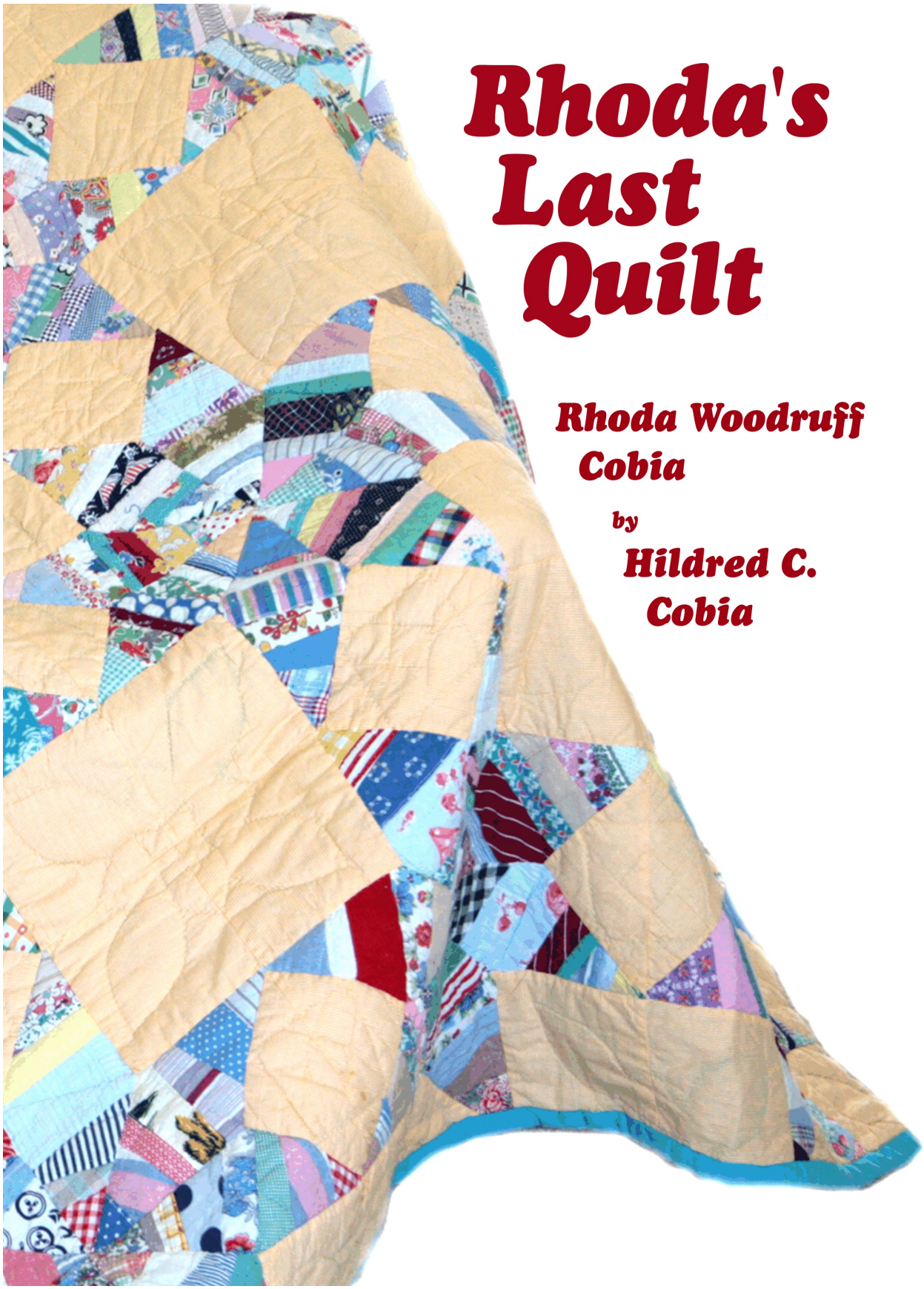

Rhoda's Last Quilt

Rhoda Woodruff Cobia

by

Hildred C. Cobia

Pictures from Ron Cobia who scanned Rhoda's negatives and pictures from many relatives willing to share.
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Dedicated to

Rhoda Woodruff Cobia's descendants

May you always feel the warmth of her love encircle you
when you pick up her "Last Quilt."

Contents

Introduction. . . . . *I*

Chapter 1 “Little Girl with the Beautiful Brown Eyes”. 1

Chapter 2 “A Fine Heritage”.. 21

Chapter 3 “School Days, Dating Days”. 41

Chapter 4 “Love and Marriage” 59

Chapter 5 “Newly Weds”. 67

Chapter 6 “Building a Family and a House”.. 79

Chapter 7 “Moving a Granary, Building a Home”. 105

Chapter 8 “Emptying the Nest”.. 127

Chapter 9 “One Marriage Traveling Two Roads”. 159

Chapter 10 “House Without a Song”. 173

Chapter 11 “Miracles and Blessings”. 185

Documents and Bibliography. 205

Index. 217

Picture Index. 227-228

Maps: Southern Alberta Canada, page 18; Hartleyville, Alberta, page 97; Cardston, Alberta to Moses Lake, Washington, page 120; Moses Lake, Washington, page 122; Mae Valley House, page 122-123.

Family Group Sheets: Rhoda’s Aunts, Uncles and Cousins, page 28-29; David P. Woodruff, Jr., page 30-31; David P. Woodruff, Sr., page 32-33; Henry Lyman Hinman, page 34-35; Pedigree Chart, page 36; Relationship to Vera Smith, page 52; Richard & Rhoda Cobia Family, page 146.

Introduction

"Real Life sometimes looks like the movies. But most of the time it doesn't. It's one of your jobs...to realize that movies often jazz things up, while real life goes by in small bits and pieces, without spotlights, without soundtracks. It is no less real for that."

–Gregory Mcquire, The Good Liar, p.115

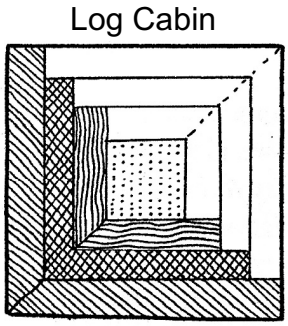
After Mother Cobia moved to Orem, Utah, in 1983 I had many opportunities to sit in her living room as we wrapped our arms around beautiful pieces of fabric and with needle and thread stitched them into quilts. It was a joint effort. She had the quilting frames. I had the quilting stands to support the frames. Sometimes it was a quilt she had pieced together and sometimes it was one I had sewn. They were always gifts for others. Rhoda made tiny, even stitches perfected through years of practice. She could reach six inches further across the quilt with her stitching than I could reach. Her wisdom also reached further than mine and I received much good counsel from her store of experience. She became a much loved, dear friend. She was a wise mentor and a kind, loving mother-in-law..

Rhoda made quilts all her life. When she was twenty-three and had been married just two years, her husband recorded in their 1935 journal, "Rhoda finished her sixth quilt this fall." Through the years she left her tiny stitches on hundreds of yards of fabric: quilts for beds in unheated bedrooms; quilts for her own babies and grand babies varying from pink cotton with colorful circus scenes to lacy-white eyelet with colored ribbons threaded through it; camp quilts cut from levis, scraps of corduroy, and flannel; quilts for grandchildren cut from old dresses or polyester remnants; friendship quilts and quilts for weddings, often made from fabric which was once a sack full of flour or grain; quilts to put on an invalid's cold legs; quilts to auction for fund-raising projects; quilts for her married children. All of these were her constant reminder that, "I'm thinking of you. I love you." She willingly gave her time to stitch on quilts with her mother, her aunts, her dear friend and sister-in-law Retta, neighbors, at Relief Society, and in homes of friends. Often, when she went to visit her sons and daughters, they "put on a quilt" so she could help them get it finished. Her quilts have been wrapped around, and have warmed, hundreds of loved ones.

One day as we were quilting, I asked Mother Cobia, "Have you written your autobiography?" She replied, "I have some of it written in bits and pieces." When Ron and I thought about publishing a book with Rhoda's life story we always said the title would be "Bits and Pieces." As I compiled, wrote and edited this book, I realized her life story really wasn't in bits and pieces: it was completed. She had only *written* bits and pieces. Just as a quilt is made from bits and pieces, Rhoda took the pieces of her life and told them to me for several hours as a tape cassette slowly revolved, catching her life from the air and saving it for someone to write down. Here is the story of her life made into a pattern from the things she said, journals she kept, letters she penned, bits and pieces she wrote on odd scraps of paper, as I have stitched them together. I believe this "Last Quilt" of hers is more beautiful than any that Rhoda made to put on a bed. I hope those who read it will see the patterns in her life that made her a very special woman.

–Hildred Cobia 2008

Chapter 1
Little Girl with the Beautiful Brown Eyes - 1912-1924



In the 1950's, a letter containing a question traveled from Moses Lake, Washington, to Cardston, Alberta, Canada. Back came a letter with the following answer.

[1]The day you were born it was cold with lots of snow, the day was clear as the sun shone. You were born between 5 - 6 in the evening. Grandma & Grandpa Hinman had just moved into a new home at Cardston, leaving the 3 roomed log house vacant that had been their home so mother along with Owen, Vibert & a hired girl lived in the little log house until you were born. (From after Christmas until March, they were in the little house.) Rhoda, you were born in the little log house. Dr. Lynn and Aunt Susie Hinman were present at your birth. The little log house was later moved to Hartley on Uncle Charlie's Farm, a part of it became uncle's garage –

While you were still living in the log cabin Aunt Rhoda Duce[2] came over to Grandma Hinman's, she had a little girl (Marie) living with them and this little girl wanted to go over and see the baby, so Aunt Rhoda let her. When she came in she said, "Well, where's the baby?"

Mother said she's sleeping in the rocking chair. Marie went over and looked at you and wanted to know if you could walk or talk. You were only 2 weeks old.

When you were about 2 ½ years, Dad went to the Vickery's place (Uncle Arthur's mother). Mrs. Vickery gave Dad a little yellow kitten for you and you just loved it so much, wrapped it up in a blanket and patted it and said, "Th–are–, Th–are– (there)," as you rocked it in your little varnished rocking chair.

When you and Erma Vickery were little kids before you could talk you'd both pull a chair up to the window and look out and you'd jabber and point and jabber and point and you'd say "A-Aha–" . . . .

Della Baily had come to help mom when she was sick. You asked Della if there was any thing you had that she wanted. Della said, "No."

You said "Not even my beautiful brown eyes?" . . . .

Another time right after Dad got his first Ford car, the family were all coming to Cardston, another car was behind. You said, "Go fasta Dad - Go fasta this old fliva can go fasta than any car on the road." Dad really thought that a rich one.

[The letter was tucked away. Later, it was packed and carried from house to house by the woman with the "beautiful brown eyes." Over the years, she also collected and added more pieces of paper to her history. In 1985, the letter writer sat down with a family member and she was asked the same question she had written to her mother thirty-five years earlier, "Tell me about your birth." Hesitantly, as memories buried by many years of living were dug up, unwrapped, and remembered, Rhoda Woodruff Cobia with joy in her voice answered.]

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[1] As told by Rhoda's mother, Alice Woodruff to Norma, Rhoda's sister. "The Day You were Born."

[2] Rhoda Hinman Duce, Alice's sister, had been ill for some time and died October 15, 1912.

My birth[1] was quite a normal thing, but Mother had a heck of a time with Owen. I wasn't an especially big baby. I was just a normal size. I was the first girl though and they were quite pleased with that. Mother's oldest sister was Rhoda[2] and a very special person. They thought a lot of Aunt Rhoda so they named me after her. I was born in Cardston, Alberta, Canada in my Grandparents old log home. They had just completed a new home and they let my mother stay there for the winter. We lived on a farm between Ewelme[3] and Hill Springs. It was so far out, 30 miles north-west of Cardston, Dad was worried about leaving Mother out there so long. She stayed for the winter in Cardston before I was born. I was born in the home. They didn't have a hospital. I am not sure if they even had a doctor. They didn't go back out to the farm 'till the next spring.

[My parent's] first home was in the Ewelme - Hill Spring - Glenwood area out in the country where Dad took a homestead. Dad worked for farmers around to get money to get married. They lived in a little place where there was a nice spring and a little house, for a while. Then they moved to a house between Ewelme and Hill Spring and Brocket was close by. That's the house they built on to. That's the first house I remember although they had lived in one or two smaller houses before I was born. I think it had one large room when they moved there. I'm not sure when they put on the lean-to kitchen. That kitchen was kind of interesting. It was a long room. All of the house was lath and plaster except the kitchen. On the ceiling it was unbleached muslin that was tacked up there. Every spring Mother used to calcimine it with a light blue calcimine. She'd make it clean every spring.

Ohhh... I don't know where the flies would come from, but they used to come. We had an awful time keeping the flies out in the fall, in spite of swatting and all the rest we could do. There were a lot of them. We had milk too. That made it worse.

[4]*The log house was soon too small for us.* In fact, there were three of we kids. *My thrifty parents saved enough money to build onto it.* They made plans and decided what to do. *So one spring they took the roof off of the old home at least the living room section of it.... The kitchen was a lean-to and was left as was. Father by now had [a good] deal of farm work to do and his sons weren't quite old enough to help much so he hired a young man by the name of Law to help him this spring. One time father had taken his wagon and gone for supplies for the house before all the carpenters and workmen came to finish it. He had to be gone over night.* The hired man slept up there without a roof while Dad had gone to town.... While Dad was gone, a big storm came up. Mother could hear the rain and lightning. Mother was not a person that was easily frightened. Lightning didn't frighten her, but this night it was coming so hard and so fast and the lightning was so close and the thunder so loud, she was really frightened. She lay there in fear. She couldn't hear the man upstairs stirring, or a thing. She was so frightened; she didn't sleep anymore that night! The next morning, when it was about time to stir, she thought she'd better go up and see [if he was still alive.] But she heard a stirring up there. Somebody put one foot down and then another foot down. "Well, it must have rained last night!"

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[1] Compiled from Oral History, Tapes #1, 2 & 9. All the text has been edited and reorganized for continuity. Every chapter begins with a sketch of a quilt block pattern with the traditional name of the pattern.

[2] See picture on page 38.

[3] Rhoda pronounced this, "u-**el**-m." Map page 18.

[4] Rhoda's written text is italicized throughout book. Paragraph from "Life History" Version 3

They then put a large room upstairs over the front room [and] built a stairway up from the kitchen. This was the bedroom of my brothers. I believe there were two double beds in it. Then two bedrooms were built on to the north of the front room and a veranda around two sides leading from the kitchen around to mother and dad's bed room. [1]*We had a sheep once that used to like to run around [the veranda] and bunt the bed room door open & jump on the beds - Mom put a stop to that*!

I remember one day when I was just a wee child. I was about two or three. I was standing down at the bottom of the stairs and Mother was coming down with her arms full of soiled clothes ready to wash. Just before she got down to the bottom she stepped on a sheet and fell down the remainder of the stairs. It doesn't seem like she was terrible, badly hurt. But I was frightened.

I remember that old house, how much fun it was. When they got it remodeled, it was a fair size, at least a comfortable size. We had a front room, a kitchen, a pantry, a store room and a basement with cement floor and walls. It was good and cool in the summer. What really enthralled me was the dumb waiter. We could go through the pantry into the store room and put fruit or milk or what ever we wanted to take down into the basement, we'd put in the dumb waiter. Then, we'd go down the stairs and take the things off. We'd set the milk on the floor so it would be nice and cool when we wanted bread and milk for supper. When there was lightning, the milk soured easier; then, Mom made cottage cheese after it clabbered.

In the Fall, Dad would put in a big store of food because it was hard to get to town. We had lots of snow and it was hard to get anywhere. Dad always had lots of food and Mother canned a lot of fruit. When Mother canned her fruit, she could fill the shelves of the dumb waiter and let it downstairs into the basement. It saved lots of steps. She had plenty of steps to take in. I used to do a lot of her running for her.

We had an old man, Mr. McKinney, that used to come through there and he'd take orders. We ordered frozen fish, spices and all sorts of food stuffs from him. Later on he'd bring it. We loved to have him come because he talked and chatted with us in the evenings.

I can't remember having formal Home Evenings, but in the wintertime we had lots of evenings at home. We'd pop corn and eat apples. We danced and played games. Mom had an old organ that you pumped with your feet. She'd play and we'd dance. I remember playing Rook and Flinch. No playing [face] cards in our house! Flinch was similar to Rook. Of course we didn't always do that.

Mom used to sing us songs too. [2]*Dad couldn't sing very well but mother had a beautiful voice - Owen seemed to be the one that most inherited that - Norma too -...but my talents in this line are limited - We had an organ in our home. It was one of the old ones that you had to pump with your feet & pull out stops- At church was a larger one & a boy would pump it from the side while the organist played. I took a few lessons on this organ....* I enjoyed piano but I never got very good at it. We didn't go on very long with music. Those are all the lessons I remember. We lived out in the sticks; there weren't advantages out there.

I had to go four miles to the piano teacher's. I rode Razzers, a pony, black with a white strip around his middle. *He was a pretty black pony but he was a cut up & had a personality I guess you'd say a "horsenality" all of his own.* He used to like to try and hoodwink me. For a while he succeeded. When he came to a culvert or a bridge across the road, he'd stop and pretend to be frightened. He'd snort and he wouldn't go. I had to get off and lead him over the culvert. I got tired of that. I thought, "Enough of this buddy." Just before I'd get to the culvert, I'd

[1] "Recollections...", page 4, holograph

[2] "Recollections...", page 3-5

pull his head up short and get the reins in my hand and I'd slap him on the nose. He got so he didn't snort any more, only when a car would go by.

We had a hired girl, a young girl, Sophria Kylo (Barr), come and help Mother when the babies were born and in the fall when they had threshers. Mother would have thirteen, fourteen or fifteen men to cook for, three meals a day. It was a little much with we kids, so this girl used to come and help. She was just like a sister. She was so sweet. Sometimes they would put on dances that her friends come to and we'd dance. I remember Dad dancing with we kids.

People that passed through there used to stop at our house a lot. Friends and people that didn't even know us stayed there often. It was hard to find places to stay out in the country. When we had company when I was a little-bitty kid, I'd cling behind my Mother's skirts. People would look at me and I'd get behind Mom.

We got our first telephone in the little old house. It was a wall telephone. There was a long varnished box. On the left-hand side hung the black receiver and on the right-hand side was the crank. You rang different numbers. There were ten or so people on one line. You had to be sure you listened [for your ring.] Too many people listened on the phone. I don't remember us spending much time listening on the phone. That was a "no, no" at our place, to listen in to other people's conversation. But, you always felt a little leery when you talked on that phone because everybody could hear. You could usually hear them take down their receivers. You had to ring different lines. Ours was a short and a long. Others had a long and a short and a long. Different rings for each one. I remember how great it was to have a phone so we could talk to our neighbors. Most of the time, we had to get on a horse and ride to find out how they were or if we wanted to get word to our neighbors. From then on we had phones.

We did have neighbors a half mile from us. One of them, especially, I used to like to play with their daughter. She was just a little younger than I. My friends weren't close so I didn't see them every day. I used to go up over the hill and play with the girl that I thought as a special friend, Dorothy Morrey. This was a non-LDS community but they were fine people. Dorothy and I played with dolls. I had one doll, a china head doll. I really loved that doll. I was a little older when I got this special doll. I must have had several when I was small. When I was quite small I had a cute doll, a sturdy one. Mother made clothes for it. I went with my folks down to McGrath, Alberta, to see Aunt Amy (She had been married to a Bennion and he died. Then she married Uncle John Hepler.) I went down to see them and I had a cousin there just my age, and a few that were older. They liked my doll so I traded for a cat they had. I brought the cat home. I kept my doll's dress though so I could dress the cat in my doll's dress.

Oh yes, I must mention something. When I was a little girl, we didn't always have doll buggies, but I needed something to put my baby in. Mother had a small wicker clothes basket and she padded it and covered it. Dad put a wooden bottom on it and two rockers, and that was the most fun thing. There were three younger than me in the family and they used to like to get into that. First thing you know, the rockers were bending under. I had to put it away so they couldn't get into it. Mother made me quilts. I had quilts and clothes for my doll. I was the only girl until I was eight years old, so I got all there was for girls.

When I was really small, I remember Mother telling me about another cousin I had. Her name was Erma Vickery. We used to play together from the time we were babies, but they moved. Mother and Dad really enjoyed

the Vickerys[1] as long as they were there. *I very faintly seem to remember my cousins the Vickery's & playing with Erma. [I remember] Mom telling the story of Melvin, Vibe & Owen, fighting a bit & dad telling them only dogs fought - "you aren't dogs are you." "Just part, part dog & part man," said Melvin.*

[2] *One of the earliest recollections I have of my brother Owen is playing horse with him & Vibert. One of the boys & I would hold hands, each holding an end of a piece of string with our free hand - the driver grasping the opposite ends. Off we'd go trotting all over the farm attending to whatever business or pleasure the one who drove had in mind. As I remember I was always one of the team of horses, never a driver. Favorite names for the horses were "Chub" & "Molly."*

I don't remember quarreling with my brothers. They probably thought of me as a little pest. I was 3 years 3 months younger than Owen & 2 years younger than Vibert, and I was the youngest for 8 years as we didn't have close neighbors to play with I was no doubt happy when they included me in with their play.

One of my prize possessions when I was a young girl was a small red fountain pen which was strung on a red ribbon & I wore it around my neck - a gift from Owen.

When I was a little girl, I had long hair in ringlets. What a lot of work that was for Mom to keep it combed all the time. Whenever she wanted to go someplace, if Dad was going anywhere, Dad was always good to take Mother; but, he wanted to hurry up and be ready right now. He didn't have time to wait around. I remember one day Mom saying, "Now Rhoda, we want to go with Dad to Glenwood, but I've got to hurry up and comb your hair. Now don't cry or you can't go." So Mother hurried through my hair and I remember how it used to hurt. Sometimes Dad would tease me and say, "I don't think we'll take Rhoda today." After Mom had me all ready I'd go sneak and jump in the Democrat real quick, and climb under the seat. Of course, he wouldn't have left me anyway, but I thought maybe he would.

Mother braided my hair a lot. On Saturday night, she'd wash my head and put it up in rags. It was naturally curly, but when you put it up in rags it would stay all week. I wore it in curls, ringlets a lot of the time. Mom tied it back with a ribbon. Then finally they cut my hair and I had bangs. I grew my hair out from time to time. When I went to high school I had quite long hair.

I remember some of the first shoes that I had that I thought were so specially, special. My Daddy went to Chicago with a load of cattle one time[3]. He brought us kids all shoes. Mine were patten leather around the bottom part. They were button shoes and the uppers were black and white checked cloth with the buttons on the side. One time, they got me some shoes that buttoned part way up the leg, but there were four or five straps that came over onto the side and buttoned. I don't know why I remember the shoes, but I do. In the summertime we used to go barefooted a lot of the time. I guess that wasn't very proper, but we kids did. A lot of kids even went to school barefooted. I can't remember doing that.

[4]*In summer we walked bare footed at times, not often, & usually rode horses often bare back, lead the horse up by a fence, or something, climb up on the fence & jump onto the horse. I often rode behind one of my brothers - As we grew older we used saddles -*

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[1] "Recollection..." p. 1. Arthur and Mary Woodruff Vickery, her father's sister. They moved to Weiser, Idaho as did her grandparents, David and Arabella Jane Woodruff.

[2] "Memories of my Brother..."

[3] 1920, see Faithful to the End, p.24

[4] Paragraph from "Recollections....", p. 4

I don't remember my clothes. We always wore long stockings and underwear underneath them. It was cold. I remember a red coat. Mother liked to dress me in red. She thought I looked good in red. I was dark with dark ringlets, dark eyes and dark skin.

[1]*I remember the one trip I went on with my father and mother and sister to U.S.A. What a great event for me. One day we went to a store and I saw a divine dress that fit me so well. It was pink with flowers on it. Oh, how I wanted that dress - but I didn't get it. I probably had enough plainer ones to do me. I remember when I wanted clothes or anything Dad would say, "Does she need them Alice?" If Mom said yes, I'd get them - If no I wouldn't .*

I wore dresses all the time. Even the little boys wore dresses, until they were quite old they walked around in dress. They were just plain simple ones. ....They used to make them with lots of tucks and insertions and lace and ruffles. I still have one of them. We had long dresses. We used to wear nightgowns. I remember Mother making nightgowns. The first trousers I remember were a pair of knickers. They were riding britches and I just wore them when I rode the horse. When it was cold in the winter, I wore long stockings with underwear and maybe a pair of drawers on top of those and my stockings, but I wore a dress. Even though I rode to school, I wore a dress. We walked to school in the spring and the summer. In the winter, we rode horses and went in a sleigh or a Democrat[2] pulled by horses. We always dressed warm. Dad always saw that we kids were well dressed and warm.

I remember the mittens. We wore mittens. Mother would knit them and put strings around them. When we got older and our hands would get cold, we'd get a pair of gauntlets. Every fall, before the winter started, they'd get a big order of clothes for we kids. We had two changes. You wore one one week, then Mom washed them and did them up nice, and we wore the other the next week. That is how many dresses I had.

One dress I had got a big hole in the front of it. Mother put a big patch on it. Mother said, "If you wear this pinafore it will be okay for you to wear to school." So, she put out the pinafore for me. I got in a hurry, anyway I forgot to wear my pinafore, and Mother was unhappy I'd gone to school all day with that big patch in the front of my dress. Mother kept me well dressed. She sewed and made all my clothes. I never remember feeling uncomfortable because my clothes weren't nice. Mother did a good job of making my clothes, and keeping me a certain degree up with the style so I didn't feel out of place.

I didn't start to school 'till I was about eight. It was so far. We went two miles if we went to Ewelme and three miles if we went to Spring Ridge. In each of these little communities there was just a post office and a school and farmers lived all around. When I did go, I was old enough so that I went ahead quite fast. I took two grades in one year. They let me do that. I got along quite well in school at first, because I was older. We had one-room schoolhouses with a big stove. (I don't know just how to explain it.) The stove was inside with a metal casing around it, that protected you from it. They burned coal. I think the teacher started the fire when she came in the morning.

After we got ready for school, we always had breakfast. My Mom didn't let us go to school without breakfast. We had to get up early enough to have a warm breakfast. I don't think I had many morning chores when I was young. We'd go to school. We had to put our horses away. There was a barn there. I'm not sure if we had hay, or those horses stood there all day cold. We rushed in. It was about time for school. If you had time to get warm by the

[1] *Ibid,* p. 2

[2] See picture page 20.

stove, you did. We used to say the Lord's Prayer every morning. Sometimes, the teacher would have us sing a song. We started out with arithmetic. There was all those classes to do; you had to be quiet while the others did theirs. We took turns doing the arithmetic and the reading and the spelling. We used to have spelling bees to see who could spell down first. We had history and literature and composition. We had civics. We had geography. We had art twice a week. Sometimes our teachers, at the end of day, would read us a book. We'd get a chapter every day.

We started school at nine and out at three, as I remember it. You had an hour at noon and fifteen minute recess in the morning and a fifteen minute recess in the afternoon. We used to play ball. We didn't have much stuff to do with. Of course, we had an outside toilet and there was a little place on the outside before you went in so the boys couldn't see. We girls used to bring mirrors and lace things so we could make up our faces. But mostly we played ball and other games, "Anty-I-Over" over the school and "Run Sheepy Run."

We had cold lunches. One teacher decided it would be good for us to have something warm, so she started up a program where one child would bring the food for a week. There weren't all that many kids. They'd bring something hot each day. Maybe it would be beans, maybe it would be soup, maybe it would be cocoa. Something each day. Oh, that was so good for us because it would get so cold. You'd come in the morning, and you'd be freezing, and it would be cold all day. Something warm at noon made it so much nicer. I can remember taking a big pail to school and the teacher would warm it up. We sat at our desks. I suppose we took sandwiches or what ever else we wanted too, but we had something warm in the winter.

We had a lunch pail. My Mom gave us an apple or some kind of fruit, and some kind of a dessert, a donut or a cookie, and sandwiches. We used to have a lot of sardine sandwiches, sometimes peanut butter. The peanut butter we got was really good but you couldn't eat straight peanut butter. You had to mix it up with a bit of water or it would really choke you. It was so dry. Maybe, our sandwich would be meat. If Mother had beef she'd make beef sandwiches. Two of beef and two of jam, two slices of bread for each one. We were well fed. It was nourishing. The other kids had about the same thing. Sometimes, if you didn't watch where you put your lunch pail, it would be frozen at noon which wasn't too good. There was always water at the school. We didn't think about putting something in a thermos bottle. I'm not sure they had thermos bottles then. We didn't do it.

I don't remember my first day of school. When I went to school I went with my two brothers, Owen and Vibert. I felt quite secure. It didn't feel all that strange. I remember when my oldest brother did something that he shouldn't. After school was out, the teacher kept him in and gave him a strapping. I looked in the window and saw her doing it. I was so unhappy. We kids didn't darest to act up at school. We didn't darest to go home and tell our Dad. If we told Dad we got a whipping at school, we usually got one at home. He didn't take our part. He took the teacher's part. We had good teachers. On the whole they were very good teachers. They were worthy of our parent's trust. We had good kids to go to school with. It was a good group. Although they weren't LDS, they were good kids and a good neighborhood. We enjoyed each other.

I think my first school was at Ewelme. Sometimes the kids would get sick. If they got sick in one school they'd close it down. If we were still well and feeling okay we'd go to Spring Ridge. It was a mile further, but we would go up there so we didn't have to lose school. We mostly went to Ewelme because that was closer. We knew the kids there better.

I remember we had a small library. I don't

think there were very many books in that library that I didn't read. I used to take them home and read them. On Saturday morning when I was supposed to be doing my chores, Mother would lose me. I was up in a little closet. Mom had a big long closet. I don't know how I read in there, but I'd hide away, until Mother got on to me. Then, I did my chores first! I used to read a lot of books. I used to read most of the ones in the library, then they'd get a change of books. They were good books. I read all the Anne of Green Gables, Jep's David,[1] Anne of Avonlea. We even read Huckleberry Finn. Mom didn't like those too good, because Owen would read them and try out all the tricks. We had a lot of good books. Mother and Dad would give us books sometimes, for Christmas too. We had nice readers. They had nice stories in them. Of course we read them in school. Reading was one of my favorite things to do. I liked math. I always got my best grade in math.

The teachers I remember are Miss Gorman and Miss Sweeney. One of my good friends, beside Dorothy Morrey, was Ilene Murphy. She had an auntie that taught us in school. She was an especially good teacher. These people were Catholics but they were good people. I don't remember what her name was, but I remember she taught us lots of things. Most of the teachers were girls, but one lady was a married woman. One winter, one of my cousins taught school for a little while. His name was David Fleming. He happened to be staying with the folks and the teacher got sick. In our whole school, there was about fifteen. If you were lucky you had another class member or two in your grade.

The mail came three times a week. It was a mile farther from the school. After school, we'd go down to the post office and get the mail. That made it four miles for us to go home because we went that extra mile. In the summertime, we did it three times a week, but when it was colder in the winter, I don't think we went so often.

When we came home from school, we changed our clothes and got right busy and did our chores. Mine ... was taking care of the ashes and the coal and the wood and feeding and watering the chickens and at night gathering the eggs. I had to get out and feed those chickens quite early so they could have something to eat and drink to go to bed on. That was my main chore. Of course, I helped set the table and do the dishes. I didn't get the meals.

In the spring, we used to make our own valentines. You didn't buy valentines. For weeks, we kids, if we had any extra time at school, made valentines. Some of these valentines were pretty cute. I wished I'd kept some. We made a large Valentine Box. On Valentine's Day, we had a special program and passed out valentines.

I don't remember much about birthdays. We didn't have any big, fancy birthday parties. We had a nice dinner and a cake and a little birthday kiss. It wasn't any big deal, like a lot of times you do now. We couldn't. They were remembered, but they weren't all that much.

We used to have Twenty-Fourth of July celebrations in Glenwood. Those were special times. They'd have a program in the morning. There was one special lady down there. She later became my Bee Hive teacher when we moved across the river and I went to school in Glenwood for a while. We used to go over to Dora Law's for Bee Hive class during the week after school one day. On the Twenty-Fourth of July, she used to give good readings. They were always funny. We had other things. Then, there was a little time to go have your lunch. In the afternoon they had sports, horse races and wagon races. We kids would save up all our money so we could buy what we'd want. I liked to buy bananas 'cause they tasted so good. We didn't have many of

[1] There is a Jep and David in Cherry Ames at Spencer by H. Wells, a series of books about a nurse.

those. Bananas and oranges were special. It wasn't all candy we bought.

They used to celebrate the First of July in Hill Spring, but we didn't go that often to those. Oh, the First of July is Dominion Day like the Fourth of July in the United States. The day Canada was made a Dominion. That was the day we sang "Oh, Canada." Of course, we did other times, too. That was a special patriotic day. After we moved over to Hartley, we usually attended. One would be at Hill Spring and one would be at Glenwood. They'd trade off places where they had the celebrations.

[1]*Dad raised cattle & drove them up into the hills to summer them. Kylo's lived up that way. I remember going there one summer on sort of an outing, the family seldom went but we did this time & enjoyed a camp fire & mom made stretch candy & we all stretched & ate. In the summertime one of the things we liked to do was go on picnics down to the river. In the wintertime we'd play games. We had radio when they came out, not too soon after, but we did get one.*

On Halloween, we kids sometimes would get together and ride around the neighborhood. We'd take spools and make "tic-tac-toes," we called them. You fix a string through the hole and tic-tac-toe up and down the windows. Sometimes we'd put soap on the windows. I hope we didn't put wax, but I don't remember. Maybe we did that too. Sometimes people would fix warm cocoa for us; sometimes we'd stop someplace and have a little party.

In the winter at school, the teacher used to stencil something above the top of chalk boards that ran around two sides of the rooms. At Thanksgiving time, it would be pumpkins; Christmastime, it would be Christmas things. Different things all through the year. She'd let we older kids stencil these on. Somebody would hold up the stencil and somebody else would color it. That was fun. Sometimes we would help the teacher at noon. In winter we didn't play outside much. If it wasn't too cold we went outside, but sometimes we'd stay in. I don't know what the teacher did to keep us quiet at noon. We played games and sat and talked. Outside, we used to make forts and throw snowballs at each other. I can't remember it being boring.

At Christmas, we always had a special program. I remember reciting poems and being in skits. Mother and Dad came to our school programs. We held them in the afternoon. We used to take the "Children's Friend." Lots of the poems we had, Mother would take out of there. We'd memorize them to recite at the programs. (The parents would sometimes come.) One teacher, especially, thought our poems were really special. She came to see Mother one time and she wanted to know where she got all the special things we kids were giving. Mother told her the "Children's Friend." When she found out it was an LDS magazine, she didn't ask anymore questions and didn't want anymore to do with it.

We lived about ten miles from Glenwood where the Church was. At Christmastime, we'd always have a Christmas party and a dance in Glenwood. It was a children's dance. That was fun. It was sometime during the holidays. Dad and Mom took us over to that.

Before Christmas, Mother would start quite early making Christmas candy and we had popcorn balls. Mother made all kinds of candy, from dipped chocolates to hard tack and peanut brittle. One special kind was English Toffee. She made penuche. She'd made one batch each evening or two or three batches a week. She'd put them away 'till Christmas. We weren't supposed to find them 'till Christmas - usually we didn't. She used to make donuts. When she made donuts, she'd spend almost a whole day and then she'd put them away where it was cool. We kids weren't to get into them, because they were for

[1] "Recollections..." p. 6

lunches. We'd have one everyday for lunch and maybe for desserts at meal times. Quite early. she made fruit cake. That was one of my special things. We'd have fruit cake for a while after Christmas; we didn't eat any before, but after. Sometimes, she'd make several rounds. The bottom would be large then smaller and she'd decorate her Christmas cake up to the small top. Mother made a big pan of fruit cake.

At Christmastime, we had a tree. We had candles on our tree. We had metal holders that clipped onto the tree. [Candles] were dangerous. You had to be careful and watch the tree at all times, but it made the tree so pretty. On the top of the tree was a star. We didn't keep the tree very long. Every year, we made chains out of colored paper, even the colored paper in the catalogue. But usually, we had red and green paper that we cut a certain length. I remember pasting those together. We didn't string popcorn very often. We decorated the front room each year. Mother had paper garlands that came out like an accordion. We had paper bells. We fastened the garlands from the corners of the room to the center. There was a bell in the center. Sometimes we'd put tinsel over the garland.

My parents didn't usually exchange gifts. When I got older, I'd think of something for Mother for Christmas. I remember going in a store with Dad once, and I told him I thought he ought to get something for Mother. We did. It was just a simple thing, but it was something for Mother for Christmas. They gave us kids gifts. They didn't give gifts to each other. They didn't have much money, but they could have done something [for each other].

Some Christmases, we didn't have very much. Maybe all we would get is a book. Some Christmases, we were lucky if we got any clothes. Most of the time we got toys, too. I remember that special doll I got. I remember stockings always being filled. There was always candy and an orange. They used to get Japanese oranges, we called them. They were small oranges. They'd get a little box of them at Christmastime and we always had some in our stocking. We had nuts and little things like pencils, handkerchiefs, those kinds of things. We didn't have all those coloring books when I was little. When I was older, I used to love coloring books, because we hadn't had them when we were little. We didn't have all that much.

We kids did a lot of makeshift things. We had sleighs. We used to love to go sleigh riding. That's what we did in the winter - not at school - but at home. We had lots of nice shaped hills and snow banks all over the place. We used to build forts at home. We used to have igloos out of snow. We didn't build them out of blocks. We'd dig the snow out and have places where we could go.

