied on the side decided that she didn't like the water and she pulled the team and wagon off the ford. Before he got out of that he had drowned a team of horses and lost all his clothing and that type of thing.

Things were rough for Dad but he worked his homestead. While he was in Germany he knew a family that he was very close to. He told one of the sons that when he got to Canada he would buy him a pony - thnking that he would never come to Canada. He had barely got started on the homestead before he got a letter from this little boy from Raymond, telling him that he wanted his pony. Dad only had about 6 or 7 head of cattle, but he took one of his cows and traded it to an Indian for a black and white pinto pony and kept his word with this boy. This was always a testimony to me. Dad always taught us that we should keep our word.

Dad had a few favorite sayings that have stayed with me all my life. He told me, "Any fool can make a dollar but it takes a wise man to spend it." " A dollar saved is a dollar earned." "A man is no better than his word."

One thing that really impressed me was that everyone was welcome at our home. When we lived on the homestead, peddlars travelled by horse and buggy. We continually had someone there overnight. When Owen and I were 6 and 7 years old we had collected enough from the money given to us by people who stayed there to buy ourselves a pony.

I recall an incident when they used to put in those wooden bridges in the winter time. These men lived in tents. They were putting in a bridge not too far from our place when a terrible blizzard came in from the north. We ended up with this bridge crew on our kitchen floor for about 3 or 4 nights until the blizzard blew over.

I remember the fall just before we left the homestead. They were putting in a telephone line not too far from our place. Golden was just a baby at the time. Mother had been out of the hospital for about a month and one of these telephone men came and wanted to know if Mother would cook for this crew. They had been all over the area and no one else would cook for them. We had my cousin, Dave Fleming,

and his wife staying with us so Mother consented to cook for this crew for 10 - 15 days while they put the telephone in. I always appreciated this because everyone was always welcome in our home.

I only remember once that mother turned a... well, call him what you like. He was on foot - a hitchhiker. But it was in the fall of the year. They used to do their thrashing with large outfits. They would have about 10 to 12 teams. All Mother's beds were gone to thrashing men and the only place she had to put this fellow to bed was with Owen and me and he didn't look too clean to her so she sent him on his way.

I used to visit with Vede and Audrey Bennion quite a bit. They had run away to get married and her folks weren't too happy about this. Audrey said that when her first baby was born in Pincher Creek, Dad was the only one other than Vede to come and visit her. She remembered Dad coming and bringing her a bag of oranges. I don't remember Dad giving too much advice and counsel but he enjoyed helping people.

One family that Dad took under his wing was a widow from out in the Beaver mines country. Her husband had been out hunting and when he came home he set his gun down. One of his children was playing with the gun and accidently shot his father. The woman moved to Brocket and ran a boarding house. Dad used to drop in there fairly often and he hired one of the girls to work for us. That was Sophia Kyllo. She lived with us from the time that she was 17 years old until she married Victor Barr at the age of 22.

In 1917 Father had got something in his eye and he wasn't able to see. We had had a fall snow storm. It had melted so that it was slippery. He talked Sophia into driving him into Pincher Creek to see a doctor. They had got about 3 miles up the road and Sophia was nervous so they stopped at another neighbor's to get him to drive Dad's car to the doctor.

This man said, "I'll not drive your car but I'll drive mine and take you in." So Sophia was left there.

It wasn't very long until about 3 or 4 of the young chaps from the community there had decided that they were going to take Dad's car and chase around in it. Before they got through, they had run into a post and bent a fender up. They had Sophia promise that she would take the blame for it.

Sophia told Mother about this but she told me later, "You know your Mother never believed a word I said. I'll always remember the thing your mother told me. 'You know Sophia, what a tangled web we weave, when others we try to deceive.'" Sophia had offered to pay for the damages to the car out of her wages but the folks would never take anything from her.

Another time, Mother had gone to Cardston to have Lloyd. Just before she got home, Sophia and Myrtle Garnet had decided that they were going to have a dance at the house before Mother got home. They had it planned for Friday night and about Thursday, Mother showed up. Sophia wondered how she was going to get out of this. She told mother what was going on. Mother and Dad went along. We made sandwiches and Dad sent us up to get a neighbor lady whose husband was away. We brought her down to the dance and we had a gay time. So Mother could go right along with these things. She was a kind woman and could see the funny side of everything. Things that would bring tears to some would bring laughter to Mother.

When Father was 47, he seemed like an old man to me. I think he had worn out before his time because it was a 5-in-the-morning-to-10-o'clock-at-night day for him. He never preached to us. He taught us by example.

I was Dad's favorite. I don't know if it was because I looked like him or if he was trying to make a man out of me. He always took me with him. I remember in the summer of 1918 in July we moved cattle from the Ewelme area to the Beaver Mines country which was about 40 miles west, and he took me with him. I was a tired little boy but I really enjoyed it.

We used to have an old fellow by the name of Bill McKinney who used to sell Neal goods. He would come around at least every spring and every fall and he would stay with us for a day or two. I remember him sitting on a milk stool out in the barn and telling us boys stories about Dad and him from that Wyoming country.

Then he and Dad would sit around at night and remember things that they had done. Things like chivarees. They told about one fellow who wasn't going to let them in so they pried the door open. One fellow had little pigs and they put them down the front of his underwear.

They told of a dance they had and one old fellow got drunk. He shot all the lights out and when the people started to race for the doors, he stood on a table and yelled, "Don't crowd the leaders!"

Dad and Bill McKinney used to chase wild horses. During those evenings they would reminisce about building corrals around water holes. They would wait until the horses came in for water and then they would shut the gate. If they only wanted one particular horse out of a bunch, two of them would take turns chasing it until they had it winded. Then they would catch it and break it while it was tired.

The Neal man and the Watkins man would come around to the place regularly and sell the folks sugar, coconut, and extracts. These were the "grocery stores". The Neal Man would take orders and then send the groceries. Watkins

carried the goods with them. This was a convenience to those people isolated on the farms.

While Dad never used coarse language in the house, he was able to express himself to an ornery horse or cow. However this was not a common occurrence.

Sophia Barr tells of using the Lord's name and Mother said, "Oh please Sophia don't use that kind of language around my children!" Sophia tells of how embarrassed she was. She said that she used it in her own home but she would never use it in Mother's home. She was always impressed by Mother's approach, "Please don't use it in front of my children."

Mother and Dad lived in the Ewelme area from 1907 to 1925. They left the area because their boys were getting older and they wanted them to be more closely associated with the church. They moved at a financial sacrifice. Dad had bought that quarter at Hartley and then traded it to his nephew, Wilford. When Wilford died of pneumonia, Mother and Dad decided that they didn't want their children marrying out of the church so Dad bought the land back from Wilford's widow and we moved there.

Dad served as a counsellor to President Bigelow in the first Branch Presidency of the Hartley Branch when it was formed. He also served on the School Board. He was there when the Hartley school was built.

Mother lost some children that were never talked about. Whether they were premature or what I never knew. They were miscarried. The only ones that I know about are a set of twins that were born during a blizzard at Hartley. One of the twins had died before they were born and had partially decayed and poisoned the other little girl. She only lived about 3 weeks. This affected Mother's health for sometime.

In the summer of 1927, Dad was branding a steer up in the Beaver Mines country. He had the steer in a corral and had roped and tied it to a post. The post broke off and hit Dad in the chest, breaking some ribs. Dad rode into Pincher Creek and got the doctor to bind him up. He was sore for the rest of the summer and then seemed to heal but the doctors believe this is what started the cancer that took him two years later.

Later during that summer Dad took Mother and Rhoda through British Columbia and down to Weiser, Idaho. While they were gone, Mother's brother, Schyler Hinman, died of a heart attack. The family could not get hold of Dad and they got back the day after the funeral.

Dad died in '29 and Doc died in '35. During the Depression we lost land that wasn't paid for. We held on to the Shear place. Father had a lot of property that wasn't paid for. We had taxes piled up on land and we lost a lot of land. Dad was always reaching out for more property.

Right after Owen was killed, Mother sold the old home place at Ewelme for enough to take care of all her debts. From then on she didn't have a lot of money but she had enough to get along on. She kept one-half section across the river and that was a good source of income for her for the rest of her life.

Dad had handled all the finances himself so when he died, Mother found it difficult. But when Dad found out he was sick, he signed everything over to her so that there wouldn't be any problems when he died. When Dad came home from the hospital, Mother phoned the bank and told them that if Dad wrote any cheques, they were to honor them. But he wasn't home very long after that.

After Mother moved to Cardston, she bought a quarter section out west of Cardston. Lloyd lived out there until he moved to Grassy Lake and then she sold it.

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RHODA WOODRUFF COBIA

"You will see the day that you will be very greatful that you had a God-fearing father and mother as parents." This is a quote from my patriachal blessing given to me by my grandfather Woodruff when I was fifteen years old.

When Dad and Mother were first married they didn't have too much of this world's goods. It had cost some to go to Salt Lake City to the nearest temple to be properly married. From stories Mom told me they had a good time there swimming and dancing etc. It was a good way to start a marriage. They had few vacations after that.

When they got home, Dad went to work with a group of men and Mother cooked for them. Eventually Dad and Mother moved to a small house. It was just a square one room home situated between the Ewelme and Spring Ridge schools. They decided to add onto it. Father took the roof off and then went to town to get some lumber. He was gone over night. We had a hired man, Jordan Law, working for us at that time and he used to sleep up in the attic. So this night he had to sleep without a roof over his head.

In the night a terrible storm came up. Mother was not really very nervous about lightning but that night it was lightning and thundering so hard that she listened for Jordan upstairs, but she couldn't hear him. She was positive that the lightening had struck so close that it had struck him. She shivered all night, dreading to go upstairs because she was sure that she would find Jordan dead.

But in the morning she heard a little stir up there and someone put a foot down, "Well!" he said, "It must have rained in the night."

After Father added onto our house on all four sides and up above, it was a nice comfortable home. However in the new lumber for the additions there were bedbugs and the only way to get rid of them was for us to move out of the house and fumigate it with sulphur and formaldehyde.

Of course in those days there was no bathroom, running water or electricity. Our kitchen ceiling was factory cotton tacked to the rafters and freshly calcimined each year. On our beds we had straw a tick. Every fall we would go out after the threshing and get nice fresh straw and put in our tick and that would do for another year.

The first thing I remember, was standing at the foot of the stairs in a little brown dress with little tiny white flowers in it. Mother was coming down the stairs with her arms full of laundry and she fell. She wasn't hurt seriously however.

One time Dad needed some blacksmithing done. We had a German neighbor named Eddy Naithe who had a welding outfit. So Dad went up there and asked Mr.Naithe if he would do the welding while Dad went out and got some hay for his stock.

He said,"Yes." So Dad went out and got the hay and did whatever was necessary. Then he brought the horses in and unharnassed them and went to see if the welding was done.

Mr. Nathe had his father living with him and his father said to Mr. Nathe in German, "I don't suppose he unharnassed the horses."

Dad replied in perfect German, "Oh Ya. Ya. I did. And I fed them too."

Dad never forgot his German. He spoke it fluently until he died. In those days missionaries who went to foreign countries learned the language after they arrived. Father had what he called his German mother who taught him the language and she did a very good job of it. He credited his ability to use the language so well to her teaching.

Dad was not only a good worker and he taught us to work but he also taught us dependability and responsibility for ourselves and our brothers and sisters. He loved his animals. They were always well fed and well cared for. They were never abused. That was always a quality I admired in my Dad.

One of the first things I remember about Dad. We lived at the bottom of a little hill. Every time I heard his wagon coming down the road from town, I'd run up the hill. If I could get up to the wagon before he got the gate open, the wagon through and the gate closed, he would lift me up on the wagon with him. He always brought home treats. It started out being candy but Mother started worrying about our teeth so Dad brought home peanuts. But I got to ride up on the wagon with my Dad and hold the peanuts. That was the highlight of my day.

We had some cousins that lived close to us. One day the boys were out there quarreling. Dad went out and said, "Only dogs fight. Are you boys dogs?"

Melvin Vickery, one of the boys replied, "No. Just part. Part dog and part man."

When we got a little older, Dad offered us $5.00 for the first one who got the Book Of Mormom read. I got the $5.00.

To make money we caught gophers and mice and saved their tails. One cent for mice and two cents for gophers. And that was what I had to buy Christmas presents with.

Dad couldn't sing but Mother had a beautiful voice. What talent we have in that regard comes from Mother. We had an organ and Mother used to play that. In the winter time we always got together and we learned how to dance and sing. Father taught me how to dance.