Sometimes, the snow would come up until you couldn't hardly get out the door. They'd shovel out paths to go feed the stock. I can remember the boys milking the cows at night, but I don't remember them doing it in the morning; I do in the summer, but in the winter I'm not sure they did. My chores - because the boys were busy down at the barn taking care of the animals - I used to feed and water chickens. I used to empty the ashes and bring in the coal and bring in the wood until I got a little brother that was old enough. I did that for several years.

That old stove! I had to take ashes out every day, especially in the winter. Maybe I'd take them out twice. Sometimes, I'd take them out in the morning so I wouldn't have so much to do at night, because it would be so full. We had a funny kind of a contraption. There was a holder for the ashes to fall into. If it got too full, it would slide off the sides and you'd have to take two of those things out. There was a long contraption made out of metal, and an oblong metal at the end. You'd scrape out the ashes. Once a week, I had to scrape out the

soot. That was the dirtiest thing. I hated that old soot. You had to be so careful not to get it around the house, and sometimes it got around anyway! The ashes were on the left bottom side of the stove. You pulled out a little drawer full of ashes. On the right of that, in about the middle of the next section, was a little narrower door that you opened out. The soot didn't all go up in the chimney and stick in the chimney; although, it did go up there and you had to clean those out. It also fell down in a little compartment for soot. You had to take that out. Some people blacked their stoves with it. Mom had stove blacking. I didn't like the soot. When you got in a hurry to cook your meal and the stove wasn't hot enough, you'd take the lid up and set your pan over the fire and you'd have a sooty pan to clean up. It is so nice to have an electric stove that doesn't have all that soot and all that dirt! It was hard to keep them clean.

Oh, I'd better tell you about how we had our water. At the left-hand side of the stove was a big reservoir. It was right next to the fire box so it het fast. It was my job to keep that full of water. It seemed that went down so fast. I guess I didn't think that my Mom used it to wash dishes and wash hands and all the rest during the day. It was always empty. I don't know how Dad kept the cistern full, but I had a hard time keeping the reservoir full. To get water, my Dad had a big tank which he took down to the river. He dipped water up into the tank and brought it home and put it in the cistern. The cistern was by the side of the house and we pumped the water in[to the house.]

I think when we were kids, Dad used to go get water in cream cans to drink. Dad used to make a big pond. When that was clean and fresh, that would be all right to use. In the wintertime, we used to bring in big tubfuls of snow. We had a boiler[1] that we sat on top of the stove. We'd fill that up and melt the snow. If we needed to, we drank that water, but you had to boil it first.... We had to melt the snow a lot of times for the washing. It did have its advantages: the clothes came so clean and white; it made your hair soft. It was a lot of work. I think we had the cistern and we pumped our water when we moved to Glenwood. We did have a pump on the farm, too, because I filled up the reservoir from a pump.

On Saturdays, we had to have to our baths. It seems like I was in charge of bathing the smaller kids, when we had the smaller ones, so they would be clean and all ready for Sunday. After bathing them, I had to fill [the reservoir] up again so the rest of the family could have a bath. The water could get just to boiling in that reservoir, it could. Sometimes, we'd put the boiler on and get that hot, too, so there would be enough bath water for everybody. There was the tea kettle: that would heat up fast. You could always take the stove lid off and set that in the fire because it always had a black bottom.

Oh, the lamps - they were my biggest headache. I didn't like to do those. I used to do them every Saturday morning. I had to screw out the wicks and fill them up with coal oil and then shape the wick so it was just as even as possible so the flame would be even. If you didn't get the wick even, you had a one-sided flame and it would blacken the chimney. I'd wash the chimney too. You did everything on Saturday, almost all the chores. You'd bath once a week, and you cleaned the lamps once a week. You went through the house once a week. Of course, Mother swept and cleaned up. I had to do my bedroom and the boys' bedroom - make the beds. I think we changed the beds, but maybe Mother did it

[1] A very large pot, flat bottomed, about three feet long, eighteen inches high, twelve inches wide with flat sides and rounded ends.

when she washed. I had a long-handled brush that I swept down the stairs with every Saturday. I scrubbed the kitchen floor. I think I did most of the Saturdays work, as I remember it, as a child. It was according to how old I was. When I got to be eight years old, I used to do quite a bit. Before then, I didn't do so much. I did a lot of running around. Mom did most of the cooking and the sewing. When I got married I didn't know enough (like I should have done) but I soon learned.

On Saturday, we'd start the day with our work. It took us all day, usually, by the time I got my kiddos bathed at night. I started with the dishes. I used to hate to wash the [cream] separator, but I had to do it on Saturday. During the week, I didn't have to do it. That old separator! You had to rinse all the gooey stuff out...before you could put any soap in it, or it would go slimy. We had homemade soap. You'd rinse them off good first, then you washed them and scalded them and wiped them. Then there was the dishes to do. It seemed to take so much of the morning. Then after that, I had the bedrooms to do, and the lamps, and there was still the stoves. (Mom usually washed on Monday.) We worked all day. In the summertime, there would be canning. We usually prepared something for Sunday. I can't remember doing too much baking. We'd sometimes make a cake. We'd prepare whatever we were going to eat for Sunday. It kept us really busy. No wonder I'd run away to get to read my book!

[1]*We washed with a hand washer, it had an agitator inside & a handle above that some one had to push back & forth to wash the clothes. I did a good deal of that & I wouldn't be surprised if Vibe did some - & then Mom & I did a lot of good old scrubbing on the board & boiling on the stove - but clothes were clean & we set aside 1 day [a week] for ironing - shirts, dresses, slips, pillow cases, table clothes etc. We didn't very often iron sheets - some did, the wind would blow out most of the wrinkles but we didn't have lovely fabrics like we have now & everything was a bit wrinkled if not ironed.*

On Sunday, I can't remember doing anything much. I still had to clean out the stove and get the wood and coal in and get the meals ready. We had to get up early to get the all the chores done and get off to church on time. We had breakfast. Sometimes, we'd take a lunch with us because we'd go to Glenwood and have Sunday School; then, there was a break between Sunday School and Meeting; then we'd go to Meeting and come home, usually. It was too far to drive the team back and forth. Oft times, friends invited us to their houses at noon for dinner. We had several friends there that we used to go to their places and eat with them. That was always fun. I remember sometimes, too, there were a few other families that used to drive quite a distance and they would be there at noon too. We'd sometimes take lunch and eat a lunch at the Church. After the Sacrament Meeting, we'd come home. If we went across the river, it was about ten miles to Glenwood, when it was frozen. The shortest distance was ten miles, we had to cross the river anyway. By the bridge, it was fourteen miles.

In the winter, we had a warm sleigh. When we were getting ready to go, Mother put several rocks in the oven to warm them. Dad put hay or straw in the bottom of the sled. We put the warm rocks in and camp quilts. We'd snuggle down in the hay with the hot rocks at our feet and quilts up around us. Dad kept his horses well fed and well cared for. They were fat and sassy. He kept his harnesses up nice. He had bells he used sometimes in the winter. That was always fun. It seems like that is a good time to sing but I can't remember doing it too much. I can remember snuggling down in there. It was too cold to talk some of the

[1] "Recollections...", p. 4

time, and Dad was in a hurry to get us there; and after, to get us home.

I think the horses had to stand outside all during the meetings. Our sleigh wasn't a one-horse open sleigh; it was a bob sleigh. The men used the sleighs all the time to get hay for the cattle, and to go to town with a load of grain. There was a seat in front with a big bed, just like you'd use a truck now. In the wintertime, they used a sled and in the summertime it was a wagon. We did have a Democrat, we called it. It wasn't as heavy as a wagon that we used to drive around. It had seats in it; a seat for two in front; and right behind, a seat for two more; and then there was a place in the back where some of the kids had to stand up or sit down and let their feet dangle out.

When I was five years old, my parents bought one of the first cars in the community. It was a Ford. It had a cover with isinglass that you could fasten it in when it rained, and it would keep the wind out too. But, it was hard to keep those things pulled down and snapped shut. The roof that came up over, we could fold it down. But if you pulled it up and put the sides up, which was isinglass, and clamped it together, it kept quite a bit of the rain and wind and snow out when you traveled. Those cars you had to crank with a crank. You had to get it just right; give it a certain jerk, or it wouldn't go. It had lamps on front; you had to light them. But it was sure faster than the horses. Not too much, though! I was about five or six when we got that first car. Each car got progressively a little better. For a time, we were so poor we couldn't afford gas to run them. Especially after my Father died, we had a car sitting in the garage. Nobody run it. A lot of people took their cars and made them into "Bennet[1]" buggies, a car they pulled with horses.

[1] "Richard B. Bennet, Prime Minister of Canada, 1930-1935. In the USA cars pulled by horses were called "Hoover" wagons or buggies.

I remember going to Church [every week.] Father would really hustle us all around early. No dilly-dallying Sunday morning. No being late for him. I had a special teacher, Sister Green, and I remember her. Sister Buck was also a very special teacher. I don't remember the stories. They must have taught lots of things, but I don't remember especially what they taught us. I enjoyed it. At Easter time, they'd bring us chocolate candies. After the opening exercises, we'd all go to classes. We kids in the smaller classes went downstairs.

I remember the first two-and-a-half-minute talk I gave. They didn't give very many talks then. This is when they were first starting two-and-a-half minute talks. When we went into Sunday School in the morning, we had opening exercises. The parents sat up on the stage where the pulpit was. There were choir seats up there and they sat there. There was a row of superintendency and those who gave the two-and-a-half minute talks or lead the singing or played the organ. The first talk I gave, my Mother and Father were sitting in the choir seats. My little brother, Lloyd, was about two years old. (He was my baby.) He was sitting on [Mother's] lap. When I got up to give my talk, I was so frightened I didn't have any salvia in my mouth. It was completely dry. As I was standing up there, my little brother jumped down off Mom's lap and slid right up to the front and grabbed a hold of my hand. After that I was able to go right ahead and give my talk as I had planned it.

I missed most of my Primary. They had that during the week. We were going to school in Ewelme and it was too far, but I did have a Father and Mother that taught us correct principals at home. That is so important, if your Father and Mother give proper teaching and examples, which they did. I did get Sunday School and Sacrament Meetings. I remember one time staying home from Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting because I was

sick. When my folks came home, they told me about what they had done. I thought, "Oh, I don't ever want to miss church, because every time I miss church they have something special." President Wood used to come out; how wonderful it was to have him out! There were other visitors that would come from Cardston to Glenwood and we'd have special meetings.

[1] *I attended one session of the dedication of the Cardston Temple. My Grandfather Woodruff & several relatives came [from Idaho] to Alberta & visited us for this event.*

Every spring, we'd have stake missionaries. There would be several from each ward, mostly men, sometimes ladies; sometimes it would be young people because Owen went once and he was just a young fellow. They would go to Cardston and President Wood would set them apart for a two week mission for different wards. They'd come to the ward and they'd go to each home. At noon they'd have a meal. I remember Mother used to fix a lot of those meals, because we lived away from Glenwood, fourteen miles or ten which ever way they went. It was noon, usually, when they came there, and Mother would fix up a good meal.

They came and had a meeting at the home. They would sing songs and have prayer. The visiting people would talk, (I'm not sure if they had a theme, they probably did), then they had the father and mother speak, then the children. Usually, somebody from your ward would go around, like somebody from the Primary, somebody from the Mutual. Dick went one year, and another year I went around, at least one day, as a representative of the Primary.

I remember those meetings. I guess those were some of the first talks I gave. They'd have the family bear their testimonies. The district brothers would talk to us. It kept us alert and active. It was a good thing President Wood did. I don't think very many of the stakes did that. President Wood did that to keep us active.

I was born in January, but I didn't get baptized until the summer time because it was cold. You didn't go down in the ice and do it. In the spring, Dad used to dig a hole in a little coulee up there and fill it up with good fresh snow water when the snow would melt in the spring. That is what the cattle used to drink all summer. It was quite a deep pond. When it was clean and fresh, Dad took me and baptized me there; the following Sunday, I was confirmed in Church. My whole family must have been there but all I can remember is Dad and I.

[It] has always bothered me, because I can't point my finger to any certain time and say this is when I got my testimony. I didn't get it that way. I got it bit by bit. I think a lot of it came [because] I trusted my parents and they had a testimony of the Gospel. I think that is the first part of what it was. They taught me to go to Church and I gained it there bit by bit, little by little. It gradually grew into me. It certainly wasn't any bright light that suddenly came on. I think I was born feeling it was true because my parents did. It was just true like anything else they taught me. It was true. Their example meant so much to me. I remember, as a child, feeling so terrible when I'd find out that my uncle or somebody had done things that was not really terrible, but something that didn't seem quite right. I'd feel so let down. We had wonderful men and women around us that lived good lives and set good examples. [My testimony] grew bit by bit.

We had prayers. Yes, I should tell you how we had our prayers. When Dad or Mother would say, "Set the chairs up," we knew in the morning and in the evening you didn't set them up with the seat towards the table. You

[1] Life Story, version 1. The official date was 26 August 1923, but there were several sessions. The cornerstone was laid, 19 September 1915 by Apostle, David O. McKay, and both of Rhoda's Grandfathers were there. Henry L. Hinman said the opening prayer.

turned them around, and we'd all kneel down by our chairs and had our prayers night and morning. We always ate meals together. That's one thing people did then; they had meals together. It isn't like it is now with somebody running here and running there. We planned and had our meals together in the morning and at night. As soon as we were old enough, we had a turn at saying the prayer. We did it right along with the rest. Then we had the blessing on the food at noon. We always did that. We had a lot of visitors. Quite a few stayed all night, and lots stopped in for meals, and we always had the blessing on the food.

[My parents] weren't hypocrites. They didn't teach us in Church that we should not drink tea and coffee and then go home and do it. We didn't have tea and we didn't have coffee. We didn't do them. My Dad never did swear and he didn't tell vulgar stories. I never heard my Dad tell a vulgar story or my Mother either.

We paid tithing. That was the thing we did. I don't remember how Dad paid his tithing, but I knew they paid tithing. And Mother, to the end of her days, paid tithing and fast offerings. When there was a temple to be built, Dad helped on those funds. He filled a full-time mission to Germany and he worked in the Church. When he died, he was in the bishopric. Dad had a hard time speaking, because all his thoughts would come to him in German. He didn't get so it was easy to speak in English again.

[1]*Dad had 2 gospels: the gospel of Jesus Christ & the gospel of work & I'm grateful that he shared the testimony & truth of both with myself & brothers & sisters.... One time dad offered we kids $5.00 [to] the 1st one finished if we read the Book of Mormon. I took him up on it & read it. I don't know if Vibe & "Dock"[2] even started it. I set the alarm for 5 A.M. to read. I'm not sure I understood, especially the parts about Isaiah. But [any] means of getting money was hard to come by & I got the $5.00. I bought a hat, still have a picture of it I think - I wore it when I went to Cardston for my last 2 years of hi-school. I don't remember if I paid my tything 1st or not - but dad & mother taught me the value of paying tything and I'm extremely thankful I had the habit when I was married. I always pay my tything 1st then the bills- & there's some how enough, if sometimes it's tough but I at least have been able to manage through frugality (a quality I also acquired from my mother & father.) The years we were most lax in paying tything in my own home with [my] children were always the hardest ones.*

As children we very seldom had money handed out to us. I remember wanting some to buy Christmas gifts so the spring & summer before my father said he would give us I think 1 penny for every mouse and it seems like it was 5 for every gopher. I don't remember for sure. Gophers & mice did plenty of damage & I earned a little, over $2.00 that year as I remember it.

I was, surprisingly, quite well. I used to get some really bad colds and feel groggy and bad sometimes, but as far as getting anything seriously wrong with me, I seldom did. I remember Mother being very sick sometimes. She had gall stones and she would be so sick. I remember Dad giving her blessings and she was relieved of her pain. That was faith promoting.

I don't remember any bad accidents. We went to a circus once and Owen got lost. I can remember going and walking and the big crowds and not knowing where Owen was. I don't know how we found him. I remember what a relief it was.

Mother lost two or three babies between myself and my younger brother. One time, I don't know if it was a brother younger than me or my little sister, Mother was making little

[1] "Recollections...", pages 1-3

[2] Owen's nickname.

nightgowns. Oh, they didn't tell you anything then. Moms and dads didn't say anything. It was all hush-hush. Owen and Vibe were getting old enough to be smart. They whispered, "We're going to have a baby, because Mom's making nightgowns." She'd been making white, little, soft nightgowns with embroidered flowers on them. So we knew we were going to get a baby, but Dad and Mom didn't tell us. Mother didn't talk about the miscarriages she had. They shut that all away from you. They didn't tell children and I didn't know. After Golden was born, Mother lost three or four children. One of them was a twin. Mother was a little stout, so we didn't even know when she was pregnant, to look at her. At least I didn't. Of course, I wasn't looking for anything, anyway, and I didn't know too much.

When Lloyd was born [January 1920] I was just old enough so I could do dishes. Mom was gone for such a long time in Cardston where he was born. It was a good thing she did because he had convulsions. We just about lost Lloyd. He was a good sized baby. He was supposed to have been born about a month before he was. I don't know how come he wasn't. They tried to bring him, but he never did. He was much over due. When he was born, it was hard on him. I don't know what happened, but he had convulsions. They brought Lloyd into Mother, this cute, little, chubby baby and they said, "Here, enjoy him while you can because he's not going to live." Aunt Dora came up to the hospital and Doctor Libb worked with that baby. They rubbed him. They put him in hot and cold water. They worked with him until they brought him out of it. Aunt Dora was a compassionate soul. She was good at that kind of thing.

Pretty soon I had my little brother at home. How I did love him! I liked him more than my dolls. I used to tend him a lot. He didn't care if it was me or Mother, just so he got tended. I really enjoyed little Lloyd. Every once and a while, the boys would come up and want to hold him, but it didn't last long. They soon gave him back to me. The only time I didn't care about holding him is once and a while when we'd have company and he'd cry. Mom would want to talk and she'd send me off to tend Lloyd. I wanted to talk, too, or listen to what the grown-ups were saying! Mostly, it was listening.

At church, when we went to our classes in Sunday School, we used to march all the way around the room. Dad would hold little Lloyd in his arm and he'd be dangling off over here. Dad was doing it, but he didn't know much about how to hold a baby.

Lloyd was such a cute little guy. Lloyd liked horses, like the rest of the family. There was a small pasture south.... We had a riding horse in [there.] It would eat on the pasture and they'd give it grain..... It had access to water, so they didn't have to take much care of it. It was just there and ready for use when they wanted it. Lloyd had seen somebody training a horse to follow them. So he got himself a little willow and went out with the horse and called, "Baldy." He'd hit him on the legs and say, "Come on, Baldy, come on, Baldy." He had that horse following him around.

We usually had a dog and, usually, they were good dogs. We needed dogs to chase the cattle. It was nice to have a dog. We kids enjoyed them. We had one dog, he was Lloyd's. When Lloyd was a little guy that used to run around all over like little kids do, the dog would follow him where ever he went. If ever we couldn't find Lloyd, we'd call the dog and then we'd see where the dog came from and we could find Lloyd. They were constant companions.

Lloyd was very special because we hadn't had any babies in the house for so long. I really enjoyed him. But, when little Norma came along, she was a girl. How I did love her! Again Mother went to Cardston and when she came home she had this darling little

blonde baby girl. How we all did love her! She had such a sweet disposition. She was such a lovely baby. She was my baby, too. All through the years, what a sweet, sunny disposition she had. She had blonde curly hair; mine was dark. She had blue eyes. She was a cute, chubby, little girl and I used to tend her a lot because Mother was busy. Now, I had two babies, but Lloyd was fairly well grown up. I believe I deserted him.

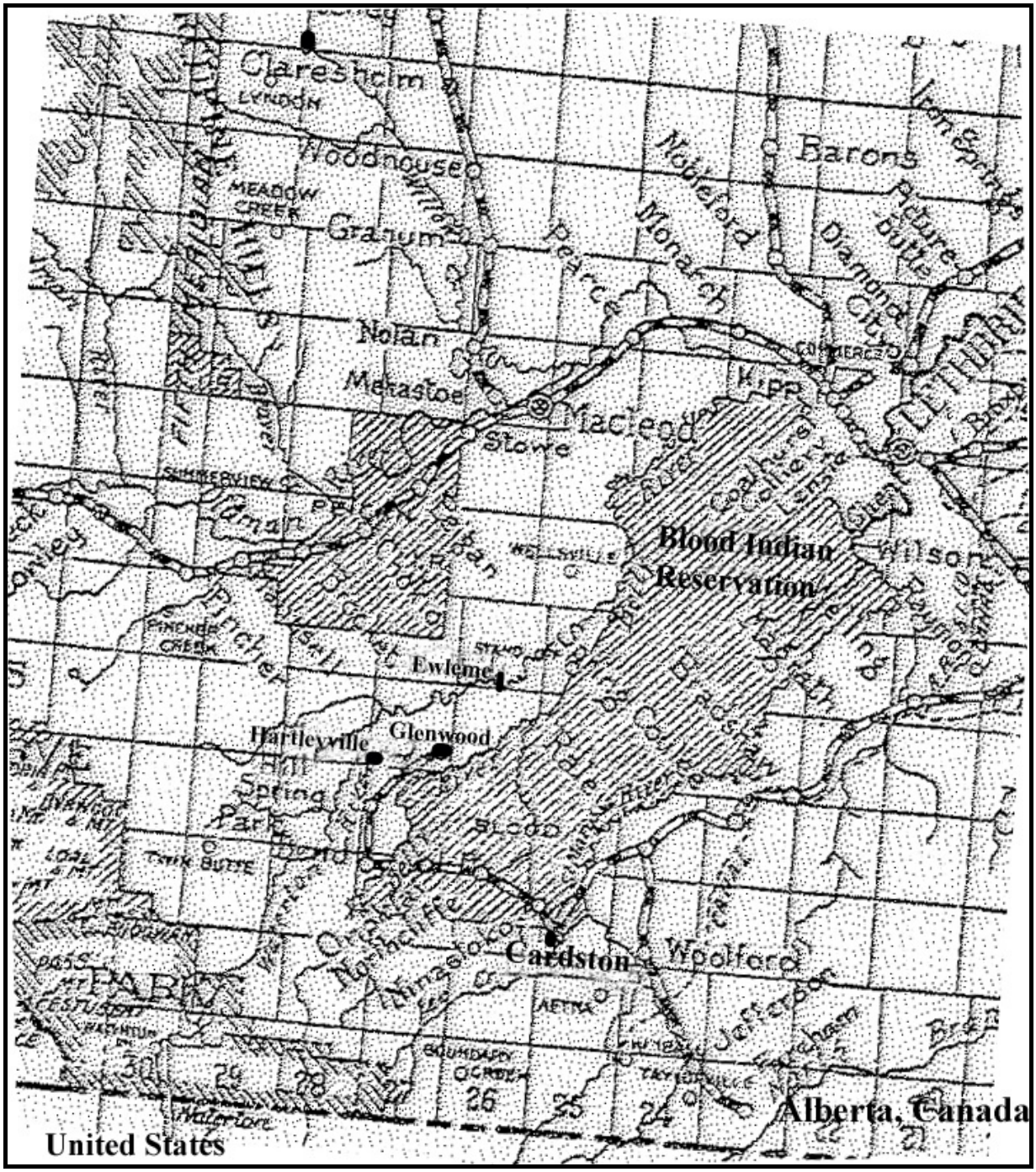
I remember when [Norma] got the mumps and she had the whooping cough, all at the same time. She was such a sick little girl. We kept her in a little bed. When she'd start to cough, she'd sit up and she'd cough and cough and cough and cough, and finally she'd stop coughing, and she'd lift her little head and there would be a cute little grin on that sweet, little, sick face. I remember we took good care of her, but there was no medicine to make her well. I tended her a lot in the day, but I don't remember tending her at night. She finally recovered.

Then, there was Golden. He also was a cute, little, blonde-headed baby and I loved him, too. Of course, he didn't have any distinction except he was the last one, but I didn't know that. Mother went to Cardston when all three of those children were born. Lloyd is the one that used to get into my dolls and break them. Golden was afraid of the vacuum cleaner, or the washer. Any noise like that and he'd run to the bed and hide under the pillow.

I think disciplining, in a way, was easier then. We just took it for granted we minded our parents. We just did it. That was the thing you did.... We loved [Dad] and revered him, but we were a little afraid of him. I don't ever remember my father whipping me, but he might pull my ear, which wasn't too good either. I remember one whipping my Mother gave me and that's all I remember. She thought I sassed her. I really hadn't. I was doing some homework for school and I was memorizing this piece and she got after Lloyd. (She used to get after us.) She got after Lloyd for doing something, and I was saying this piece over and over, and she thought I was saying something sassy to her. So she gave me a good paddling, which didn't hurt me I guess. I don't remember our parents having a very difficult time with us. They were good to us.

One thing I learned to appreciate in my Dad so much: I never remember him going anywhere without telling Mother where he was going and about how long he would be gone. She always knew where he was, so there was no reason to worry. During those years when you didn't have telephones, that was nice for her to know. We had a happy home and security.

We knew Dad loved Mother and Mother loved Dad. I don't know how, but I know we knew it. There was no doubt about it. We never heard Dad and Mother quarrel - never. Our Dad taught us to respect and love our Mother. When Mother spoke about Dad, she said, "Your Father..." and it was done in a way that you knew there was love and respect there. It was just there, although there wasn't any big show of affection. We didn't see a lot of his kisses and hugs, they didn't do it all that much; but, we knew where their love and affection was.



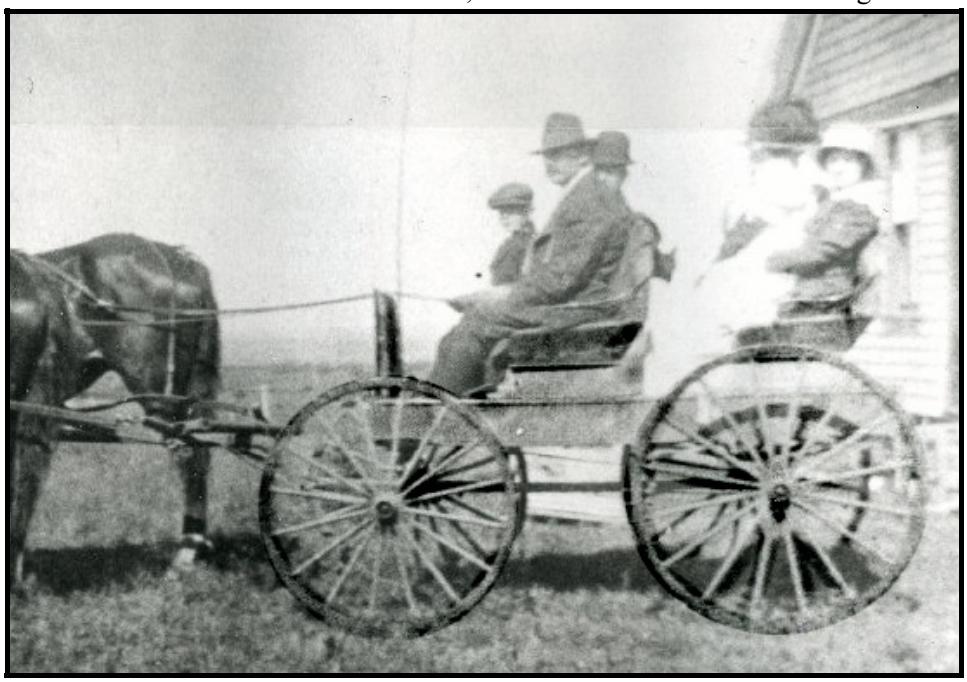
1941 Map of Southern Alberta, Canada
showing Ewelme, Brocket, Hartleyville, Glenwood and Cardston.
The dot-dash lines show Railroad, hash marks are Indian Reservations and wavy lines are rivers.

The little girl with the beautiful brown eyes – Rhoda Woodruff *circa* 1914

Rhoda & Lloyd Woodruff - *circa 1922*

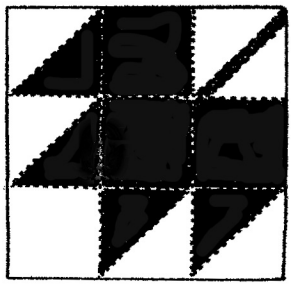
Rhoda & Norma Woodruff in Canadian wheat field.

Alberta 1912-A Democrat Buggy (This is not a picture of the Woodruff family.)
Also called a "Spring Wagon," it had springs to make a more comfortable ride.
It was called a "Democrat" because it was versatile. The seats could be taken
out and extra boards added to the sides, so it could be used as a farm wagon.



Chapter 2
A Fine Heritage

Maple Leaf



"You will see the day that you will be very greatful that you had a god-fearing father and mother as parents," said my Grandfather Woodruff in the Patriarchal blessing he gave me when I was fifteen. I thought about this briefly. It sort of impressed me, nonchalantly. I thought, "Well, I'm glad I do have my father & mother for parents, but everybody has parents and some of them are able to give their children more than mine give me." Now several years later, after marriage and a family, most of whom are married & in homes of their own, I realize how important goodly parents are and I appreciate so much the Eternal & lasting gifts my parents gave to me. I now realize what a choice blessing this is. It is with a feeling of deep gratitude & thanks to my Heavenly Father for my earthly parents that I write this brief sketch ....[1]

My Mother was born in Farmington, Utah. [Her parents] lived in Farmington and Aunt Beth, Grandpa's other wife, lived close by. When the kids got sick, if need be they'd go over and stay with Aunt Beth. She treated them really nice. Grandpa[2] had two polygamous wives. He had to go to Canada because the "Law" was after them. His oldest wife chose to stay in Salt Lake. She had the choice to go to Canada or stay in Salt Lake in the home and she chose to stay in the home. Her health wasn't too good. Grandma was younger, so Grandma went to Canada. Grandpa had been in Canada for two and a half or three years before he wrote back and had a place suitable for Grandma and the family to come. After they moved to Canada, Uncle Schuyler [Skyler] and Uncle Charlie were born.

Mother was born in 1884 and they moved to Canada about 1889 or 1890. She was five or six years old. They moved to Cardston, Alberta. She didn't talk much about her schooling, but she must have had all her schooling in Cardston. It seems to me she didn't go past the sixth grade. She must have applied herself well because she could read and write. She was a good speller because she used to tell about winning in Spelling Bees. She used to help us kids.

Mother told us her father had some horses. He loved livestock. He had one horse he was especially fond of, but it buffaloed the kids. She was sent out to the barn for some eggs and eggs were in the manger in front of that horse. When she went to get out of the stall, he pushed over to the side and hemmed her in. He pushed her right against the wall. She couldn't budge. He looked around at her. She took an egg[3] and hit him square in the forehead! He moved. She didn't dare tell her Dad what she did with his prize horse.

She told stories about her brothers and sisters. Mother was the youngest girl in the family and they ... had a cute little nickname for her. Her brother, Charlie, called her "Alley." But she had another nickname I don't remember. She had a good disposition and she was funny. She was well thought of in her family. They all loved her.

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[1] "Recollections," p.15. This chapter compiled from "Oral History," Tapes 2 & 9

[2] See Family Information, pages 29, 34-36. Picture page 38.

[3] When telling this story to her grandson, Ron Cobia, Alice said she used a "ripe" egg for her missile. Farmers always left one egg in each nest of free-range hens. They believed the egg kept the hens returning to the same place to lay eggs. Alice picked out the "nest-keeping" egg which, of course, got rotten over time.

Uncle Andy was a cute little fellow. The Indians used to come and want him. Grandma said, "Oh no, I can't let you have him. My husband wouldn't like that a bit if he came home and I didn't have my little boy. He would be very unhappy." One day after she told him this she was doing something, turned around and Uncle Andy was gone. She looked out the door and there was Uncle Andy behind one of the Indians on a horse riding down the road. Pretty soon Uncle Andy slid off the back. (It was a good thing he wasn't kicked or killed.) He ran home.

There was the time Grandma was left alone out in the country with two or three little children. It was close to a railroad track. Some rough-necks rode up. One of them got off and the others stayed on their horses. He came into the house and started talking to Grandma. His intentions were not good. Grandma was very nervous and very frightened. She raised the lid of an old trunk, picked up a shot gun and brought it out. Then he got nervous. He said, "That isn't loaded is it?"

"Yes, it's loaded and I'll used it. You'd better git."

He ran as fast as he could go. She never saw any more of him after that. She sat down in the rocking chair and collapsed. It was one o'clock before she came to. The gun was not loaded. It didn't even work.

Life was hard for [Grandma]. She was left alone a lot with the children to raise, especially when Grandpa had gone to Canada when they first settled Cardston. They made a new settlement. It took so long to get land and a place ready for his family to come. Grandpa [Hinman] was a carpenter. When he and his son and his brother went to Canada they did a lot of carpenter work. They built good log houses but they made sod roofs. They didn't have shingles. Sometimes they'd leak a little bit. They'd have to put pans under them all over the floors. Later times they did get shingles.... Many of these men went up there and their wives came later. At least two of them died shortly afterwards -- the hard work. The husbands died and left the widows to raise the family. Grandpa's health was very poor too. With constant care from a loving wife, he lived until after the family was almost raised. In fact I was a little girl when he died.

Grandma died first. She got cancer. She was the Stake Relief Society President. She used to go out a lot and help when babies were born. Their home was a place where people stayed at conference time. He was a patriarch when he died. John Taylor, I suppose a relative of President Taylor[1], was the Stake President up there. He used to come to their home often, as did many others. They lived right by Lees Creek in Cardston.

I just barely remember Grandpa Hinman. He came out to the farm when I was a little girl. We children didn't play around Grandpa Hinman very much because he was old and he didn't feel good and children kind of annoyed him. I used to think he looked just like a regular Grandpa because he had a long white beard. Maybe nobody else liked it, but I liked his long, white beard.

Now Grandpa Woodruff,[2] on the other hand, he was younger and he was healthier. I have lots of memories about him. Grandpa Woodruff had sort of a wandering spirit. He was an adventurous man. He didn't stay any place very long. He decided he wanted to go to Canada. He didn't live in polygamy. He had two wives, but one died first. My Grandmother was his first wife. He decided he wanted to go to Canada so they moved to Mountain View. I don't think they ever lived in Cardston. Whenever there was a Stake Conference, they used to come to Cardston like everybody did. It was usually two days, Saturday and Sunday. They'd come and stay with my Grandpa and Grandmother Hinman.

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[1] A son of LDS President, John Taylor.

[2] See Family Group Sheets, pages 28-29, 32-33 &36, Pictures pages 39-40.

They developed a friendship, somewhat. I think Grandpa moved to McGrath from [Mountain View].

Grandpa Woodruff farmed at first. He also liked horses. He had prize running horses. My father had some of those horses. In fact, I had one when I first married, but she died. After [Grandpa] moved to McGrath he lived in town and had a store. They had quite a nice home and there was a little old home in the back. When Aunt Amy lost her husband, she came and lived in that house. I don't remember too much of them living down there. I can remember Grandmother just slightly. She wore black silk dresses. She liked to dress nice. I can't remember much about her. She died before I was very old.

Grandpa moved to Weiser, Idaho, after he left McGrath. That's where he had a store too. Grandma died there. He came and stayed with us one summer. He used to talk with us kids. He'd sit down and take me on his lap and push my hair behind my ears. He said I reminded him so much of Grandma. That was not too long after Grandma died and he was quite lonesome. He was also there when the Cardston Temple was dedicated. One summer we went down [to Idaho] and we went to visit Grandpa. He had married. [His wife] didn't want us to call her "Grandma." She wanted us to call her "Aunt Sarah.[1]" She had had a son by a former marriage. She took good care of Grandpa. I used to write to Grandpa.

Edna [a cousin] tells of him going to see her when she was in Salt Lake. Grandpa used to like his afternoon nap. He got up from a nap one afternoon feeling very, very bad. She was wondering what she had done or said that made Grandpa feel so bad. When she talked to him he said she hadn't done anything..... He said, "I just had a bad dream or vision. I saw into the future and I could see all the terrible things that are to happen in the future. It makes me feel very bad when I think what my descendants are going to have to go through." He said he could see women wearing wigs and dressing in men's clothes. Men wearing long hair. He said you could go down the street behind a young man and a young woman and not know which was which. It was very depressing. He felt very, very bad.

Grandpa was a good man. He loved us all. After David was born, he wrote to me and sent me a little etched glass with "David" on it that had been given to him by his Mother who was Sarah Brown Woodruff.[2] It was a little drinking glass about the size of a juice glass and it had "David" etched on it. David has it. Grandpa gave it to me for him.

I must have known Grandmother a little bit because I crocheted a pin cushion for her. I sent it to her. I just sent the case. I hadn't stuffed it. After she died, when Grandpa sent the etched glass he sent that back to me along with another one she had made and a large, square, decorated pillow. It was done in cobweb, black and gold. It was a regal-looking pillow, satin. They used big, large pillows then. It was beautiful. Grandma made it for their home. Grandpa sent those to me after I wrote to him and told him about David's birth and what we had named him. It pleased him. I don't believe I saw and heard from Grandpa again. I think he was in California when he died. Aunt Sarah was taking care of him. I didn't get to go to Grandpa's funeral.

My father went to school at Brigham Young Academy the [two] years before he went on a mission. (He stayed with his Grandmother, Sarah Woodruff.[3]) The Woodruffs [David's parents] used to come to the Hinman's home [in Cardston] during

[1] Sarah A. Rolf. There were no children.

[2] Wilford Woodruff's fourth wife.

[3] Sarah lived with her daughter, Mary Woodruff, a teacher at BYA. A brief history of David P. Woodruff, Jr. is given in Faithful to the End. He was born in Vernal, Utah. When he was about twelve years old, the family moved to the Big Horn Basin, near Cody, Wyoming. His adventurous father moved to Canada while David was on a mission in Germany.

conference time. I am sure they had spoken to the Hinmans about their son who was coming home from a mission. Mother worked at H. S. Allen's Store at that time. She was working in the store and Dad came to the store the first time she saw him. Later he came to the house with his folks to report his mission. That's how they got started.

Grandma had a gift of knowing who her daughters were going to marry. When she saw my Dad, she said to Mother, "You're going to marry that young man." Sure enough in a few years she did. A lot of people tried to discourage Mother and called Dad an Indian. He was dark complected. He had dark skin. After he'd been working out in the sun he looked quite dark.

Dad took out a homestead. Dad worked for farmers around to get money to get married. Mother had been working in the store all the time so she had something put away. When they decided to get married, in the spring, April, they went on the train down to Salt Lake with two other couples who went to be married[1] at the same time in the Salt Lake Temple. We always thought it was wonderful. It was a story that was always told. It was an example to us how Dad and Mother traveled all that way and it wasn't easy to get money together to be married the right way, in the temple.

After they were married they told about going dancing at Saltair and swimming in the Great Salt Lake. They had a wonderful time. They went and had their teeth fixed. The dentist said they had the best two sets of teeth he'd had in his office for a long time. Dad had good teeth when he died, except he'd had some knocked out when somebody was pitching hay and they accidently hit his teeth.

[2]*When they got home dad went to work with a group of men & mother cooked for them. Their first home was in the Ewelme - Hill Spring - Glenwood area out in the country where Dad took a homestead.... They lived in a little place where there was a nice spring and a little house, for a while. Then they moved to a house between Ewelme and Hill Spring and Brocket was close by. That's the house I remember.*

Mother was quite short. She was medium complexion, fair skin, blue eyes and fairly stout. She was small-boned and had been a small girl, but had picked up a little weight. She was good-natured. She was a hard worker..... She was a good storyteller and she had a beautiful voice. We had an organ, one you pumped with your feet. Mom used to play and sing. I'm not sure how she learned it. I don't know who taught her. Mother didn't play a lot, but she did some, Mother used to sing a lot. She'd sing to we kids "Nay Speak No Ill" and "Let Us All Speak Kind Words" if we'd get to acting up. She'd sing us songs to sooth the "troubled waters." She loved the hymns.

Mother had a sense of humor. Dad liked his Limburger cheese, ever since he'd been on a mission to Germany. Every once and a while if he went to town and he found some Limburger cheese, he'd bring some home. Mom would take it and wrap it up in something and tie a string on it and hang it outside on the post that held the veranda up. We'd laugh and have a good time over it. Mother was good-natured and cheerful.

Dad was more serious. Oh, Dad could enjoy a good joke but he didn't tell too many. He was filled with worries and cares of raising his family, I think. All the troubles he had. He went through hard winters. Of course, most of the time on that busy farm was used in working. Dad had a big farm and a good share of the year he had hired men mother had to cook for, especially in the fall, when they did the threshing and had big crews. Anyone, both friends and people that were just passing

[1] See Family Group Sheets, pages 30-31,36. Picture pages 37&40.

[2]"Recollections, p. 15

through, that needed a place to stay found a good place to stay at our home.

When we lived in Hill Spring we had a neighbor by the name of Nathe. He was a German. He and his wife and two sons and his father lived about a mile up over the hill. He had a welding machine. Farmers used to help each other out. Dad had something he needed welded. He took it up there. He told Nathe if he would do the welding for him, he'd go out and get the hay he was going to get to feed his cattle and feed the cattle and take care of them in trade for him to weld for him. Dad went out and got the hay and brought it in and fed the cattle and unharnessed the horses and put them away and watered them and fed them and got them bedded in the barn. Then he went out to see how the welding was coming.

Mr. Nathe's father said to his son [Ich glaube es wäre besser ich gehe und spanne die Pferde aus, und füttere sie, und bringe sie in den Stall. Er hat wohl nicht für sie gesorgt.] "I guess I'd better go and unharness the horses and feed them and put them in the barn. He probably didn't take care of them."

Dad, having been on a mission to Germany, understood everything he said. [Dad] said, [O ja, ja, ich habe es gemacht. Sie sind ausgespannt. Sie sind gefüttert und gertränkt. Sie sind schön betreut.] "Oh ya, ya, I did. They're unharnessed. They're fed and watered. They're fixed fine."

That surprised everybody.

Recently when I was talking to [my daughter], Patti, it reminded me of Dad's honesty in paying off his bills. He always insisted on paying bills before you do anything else. If we wanted to go on a trip and Dad had bills to pay [he said,] "No, we couldn't go." If we had any money we would pay [the bills]. And times were hard. Dad was a very hard worker, but sometimes that didn't pay off. On the farm it was a gamble. Often we lost. So there wasn't all that much money. Then, too, Dad always wanted to get a little more land and spread things out a little further. Still, if you were going to make money, you needed to do that. If he could have lived to do it, I am sure he would have done fine with what he had. He did support his family, and we always had plenty to eat but sometimes it wasn't too elaborate.

Dad had some special sisters. When I was a small child, Mary Vickery and her husband and her family lived close by. We used to enjoy them a lot. Mother and Dad did, and we kids enjoyed each other too. Uncle Jerry and Aunt Tura lived not too far, but Uncle Jerry was quite a bit younger and Aunt Tura, well, she was a good woman, but she was a little different. Their children were younger, although I used to enjoy Olive. She was a sweet, little adopted girl and Ned was a good young fellow. Aunt Tura was a good cook and we had some good times over there. We weren't as close as we were with the Vickerys. The others - I just remember short visits. Aunt Erma was one of Dad's special sisters.

Dad was quite a person to give things away when people needed it.... He had a knack of picking people out. When he saw somebody that really needed something he would help them. There was a widow who wasn't a member of the Church. The Kylo's were from Norway, a lovely family but the father[1] was accidently shot, leaving her with a large family of young boys & a girl. They lived up in the hills at Beaver Mines area. He gave her a cow which she badly needed. Her sons and one of her daughters, Sophia Kylo, used to work for us. It didn't hurt Dad any to hire them because they were good workers and good people. Sophia was just as sweet and good as if she'd been a sister and we loved her. Also Melvin and Tilford were the ones who were there the most. They were fun kids and good workers.

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[1] In Faithful to..., p.6, Rhoda's brother, Vibert, said, "One family that Dad took under his wing was a widow from out in the Beaver Mines country. Her husband has been out hunting and when he came home he set his gun down. One of this children was playing with the gun and accidently shot his father."

They not only helped Dad. One of them, when he'd come in from work and see Mother was tired and she'd have clothes out on the line, he'd go out and bring in the clothes and he'd help with the dishes.

Aunt Amy was his special, special sister that he took care of quite a bit and helped her with her large family because her husband had died and left her with all these little kiddoes. Dad gave a cow to Aunt Amy and somebody else I don't remember. He was willing to help when he could. Aunt Amy's kids liked to see Dad come because he'd bring them a treat. They didn't have much. Edna, [her daughter,] said that one time they were completely without sugar. Aunt Amy had the habit of always giving dessert to her family. It wasn't pie or cake. But a simple pudding, like custard pudding, was one of the favorite things or rice pudding. This day they didn't have any sugar at all. They didn't know what they were going to do. Edna was quite concerned, as a little girl, because they couldn't have any dessert. She went looking around and found the sugar bowl. There was some money in it. She said, "Oh Mother, here is some money. We can get some sugar."

Aunt Amy says, "No daughter, that's the tithing money."

"We can pay it back. Heavenly Father knows. He wouldn't mind if we bought some sugar with it and we'll pay it back."

"No, Honey, that's for tithing. Heavenly Father will provide, but that's the tithing money."

Aunt Amy sent Edna to pay the tithing. Sure enough here comes Uncle Dave in the Democrat and they had sugar and flour and meat and vegetables and food for quite a while. He always brought a sack of hard tack candy to the kids too.

They always like to see Uncle Dave come because he'd bring food and a good time. When one of the other uncles and his wife would come, she'd tell them what they ought to be doing. But Uncle Dave didn't criticize them. He came and brought them enough help to carry on. Aunt Amy did a good job with a hard situation, raising her family.

[1]*Many of the family told me Uncle Dave was their favorite uncle, also the Bevans kids said this - Of course dad couldn't have done this if mother hadn't have been willing. Dad gave 3 cows away like this. I believe one of them was mothers - I remember too a neighbor with several children needing money very badly having a cow or some animal for sale - not being able to sell it. Dad bought it not because he needed it but because the man needed the money. Dad seemed to be a pretty good judge of character though. I don't think a phoney could have gotten away with talking him out of a cow or something – I think he was rather a shrewd business man but didn't take advantage. Mother went along with dads good deeds & helped too - but she felt very badly when people took advantage of her or didn't pay up bills they had owed our father when she was left a widow -*

My father's cousin somehow got hold of a lady from Ireland. She wasn't mentally quite right. I don't know what was the matter with her. I think she joined the Church, but she was a little odd. Nobody would take her and take care of her and she needed a place to come. They had had her for a while, but they couldn't keep up with her. Maybe she got tired of staying there because she got like that. So she came to Dad and Mothers. We gave up one of our bedrooms and she had that. She had to have her "ta" every morning. If she didn't feel good and her back hurt, she said, "A pain in me back."

Everybody liked to play tricks on her. The Kylos used to come and stay with us and work for Dad.... Tilford or Melvin, decided one day he was going to play a joke on Featherstone Haw (the lady's name.) He put salt in the

[1]"Recollections" p. 6-7

sugar bowl. She got up in the morning to have her "ta." She poured her "ta." She put sugar in it and drank it. She couldn't imagine what was up. So she poured it out and tried some more. I don't know how long it took her before she found out there was salt in the sugar bowl.

She was quite a thorn in my Mother's side. Poor Mom. She worked so hard to make things nice for her, but Featherstone Haw just naturally didn't like women. Men were good. But if she had her way..., when little boys were born she'd take good care of them, but the girls she'd throw out in the ditch. She was a problem to Mother and we kids. She was always tattling on us, but Mother didn't pay much attention to it but it was embarrassing sometimes. She'd tattle to Dad on Mother every night until she found out it didn't do any good. Finally he said to her, "Featherstone Haw, if you can't get along with my wife, you can't get along with anybody." I think that was true because Mother was sweet and lovely and easy to get along with. When she saw Uncle Zeb and Aunt Dora, she'd tattle to him. She said Aunt Dora was a special person and Dad was a special man so Aunt Dora should have married Dad and Uncle Zeb should have married Mother!

Finally Featherstone Haw decided she was tired of living with us and she went to stay with some of the Hatches. It was a good thing she was gone because not too long after that Dad died and Mother had her hands full. She wrote and wanted to come back to Mother, but Mother couldn't take her at that time. We didn't see Featherstone Haw again.

I remember Father saying, "There are three things in life that happen to everybody. They're born, they're married and they die. Three important things. Two of them you can't do anything about and the third one you'd better be careful." He advised us to be careful who we married and to marry carefully.

I heard Dad bear his testimony in Church, but he bore it more by his actions. It was hard for him to talk in Church because everything would come to him in German. Dad was in the bishopric when he died. Dad worked more in the community, I think, than he did in the Church, but I'm not sure what he did. We didn't get out to things so much then, it was done within the home.

Mother and Dad were clean and pure. I am so thankful for that. Their religion meant so much to them. Of course, they came from a fine heritage. They were a good example to we kids. They were hard workers and they tried hard to do that which is right and to support their family and to help others who were in need."

[When Rhoda sat under the hands of her Grandfather Woodruff and received her own individualized heavenly instructions through a Patriarchal Blessing she was told, "Some of the best blood that has ever come to earth belongs to your ancestors."[1] One of those ancestors was a Prophet of God and Rhoda always tried to live her life to honor her prophet great-grandfather and her "goodly parents."]

[1] Patriarchal Blessing of Rhoda Woodruff

Rhoda's Woodruff Aunts, Uncles and Cousins
Children and Grandchildren of Arabella Jane Hatch and David Patten Woodruff, Sr.

*Amy married John E. Bennion
David Patten Bennion 1894
Wilford Edward Bennion 1895
*Vede Woodruff Bennion 1898
Owen Bennion 1900
*Edna Amy Bennion 1903
Ira Brant Bennion 1905
*"Belle" Marion Arabelle Bennion 1908
Nora Hazel Bennion 1910
Phoebe Bernice Bennion 1912
Amy married 2nd John R. Heppler
(John and his first wife had four girls)
Lloyd John Heppler 1916

Phoebe married Peter Fleming
*David Elihue Fleming 1899
James William Fleming 1901
Mary Arabell Fleming 1903
Owen Newton Fleming 1904
Sarah Naomi Fleming 1907
Walter Provit Fleming 1914
Earl Leroy Fleming 1918

David (Rhoda's Father. Family Group, page 30-31)

Wilford L. married Jennet Gertrude Atkins
Hattie Woodruff 1909
Helen May Woodruff 1911
Margaret Woodruff 1912
Wilford Kenneth Woodruff 1914
LaVeada Woodruff 1916
Gertrude Woodruff 1922

Willard C. married Zella Jane Rackham
Belva Woodruff Rackham 1914
Willard Rackham Woodruff 1923

*Jeremiah "Jerry" married *"Tura" M. Newby
Edward J. Newby Woodruff 1913
*"Ned" Wilford Woodruff 1915
*Olive Elizabeth Woodruff 1923
Harold John Woodruff 1928

Louise married Clive Caldwell
Owen Woodruff Caldwell 1920
David Henry Caldwell 1922
Sarah Arabell Caldwell 1914
Necia Woodruff Caldwell 1915
Clive Rex Caldwell 1919
Douglas Woodruff Caldwell 1924

*Mary married *Arthur Vickery
LeVern Vickery 1908
LeVon Vickery (twins) 1908
George Melvin Vickery 1909
*Erma Lucile Vickery 1911 Hill
David Keith Vickery 1913
Kenneth Dean Vickery 1916
Verna Vickery (twin) 1918
Vernon Vickery (twin) 1918
Donald Rex Vickery 1920
Pearl M Vickery 1921
Lawrence Woodruff Vickery 1923
Leah Alice Vickery, 1925
Reva Vickery 1927
Virl Arthur Vickery 1928

*Erma married Frank Ellsworth Bevans, Jr.
Eunice Bevans 1913
Croydon "Jack" E. Bevans 1915
Forest David Bevans 1917
Mildred Bevans 1918
Fulton Woodruff Bevans 1920
Beth "Betty" Bevans 1923
Keith DuAne Bevans 1925
Oscar Frank Bevans 1926
Henry Leo Dru Bevans 1928
Dale Othel Bevans 1920
Hazel Bevans 1934

Torrey married Ruby Stone Asbury
Donald George Woodruff 1923
Robert Torrey Woodruff 1924
June Arabell Woodruff 1926
Emma Ruth Woodruff 1928
Ruby Lucille Woodruff 1929
Barbara May Woodruff 1934
Necia Marie Woodruff 1935
Ella Mae Woodruff 1938
David Joseph Woodruff 1944
Wilford Lester Woodruff 1947

Beulah married Edward Verden Bennett
Eunice Marie Bennett 1916
Austin Verden Bennett 1917
David Lynn Bennett 1920
Margaret Bennett 1921
Beulah Alice Bennett 1927
Julia Rose Bennett

Rhoda's Hinman Aunts, Uncles and cousins
Children and Grandchildren of Mary Jane White and Henry Lyman Hinman

Scott married *"Susie" Susan Louise Wynder
Henry Wynder Hinman 1903
"Ted" Edgar Wynder Hinman 1906
Jennie Hinman 1908
Douglas Wynder Hinman 1916
Shirley Wynder Hinman (twin) 1921
Grant Wynder Hinman (twin) 1921

*Rhoda married Thomas William Duce
William Hinman Duce 1896
Ora LaVon Duce 1899
Moyle Duce 1902

*Andrew married "Mattie" Martha Jeanette Cook
Lutie Malinda Hinman 1905
Helen June Hinman1907
Henry Everett Hinman 1910
Mary Jeannette Hinman 1912
Edra Hinman (twin) 1914
Edna Hinman (twin) 1914
Willard Hinman
Gayle Hinman

Dora married *Zebulon William Jacobs
Henry Chariton Jacobs 1901
Lyman Hinman Jacobs 1903
Zina Jacobs 1906
*Gladys Jacobs 1910
Zebulon William Jacobs, Jr. 1914
*Rojanea Jacobs
Ruth Jacobs

Willard "Bill" married Elizabeth Nancie Bankhead
(no children)

Alice (Rhoda's mother, Family group p. 30-31)

Edward White Hinman (lived 9 months)

*Charles married *Eliza Wealthy Hartley
*Charlene Hinman 1917
"Bub" Lyman Hartley Hinman 1918
Junior Hinman (twin) 1921
*June Hinman (twin) 1921
Marilyn Hinman 1929

Schyuler White Hinman (never married)

Note: An asterisk means the person was mentioned by Rhoda in this book. Rhoda has 34 aunts, uncles and their spouses (20 Woodruffs and 14 Hinmans). Rhoda has 105 cousins, not including, their spouses (76 "Woodruffs" and 29 "Hinmans"). The number after each name is the child's birth year. Not all of them lived to be adults.

Family Group Record

Husband	David Patten WOODRUFF JR.			
			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Born	22 Aug 1881	Place Vernal, Uintah, Utah		
Died	10 Jun 1929	Place Hartleyville, Alberta, Canada	Baptized 2 Jul 1890	
Buried	11 Jun 1929	Place Glenwoodville, Alberta, Canada	Endowed 9 Jan 1903	SLAKE
			Sealed to parents BIC	
Married	3 Apr 1907	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse 3 Apr 1907	SLAKE
Husband's father	David Patten WOODRUFF SR.			
Husband's mother	Arabell Jane HATCH			

Wife	Alice Jane HINMAN			
			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Born	29 Jul 1884	Place Farmington, Davis, Utah		
Died	29 Aug 1961	Place Claresholm, Alberta, Canada	Baptized 29 Jul 1892	
Buried	2 Sep 1961	Place Glenwood, Alberta, Canada	Endowed 3 Apr 1907	SLAKE
			Sealed to parents BIC	
Wife's father	Henry Lyman HINMAN			
Wife's mother	Mary Jane WHITE			

Children	List each child in order of birth.		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
1 M	Owen Hinman WOODRUFF			
Born	30 Oct 1908	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Baptized 8 Jul 1917	
Died	5 Dec 1935	Place Glenwood, Alberta, Canada	Endowed 30 Jan 1936	ALBER
Buried	8 Dec 1935	Place Glenwood, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to parents BIC	
2 M	Henry Vibert WOODRUFF			
Born	1 Jan 1910	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Baptized 2 Jun 1918	
Died	8 Oct 1993	Place Cardston, , Alberta	Endowed 7 Mar 1935	ALBER
Buried	11 Oct 1993	Place Glenwood, , Alberta	Sealed to parents BIC	
Spouse	Henrietta BOHNE			
Married	31 Dec 1934	Place Cardston, Alberta Canada	Sealed to spouse 7 Mar 1935	ALBER
3 F	Rhoda WOODRUFF			
Born	22 Jan 1912	Place Cardston, Alberta Canada	Baptized 4 Jul 1920	
Died	14 Apr 1989	Place Provo, Utah, Utah	Endowed 10 May 1933	ALBER
Buried		Place Timpanogas Cemetery, Orem, Utah, Utah	Sealed to parents BIC	
Spouse	Richard Seth COBIA			
Married	10 May 1933	Place Cardston, Alberta Canada	Sealed to spouse 10 May 1933	ALBER
4 M	Lloyd D WOODRUFF			
Born	27 Jan 1920	Place Cardston, Alberta Canada	Baptized 28 Feb 1928	
			Endowed 12 Jan 1944	ALBER
			Sealed to parents BIC	
Spouse	Rachel Reva RASMUSSEN			
Married	28 Mar 1945	Place Cardston, Alberta Canada	Sealed to spouse 28 Mar 1945	ALBER
5 F	Norma WOODRUFF			
Born	3 Oct 1921	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Baptized 5 Nov 1929	
Died	8 May 1966	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Endowed 6 Feb 1946	ALBER
			Sealed to parents BIC	

16 Aug 2008

Family Group Record

Husband	David Patten WOODRUFF JR.			
Wife	Alice Jane HINMAN			
Children	List each child in order of birth.		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
6 M	Golden Wayne WOODRUFF			
Born	23 Oct 1924	Place Cardston, Alberta Canada	Baptized 22 Jul 1933	
Died	2 Jun 2004	Place , , Colorado	Endowed 27 Mar 1944	ALBER
			Sealed to parents BIC	
Spouse	Bonnie Ruth Stoddart			
Married	3 Jul 1957	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	Sealed to spouse 3 Jul 1957	IFALL
7 F	Wilma WOODRUFF (TWIN)			
Born	13 Dec 1926	Place Hartleyville, Alberta, Canada	Baptized Child	
Died	28 Dec 1926	Place Harleyville, Alberta, Canada	Endowed Child	
			Sealed to parents BIC	
8 F	Girl WOODRUFF (TWIN)			
Born	13 Dec 1926	Place Harlleyville, Alberta, Canada	Baptized Child	
Died	(STILLBORN)	Place	Endowed Child	
			Sealed to parents	

Notes HUSBAND - David Patten WOODRUFF JR.

LDS Ordinances: Endowment: Ordinance Index "www.familysearch.org" Film #1239507, Rerence #4766
Also shows baptism as 1889 - HC 5/28/2008.

WIFE - Alice Jane HINMAN

LDS Ordinances: Baptism and Endowment:: LDS Ordinance Index "www.familysearch.org" Film # 184069 Reference # 4351 -HC

Marriage and Sealing: LDS Ordinance Index "www.familysearch.org" Film #186207, Reference #1274. --HC 8/20/2008

FAMILY INFORMATION: Obtained from records of Rhoda W. Cobia
All LDS Ordinance verifiied in LDS Ordinance Index "www.familysearch.org" -HC

CHILD 1 - Owen Hinman WOODRUFF

Death date: Has been recorded as December 4 and December 5, 1935. From Journal of Rhoda Woodruff Cobia and her husband Richard Cobia: "December 5, 1935 Owen died last night at mid-night. He lived about six hours after the accident. RSC "December 8 1935, We went to Owen's funeral at Glenwood...[RWC]'" -HC 8/13/2008

CHILD 3 - Rhoda WOODRUFF

LDS Ordinances:

Death: Utah Death Certificate in possession of LeRon Cobia.

Baptism: Ordinance Index "www.familysearch.org" --HCobia 5/25/2008 Rhoda was baptized by her father, David P. Woodruff, Jr. in a pond on their farm at Hartleyville, Alberta, Canada. infromation from Rhoda Cobia - H. Cobia

Endowment: Ordinance Index "www.familysearch.org" --HCobia 5/25/2008

Sealing to Parents: Ordinance Index "www.familysearch.org" --HCobia 5/25/2008

16 Aug 2008

Family Group Record

Husband	David Patten WOODRUFF Sr.				
				LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Born	4 Apr 1854	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah		
Chr.	1862	Place		Baptized 1862	
Died	20 Jan 1937	Place	Longbeach, Los Angeles, California	Endowed 20 May 1872	EHOUS
Buried	24 Jan 1937	Place	Weiser, Washington, Idaho	SealPar BIC	
Married	19 Feb 1877	Place	Logan, Cache, Utah	SealSp 11 Apr 1878	EHOUS
Other Spouse	Sarah Alice Lehamberg ROLPH				
Married	26 Jul 1924	Place	, , Idaho	SealSp 29 Jul 1994	IFALL
Husband's father	Wilford WOODRUFF				
Husband's mother	Sarah BROWN wf4				

Wife	Arabell Jane HATCH				
				LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Born	2 Apr 1859	Place	Manti, Sanpete, Utah		
Died	13 Jan 1923	Place	Weiser, Washington, Idaho	Baptized 16 May 1868	
Buried	16 Jan 1923	Place	Weiser, Washington, Idaho	Endowed 11 Apr 1878	MANTI
				SealPar	
Wife's father	Jeremiah HATCH				
Wife's mother	Louisa Poole ALEXANDER				

Children	List each child in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
1 F	Sarah Amy WOODRUFF				
Born	10 Dec 1877	Place	Smithfield, Cache, Utah	Baptized 2 Jul 1890	
Died	17 Jan 1935	Place	Magrath, Alberta, Canada	Endowed 29 Aug 1923	ALBER
Buried	19 Jan 1935	Place	Magrath, Alberta, Canada	SealPar 29 Aug 1923	ALBER
Spouse	John Edward BENNION				
Married	14 Aug 1893	Place	Sunshine, Park, Wyoming	SealSp 29 Aug 1923	ALBER
Spouse	Johannes Roethlisberger HEPPLER				
Married	27 Apr 1915	Place	Magrath, Alberta, Canada	SealSp 7 Jul 2004	JRIVE
2 F	Phoebe Aurilla WOODRUFF				
Born	20 Sep 1879	Place	Smithfield, Cache, Utah	Baptized 2 Jul 1890	
Died	3 Sep 1954	Place	Weiser, Washington, Idaho	Endowed 29 Aug 1923	ALBER
Buried	6 Sep 1954	Place	Weiser, Washington, Idaho	SealPar BIC	
Spouse	Peter Eliehew FLEMING				
Married	11 Oct 1897	Place	Basin City, Big Horn, Wyoming	SealSp 29 Aug 1923	ALBER
3 M	David Patten WOODRUFF JR.				
Born	22 Aug 1881	Place	Vernal, Uintah, Utah	Baptized 2 Jul 1890	
Died	10 Jun 1929	Place	Hartleyville, Alberta, Canada	Endowed 16 Jan 1903	SLAKE
Buried	11 Jun 1929	Place	Glenwoodville, Alberta, Canada	SealPar BIC	
Spouse	Alice Jane HINMAN				
Married	3 Apr 1907	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	SealSp 3 Apr 1907	SLAKE
4 M	Willard Clarence WOODRUFF (twin)				
Born	3 Aug 1883	Place	Vernal, Uintah, Utah	Baptized 2 Jun 1892	
Died	1 Jan 1955	Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah	Endowed 19 Dec 1912	SLAKE
Buried	4 Jan 1955	Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah	SealPar BIC	
Spouse	Martha Alice PERRY				
Married	1906 (D)	Place	Grassy Lake, Alberta, Canada	SealSp	
Spouse	Zella Jane RACKHAM				
Married	28 Oct 1912	Place	Elko, Elko, Nevada	SealSp 19 Dec 1912	SLAKE
5 M	Wilford Leslie WOODRUFF (twin)				
Born	3 Aug 1883	Place	Vernal, Uintah, Utah	Baptized 3 Jun 1892	
Died	23 Oct 1930	Place	Weiser, Washington, Idaho	Endowed 8 Apr 1908	SLAKE
Buried	26 Oct 1930	Place	Weiser, Washington, Idaho	SealPar BIC	
Spouse	Gertrude Alice Janet ATKINS				
Married	8 Apr 1908	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	SealSp 8 Apr 1908	SLAKE
6 M	Jeremiah Hatch WOODRUFF				
Born	23 Oct 1885	Place	Vernal, Uintah, Utah	Baptized 1894	
Died	15 Nov 1976	Place	Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada	Endowed 21 Dec 1910	SLAKE
Buried	19 Nov 1976	Place	Glenwood, Alberta, Canada	SealPar BIC	

16 Aug 2008

Family Group Record

Husband	David Patten WOODRUFF Sr.					
Wife	Arabell Jane HATCH					
Children	List each child in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates		Temple
6 M	Jeremiah Hatch WOODRUFF					
	Spouse	Teauru Manora NEWBY				
	Married	21 Dec 1910	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	SealSp	21 Dec 1910	SLAKE
7 F	Louisa Arabella WOODRUFF					
	Born	20 Nov 1887	Place Vernal, Uintah, Utah	Baptized	11 Nov 1895	
	Died	31 Jul 1972	Place Weiser, Washington, Idaho	Endowed	29 Aug 1923	ALBER
				SealPar	BIC	
	Spouse	Henry Clive CALDWELL				
	Married	2 Apr 1909	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	SealSp	29 Aug 1923	ALBER
8 F	Mary WOODRUFF					
	Born	14 Sep 1889	Place Vernal, Uintah, Utah	Baptized	9 Sep 1899	
	Died	17 Mar 1963	Place Emmett, Gem, Idaho	Endowed	9 Oct 1907	SLAKE
	Buried	21 Mar 1963	Place Hillcrest Cemetery, Weiser, Washington, Idaho	SealPar	BIC	
	Spouse	George Arthur VICKERY				
	Married	9 Oct 1907	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	SealSp	9 Oct 1907	SLAKE
9 F	Erma Adeline WOODRUFF					
	Born	7 May 1891	Place Vernal, Uintah, Utah	Baptized	3 Jul 1899	
	Died	19 Mar 1972	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Endowed	10 Jan 1913	SLAKE
	Buried	22 Mar 1972	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	SealPar	BIC	
	Spouse	Frank Ellsworth BEVANS Jr.				
	Married	18 Dec 1912	Place Magrath, Alberta, Canada	SealSp	10 Jan 1913	SLAKE
10 M	Torrey Brigham Newton WOODRUFF					
	Born	15 Nov 1894	Place Sunshine, Bighorn, Wyoming	Baptized	15 Nov 1902	
	Died	17 Jan 1947	Place Boise, Ada, Idaho	Endowed	2 Jun 1922	SLAKE
	Buried	22 Jan 1947	Place Hillcrest Cemetery, Weiser, Wash., Idaho	SealPar	BIC	
	Spouse	Ruby Stone ASBURY				
	Married	2 Apr 1922	Place Weiser, Washington, ID	SealSp	2 Jun 1922	SLAKE
11 F	Beulah Augusta WOODRUFF					
	Born	1 Oct 1896	Place Burlington, Big Horn, Wyoming	Baptized	6 Aug 1905	
	Died	21 Sep 1979	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Endowed	7 Nov 1957	ALBER
	Buried	25 Sep 1979	Place Magrath, Alberta, Canada	SealPar	BIC	
	Spouse	Edward Verden BENNETT				
	Married	25 Dec 1915	Place Magrath, Alberta, Canada	SealSp	20 Jun 1959	ALBER

Notes

HUSBAND - David Patten WOODRUFF Sr.

LDS Ordinances

Baptism:Ordinance Index "www.familysearch.org" Film #183406. --HC 5/23/2008

Endowment: Ordinance Index "www.familysearch.org" Batch #8123390, sheet 80, Source Call #1260958 Film, also Film #183406. --HC 5/23/2008

MARRIAGE

Sealing to Spouse: Ordinance Index "www.familysearch.org" Film #183401 Reference #6563 --HC 5/23/2008

FAMILY INFORMATION

Sources: Information obtained from Rhoda W. Cobia

LDS ORDINANCES - All dates and places obtained from LDS Ordinance Index "www.familysearch.org." -HC

CHILD 4 - Willard Clarence WOODRUFF (twin)

Death Certificate, Utah State, copy from "archives.ut.us.gov" Digital Collection #81448

16 Aug 2008

Family Group Record

Husband	Henry Lyman HINMAN			
			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Born	6 Mar 1837	Place West Stockbridge, Berkshire, Massachusetts		
Died	27 Jan 1921	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Baptized Aug 1845	
Buried	30 Jan 1921	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Endowed 2 Mar 1858	EHOUS
			Sealed to parents 1 Jun 1893	SLAKE
Married	18 Nov 1874	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse 18 Nov 1874	EHOUS
Other Spouse	Elizabeth Harriet Chaney COMPTON			
Married	17 Mar 1861	Place Farmington, Davis, UT	Sealed to spouse 20 Jul 1861	EHOUS
Husband's father	Lyman HINMAN			
Husband's mother	Aurelia (Orreli) LEWIS			

Wife	Mary Jane WHITE			
			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Born	5 Apr 1853	Place Farmington, Davis, Utah		
Died	13 Apr 1913	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized 1 Sep 1864	
Buried	20 Apr 1913	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Endowed 15 Mar 1869	EHOUS
			Sealed to parents BIC	
Wife's father	John Stout WHITE			
Wife's mother	Ann Eliza Adelaide EVERETT			

Children	List each child in order of birth.		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
1 M	Scott HINMAN			
Born	24 Jan 1876	Place Farmington, Davis, Utah	Baptized 27 Jul 1884	
Died	24 May 1925	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Endowed 18 Apr 1906	SLAKE
Buried		Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to parents BIC	
Spouse	Susan Louisa WYNDER			
Married	4 Sep 1901	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to spouse 18 Apr 1906	SLAKE
2 F	Rhoda Adelaide HINMAN			
Born	27 Sep 1877	Place Farmington, Davis, Utah	Baptized 30 Sep 1885	
Died	15 Oct 1912	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Endowed 15 Apr 1896	LOGAN
Buried	17 Oct 1912	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to parents BIC	
Spouse	Thomas William DUCE			
Married	14 May 1895	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to spouse 15 Apr 1896	LOGAN
3 M	Andrew White HINMAN			
Born	12 Mar 1879	Place Clearfield, Davis, Utah	Baptized 10 Sep 1966	
Died	13 Jul 1964	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Endowed 14 Sep 1966	ALBER
Buried	15 Jul 1964	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to parents BIC	
Spouse	Martha Jeannette COOK			
Married	4 Mar 1904	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to spouse 17 Dec 1966	ALBER
4 F	Dora Maria HINMAN			
Born	5 Dec 1880	Place Farmington, Davis, Utah	Baptized Jul 1889	
Died	16 Jan 1953	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Endowed 19 Dec 1900	SLAKE
Buried	19 Jan 1953	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to parents BIC	
Spouse	Zebulon William JACOBS			
Married	19 Dec 1900	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to spouse 19 Dec 1900	SLAKE

16 Aug 2008

Family Group Record

Husband	Henry Lyman HINMAN				
Wife	Mary Jane WHITE				
Children	List each child in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
5 M	Willard Everett HINMAN				
	Born 25 Aug 1882	Place Farmington, Davis, Utah		Baptized 25 Aug 1890	
	Died 27 Oct 1948	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada		Endowed 21 Jun 1950	ALBER
	Buried 29 Oct 1948	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada		Sealed to parents BIC	
	Spouse Nancy Elizabeth BANKHEAD				
	Married 25 Dec 1928	Place Deavitt, Alberta, Canada		Sealed to spouse 1 Nov 1951	ALBER
6 F	Alice Jane HINMAN				
	Born 29 Jul 1884	Place Farmington, Davis, Utah		Baptized 29 Jul 1892	
	Died 29 Aug 1961	Place Claresholm, Alberta, Canada		Endowed 3 Apr 1907	SLAKE
	Buried 2 Sep 1961	Place Glenwood, Alberta, Canada		Sealed to parents BIC	
	Spouse David Patten WOODRUFF JR.				
	Married 3 Apr 1907	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah		Sealed to spouse 3 Apr 1907	SLAKE
7 M	Edward White HINMAN				
	Born 11 Apr 1887	Place Farmington, Davis, Utah		Baptized Child	
	Died 17 Jan 1888	Place		Endowed Child	
				Sealed to parents BIC	
8 M	Charles White HINMAN				
	Born 16 Jun 1891	Place Cardston, Alberta, Alberta		Baptized 16 Jun 1899	
	Died 6 Jan 1974	Place Moses Lake, Grant, Washington		Endowed 8 Dec 1911	SLAKE
				Sealed to parents BIC	
	Spouse Weltha Eliza HARTLEY				
	Married 21 Dec 1916	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada		Sealed to spouse 23 Dec 1925	ALBER
9 M	Schuyler White HINMAN				
	Born 13 Sep 1895	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada		Baptized 13 Sep 1903	
	Died 10 Aug 1927	Place		Endowed 15 May 1930	ALBER
				Sealed to parents BIC	

Notes

HUSBAND - Henry Lyman HINMAN

LDS Ordinances

Baptism: Family records give date as August 1845 at Wellsville, Cache, Utah. -HC

Endowment: Ordinance Index at "www.familysearch.org" Batch #7930201, sheet 57, Source Call #1260622 Film. - HC

Sealing to Parents: Film #:1239604, page #2 5/25/2008

WIFE - Mary Jane WHITE

Death Certificate-State of Utah, "www.archives.state.ut.us" Digital Collections "Vital Records and Statistics" -- Death certificates, 1904-1956

MARRIAGE

Marriage date: "www.hinmanfamily.com" #33446

Family sources say this couple was married and sealed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, UT.

Sealing to spouse: Check on new "www.familysearch.org" date given was 18 Nov 1874. -HC 5/28/2008

LDS Ordinances

All ordinances have been verified at LDS Ordinance Index "www.familysearch.org."