They always got a winter's supply. In our house we had a basement, a storeroom and a pantry and they were always full for the winter. In the winter we would gather around and have popcorn and apples.

Along with being strictly honest and no wasted time, Father definitely did not like anything of a vulgar nature. I never heard him say anything or listen to anything vulgar.

I think Mother had more of the finer talents. She was the one that used to sing to us kids. She was the one that used to recite us poetry and tell us stories. She was a wonderful story teller. Dad was a beautiful penman but Mom was the one who was the story teller. She was the one who showed us how to have fun. And Dad would go along with it as long as it was good fun. That was o.k.

Dad came home from his mission with a moustache. Mother was not pleased with it, so one day with the scissors in her hand she put her arm around his neck and snip, she chopped off one side so Dad had to cut it all off. His mother was very unhappy because she liked that moustache.

Dad had one thing that he really liked to do and that was to ride bucking horses. Mother decided that had to go or she wouldn't have a husband and a father for her kids. So Dad didn't ride very much. Although he really didn't have much time to ride anyway.

Dad was very tender hearted. He gave cows to those in need. It really meant a lot to those families. One was Aunt Amy who was raising a family without a husband. And she was having a very hard time of it. She sold cream and butter from the cow Dad gave her which really helped her out. Dad gave Sophia Kyllo's mother, who was also raising a family without a husband, a cow too. I thought there was another one but I don't remember who.

We had another family living down over the hill from us who was having a bad time and he had a cow he needed to sell. Dad didn't need a cow. But this man needed to sell

this cow to have money to buy things for his family. So Dad bought the cow. He did all sorts of these kinds of things.

It wasn't easy for Dad to talk to us kids but he was anxious that we do what was right. The winter that Vibert had scarlet fever, they wanted me to go on to school. So they took me to Glenwood to a widow's place. She had two daughters and she lived right close to the school and there wasn't any work to do. All I had to do was my homework and then I could go down to the river and sleigh ride with the girls or anything else I wanted. Well, they got to worrying about it. Another one of Dad's sayings was, "An idle mind is the devil's workshop." So he took me over to Stringhams. He was a member of parliament and gone a lot and she had 10 or 11 kids. So what did Rhoda do? She had lots to do. But I liked it there.

When Dad and Mother took the cattle up to the hills once, we went with them and Mother made stretch candy over the open fire.

After Dad died, life was really hard for Mother. The produce we sold from the farm brought in very little. It was during the depression years and difficult to pay the bills, keep food on the table and clothes on our backs. I well remember all the patching and mending that Mother and I used to do. She would say, "Patch by patch is neighborly but patch upon patch is beggarly." We were often beggarly.

I remember her saying that it was very hard for her to get along without Dad but she was so thankful to have us children. I was happy that she felt this way and I tried to do what I could to help her. She had three quite young children, one under school age. My two older brothers went out to work some and so did I but I didn't get paid much for doing house work and caring for children.

Mother took her responsibilities very seriously. Soon after I began to date, I started to go with a young man, Richard Cobia, who had come into our community from Montana. Mother could see that I really liked him and she was really worried because she didn't know anything about him.

She said, "Rhoda, if anything happened to you, I don't know how I could face your father." I arranged for Dick to get his patriarchal blessing from Patriarch Franklin Pierce Fisher. He received a good blessing and Mother seemed relieved.

I suppose it was due to this special mother and the hope of being with my father again that helped me keep morally straight. Soon after we were married in the Cardston temple. How mother wanted this to be a special wedding but there was no money for frills.

After Vibert took over the farm, Mother moved into Cardston. Life was much easier for her after that but she didn't have much for her two young sons to do. During

vacation time they used to come to Hartley and stay with Vibe and Retta and Dick and I on our farms.

Mother and Norma raised a beautiful garden in Cardston and had a lovely yard with flowers. Mother had old friends in Cardston and modern conveniences in her home. It was good for her to get away from the drudgery of the farm. She used to enjoy her grandchildren. I'm happy all my children can remember her, the only grandparent they had.

After we moved to Moses Lake, Washington, Mother would come and visit us, sometimes for several weeks. When Patti was born she came down to help. The summer that David raised onions to put away money for college, she would get up early with the rest of us and go out and help weed them.

She was there to encourage the older ones in living good lives, going on missions, schooling and temple marriage. When Lorna and Bert were married in the Cardston Temple, Mother and Norma prepared and had a very lovely wedding breakfast in their home. They took weeks preparing for this special event.

May we live worthy to dwell with these, our special parents when this life is o'er.

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This is the pinto pony that David bought for the German boy. It was the fulfilment of a promise David made. (Story page 5)

LLOYD D WOODRUFF

When my father passed away, I was only 9 years old. If you remember when you were 9 years old you probably don't remember too much.

About a month ago I was butchering and I thought, "Who taught you to butcher?" And I remembered - it was my Father. As I do it now, other than the Farmhand, was the way my father did it.

As I remember my father, he was always on the go. Some people have said that he was a man of few words and I tell you he was. One time he told me to go get the cows. I went up over the hill and I thought I looked in all the valleys and curves. I went back and told him I couldn't find them. He pounded my backside right good and I went back up over the hill. As I was going over the hill, I heard someone yelling. I didn't know whether to run faster or to look. But he had me pretty well trained and I looked and I saw this arm waving me back and I thought, "Oh, oh! What am I going to get now?" But I went back and he put me on a horse and sent me to where the cows were.

I remember him stacking hay and fixing fence so that when the stack was finished so was the fence and the cows were kept out in the winter time.

I used to like to go up and visit my Uncle Charlie and Aunt Liza Hinman. But I didn't always ask permission. This one day I came back and it was fairly late. Mother sent me out to get a willow.

When I came back Mother said, "One of us has to have this used on us. I wonder who it is going to be." Well, I got it. I don't think she hurt me. I sure appreciated my mother. She was a real friend to me.

I remember when Father passed away. It seemed to me that he was never sick. And when he went to bed this day I thought, "Boy this must be serious." And it was. I remember him going to Cardston and having an operation and coming back. He and Vibert went down to Glenwood with his old team of horses one day to get a load of coal and when he got back he went to bed and I don't remember him ever getting up again.

I wasn't home when Dad passed away. My younger brother and I, like kids are, used to fight and this bothered him so they sent us up to my Uncle Charlie's. I remember the night he passed away Bishop Bigelow came and told us that he had passed away.

The next morning I asked my aunt if I could go home and she said, "Yes." So I went home. I went looking for my mother and I found her.

I want you young people to know this about my mother. After I was married, I stopped in to see Mother one day. She was just smiling all over.

She said, "Do you know what happened the other day?"
I said, "No. Tell me about it."
She said, "I went to the back door and there was a little fellow in the back yard playing. I said.'Do you want a cookie?'" Well what a foolish question to ask a young boy! So he came in and she gave him a cookie.
Well all of a sudden the biggest grin came over his face and he looked up at Mother and he said, "You aren't a woman."
"Well," she asked, "What am I?"
He said,"You're a Grandma!"
My mother said that that was one of the greatest compliments that she had ever had in her life.

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GOLDEN WOODRUFF

I have a different memory of my parents. I was about 4 years old when Dad died.
I remember three things about our father. The first thing was that one time he had a load of grain to go to the elevator in Glenwood and somehow I proceeded to open the tail gate of the wagon it was loaded in. That was the first licking I got from our father.
The next thing I remember of Father was I was sitting with him on a bunch of poles that he was using to build corrals with up at the south barn at Hartley where we used to live.
The next thing that I remember was at his death. The only time I remember seeing my Grandfather Woodruff, David Patten Senior, was when Dad died. He lived down in Weiser, Idaho.
I remember more of our mother. She was sick for a number of years. She suffered with gallstones for about 30 years until she had them taken out. Then she gained relief for the rest of her life.
I remember when I first went to school. I didn't like school because there wasn't a day went by that I didn't get the strap because all I wanted to do was play stick horse which upset the whole grade one class. Mother took me out of school before my sixth birthday in October. Because I hated to read, my mother used to sit and read my school books to me by the hour or she would read the Doctrine and Covenants. She would read books like Black Beauty, Robinson Crusoe and Tom Sawyer. I can still hear her reading those books to me. I used to go to school and report these books and the school teacher never knew that I hadn't read a line in the book. I am grateful to my Mother for what education I got.

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RETTA BOHNE WOODRUFF (VIBERT'S WIFE)

Mother Woodruff was a wonderful woman. She had a hard life. She was a heavy woman. She always worked all the time. Her yard was kept clean. There were a lot of trees around the place and I remember her going around gathering all the dried wood that had fallen off the trees, keeping her garden clean.

I remember during the Hungry Thirties she had a wonderful rhubarb patch and we had rhubarb for dessert almost every day because we didn't have much. But she would put a little soda in the rhubarb to take away the tartness of it so it didn't take so much sugar. Mother Woodruff was a frugal woman. She was able to keep herself financially fit and care for herself.

She was a very kind person. You never heard her speak ill of anyone. We went on a trip and took Mother Woodruff with us. There were Vibert and I and Viberta, Bonnie and Garry. Viberta was 12, Bonnie was 10, and Garry was 8. She sat in the back of that car and didn't move. We would stop for gas but she would never get out of the car. She would just sit there all day and never move. I don't know how she did that. She was a very patient person.

She was called to be Relief Society President in about 1933. Aunt Liza Hinman and Zina Ackroyd were her counsellors. She would travel by team and wagon and visit everyone of the sisters in the ward. At that time when it was time to release a member from a postion in the church, the member would talk to someone they thought could fill their position to see if they would do it. The member would then make the recommendation to the bishop who would consider it and make the call. In 1935 just before she was released Mother Woodruff came to me and asked if I would be the next Relief Society President. I was so scared that I said no. Now Mother was not one to promote her own. She thought that I would be an able person for the job.

Mother and Dad Woodruff always had family prayers in their home and they attended church. When she would come home from church and her boys had not attended she would tell them what a wonderful meeting it had been. She never preached to them but they knew what their duty was. When Vibert and I went to the temple for our endowments and to be sealed, it was a happy day for her.

Her greatest desire which she often expressed was that she would remain faithful to the end.

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RACHEL RASMUSSEN WOODRUFF (LLOYD'S WIFE)

My sister once told me, " Find a woman you like and marry her son. And that's what I did. I don't remember Mother ever speaking ill of people. She was always kind to

everyone. I first met her when I started going with her son but I had seen her before and admired her because I knew she was raising her family without a husband and was doing a good job of it. She always made me feel good.

For thirty years she and Sister Hendry had 100% attendance at visiting teaching.

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BONNIE STODDART WOODRUFF (GOLDEN'S WIFE)

Golden and I had just been married about 4 years when we lost Mother Woodruff in a car wreck that took her and our baby daughter. The thing that I remember best about Mother was how loving she was and how much our little daughter loved her. We used to say to our little daughter, "You're a peanut."

I remember one morning just before the accident her grandmother said something to her and she said, "Oh Grandmother you're a peanut!" She loved her grandmother because she gave her bread and honey and she loved that.

I hope you will appreciate the family that you have come from. This family is a product of the special Mother and Father.





Two missionary pictures of David. He is back row and center in both pictures. The picture on the left was taken on the boat on the way to Germany. The picture on the right was taken while he was in Germany.

CHAPTER TWO

MEMORIES OF FAMILY FRIENDS

LUCY (HATCH) JONES <worked for David and Alice in Hartley>

We moved to Glenwood and first saw them in Sunday School when I was 16. Sister Woodruff was not well at the time. It was just before her youngest babies were born. They were living in Hartley at the time and Brother Woodruff wanted me to come and work for them. I worked all that summer and fall of 1926 and the babies were born in December. I had a happy time there.

It was a very bad night when the babies were born. There was a blizzard and the phone lines were down. I had had some experience making a delivery bed when my sister was born. Sister Woodruff had everything laid out in case the baby came before she could get to the hospital.

At about 2:00 o'clock in the morning Brother Woodruff came and knocked on the door and said, "Lucy, come make Alice's bed." So I did. Rhoda helped too. Brother Woodruff went out and got the horses, a shod team that he always kept in the barn all harnessed, and went to the neighbors to see if he could get some help. He phoned to the doctor from Glenwood. He then went and got Sister Beaves and she came and then he went up to Hartley's for extra bedding so that there would be plenty of changes for the bed. While he was gone, the baby arrived.

I had gone outside to empty some things and while I was out there Sister Beaves yelled, "Lucy! Lucy, bring the lamp!" I did. And then the baby arrived. She wrapped it in a quilt and passed it to me and I handed it to Rhoda and held the lamp. Sister Woodruff had started out with twins but one twin had died. My guess is about half way through, and it was partially decayed. You could see its little ribs. She laid it all out so that the doctor could see. The doctor didn't get there until about two hours afterward. He had to come from Cardston. He brought a man with him and had to shovel nearly every step of the way through a raging blizzard.

The little thing lived for about two weeks and died of convulsions. That was quite a traumatic time. I was in the L-shaped front room where there was a table and I was folding clothes. One of the Relief Society sisters, who was staying with Sister Woodruff, was putting the baby into hot water and out again because she had convulsions.
All of a sudden Sister Woodruff said, "Oh, she's gone." Then Brother Woodruff came in and she said, "Well Dave, she's gone. She was a beautiful little black haired girl. She looked a lot like Rhoda."

Her sister, Dora, came out in the evening and stayed that night and the funeral was the next day. They had a beautiful funeral service there at the house and then took her out to the cemetry where she was buried. The Relief Society sisters brought in food and helped. It was a sad Christmas for them but Sister Woodruff took it well.

Shortly after that time, Brother Woodruff and the boys went across the river to haul grain from their land there to Brocket. He said that he would hire a man to do the chores and I could cook for him, or Rhoda and I could do the chores and then I wouldn't have a man to cook for. Well, we decided that Rhoda and I would do the chores and then I could learn to milk. And when Rhoda had to go to school, I would clean the barns and feed the pigs.

It was a happy time. It saved them the cost of a hired man and Sister Woodruff and I had happy days there by ourselves with Goldie. Norma and Lloyd were going to school in Hartley and Rhoda was going to school in Glenwood.

Brother Woodruff was always considerate of his hired help. One time a big old sow had got into the pond and drowned. He dragged her out and ran to the house. I had a boiler full of water on to do the washing. He told me that he needed the water to scald the sow. He never wasted anything. I helped him butcher that pig. He was really pleased.

A German immigrant family came to Glenwood. They used to make harness for the Woodruff's. One of the family was a young, single man. Brother Woodruff was always telling me what a nice young man this was and German words that I was to tell this young man. But I figured that there was a trick because he had such a grin on his face. I think it was something I was to say that was quite startling. He really had a good sense of humor.

The first summer that I worked for them they were planning on a vacation to Banff but it fell through. Sister Woodruff was so sad. She said that Brother Woodruff was working too hard and needed a holiday.

Brother Woodrufff was always considerate of his family. I remember when he would talk to Goldie. He would call him Wayne. His name was Golden Wayne. He couldn't always come to eat at meal times and would often eat after. I would be washing dishes and he would be talking to Wayne. I think he loved his family very much. He was always considerate of Sister Woodruff.

Sister Woodruff didn't think that Brother Woodruff knew how sick he was because they didn't talk about it. But I know that he knew. In March when he had surgery they just opened him up and tied the bowel directly into the stomach and closed him up again.

Dr. Woolf picked up Sister Woodruff one day in his buggy and said, "If you'll just let him go, you'll save him a lot of suffering."

But she said, "Oh I can't. I can't." She wrote to a lot of doctors and companies. They sent her recipes and ways to make life easier for him. She had them all come in my name because she didn't want him to see them. I never did open them. I just laid them aside and she would open them.

Every Sunday Brother Woodruff went to church and took everyone who was able to go with him. He was a very devout L.D.S. person. He spoke often about his mission to Germany. He remembered the language well.

I remember a Sacrament meeting at the Hartley Branch. He had been asked to say prayer. He was the most humble man. It was the most touching prayer. I forget the words but I still remember the spirit of that prayer.

I thought, "He's so sick but he stands there as if he wasn't sick and offers that prayer." He had great faith and I'm sure it must have stood him in great stead.

One night he upset Sister Woodruff a great deal. He got to talking, "I don't know what my wife will do. And my family." And I know he was talking about when he was gone. It upset everyone. Sister Woodruff went and got into bed and the boys wouldn't talk to him.

He signed everything over to Sister Woodruff. Then when he lived a month or so longer he said, "Oh, I wish I hadn't had it done." But it wasn't too long after that that he passed away.

He was a very patient man when he was sick. He would often read scriptures to me. Sometimes we would just sit and talk. This suprised me because before he was ill he was always in a hurry.

It seemed to me, although he never said it, that he wanted enough land for his children. When he died they were $4000.00 in debt. When the Social Credit Government came in Sister Woodruff was able to start paying off the debt because it stopped the bank from charging compound interest. Before that time all their payments went to the compound interest.

During his last illness people would come to help and sometimes it would upset Sister Woodruff. One night two men came to spend the night with Brother Woodruff.

She came to my room and said, "Lucy I don't know what I'm going to do. I know it will upset Dave to have one of those men in particular sitting in his room. What will I do?"

I said, "Tell them to go sleep out in the front room on the chesterfield and we will call them when they are needed." Which they did. I told her to go to bed and I

would sit with Brother Woodruff until 2:00 o'clock and then I would call her and I would go to bed. And she did it.

Around 1:00 o'clock I got up and walked around so that I wouldn't go to sleep and Brother Woodruff said, "Lucy aren't you getting awfully tired sitting here?"

I said,"No, I don't mind sitting here." He was always considerate of others. No one felt uncomfortable in his presence. Everyone felt comfortable.

The night that Brother Woodruff passed away it was pouring rain. Sister Woodruff and her sister-in-law were sitting with him. Everyone else had gone to bed. His father got up and came in and stayed with him and that was a great comfort for her. Sister Woodruff says that she knows that his mother had come for him.

At 4:00 o'clock Sister Woodruff came up to my bedroom and got in bed with me. I said that I had better get up and get breakfast.

She said, "No. You lay right here with me and put your arms around me while I cry."

I don't know how long we lay there before her brother, Charlie Hinman, came and said that we should gather up his things and bury him right away. His poor body was so worn out that we shouldn't wait but prepare his body immediately for burial.

He was laid out at home. Doc Davis came and shaved him because he had shaved him while he was sick. We took everything out of the bedroom and laid his body in there. Lloyd, Norma and Goldie had gone to stay with Aunt Liza Hinman. Lloyd and Norma seemed to know more about it but Goldie was only four.

I was on my knees scrubbing the front room floor when Goldie came in. He had his arms akimbo and he walked around and around me. Any other time I would have put him out.

He said, "Say Luce, what have they done with my dad?" That really touched me and I had to tell him that his Father's body had passed away and his spirit had gone to live with Heavenly Father. I had never told that story before but you do what you have to do. I'm sure Brother Woodruff would have been real pleased. I know that Sister Woodruff was. It was hard on the boys.

One time she came to visit my parents. My father asked her, "And how are you doing, Alice?" She started to cry.

She said, "I guess I"m doing good. The boys are very good but it's not like Dave."

I think they were very happy when they were together. He wasn't a noisy man. He was a proud man but he could sure see the funny side of life and I can still hear him when he laughed over a good joke.

The last time I saw Sister Woodruff it was at conference time. I had ridden in with a neighbor and I was hoping to catch my son, Glen, and go home with him. But I couldn't find Glen. Vibert saw me and said to come down and have dinner with them. So I did and I was very grateful because that was the Sunday before Sister Woodruff passed away.

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VICTOR BARR <married Sophia Kyllo who worked for David and Alice at Ewelme>

I rode binder for David one fall. I met Sophia there. David was quite a tease. He thought the world of Sophia. One day he had been out in the barn and then he camer into the house with dirty feet. She gave him heck and said that somebody should take their shoes off. He grinned and said that somebody else should take their shoes off too.

His wife, Alice was a lovely woman. There was no better woman than her. I remember once I was down there to see Sophia, who later became my wife, and there was a Christmas program up at Spring Ridge. The whole family went up there. I went up in my sleigh to bring them all home. It was after dark and I was coming down by the Duffield place and there was a cutbank. I thought I was well up on the grass but I missed it and went over the cutbank. We upset the sleigh. No one was hurt and Mrs. Woodruff just laughed.

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ART KYLLO <BROTHER TO SOPHIA KYLLO BARR>

I was 16 the summer of 1919 when Dave asked me to ride herd on his cattle that were being pastured near our place. It was a very dry year and cattlemen were looking desperately for winter feed for their cattle. Dave made arrangements with a Mr. Hale, a grain farmer in the Blackie district some 120 miles to the north, to run his cattle on Mr Hale's stubble fields after the grain had been harvested.

Dave picked out sixty-five head of cows with their for the trip and he and I started pushing them north during the latter part of October. It was a monotonous undertaking with one day following another of watching the south end of a cow heading north. We always got the cattle started from the bedding ground in the early morning before they started moving on their own. The early start kept the herd out of mischief such as starting on the back trail or crawling through fences into farmer's fields or mixing in with other herds of cattle. We moved along at a slow leisurely pace which allowed the cattle to graze as they travelled. I suppose we would average about ten miles a day.

The herd was held overnight on the road allowances near a ranch yard. Once the cattle settled down we would ride into the ranch yard to arrange feed and stabling for our saddle horses and food and accommodation for ourselves. For the most part people were very helpful to us realizing that times were pretty tough for the cowmen with herds to put through the winter.

I remember one night we held the cattle near a ranch yard only to find no one home at the ranch. Getting the herd underway again we moved them along a further half mile and came across another pretty prosperous looking place. Getting the cattle bedded down once again we rode in to see about food and accommodation for ourselves and our saddle horses. Well, the young rancher didn't seem very open-hearted to our needs but his wife told us to come in and she would feed us. The rancher then said we could put our horses up and that we could sleep in the hayloft providing we didn't smoke. The smoking bit was no problem as neither Dave nor myself had the nicotine habit. After a very good supper the hired man led us to the hayloft by lantern light and there we stood looking at a vertical wall of hay in a well-filled loft. No offer of blankets had been made and the hired man took his leave and left Dave and I looking at, but not seeing each other, in the total darkness.

"Well Art," said Dave, "this doesn't look very promising for a night's rest. What do you say we walk back to that other place and see if we can get set up there? They may be home by now."

"Well," I said, "just about anything would be an improvement over this set up." So we crawled down from the loft and headed down the road to the other place.

Getting no reply to his knock, Dave opened the door and called out, "Hello?" But this brought no response either. It was pretty clear the house was empty. Walking in we saw the house contained two bedrooms, each with double beds. "Let's go to bed!" said Dave. So we crawled into one of the beds and had a good night's sleep.

We got up real early in the morning, made that bed with the greatest of care, hoping to remove all evidence of our having slept in it, and walked back to the ranch where the cattle were bedded down. We arrived there before anyone was awake, had breakfast and got the herd underway heading north as we had on all previous mornings.

We had many a chuckle over that little incident and wondered if our actions were ever figured out. The hired man, if he paid any attention to such things, should have had no trouble in figuring out that we hadn't slept in the hay loft.

About three days later we arrived at the Hale farm. Our cattle drive of about ten days had come to an end and

believe me that Hale farm was a welcome sight to both of us.

Because of the shortage of rain, Hale had cut his oat crop early, but as the tempermental weather pattern of southern Alberta sometimes dictates, threshing had been delayed through a series of late rains. These late rains had caused a good second growth to germinate and mature to the point where it warranted cutting. Dave and I stayed behind for a few days and helped Hale and his hired men get this second crop cut. Leaving our saddle horses at the Hale farm, we took the train from Blackie and eventually arrived back at the Woodruff ranch.

However Dave Woodruff's troubles were not yet over. An early snowstorm made it impossible for Hale to thresh that oat crop. Without it being threshed no stubble fields or straw stacks were available for the feeding of the Woodruff cattle.

Heading back up to the farm, Dave arranged for the calves to be fed unthreshed oat bundles with the agreement that Hale would receive half the calves in the spring. The cows, Dave loaded onto the train and took them to the Union Stockyards at Chicago. Here, because of the large number of cattle being passed through the sales ring, Dave had to hold his cattle over and this required further feeding, all of which added to his costs.

Well, the net result of the whole exercise was that when the cattle were finally sold, the cost of shipping and subsequent feeding at Chicago was greater than what he received for the cattle. A rancher of lesser means or tenacity than Dave Woodruff would have gone broke from such a loss. What he wound up with from a drive that started out with sixty-five cows with calves was only thirty-two calves in the spring of 1920.



David could ride any horse and he enjoyed the challenge.

CHAPTER THREE

MEMORIES OF NEPHEWS AND NIECES OF DAVID AND ALICE WOODRUFF

NED WOODRUFF, SON OF JERRY WOODRUFF

Uncle Dave was a very handsome man. He was slim and well built. His hair was dark, wavy, and parted in the middle. He had brown eyes and a very dashing figure. I was often impressed about this as we visited them at their home. I was only fifteen at the time that he died, but I do remember him well.