Some ordinances have been repeated several times at later dates. -HC

FAMILY INFORMATION

Source: Family records obtained from Rhoda W. Cobia

16 Aug 2008

Pedigree Chart

16 Aug 2008

Completed Ordinances:
B Baptized
E Endowed
P Sealed to parents
S Sealed to spouse
C Children's ordinances

1 Rhoda WOODRUFF
B: 22 Jan 1912 BEPS
P: Cardston,Alberta,Canada
M: 10 May 1933
P: Cardston,Alberta Canada
D: 14 Apr 1989
P: Provo,Utah,Utah

Richard Seth COBIA
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 David Patten WOODRUFF JR.
B: 22 Aug 1881 BEPS
P: Vernal,Uintah,UT
M: 3 Apr 1907
P: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,UT
D: 10 Jun 1929
P: Hartleyville,Alberta,Canada

3 Alice Jane HINMAN
B: 29 Jul 1884 BEPS
P: Farmington,Davis,UT
D: 29 Aug 1961
P: Woodhouse,Alberta,Canada

4 David Patten WOODRUFF SR.
B: 4 Apr 1854 BEPS
P: Salt Lake City,S-Lk,UT
M: 19 Feb 1877
P: Logan,Cache,UT
D: 20 Jan 1937
P: Longbeach,Los Angeles,CA

5 Arabell Jane HATCH
B: 2 Apr 1859 BEPS
P: .,Manti,San Pete,Utah
D: 13 Jan 1923
P: .,Weiser,Washington,Idaho

6 Henry Lyman HINMAN
B: 6 Mar 1837 BEPS
P: WS,Berkshire,Massachusetts
M: 18 Nov 1874
P: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,UT
D: 27 Jan 1921
P: Cardston,Alberta,Canada

7 Mary Jane WHITE
B: 5 Apr 1853 BEPS
P: Farmington,Davis,UT
D: 13 Apr 1913
P: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,UT

8 Wilford WOODRUFF
B: 1 Mar 1807 BEPS
P: Farmington,H,Connecticut
M: 13 Mar 1853
P: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,UT
D: 2 Sep 1898
P: San Francisco,SF,California

9 Sarah BROWN [wf4]
B: 1 Jan 1834 BEPS
P: Henderson,Jefferson,NY
D: 9 May 1909
P: Smithfield,Cache,UT

10 Jeremiah HATCH
B: 7 Jul 1823 BEPS
P: .,Lincoln,Addison,Vermont
M: 25 Dec 1842
P: Nauvoo,Hancock,IL
D: 2 May 1903
P: .,Vernal,Uintah,Utah

11 Louisa Pool ALEXANDER
B: 2 Jan 1825 BEPS
P: .,Acworth,S,New Hampshire
D: 13 Apr 1869
P: .,Smithfield,Cache,Utah

12 Lyman HINMAN
B: 10 May 1794 BEPS
P: WS,Berkshire,Massachusetts
M: 16 Aug 1819
P: New Lebanon,Columbia,NY
D: 16 Mar 1864
P: Farmington,Davis,Utah

13 Aurelia (Orreli) LEWIS
B: 5 Apr 1795 BEPS
P: West Center,B,Massachusetts
D: 5 Feb 1861
P: Farmington,Davis,Utah

14 John Stout WHITE
B: 15 Feb 1818 BEPS
P: Middletown,Monmouth,NJ
M: 5 Apr 1849
P: Salt Lake City,S-Lk,UT
D: 5 Jun 1907
P: Farmington,Davis Co.,UT

15 Ann Eliza Adelaide EVERETT
B: 30 Aug 1832 BEPS
P: New York City,N-Yrk,NY
D: 19 Apr 1904
P: Farmington,Davis,UT

16 Aphek WOODRUFF
B: 11 Nov 1778 BE S
M: 25 Nov 1801
D: 28 May 1861

17 Beulah THOMPSON
B: 22 Apr 1782 BE S
D: 11 Jun 1808

18 Harry BROWN
B: 7 Mar 1808 BE S
M: 12 Jul 1827
D: 25 Apr 1852

19 Rhoda NORTH
B: 18 Jul 1811 BE S
D: 1865

20 Hezakiah HATCH
B: 2 Dec 1798 BEPS
M: 3 Feb 1820
D: 25 Jun 1843

21 Aldura SUMNER
B: 4 May 1803 BEPS
D: 10 Apr 1842

22 Alvah ALEXANDER
B: 12 Mar 1799 BEPS
M: 9 May 1822
D: 26 Mar 1890

23 Phoebe HOUSTON
B: 4 Jun 1804 BEPS
D: 2 Nov 1861

24 Enoch HINMAN
B: 30 Dec 1758 BEPS
M: 16 Aug 1819
D: 2 Jan 1833

25 Sarah CRANE
B: 7 Nov 1758 BEPS
D: 22 Jun 1832

26 Abisha LEWIS
B: 15 May 1766 BE S
M: 17 Dec 1791
D: 9 Jul 1852

27 Sarah SCRIPTURE
B: 1769 BEPS
D: 18 Aug 1829

28 Andrew WHITE
B: 15 Sep 1791 BEPS
M: 18 Sep 1813
D: 19 Nov 1859

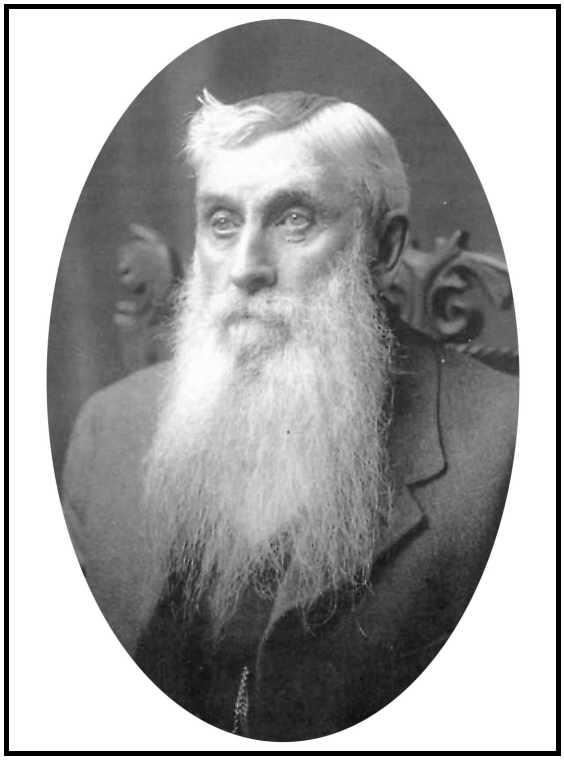
29 Jane TUNIS
B: 17 Apr 1796 BE S
D: Nov 1829

30 Addison EVERETT
B: 10 Oct 1805 BEPSC
M: 21 Jan 1831
D: 12 Jan 1885

31 Eliza Ann ELTING
B: 1 Mar 1805 BEPSC
D: 18 Nov 1835

Wedding photograph for David P. Woodruff, Jr and Alice Hinman.
Married 3 April 1907 in the Salt Lake Temple.
They made the trip from Cardston to Salt Lake by train.

Mary Jane White Hinman 1853-1913
Rhoda's maternal grandmother. She was called "Janie" by her family.



Henry Lyman Hinman 1837-1921
Rhoda's maternal grandfather. He was a Pioneer settler of Cardston, Canada.

Rhoda Woodruff was named after her Aunt Rhoda who died ten months after her birth.
L-r: Rhoda Hinman Duce, her children, William, Moyle, Ora and husband, Thomas William.

Rhoda Woodruff and her grandfather, David P. Woodruff, Sr.
Rhoda's Grandfather came from Idaho to help her mother
take care of her father when David, Jr. was terminally ill.
Hartleyville, Alberta – *circa* Spring 1929

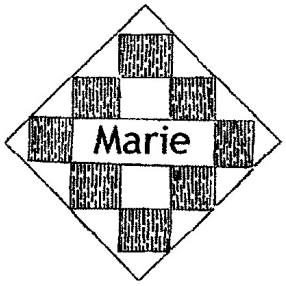
Woodruff Family - Rhoda's paternal grandparents, their children, 2 son-in-laws & 4 grandchildren
Back (boys): David, Jr.; Willard & Wilford (twins), Jeremiah "Jerry" Center (girls): Phoebe Woodruff Fleming, Lousia, Erma, Mary & Amy Woodruff Bennion Front: Peter Fleming holding David & James Fleming, Beulah, David, Sr., Torrey, Arabella, John Bennion holding Vede and Wilford Bennion

Paternal great-grandfather
Wilford Woodruff

Paternal great-grandmother
Sarah Brown Woodruff

Chapter 3
School Days, Dating Days 1925-1931

Album/Friendship



When I was about twelve or thirteen[1], and my brothers were a little older, we moved from [Ewelme] just across the river, out on the farm in the Glenwood area. We lived there for several years. Dad & Mom decided it was high time they move we kids out of our good but gentile environment. Ewelme was a good community and there were lots of good people there, but they were not LDS. My Dad worried about this and Mother too, of course, because we weren't getting all the Church advantages that we needed. We went to Church every Sunday, except in extreme cases, but we weren't getting Primary and we weren't getting Mutual[2].

Dad bought a house and moved it to the farm at Hartleyville and then built onto it a little bit. Our new home was a little smaller but comfortable. It wasn't as nice a home as the one we left, but we were okay. It [did have] three bedrooms and that was the same as we had before. They were all on the same floor. There was an attic in that house. There was a front room and a kitchen and an entrance. I remember having cupboards. We had a big bin for the flour and a bin for bread that you'd just pull out. [3]*The stove [burned] wood & coal - oh for fun - You banked them at night usually the front room stove when it was very cold. Otherwise you got up early & somebody better have some kindling and coal in - that meant trips to the mine in the fall & to the coal shed all year. In the summer you wanted them out as often as possible & we enjoyed cool suppers of home-made bread & milk - maybe lettuce, onions & radishes, cottage cheese if you had any and probably [a] dish of bottled fruit.*

We had lots of buildings. We had a barn. We had a cellar. It wasn't cemented up, but it was there. There was an old house over the top of it where we could store things. We had a wash house and milk room where the separator was, but that made it hard in the winter time because we had to move the separator in[to the house]. It was cold out there, but in the summer it was nice.

The house didn't have lath and plaster on it. Dad bought new lumber to repair the house and it was infested with bedbugs. We had a terrible time. We finally got rid of them, but oh-h-h-h it took us a long time. Now days you'd just get someone to take care of such things but we had to do it ourselves What a nuisance they were. In the hot summer days, oh-h-h those things. We kids used to like to go outside and sleep, which we did quite often, until we finally got rid of those things. We used to burn sulphur to get rid of them. We had to move everything and everybody out and burn sulphur. Also we'd take coal oil and put it in a little oil can and run it down the cracks. That would kill them. (You'd think this would catch on fire, but it didn't.) That was before DDT. After Dick and I were married, we had trouble once and we used DDT and got rid of them. Nobody spoke of [bedbugs]. Often we were ashamed of them but often they were in new lumber and getting rid of them was a big job.

Bedbugs were awful, along with Seven Years Itch [rash]. Ever once and a while one

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[1] Compilation of "Oral History" tapes 2, 3, 6, 9 & 10. Rhoda was thirteen in 1925. Owen was 17, Vibert 15, Lloyd 5, in October Norma turned 4 and Golden 1.

[2] LDS is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. "Mutual' also MIA, is short for Mutual Improvement Association, a church organization for young people from age twelve to eighteen.

[3] "Recollections", page 5

of the neighbors would get the Itch and they would pass it on. Mom would work so hard with sulphur and baths until we'd get rid of that. She'd put sulphur and lard together and rubbed it on us, then put some woolen underwear on that and you've got something awful. About the time we'd get rid of it and enjoying life again something else would come along.

We got ringworm once. I still have the scar on the back of my head from one of those. Mother was sick at the time (if it wasn't a baby it was gall stones.) I'd cry and Dad didn't like to doctor it. Mother would put iodine on it. She healed it up. It was quite a sore for quite a while. Its flat back there and still white. We did our own doctoring.

When Golden was just a little guy and Mother was pregnant with the twins, we had two dogs - a larger dog and a small dog. The larger dog was getting cranky and Dad would get pretty unhappy with him. One time Mother went out and she fed the big dog. She put his food in one dish and then she fed the little dog in another dish. The large dog came from his dish over to the little dog's dish. He was going to hog the whole thing. Mother sent him away. He growled at her and showed his teeth and went at Mother. It must have been bad. That is the time, I think, that one of her babies died. Of course they didn't know it until the birth [that she was carrying twins and one had dead]. Dad killed that dog. That was the end of that dog, but the damage was done.

Mother was to go to Cardston when that baby was born. It was to be born in January. (All Mother's living children were born in January and October. The dark ones in January and the blond ones in October.) In December [1926] she was taken sick,[1] before Christmas, instead of waiting until January like she should have been. A lady from Glenwood came up and helped her through the birth. Little Wilma was born. They wrapped her up in a blanket and handed her to me. I'll never forget the stench. She had an awful smell. The other baby [had been dead for a quite a while and] was just a sack of poison.

We had phones by then. They called the doctor. He came out. It was all done when he got there. Thankfully the sack stayed intact. He said if one drop of the poison out of that had gotten on Mother she would have gotten blood poison and died. As it was, all the poison went to the other little babe, Little Wilma. She lived two weeks and she died. Her skin was so white, because of the infection in her. She was a beautiful little thing. She went into convulsions. Big large bags of pus formed on her, in her elbows and under her knees and other places. We lost our little one. That was Mother's last.

For two weeks Mother wasn't able to do too much. As I remember, she didn't. I was of fair size then and I did a lot of the work myself. It was in the wintertime and Dad was good to help. I don't remember if we had a lady to help us. I think we did it ourselves. In times like that Dad would mix bread and do all the things he needed to help. This was hard on Mother to have the babies coming and we lost them. Of course Mother had lost babies before, but not that old. I always wanted to name one of mine Wilma because I loved that little sweet thing so much, but nobody else wanted me to.

In a way, I was close to Mother and still we didn't do all that much talking. All these years that you don't talk -- you don't talk about sexual things, you don't talk about sickness. We weren't trained to talk like we do now. Mom told us stories, but I can't remember her talking to us until I got married. Then she loosened up and we talked like ordinary people.

[1] A poignant account of this birth is given by the Woodruff's hired girl, Lucy Hatch Jones in Faithful to the End, pages 18-19.

The next year [1927] we went down to the states and went to see Grandpa and all the rest.[1]

I started high school in Glenwood. We rode horses two miles. We had an old square building. It was two stories with a big bell on top. Ivan Nelson was my teacher. They used to have religion class once a week. It didn't last very long. That was the only religion class I had. The girls I grew quite friendly with, those I enjoyed most, were Retta Bohne, Thora Snow, Pearl Hansen, and Martha Shipley. There were others but they weren't as dear to me as those.

We used to like to stand at the windows and look outside at the weather. We'd hoist the big window up that went up on a pulley. There would be two or three at a window. We'd stand there with our elbows on the window [sill] and our faces in our hands and chatter and look at the elements if it was stormy. One day it was lightning and thundering and we were standing there. All of a sudden I felt a jolt. It warmed me up a little bit down my arm.

On a typical high school day, we'd get up in the morning and hurry up and eat breakfast, something warm. We'd put on all these clothes, especially in the winter. Mom used to make our lunches because I can't remember making them. We'd go to the barn and saddle and bridle our horse and get on it. A lot of times I went alone because the boys didn't go to school. They got past school. You had to open the gate and close the gate and off you'd go to school. If you were lucky you had a horse that went fast. That was the kind I liked to ride.

I'll tell you how come Dad gave me the old slow poke. Dad had some good horses. Some of them were race horses, thoroughbreds, lovely horses. Oh, how I liked to ride them. Sometimes I couldn't control them. I remember holding one of them in until her mouth would bleed but she wouldn't stop. Until I learned how to zig-zag them across the road, I couldn't get them stopped. We went from Glenwood up to the corner which was two miles and then I turned and went a half mile to home. Sometimes I was afraid to zig-zag because in some spots there were gopher holes. If the horse stepped in a gopher hole they could fall and break their leg. I was a little nervous about zig-zagging them across the road if you got them too far on the outside. One day I went the half mile down the road and I hadn't got my horse stopped. Here she was at the gate. She stopped all of a sudden. She put her feet down and stopped and ran her nose through and broke the top wire on the gate. Dad saw it, and after that I rode the plug and we wandered off to school, one step and after a while, another. I had to work my way to school. It took a long time to go.

In high school we had our day divided up into four [periods]. From nine o'clock until fifteen to eleven when we had recess, then eleven until twelve when we had an hour recess. We'd eat our lunch, then Martha Shipley and I would walk down town to pick up the mail, maybe buy a package of gum or just walk down town just to be doing something. We'd come back at one. We'd have a fifteen minute recess at two and get out at three thirty. We'd take mathematics everyday and reading and spelling. Art and geography was twice a week. Mr. Nelson had three classes, nine, ten and eleven. We usually went home with a bit of homework, but not too much until I went to Cardston. It wasn't too hard to be one of the top students in the school, although sometimes my marks weren't too high. I enjoyed mathematics.

When we were going to school at Glenwood, Vibe, my brother, got scarlet fever

[1] While they were in Idaho Rhoda received a Patriarchal Blessing under the hands of her Grandfather. See "Documents" page 207.

and Mother and Dad didn't want me to stay home and miss school. They took me down to Glenwood to go to school. First I stayed with Laidlaws. She was a widow and she had two or three daughters and lived close to the school but there wasn't anything to do. I don't remember if I helped with the dishes, I should have done. I did my homework, then we kids used to go down to the river and sleigh ride and skate and play games. Beside the little homework I had to do, we played. Dad got worried about that because he thought, "An idle brain was the devil's workshop." He got on the phone and called Brother Stringham. He was our member of parliament [1] and he and his wife had a large family, about ten children. Dad got me a place there to stay because there I would have plenty of work to do. I had beds to make, dishes to do, tables to set. On Saturdays I used to scrub and clean rooms and generally help Sister Stringham. I didn't mind the change, however. It was quite a change. I did have work to do and there were all the kids.

Stringhams was a nice place to be. They had several sons and several daughters and lots of work to do, besides my homework. I didn't have time to go sleigh riding. But I didn't do anything wrong when I was sleigh riding either, that was fun and good. I enjoyed helping Sister Stringham. She was a good and appreciative lady to work for. She had these energetic little kids. The one little girl was small. When it was time for her to go to sleep, they had me lay down with her and get her to go to sleep, but I didn't like that. I'd rather been up doing something. I remember I used to lay down with my own little Sis and I used to tell Norma stories and she'd tell them back to me. But I didn't like to lay down to rest with Mary.

Sister Stringham had two sons about my age. Those kids learned how to play tricks. One of them didn't want to go to school one day. I heard him talking. When the kids said they were sick their Mother always had them open their mouth and look down their throats. So he took a big drink of milk and told his Mother he was sick. She said, "Open your mouth." She saw a white tongue, so he was sick and he stayed home that day. Of course I didn't tattle.

Brother Stringham wasn't home very often because he was in Edmonton on provincial business. Once when he came home someone took some gum out of his pocket. He proceeded to teach them the lesson of honesty. Not that he minded that they have the gum, but he didn't want anybody taking things that didn't belong to them.

I stayed there about two or three weeks until Vibert got over the scarlet fever and they were sure no one else was coming down with it. Vibe was a very sick young man. I avoided it by going down to stay with the Stringhams.

[2]*The first time my friend, Marie, remembered seeing me was at Glenwood. We went to sit in our car between Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting and chatted. .... I remember the Ackroyds coming to our house for Sunday dinner. That summer we got together and had fun together. I'd been alone in our area so long. That fall we both went to Cardston to school. That summer we had fun together, but that fall Marie went to Glenwood and I kept on at Cardston....*

I took part of Grade Ten and Grade Eleven in Cardston. My highest grade was Grade Eleven. I stayed with Aunt Dora and Uncle

[1]George Stringham, a member of the Legislative Assembly from 1921 to 1935, represented the Cardston Provincial Electoral District as a member of the United Farmers Party –source: Wikipedia, 2008

[2] "My Friend Marie" Two of the girls Rhoda mentions as school friends remained life-long friends, Marie Ackroyd and Retta Bohne who married Rhoda's brother Vibert. Marie wrote a beautiful letter of friendship to Rhoda. See *Documents*, pages 209-210 .

Zeb[1]. The first year I was there was the year my Father was taken sick... Oh, it was cold in the winter, even in their snug house. The covers in the morning where we breathed were frozen. We went to bed with a warm iron to put to our feet, but it was pretty cold. Aunt Dora and Uncle Zeb's was a good home. It was fun to live there. Uncle Zeb was a cut-up. Life wasn't always easy there either, [but] it isn't anywhere.

Life in Cardston was different from what I had been used to. It was an adjustment for me when I went to Cardston. I don't remember it being all that hard; it was just different, but it was a good experience for me. I had always been out in the country and Cardston was a larger town. At home I rode to school on horses. In Cardston I walked about a half mile to school. We'd run home at noon to grab a bite of good dinner. Aunt Dora always had it ready and she always had nice meals. In Cardston we went to a show about every week. I used to go to the ball games some, not that I ever learned to love them all that much but I used to go. Out home we were just home on the weekends, but we did have a few dances. I was very bashful and I'd hide myself so nobody could see me so nobody would ask me to dance. I don't know if I learned much in school, [but] I developed socially. There were more kids to deal with. I started going to dances. My Dad taught me how to dance at home... It was good to go out to school.

In Cardston, we used to go barelegged and wear anklets. Our dresses were just barely below our knees. Sometimes I wore my hair in little ringlets and held it in the back with a barrette. It was fairly long. Another year all the kids had their hair cut short and we had "the wind-blown." I had my hair real short and waved and little spit curls.

I remember feeling kinda like I was picked on because I didn't have as much money as the rest of the kids. I wasn't too badly done by. Mom did the best she could. She sewed for me and my clothes were neat and clean and somewhat up to what the styles were. One school dress I can remember was straight down with a pleated ruffle around the bottom. It was beige with red flowers on it. It doesn't sound like much, but it was quite pretty. One time my coat was getting old and shabby. My brothers decided I needed a new coat so they put their funds together and bought me a pretty new red coat with a fur collar. It was a little more stylish. That was very nice. I didn't have quite as many clothes as my cousins, but I got along all right.

Cardston was where I started dating. I think my first date was a car ride with somebody. I went with George Steel a little bit. I remember I was doing art and he used to watch me. I didn't know who he was. He watched me and watched me and finally he got up the courage and invited me to do something. Gladys and her boy friend, Ernie Poulson, and George and I went to a show. George was a good looking young man and a fine fellow too. We took some crazy pictures. I have a picture of George and I.

I guess every girl has a few boyfriends. I went a little bit with Seymour Williams. He was the son of Stirling Williams, a relative of Brigham Young. They were one of the good families of Cardston. There were all sons in that family. They used to like to go up to the mountains every summer and climb mountains and fish for a week or ten days. The summer after my first school year in Cardston, their oldest brother had just been married and they were going on their honeymoon. The other boys took girlfriends and I was the youngest one's girlfriend. I guess we were along to chaperone the newly weds! That was really fun. We did a lot of things. We roughed it. We slept in tents. We went fishing. I

[1] Her mother's sister, Dora Hinman Jacobs and her husband Zebulon. Uncle Zeb officiated at Rhoda's wedding. Two of their daughters, Gladys and Rojanea, who were close to Rhoda's age became her friends.

remember going in a rubber boat fishing. I don't remember if I caught any fish, but somebody must have done. We mixed up flour and water and baked it. Everything tasted good no matter what it was like. We went to some lakes. We went up to Old Chef. I remember climbing the highest part of that mountain. We told stories. We had a great old time.

Seymour Williams was a good young man. He was nice, but somehow or other he didn't appeal to me. There was another young man who wanted to date me too and neither one appealed to me.

[While I was at school in Cardston] Dad was taken sick. Dad had always been a healthy man, very, very seldom sick. I can't remember him ever staying in the house. One time he did get "Old Men's Knee." He'd bumped his knee and he couldn't get around very good, but it didn't hold him down.[1] Another time he broke his ribs and he was all bound up, but it didn't keep him in.

When Dad got cancer and he was sick, we didn't know what it was. He went all yellow and they took him to Cardston. He was in the hospital for some time. I've never forgiven, I guess I have forgiven but I don't forget anyway, a nurse at the hospital. I used to go up every night to see my Dad. One night he was quite upset. Come to find out the nurse had taken his bell away. I don't know what for. I gave him back his bell. He didn't say much, but he was unhappy and I was unhappy too.

They thought of sending him to Mayo Clinic but it was too late. They operated on him and found him full of cancer. They just sewed him up and he went home. He didn't know he had cancer. They didn't tell him. It was in the fall [when] he'd first taken sick and he was sick all winter. He was getting up and around a little bit when spring came. He thought he was going out and planting grain and do his work. One day he was talking about it and Mother said, "Dave you're not well. You can't go out and plant this year."

"Why? I've been to the hospital and I'm getting better."

He never did. I don't know if she told him then or if he surmised. They didn't tell people things then. Dad had never been sick so it was hard on him to be sick. I guess maybe he was a little impatient. He was used to getting up and getting going. He was so good at getting things done himself he couldn't understand somebody else being slow.

I remember how much company he used to have. Mother couldn't always let them in. The people across the river who thought so much of him, they'd come over Sunday after Sunday to see Dad.

Dad was in quite a bit of pain. They used to give him what they called "stout," some form of alcohol. It would kind of deaden the pain. He got so he couldn't eat. Nothing passed through him because he was all eaten out inside. He lay in the bedroom and looked outside. He could see the trees he'd planted. They'd grown up to be so beautiful. I remember him saying, "This is a beautiful world."

Grandpa [Woodruff] came up to help Mother. He was a great deal of help to her, because it was really hard on Mother. It was a lot of care taking care of Dad. Grandpa sat with Dad and took care of him and watched over him while Mother did the other things.

I remember Grandpa liking bread and milk. No matter what you had for supper Grandpa wanted bread and milk. Mother and Grandpa enjoyed each other I think. They got on well together. (Of course Mother didn't have too much trouble with anybody. Like my Dad said, "If you couldn't get along with Alice, you couldn't get along with anybody.")

Grandpa sat with my Father. I sat with him some, but I was going to school and I wasn't

[1] Story of David's endurance while working, see Faithful to the End, p. 25

home very much. When they had his funeral in Glenwood there wasn't room in that building for all the people. They filled the building and the outside. One of the largest funerals, I'd ever been to. Two or three weeks later I wrote finals.

After Father died, I remember they gave [Mother] something to make her sleep. I don't remember if Grandpa was still there when he died. He had been there. Aunt Liza and Uncle Charlie helped some. It was a difficult time. Other people rallied around and did what they could, but it was still up to her. Dad died in June[1]. For months she stayed in the house. I don't know how she stood it. She couldn't go out and go somewhere and do something for relief. There was no money. There was no car to jump into and no gas and places to go. She used to take the wheelbarrow and go all around the farm and pick up chips. She did that to get out of the house. I remember a song they used to sing at that time. I used to want to sing it and used to know I shouldn't sing it. It went, "I get the blues when it rains. It rained when I found you. It rained when I lost you, that's why I get the blues when it rains." Every time I'd find myself singing it, I'd cut it off because I knew that was hard on Mother.

After Father died, I went back to Cardston to school for a week or two. Then I was home. We planted a garden and I'm sure that helped Mother. It was probably a help to her a little when I came home too, although I don't remember her saying much about it. Mom always raised a garden. [A garden was] easier after we moved across the river from Ewelme because we had irrigation water. We worked out in the garden. I don't know what we'd have done if we hadn't had that because that's how we were able to live.

Mom grew vegetable marrow and that's tasteless stuff. When you shred it up and put raisins and a little orange or lemon with it, it made a pretty good preserve. We grew beans. I remember shelling beans forever in the winter so we could have beans to eat. In the fall, we used to pick wild fruit to bottle for winter, saskatoons, choke cherries and service berries; there wasn't money for any of the other. We grew rhubarb and gooseberries. We canned and bottled. Somehow or another she managed so we survived, but it was definitely not easy. It was hard.

I used to make cheese. Aunt Liza and Uncle Charlie had cows and we had cows. By ourselves we didn't have enough milk to make a cheese. We used to put the milk in cans and go up over the hill to Aunt Liza and Uncle Charlie's and make cheese. [2]*We...bought a new tub, put it on top of the coal stove get it up to a certain temp. pull it back off of the heat add coloring & rennet when it set, cut it in squares back to the heat & stir a while so it didn't get too hot on the bottom, skim the [whey] off - good pig food - salt the curd & put it into a press. After they were out of the press, cure them - cover with cheese cloth & wax - rub every day & turn - good cheese. Made our own butter too.*

I learned to drive the car so I could go back and forth to make cheese. I used to drive quite a bit. I don't remember Mother driving. I used to take her to Cardston to her stake meetings. It was easier to learn to drive then, than it is now, there wasn't everybody out there on the road. I don't remember it being all that hard. We had a stick shift. I don't remember who taught me. I guess my brothers must have done.

I went to school one more year, Grade Eleven, in Cardston after my Father died then I stayed home. Mother couldn't afford to send me. Finances were such that it was hard to do anything during those Depression years. It was difficult to get the least bit of money. There wasn't much to be had. It was difficult to keep the taxes paid. It was very difficult to pay the bills and keep food on the table and clothes on

[1] 10 June 1929

[2] "Recollections," page 5

our backs. Anything extra like sugar was hard to do. Farm products didn't bring in much.

The boys [Vibert and Owen] took over the farm and the farming. I helped Mother with the garden and the house. It seemed liked it kept us busy all the time. We were always doing something. I used to go to with her. I taught in Primary. That's two days a week. In the summertime we were real busy. It wasn't that easy doing washing as it is now. I don't know where the time went, but we were always busy. I can't remember just sitting down and wasting time. If we didn't have anything else to do, Mom and I used to make quilts. We made quilts in the winter. We made them to use and we used them too. I had quilts put away for myself. (Not too many, but enough.) Mom needed more bedding. It seems like we used to sew up some things for the Church. We kept busy[1]. 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.

Mother didn't talk [much] about her health. After I was born Mother had gall stones that gave her a lot of grief. She had trouble with her kidneys a certain amount. She couldn't keep up with Dad very well. Of course, all the problems women have anyway having children it makes it hard for you to keep up with a man. She was fairly healthy until in her later years. Then she had trouble with her heart and her kidneys. Mother always had a time trying to keep her weight down. After she moved to Cardston she had to have two or three operations. She had surgery for gall stones. She had a female operation. She had to be repaired. Her bladder had to be sewn up another time. It took a long time to get over those things.

[2]After our Father died life was really hard on Mother. I felt deeply for Mom but I doubt that I expressed my love & concern that I felt for her as I should.... I tried to do what I could to help her. Mother had three quite young children[3], one under school age, when she was left alone to raise us. My two older brothers went out to work some and I did too, but I didn't get paid very well for doing housework. I worked for a neighbor and got a little bit of money that way to help Mother. For months I worked for...Sister Romelia Brown Hartley when her babies were born. When she needed somebody I helped her. I was the hired girl. I didn't have a regular job. Sister Hartley was the only one I remember working for.

I remember one Christmas after I had been working up to Hartley's for a long time, we wouldn't have had anything for Christmas had I not had a little money that I bought a few little things, so everybody had something for Christmas. There just wasn't any money. When I was married there wasn't any money either. My temple clothes were made of the cheapest things. I think we sold a little milk and a little cream, but it didn't bring very much. Nothing you could sell from the farm was worth anything. You didn't make anything much off it. I remember people killing their pigs because they didn't have a market for them.

How did Mother feel? Well, just like you would feel when you lost your life's companion and you were left alone during the Depression [and] things were tough and you had six children...and the responsibility was yours. Two of them were teen-age children with the difficulty that there was in getting them to do what they ought to do. The two older ones didn't attend to their [Church] meetings. Vibert later became [active] and he always goes. I don't think Mom ever had too

[1] Faithful to the End, p.12

[2] "Recollections" p.15

[3] Owen, nearly 21, Vibert, 19; Rhoda, 17; Lloyd, 9; Norma about 7 ½ and Golden about 4 ½ .

much trouble with me, getting me to go to Church. I kind of liked to. Mother had a few troubles with the boys. Owen left home for a while. We did not know where he was.

I don't know how Mother put up with everything, because it wasn't easy. There weren't a lot of fun things she did. She did enjoy taking care of her family, I'm sure. I remember Mother saying after Dad died, how thankful she was she had all we kids. That made me feel good because I thought maybe we were a burden to her.

I can remember a lot of sadness right after Father died. [Mother] had worked so hard with Dad that her health was poor. Life had been hard too, but Mother got herself back and going again. She got working in the Church which helped a lot. It wasn't long until she was made President of the Relief Society. I remember every Relief Society day, the boys hooking up the team to the wagon. (That is usually what we went with. Of course we had a car, but it was in the garage. No gas.) Mother would go off to Church. When anyone was sick, they would call on Mother. When a little baby died, she went and dressed the little one and prepared it for burial.

I remember one thing they mentioned about Mother: no matter what anyone told her, she never told it to anybody else. It was not repeated. Nobody knew anything about things that went to Mother. She was very dependable. She knew how to get along with people. She had a good sense of humor. Mother had a strong testimony of the gospel and she had a keen desire to do what is right and carry out those things she was supposed to do in her work. She was very conscientious and did her best. I feel she was a very special President and people loved her.

[The Church] used every available person and it wasn't too long until they called me as Secretary. I used to go with Mother to the Meetings. That was a good experience for me too. I think I did it for about thirteen years. When Mother was President, I think Zina Ackroyd was one of Mother's counselors and I'm not sure if Aunt Liza was the other one. My close friend, Marie Ackroyd Smith, was Literary Teacher. She was excellent at that. I was about seventeen. I was still secretary when Mother was released

In those days they had a seventeenth of March Program.[1] We used to have skits and they weren't always about church. They were sometimes about the Irish. One skit Mother was in, she dressed up as a man. She was already fairly stout, but she padded herself up more. I remember how funny mother looked and what a good time we had that evening.

The main thing I can remember about the Meetings is that I was secretary when I was married. At that time the secretaries wrote up the minutes and at the next meeting they read them. I remember how funny it was - it seemed queer to me - when I had to read the secretary's name and I had to read mine as Rhoda Cobia instead of Woodruff.

Our meetings were just like we do now. We had week day meetings in the daytime. We'd go around to different homes on Work Days and quilt quilts. We did a lot of that in Relief Society . We had different lessons, literary, spiritual living, social relations, homemaking. I remember Sister Hartley was one of the teachers. We did it practically like you do now, except the secretary read the minutes and they took a count of everybody. We sang and had prayers and had business.

When they had conferences and the Stake President, Br. Wood would come out. Between Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting there would be a short time in between, and the women would get a lunch ready. We'd serve sandwiches and cake. It

[1] March 17th is the anniversary of the Relief Society , the women's organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Work Meeting became Homemaking Meeting, and now is Home, Family & Personal Enrichment Meeting.

was a long time for everybody, especially the visitors from Cardston, before going back home and they didn't have time to go to the homes to have something to eat. We had a luncheon between.

We also fixed up health kits. It came from the Stake. Aunt Dora Jacobs was the Stake Relief Society President. She started these. They had different medications in them that could be used in time of sickness. Each Relief Society was to have one. Sometimes they would be needed in one home and sometimes another. When my first baby was born I had trouble with him and we got medication for him there. The kits were used a lot.

The other day [1985] at our Relief Society Board Meeting, we were talking about the dating days. A lot of the girls said their dating days weren't fun at all. I began to think about my dating days. They were fun. It was during Depression times and we didn't have hardly any money. We were in just a small community. We weren't all the same age, there were younger ones and older ones. We were scattered. We had to travel quite a ways to dances. But we had fun.

I was seventeen when I stopped going to school. Marie Ackroyd and I and Lucille Stanford had all sorts of fun together. [Marie] went to school one year after I did. I was home alone, then she didn't go anymore. We worked in the Church. We went skating and did all sorts of things. In the summertime one of the things we liked to do was go on picnics down to the river. In the wintertime we'd play games. We had a radio when they came out. Not too soon after, but we did get one.

I spent every Sunday evening with my friends - Lucille Stanford and Marie Ackroyd and I, and Charlene (Hinman) who was younger, and Edith Ackroyd, Marie's sister. There was a bunch of us, five girls and five or so boys. We didn't pair off, we just got together and had fun.

There was an older lady who...used to meet with us. She was lots of fun. Vera Orcutt[1] was mother's cousin's daughter. She had had a sad life. Her marriage hadn't worked out. She lived with her brother because he had lost his wife. He had three small children and she stayed there and took care of them. She was full of fun. She used to go around with us kids, although we were quite a bit younger. Mother felt we were safe with her. We had lots of fun with her, but if things got out of hand, she knew where to draw the line. Vera swas important to us at that time and was always included. I don't think we'd have had near the fun without her. She instigated a lot of it for our Sunday get-togethers and our evening fun.

Each Sunday we had dinner, that was the big thing. We each took a turn. That was kind of hard on Mom, but we used to do it. Dinner was always something good even if it was beans and cake. We might play games, but we did a lot of talking. Most of it was done in the fall and winter. But I remember one summer we were together because one of the guys got stung with a bee. We used to have fun Sundays.

We used to have dances. Vera went to the dances too and had fun with us. There was an orchestra in Cardston that used to come out sometimes. Bill Laidlaw used to play the piano. I'd swear he had springs under him. He sat there and bounced all the way through his playing. He could get you in the mood. If you didn't feel like dancing when you came you sure did when you watched him for a little while. We used to have lots fun doing that.

In the wintertime we'd get in a sleigh. I think they took turns and started at one person's place or another. They'd put straw in

[1] For relationship see page 52. Vera was not yet an Orcutt. She didn't marry Harry Jay Orcutt until Dec. 17, 1934. A newspaper clipping kept by Rhoda shows Vera was using her maiden name Smith rather than her former husband's last name, Drollinger.

the sleigh bed and hot rocks and quilts. Then we'd go around the community and pick everybody up and we'd go to Glenwood or Hill Spring or where ever the dance was. That's where the largest dances were and where they usually had the orchestra. If the dance was in Hartley, we found our own rides. We all danced together, even with older men. (I remember some of them were older.) One thing, we had a few more men than women so it made it kind of nice for the girls. We didn't have to sit out all that much. We had fun.

Once and a while in Hartley we'd get Glenwood and Hill Spring to come to our dances, too, but mostly we went there. Sometimes we'd have little dances of our own. We'd called them "Hobo Hops." Somebody in the ward that could would play the piano. Mae Lybbert could really play the piano; she could almost bounce too. It was a natural ability she had. We had lots of fun when she played for us. Our dances were Friday or Saturday. When I was married, we couldn't afford a reception, but we did have a wedding dance and May played.

Two years before I was married, we got a nice-sized ward at Hartley and we had an active Mutual. We had people who led us in a lot of fun things. We played ball in the summer, the guys did mostly. In the winter we did all the things we were supposed to do, including Gold and Green Balls. I was Hartley's first Gold and Green Ball Queen. I remember I didn't have any money to buy a lovely dress like you needed to be a queen. We had a neighbor who had a lovely wedding dress that she'd been married in and she loaned it to me. I think I have a picture. It was a white dress with lace and I wore a crown. That was the February before I was married.