My dad and he worked together a lot and actually my father just absolutely adored his older brother. He told me more than once that Uncle Dave was about as near to a perfect a man as he ever knew. Of course Uncle Dave being the oldest brother, having been on a mission and always being faithful and devoted in the church, was the pride and joy of the David Patten Sr. Family. And a fitting patriarch to succeed Grandpa Woodruff.

Uncle Dave was a hard worker. I think that he was almost a workaholic and he worked fast. He didn't seem to know when to stop. In fact one time Dad thought he would like to see just how long Uncle Dave would work if nobody suggested that they stop. Dad was determined that he was going to work with Uncle Dave as long as he could. He would work until he dropped if necessary. They were pitching bundles at that time. So they worked all afternoon and on past supper. Dad was wondering how long he would go. They worked on until 9 o'clock came and went and 10 and 11 o'clock.

Somewhere between 11 and 12 o'clock Uncle Dave said, "Don't you think that we should go and get something to eat?" Dad was quite amused. Uncle Dave didn't know that this was all in Dad's mind to see just what would happen. But actually he did stop by himself.

We quite often had Sunday dinner at their place. Uncle Dave was in the Branch Presidency there at Hartley and we attended those meetings often. I was quite proud of him sitting up there at the front and sometimes conducting the meetings.

Aunt Alice, I knew much better and much longer of course. She was an excellent hostess and made us feel at home there. I really loved to go there.

My experience with Aunt Alice came some years later, maybe in the mid- thirties when I was hauling hay to Cardston. I used to stay at her place over night. I slept in the room upstairs. I did this most of one winter. I

must have been some trouble to her because I was in and out most of that winter. But I never heard her express any impatience with me being around. I had the feeling that she liked me as well as I liked her.

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EUNICE BEVANS DUCE, DAUGHTER OF ERMA WOODRUFF BEVANS

I thought that Uncle Dave was the most handsome man that I had ever seen. It was emphasized in our home that he had been in Germany on a mission. At that time there wasn't too many people who went on missions. That made him extra special. My dad and mother thought so much of him that we grew up with the idea that he was perfect.

One thing about him, he was very kind and considerate. He often would come to our home and stick his head in and ask, "Is everyone well?" Then he would go. But he was a busy man. He often would not come through the door. But Mother said that she missed him because he showed that concern and love for us. My Father always said that if anyone ever needed anything, Dave was always the one that showed up.

We really idolized Uncle Dave. I remember being out to their place and Aunt Alice said, "You know your grandmother used to say,'My son David.' She was so proud of him." He was the oldest boy. The whole family felt that way about him.

Before he passed away, he was at home and he was really suffering. They had to be with him every night. Dad and Mother were with him the night he passed away. Mother told me that while they were with him one night, he said, "You know, I just love to work. I'll be so glad when I can go back to work." That was the way he was.

After Aunt Alice moved to Cardston, Lloyd spent a lot of time out at my folks. My Dad commented on how devoted he was to his mother. Any time she wanted anything done he was right there to do it. She was a sweet beautiful woman. I used to look at her and think that only the angels of heaven would have a sweeter face then Aunt Alice. And those eyes of hers.

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BERNICE BENNION BAINES, DAUGHTER OF AMY WOODRUFF BENNION

When my mother got married she had several children but two died. Grandpa Woodruff had her come to Magrath and between Grandpa and Uncle Dave they set her up. Grandpa gave her a home and Uncle Dave gave her cows, chickens and all kinds of animals. Many, many times, if it hadn't been for Uncle Dave, we would have gone hungry. Then, when my mother married again she had four more children to look

after. Times were very hard and Uncle Dave always came to our home and brought beef, sugar and flour. He was very, very generous and kind. He and my mother had grown up together and were very close to each other. She was as fair as he was dark. We thought that he was the most wonderful man that ever lived. He almost took the place of our father.

I remember in 1918 he came to Magrath. He had just bought a new Model T Ford. I was 6 years old. My mother was very thin and fair. He wrapped her in a blanket and carried her in to the front seat. He asked Buleuh, Mother's sister, and I if we wanted to go with them.

We rode in the back and as we were riding Buleuh said, "Amy's in the front like a queen and you and I are in the back with the pigs."

When my mother remarried, my brothers, Wilford and Vede, left home. Uncle Dave set them up to farm. Wilford was like Uncle Dave. They were two of a kind. They liked to work and enjoyed each other. But Vede was a different type. He liked to stop at meal times to eat and Uncle Dave never stopped.

Mother always paid her tithing. This one day she gave the tithing money to Vede to take it to the Bishop.

Vede said, "I'll bet Uncle Dave wouldn't have us pay tithing."

Mother said, "I know that he would." Vede had just got home when Uncle Dave came with a side of beef, sugar, flour and peanut butter.

Later Vede said, "Up in heaven with Uncle Dave, Wilford and Mother there, it will surely stir everything up."

When Wilford was about 27 years old, he was working on the home at Hartley and got pneumonia and died. His wife would not have him buried in the Mormon Church. She would only have him buried in his old suit. It about broke my mother's heart. Mother was so upset that she wasn't going to the funeral.

In the night Wilford appeared to her and said, "Mother, you must be at the funeral."

When Uncle Dave got ill, he came to say good-by to us. The last thing he said to me was, "Bernice, you're only 17 but I want to tell you something, when you get married, know the family you marry into. It's very important because who you marry will determine what your family will be."

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ZINA JACOBS SMITH, DAUGHTER OF DORA HINMAN JACOBS

Aunt Alice was a patient person who never complained even in case of severe illness. She carried Lloyd for a month past the time they thought that he should be born. So Uncle Dave brought her to Cardston to stay with my parents, Dora and Zeb Jacobs, to be nearer to a doctor. The doctor

was Dr. Stackpool who didn't have a very good reputation as a maternity doctor. Nevertheless he did his best. All the problems are not known but Lloyd was born a fine healthy sized boy. But he wasn't breathing. Mother and Dr. Stackpool got busy immediately and alternately dipped Lloyd into pans of cool and warm water to shock him into breathing. However they had no success. Finally Dr. Stackpool used mouth to mouth resuscitation. Finally there was a faint cry which became louder. They had worked so hard that Dr. Stackpool was perspiring profusely. How overjoyed we all were when the little fellow was breathing normally.

Several years later, after Uncle Dave had died, Lloyd was taken sick with what Aunt Alice thought was a bad cold. He was running a temperature and had all the usual symptoms. He seemed to recover but in about two weeks he was very sick again.

One morning, Aunt Alice had dropped back to sleep and Uncle Dave appeared to her dressed in his temple robes and said, "Alice, take good care of the children."

Aunt Alice immediately got up and arranged to take Lloyd to Cardston to the doctor. They operated on him and removed his appendix which was swollen and infected. It would have ruptured soon which at that time would have been fatal.

Aunt Alice did beautiful hand work, crocheting, knitting and embroidery. Uncle Dave had only one fault; he worked too hard.

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CHARLENE HINMAN BAKER, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES HINMAN

Dear Aunt Alice, how we loved her. She and her family were an important part of our lives for many years. She was the beloved sister of our father, Charles White Hinman.

I was five years old when we moved from Cardston to Hartley. Our home was just one mile from their home, straight west if you followed the fence line that divided the section.

We always felt so welcome at Aunt Alice and Uncle Dave's place. For many years we took turns having Christmas dinner either at their place or ours. There was always a turkey that had been grown on our farm. Aunt Alice's pumpkin pies and plum puddings were to be anticipated from one year to the next. We didn't have many toys to play with but it was fun to be together.

Rhoda was just a bit older than I and she was my idol. Occasionally she let me play with her beautiful doll. Aunt Alice would sit by, sewing on her sewing machine, mending boys overalls or piecing quilts. She was always planning a

quilt, putting one together or quilting one on her quilting frames in the living room.

We used to go picking wild berries together. That was such fun. Aunt Alice, our mother and all the kids got into the lumber wagon with one of the old faithful teams to pull us. It was always a traumatic moment to ford the river. The horses would have to slowly pick their way over the rocks in the river. Sometimes there were deep spots and it was very scary. Of course we could eat all the berries we wanted and there was always something good for lunch: sandwiches, homemade cheese, boiled eggs, and maybe a cookie apiece.

One day we went for "bull berries", tiny red berries, like red currants. They made delicious jelly. We went down on Ackroyd's river bottom. The Ackroyds owned a very ferocious bull. We had just gotten the horses unhitched and tied to a tree. Everyone had their pails tied by a string to their waist and was laughing and talking as they stripped the red berries from the bushes. Suddenly there was that huge bull with wild eyes and puffing nostrils, pawing the earth. We all screamed and ran for the wagon. I don't ever know how my mother ever got it, but there she stood in the middle of the shallow wagon box, the neck yoke poised menacingly over her shoulder, with all of us sitting around her and Aunt Alice sitting on the seat at the front of the wagon. Of course this was a grave situation. The bull probably could have turned the wagon over. But Aunt Alice saw the humor in it and began to laugh. Finally my mother relaxed but she didn't put the single tree down until Brother Ackroyd came on his horse and drove the animal away. This story has always been one of our favorites. As Aunt Alice would tell it, she would laugh until the tears ran down her cheeks.

She was a great storyteller; our favorites were Indian stories and life in the early days of Cardston. We could sit and listen for hours especially when we could get our Dad and Mother and Aunt Alice together.

The summer I was fifteen years old the people of our little Hartley Ward went to Waterton Lakes for a week on a campout. Aunt Alice and Vera Smith Orcutt were in charge of the food. Aunt Alice was such a good cook and she knew how to feed a bunch of kids hungry from hiking. What a great time we had.

Some other things that she made that stand out in my memory were her salt rising bread, her Christmas candy, and cookies stored in Rogers Golden Syrup cans with tight lids. When we got a cold and had a cough, she whipped up a batch of onion syrup and gave us peppermint tea. They were worth getting a cold for.

For a long time she suffered from gall stones. They were such a painful thing. One time she was in the hospital

and I went to see her. While I was there talking to her, she had an attack. What agony she suffered. I felt helpless.

I went to my last year of high school in Cardston and stayed at her home. How I appreciated her. Her testimony of the gospel was strong and true. She was truly an influence for good in my life. I loved her dearly.

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Alice's grandchildren were always a source of pride and joy.

JUNE HINMAN FORSYTHE CHARLES HINMAN

My dear Aunt Alice Hinman Woodruff. I so fondly remember her: her stories, her laughter and her mild, sweet temperment.

Stories? Oh the lion and the Indian on the pioneer cabin roof in the darkness of the night, the dead Indian and his bracelet, the Indian outlaw and his sister-in-law, the Bubsy Pierson story, the birth of many Hinman nicknames, the stories of real life happenings and those of other people she knew and loved. Her laughter broke out at the oddest times. It overtook her and laugh she did; in the bullberry patch with the bull, soaked to the skin riding home from the berry patch on a cold fall day, and my Dad laughed with her as her wet clothes flopped around her legs as she walked.

"Do-nuts", the real old pioneer-made-way (not the hole in the circle kind). Freshly fried in fresh rendered lard. The true doughnut. I could show you how because she taught me. Then there were her cookies (rolled out ones). She said she always used thick cream and some kind of fat, sometimes even brown flour. She even made them for Rhoda's reception.

Aunt Alice, to me was always a picture of a lovely, wifely, motherly woman. Wearing a print dress and a starched and ironed apron to cover and somehow to blend. She always looked so nice and lovely. "Lovely" was one of her favorite words.

One day Norma and I had occassion to cross under one of her clotheslines. It was late afternoon, after school and there was old Mrs. Gifford's wash on her line. There were about six print dresses hanging down by the skirt with a clothespin in each side. Each one was as stiff as a board. It was clear that this washing had been done by Aunt Alice or Rhoda on the wash board and then boiled on the stove before being hung on the line.

Out to the west side of the house was a milk house. One corner of that building was piled full of pumpkins and squashes. Aunt Alice liked little sayings. "Pumpkin pie is good, by gosh, especially if it is made with squash." No one could make pumpkin pie better than Aunt Alice. As you ate a bite, you would nearly forget your name. The filling was always thickened on the top of the stove and then poured into the already baked shell. It was then topped by whipped cream.

One early morning I came out of my bedroom with my petticoat on wrong side out. As I came into the kitchen to the warmth of the stove, Aunt Alice laughed and said, "I don't know how it came about, but June's got her petticoat on wrong side out. She cannot change it back today for that would chase her luck away." That was the year I stayed with her, Norma, LLoyd and Golden in Cardston and went to school.

Her hands were so like my Dad's and her eyes were like his too, big and blue. They would laugh and tickle each other's necks. This just shows how much fun it was to be with her.

Her home was always controlled; dishes done up, snowy white clothes on the line on Monday, meals ready, some specialty in the cupboard and time of an eve to sit and enjoy the stove's warmth as she sat and knitted or embroidered and exchanged stories. Such wholesome entertainment. Spiritual stories also. She loved the faith promoting conditions they held and their consequences.

We loved her popcorn balls and English toffey. She liked to butter a slice of her own home made bread, lay it on a plate and pour grape or chokecherry jelly over it and eat it with a fork and knife. And, oh, her dumplings. She'd have that chicken broth bubbling and drop small drops of dumpling dough into it, pushing it off the spoon with her finger. When done, they were so light, with that delicious chicken flavor. She stuffed and baked carrots too.

I remember her little churn; a Rogers Golden bucket, gallon-sized, the dasher was a round stick with a board nailed across the bottom, the dasher stuck up through a hole in middle of the lid. She would shake all over as she churned the butter. She stood out on the west side of the house in the cool, tall grass. She would work the butter with her hands, wash it in the cold water, salt it and then make into pounds with her butter press. Finally it would be wrapped in butter paper and set out to cool. I remember the milk, butter and cream sitting in her bedroom window to keep cool. It was so tidily and nicely done, always covered with a cheesecloth. She also floated round balls of butter in mild salt brine to keep. Some butter was packed in earthen jars, covered with a clean cloth and packed down with a layer of salt.

Many of her things, be it a kettle, a dish, or a lace collar, were something unique. I've seen some like them in antique stores since. For instance the kettle with the curly handle, the cream pitcher with the orange , blue and tanned squared pattern. I have a pitcher like it that sits in my cupboard with my beaters. It makes a pretty decoration and reminds me of her every day.

One night in high school she dressed me up as a pioneer woman for a school dance. She got it all out of her dresser drawers and trunk. She could have won a grand prize for her ingenuity and talents that night and she laughed all the way through the "goings on".

Oh how she knew her herbs. She learned them from her mother who had been shown by the Indian women. They said, "This is for stopping of blood. This is to have a good sleep. This before baby come. This for making fast tracks out back." I remember her giggling about that one.

She had May apple, mint, stinging nettle, dandelion and yarrow teas, all dried, mixed and blended into a delicious tea to have on a cold winter's morning with buttered dry Melba toast. Oh so healthful and tasty.

When I was expecting our Charles, I could not swallow. Aunt Alice and Ken combed those hills above Cardston toward Boundary Creek. There they gathered sacks full of herbs. She helped me measure and make a tea which I know helped contribute to saving that baby's life and mine as I was near starvation.

I remember her measuring by pinches and telling me, "Take this much in the morning and this much of that at night." She knew her herbs.

I loved the day, so long ago, when they came to help with the turkeys, Aunt Alice, Vibert, Norma, Lloyd and Golden. Aunt Alice could pinfeather a turkey, laugh and storytell at the same time. It would be a cold winters day, with Dad and Vibert out in the coop with their long razor-sharp knives standing in feathers up to their waists. The boys, Lloyd, Golden, Bub and Junior carried the turkeys to and from the house while we women pinfeathered.

When Dad and Vibe butchered a pig, we got together for fresh doughnuts, with Aunt Alice at the spoon dropping dough into the freshly rendered lard.

She could really fix a cucumber. She would cut off the end and rub it round and round on the freshly cut part. A white foam would form on the rim and this was supposed to take out the bitterness. I first saw her do this in Waterton. We were on an overnight picnic and just before lunch, Aunt Alice brought out a cucumber, a rare treat, and fixed it for us.

What we would have missed without her in our lives, her example, her teachings and her love. How we love her and all those memories.



Brigham Young Academy where David attended in 1901 and 1902.

CHAPTER FOUR

MEMORIES OF GRANDCHILDREN

GARRY WOODRUFF, SON OF HENRY VIBERT WOODRUFF

I have many sweet memories of Grandma Woodruff. When she would come out to visit us, we would flock to her, vying for the choice position of her ample knee where she would treat us to a rendition of "Trot,Trot to Boston", then make us squeal with laughter as she would clack her false teeth and pop them in and out of her mouth. When we tired of that we would be treated to a story.

Whenever we went to Cardston, we always went to Grandma's. Her house was always clean and neat but it had a welcome spirit to it. Stake conference was always a treat because we got to have dinner at Grandma's.

However there were times that our visits were painful. Those were the that times we would find Grandma sitting on a kitchen chair, her knees covered with an electric heating pad, suffering from arthritic pain.

It was this affliction and her large size that made the prayer stool necessary. This was a small box with the top covered and padded. She would set it before a chair and then kneel upon it for family prayer. I am sure that she used it for her private prayer also.

Two special memories of Grandma Woodruff prevail. The first occurred when I was about 12 or 13 years of age. It was a conference day. We had stopped at Grandma's before the first session and were walking with her to the stake center. She took my arm and made me her personal escort. How proud I was as she introduced me as her grandson to her many friends as we entered the church.

The other occurred about 4 years later at Christmas time. I had just got my drivers licence and Dad asked me to take the truck and drive to Cardston to pick up Grandma and Aunt Norma and bring them out to spend Christmas day with us. I drove very carefully that day as I made that special delivery over the country, winter roads.

A less cheerful experience occurred on another winter day. Mother had gone into the hospital for some medical attention. There would have been 8 of us at home at the time and we needed someone to cook, clean, wash and care for the little ones. Help was hard to find and Grandma offered to help out. My parents reluctantly agreed. The job proved too much for her. Looking back, I can understand why. Trying to care for 8 lively children from 2 to 16 years old was an onerous task.

The wringer washing machine was in the basement and most of the bedrooms were upstairs. Water was heated in a boiler on the coal stove. The physical work plus to the noise and confusion were too much for her. I remember her

slowly climbing the stairs on her arthritic knees, going to the kitchen, sitting down on a chair and quietly crying in pain and fatigue but mostly out of frustration at her inability to help where she was needed.

Today as I drive by her old home in Cardston, fond memories sweep over me. While she lived, it was always a refuge from the world. She kept a neat yard and garden in the back and an exciting basement full of preserved fruits, vegetables, jams and jellies not to mention the garden tools, tubs and what seemed to me junk collected over the years. However collecting junk was contrary to the spirit of Grandma Woodruff. With her everything had a purpose. She carried with dignity those burdens imposed upon her and discarded all else.

LORNA COBIA PACK, DAUGHTER OF RHODA WOODRUFF COBIA

Since I left Canada when I was nine years old, my memories of Grandma are scattered images. Of course there were visits we made to Canada and those times she spent with us in Moses Lake.

I always loved to go to Grandma's house. By our standards her home in the city was so modern -- indoor bathroom, running water, the way she could hang her clothes to dry on a pulley clothes line from her back porch.

I loved the smell of her bedroom. It was her face powder I think. She always had a beautiful garden. It was there I had radish and cress sandwiches -- on homemade bread of course. I still grow radishes and cress and we enjoy these sandwiches.

I loved to sit in the alcove off the loving room and look at all the oval pictures of my mom when she was young, of my grandparents and other ancestors. I spent hours looking at the cotton boll and holding the seashells, listening to the roar of ocean.

I remember once Grandma being very ill. She was having a hard time breathing. She had her head over a steaming pot of medicated water with a large towel or something over her head forming a tent. I was sitting on a chair at the table listening to her raspy breathing. She was administered to and was soon feeling better.

Grandma was a devoted member of the Church and had great faith. She was always serving her family and others but doing so quietly and not drawing attention to herself or the service she rendered.

After we moved to Moses Lake and Grandmother visited with us, I fixed her hair for Sundays -- waves down from the crown and several rows of little curls at the bottom. I also remember cleaning and trimming her toenails after she soaked them in soapy water. I've always been grateful for

the opportunity I had to perform those small services for her.

I always loved to visit Grandma and have her visit us. She was fun to be around and she always a good example -- a perfect Grandmother.

36VIBERTA WOODRUFF LYBBERT, DAUGHTER OF HENRY VIBERT WOODRUFF

A large picture of Grandfather Woodruff hung in our livingroom as I was growing up. It was the most special thing in the house to me. I spent many hours looking at it, longing to know the man who looked so much like my father. My mother told me she had never known him when he looked like he did in the picture. It was taken when he was a missionary in Germany. He evidently lost most of his hair later. I was disappointed until I remembered that when we are resurrected, we will not lose even a hair of our heads. So I have concluded that the grandfather of the picture will be the the grandfather that I hope to be privileged to know in the hereafter.

Although I have not been able to associate with Grandfather Woodruff in this life, he has had a great influence on my life and I am very grateful to him for the kind of person that he was. It seems that shortly after he moved to Hartley, he was in need of someone to ride the disk while he was breaking sod. He asked Waldmir Lybbert if one of his sons would be available for the job. Waldmir told him that his other sons were otherwise employed but that LLoyd, even though he was young, was large for his age and might be able to do the job.

As it turned out the job was too much for the eleven-year-old. One day he went to sleep and fell off the disk. Grandfather was afraid that Lloyd might be injured so he kindly put the boy on a horse and sent him home. But Lloyd had developed an admiration for Dave Woodruff and a liking for his Kentucky Whip horses. A few years later he was back working for Grandfather breaking horses. Lloyd has fond memories of those times.

Years later I had returned from my mission and was living in Edmonton when I met Lloyd. He was the father of a large family of boys. One of the younger ones was a twenty-four-year-old red-headed cowboy. Lloyd said, "I'd give five bucks if Dan were here!"

I thought, "Red-headed cowboy with bow legs? No thanks!"

But Lloyd wrote to Dan about this wonderful girl he had met and Dan wrote back, "She can get someone else to date her. Because I won't!"

Now Lloyd Lybbert was not one to give up easily when he thought he had a good thing going and he could not think of anything better than to have the granddaughter of his old friend as a member of his family. He persisted and we

resisted - for a short time - until the spirit whispered to each of us that that Dad Lybbert was right. I have often wondered if he had some help from the other side. I am very much aware that I might not have the wonderful companion that I have today, if Grandfather Woodruff had sent a boy home feeling disgraced.

My favorite flashbacks of Grandma Woodruff include dinners at her house on stake conference Sundays; her struggling up the eight or so back stairs when it would have been much easier to walk up the two front stairs because she wanted to keep her arthritic knees as limber as possible; her sitting on a stool at our house all day long, day after day, peeling fruit for my mother to bottle; Christmas time with Aunt Norma and Grandma arriving with popcorn balls and creamed parsnips; sitting at her house pulling wool or tearing the newspaper off the back of quilt blocks she had sown from tiny scraps of material while she told us stories as we did it.

Listening to Grandma's stories was always a treat. The best part for me was watching Grandma tell the stories. She enjoyed her stories too and would chuckle while she talked. As the story became funnier, she would chuckle more and more - not louder, just more - and soon tears would be rolling down her cheeks. Her rocking chair would go back and forth and her head would shake as she remembered the instance and how hilarious it was.

I remember her telling us how she and Grandpa had an interesting way of spelling words that they did not want their children to hear. The practice came to a sudden halt the day Owen picked up his alphabet blocks and said, "H, E, double toothpicks, pig!"

Staying at Grandma's house was special. One day I was helping her clean. We were working in the hallway and bathroom area. We had worked silently for a few minutes, each absorbed in our own thoughts, when she broke the silence by commenting, "You know, I have spent most of my married life alone."

Another time I was sleeping with her. When we stayed at her house we often got to sleep with Grandma since the spare bedroom in the attic was unheated. Just before we dropped off to sleep, she confided, "I have put on so much weight, I am afraid Dave might not want me any more."

I was studying hard for governmental exams in June which would qualify me for university entrance and my mother was expecting her tenth child a month later, in July. When Mother told me about the new baby, she said, "Viberta, don't worry. Grandma Woodruff has offered to come and help me so that you can do your studying." I was very touched and grateful that my grandmother would be willing to do that for me. I knew at the time that it would be an ordeal for her,

but I am only now beginning to understand the sacrifice she made. I am very thankful for goodly grandparents.

The last time I saw Grandma alive was at our home in Hartley. Uncle Golden, Aunt Bonnie, their daughter Mary, and Aunt Norma had come out for a visit. As we sat talking and enjoying each other's company, I looked over at Grandma and realized she was far away, lost in her own thoughts and I thought at the time, "She must be with Grandpa." The next day she left us and went to join her beloved Dave.