I [went] with several boys. I went with "Red" Rolf Sillito, but I was only interested in him to dance and have fun with, although his feeling for me went deeper. He did take a fancy to me, but he didn't ever really date me, as such. If we went someplace he'd walk me home afterward. When we rode in the sleigh up to the dances, I usually found him sitting beside me. I never had a chance to turn him down; he was just there. One night he took me home and tried to talk to me, but he couldn't say anything. I kinda of knew what was up, but I never felt good about getting romantic with him. Then I went with a Stanford boy.

After I broke up on Rolf Sillito, it seemed to be so hard on him, I felt bad about it. At first I felt kind of smart to think that I could win this young man's heart so easily without even trying at all. After, I could see how it affected him. I didn't love him. I didn't want him for a husband. There was nothing there as far as I was concerned. There was no feeling. I didn't love him. I liked to go dancing and have fun with him, but I didn't want him as a husband.

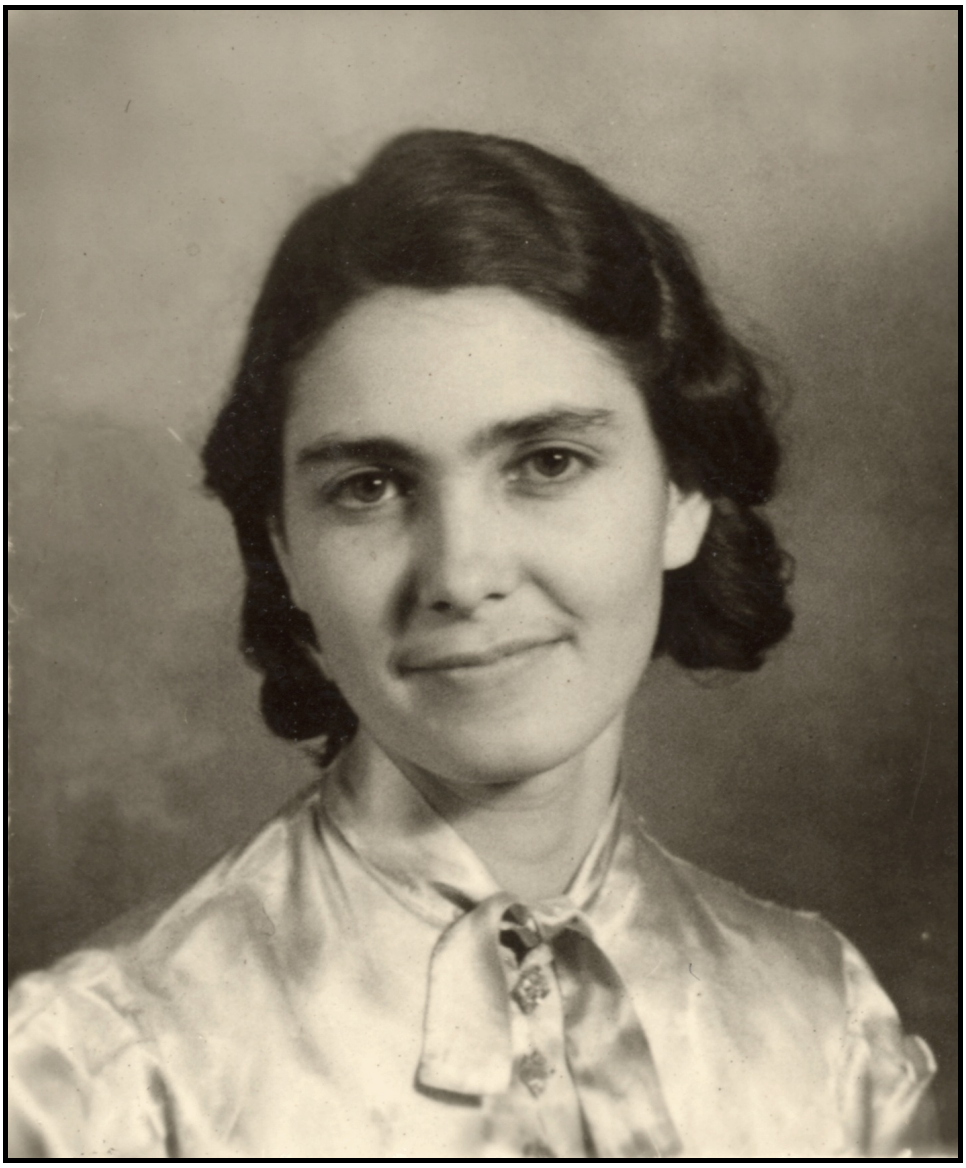
Then I went with the Stanford boy and he seemed to like me. I just didn't want to cause anybody else as much pain as I thought Rolf Sillito was having. Maybe that was a conceited way to think. I fasted for a day or two and prayed that my true love would come. And Dick came.

Rhoda Woodruff's Relationship to Vera Smith
sources: Ancestral File at "www.familysearch.org"

Lyman Hinman md. Aurelia Lewis

(son)	(daughter)	(son)	other s
Morgan Lewis Hinman	Sarah Edna Hinman	Henry Lyman Hinman	
md.	md.	md.	
Rhoda Chase	Josiah Mousseau (Mooso)	M. Jane White	
(daughter)	(daughter)	(daughter)	
Nellie Hinman	"Aunt Minnie" Evaline Maria Mooso	Alice Jane Hinman	
md.	md.	md.	
Walter E. Pitcher	Richard D. Smith	David P. Woodruff	
(daughter)	(son) (daughter)	(daughter)	
Rhoda Hinman Pitcher<md.>Henry Thomas Smith	**Vera Mousseau Smith** (born: 1900)	**Rhoda Woodruff** (born: 1912)	

Md: 1) William H. Dollinger
Md: 2) Harry Jay Orcutt



Rhoda Woodruff

Rhoda's Brothers and Sister

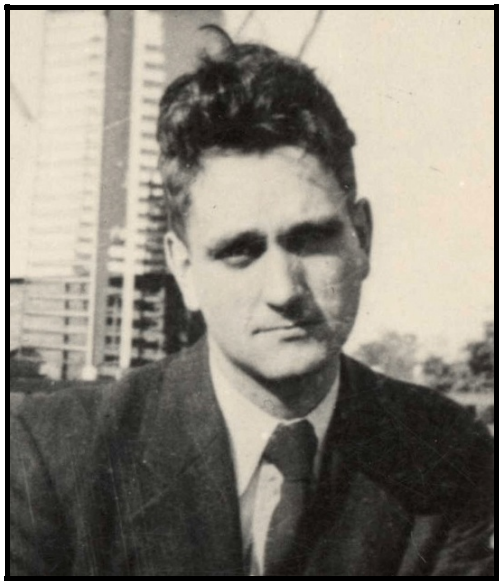
Artwork by Rhoda done in an art class while going to school in Cardston

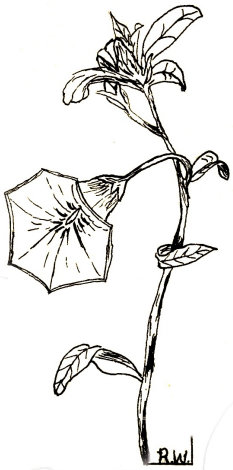
Owen

Vibert

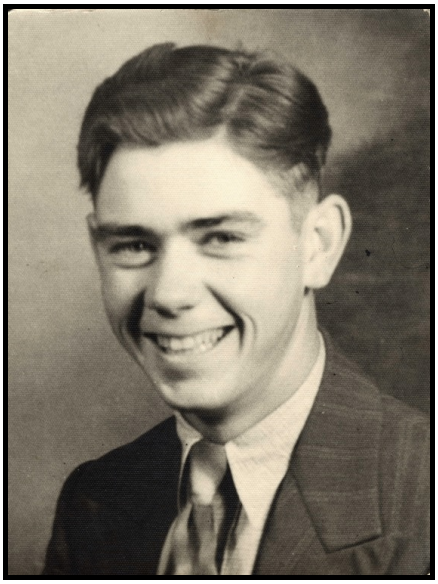
Norma

Golden





Lloyd



Rhoda Woodruff and her first boy friend,
George Steel. Cardston, Alberta, Canada.

Rhoda (3rd from left) with Cardston school friends. 1928/29. Cardston Temple Grounds.

Rhoda and a friend 1928

Rhoda Woodruff, student in Cardston - 1928-29

Rhoda and Gladys Jacobs - Cardston. Taken in the Jacob's backyard. Rhoda had her long hair cut.

Melodrama in 5 Scenes
"The Ladies' Man Meets the Lady"

The Ladies Man

Someone catches His eye.....

.....A Lady

Above: I can't live without you. Please, will you ???
R: Will they lived happily ever after!

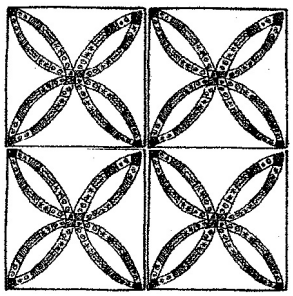
The Boy: Rhoda Woodruff – The Girl: George Steel
"In Cardston I started dating. We took crazy pictures."

The Jacobs Family - *circa 1920 - courtesy of Rojanea Jacobs Bingham*
Back: Lyman, Zina, Chariton - Front: Gladys, Zebulon, Rojanea (white dress), Dora & Z. William Jacobs

Rhoda said, "I took Grade Ten and Grade Eleven in Cardston. I stayed with Aunt Dora and Uncle Zeb. (1928-1930) Aunt Dora and Uncle Zeb's was a good home. It was fun to live there. Uncle Zeb was a cut-up....We'd run home at noon to grab a bite of good dinner. Aunt Dora always had it ready and she always had nice meals."

Chapter 4
Love and Marriage - 1932-1933

Wedding Ring



[1]One morning [in the spring of 1932] my brother Owen answered the phone. It was a young man by the name of Dick Cobia [who] wanted us to take a message to Bazil Rolfson that he was in Raymond. Owen thought Cobia was a different and peculiar name. Soon after, Dick arrived at Hartley to live with the Rolfson Family down under the hill from us on the Rolfson farm.

I think the first time I saw Dick was at church. Bazil pointed me out [to] Dick as the girl he'd written to him about. Dick had a girl friend in Montana, Mayme Queen, but Bazil thought I was the girl for Dick. Anyway, Dick met my brother Vibert one day, there was a barn dance to be held in Hillspring the following Saturday. Dick asked Vibert to go with him in Bazil's truck and to bring his sister Rhoda. Well, Vibe didn't mention the dance to me. I think he wasn't too anxious for me to meet this southern stranger, who could be interested in me, until he knew him better. But of course we did meet and we seemed to be drawn to each other.

Rolfsons had a good strawberry patch and Dick would go out and pick the choice, lovely red berries and bring a bowl full to me. And I would say, "Thank Mrs. Rolfson for the lovely berries for us." He'd painstakingly picked that beautiful fruit and Mrs. Rolfson didn't know anything about it! One day he went up and saw me sitting in the garden weeding. He asked what I was doing and I said, "Smothering weeds."

All we young folks used to meet together to play ball once or so a week. And on Sundays after church, usually we all took turns at meeting together at one of our homes for dinner and chatting, as kids do. Then once in a while there was a dance. We were so poor we couldn't jump in the car and go somewhere. We weren't using many cars because we didn't have money for gas.

That summer there wasn't anything too interesting going on. It was Depression times and jobs and money were scarce, so we kids - with the help of an older friend, Vera Orcutt - ... planned a trip to Waterton Lakes for a week. I think all the girls, my age and on down to the age of my cousin Charlene, went. Then most of the boys. Some of the young men didn't make it including my brothers Owen and Vibe. They had to take care of the farm. My mother and Aunt Minnie Smith (Vera's Mom) went too, and of course Vera, but she was almost like one of the girls unless we started to get out of line, then she'd put us straight.

We packed food and clothes and scraped a few pennies together and took a miss-matched team, one of Red's, a small pony and another larger horse, I don't remember whose, [fastened] to Bazil's "Bennett" buggy (a car chassis without the motor with a wagon bed on it.) I think Wilbert Orr and Dick, Charlene and Red Sillato and I (we were supposedly going together) and his sister Delta, all went in this buggy with the bedrolls and provisions. I put cookie crumbs down Dick's shirt collar but sat by Red. He drove. We left early to get there and parked the horses this side of the Park after taking our tent, bedding, etc. to a camp. Then there was a car load came that day with my Mom and Aunt Minnie, Vera, Henry. We had two large tents, one for ladies and one for gents and made down our beds. We all pooled our food and ate together in a camp kitchen with a roof over [it]. It had large tables and a large

[1] Compiled from "Our Courtship" written March 1979 by Rhoda with inserts from Interviews, Tapes 3 and 6.

stove and one side open - luckily for us no rain. I think Mom and Aunt Minnie did quite a bit of the cooking and we set tables and washed dishes etc. Of course [we] did some cooking too.

We got up early one morning and went on a long hike up to Bertha Lake, up the trails on the beautiful mountain. We were all together ready to leave and Dick grabbed my hand and said, "Let's go" and we went together all the way. "Red" followed along behind and told his troubles to Vera. She tried to console him. One time [Dick] grabbed me and pretended he was going to throw me in the lake. He lost his balance and both of us almost went in. I wasn't really too heavy then, only about 110 pounds so it couldn't be because I was too huge.

We went to several dances and one night took a boat ride up to the end of the lake. This cost money so all could not go, but Dick took me and loaned some to one or so of the others. It was all great sport and we sang as we went. When we got back we went to a mid-night frolic [dance]. Dick went to get his wallet to pay for a dance (you paid each time) and it was gone. He'd lost it while sitting on the bench, I guess. Some honest young man found it and it was returned through the ticket agent. To have lost $8.00[1] would have been a major calamity.

We attended an LDS Church on Sunday. Dick remembers what some of the speakers said in testimony meeting. Morgan Smith (Vera's brother) said when we commit sins we can repent of them but like a board we've driven nails into, we can pull the nails out but bad scars remain. It seems to me I've heard it explained differently though, and that although the sinner isn't as far ahead as if he'd never committed the sin, yet if he truly repents he is completely forgiven. Another speaker said that some day 1/3 of the people of the church would break away from it. I'm sure we'll need a strong, active faith to remain faithful to the end.

My dear mother, bless her for being such a good one, could see that her quiet, bashful and always before reserved and proper daughter had fallen for the young boy from the states and she knew nothing about him - only that he was an orphan from the South, a handsome, seemingly good young man. She watched us closely and thought it best that I go home in one of the cars instead of in the Bennet Buggy the way I came up, so she arrainged [sic] for this.

Being a widow, mother felt the responsibility, deeply, of raising we kids right and so wanted us to all live clean, pure lives and have Temple marriages. [2]*I suppose it was due to this special mother and the hope of being with my father again that helped me keep morally straight.*

During the weeks that followed Dick and I grew closer. I always felt like he was the one. I don't know the answers, but my Patriarchal Blessing said I would marry a man I chose before coming here. If it wasn't him, I don't know who in the dickens it was!

My mother worried more. Mom and I had never talked much about intimate things. After I was married we finally broke the barrier and got very close, but those old ways of not ever talking about sex, etc. were still with mother at this time. Anyway, I knew Mother was worried, but I was sure I knew my Dick and that he was fine.

Dick seemed liked a good person, a very good person. He kept himself clean and neat. He was honest. "Red" Sillito came and stayed with Mother for a whole year and kind of chiseled of other people. I'd see things that were a little dishonest in him. I never did see anything dishonest in Dick. Dick was honest. He was a hard and good worker. He didn't try to get anything out of Mother. He seemed like a caring, good young man. He seemed like what I wanted. I thought he was.

Dick had what I didn't have. I was bashful and reserved and would hang back. He was

[1] In another account of this event written by Rhoda it was $10.00. Dick said it was $8.00.

[2] Faithful to..., p.12

not. He wasn't frightened. He'd been around a lot. He'd seen a lot. He knew how to make friends. He knew how to converse and do a lot of things I didn't know anything about much because I'd lived in the back woods. He'd had a lot of opportunities to mingle with other people. He worked hard to get his education after having problems as a child. I might have felt sorry for him a little bit, because of his childhood, and still I don't believe I had all that much [pity] for him. He seemed to be getting along all right. I felt like he was the one.

After I had been going with Dick for a little while, Mother could see that I was getting serious. She was very worried. She said to me, "Rhoda, if anything happened to you, I don't know how I could face your Father." (That's what made me think I was Dad's favorite. Well, I just happened to look like him and I was his first daughter.)

Mother didn't know Dick Cobia. She didn't know anything about him. I felt like I knew him and he was just what I wanted. She was worried and I knew that. I didn't want to give Mother any more worry than she already had. She'd been through so much with Dad's death. Life was so hard for her. I thought if Dick got a Patriarchal Blessing that would ease Mother's fears. I talked to Dick about it.

November 23, 1932 was Dick's birthday and I thought it was a great time for him to get his Patriarchal Blessing. The Rolfons didn't have a phone so I called our Patriarch[1] [at] Hillspring, a very dear man to me Patriarch Fisher, and made an appointment and we went over in the Rolfson's Bennet Buggy and team. Patriarch Fisher gave Dick the blessing and I wrote it in long hand. It was getting dusk when we went home. We sat in Mom's cozy, clean kitchen and read his wonderful blessing.[2] I'm quite sure this relieved Mom's mind. After that Mother didn't seem to worry all about it.

During this time Dick got a job (they were very scarce) hauling lumber for a neighbor and received his pay in lumber. Occasionally he got home, and when he did he was so tired and worn and his clothes were all torn from the hard work and long hours work in the cold mountains where they hauled the lumber from. This lumber seemed to be the only way they could get any money, but it was very hard to sell and brought very little money. He did save enough to buy a wedding band and a few necessities. That winter Dick spent much time between the saw mill and Hartley hauling lumber, working for Gilbert Hartley and I worked in Hartley for his wife who was expecting a baby.

Dick hired Les Hurd to build us a bed and put doors on an old cupboard mother gave to me that she had used when first married. And Dick made a nice gate-leg table for our front room, mostly with a knife and saw as tools and sand paper. Dick paid for Mr. Hurd's work with a mechanical drawing set he used in high school and I think some extra lumber. Dick bought an old but good Majestic wood and coal stove – dark metal color with chrome - a homely old monstrosity with a warming oven on top and a reservoir on the side, also a porcelain topped kitchen table. He bought a round tub for bathing and washing clothes and a scrubbing board.

Those were hard working times for both of us. I worked very hard for a month for only $10.00 and because I went home Sunday afternoons I was docked for those days even though I got up early Sunday a.m. and fixed their dinner and even set the table and when I came back Monday a.m., I had those dishes to do. Of course, had I been a little smarter and older I would have made a fuss about that because by law help was supposed to have

[1] "When Dick was hauling watermellons to Canada from Moses Lake, Washington, about 1958, at Claresholm he was selling them off the back of his truck when Patriarch Fisher came up for a mellon. Dick said, 'Here's my good old friend. I'll give you, without cost, the best one I can find.' And he did. After Dick talked to him he remembered giving him his blessing."

[2] Copy of Richard Seth Cobia's Patriarchal Blessing, see "Documents", page 208.

Sundays off without docking. But Hartleys were good people and I enjoyed working there and liked their children.

It wasn't easy though. Br. Hartley hauled water in barrels and on Monday a.m. I carried water in and heated it on the stove in a boiler and washed the clothes. They did have a power washer. I hung clothes on a big line outside to freeze and eventually dry and had to carry all the water to pour into the washer and carry it outside to empty after I was finished. They had one little boy, Lowell, who was just walking and talking good. He was smart and a fun little boy.

Sister Hartley was a refined lady and I learned much of the church and refinement from her. She was our Mutual teacher and she directed us in many plays we put on in our little Hartley ward.

That spring in February or March I was chosen to be the Hartley M.I.A. Queen. I didn't have much money nor chance to get a dress so Mrs. Reece (Laura) Carlson loaned me her lovely white wedding dress. It was a lovely evening but I was very hurt because Dick got a chance to go to Raymond with the basketball team and so he went and I was left without an escort. I don't remember who I used as a substitute. Dick had gone to Raymond to see if he could trade lumber for furniture. (But he couldn't do it.) I think I'd have rather skipped the furniture and have him there to my special night. That was our first tift [sic].

We finally set [a wedding] date but didn't tell anyone until finally our good friend Vera wormed it out of us - and preparations began in earnest. Events hurried by. Mom and I made quilts and got everything ready we could with the meager income I had. I had bought little gifts for all my family at Christmas time and with what I had left I bought white crepe for a wedding dress and mom made another dress for me. Vera made my wedding dress. I bought white material (not too good a grade) for my temple clothes and mom made them. She embroidered Dick and I an apron and he used my fathers temple clothes. With what little money I had left I bought sheets and dishes, etc.

Vera and mother planned and had a nice shower for us at our home. Many people came from Glenwood and around and brought us gifts. The ladies of the ward each made quilt blocks and Vera sewed them together and made a me a lovely friendship quilt with all my friends names embroidered on them.

They made me a sort of a memory book "My Flight with Happiness." Vera painted the cover and they covered my life up to the time I was married in pictures taken from magazines and little comments. Also filled in the back with favorite recipes. I wrote down the gifts. I remember most of the gifts were made out of flour sacks and embroidered with loving care into luncheon cloths, pillow cases, scarves, tea towels and the like. They were lovingly done. Some of the handwork on them was exceptionally beautiful. There was a lovely little linen table cloth from Sister Leuzinger from Switzerland and I got some gifts from the Stringhams that weren't hand-done. We did get a sack of flour, a few dishes, some chickens, etc. and it was a real nice evening.

The day before we went to the temple my cousin, Charlene Hinman, set my hair for the wedding and said, "I'll tell my grandchildren that I put your hair up for your wedding." Uncle Charles Hinman drove Mom, Dick and I and Vera into Cardston. We spent the night at Aunt Dora's. It had been raining.

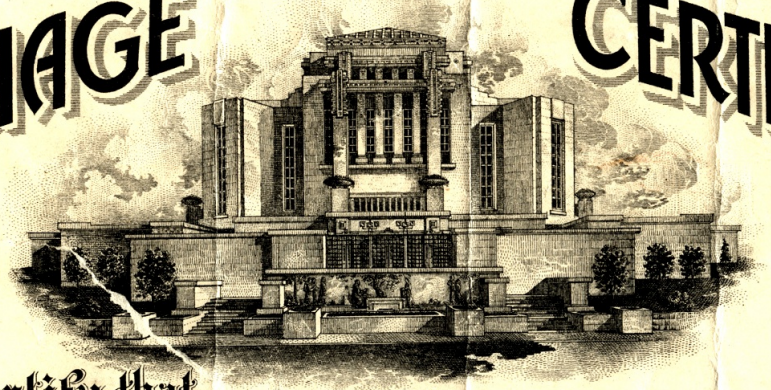
The next day, May 9, 1933, I was up early pressing my dress. It rained during the time when we went to be married. At our wedding there was me and Dick, Mother, Uncle Charlie. I'm not sure if Aunt Liza went, but I suppose she did. The young folks I run around with couldn't go because they hadn't been through the temple yet. Vera was there. Uncle Zeb married us at the early session and we attended another. We got back rather late and spent that night at Aunt Dora's. Rojanea had our bed all fixed with the alarm clock, rocks etc, but some

how I had an inkling of what she was up to and I listened for the clock, found it, turned it off and made the bed over before we got in - and thus spoiled all her fun. The next day we spent at the Temple. Aunt Dora had a little shower for us that evening. Aunt Susie gave us a china tea set. Then there were pans etc., etc., and the next a.m., Uncle Zeb took us home in his car. Uncle Charles & the rest had left the day before.

Money was very hard to get. It cost $6.00 for a wedding license and it was customary to pay a temple donation of $2.00 and this left us without funds. We didn't have a reception. Mother being a widow and it being during the Depression, there was just no way, unless you worked for the government, of getting any money. But we had a wedding dance held at the Hartley Schoolhouse which was also used as a church. The whole ward came. I don't remember too much about the dance expect it was fun. We didn't have much money and couldn't have a fancy orchestra. Mae Lybbert, our friend, played the piano. We had refreshments, but I don't remember what they were. They must have been simple. People didn't bring gifts to the dance. It was just a wedding dance. The wedding cake was made with dried service berries or was it dried saskatoons! I think the nuts were apricot pits. (Some kind of pits we got out and made into nuts.) Anyway there was love there.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE

PROVINCE OF ALBERTA



CANADA

This is to Certify that

Richard Seth Cobra of Glenwoodville Alberta

and

Rhoda Woodruff of Glenwoodville Alberta

were by me joined together in the **Holy Bonds of Matrimony** according to the Ordinance of God and the Laws of the Province of Alberta at the Temple in Cardston, in said Province on the 10th day of May in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty three

In the presence of

Alice H. Woodruff Witness

Chas. W. Hinman Witness

License No. 35442

J. N. Jacobs

An authorized Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

License Dated 10 May 1933: Issued by H. C. Phiffs, Cardston

WESTERN PRINTING & LITHOGRAPHING CO. LTD. CALGARY

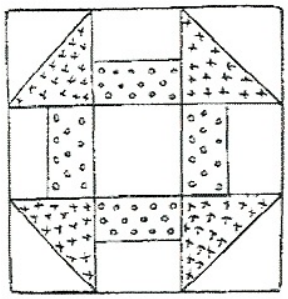
Rhoda Woodruff and Richard S. Cobia - 1932

The Woodruff Family standing in front of their home - *circa 1931* Hartleyville, Alberta
Back: Rhoda, Owen, Vibert, Alice - Front: Lloyd, Golden, Norma

Rhoda & Alice Woodruff, Eliza Hinman and her children: "Bub" (Lyman) & Charlene
Front: Marilyn, (twins) June and Junior Hinman. When Alice was Relief Society President Rhoda was the secretary and Eliza was one of the counselors - *circa 1931*

Chapter 5
Newly Weds 1933-1935

Churn Dash



After we were married, [1]*we stayed at Mother's for two or three days, then we moved to the Gifford place. Bazil Rolfson had planned on leaving the Gifford place that spring [1933] to go back to Raymond so Dick took over the lease for us. Dick and I papered and cleaned the Gifford place before the wedding day. [The] paper we got from Tom Shaw who had had a store and gone out of business. We didn't have a honeymoon. The farm needed Dick's immediate attention.*

Goals: The immediate goal was to survive. We didn't have very much food when we first got married. We had a cow the Rolfsons let us take. We lived on dandelion and pigweed greens, fried beans that had been stored in their shells, cracked wheat, eggs from 2 hens given to us at the reception, some fruit and vegetables the Rolfsons had left, a sack of flour given at the wedding.

Cistern cleaned (sanitized) with formaldehyde.

Dick's goal was 12 children, mine six. We had seven. I always cleaned well, kept home and family where there would be love and understanding. We wanted to have a nice home and give our children educational advantages.

My goal was for all of us to live worthy for eventual salvation in the Celestial Kingdom. During the early years of our marriage we went to the temple often. Hartley ward would get up an excursion often going in to the Cardston Temple in a truck with a bench on each side. Everyone paying the expenses.

We stayed at the Gifford place until winter. It was just a half mile down the hill from Mother. I used to walk up to Mother's all the time. It was part of Hartley and we went to church there. One of the adjustments I had to make to marriage was a selfish thing. Right when we were married we had so many parties and I was the center of everything and got so much attention. After I got married everybody seemed to forget about us. It seemed lonesome. I don't remember it being too hard to adjust to marriage.

[I got pregnant right away.] It was difficult adjusting to being pregnant. Mother didn't tell me any of these things and I didn't know what to expect, so I didn't expect anything. I didn't know you got sick. That was all "hoo-ey" to these Doctors that say that girls get sick because they thought they should. I didn't know. I wasn't as sick as some people I know, but I certainly didn't feel my normal, ordinary, good self. I never threw up. I'd have felt better probably if I could. I felt no life, no nothing, just punk. I didn't feel good. I was tired. I wanted to lay around. I didn't feel on top of things. I am sure it is quite a change to the body. A lot of girls feel that way and I did too.

After I got pregnant, Mother started talking to me then, a little. That's when we talked. We hadn't done before. I didn't know what to expect. I always felt tough the first two or three months. I don't think I felt as bad with Jim, because I felt different with each child, especially the twins. I remember especially food didn't taste good. Before David was born I craved rhubarb. Thank goodness on that little farm there was a nice bed of rhubarb. I used to eat that sour rhubarb. I craved oranges. We had strawberries and I enjoyed those. But so many things made me feel sickish.

[1] Paragraphs in italics from "Our Courtship," remainder compiled from Oral History, Tape 3.

About two weeks before David was born I went to Cardston. I hadn't been to see the doctor until just before I went to Cardston to stay. All those nine months, I know I'd had trouble with my kidneys. I stayed with Aunt Dora and Uncle Zeb. Aunt Dora was Stake Relief Society President.

I'd been there about two weeks and Dick decided to come in to see me. He came on Lloyd's little gray horse, Squash. Dick rode across the [Blood Indian] Reservation. During the night my water broke, but I wasn't having cramps. That was a Friday night. Saturday morning Aunt Dora had a big Stake Relief Society Meeting. There was nobody there to watch me, so she insisted I go to the hospital, although I wasn't sick yet. I was in the hospital all that day, but nothing happened. They didn't give me anything to eat because you weren't supposed to eat just before a baby was born. I wasn't very strong, [and wasn't] feeling very lively when it came time for the birth. During the later part of the night the pains really started in earnest. I remember crying out. Here again I didn't know what to expect. I had no idea of what was coming. I had a little, just what I picked up here and there. When I cried out, somebody complained about me making so much noise. I thought, "I better be quiet". I remember wringing my hands. My wedding band had an apple blossom design on it. It was new and hadn't worn smooth yet. As I wrung my hands I scratched my fingers. I didn't realize what I was doing.

After so long they called the doctor. When David was born[1], he said, "Oh, a regular Samson," because David had long, black hair, a fat little face and a long body, twenty-five inches of it. He was fine and healthy. The doctor and nurses were joking and laughing together. I thought, "How can they do that when such a momentous happening is taking place."

I was kept in the hospital for ten days. It only cost a dollar a day, because we belonged to the Doctor's Contract and the Hospital Contract. To get on the Doctor's Contract you paid twenty-five dollars a year and that is what it cost you for all your sicknesses. Whenever you needed too, you went to the doctor. On the Hospital Contract you automatically paid it with your taxes if you owned land. We paid a dollar a day at the hospital.

David was in the nursery and [a nurse] took Dick down and let him see the little bundle of joy that we had. After I had been in the hospital for ten days I went back to Aunt Dora's and Uncle Zeb's for a short time. Mother and Dick came in a car to get me. I don't know whose car they borrowed. I discovered that David was tongue-tied. We took him to the Doctor and he clipped his little tongue before we went home to Hartley.

We were at Mother's after I came home from [Cardston]. I had a hard time trying to nurse my baby. I couldn't imagine what was the matter. The folks had gone to something at the Church. When they came home I was holding David. He was crying and I was crying too. Mother said, "Honey I don't think you have anything to feed him. He is starving. You don't have any food for him." Come to find out I didn't have any milk. I didn't have a place to put it. As soon as it came in; it would run [out]. It kept me very uncomfortable. My clothes were always wet, but I didn't save anything for poor, little David. He was getting so peaked. Finally we started feeding him. It was hard to find something to give him. I couldn't chase back to the doctors. It was hard to find something that agreed with him. Mother had raised her children. We tried cows milk and it didn't agree with him. His food didn't digest. I tried giving him oranges when he was small and that came through not digested. He had a lot of tummy-aches. Mom finally had us give him dextro-maltose.[2] He had troubles with his bowels.

[1] 25 February 1934

[2] Corn sugar.

Thank goodness for the Relief Society Medicine Kit I was telling you about; they had one in each ward. In there was a laxative that I used to put in David's formula. Finally Mother said, "I don't think it's good to do that all the time. His body will become accustom to it and it won't be able to function good without it." Then I started giving him prune juice. It is funny how expensive dried prunes are now, but then they were not an expensive food. I bought dried prunes and gave him the juice off the prunes and that helped him. He used to have a lot of colic and was uncomfortable until he was about three months old. I don't know how much he weighed but his little head got quite peaked. Then he started to grow.

I was fortunate in being the third child and having two younger brothers and a younger sister. I helped Mother a lot with those little kids. Then I was at Mother's for a while, after David was born, and that was helpful too. She helped me with David. It wasn't any great change to me. I just had to learn to keep one dozen diapers (that's all I had) washed and dry. It would freeze if I hung them outside. I did everything by hand. It was hard to keep them dry. I usually saved a few wet diapers. I didn't wash them each time. There wasn't all that much water either. I had to melt snow. We had a pump inside. In the fall the cistern was filled up, but we used that mostly for drinking. Our cistern was built under the corner of the house and the pipe went down to that and up in the house was a pump in the kitchen. It was hard to get water in the winter. You could when things thawed out in the spring. I used to melt a lot of snow. I had enough milk in my breasts so I could get cold[1] in them, if I got my hands really cold, which I did with the first three. If I hung things out and held my arms up then I'd get my breasts chilled and I was in for a siege. It was very painful.

I remember how proud I was of David. He was a cute little fellow. The next winter, when we were in Raymond, we used to go to Church down there and he got his share of attention there too. Even though it was a large town, he was a cute little guy and everybody wanted to see my baby.

The winter [before] David was born we stayed with Mom after we left the Gifford place when our lease was up there. There wasn't much moving to do because we didn't have all that much. We did have a few things. In the spring we moved to our little farm. Dick bought a place, a quarter section of land with a house on it. It wasn't too wonderful, but it was about as good as most people had. Ervin and Liza Loose had lived there and moved to Cold Lake. We lived in that house. It was a half mile from the road and we didn't like that. We didn't see the point of being out in the center of the field. Eventually we moved the house[2] down to the road. Then the children only had a half mile to go to school and we only had a half mile to go to the store and the church. That made it better, instead of the mile we had before. That is where we finally built our good home, which we didn't live in very long.

It was a wood house, not a log cabin. It had one room and a bedroom. Then we put a lean-to on it, a kitchen and an entrance. We did quite a bit of fixing up. There was no linoleum on the floor. We put linoleum in the front room and the kitchen. The bedroom never had linoleum. We put in a clothes closet.

[1] A breast infection

[2] David remembered, after the house was moved, the root cellar was still located back at the old site. When his mother needed a bottle of fruit or some vegetables from the cellar she'd send him to get them. One day in Sunday School he heard "And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." (Matt. 5:41) and decided the next time his mother sent him to get something he would get two. He found out that that scripture didn't apply to vegetables and bottled fruit! – 7/23/2004

The winter after David was born, we stayed in Raymond for the winter [1934-1935][1]. The Rolfsons wanted to go south for the winter and they wanted somebody in their home to take care of the farm. We stayed on their farm that winter. Dick was able to earn a little bit of money. That's the money we used to buy our $8.00 linoleum for our kitchen. We fixed our kitchen up and painted. It was a drafty place. I remember bathing David in the kitchen when the wind was blowing [outside] and it was blowing his hair. I could see it waving back and forth. I used to bath him up real close to the stove.

Dick made the fire every morning. We used both wood and coal. In our house we had two stoves. A pot belly stove in the front room and a kitchen stove. I've written about that monstrosity. It was a good old stove. We used to hug the stove and sit on the oven door when we got cold or sit down on a chair and put our feet in it. I usually ran out of the cold bedroom in the morning, if there wasn't anybody around. I ran out where it was warm. We slept in the bedroom. Our baby slept in a basket right by our bed.

At breakfast we had cracked wheat, sometimes eggs, toast and sometimes cocoa. Lots of times breakfast was just cereal and milk and toast. We toasted our bread on top of the stove. We had a wire thing that had bars across it. We sat it on the stove. When it was toasted on one side we turned it over. They called it a toaster, but it was sure not like the toasters you have now. You were the electricity that turned it over! Sometimes I made hot cakes or biscuits. Ordinarily it was cereal and an egg, if we had them. Then there was the dishes. When we got a separator there was all that stuff. I detested that old separator. Dishes weren't bad but that old separator was a beggar. Our stove had a reservoir to keep the water warm. We filled that up. We had a boiler and a reservoir and a tea kettle.

My baby had to be bathed every morning. Then I made the bed. Every week I did the usual things, clean the house, wash and iron and mend and sew. I learned how to knit. I didn't know how before David was born, but Retta, my brother's wife, taught me how to knit. I knitted him sweaters and things. By the time Lorna came along I was really knitting. That was fun and took up some of my time. I'd wash one day, iron one day, mend one day, go to Relief Society one day and Primary one day and get ready for Sunday one day, bake and cook and so on and there were no days left.

Wash day was the day I didn't relish too much either. I had to get all the water in the boiler. At first, all I had was a washboard and a tub and a boiler. I think I had a plunger. I het my water in the boiler and put it in the tub. I scrubbed the whites first. My clothes were nice and white. Then I went down to light coloreds, then dark colored. First I'd put the clothes in the hot water with home-made soap. For the white ones I'd put a little lye in the water on the stove, unless it was soft rain water or snow water. I'd boil my clothes in it. Then I'd give them a good rinse. Then scrub them on the board and get them nice and clean. Then I set them to the side. When you had them all scrubbed through that water, you'd throw it out and get some fresh water and put the scrubbed clothes in that to rinse. I think they had one more rinse. The first one would cool them off. If I didn't have much water I'd just use one rinse.