A family portrait taken July 3, 1957 following the wedding of Golden and Bonnie Woodruff.
Left to Right, Back Row
Lloyd Woodruff, Retta Woodruff, Vibert Woodruff
Front Row
Norma Woodruff, Bonnie Woodruff, Golden Woodruff
Richard Cobia, Rhoda Cobia.
Missing from picture is Rachel Woodruff, Lloyd's wife.

CHAPTER 5

STORIES TOLD BY ALICE WOODRUFF AS REMEMBERED BY JUNE FORSYTH

Aunt Alice was a great storyteller. There is no doubt in my mind as to the truthfulness of the stories and they were certainly real to us as she told them. However, keep in mind that it was years ago that I heard them. I will try to recall and record them as I remember them.

Lloyd would be standing by the stove, one foot resting on the coal bucket and one arm leaning on the warming shelf. Goldie was usually tinkering at the table with something. Norma and I would be sitting, one on the oven door and the other on a stool. In the middle would be Aunt Alice in a rocking chair usually, knitting.

It was an absolute treasure of an experience to listen as Aunt Alice told stories. Our questions and comments during the time she talked, never did break the thread nor the atmosphere of her story. She just wove her answers in and went right on.

To our exclamations,"What a close call!" or "Oh! They would have easily gotten into that shack."; she would reply, "Oh my, I say so." or "Oh, glory be. I don't know." and she would laugh with us. You see she had heard stories and things all her life.

The Hinmans were renowned story tellers and it might be as Vibert suggested, "They did not always let the truth get in the way of a good story."

INDIAN STORIES

While Uncle Dave and Aunt Alice lived across the river near Brockett, their neighbor had a girl working for them. It was dusk and she was at the ranch house alone. She had gone to the well for a bucket of water to be ready for the breakfast hour when she saw a horseback rider coming. Fearing, lest it was some renegade from the reservation, she hurried with the water thinking she could get into the kitchen and lock the door, but she only gained the small entry way. The rider had left his horse and come up behind her. He put one arm around her neck and the other around her waist. She still had the bucket of icy water from the well in one hand and the dipper in the other. In an instant of inspiration she filled the dipper full of that icy cold water and threw it back over her head hitting him full in the face. She did it so suddenly that he had no warning and let loose his hold. She let him have the rest of the water. So the story went, and so did he.

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This next story happened during the early days of Cardston. Charcoal was a renegade Indian. He had murdered a Mountie or two and was wanted all over the territories by the Mounted Police.

Aunt ALice was about sixteen years old when she stepped out of the back door to hang something on the clothes line. She stopped in her tracks on the step, for there by the clothes line sat Charcoal on his horse. He just sat looking at the door, silent, never moving. Charcoal didn't shift his gaze. He looked at her and she, just as quiet, looked back. This went on for some time, then he just turned his horse around and left.

Aunt Alice always thought somehow, that he had come to the Hinmans for help.

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One of my favorite stories was of an Indian, a good noble one, trying to get along with the renegade whites. He tried to share a waterhole with them but they were not about to let him. One day they caught him drinking at the hole and they killed him.

Now of course they knew he had as much right to drink at the hole as they did but they claimed he had none. To cover up their evil deed, they quickly dug a shallow grave and laid his body in it. They covered it over and raced their horses round and round over it to cover any clues or evidence.

So no one knew but them. That is except one, his squaw. Now this lovely, Indian woman was also a fine person and knew in her heart what must have happened. As she read the signs about the water hole, she felt sure. So for a few seasons she stayed close by, grieving in her quiet way and remembering him; his fine character, his honorable ways , his long hair braided and be-ribboned, his colorful blanket and how he draped it around his dignified and erect body. One day, close to the water sight, she was gathering sego bulbs, wood and herbs. One plant in particular pulled very hard. When she finally pulled it up, its roots were twined around one of her amber coloured bracelets; bracelets that he had been wearing at his death. So she knew she was at his resting place.

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This is the most breathtaking story of them all. Two pioneer children were left alone in a log cabin. Their father had taken ill and their mother had taken him to the settlement for help. The children did their chores early so as not to be out and about the place after dark. Their prize horse was secure out back in the barn-like enclosure with the cow and her calf. The children felt quite secure, or as secure as they could in a primitive pioneer log cabin.

About dark the cow began lowing and the calf bawling as they do. But as the children had promised not to go outside after dark, they dared not investigate even though there was a considerable commotion from time to time out there.

Then there was activity on the cabin roof. It sounded like digging and scraping and the children were petrified with fear. They knew someone or something was trying to get in. But what could they do?

Then at the door someone was frantically trying to get in. It was an Indian they could hear, and he was in trouble. They could still hear the noise on the rooftop. The boy got the gun and opened the door. There was an Indian alright and in the same instant the door opened a mountain lion pounced down from the cabin roof onto the Indian. Well, of course, the boy and the Indian killed the lion but not until the Indian had been terribly wounded.

It seems that the Indian, in the absence of the mother and father, had come to steal the horse. He had tied it to his horse close by and was going to do mischief at the cabin before leaving. The mountain lion which had earlier been the cause of the ruckus at the barn was then trying to gain entrance to the cabin through the sod roof. When he heard the Indian at the door, he jumped down onto him. The Indian was not aware of the mountain lion's presence until he neared the door.

Well the mother and father returned home and nursed the Indian back to health. He was from then on their lifelong friend. He helped them many times during the winter months and was always their devoted brother.

FAMILY

One day Baby Rhoda was outdoors in the baby carriage. Her two older brothers, Owen and Vibert, got to pushing it about and, before you could blink, were chasing about with it at a good lick. Somehow in their enthusiasm they lost directions and when Aunt Alice looked they were heading straight for the nearby lake. Little Rhoda, her bonnet brim ruffling with the wind, the little boys, their little legs flying, were pushing the buggy pell-mell down the hill. Well, Aunt Alice didn't have much time, but she was young and fleet of

foot and it helped being a mother. She flew and caught that carriage just as it was about to topple into the lake.

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While Aunt Alice and Uncle Dave lived at Brockett, some L.D.S. neighbors lived close-by, about a mile or two away. They travelled to Glenwood or Cardston for groceries by team and wagon. Now the brother used tobacco and his wife was quite upset by this and frequently objected to it but to no avail. On one shopping trip he had laid in a right good supply of it plus the wrappings. Unbeknownst to him she had the grocer give her a good supply of candy, gumdrops and hard tack. On the long trip back he wrapped the lines around the stick in the front of the sleigh, took off his mitts, reached down into his pants pockets, pulled out the tobacco pouch, and packet of paper and rolled himself a cigarette. So his wife reached down and about,located her bag and got a few pieces of candy. As he smoked, she sucked and ate a piece or two. For each cigarette he smoked, she had some candy. Now he wasn't long noticing and asked her for some.

Her reply was, "I don't smoke tobacco and you don't eat candy."

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When Aunt Alice was about nine or ten years old she was sent out to gather the eggs. The chickens ran loose and the eggs were laid all over the barn yard. To get to one nest she had to walk past an old horse tied in a stall in the barn. She was about to walk by him when he that old horse moved his big rear end over and pinned her between him and the partition. She could not move. Now he wasn't hurting her. He was just keeping her pinned for pure, spiteful orneriness or for a joke, she didn't know which. She pulled his tail, slapped him, hit him as hard as she could, talked to him, coaxed, yelled at him and even tried to pinch him but to no avail. After some period of time and being some desparate, she took an egg or two from the bucket and hard as she could she threw them at his head. It hit him square between the ears. After a few good throws, with those hand-picked, farm fresh eggs cracking and breaking around his ears, he finally let her go.

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Aunt Alice saw frontier doctoring at work when she saw her doctor-nurse mother at work. It seems that one of Aunt Rhoda's little boys had a swollen head. The little boy was definitely ailing. Grandma Hinman poulticed his forehead

where the trouble seemed to be gathering. Well, with the poultice and prayer, in time a hole seemed to open and Grandma, gathering her fingers together, pounced and pressed on that swollen area and pulled out a fairly long worm. Somehow a parasite had entered and an egg hatched to produce the larva.

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Aunt Alice as a young wife and mother, worked hard and endured the trials of pioneer ranch life, far different from the conveniences we rely on today in raising our children and having our babies.

Uncle Dave's nephews were living with them at the time. Lloyd was the baby and was very sick. One night she herself was also sick. She prepared something for the men's supper as best she could and left it on the stove. She took baby Lloyd with her and went to bed. She said she was so ill she feared for herself and her baby because he had been fretful and ailing for some time. Illness, work and worry had its toll and she, having gone as long as she could, collapsed on the bed. She had the baby's face close to hers and they fell asleep.

Wilford, one of Uncle Dave's nephews, came into the house and missing Aunt Alice started looking for her. He soon found them lying on the bed. He was alarmed at the scene because they both looked so lifeless. He reached out to touch her and was startled when his touch awoke her.

He said over and over again, "I thought you was 'dayed'. I thought you was 'dayed'."

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COMMUNITY

It seems that Aunt Alice had been asked to tend the children of a family who lived in a tar paper shack close to the livery stable. This was the time of the Vigilantes. They were actually there in Cardston to protect the town from "Rum Runners" from across the border who sold their "fire-water" to the Blood Indians on the reservation.

It was after dark and she could hear two men fighting outside somewhere. She became more frightened as she realized that the fight had moved right up to the shack. And how they did fight. The shack was rickety; the walls were thin. It was a fragile abode for sure. She could hear every breath and every oath as they went around and around that shack, fighting to the very death it seemed to her. Then she could hear horses hooves pounding closer to the barns. It sounded like there was a free-for-all and still these men went at each other. There was only the thin shell of paper walls between her and the children and all this.

Well it finally subsided. It seemed that one man had left but there were still moans, groans and mutterings from outside. Eventually these too ceased. In the daylight when she dared look out there was nothing to be seen. Who these men were and the reason for the fight was never known.

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Another mystery that went unsolved and spooked the town was the unknown persons who came to Cardston, stayed for a while, spoke to no one and left behind mysterious remains in their campsite fire pit for the Mounties to ponder on. It had to do with a woman who pointed out the exact spot of their camp, remembering it well as she had to walk past several times.

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So we know that Cardston and Aunt Alice's life were not always serene and peaceful. But she had this great gift of story telling and I'm so appreciative of this heritage and memory.



David and Alice Woodruff
taken about 1926



Family picture taken in front of their home in Hartley about 1932.
Left to Right: Rhoda, Owen, Vibert, Lloyd, Golden, Norma and Alice Woodruff.

CHAPTER 6

PATRIARCHAL BLESSINGS

FIRST PATRIARCHAL BLESSING OF DAVID P. WOODRUFF JR.

Provo City, November 26, 1901

A blessing given by John Smith Patriarch up[on] the head of David Patten Woodruff Jr. son of David P. and Arabelle J. Woodruff. Born in Vernal, Uintah Co., Utah, August 22, 1881.

Brother David Patten Woodruff Jr. Thou art numbered among the sons of Zion who were born heirs to the Priesthood, one of those who were chosen at their birth to be messengers of life and salvation among the people and I [say] unto thee, reflect often upon the past and present and thou shalt realize not only thy position, but thou shalt comprehend the blessings, gifts and privileges unto which thou shalt be called. By reflection thou shalt know of a surety that there is a God in Israel in whom we should trust. Thou shalt realize also that a decree of the Father has gone forth and for this thy life has been preserved. It is therefore necessary that you be prudent and learn to listen to the whisperings of that still small voice which cometh of the Father to guide, to admonish and to warn of events. It is necessary also that you remember that through the whisperings of the Spirit thy guardian Angel may converse with thee, direct thy course, remove barriers from thy way, give thee strength in time of trial and power over evil and unclean spirits and enable thee to hold the adversary at bay, for thou shalt often be called to lay hands upon the sick; therefore ask the Father in humility that you may know His will and be guided thereby, and often the sick shall be healed and be raised up and the name of the Lord therein shall be glorified. It is necessary that you be prudent in listening to the whisperings of the Spirit for the adversary is on the alert and will lay in wait to deceive, therefore, remember to be guarded in thought and expression and seek of the Father the gift of discernment and it shall be well with thee.