We always had a clothes stick that we put in the boiler on the stove. Sometimes we'd souse them a bit with a plunger. Sheets and bedding, instead of scrubbing them on the board unless there was some soiled spots to scrub, you just used the plunger on them in the boiler. Then you'd lift them steaming hot out into a pan with your clothes stick. Then I put them through two waters, the first rinse and a good rinse. I

[1] Dick said: "Rhoda's brother, Vibert and his bride, Retta spent their honeymoon with us in January 1935." R. S. Cobia: An Autobiography, p. 43. Vibert and Retta Woodruff married 31 December 1934. In August 1935, he took over his mother's farm.

put bluing in the last rinse. I wrung them out by hand until we finally got rich enough to get an old washer I had to seesaw back and forth with a handle that turned the cogs inside. Then I put each batch through that washer. It had a hand turned wringer. It was two years after we were married before I got the first washer. Before the twins were born we got a power washer, a motor washer. I did my sewing on a hand machine, I turned the wheel with a handle.

On the dark clothes [you washed them but,] you didn't boil them of course. Then you put them into the rinse water and rinse them and wring them out. Sometimes I had a clothes line and sometimes I didn't, then I'd hang them on the fence. If I hung them outside in the cold winter they just froze and that took out part of the water. When I brought them in after they froze they'd crack and we'd have holes in our clothes so I had to be careful. Just a little freezing was good for them because it helped them get white. I'd hang the frozen clothes all around the house.

Spring on Hartley Farm[1]

May 10, 1935 Our second wedding anniversary. Just started spring work today; using our new colts, Queen and Gyp. RWC

May 11, 1935 It snowed and rained so we painted our dinning room and laid our first new rug. RWC

May 12, 1935 We attended Mother's Day Program & Ward Conference to-day Elder Fulmer was again re-instated as Presiding Elder with Jesse Stanford & Melvin Leavitt as councillors. We went to Mother's (Woodruff) for dinner and she gave Retta and I each an apron. RWC

May 13, 1935 Dick painted in the morning and disked in the afternoon, while I carried on the painting. RWC

May 14, 1935 Continued discing and painting. Golden brought a number of his school chums to see us. RWC

May 15, 1935 Dick did some more discing while I did the washing and planted a little garden and found that the seeds we planted before are up. RWC

May 16, 1935 Dick disked and treated the grain, while discing he found a ducks nest in the summer fallow. I planted most of the garden to-day in-spite of the fact that David is not feeling well. RWC

May 17, 1935 We drilled about 12 acres of barley. Frank Rodgers came for a load of hay. David is still not feeling well, cutting more teeth I think. RWC

May 18, 1935 Dick disced until noon, (or until the horses were tired out). We got the mail and I received a new dress from Myrtie. Our ward Teacher Mr. Orr visited us in the afternoon. We also used up all of our paint. Dog bit David, but not seriously.

May 19, 1935 To-day was high-council Sunday and Uncle Will Duce and Silvester Low were our visitors. Mother, Norma and Lloyd came home to dinner with us. RWC

May 20, 1935 Dick got the seed oats to-day I washed and we both went over to mother's to return her wagon and got some rhubarb starts. We also borrowed Mr. Hartleys team & wagon to haul hay to-morrow. RWC

May 21, 1935 Dick got up at 4 o`clock this morning and hauled a load of hay to Mr. Stringam, he disced this afternoon and David rode with him for a while. A number of the school children in the district are comming down with measles. RWC

May 22, 1935 We planted the rhubarb roots we got from mother. Dick disced and rod weeded also. I wrote several letters besides my other work. RWC

[1] Excerpts from "Five Year Diary." A small 3x5" dark, brown, bound book kept by Dick and Rhoda Cobia. RWC is Rhoda Woodruff Cobia & RSC is "Dick," Richard Seth Cobia. There are five entries on one page, one for each year. Inside the front cover is written: "Hartley, Alta. Presented to Mr. & Mrs R. S. Cobia on their second Wedding Anniversary , May 10, 1935."

May 23, 1935 We've had a bad wind all day but in spite of it Dick rod weeded and borrowed Mother's drill ready for drilling to-morrow. I cleaned and pressed clothes all most all day. RWC

May 24, 1935 We celebrated the Queen's birthday by seeding more barley.

May 25, 1935 Dick completed his seeding to-day, but both he and the horses are very tired. Retta came to see us for a little while. RWC

May 26, 1935 Bro. Sam Harker & Rulen Leavitt were visitors at church to-day. Mother and family and Retta & Vib visited us after meeting. RWC

May 27, 1935 Dick hauled a load of hay to Mr. Stringam and harrowed some. I prepared Dick's lunch box for the mountains and worked in the garden. RWC

May 28, 1935 Dick went to the mountains this morning. David and I are staying with mother. We washed to-day. Mother isn't very well. RWC

May 29, 1935 We made a cheese. Mother was quite sick in the afternoon but she laid down a while and was better so Retta and I went down town.

May 30, 1935 Mother was better today, she and I went visiting Aunt Eliza and enjoyed the day emensly. Mrs. Clarence Murphy has a baby boy, but it is not well. RWC

May 31, 1935 Mrs. Murphy's baby died last night, Mother went down to help to cover the casket etc. Cherry, our cow, has a new heifer calf. We made a cheese yesterday and also today. RWC

June 1, 1935 Mother went to MacLeod to-day to attend to some business. Retta came down and we planted some of mother's garden and we were very glad to welcome Dick and Vibert home. So Dick and I returned to our own little home. We are having a nice rain which we are very thankful for. RWC

June 2, 1935 We got to church on time this morning, for the first time since we came home from Raymond. Mother invited us over to her place for dinner David has an upset stomach so we came home early. RWC

June 3, 1935 Dick hauled the last load of hay to Mr. Stringam. David has been quite sick to-day with an upset stomach. RWC

June 4, 1935 Dick finished planting the potatoes. David feels some better to-night.

June 5, 1935 I fenced off my oats today and the wife washed and baked cookies. The boys also graded off the ball ground. RSC

June 6, 1935 Dick cleaned his ditches and turned the water in, got a hair cut and ruined the separator. I planted the pop corn, howed weeds and prepared to go to Cardston. We ate our first radishes and lettuce out of our garden. Slipper (our horse) sat through the window last night. RWC

June 7, 1935 We went to the Temple in Vergil Quinton's truck with 25 others. We left David at Aunt Eliza's where he was exposed to the measles. RWC

June 8, 1935 We put our new lenoleum down in the kitchen. Dick also fixed the separator and went to ball practise. RWC

June 9, 1935 We attended meetings and afterwards Rhoda went to Mothers and I took a team load of elders to the quorum meeting in Glenwood. RSC

June 10, 1935 Rhoda washed and irrigated. We shipped cream[1], first since we moved. RSC

June 11, 1935 We watered the garden, Dick continued to irrigate the Alfalfa and did some discing. David came down with German measles.

June 12, 1935 Mother, Norma, Golden, Lloyd & Retta came to see us. Dick finished irrigating his alfalfa and worked on the disc. I planted the flowers. RWC

June 13, 1935 Unlucky things happened. Dick broke his chisel HaHa! Dick hauled water & irrigated his pasture. Norma came over for a little while. RWC

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[1] Selling cream was one way to make some money during the Depression. It was sold to a creamery in Glenwood

June 14, 1935 Dick fenced. We got our first cream cheque, we got 124 a pound butter fat,[1] $1.15 for it all. We got a dandy little shower to-day. RWC

June 15, 1935 Dick got his tax receipts, bought our first rake and completed his pasture fence. I went to the Relief Society Conference to Cardston in a truck with 52 others. Also saw a good show, "The Little Minister." RWC

June16, 1935 High council visitors were Bro's Neilson and Ben Wood. Aunt Eliza invited all the Hinman relatives of Hartley to her home for Uncle Charles's birthday dinner. RWC

June 17, 1935 Dick plowed, this is his first work on his summer fallow. To-day was my wash day. We had a fine rain to-day. RWC

June 18, 1935 I plowed today. Went over to Mother Woodruff's and brot back a letter from Vera Orcutt. Also some rhubarb. RSC

June 19, 1935 Dick plowed. I mended clothes, picked weeds and put up my first bottle of fruit for this year, a bottle of rhubarb. RWC

June 20, 1935 Continued plowing. Hartley got beat in a ball game by Glenwood. We went to a swell dance tonite and had swell time. Norma tended David. RSC

June 21, 1935 Didn't do much of anything today, too much fun last nite. Sharpened my plowshare & plowed half day. Rhoda did a little of every thing washed, ironed, etc RSC

June 22, 1935 Dick had a lot of trouble trying to plow to day. He went to ball practise and nocked the ball over Mr. Hartley's fence, first time it has been done. RWC

June 23, 1935 Visitors at church to-day were Mr. & Mrs. D. O. Wight, Bishop Leavitt and Bishop Harker. Bernard & Belle Lybbert and family, Junior & Beverly Hinamn were our Sunday dinner quests. RWC

June 24, 1935 Dick plowed and took his plow shear to Glenwood to be sharpened but was dissapointed in not getting any letter. I washed clothes etc. RWC

June 25, 1935 David is 16 months old to-day and he surely is a fine healthy child says I. Dick continued on his never ending job plowing. I did some of everything. RWC

June 26, 1935 To-day has been a day of odd jobs. Dick and David & I went down to Ackroyds to get his braker bottom for his plow & sharpen his share. He & the rest of the Elders of Hartley beat Glenwood in a game of soft ball, 10-24. David & I went to mothers. RWC

June 27, 1935 Dick surveyed ditches. Hartley beat Glenwood 14-38 at Elders soft ball team. I made some pillows etc. David drove the horses to-day for the first time. RWC

June 28, 1935 Dick finished surveying his ditches in grain. Tommie & Jessie Burroughs helped him and had dinner with us. I helped Dick survey this morning. RWC

June 29, 1935 Dick completed his ditches and started irrigating. We also cultivated the potatoes. I finished setting out the cabbage plants. RWC

June 30, 1935 I went to Sunday School with David and Dick came to afternoon meeting, he had to take care of irrigation water in the morning. Mrs. Salway was our Genealogical visitor from Cardston. RWC

July 1, 1935 [Dominion Day] We celebrated at home. Dick irrigated & Mother & Norma came over, they had dinner and supper with us. RWC

July 2, 1935 Dick irrigated grain and plowed some. I washed. Our ward teachers Josiah Orr and Clarence Murphy visited us to day. I finished the blocks for Retta's quilt.

July 3, 1935 I irrigated and plowed some more. Rhoda ironed, mended and sewed blocks on Rettas quilt. Jiggs H. was over. RSC

July 4, 1935 Dick hauled water and irrigated. We didn't go to the barn dance because of the rain. RWC

[1] Cream varies in amounts of butter fat and was tested for fat content. The farmer was paid for the amount of fat in the cream, not the amount of cream.

July 5, 1935 I irrigated grain and David and I went over to Hinmans. We shipped cream. Plowed ditches in oats. Rhoda's preparing for Sunday dinner guests. RSC

July 6, 1935 Dick irrigated. I prepared for Sunday.

July 7, 1935 We had a good Fast Sunday meeting to-day. The Hinmans were our guests to-day and we enjoyed their company very much RWC

July 8, 1935 Dick plowed to-day but the most important thing he did was to help Hartley win the soft ball, so that Glenwood has to give them ice cream for a days outing at the lakes. RWC

July 9, 1935 We had our first turnips out of our garden for dinner to-day. David thinks he should go everywhere with his dad, he doesn't say much but surely thinks a lot. Dick rented Tommy Burrough's new mowing machine and started to cut alfalfa to-day. RWC

July 10, 1935 Dick fixed the rake and did a number of odd jobs. Vera and Harry Orcutt came to see us. We went over to mother's she wasn't home, she was in Cardston on business. Vib and Retta went to Montana for a few days visit with Retta's Aunt. David knows how to get what he wants from his dad, just be extra sweet. RWC

[During this time of Depression and hard work Rhoda wrote in a letter to Dick's sister[1]]

I guess you are all busy. Are you eating vegetables out of your garden yet? I'd like to know how far we are behind you. I've just finished planting mine, except a few things I'm going to plant later. Some of our garden has been up for a week.

Dick hasen't finished planting his crop yet but hopes to be finished the end of this week. We'll be finishing about the same time as the others here I think so you can tell we're having a late spring, it's about six weeks later than usual I think.

.... Dick surely gets tired now, he gets up so early and goes to bed late too most of the time. I'll be glad when this rush is over and it soon will be I hope.

I'm sending you a prosperity chain letter. It's the first time I've done anything like this, so I thought I would for fun. I'm sending Ada and Myrtie[2] each one too so we'll all be rich. If you don't feel like writing so many letters maybe one of the girls would like to, and please one of you write to us when you can.

Love, Rhoda & Dick

Prosperity Club

[There were six names and addresses listed.]

Hope $ Faith $ Charity

This chain was started in the hope of bringing prosperity to you. Within three days make five copies of this letter leaving off the top name and address and adding your own name and address at the bottom of the list and send or give to five of your friends to whom you wish prosperity to come. In omitting the top name and address send <u>that</u> person ten cents (10¢) wrapped in paper as a prosperity donation.

In turn as your name leaves the top of the list you should receive 15625 letters with donations amounting to 1562.50

Now is this worth a dime to you?

Have the faith your friend had and this chain will not be broken.

Mother was released [as Relief Society President] because she moved to Cardston[3]. She and Lloyd and Norma and Golden moved ...and Vibert took over the farm. I think the farm was getting too much for Mother and I think she moved because Vibert got married. She realized Vibert had to be someplace and she knew she couldn't run the farm without him. She decided to turn the farm over to him.

[1]Letters...to Hattie Cobia, May 22, 1935

[2]Dick's sisters

[3]Moved 28 September 1935. Lloyd, age 15; Norma, 13; Golden, 10.

Cardston was probably a better place for her and her three younger children.... I think it was. Mother found her a nice little home there that was close to church. It was close to the temple. She used to go to the temple a lot. She lived right close to the school and the kids didn't have far to go. She was able to have a cow for my brothers to take care of. One time when I stayed with Mother a little while, David and Lorna was with me, David used to take care of that cow. She had a garden and they used to grow their own garden stuff. She worked in the Relief Society.

Mother had lived in Cardston when she was a girl and she had a lot of old friends that were living in Cardston when she moved back. They used to have a club and they'd meet once a month. They'd have book reports and do handwork which they enjoyed doing.

I think quilting and handwork was Mother's main hobby. Mother used to make a lot of quilts. She spent a lot of time making quilts and working in her garden and canning and watering. She mainly did temple aprons. She did a lot of them. She made money by them, but she did enjoy doing them. She did other embroidery. I remember her going Visiting Teaching.

Her sister, Dora, lived there and several of her relatives. I remember Aunt Dora and Uncle Zeb used to go to Salt Lake often to Conference and Mother went in and took care of their kids a time or two. When they had the Primary bi-centennial[1] she went to Salt Lake and marched in that Parade. She was working in the Primary at that time. Mother didn't get away very much.

I guess it would be well to mention ... Owen[2] left home and we didn't know where he was for a long time - Mother was so worried & of course the rest of us. I was married at the time and didn't know too much about it. I remember when he came home he came to see Dick & I and our new young son David who was by then over a year old. It wasn't too long after that he had his fatal accident.

If anyone needed help Owen was usually willing to give it. So when Vede Bennion, a cousin, wanted to move a house from Glenwood to his farm in Hartley, Owen with a team and several other men with their teams were soon hooked up & on their way - Owen stumbled on something on the road and fell - some how he was knocked under the horses, he tried to kick himself free but was unable to do so - a car & driver were soon found and he was rushed to Cardston hospital. He was badly injured internally and didn't last long. I don't remember how but I went to Cardston to be with Mother and Owen. After he died what a blessing to mother to have a good sister to go to. Aunt Dora Jacobs gave what comfort she could and furnished a good bed for mother and I, but neither of us slept very much that night - Mother said she kept seeing in her mind's eye the horses going over her son. Owen's earthly remains joined those of our father & little sister Wilma in the Glenwood Cemetary.

December 4, 1935 Henry & I fixed fence. Mr. Jesse Gibb came and took Rhoda & I to Cardston where Owen Woodruff, Rhoda's oldest brother is in the Hospital, a wagon wheel with a house upon it ran accross his body and crushed it. Rhoda stayed in over night, and I came home. RSC

December 5, 1935 Owen died last night at mid-night. He lived about six hours after the accident. Rhoda came home tonite. Golden came with her. RSC ....

December 7, 1935 Dick went to help dig Owen's grave, he brought some calendars & salt home from Glenwood. David, Golden & I went over to Retta's, she taught me how to knit some. RWC

[1] She probably meant the fiftieth anniversary of the Primary which was organized in 1878. Primary is the children's organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

[2] "Memories of My Brother Owen"

December 8, 1935 We went to Owen's funeral at Glenwood, it was said to be the largest funeral held in Glenwood. We left David with Leah Rodgers and had a delicious dinner there. [RWC]

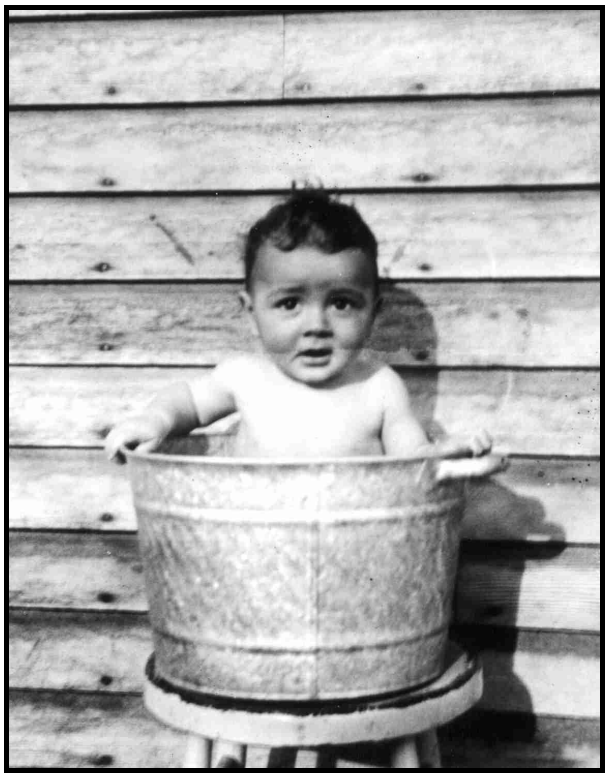
[Rhoda wrote to her sister-in law[1]], *You asked if Dick was helping to move that house, he wasn't because we didn't have any horses large enough. It was my cousin's house they were moving, he had tried to get them to quit, it was getting dusk, but they wanted to go over just one more nole. Vede Bennion (the owner of the house) blamed himself for not making them stop I guess, he went all to pieces he always does, he's had so many deaths in his own family. Nobody could sooth him but finally he had a dream and saw Dock[2], he told him not to worry cause he was happy. We all seemed to have felt that it was Owen's time to go, of course we miss him. I miss him more now than I did at first. I couldn't realize he was gone it was done all in a jiffy, he just lived 6 hours after the accident, he was concious all the time except when they gave him hippo's. Dock was always a fellow to show his dark side, but he was really very good, better than the rest of us.*

[1] "Letters...to Hattie," March 22, 1936

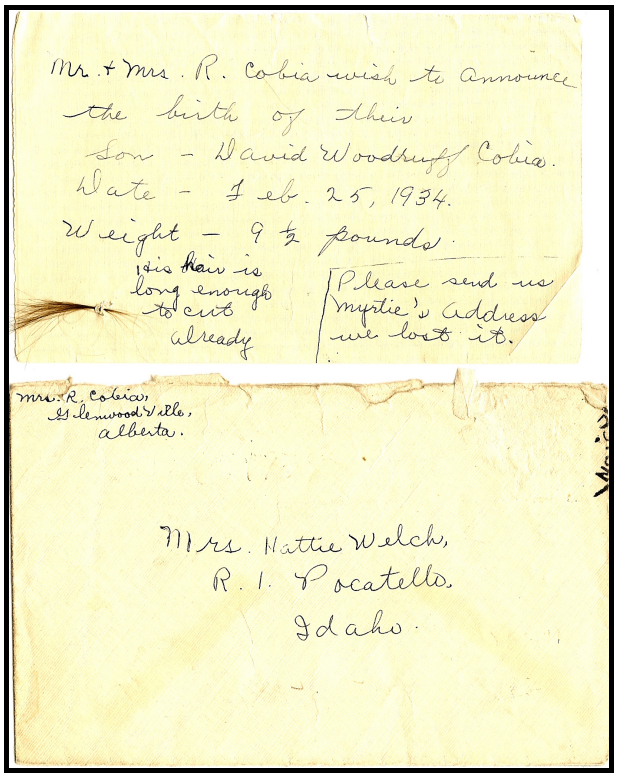
[2] Owen's nickname

Left: Rhoda & Richard Cobia, Hattie Cobia Welsh, *circa 1933.*
Rhoda and Hattie wrote letters back and forth most of their lives.
Above, l-r: Ruby, Richard and Rhoda Cobia; Belle Lybbert - Hartleyville, Alberta, *circa 1935*.
Below-l: Cobia brothers - Joel, Richard & Jim and their wives, Carmen, Rhoda and Ruby Cobia - 1939 - Pocatello, Idaho.
Below-r: Rhoda, David & Richard Cobia - 1935- Hartleyville.

Rhoda and David Cobia. Cobia's first home in Hartleyville, Alberta, Canada - 1934



David Cobia's bath on a warm summer day. 1934



Mr. + Mrs. R. Cobia wish to announce
the birth of their
Son - David Woodruff Cobia.
Date - Feb. 25, 1934.
Weight - 9 ½ pounds.
His hair is
long enough
to cut
already

Please send us
Myrtie's address
we lost it.

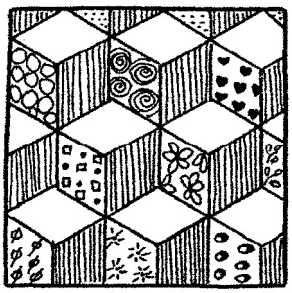
Mrs. R. Cobia,
Gilemwood Wells,
Alberta.

Mrs. Hattie Welch,
R. 1. Pocatello.
Idaho.

David's handwritten birth announcement.

Chapter 6
Building a Family and a House 1936-1946

Baby Blocks



November 3, 1936 I fixed the storm door, and patched up the house to make it warmer. Rhoda cooked up cake & stuff for me and prepared to go to Cardston tomorrow RSC

November 4, 1936 We rode in to Cardston to Conference with Bernard Lybbert. Rhoda and David stayed in to Mother Woodruffs and will be there for some time to come. RSC ....

November 21, 1936 Worked on my barn and went with Vede Bennion to Cardston to see Rhoda. I stayed all night. Warm weather. RSC

November 22, 1936 Sunday, took Rhoda to the hospital this morning. A little black haired baby girl 8 pounds 10 ounces, was added to the Cobia family. A beautiful day. Very warm. [RSC]

November 23, 1936 Rhoda is feeling much better. I caught a ride out home early this morning in a truck. Cleaned up the kitchen and worked on the barn. Rhoda gave me pair of house slippers for birthday. RSC....

November 25, 1936 Vede Bennion came over and I went to Cardston with him. We brot back an old car and left the trailor. Rhoda and baby are still feeling fine.

November 26, 1936 Stayed at Vib's last nite, and left David to stay with them. Worked on the barn. Clarence Murphy stopped in for a visit. RSC ....

November 29, 1936 Attended Church & Sunday School, went over to Vib's & Rettas for dinner took over some cream and churned to take with me to the mountains. I'm all ready to go [RSC]

November 30, 1936 Dick went to the timbers. RWC ....

December 12, 1936 Dick came to Cardston to see the baby & I. We went to the show. Mrs. Fulmer was brought into the hospital. RWC

December 13, 1936 Dick went home. ....

December 16, 1936 Edith Ackroyd came and cleaned up the house before I came home. I came out on the train & Dick brought us home in the sleigh. RWC

[1]By the time Lorna was born, Mother had moved to Cardston. I went to stay with Mother. Charlene was going to school and she was with Mother at that time. I got up one morning and I was going to scrub Mother's kitchen floor. I used to like to scrub floors. That must be a good position for you, because it felt comfortable. I felt good down there on my hands and knees. I didn't mind doing it. It wasn't something you did for the most fun in all the world, but it wasn't bad. I was going to scrub Mother's kitchen floor and I started to bleed. Mother was very nervous and frightened at that because I wasn't supposed to do that. She [sent] me right up to the hospital. Dick was in town and he was with me. He always hit it lucky, he seemed to know. He came in just the night before. He took me up to the hospital. That wasn't such a difficult birth. With David I was a long time, a good share of the night, but with Lorna it wasn't so long. She was soon born. Dick was there and we were so happy with this little girl. I wanted to show David. Right now I wanted David to see. I sent Dick back to bring David so he could see his new, little sister.

By the time Dick came back with David, I was sick! I started to hemorrhage. I didn't know hardly anything. That is why Mother had been so frightened because I started to bleed. That is what often happened when they started to bleed, first they hemorrhaged. I didn't know hardly anything. I knew Dick came back. The

[1] Compilation of "Oral History," Tapes, 4, 5, 6 & 11. Charlene Hinman, a cousin.

nurses were unhappy with him and sent him home in a huff. He felt real hurt because I had sent him to get this little kid and when he came back with him the nurses were real snotty with him. He didn't know I was sick; they hadn't even said much about it. They didn't use much patience. To help me they gave me erget. It was the nastiest stuff. I got over that. I didn't have a blood transfusion. That's why it took me so long to get feeling good. They fed me good. I was always hungry. I could never get enough to eat. I was in the hospital ten to twelve days and then I went to Mother's for a few days.

Lorna was born in November and there was a lot of snow. When it was time for me to go home, Mom took me and my little baby and David to the train. We got on the train to go home and when we went out through the prairies the snow on each side of that train was above the windows so we couldn't see out. It was up higher than the windows. It was up as high as the train. There was a tunnel through there where the train went. It was that deep in spots. Of course the wind had helped pile it up in those places, but there was a lot of snow. I got out just before Glenwood, the train stopped at a certain place, and Dick was there in a sleigh with warm blankets. We got in the sleigh and went home. I think we stopped at Vib and Retta's. We went to our snug little house. I got home before Christmas.

I was able to nurse Lorna, partly. She was six months old before I weaned her, but I did give her formula too. She got along okay. I don't remember having any troubles with her. Of course, I knew what to expect and I knew to give her something. I think we did cow's milk. I sterilized all the bottles and sterilized the milk. I got it just before it was boiling. I put a little bit of Karo syrup in it and that kept the baby from being constipated. I don't remember having any trouble feeding Lorna. In fact she was quite easy to raise. David was partly due to my inexperience. She didn't have as much colic as he did.

We didn't have plastic pants. We had rubber pants, but they weren't too good for the children. For my newborns, after I learned how to knit, I used to knit soakers. Because we used wool, they'd get matted but they'd soak up some of the moisture. It helped a little bit; they weren't very good. The rubber pants held everything in and if you didn't watch the little kids real close and change their pants real soon they'd get sore bottoms. I think the plastics do that too. We soon started to use plastics, but there was no such thing as plastics when David was born. You had to change the pants often anyway.

When the babies got bigger, when they had a lot of urine it was hard. You liked to train them as soon as you could. Sometimes you had little kids, like you do now, that wet the bed for quite a while and it wasn't very good. I used to use a rubber sheet that I put under my babies. I put a pad [over it]. Instead of washing that pad everyday, I'd dry it. It didn't smell very good, but if I washed it every day, I'd never get it dry.

When Lorna was born and I brought her home, David hadn't seen a Mother nurse a baby before. When I nursed Lorna, David looked and looked and looked. Finally he looked up and said, "Momma cow?"

Dick used to cut [David's] hair. He didn't want his hair cut and he always made a fuss. One time Dick said, "Okay, I'm not going to cut your hair any more. you'll have to go down to the neighbors." So David went down to the neighbors who lived down a half mile. I took him down there to have his hair cut. Boy, did that Brother cut his hair short. There wasn't hardly anything, just a little spot on top. David had a long tube cap that buckled under his chin. He was going to take his hat off to show me his hair cut. He kept pulling off his hat and pulling off his hat, no hair, no hair, no hair. I started to laugh and I laughed and laughed and laughed. David didn't think that was very funny. He got a little stick and hit his Mommy!

That little David was an active young man and I could hardly keep track of him. While I was busy in the house cooking, washing and all those kinds of things, he used to like to take off. I'd lose David and I had to chase him so much. He worried me so much because he'd be gone. Finally I got myself a long rope and I fastened it around his little middle and tied it to a tree and let him outside to play. After Lorna came along he didn't do that so much. When he was a little kid, right when he was small he started to talk and then he stopped. Then all he would do is bark like a dog and all those kind of things. I wondered and wondered why he did that. The reason I could think is that I watched him so closely and took care of all his needs so closely he didn't need to talk. Finally he started talking again. Before he stopped he was saying difficult words, like horse.

Lorna wasn't too much trouble. Well, David wasn't really either. She was a cute little girl and she used to love to go outside and play. She'd even ride the pigs. We'd always have to remind her to put on her overshoes and keep her coat on. When she went out to play she was told repeatedly she should put on her coat and overshoes, because it was always muddy. One day she was outside playing away. She was singing and having a good time. Here came her Daddy around the corner of the house. She looked up at him and said, "Oh, I've got my overshoes on, so there!" and she went right on singing. She and David used to have fun together, although there was a little over two years between them.

One day I was unhappy with Lorna. I had told her to do something and she hadn't done it. I said, "Oh Lorna, you make me lose my patience." She said, "Oh, never mind, I will find it in the wentwance." (That's what she said for entrance.)

I wanted David to be named David after my father and grandfather. It was just what I wanted to do and Dick went along with it. When our daughter was born I read a book, Lorna Doone. Both Dick and I liked the name so we named her Lorna, not Doone. I wasn't very well after Lorna was born.

[To a relative Rhoda wrote,] *"You should see our little Lorna she's surely a little tubby doll, rather short like mother, she's 9 ½ months old now and stands alone and takes a few steps and several bumps. David has surely grown I wonder if you'd know him. So much for bragging about our little wonders."* [1]

When we lived in Hartley, Leland "Lee" & Florence Oviatt[2] lived down on the river bottoms. They had a daughter that was school age. She couldn't get up to school. It would snow so hard they couldn't get her back and forth to school every day. During one winter when it was the worst, she stayed with us during the week and would go home on the weekends unless it was too stormy. Her mother used to send me little things, a bottle of this or that. One time she sent me a bottle of what I thought to be sugar. It was white. So I made a cake. It didn't rise very high. It was salt!

February 10, 1937 It was nice and calm & warm this morning, but the west wind had to come and spoil it all. I went down to Oviatts, brot Shirley to go to school from here. RSC

February 11, 1937 Fussed around home all day. It has been warm all day, but It will have to get a lot warmer before it melts our ten foot snow drifts. RSC

February 12, 1937 Ivan Workman & Vede Bennion were here, also Melvin Leavitt. Vib came over for the cream separator. Oviatts came over tonite for Shirley. RSC

February 14, 1937 I went to Church, no Sunday school Oivatts brot Shirley back and had dinner with us. The straw pile slid on Dolly. She almost died before we got her out. RSC

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[1] Letters...to Hattie, Sept. 19, 1937

[2] See "Documents" page 211 for final chapter about the Oviatts, journal entries of May 1976.

February 16, 1937 We washed today. The wind blew harder and piled snow higher than ever. I had to go after Shirley and bring her on the horse. RSC

February 17, 1937 Snow bound. It blizzarded all day, but Dick was able to water his stock. Baby isn't feeling extra well she has a cold, Dick helped me we ironed etc. I finished the little sweater for Marie [Smith who was expecting a baby. RWC]

Not too long after Lorna was born, Mother was taken sick. She had to have an operation. She hadn't been well since Dad had died. I won't go in to that, anyway she was sick. I went into Cardston before she went to the hospital and took care of her for a little while. She had to heal up some sores. I was with her for a while, then I went home. When she came back [from the hospital] I went in. She got along pretty well and I was soon able to go home.

Then I started the usual routine of the garden and all that. Our gardens were something else. We couldn't afford a hoe. Dick found a slat to a binder and he put a handle on it. We hoed with that. We had a small little spot, but we grew such a good garden that it not only furnished us, it furnished part of the neighbors with some foods. That was one of the best gardens we had. Dick and I did the garden together. He plowed it and helped make the rows so they would be straight. I did most of the weeding. Sometimes he would go out and hoe while I was getting a meal on. It was a good thing we had a garden because that is what we used to live out of. We had radishes and lettuce and onions, pease[1], beans, carrots, cabbage, beets, rutabagas, corn didn't usually get ripe. Oft times we had fields of potatoes so sometimes we didn't plant them there. Tomatoes didn't usually ripen. We didn't do too many tomatoes. That's about what we had, sometimes a few strawberries and rhubarb and gooseberries.

What took me a lot of time, too, was I made the kid's clothes over out of old ones. I didn't have much material. I kept everything mended up. I made Lorna a little coat out of a pair of her Dad's old trousers, using the best parts. I made a princess style so that it didn't take such big pieces. It was a cute little coat. I made David's first coat and his rompers. I remember one dress I made for Lorna. It was black. You'd think that was an awful color for a little girl, but she looked cute in it. It was an old dress of Mother's, crepe-back satin, with little pleats down the front with a little yellow binding around the neck with a stripe down the front. She looked really cute in it.

Before David was born I worked in the Primary. Vera Orcutt was Primary President. I was her counselor. I worked in the Relief Society or the Primary and sometimes both and the Primary all the time until we left [Hartley]. I think I was Primary President when Lorna was little. I was doing quite a bit of work in the Church. My time as Primary President was a good experience. I had some good workers. They used to think I was a piker! It didn't matter what kind of weather we had, I always thought we ought to hold Primary. You had to hold Primary rain or shine. I was there and I expected the rest of them to be there, but they weren't always. At Hartley I only had to go a half mile; I guess they had to go a little further. We had some good Primaries, or at least I hope they were. We had thirty or forty children.

That was the time too that my health wasn't very good. I found out I had a leaking [heart] valve, but that didn't seem to matter too much. But I had more wrong than they realized and I was going through a tough time. It wasn't very easy. Nobody seemed to know what was the matter and I had a little trouble with my nerves. They'd keep telling me there was nothing wrong with me and I knew there was. I did have trouble, especially after the twins were born, but it started then, when I'd over-do. I

[1] I used Rhoda's spelling for peas. -HC

remember one day, Dick had taken some Scouts up to Waterton Lakes on an outing and he was gone all night. I was home alone with David and Lorna. I remember feeling so rotten I could not get up and do my usual things. I drug through the chores somehow then I laid down. I couldn't lay down because I'd cough and cough. I had to sit up. I should have gone to a doctor, but nobody was there. By the time Dick came home I was feeling a little better. That definitely was my heart, but nobody knew about it, so I went on dragging about.

Five Year diary entry: *January 1, 1939 In Salt Lake City till March 20 RSC*

When Lorna was a little girl, about two or three, we came down to Salt Lake for a winter. That was the first big trip we went on. We left the farm and came down in the fall and stayed all winter and went back in the spring. Dick had a brother and a sister living in Salt Lake, Joel and Lila. They were both married. He had a brother in Pocatello, Idaho, and we used to go up there sometimes. I had two cousins down there, Edna and Russell [Brown] and Gladys [Jacobs Jones] and Karl. Oh, and Cousin Minnie Lee [Cobia Sellinet] lived in Layton and Verda [Cobia] was there. Goodness there were a lot of relatives! We had lots of places to go and we did. That was a fun winter.

Finally we rented an apartment and Dick went to work with his brother, Joel, at a garage where they painted cars. I had a hard time keeping track of David. He'd run away. He was used to being on the farm and running all over. I'd let him go outside to play and then I'd never find him again. I wasn't used to living in the city and it scared me to death. I had to go to all these houses to find David.

It was better having a little apartment of our own because people could come over to our house once and a while. I don't remember what Bob was doing, but Lila was pregnant (it was before Dianne was born) and she had a beauty shop. She'd curl Lorna's hair. We used to go to Gladys and Carl's sometimes. In fact we stayed there about a week before we found an apartment. They had Ruth Ellen. She was a cute little girl. We had friends. The Rolfsons were in Salt Lake. We'd go to see them.

Several times during the winter we went to Pocatello to see Jim and Ruby. Sometimes they'd come down there. We used to go to Church. I don't remember which ward. We went to the temple a time or two.

David took sick and we had to have a doctor in. He had a bad case of tonsillitis. He was very sick for a while, then he got better.

In the spring we went home. Our house was full of dirt.[1] You can tell it wasn't well closed in. It was just so dirty. I had a lot of cleaning to do.

[After they got home Rhoda wrote,[2]] "*We got home all fine and dandy on the 18th of March. The night after we left [Hattie's] place [in Pocatello] we got to Livingston stayed all night with one of Dick's old boy friends & his wife. The next day we visited a good many more friends of his including Mayme Queen[3] and her parents she has a lovely mother she is a nice girl too, but doesn't live up to our standards. I think the people there do well though considering the teachings they have. Then we went the next day to visit the Pepper's and their children. They are the grand people, all they lack is our church I do not wonder that Dick think's so much of them. They were just lovely to us and when we left for home they gave us enough money to buy a pressure cooker in Great Falls. She wanted to get it her self but they had been snowed in. In fact they*

[1] Dick remembered, "When we walked in the house after dark the floor felt like we were walking on carpet. When we lit the lamp the carpet turned out to be about an inch and half of dust on the floor. It was topsoil blown from the land. It had been a very windy winter." -R. S. Cobia: Autobiography, p.45

[2] "Letters ...Hattie," written April 15, 1939

[3] Dick's former girl friend

came about a couple of miles to get us in the sleigh then took us back to the car when we left. The road was good over kings' hill a bit snowy but beautiful and quite easy travelling. We stopped in Great Falls to get the pressure cooker and then went out to the Falls and so on. Aunt Sadie Pepper gave us a nice lunch which we ate out there too. ....