Thou art chosen to labor in the interest of improvement [among] thy associates, thou art chosen to be a messenger of life and salvation to guard and to guide the younger; and to be a watchman upon the towers of Zion, to detect error and also evil, to protect the innocent, to defend those of whom evil is often spoken. It is thy duty to labor among thy associates in the defense of truth and virtue, therefore be obedient to the promptings of the monitor within thee and thy pathway shall be made clean and peace shall be in thy circle although it may be necessary that you contend for the right, therefore be valiant and the blessings of the Lord

shall attend thee and His Spirit shall direct they course. Thou art of the lineage of Ephriam, a descendant of Joseph who was sold into Egypt by his brethren which is the lineage of thy grandsires: magnify thy calling, be diligent in discharge of duty and thy days and years shall be many. No power shall stay thy progress, thy name shall be perpetuated and live in the memory of the Saints and in [riper] years thy fame as a father in Isreal shall go forth among the people; therefore look always upon the bright side and let thy faith fail not and it shall be well with thee. This blessing I seal upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ and I seal thee up unto Eternal Life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, with many of thy kindred and friends, even so, Amen.

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MISSIONARY BLESSING OF DAVID P. WOODRUFF JR

Given upon the head of Elder David Patten Woodruff Jr., in the Salt Lake Temple Annex, January 16, 1903, by Apostle Abraham O. Woodruff.

Elder David P. Woodruff, Jr., in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, we your fellow-servants, bless you and set you apart to fill a mission in Germany, whither you have been called of the Lord through His servants. We bless you, dear brother, with the spirit of this mission and that you may receive the spirit of the language that you will have to acquire. We bless you that the Lord may aid and sustain you in acquirement of this language, that you may learn to speak it perfectly; and in going forth, dear brother, we bless you that the spirit of your father and of your grandfather may be with you and rest upon you, that you may enjoy the same missionary spirit which they have enjoyed, and that the Lord may be with you to bless you and to give you such gifts as are necessary for the faithful fulfillment of this mission on your part. We bless you with the gift of the German language and with the gifts of wisdom and discernment, and we bless you that the Lord may be with you in your labors; that through your faithfulness, your devotion to the Lord and your child-like humility, the sick may be healed under your hands by the power of our Heavenly Father, and that you may be able to convince the honest in heart that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ and that Joseph Smith was called of God in these latter days to accomplish the great work which he has accomplished for the salvation of mankind.

We bless you, dear brother, that should you be inclined to be idle or to waste the time which is now to be devoted to the Lord, that the Spirit of the Lord may chastise you and that you may find satisfaction and happiness in your labors only as you labor diligently for the spread of the Gospel and in bearing testimony to the truth. Your mission

is to testify that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God and that Jesus is the Christ, and you are also to testify that the Gospel will save men from their sins if they will be obedient to it.

We bless you, dear brother, that you may travel in safety by land and by sea and that you may accomplish a good mission and return to your home and family and your people as pure as you now go out, with additional blessings and experience upon your head. We bless you to this end, dear brother, and set you apart to this labor and dedicate you to the Lord and to His ministry, and we say unto you, go in peace and return in safety. We reseal and reconfirm upon you all your former blessings and all promises made you by the servants of the Lord, and we say unto you that they shall be yours through your faithfulness and your upright course of life, in the name of Jesus, Amen.

Martin S. Lindsay, Reporter

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SECOND PATRIARCHAL BLESSING OF DAVID P. WOODRUFF

A Patriarchal blessing given under the hand of Patriarch Henry L. Hinman upon the head of David Patten Woodruff Jr. son of David Patten and Arabelle Jane Hatch Woodruff. Born Aug. 22, 1881, Vernal, Uintah Co. Utah, U.S.A.

Brother David, I place my hand upon the crown of your head and in the authority of the Holy priesthood in me vested seal upon you a patriarchal blessing. Thou art of the blood of Ephriam, a noble spirit in which the Lord is well pleased, and I seal upon thee the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob that it may be upon thee and upon thy posterity forever, that thou mayest be blessed in thy lineage and that thy seed may become a multitude upon the earth, a righteous and a holy posterity of men and women from generation to generation until all things are accomplished to the winding up of God's work upon the earth, and that thy name may be held in honorable remembrance throughout the ages of eternity. I bless you that you may have a knowledge and a testimony, even as your Grandfather Woodruff had, always burning in your heart that the gospel is true and that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God called of the Lord to usher in the dispensation of the fulness of times for the salvation of both the living and the dead. I bless you that you will be mighty in the testimony of Jesus that you may be numbered with those who shall be endowed with power and authority to go forth and bind up the law and seal up the testimony against the wicked when God's judgement shall go forth to prepare the world for the coming of the Saviour and thou shalt be numbered with the wise virgins who shall go forth to meet the Bridegroom

at his coming and enter in with him into thy joy and to thy rest. Thy tongue shall be loosened and thine understanding shall be enlarged and thou shalt be able to preach the gospel unto the inhabitants of the earth in great power and plainness and thou shalt be enabled to speak in different languages and explain the principles of the gospel unto the heathen in their own tongue and thou shalt have great joy in thy labours for the <REMAINDER OF THE BLESSING HAS BEEN LOST>

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FIRST PATRIACHAL BLESSING OF ALICE WOODRUFF

Cardston, District of Alberta, N.W.T. Canada, May 14, 1899

A blessing given under the hands of Patriarch Henry L. Hinman upon the head of Alice J. Hinman daughter of Henry L. and Mary Jane White Hinman, born at Farmington, Davies County, Utah, July 29, 1884.

Alice, I place my hands upon the crown of your head to give unto you a father's blessing. I bless you with the spirit of the Lord that it may stir you up with diligence to be obedient and keep his commandments, to be studious that you may gain knowledge and understanding that you may grow and increase in a knowledge of the gospel and all things pertaining thereunto, that you may become wise even unto salvation, that you may have power to exercise those gifts that will cause you to live upon the earth, until you have fully accomplished the mission you were placed here to fill, I say unto you seek diligently unto the Lord in faith and in prayer, and He will endow you with strength, wisdom, and understanding that will cause you to become mighty and useful in the hands of the Lord in accomplishing his purposes both in this life and in the life to come. I say unto you be obedient unto your parents, to the priesthood of God upon the earth and to the whisperings of the spirit of the Lord and thou shalt have power to escape snares of the the adversary and to have joy and satisfaction in this life and life eternal in the world to come, for the angels of the Lord will watch over thee by day and night and guide thy footsteps [in] the ways of purity and of safety for the Lord will provide unto thee a husband in his own due time who shall be a man of the Lord filled with the spirit of the gospel and thou shalt have the privilege of visiting the temple of the Lord and there receive your blessings, pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant; and you shall become fruitful, even the mother of thousands and thy seed shall possess the gates of the enemy of the Lord for they shall stand up and prophesy and be mighty in the testimony of the truth even to the confounding of the wicked and the ungodly and they shall be valiant men and women in the establishment of God's purposes upon the earth and thou shalt have joy and satisfaction in them and their labours,

and thou shalt be blessed with the spirit of prophesy and revelation, the gifts of faith and wisdom, that will cause thee to become a pillar of strength in your Father's kingdom. I bless thee with the gift of faith even unto the healing of the sick for under thy administration shall the sick be healed and the afflicted made free, for thou art of Ephriam, even of the household of faith, and thou shalt have every gift that will enable thee to accomplish any work that was accomplished by women upon the earth so far as will be necessary to accomplish the purposes of the Almighty. I bless thee with the spirit of knowledge and understanding that thou mayest have a desire to excell in all those adornments of body and of mind that will cause thee to become a shining ornament in society and a joy in thy father's household. I bless thee that thou mayest grow up pure and spotless in body and in mind. I say unto thee [be] humble prayerful and obedient and the adversary shall not have power to lead thee astray. I bless thee with a renewal and an increase of bodily health and strength that will enable thee to live and accomplish the labors of wife and motherhood. I bless thee that thou mayest have the desires of thy heart granted unto thee of the good things of this world and of the things of eternal life according as will be for thy good for thou shalt be blessed in thine out-goings and thine in-comings and in the labour of thine hands, in thy basket and in thy store.

I bless thee with power to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection and be crowned and be numbered in thy father's household and I seal these blessing upon thee and say unto thee, be faithful and true and they shalll be thine. I do this by the authority of the holy priesthood in me vested in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

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SECOND PATRIACHAL BLESSING OF ALICE WOODRUFF

Cardston, Alberta, Canada. May 8, 1932. A Patriarchal Blessing given under the hands of Patriarch John Forbes Anderson, upon the head of Alice Hinman Woodruff, daughter of Henry Lyman Hinman and Mary Jane White Hinman, born at Farmington, Davis County, Utah, United States of America, on the 29 day July 1884

Dear Sister Woodruff,

In the authority of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Christ our Saviour I give unto you a Patriarchal Blessing even as the Spirit may direct.

You are a chosen spirit reserved to come upon the earth and to fulfill your life's mission that you may be fully qualified to occupy your place and standing among the holy mothers in Zion, even in the Celestial order. You have been wonderfully preserved in the midst of temptation and the

dangers that have been exposed to you have merited this protection and you have been preserved for a wise purpose, and notwithstanding your sorrows and your disappointments, they are and will continue to be sanctified to your good, and the condition of a disappointing nature that will come to you in the future will prove as stepping stones to you in your exaltation.

I bless you in your body that the organs thereof may function according to nature that you may have power given unto you to retain the proper use of your faculties of mind, that your memory may never grow dim, and that your eyesight may ever be useful unto you, that you may never lose the use of your speech, and that you will be blessed with the revelations of the spirit that will reveal to you the things that you are anxious to know about your loved ones and matters that deeply concern you and your family, and in the positions that you will be called to occupy, for the Lord will surely call you to great responsibilities. You shall be blessed in your labours among your sex and be distinguished as a wise counsellor, one that is dependable. Your influence with your children will increase notwithstanding their waywardness and you will be the means through the great faith the Lord has given unto you and your good example and counsel, of checking your children from being led into grievious sins. You are surely a favored daughter, and there is much for you to do and things that [are] necessary for you to do pertaining to your departed dead. You will be priveleged to receive information by dreams, even the visions of the night. This gift is yours, and the Lord will speak to you in this manner and warn you also of coming dangers and reveal to you the things that you are anxious to know concerning the living and the dead.

Your lineage is of the House of Joseph through the tribe of Ephriam and no good thing shall be withheld from you that would be for your best good. The Lord will surely answer your prayers. Be not discouraged at difficulties you have to meet, for the Lord will never forsake you. Your home shall be a haven of peace to your loved ones, the destroyer shall pass your door when the hand of affliction and sickness is abroad in the land you shall surely escape, and you shall be blessed in the rearing of your children as a leader, as a mother and as a guardian of youth and this is thy great mission. These blessings are yours according to your faithfulness and I seal them upon your head with all the unmentioned blessngs that would be for your best good in the fulfilling of your life's mission. I also seal you up against the powers of the destroyer until the day of redemption that you may come forth on the morning of the First Resurrection crowned with glory and immortality and eternal life, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

LIFE HISTORY OF OWEN HINMAN WOODRUFF
October 30, 1908 - December 4, 1935

Owen (Doc) Hinman Woodruff was the first child of David Patten and Alice Jane Woodruff. He was born at Cardston, Alberta on October 30, 1908. He was a very small child at birth and contracted yellow jaundice at a very early age. He was a very handsome boy and wore long golden braids until he was five years old. His uncle, Charles Hinman, gave him the nickname "Doc".

He had a beautiful voice and loved to sing. He would mimic the meadow larks in tone and sounds. He would sing, "By, by, best staworth seedal berlough." It sounded surprisingly like the larks.

His brother, Vibert, was born fourteen months later. He was a big boy and soon outgrew Doc. Their mother told stories about Vibert teasing his older brother.

When they were about two and three years old, they would sit on the seat of the democrat buggy and pretend to drive the old team of horses.

Doc would say, "You be Chub and I be Molly."

Vibert would reply, "Yes, you be Chub and I be Molly."

Doc would correct him, "No, you be Chub and I be Molly."

And Vibert would recite, "Yes, you be Chub and I be Molly."

This dialogue would continue with Doc becoming more and more frustrated and Vibert continuing unmoved until Doc would start to cry. Then Vibert would laugh until he tumbled off the seat and then both would be crying.

Doc was an artist when it came to figuring out new things to do. While still quite young they took a small bucket and went out to milk the cow. It was a gentle old brocky cow that their uncle Will Duce had given to their parents as a wedding present. After a great deal of effort they managed to get a little more than the bottom of the bucket covered.

Doc carried it to the house and proudly presented it to his mother saying, "Look Mom, we got the bucket six-thirds full."

Because the family lived two miles from school and because Doc was not very strong, Dave and Alice kept Doc home for an extra year. He and Vibert started to school the next year together. Doc had many friends and did well in school.

Doc had a way of getting himself into trouble. One fall day, shortly after he had arrived at school, a friend, Red Thompson, came by. He was going about six or seven miles beyond the school to get a cow and invited Doc to come

along. So Doc told the teacher that he was supposed to go with Red to get that cow.

In the meantime, Doc's dad had got word that his cows were coming out of the park, about forty miles to the west and he needed the horse that Doc was riding to go put them back. So he came to the school for Old Maud only to find that neither she or Doc were at school. One does not need much of an imagination to know what Father Woodruff was thinking. Not only was his son was skipping school on his best horse but with a forty mile ride ahead of him he had just ridden an extra four miles for nothing. But he was gone for three or four days, and time being the great healer, there wasn't much said when he returned.

Another time Doc noticed an advertisement in the paper about a young lady in the east who would like to come out west and become the wife of a farmer. Doc replied. He wrote a long letter extolling the virtues of his farm and and himself. He then went through his mother's photo album and found an appropriate picture of of a well-dressed young man and mailed both. Unfortunately, the ending to this escapade has been lost in the sands of time.

Doc cooked up a scheme to run away from home and spend a month on the mountains. He talked his friend, Burle Duffield into going with him. He prepared for the trip by stashing the needed food and cooking supplies, stealthily removed from his mother's kitchen, in an old threshing machine at the Duffield farm. On the appointed night he slipped out and saddled his horse, which by the way was half Vibert's, and rode over to Burle's. Meantime, Burle had gotten cold feet. But the only excuse that he could think of was that he needed something from the house, but Aunt Nina had just varnished the floor and he dared not go in and get it. So Doc brought his camping gear back home and abandoned the great scheme.

One of the sources of income for the farm was cream, delivered weekly to Brocket, a distance of fourteen miles. This was usually Vibert's responsibility, however one Saturday Doc asked if he could take the cream in. His Dad agreed and Doc left with the team of horses on a democrat for the six hour trip. When it became late afternoon, long after Doc should have returned, his parents became worried. His father set out to look for him. When he found him, Doc explained that he wanted to find a new way home and had become lost. As a result of this, Doc was required to stay on the farm to milk the cows and feed the pigs while Vibert was sent on the errands.

After the family had moved to Hartley, Doc, Vibert and Rhoda drove to school in Glenwood in a buggy. One day Rhoda had to walk home because Vibert and Doc had joined a group of boys to see what it was like south of the border. They didn't get very far south though because the border

officials provided a room in jail for the young truants and called their parents. Dad Woodruff brought Doc home and left Vibert to drive the buggy.

Doc was a perfectionist in his dress and his work. It usually took him a long time, but everything had to be perfect. He spent a week with his Uncle Bill Hinman and learned how to remove the hair and prepare rawhide for braiding. With this training he braided many nosepieces for hackamores and quirts. He did beautiful work with various number of strands.

Doc loved horses and worked well with them. Once, one horse that he particularly liked was sold. Sometime later he was walking past a group of horses tied to a railing and that horse whinnied to him. Doc went over and petted it and renewed acquaintances. He was very proficient at driving an eight-horse team in the field. He got his love for horse racing from his father.

Doc was a people person. He had a pleasant personality and attracted many good friends. Within the family his favorite was his little sister, Norma. They teased each other and had a lot of fun together. He nick-named her Samantha. Sometimes she would put water down his neck and he would threaten, "Samantha, I'll make you see 700 mud hens."

In one of the younger grades, one of his teachers complimented Doc on his neat penmanship. Surprisingly this offended Doc so he deliberately worked at being a poor writer and he succeeded.

He liked to read. Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn were two of his favorites much to his mother's displeasure because he would try playing the various pranks that he had read about.

Doc was a handsome young man but not very large and not too strong. He was anxious that he not appear feminine and so he discouraged his hair from waving as that to him was sissy. After washing his hair he would plaster it down as straight as he could and put on a skull cap. But in spite of all his efforts it would wave, especially around his temples.

While still going to school, he got a crush on a girl named Cloe Thompson. For a Christmas present he got a small box, satin and other supplies and made her a sewing box. However Cloe moved away shortly after and the romance was broken.

Some years later he went steady with Laura Merrill. On the way to Cardston one night they rolled his Dad's car. Doc never told anyone but it was discovered after his death that Laura was driving at the time. He went with her for one summer and thought a lot of her but she married someone else.

Although he was never active in the church, he filled a special mission in one of the wards in Cardston. The Stake President would call young people to visit families in other wards to bear testimony and strengthen each other. When he was called upon to speak, he would express his thankfulness for being the great grandson of Wilford Woodruff and hope that he could live so that President Woodruff would be proud of him. After his death, Bishop Fullmer told the family that Doc was a full tithe payer.

Doc was accidently killed in an accident in 1935. His cousin, Vede Bennion, had bought a house on the river bottom just north of Glenwood and wanted to move it up to his land about three-quarters of a mile east of Hartley. The men had managed to get the house onto wagons and were anxious to get it moved up out of the river bottom before dark. Doc was driving the lead team. No one saw exactly what happened but it is assumed that as they were crossing an irrigation ditch, Doc slipped and fell under the horses. The horses and then the wagon wheels rolled over him crushing ribs and internal organs. He was rushed to the Cardston hospital but passed away shortly after. He was buried at Glenwood with his father and baby sister.



OWEN HINMAN WOODRUFF



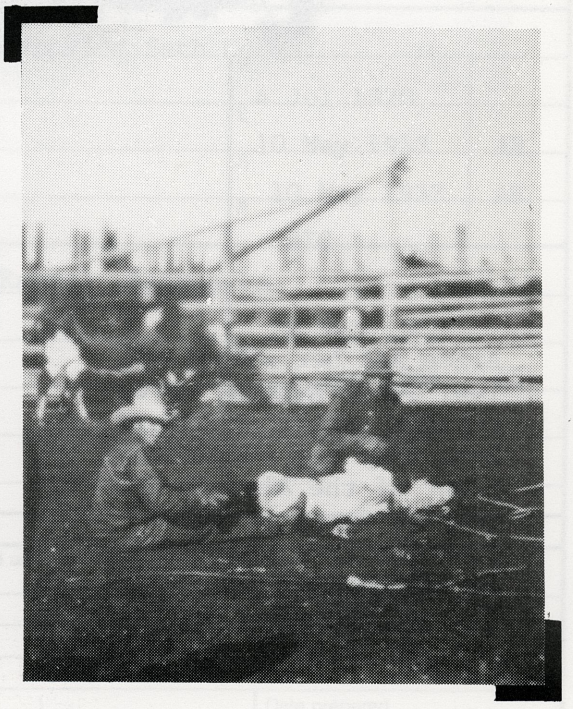
Owen and Vibert Woodruff. Owen is standing. This picture was taken from a large framed portrait which hung in Alice's front room in Cardston.



Owen is on the left with the grin and the light chaps.



BRANDING TIME: Owen applies the iron while Vibert holds the critter.



Vibert is still on the front leg and Owen gets the kicker.







UPPER LEFT:Alice with a friend while in their teens. Alice is on the left.
ABOVE: Alice in front of their Hartley home. Taken about 1925.
LEFT: Alice with her oldest daughter, Rhoda. Taken about 1950.



Alice and her sister-in-law, Susie Hinman, were regular temple attenders. Here they are pictured in front of the Alberta Temple. Susie is third from the left and Alice is second from the right.

Family Group Record

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LDS ORDINANCE DATA
B = Baptized E = Endowed
S = Sealed to spouse P = Sealed to parents

Husband's name

David Patten WOODRUFF

	Place	Date	Temple
Born 22 Aug. 1881	Vernal, Utah	B 6 Aug 1891	
Chr.		E 9 Jan 1903	S.L.
Mar. 3 Apr 1907	Salt Lake City Temple	S	
Died 10 Jun 1929	Hartleyville, Alberta, Canada	P BIC	
Bur. 11 Jun 1929	Glenwood, Alberta, Canada		

Father David Patten Woodruff Sr. Mother Arabell Jane Hatch

Husband's other wives

Wife's name

Alice Jane Hinman

	Place	Date	Temple
Born 29 Jul. 1884	Farmington, Utah	B 29 Jul 1892	
Chr.		E 3 Apr 1907	S.L.
Died 29 Aug. 1961	Claresholm, Alberta, Canada	P BIC	
Bur. 2 Sept 1961	Glenwood, Alberta, Canada		

Father Henry Lyman Hinman Mother Mary Jane White

Wife's other husbands

Children

List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth

		Place	Date	Temple
1 Sex M	Name: Owen Hinman Woodruff	Spouse:		
	Born 30 Oct. 1908	Cardston, Alberta Canada	B 8 Jul 1917	
	Chr.		E 30 Jan 1936	AB
	Mar.		S	
	Died 4 Dec 1935	Glenwood Alberta Canada	P BIC	
2 Sex M	Name: Henry Vibert Woodruff	Spouse: Henrietta Bohne		
	Born 1 Jan 1910	Cardston, ALberta	B 2 Jun 1918	
	Chr.		E 7 Mar 1935	AB
	Mar. 31 Dec 1934	Cardston, Alberta	S 7 Mar 1935	AB
	Died		P BIC	
3 Sex F	Name: Rhoda Woodruff	Spouse: Richard Seth Cobia		
	Born 22 Jan 1912	Cardston, Alberta	B 4 Jul 1920	
	Chr.		E 10 May 1933	AB
	Mar. 10 May 1933	Cardston, Alberta	S 10 May 1933	AB
	Died		P BIC	
4 Sex M	Name: Lloyd D Woodruff	Spouse: Rachel Rasmussen		
	Born 27 Jan 1920	Cardston, Alberta	B 28 Feb 1928	
	Chr.		E 12 Jan 1944	AB
	Mar. 28 Mar 1945	Cardston, Alberta	S 28 Mar 1945	AB
	Died		P BIC	

☐ Check here if additional children are listed on reverse side.

Additional Information

Record on the back:
- **Sources of information**
- **Other marriages, sealings, and explanations**

Check the box for one of the following options (applies to all names submitted on this form):

☐ **OPTION 1— FAMILY FILE**
Send all names to my family file at the _____ Temple. I will provide proxies for:
☐ Baptism ☐ Endowment ☐ Sealing
I understand that ordinances not checked will have proxies assigned by the temple.

☐ **OPTION 2 — TEMPLE FILE** Send all names to any temple and assign proxies for all approved ordinances.

☐ **OPTION 3 — ANCESTRAL FILE** Send all names to the Ancestral File.
(You must include a pedigree chart or required form.) No ordinances will be done.

Name and address of person submitting form

Phone ( ) Date prepared

Stake/Mission Stake/Mission unit no.

Relationship of above to:
Husband_____ Wife_____

Write places as: Tryon, Polk, NC or St. Martins, Birmingham, Warwick, Eng.

Write name as: Robert Thomas MEYERS
Write date as: 4 Oct 1986

Published by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints PEGS3107 11/87 Printed in USA

Page _____ of _____

Husband's name David Patten Woodruff

Wife's name Alice Jane Hinman

CHILDREN List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth

			Date	Temple
5 Sex F	Name: Norma Woodruff	Spouse:		
	Born: 3 Oct 1921	Place: Cardston, Alberta	B: 5 Nov 1929	
	Chr.	Place	E: 6 Feb 1946	AB
	Mar.	Place	S	
	Died: 8 May 1966	Place: Cardston, Alberta	P: BIC	
6 Sex M	Name: Golden Wayne Woodruff	Spouse: Bonnie Ruth Stoddart		
	Born: 23 Oct 1924	Place: Cardston, Alberta	B: 22 Jul 1933	
	Chr.	Place	E: 27 Mar 1944	AB
	Mar.: 3 Jul 1957	Place: Cardston, Alberta	S: 3 Jul 1957	AB
	Died	Place	P: BIC	
7 Sex F	Name: Willma Woodruff			
	Born: 13 Dec 1926	Place: Hartleyville, ALberta	B	
	Chr.	Place	E	
	Mar.	Place	S	
	Died: 28 Dec 1926	Place: Hartleyville Alberta	P: BIC	
8 Sex	Name	Spouse		
	Born	Place	B	
	Chr.	Place	E	
	Mar.	Place	S	
	Died	Place	P	

☐ Check here if additional children are listed on another Family Group Record and attach the record to this form. Include parents' names.

Sources of information (add further information on attached sheets as necessary)

Other marriages, sealings, and necessary explanations (add further information on attached sheets as necessary)

☐ Check here if any female listed on this form was sealed to another husband **in her lifetime.** (Give details below.)

Please note: **When using this form to submit names for temple ordinances or to the Ancestral File, only you can ensure that the information is as *accurate* and *complete* as practical. Please take every reasonable step to see that this happens. This will help maintain the integrity of Church family history files and reduce duplication of temple ordinance work.**