[Dick immediately started farming.]

We decided we wanted to build a new house. We were going to tear down our old one to put into our new one. I don't know how we thought we were going to put anything into that new one out of that old one because it was not much good anyway. But anyway we tore it down. We had two granaries. We slept in one and had the kitchen and living in the other. It was while I was pregnant with the twins. I don't remember how Dick dug the basement, but I remember people coming and pouring the cement. I don't remember how we got our plans, but we did..

April 1, 1941 Cold. I went up to Beaver Mines and brot down a load of my house logs with the tractor & trailor. Went to Mutual after. RSC

April 2, 1941 Warmer to-day. Dick hauled pigs to Glenwood & got ready to go to the mountains again to-morrow. I cleaned the bed room. We have a new family of 9 little pigs. RWC

April 3, 1941 Fairly nice day to-day. Dick went to the mountains again and isn't home yet at 9:30 P.M. I cleaned the front room & am now waiting, but not very patiently. RWC

April 4, 1941 It was after 4 a.m. when I got home. Had tire trouble. Henry went back with me to fix it, finally got the load home. RSC

May 5, 1941 Loyd & I hauled gravel today. I think we have enough. Rhoda washed etc. We hauled 5 loads of gravel with the tractor. RSC

May 12, 1941 Dick finished his work for Sam Law & brought Erwin Orr home to help dig our basement. Dick went to a Church building committee meeting. RWC

May 13, 1941 Dick & Erwin have been working on the basement to-day. We need rain badly. Dick has gone to do some work for Jesse Gibbs this evening. RWC

May 14, 1941 We were unable to attend conference to-day. It rained some. Dick rested a bit and has gone to J. Gibbs now to do some tractor work for him. RWC

May 15, 1941 More work on the basement. Dick has gone to Macleod for the shingles with Vib & Erwin Orr is working at J. Gibbs with the tractor. RWC

May 16, 1941 They just about finished the basement to-day. Retta & Berta were down to see us a while. David went to Hillspring. RWC

May 21, 1941 Max & Isla came up. Max & I started tearing down the old house. Isla helped Rhoda wash. The wind blew from a different direction, the north this time. RSC

May 22, 1941 A better day than yesterday, not so cold & windy. Max helped Dick tear the old house down some more, it looks like a bombed one now. RWC

May 23, 1941 Max & Isla came up and the men shingled half of the granary while we ironed & cleaned our kitchen granary. Dick has gone to a telephone meeting this lovely evening. RWC

May 24, 1941 Another warm day. Dick tore some more of the house down alone. He went to Hillspring in Vib's truck & borrowed a pump & mostly emptied the basement. RWC

May 27, 1941 Stopped raining but is quite cold. Eliza Loose came to see us. Dick & Ken & Archie Leavitt helped Dick wreck the old house. Garden starting to grow. RWC

May 28, 1941 Max helped me wreck some more of the shack. It rained all nite and part of the day. RSC

June 2, 1941 We washed outside in the rain. Dick had a hard time making the washer go, he & Max partly shingled the other side of the granary. RWC

June 3, 1941 More & more rain, we ironed etc. Dick fixed a bit more on the granary. The meadow Larks are happy in spite of the rain. RWC

June 9, 1941 Vib & I hauled gravel. RSC

June 10, 1941 Max helped me on the basement. RSC

June 11, 1941 Max helped me again on the basement. Bro. Cardwell building forms for the foundation. RSC

June 12, 1941 Another hot, warm day. Max helped me all day on the basement & Vib helped half day. Vib finished cementing his pig pen. RSC

June 13, 1941 Dick & Elmer M. went to Pincher Creek for building materials for the house & had a blow out on the trailer & hired a truck that got stuck. [RWC]

June 14, 1941 Dick & Elmer went back hauled the materials home. I came home with Murphy's. Everyone fine. RWC

June 25, 1941 Windy day, dried up all the rain & wilted things. Bro. Cardwell & Dick are comming fine on the house. Norma worked in the garden, Golden came out. I felt punk. RWC

[At this time Rhoda was eight and a half months pregnant with twins.]

July 1, 1941 Our neighbors came and helped Dick pour cement in the basement, it won't take long to finish. Norma & I cooked for the gang (9 men). Nice & cool this afternoon. RWC

July 2, 1941 We finished pouring cement for our basement & foundation, had a good shower. We had 9 men (10 with Golden) helping. RSC

July 6, 1941 They all went to Sunday School but me. Retta came & got me, we ate lunch in their trees with some lovely ice cream. We went down to Hansens. RWC

July 7, 1941 Another hot wash day. Dick & E. Murphy hauled gravel. Mosquitoes are bad. RWC

July 8, 1941 Goldy & I hauled gravel. Rhoda, Norma & children went to Cardston. Rhoda had to go to the hospital for a week with her swollen legs. RSC

July 13, 1941 I went with Bro Hartley to Mountain View to preach, then to Cardston to see Rhoda. She left the hospital and is staying at Mothers, feeling a little better. RSC

July 14-16, 1941 I'm going to stay with mother for a while with my puffed up legs. I can't do much, can't hardly walk around, but I can knit etc. Mother is picking the last of her raspberries, we enjoy them very much. The heat just about gets us all down.

July 17-19, 1941 [no entries]

July 20 Mother went to Church. I went to the hospital this evening, the doctor says some thing's got to happen. RWC

July 21, 1941 Our twin sons were born this evening at 6:15 & 6:30 weights were 7 1/4 pounds and 8 pounds. They are fine healthy boys. RWC

July 22-August 26, 1941 [No entries. Dick was busy building a house and farming. Rhoda was taking care of their new babies. During this period, Rhoda and the twins were living with Rhoda's Mother in Cardston. David and Lorna stayed with neighbors.]

August 27, 1941 The babies weigh (#1) 11 pounds and (#2) 11 pounds 11 ounces. Dick came for us and brought us home, we had supper with Frank & Marie [Smith]. We're living in the basement.

August 28, 1941 We moved some things down the basement and straightened a bit. RWC

August 29, 1941 Dick had to go to the hospital for a few days treatment. June Hinman isn't very well. Lovely Sunday. RWC

August 30, 1941 We washed etc. The

washer didn't go very well. Windy wet day. RWC

August 31-September 1, 1941 [No entries]

September 2, 1941 We canned pease & fruit. Dick came home from the hospital last night quite late, he is quite well now, but weak. RWC [He often had boils and swollen tonsils.]

When I started out with the twins I was really sick. I didn't vomit, but, oh-h-h, I would have felt better if I had of done. Beans on the stove cooking just made me feel so sick. The color yellow made feel me so sick. Bacon made me sick. Well, I just felt sick. I think I lost quite a bit of weight there for a while. I tried crackers and everything else, but I was just sick!

Not long before those little fellows were born I had a terrific headache. My head was aching terrible, there must have been pressure somewhere, because I didn't have headaches. After it started to go away, I laid down and I couldn't think. I couldn't say my name and it frightened me. I couldn't say my name, I didn't know who I was or what I was doing. I just knew enough to know I didn't know anything. I was really frightened. I never did know what caused it. Maybe it had something to do with pressure. I didn't have a very big place to put these two babies. One weighed seven and a quarter and one eight [pounds] when they were born. The poor little guys didn't have much room, they must have pushed around quite a bit. There was quite a bit of pressure. It was due to the pressure, I am sure, that I had kidney problems. My legs swoll all up.

They were born in July and I remember in April feeling like and being big enough to have gone to the hospital. I was as large as I was with the others by April and I had three or four more months to go. I remember going to the doctor and he examined me. I never did feel very good about the doctors. I didn't think they talked to me or told me anything. I was a little nervous. I thought maybe I was going to have twins then, because I was so big. So I said to the doctor, "I think I'm going to have twins." And all he did was nonchalantly say, "Well, you might."

I was quite sure I was going to have twins. I was big enough. Towards the end I felt insecure about walking across the floor if I didn't have something to hold on to, because it felt like cogs were slipping in my back. My movement wasn't too good. I wasn't at all sure I was going to stand up every time. I never fell, but I could have done if I hadn't been careful because I seemed to feel out of joint. I think I was and I believe I could have easily fallen.

I didn't have room for hardly any food. It didn't have a place to go. Every time I'd bend over I felt like my breakfast or what ever was there was going to fall out. My legs were swollen so I couldn't wear my shoes. I wore my Mother's. Her feet were somewhat wider than mine. I borrowed my cousins maternity girdle. She was quite a bit larger than I. She thought she was quite large before her baby was born, but I enlarged the girdle just as far as it could go for me and it wasn't a bit too big for the twins. I wore a maternity girdle quite often if they were comfortable, sometimes they didn't feel good. If they felt good they were a help to you. I remember going to bed at night and it was awfully hard to hold these babies up, so finally I got smart and I put a pillow under them and I could sleep.

What the doctor said didn't exactly get me ready, but I felt I was having twins so strongly that I made two little knitted outfits and they were for girls. They were done with pink instead of blue. I should have done them in blue then they would have been all right. I ordered a layette from Simpsons. If you ordered these outfits and you got twins they'd send you another one.

Oh, what we didn't put on our babies then. There was little bands that went around their stomachs. There was shirts. There was

diapers. There was pinning blankets. You'd put the little pinning blankets on to keep their feet in. I don't know how we kept all those clothes clean. Then there was a slip and a dress, two sets of slips and two dresses. I don't remember if there were stockings. You had an extra little piece that you put around their heads when you took them out. You didn't just pull the shawl up. There was an extra thing to throw over their heads. I had that layette. I don't remember what I had for blankets.

Finally we decided it was time for me to go to Cardston and stay till they came. I didn't want to go. We had some neighbors down at Glenwood who had just had twins not long before. They had been born prematurely and she had a hard time saving those little fellows, they just about died. So I was nervous about that. I didn't want these little guys to come early. The doctor told Mother and I (she just lived through the fence from the doctor) I was to go to the hospital on Sunday evening. I didn't want to go because I was feeling all right and I didn't want to have these babies early. He was going to bring the birth on. I didn't want to go because I was afraid I might loose them. Mother went over to see if I had to go. He said, "Yes, she's got to go. If she waits much longer, she'll bust and I mean bust!" I guess he thought my uterus would break. My skin was tough.

Before these boys were born I felt so badly in need of a blessing. Mother was there alone and she was so worried about everything I didn't like to make a fuss about getting President Wood to come to give me a blessing. Why I wanted President Wood, I don't know, but nothing but President Wood would have satisfied me. Then I did mention it when Dick came in. I was nervous. Nobody went and got President Wood to come and give me a blessing; they weren't as worried as I was, I guess.

President Wood always used to come up and visit all the stake people in the hospital. He was such a special Stake President and came to see all of us. After the twins were born he came into the hospital and one of the nurses said to him, "You can't guess what we've got, President Wood." Of course he didn't. Finally they told him that there were twins. He gave them a scripture, I don't remember what the scripture is, but when you read it, it says, "Go thou and do likewise." He came in and talked to me. He asked me if I'd had a blessing before and I said, "No." He said no woman ought to go through that without first having a blessing. So after that I always made enough fuss. I saw that I had my blessing before I had my baby and it always did give me comfort and solace and I felt secure. I was just so nervous before the twins were born. I am sure if I'd had a blessing that I wouldn't have been near that nervous and things would have gone a lot better. I believe it is important for a woman always to have a special blessing so she has a special feeling and that protection and that blessing. That is one of the things a blessing is for, for the sick and that is when you are sick, so I think all mothers need that.

I went to the hospital Sunday evening and the next day [the doctor] was going to do something to bring them, but the water broke and I started in labor. But it was a queer labor, nothing was regular. Everything was irregular, the contractions. My own doctor, the one that had taken care of me all the time, had gone on vacation and his associate was there, Doctor Yokum. I think he did his best. He seemed to be concerned. There hadn't been any twins for a while and I think he knew that's what I was going to have. When he came to the hospital, I think he was more nervous than I was. When he went to put on his rubber gloves he'd keep splitting them. He couldn't get them on fast enough. Finally he started to swear a little bit and one of the nurses looked at me. She was afraid I wouldn't like that very much. But I

didn't make any complaints because I was too far out of it.

I'm not sure if they were born on Monday or if my water broke and it was Tuesday. I think it was Monday towards the end of the day. Finally one baby, Roy, was born and in about twelve minutes Ron was born. Roy came normally and all was okay, but Ron had twisted. He was feet first. The doctor was nervous and he used forceps and he did something to my baby. He was doing the best he could, but he got those forceps behind his little head, because something was out, it wasn't in its proper place. Ron was the biggest baby and seemed healthy. He held his head up so straight. When he was about a year old I noticed he wasn't feeling good. He would grab something and bite it. Something was wrong. It wasn't until years later that we found out that his bones behind his ears were out. I took him to a chiropractor and he straightened him up.

When I was in the hospital they would always bring me two glasses of milk because I needed lots of milk so I could nurse these two babies, and I couldn't even nurse one. They put little signs on the glasses, one time they had "Pete" and "Repeat." Then they had "Max" and "Climax." I don't remember if there were any more.

After the twins were born I was starved. I could not get enough to eat! What I ate must have gone to babies. I ordinarily weighed, when I was slender, a hundred and ten. After they were born I weighed ninety-five pounds. I stayed with Mother a while. She didn't have all that much. She had garden stuff, but I wanted beef steak. I was staved to death. After I went home, we were still building the house, I'd fix a good dinner and we'd all eat. When I put things away I'd eat again, but I was starved. I can remember going to bed so tired at night. I'd go to sleep and the twins would wake up in the night to be fed. I used to think, "Oh, if they would just sleep through the night." But they didn't.

We didn't name them for four or five weeks. Dick didn't seem to have any preference on the names for the twins, so Mother came up with the names. She named them LeRoy and LeRon. I thought it would be nice to name one after his Dad and Dick wanted to name one after his friend. We named one LeRoy Richard, that was the oldest one and the next one LeRon Warren after Dick's friend, Warren Pepper.

Lorna decided Roy was her baby and Ron was David's baby and that's the way it was for a long time. One time Lorna went down and two-month-old Roy was crying. She said, "Whats the matter honey? Did you bite your tongue?"

We had a neighbor child that used to come over and see the babies. She thought they were real cute. Her Mother asked her what she wanted for Christmas. She said, "I want some Tin bows."

"Wh-a-a-t?"

"Some Tin bows."

Her Mother couldn't think what that was.

She said, "You know, some Tin bows, like those Toby Tins!"

While I was gone Dick had moved the stove and things down in the basement. Dick batched it. A couple of the neighbors took care of David and Lorna. When I went home we were not in the granaries. My dear little sister, Norma, helped me so much. She helped me before I went into the hospital. When I went home Norma came to help me. Bless her heart, I don't know what I'd have done without her. It was a dreary old place down there. Gray wall, gray floor. I know the house was new and getting built, but it was dreary. There wasn't much light coming through those little basement windows.

I remember trying to can fruit. We used to do some of our fruit open kettle. I'd put it on the stove to cook with a lid over it. If I'd take the lid off to stir it and see that it was coming

along all right, there were carpenters upstairs - we just had the first rough floor down and there was mortar and stuff that had fallen off - when they'd pound, it would come down and fall into my fruit or what ever I had on the stove, if I didn't keep it well covered. No matter how clean I cleaned the stove and swept the floor, in no time it was dirty because all the stuff would sift down from up above, besides all the noise. So it wasn't much fun.

[1] December 7, 1941 Japan declared war on U.S.A. David didn't feel so well, he stayed home & Dick stayed home with the twins. I went to Church. Norma came down from Smiths and spent the afternoon & night with us. RWC

We used to take turns [going to Church] when the twins were little. I'd maybe go to Sunday School and come home and Dick would go to Meeting. One Sunday I went to Church and Dick was home with the twins. He heard over the radio about Pearl Harbor. Dick was still a U.S. citizen. As such, he was subject to the draft, but because of his family, we had four small children at the time, he didn't have to go. I guess it was because he was a U.S. citizen and they needed work done up in Alaska that he was able to get his job. I remember for a time feeling nervous and frightened for fear he would have to go into the [military] services but they classified him down the line.

Oh-h goodness, I'm forgetting about the rationing. It didn't seem to bother me all that much. I was used to getting along without much sugar anyway. You couldn't have much sugar and a lot of things. We raised our own vegetables. In Canada we had our rationing books, but they did down here too. You had to cut down a little bit, but I was used to economizing. You learned to manage and it didn't make too great of a hardship on us.

It was about a year and a half before we [moved upstairs]. It was quite a while. I know the boys were fair-sized. Our basement was a nice large basement. There was space for a kitchen and a front room area and the bedroom area for Dick and I. It was curtained off and there was another little area for David and Lorna where they had their bed and their belongings. In the north west corner was the coal bin. We had a chute that coal went down. We could just pick that right up with no problem. It was handy to get wood and coal for our stove. There were no walls. It was partitioned by curtains.

The twins were about a year old when we got water in the basement. It wasn't built water proof. We didn't have that much rain that we ever had to worry about it, but that spring we did. It just rained and rained and rained. Finally the ground became saturated and it came in. I think that was in April [1942]. I'd got these little fellows all dressed and put them in their clean clothes and put them in their high chairs. Ron stood up in his high chair and fell out in the water. We had about a foot of water. I was walking around in there. It was just for one day. I remember how terrible it was. I didn't know what to do with myself. Oh it was awful. I couldn't sweep floors. I couldn't do anything. We'd pulled things up off the floor as best we could and put them on stilts. I remember that day not knowing what to do, so I made a batch of cookies.

But my neighbor came up from down under the hill. They didn't have a very large family and they wanted children and they couldn't seem to have them. She thought my babies were pretty special. She wanted to take them and take care of them for me. I let her take the boys and they went down there. Before that night came, Vibe and Retta had me, with the other two kids, come over to their house to stay. But I couldn't stand it without my babies. I used an excuse that she'd get used to them and miss them too much when they were gone.

[1] Canada, part of the British Commonwealth, had been involved in World War II for two years.

I went and got my little boys and had all four of them. Poor Vibe and Retta, they had us all.

Dick got a pump and pumped it out and he kept it there. We moved back before it was really dry, but after it dried out I remember how I used formaldehyde and scrubbed so there wouldn't be any germs in there. I cleaned it all up and we finally got back in. It wasn't too long after that though, that Roy and Ron had pneumonia. Roy got it first and I think they both had it.

This will probably be a little mixed up. Roy was the one who got sick first. They both had problems. I'd go to the doctor and he said it was in my head. But it wasn't! It was in my little kids. They were sick and I knew they were sick... Finally my little guys did get to be a little better, but Ron never did get strong until years later because the problem hadn't been solved. Roy had it too and I was worried. The worriedier I got, the less the doctor paid any attention. Then I had my nervous break down.

April 1, 1943 Ronnie wasn't well last night. He kept us up all night packing his foot in salts water at least til 5 o`clock this morning. We held our big dance in the new church. RWC

April 2, 1943 Lovely day as far as weather goes but we had to have the kiddies all inoculated so theyre feeling punk. June Hinman was here. RWC

April 3, 1943 Ronnie's foot was bad all night and it was too much for me I guess. Bernard Lybbert drove Dick & I to Cardston, they left me at the hospital.

[Cardston]

April 4, 1943 I'm in a room all to my-self with a "Absolutely No Visitors" sign on my door. Golden was here just a few minutes. RWC

April 5, 1943 I got some lovely flowers from Dick & mother. Mother & Norma are taking care of the twins. RWC

April 6, 1943 Rather lonesome in here with nothing to do. RWC

*[*Dick wrote to his sister,] *"I should write when theres pleasant things to talk about. Not that we haven't plenty to be thankful for. ...but at this time Rhoda is in the Cardston Hospital with a nervous breakdown... She'll have to be in the hospital for a long while. Then after she has gained her strength the Doctor says I'm supposed to take her on a visiting tour thru the U.S.A. He says she must not be around the children only once in a while to see and enjoy them without having to wait on them. So you see I have my hands full.*

Rhoda has the trip all planned ... I'm going to try and not disappoint her if war conditions permit. Just thinking about it helps her a lot. They keep her drugged most of the time so she can rest. ....Theres a sign on her door – (absolutely No Visitors) of course I go in for a few minutes once in a while. .... I'll bet you have plenty of troubles without me telling you mine. I can't seem to get them off my mind, so I guess I better close before I go on and on." [1]

April 7-12 1943 I can't remember what I did or any body else did on all of these days. Some days I felt punk and some fairly good. Some days they let a visitor in to see me but most days I was left pretty much to my self with Dick & mothers flowers also some from Vibert and Retta and a card or so. I keep myself busy knitting some times and writing also reading a book. Mostly trying to sleep which I don't seem to do very well in spite of all the sleeping pills etc. Dick finally came to see me, he looks pretty good. RWC

April 13, 1943 David says he feels like an orphan so well have to hurry and get well and go home. [RWC]

April 14, 1943 Dick came in to day, he looks punk again, another boil on his neck, hes going to be rid of his bad tonsils to-morrow. RWC

April 15, 1943 Dick had his tonsils removed, they were bad. No wonder hes had

[1] "Letters ... Hattie," excerpts April 19, 1943.

so many boils. RWC

April 16, 1943 Dick came up to see me for a little while this morning, then went over to mothers not feeling too good. RWC

April 17, 1943 I'm going home to-morrow. RWC

April 18, 1943 Went to Mother's to-day. There was plenty of company but we got along ok. Dick's throat is still very sore. RWC

[Hartleyville]

April 19, 1943 Dick did a bit of business and found us a ride home. David came down after school.

April 20, 1943 We spent the day at Hartleys. The kiddies went home with us. Reba went to Lethbridge. RWC

April 21, 1943 Marie Orr came down a few minutes. We decided to let Lorna stay with Marie & Ken Orr so I got her things ready. RWC

April 22, 1943 Reba washed etc. I tried to get things ready to go back to town. Lorna & David went to a school party. RWC

April 23, 1943 We took Lorna's clothes down to Orr's, got David's clothes from Aunt Elizas & went over to Retta's a few minutes. Bernard & Belle came over. [RWC]

April 24, 1943 Went to town with Retta & Vibert. Took David with us. [RWC]

My health wasn't too good after the twins were born. It took me a long time to get back. They weren't well.... I was skinny. They put me in the hospital for a little while. I think Mother had the boys and I think Sister Lysinger had David.[1] He was at Aunt Lizas and Uncle Charlies part of the time. Lorna was with Sister Hartley. It worried me that Mother had the twins because I knew she wasn't well and she needed another operation. That was just before one of her operations.

The doctor didn't know what was the matter with me. He didn't have any ideas. When I went in [to the hospital] that night I was quite sick. Uncle Zeb brought somebody with him and they administered to me. I had been kind of up high. As soon as he administered to me I relaxed. I felt like I was going to sleep. I never said anything to them at all after they administered to me. I just settled down. I think Uncle Zeb was concerned because he looked at me. I don't know how I looked, but he kind of woke me up and said, "Rhoda, Rhoda! I'm going to go back to Aunt Dora now. I'm going to tell her how you are. How shall I tell her you are?"

I said, "Tell her I'm fine."

They went home and I went to sleep.

While I was in the hospital they didn't let Mother come to see me. I don't know what they thought she would do. Dick was in there. He had his tonsils out. He had gone to the doctor and gone to the doctor with those tonsils. The doctor didn't think anything was the matter. I guess they couldn't see them. Finally when they took those tonsils out they were a mess. They knew they should have been out before.

I don't know my symptoms. It was all queer. I wasn't sleeping. I don't know what I was doing and what I wasn't doing, but I was having an awful time. My nerves were bad. I remember Norma came out to help me. Somebody else ought to explain this and tell how I was, because I don't know. Norma was with me for a while and I remember how nervous she was.

I was in the hospital for about two weeks. The doctor said I shouldn't do anything for a year and all this, that, and another, but he didn't have any answers. I went for a while down to Raymond and stayed with the Rolfsons. Mother had the twins. David was with Lysingers and Uncle Charlie and Aunt Liza and Lorna was with Hartleys.

[1]"I lived a few months with Lysingers, a few months with Hinmans and then in Cardston with Grandma while Dad was in Alaska and Mother elsewhere." –note from David W. Cobia, June 2008

[Dick wrote to his sister,] "....*Rhoda is staying with Mrs Rolfson at Raymond. She is slowly improving.... I am up here working on the Alaska Hyway Project.... I rented the farm all equipped to a young couple. I surely hated to leave the place; just got all the machinery paid for (about $3000 worth) the house and its new furnishings are also paid for. I up and left everything just as it was (7 brood purebred sows and 10 cows) I'm making good up here so were not so bad off, just darned inconvenient and that's nothing if only Rhoda can get better. I didn't realize how bad she was slipping or something might have been done sooner. She is such a sweet girl and I love her very much; she deserves all the good I can do for her. I was never able to do anything for my own mother who gave her life in my behalf. I'll try and make it up to the mother of my children."*

Two months later Rhoda wrote to Hattie telling her about all her medical problems and said, "...*I think Dick married a doctor bill, at least that's what I seem to be now."*[1]

When I was with Rolfsons[2] I used to say funny things and do funny things sometimes. I remember talking to Verl, their youngest daughter, rationally. Everything would go along rationally and all of a sudden I'd be so tired and a block would come and I couldn't talk anymore. I'd have to go lay down. I was weak. I don't know what it was, but I had had it.

I went back to Cardston before the doctor said I should, but I needed to go be with my kids. That's when Dick went to Alaska to work to get money to finish the house and to support us. We didn't have very much money. That wasn't unusual but we needed our home finished so we could go home to live. We were living upstairs but it was in the rough and he needed money to finish the upstairs. Dick went to Alaska and I stayed with Mother and David and Lorna came in. David and Lorna started to school there. We were there all winter. We started them on music lessons which I don't know whether it was good or not. I guess it was.

It was really hard on Mom. She wasn't well. She went to the hospital and had a gall stone operation. I was able to do things. I wasn't physically strong. I remember feeling rotten. One day I was making something for the kiddos, I was sewing along and all of a sudden I just leaned my head on my hands and just laid there for a while, feeling so rotten. I think it had something to do with my heart. I can't explain what it was. I felt like I would fade out. I got gradually better. Oh, what a slow process.

[The twins] had been rather difficult because they had had so much sickness. We weathered it through somehow. Dick used to send us some money which was a help. I wanted my kids to have a good Christmas for once. I'd never been able to buy anything. I got David some skis. I don't know if he liked them or not, but Mom wanted him to have them.

In the spring Dick came home and we went out to the farm and he farmed.

Hartley Ville, Alta *Aug. 18, 1944.*
Dear Hattie,

I was supposed to have written this three weeks ago when I was at Waterton Lakes Park for a vacation; – I was too busy doing nothing, because it rained most of the time we were

[1] "Letters ... Hattie," May 23, 1943 by Dick, July 11, 1943 by Rhoda from Edmonton, Alberta

[2] 1943 Their Diary shows Rhoda was with Rolfsons from April 25 to June 15, 1943. She went to Edmonton from June 26 to July 25, and saw two doctors there. Dick was working in Edmonton driving truck twelve hours a day, seven days a week on the Alaska Highway project. Shortly after Rhoda left Edmonton, Dick was transferred to a job site near Fairbanks, Alaska, two thousand miles from home. From July 25, 1943 to April 1944, when Dick returned home, Rhoda and the children lived in Cardston with her Mother. Their diaries end 25 January 1944.

there, it was a good change and a little rest so we enjoyed it anyway.

....Golden (my youngest brother) is in action in France now. Lloyd didn't pass his physical so he decided to do a little missionary work, a six month mission hes in Calgary.

...Well we've started harvesting here and were having harvesting weather - a good rain to-day. We surely need moisture even if it does stop our work for a while. Crops are fair. I'm quite proud of the garden, David and I have worked hard on it and were filling quite a few bottles out of it now, also our stomachs. Dick & David got 150 baby chicks this spring they surely are dandy chickens now and have been very little trouble. Dick fixed up an electric brooder so they weren't hard to take care of even while they were tiny. They are milking five cows and have several pigs. David has a pair of ducks. Lorna & the twins have several cats of various ages (much to their daddy's dislike). And that's the sum of our holdings.

Are you still working at the Army Air Base? Dick is sitting here listening to the news and I think I'll leave him enough space to sign his name. Love Rhoda

She didn't tell you about our new light plant, a 32 volt wind driven, and theres always plenty of wind. We have power to throw away besides lights for the whole farm it operates the washer, Iron and Churn, and I have a electric drill press. Dick

Hartleyville Dec. 3, 1944
Dear Hattie:

We rec'd your letter the other day, also one from Carmen. You didn't say anything about spending Xmas with us. So I'm writing to let you know we will be expecting you; but wed like you to stay longer than just Xmas.

...Have had a bad cold the last few days, but other than that were all well. Hope you are over yours by now. But if you're anything like me, you'll probably still have it. Once I get one I usually keep it. Just too slow to run away from it. Got my chicken coop all finished and painted (looks better than the house) the hens must like it too, they scratch around and sing all day, and the eggs are coming like corn from a sheller. ....

Be see'n you Love, Dick

P.S. Rhoda gave me a surprize birthday party. Had all the friends over and we sure had fun. First birthday party I've had since the day I was born, and I don't remember that one. But I've been told it was quite exciting.

Love again, RSC

We went ahead building the upstairs and finishing it up. The rooms were not all plastered and the linoleums were not on. We had lights in the house. We had a large wind mill and downstairs we had batteries. That's what we used for our washer and our lights. How I enjoyed that. I didn't keep the lights on any longer than necessary. Sometimes we'd go quite a while without any wind and we weren't charging up our batteries, so I'd keep the lights off as much as I could. I also had an electric iron which I didn't use if I was afraid there wasn't going to be enough wind because I liked to have my washer run and my lights.

Roy knew I liked these lights and that I was very careful not to turn the lights on during the day. He didn't know what it was all about, but he used to take a chair, push it up to the light switch and switch on the lights. He'd watch for Mother. He knew she'd run and turn it off. I'd put the chairs on top of the table or he'd keep turning on the lights.

One spring we had bed bugs. When you bring in new lumber it could have bed bugs in it and it did. By that time we had D.D.T. We moved out of the house and we put something in the house to fumigate it good and we slept out in the haystack and got the bugs out of that house. Those are the awfulest things! You never hear about them much anymore.

After the twins got a little older we were having a quilting bee at my house. Mom was there and one of the neighbors was there. She had just adopted a little girl. She was a darling little babe. The twins were ... three or four. This lady said, "How do you like my baby?" They weren't too interested, but they said she was all right.

She said, "Don't you want to steal her? Would you like to have her for yours?"

Roy went over and whispered to Mother, "Grandma, we don't want that Jensen kid do we?"

One time Dick was down milking the cows. The twins used to like the tractor. Dick had stopped it right in front of the clothes line. The twins had a little red wagon and they had fastened it on behind. Dick had taken the tractor out of gear, but those kids knew how to change it. They got onto the tractor. I was busy in the house. I didn't hear them out there. They shifted the tractor in gear. Dick was coming to the house with pails full of milk. He dropped those pails, spilt the milk. Dick dropped everything. They had the tractor going and they were headed right for the clothes line and it was right where it would have caught those little guys under the chin. He stopped it before they got there.

We used to raise chickens. In the fall we'd kill the roosters and take them to Glenwood because we didn't have a freezer at home. We rented a freezer space in Glenwood. We'd take our chickens and vegetables and put in the freezer downtown and pick them up when we wanted them. We had just done a bunch of chickens and put them down in the freezer. The twins remembered how we'd done this.

Dick was out milking the cows one morning and he could hear the chickens making a dickens of a noise. They were squawking to beat sixty. Finally it quieted down. When he got finished milking his cows he came to the house. As he came by the woodpile he could see the twins with a little kitten. They had him down and had his neck stretched out. The other one had an ax over his shoulder. Dick came up and said, "What'cha doing?"

"Oh, chopping the kitty."

We were building a chicken coop and we had it all finished except putting the windows in. The windows were leaned up against the wall already to do. We had hired a girl to come and tend the kids while we went to the temple. I don't know what she was doing, but the twins took every one of those windows, put them on the ground and stomped every one of them out!

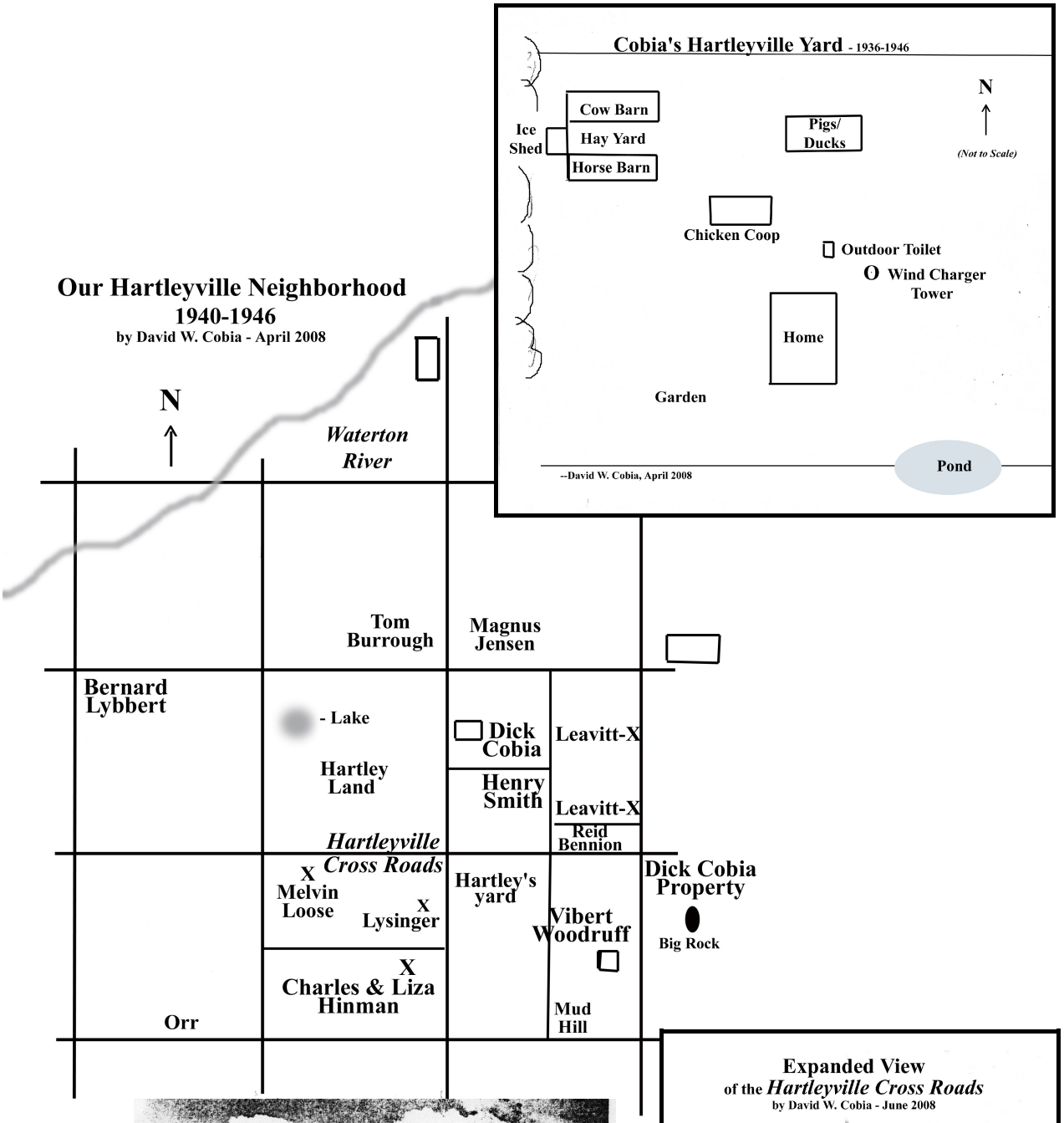
[The twins] were special and fun little kids but it was almost more than I could manage with their sicknesses and my sickness and two of them together and Roy's pranks.

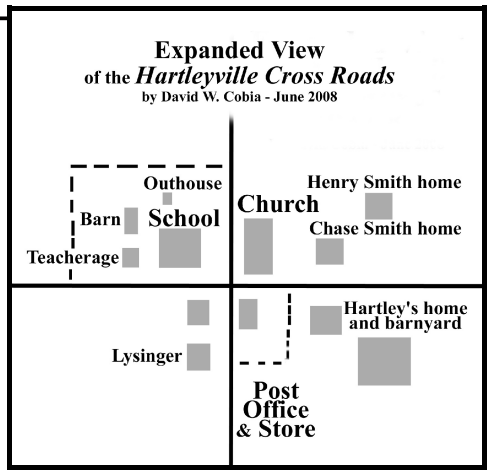
Lorna Cobia and her mother, Rhoda W. Cobia – *circa 1938*

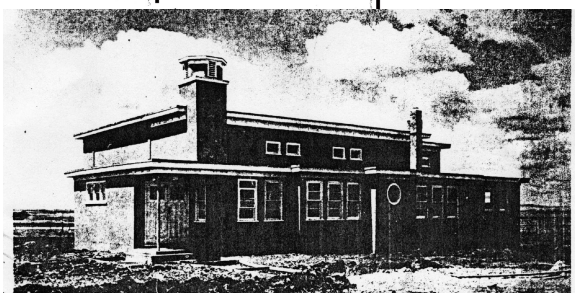
Rhoda holding David & Lorna Cobia, summer 1937

Lorna, Rhoda, Richard & David Cobia - 1937

B :Jim & Hattie Cobia Welch, Rhoda Cobia, Frank Welch
F:Lorna & David Cobia-Hartleyville, *circa 1938*







Hartleyville LDS Church
Dick Cobia was chairman of the committee which raised money for materials. He helped build, too.

R: Vibert Woodruff and
his sister, Rhoda W. Cobia
Hartleyville, Alberta, Canada
circa 1938

Back: Lorna, Richard & Rhoda Cobia; Retta holding Bonnie, Vibert, Alice and Golden Woodruff
Front: David Cobia, Viberta and Norma Woodruff – Hartleyville Alberta – *circa 1938*

Rhoda with a crying twin and a sleeping twin on
wash day, diapers billowing in the breeze - 1941

Looks like Sunday
Rhoda, the twins, Richard. F: David & Lorna Cobia.
Hartleyville, Alberta, Canada - 1941

Norma Woodruff holding the twins. Notice the boards and walls
of the new house. While the family lived in the basement,
Richard built a house overhead. - Summer 1941

Rhoda Cobia pushed the twins to Church and Primary in a buggy.
Notice the Cobia's new Hartleyville house has been stuccoed. Fall 1941

David, LeRon, Rhoda, LeRoy & Lorna Cobia - 1942

Norma Woodruff, Lorna & Rhoda Cobia
LeRoy and LeRon Cobia -1942

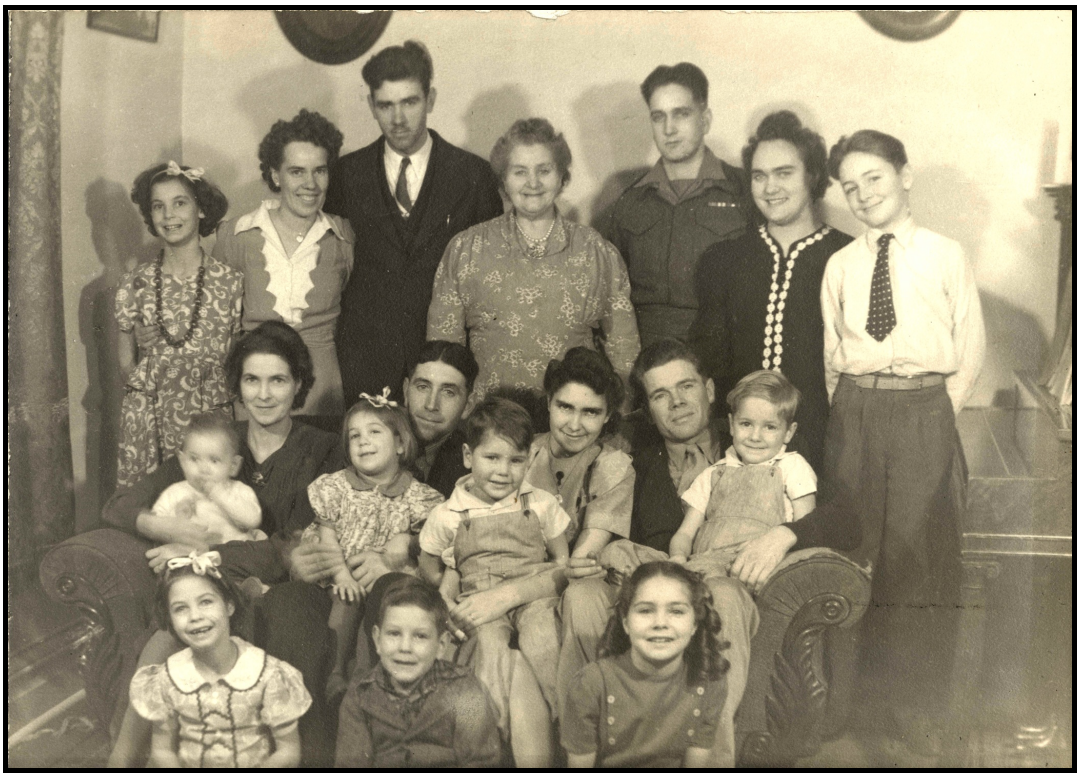
LeRoy, Rhoda and LeRon Cobia - 1943

Roy, Rhoda & Ronnie Cobia on Cardston Temple wall. Richard was road building in Alaska. Rhoda & the children lived with her mother in Cardston, across the street, east of the temple. - 1943

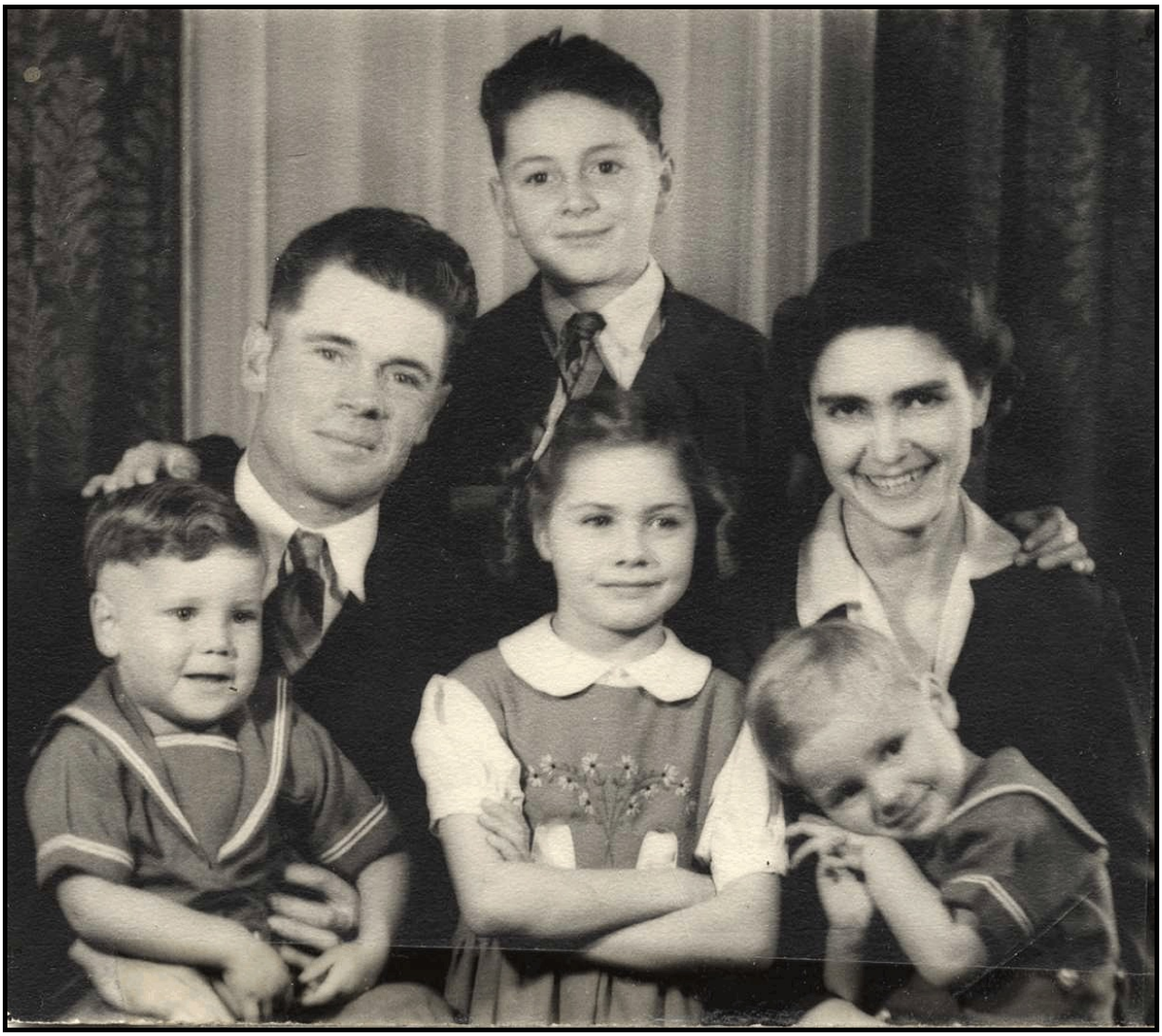
Rhoda's mother, Alice H. Woodruff - 1943

Lorna Cobia by Gramma Woodruff's house - 1943

Back: Rhoda Woodruff Cobia, Golden and Norma Woodruff - 8 Nov. 1942
Front: Lloyd, Alice (mother) and Vibert Woodruff - Cardston, Alberta, Canada



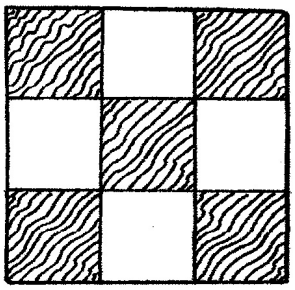
B:Viberta, Rae & Lloyd, Alice, Golden & Norma Woodruf; David Cobia
Ctr: Boyd & Retta, Dianne & Vibert Woodruff; Roy & Rhoda, Dick & Ronnie Cobia
F: Bonnie & Garry Woodruff, Lorna Cobia -*circa* 1945, Cardston



Cobia Family - Hartleyville, Alberta, Canada - *circa* 1944/5
Back: Richard, David and Rhoda Front: LeRoy, Lorna and LeRon

Chapter 7
Moving a Granary, Building a Home 1946-1961

Nine Patch



[1]When the twins were about three or four years old, [late 1945], Bernard Lybbert's Uncle Jake came to visit. He had just moved from Vernal, Utah, to Moses Lake, Washington. Belle and Bernard Lybbert lived close to us. They were our neighbors and friends and cousins. The uncle gave such a glowing report and talked so wonderfully about this fantastic place, Moses Lake, that Bernard wanted to go down to see it. Dick heard about it and wanted to go too. Belle and Bernard and a cousin of Bernard's, Delvia and Lester Lybbert, and Dick and I went down on a short visit to see what it was like down in Moses Lake. We stayed with Bernard's uncle, whose wife was a second cousin of my Fathers. They really thought it was a great place to live. Immediately Dick and Bernard got busy and found land that was about a mile from each other. We found a friend that helped put up the money. (It was just an acquaintance really.)

Dick had an adventuresome spirit. He liked to get around and pioneer and do different things. Besides the U. S. A. was his home. He hadn't taken out his Canadian citizenship papers. He liked the idea. I went along with it. Belle and Bernard were going.

At the time my health wasn't good and Dick thought a move might help me. I wasn't the kind of person that moved around a lot, but Dick was. He'd moved all his life. It sounded good to him. It was really hard to get ahead in Canada. We had done well because we almost had our new home finished and we were beginning to get it furnished well. We had built up quite a bit and done well. [Dick] thought he could do better down there. All the glowing reports about how much money and so on, we could make.

We went home. We sold our farms, got ready and had an auction sale[2], right in the winter. I don't know how come the weather was as good as it was, but it was. We sold almost all of our household goods. We just brought a few things with us in a little trailer. We moved in February, just before David was twelve. They made him a Deacon so that when he moved he was a Deacon. He got his Patriarchal Blessing and Lorna got hers from Patriarch Fisher in Hill Spring. (The same patriarch that had given Dick his blessing.)

The leaders of the Church didn't really want us to go. President Wood was a great booster for Canada. He thought Canada was the only place. He thought it was awful for us to leave the Church. But we weren't leaving the Church. There was a branch of the Church [in Moses Lake]. Of course, we prayed about it. We were as active or more active there than we had been at home. The branch was new and small and needed everybody to run it.

We'd been [in Hartley] quite a long time. The children really hated to leave their friends and we hated to leave our friends. They had a going-away party for us. Mother hated to see us go. I'd been able to go in [to Cardston] and see her quite often, now I wouldn't be able to do that. It was a lonesome time that way.

We left when it was cold and snowy in Alberta. We had quite a time; we went together with all our possessions. We had a trailer behind and I think Bernard and Belle did. We stopped one night. We had a little bit of trouble on a hill. I don't know what the trouble was, but it slowed us up for a while. Eventually we got going and got down to Moses Lake.

"Arrived in Moses Lake March 1st, 1946."[3]

[1] Compilation of "Oral History," 2, 5, 6, 7 and 8.

[2] See copy of newspaper ad, "Documents" page 212.

[3] Written at the back of 1940-44 Diary under "Important Notes."

Down in Moses Lake[1] the weather was pretty good. As soon as we arrived they started farming. One of the first things we had to get was a cow. We'd go to town and get twelve quarts of milk at a time, but there was no fridge to keep it in. That was just after the war and we couldn't buy fridges. We had to put our name on a waiting list to buy fridges, stoves and washers. We didn't have any of it and there was nothing but this puffing belly stove. The United States didn't have any stoves [because they had been] busy manufacturing things for the war. We bought a little electric heater and the lady that packaged it put a little note in it. "This is the last electric heater to be done in the plant." Now they were going to do war effort things. She put her address on it and we wrote to her and eventually went to see those people. That was fun. They lived down in California

Bernard and Belle's house wasn't ready for them to move into when we got to Moses Lake. The people were still in it. They had to wait a while before they moved out. Our little house was just a couple of granaries pushed [together], not really too close either. They batched in one and we batched in the other. We cooked together on the puffing belly stove. We found an old washer there. We washed the best we could with it. It held water! We used a scrubbing board and a puncher, but the weather[2] was fairly good.

When the first washer came Bernard and Belle got that. They got everything first because Belle had poor health. That is one of the reasons they moved. They thought maybe her health would be better there. Her health was very poor. She had a very bad heart. She wasn't able to do things. It wasn't too long before we got [a washer] too, and we all had our fridges and stoves and what we needed.

We [Cobias and the Lybberts] were together like that for about two weeks. It made it kind of difficult but not too bad. We did at least have beds and the puffing belly so we could cook a few things. The room we were in had beds in one end. It had a dropped leaf table that we could push up against the wall when it wasn't in use and the puffing belly stove. They came to our place to eat. They had the other one for just their bedroom. We had four children at the time and they had four children, [Thelma, Rex, Kay and Betty Jean].

[In Canada, Rhoda and Dick lived, for a short time, in a granary while they were building a new house. It must have been hard for Rhoda to move back into another granary. The first year in Moses Lake Rhoda and Dick worked hard making improvements to their two-building-house, but the goal was to build a new house as soon as possible.]

We built a basement at the west end of the granary where the kitchen was and built a bedroom back there. The three boys slept there in a three-tier bunk bed. Then we pushed the other building up close to the kitchen and built a little arch way. Eventually we put two bedrooms on that. In fact we put three on eventually. We called our house "Patches." It was put together in little bits and pieces. You couldn't buy anything when we moved there. You were lucky to have a place to patch. We fixed it up. It was kind of patched, but it was homey. We put wall paper on the walls and got new cupboards. At the front of that kitchen we put an entrance with a shower on one side. The entrance was long enough to hold a big deep freezer. It made a little hallway. There was room for coats to hang above it.

It wasn't too long after we came to Moses Lake that I got pregnant with Judi. She was born in April, a little over a year after we came. Lorna slept in the front room until we made a bedroom about the time Judi was born. Dick and I slept in the living room too. We bought a wardrobe to hang clothes. We put our bed next to the south wall and had a little space and put the wardrobe so it sort of partitioned it off. That made it seem more like a bedroom. Until just

[1] The Cobias actually lived in Mae Valley, across the lake from the town. See map page 120.

[2] There were no gas or electric driers. Everything was hung outside on clothes lines.

before Judi was born we didn't have any linoleum on the floor but we were building things up.

We had a milking parlor and a shed where we could put a pig or small calves. We built a dairy barn and had a string of cows. We sold milk. A big truck came and picked up the milk. We had a Grade A dairy barn. You had to work real hard to keep the inspectors happy. The least little thing and they'd get unhappy and the things that mattered didn't seem to bother them! Ordinarily I didn't do anything with the cows. Very rarely did I go down there. There were the boys, and Lorna helped occasionally. David did it first, then the twins. I had babies at that time. When they were busy doing the milking I was busy getting meals and making lunches. I had my hands full with my kids.

Our Branch [of the Church] met in the Housing Project. There was an air base in Moses Lake. When service people came there to live, if they didn't have a house when they came, they moved into barrack-like places. There was a hall where they met and that's where we met. It wasn't a desirable place to meet at all. We had to clear out all the ash trays and still it wouldn't smell very good by the time we had our meeting. But it was a place to meet.

At first we just had Sunday School and Sacrament Meetings and Relief Society. Then we grew so we had Primary. I was in the Relief Society Presidency at first. Dick was in the Sunday School. It wasn't too long after that until we had Mutual. Bernard and Bell had Rex and Thelma at home. There was David. There was another family that had one or two children, but there weren't very many older ones. Kay and David were the oldest and David was older than Kay. David was the only Deacon for a while. It wasn't too long until Kay was made a deacon.

We weren't in that building ... too long, before we decided we were going to grow and we needed a chapel. By that time Edna and Russell Brown had moved to Moses Lake. Russell went to Salt Lake to see about plans for a church house. They didn't want to build us a large one. The [church officials] wanted to build a little dinky thing. Russell worked and worked to get to them to make it bigger. It was a little larger, but it wasn't anytime before we out grew that building and we had to build a stake house. It was an area where L. D. S people would go because there was lots of agriculture, lots of work. The non-L.D.S. didn't like all those Mormons coming in. They said they were coming in there like flies and would take over.

We got along quite well with our neighbors. Dick knew how to get along with non-L.D.S. because he had lived among them so long. We didn't have too much antagonism, but there were people there that didn't like all those Mormons. What you needed to do is be honest, and be friendly and treat them as you should and you get along all right.

The L.D.S. did grow. Pretty soon we did have a big share of the population. There were a lot of them and what's more our kids excelled in school because they were trained from the time they were little to gives talks. David was one of the first student body presidents. David did well in track and 4-H. The L.D.S. kids did excel.

When we moved there, there were only about four families; it was a very small group. When we came that made it six. They were just holding meetings and that was all. When they wanted to do something at Christmas time or Easter time they met with another group. Soon the Gibbys from Utah came. Br. Gibby was a school teacher and [Sister Gibby] taught music. She added a lot. Br. Killian was the first branch president. His wife played the music and Sister Gibby lead the music. Sister Gibby also taught music. Lorna and David both took lessons from her. David didn't go too far but Lorna went quite a ways with hers. Belle's sister and her husband, the Browns, Edna and Russell came not too long after we did. The Stephens, Dave and Marilyn, were there when we moved there. They were just a young couple, just out of the Air Force.

I knew I wanted more babies. After we

moved to Moses Lake we got Judi. Judi was a delight. We were so happy to get her. It had been quite a while since the twins were born. I was a little nervous about it all. I'd had a hard time when I carried those twins, kind of a difficult birth and a hard time afterwards and I wasn't anxious to go through that again. I wasn't really over my nervous breakdown, and not too well. The twins were not always well either.

We needed somebody to stay with the kids when I went to the hospital. Dick was off on the farm because in Moses Lake you started farming the later part of February. We had a friend, Verl Rolfson[1], who we'd been writing too all the time. She came [from Canada] and helped us for a while. She was an old friend. The Rolfsons had been friends of Dick's for years. They'd been good to us. Verl was quite a bit younger. She was one of the younger members of the family. She was a fun kid and I enjoyed her. She did work but she wasn't like Norma. Norma was always getting things cleaned up and scrubbed up. Verl was more for talking. She did help me and we enjoyed her. She stayed until after Judi was born and helped take care of the kids and send them off to school. With Judi I had to go to bed because I started flowing. I went to bed with her some and I was miserable anyway. I don't know if it was nervous breakdown misery, but I was miserable.

Judi was born in the Ephrata Hospital. It was only twenty miles. When my labor started I went over to the hospital. In the same room with me was a lady, O'Shay, from Moses Lake. She was quite a large lady. Our Relief Society President, the one I'd been working with as a counselor, came in to see me. She used to laugh and say, "There was Rhoda, this tiny little thing, who just barely made a bump in the covers and she had a great big lovely baby. There was Mrs. O'Shay, that great big woman, and they'd bring her baby in, as tiny as a kitten."

I had a girl friend by the name of Marie and Judith, I just liked it. Dick and I decided Judith Marie was a cute name and we named her that. We got our lovely Judi. She was a lovely plump baby. Judi was a good baby. When the twins came to see us, they wouldn't let them in the hospital. They stood in a snow bank and looked in and I looked out. There was my two little boys. Roy had a big grin on from ear to ear. He had a little chubby body and he was wiggling. He was so happy. He did body language and he showed his happiness by wiggling. Poor Ron, he stood there just like a little statue. I don't know if he was aware of what was going on. His face was as white as the snow. He was as sober as could be because he didn't feel good.

It was right after Judi's birth that Ron was so sick and Roy too. Both of those kids were sick and over in the hospital. There were case workers, a nurse that used to go around different places where they thought there was a need for it. She came out to see Ron on a nice warm day. Judi was sitting out in a little seat that bounced up and down. I'd put her in it outside so she could see the out-of-doors and not get so bored. The case worker had been working with me on Ron. She said something about all the children I had. The caseworker thought I had an awful lot of children. But one thing she said, "She takes care of them."

I had to chase a lot with the boys. Roy had gland trouble. They'd swell all up and look like mumps, but they weren't. The doctor operated on it. He said he ran into a dry pocket. He didn't know what it was. After that [Roy] seemed to get better. Later on somebody told Roy, he'd had rickets because he had a hallow chest. I don't know what it was. I fed those little guys good.

Ron was seriously ill. First he had Scarlet Fever, then he had Bright's Disease. How did I cope? Just like you always do, with prayer and work. It was there and you have to do it. It was a big worry. Judi was a baby and I was pregnant with Jim. Roy had been in the hospital. Ron had scarlet fever and he was at home. We had a new doctor, Dr. Larsen, in Moses Lake and he used to come out and see Ron. That little kid

[1] In 1943, Rhoda and Verl spent a lot of time together, when Rhoda stayed with the family for two months.

was so sick, even his toe nails peeled off. I don't know how we managed to do it, but nobody else got it. By that time we had put a couple of more bedrooms on and we put him in the south bedroom, off by himself. Dr. Larsen came out to see him occasionally. When he got over the "giving" stage, I'd take him to the doctor.

After Ron started to get better, supposed to be getting better from his scarlet fever, his little stomach all swolled up. It was so huge. I took him into the doctor and that's when the Bright's Disease [Nephritis] started. We took him over to the hospital at Ephrata,[1] 23 miles away.

I drove back and forth, every day to see him. Dick was busy in the fields. I used to take Judi over to the Browns. Betty Brown used to tend her. Betty said when she got married she wanted a baby and wanted it to be taken care of like Judi. All I did, bless the little thing's heart, was bathe her every day, put on clean clothes and feed her. I didn't spend very much time with her, because I was so busy with Ron.

Ron had a birthday while he was at the hospital. I think I told him we were going to bring a birthday cake. He told everybody in the hospital it was his birthday. The nurses were making a fuss about him. It was so late before I got there, they thought he made it up. I'd gotten a nice cake and I took it over to him and he was to share it with all the nurses and everybody in there. Finally I came and they knew he hadn't told a "squib." He was happy to see Mommy. Everybody gave him gifts and they thought that's how come he'd done it, so he could get a lot of gifts. He had a fun birthday.

They gave him so many shots. He got so he hated them. He had to have transfusions. The people in the ward got together and had theirs typed. We didn't have anybody in our family that had the same type as Ron. Several people donated their blood. At a certain point the doctor said, "We don't know which way he is going." But he started to get better and improved from then on. He wasn't healthy by any means, but we were able to bring him home.

He was able to go to school after that summer. The doctor had him on a medication, a blood builder. It kept him going, but he wasn't well. The teacher would call me in and say, "I don't know what's the matter with your little son, but there is something physically the matter with him." I knew that but I didn't know what to do about it. Finally the doctor sent us to a specialist in Wanatchee and they took out his adenoids, which had already been taken out once before, but they grew back in. We bought an instrument that we used to pump his nose out every morning to get the infection out of him. The doctors said he had an infection he would grow out of. He would never have ever grown out of it.

He went sleigh riding one day and hurt his back. I took him to a chiropractor. He asked me about his birth and I told him. He said this little boy was injured in the birth. The bones behind his ears were out of place and it caused this infection to continue to keep growing. He fixed Ron up and we didn't have to give him medication after that. He started to get better. He was about eight or nine, about the time Jim was born.

Oh-h-h-h Jimmy, he was the easiest pregnancy I had. I couldn't believe I was pregnant when I started out with Jim. He didn't make me sick at all. (All the other times I'd been kind of miserable.) Towards the end of my pregnancy I had several scares. I used to get cramps and I was afraid I was going to lose my little boy. Life hadn't been easy. I'd taken care of my whole family. With Jim I felt pretty good and it was a good thing because Ron and Roy were sick so much and I had little Judy, bless her heart, she was so good. I'd have a lot of cramps. Sometimes I'd go to Church and I'd be so worried I'd want to go home, but Dick didn't seem to worry at all. Nobody seemed to worry too much about it, but me. When I'd finally get

[1] In a letter written during this time Rhoda said, ["Ron's] a very sick boy still, in fact we don't know if he will make it or not. He is in the Ephrata hospital now. They are giving him blood transfusions almost every day, but he hasn't improved so far." -- Letters...Hattie, July 4, 1948

[home] I'd go lay down. I'm quite sure I could easily have miscarried with that little guy. I was afraid I might have a miscarriage. I'd never had one but I was afraid I might. Nobody seemed to worry about my baby. Dr. Larsen was more worried about the kids I already had, than the one I was going to have and I wanted them all.

We finally got our little guy here. He was also born in Ephrata. Dr. Larsen was the doctor. It was a stormy night. Dr. Larsen had just come home from a trip and he'd had a bad accident. Although he hadn't been hurt; he was very badly frightened. He really didn't want to go over to Ephrata that night, not at all. He wanted me to trade doctors, but my faith was in him. I didn't have faith in anybody else, so he finally came over.

I can't remember us having any trouble. I just remember how nervous Dr. Larsen was. It was stormy. Jim was born on the sixth of December and, of course, it was a stormy time in Moses Lake. We got over there all right and I waited and waited, finally Dr. Larsen showed up. He had told me I was going to have a small baby, but Jim was nine pounds and eight ounces. I thought that was big enough!

I always thought it would be fun to have a "Sunny Jim." I always liked the name of Kent, so I just named him James Kent. He had an Uncle Jim, but as far as I was concerned he wasn't named after him.

I used to think I heard Jim crying a lot [in the hospital]. I used to think they were starving my baby and I got so upset. (I'm not sure if it was him or not, but I thought it was.) I was real happy to get home, so I could feed him. If I didn't have enough of my own I gave him something else. Jim was a good baby until he started having trouble. He'd cry so with that. We didn't know what was the matter. I took him to a specialist and he had me put him on goats milk. Jim was in terrible pain, terrific misery. I told him he screamed. They never caught on for an awful long time. One doctor told me to stop bathing him so often. That is when I stopped bathing my babies every day. They said your baby doesn't need to be bathed that often. I don't know what that had to do with Jim's terrific pain.

The pain would go on for a while, then he wouldn't have it for a long time, then he'd have it again. It started when he was about eight months old. When he was about a year and a half a big lump came out in his groin. I took him to the doctor and then they found out what was the matter with my baby. He had a hernia. The doctor had me get a little gadget that I put around him right in the groin that was supposed to hold that hernia in. It never did go back in place.

They had me wait until we had him [potty] trained then they operated on him. He was in the hospital and Jim thought that was so much fun. The nurses paid so much attention to him. They played with him. He didn't want to come home because they spent so much time with him. At home we took care of him and let him play by himself.

The nurses thought it was really queer, instead of taking coloring books or story books, we'd go down and get a John Deere advertizing book with all the tractors in it for Jim. He just loved those books. He'd look at those books for hours. That's the thing Jim always wanted. We finally got him away from the nurses. He let us know he didn't care if he came home or not. He was about two. The doctor said to let him run around the farm without any clothes on his lower body so the air and sun would help his wound to heal. I didn't like that. But we were out in the country and nobody came there too often. When they did I could run and put something on him. Pretty soon he was back in clothes.

Jim was a fun little kid[1]. He liked to play with trucks and cars. He spent a lot of time with his Dad and the hired men. He liked to go out and they took him. They liked this cute little kid. I don't know if it was good for him or not, but he spent a lot of time out there. I was still

[1]Rhoda wrote, "Jim is a robust young 1 ½-er. I think we'll spoil him proper he's such a lovable young chap." – Letters...Hattie, 11June 1950.

busy with Ron and Roy with their problems when Jim was a little fellow. Roy was Jim's nurse maid. He sure was good at tending Jim and used to tend him a lot.

Jim has always been a good kid, kind of provoking sometimes. When he was a little guy he was the most energetic little feller. He'd be up on top of, underneath and around, every place there was. He was really good at entertaining himself. He'd get himself a little block of wood and make himself a farm. The block of wood was his tractor and he'd putt-putt all around the farm. Lots of times he had tractors too. He had a little John Deere tractor he had fun with. He had a tricycle. Sometimes he'd make his own things. He'd turn a chair upside down and scoot it across the floor. In doing that he skinned[1] his nose one time. The scar is still there. Everybody liked him. He got along well with his brothers and his sisters. He was a good little guy.

It was while Jim was a baby that we went on a vacation one winter. We had things all fixed up so David and the twins and Lorna could take care of things. I had things cooked up and in the freezer. They had it arranged so they could manage to get themselves off to school and Seminary. We were to be gone for two weeks. Charlene Hansen had Jim and we took Judi. We were in Montana on our way home when Dick took sick with appendicitis. We wanted to go on home but the doctor said "No. This has got to be taken care of right now." And it needed to be. His appendix were really bad. He was quite sick.

We stayed with "Grandma" and "Grandpa Pepper" in Livingston. They were so nice to us. They were a good couple. That was Monty Gibson's Mother and Father. The Peppers had kept Dick when he was just out of high school. He worked for them.

It took Dick quite a while to recuperate. As soon as he got so he could travel I drove and we went home. The roads were bad and we didn't want to take out too quick. Maybe Dick did part of the driving but he wasn't really very well. We got home. The kids had gotten along pretty good, but, of course, all the food we had prepared was all gone and all the clothes were dirty. In fact Lorna had had to wash and things were all behind. It was tough on them. Charlene took good care of Jim. We had had a good vacation until Dick got sick.

[The mail box was the connector to home and Canada was home for Rhoda. She sent and received letters from her mother and sister. Norma and Rhoda were bonded as sisters and close friends. Often their letters began, "Dear Rhodie" and "Dearest Sister."]

"Jan. 31, 1949[2]
Cardston, Alberta [addressed to Rhoda Cobia]

Your letter almost got addressed Moses Lake, Wash., but I remembered I was back in Alberta.... Rhoda I don't know when I hated to leave anyone quite like I did you. A big old lump came in my throat but I was glad I didn't cry at the bus station. All night I thought of you in between cat naps and every time I looked at the clock and wondered what you are doing at the particular moment. I would have liked to been able to help you without taking any pay. I know you are pressed hard right now. I feel like I had to help mother to keep Golden out in his mission field if I could. I know if it were me on a mission that Golden would help me out. Norma"

Moses Lake, Wash. April 25, 1952
Dear Norma,

....I'm writing on my lap. David's in the doctors office to see if he can fix his pink eye up so he (David) can run at track in Ephrata to-morrow. He won last week end and got a blue ribbon, so he wants to go to Ephrata to morrow

[1] Ron said they were playing around. He pushed Jim who fell into a nail sticking out of the floor.

[2] Norma helped Rhoda after the birth of Jim. This letter was written after Norma returned home. Rhoda didn't talk a lot about her sister Norma, probably because she was not asked to talk about her.

and get skunked, but I'm afraid he wont be able to.

Congratulations -Now what does a stake missionary have to do? I'll bet you'll be doing a bit more studying. It seems missionaries can't know enough - it's a wonderful job and your just the one for it. I imagine the church will continue to mean more yet to you, it does to me. I feel I need it so much not only for myself but for the family it's a great help in raising a family. The big thing is to live it as we should.

...Cobias are going to have a new baby (girl maybe) this fall. Dr. Larsen thinks I had one period after I started out and that would put it in October I guess. So write down all the nice names you hear or read....

Dick has been made president of the Elders Quorum it's quite a job. Their farming is coming pretty good David is milking 27 cows night and morning (we have a better milking system now) it takes plenty of time. Lorna surely had a good and educational and Spiritual time in Salt Lake. The girls all give such wonderful reports, it's going to help them and the primary a lot I'm sure. Our Primary president has resigned as 3 out of the 4 of us (presidency) are expecting but I don't know how soon....

David surely is having a weighting good time in there. This doctor has enough to do for six, maybe more I don't know.

Do you feel better at 120 lbs, even I weight more than that 123 to be exact.

Well David's out at last and I guess he has infection not pink eye after all. So I best get this posted and take my kiddies home cause as Judy says their hungry.

Love and the best of everything to you,
Rhoda

When Jim was born the doctor told me I shouldn't have any more babies. He said my body was worn out. I decided I needed one more. When we got married, I said, "We'll have six children," and Dick said, "Twelve." We had seven.

I was about forty when Patti was born. When I started out with Patti I really did have problems. I did have to go to bed. I spent most of my time in bed. I'd stay in bed all week and go to Church on Sunday. One day during the week I got up and washed the clothes and one day during the week I went to Primary because I taught Primary or maybe I was in the Presidency. Otherwise I stayed in bed. Thank goodness there was Lorna. She went to school, but she used to do a lot of the work. She did a lot of the cooking and a lot of the work. After the first few months I got along okay and didn't have too much trouble. I cleaned up my kitchen and painted it and put paper on and a bunch of things.

I did my washing. I had a power washer by then. You had [to lift the clothes] to push them through a wringer. Now David was a good help. David was really a special boy. He was one of my big helpers. Right after Patti was born he bought me an automatic washer and a dryer and put them in the kitchen. He did that for me. He sent part of his check home every month. He bought the washer and dryer on time [credit].

Verl Rolfson stayed with me when Judi was born. Norma, my sis, stayed with me when Jim was born and Mother came before Patti was born. She helped me make a quilt. By that time Judi was going to kindergarten. I used to have to take my turn taking her to kindergarten. Everybody used to think, "Here is Mrs. Cobia again. I thought she'd be gone to the hospital by now." The doctor told me I'd go two months before I did. I didn't believe him. I knew when I'd had my last period. He was judging by the size of me and my muscles were all stretched. The first month it didn't bother me at all. The last month seemed an awful long time, because I thought maybe I would come a little early, but I didn't. Patti came right when she was supposed to be born. Finally the doctor said on a certain day I'd better come into the office and he would induce labor. I went into the office and he kept giving me some kind of medication every little while. I was there all day and nothing happened. Finally I started to have a

few cramps and he said I'd better go over to the hospital. I said, "Can I walk?"

He thought a few minutes, then he said, "Yes."

I walked down to the hospital. It was several blocks. When I got there, I'd just barely got inside and my water broke. I thought, "Oh, what if that had happened in the street." And it almost did.

I called the folks at home and they came down. It was very special to have Mother there. It seemed like Patti would never get here. Towards morning we had our little Patti. Everybody was so excited. One of the kids had been anxiously coming home from school. As soon as he got inside the house, he would see if the car was gone, to see if Mom had gone to the hospital yet. It never happened that way. I was gone all day.

Patti was born in the little old hospital. Life for new mothers was different than it had been before. Right after she was born they'd get me up and send me to the bathroom. No staying in bed for ten days. I wasn't there very many days and I was able to go home.

Lorna decided we should have a little girl named after me. She said, "Let's name her Rhodelle." I think Sister Gibby had been talking to her. She had known a person named Rhodelle, so Lorna thought we should name her Rhodelle. I liked Patricia so we put them together. Dick wasn't fussy about naming her Rhodelle. We named her Patricia Rhodelle and called her Patti.

Mother ... got sick when Patti was about two weeks old. We took Mom home. She wanted to go to her own doctor in Cardston. She belonged to the clinic up there and she was used to her own doctor. She couldn't swallow. I was very, very worried. I took her in to see the doctor [in Moses Lake] and he thought she should go home too. He gave me something I could give her a shot with on the way home if we needed to. Dick, Mom, Patti and I started out one night and traveled all through the night and took her home. I took her to the clinic the next day. They said she had a hernia. The doctor in Cardston sent her to Lethbridge. We took her to Lethbridge for a check-up. Aunt Susie kept little Patti for me. When I took her in, the poor little thing wasn't even wrapped up warm. Aunt Susie grabbed her, wrapped her up, bundled her up and warmed her up. She was a little, bitty baby. I was so worried about Mother I guess I wasn't thinking about my little one. I don't think Mother had to be operated on, but she was hospitalized for a while. I think the hernia went back into place.

I kind of thought that Patti would be the last. She was always our little pride and joy. She was fun. She had all these brothers and sisters that loved her. She was surrounded with love but she was a good little kid. When Patti was old enough for kindergarten, she went on the bus in the morning with the kids and we'd pick her up in Moses Lake. There were two or three families and we'd take turns in bringing the kids home and do it a week at a time.

When we lived in Mae Valley, that's when I first started to feel a little insecure about Dick. In Canada, he had been Sunday School Superintendent and he'd worked in the Mutual and several organizations and taken leading positions. When we came to Moses Lake we, of course, went out to Church. There weren't all that many people. Somebody said to Dick one time, "I feel that either you or Bernard will be in bishopric." Afterwards Dick said to me he didn't want to be in the bishopric. No way did he want to do it. From that time on, not fast, but gradually I could see a deterioration in his commitment to the Church. I don't know why. He was more for getting fun out of life. He'd do kiddish things. It was just before...Jim was born...he took a bunch of kids and went stealing watermelon. It ... upset me. I thought that was a prankish thing for a guy his age, with a family. I didn't think it was a good example and it bothered me. He did all sorts of things like that.

One summer there were a couple of girls from Canada there. They were nice girls. They came from a good family. He used to flirt with those girls. It was just before Patti was born.

He got them down there to help me. Roy and Ron had both been sick and I needed help. I really did. But it was no help. Not that the girls wouldn't have helped, but he'd grab the girls and say, "Let's go here and let's go there." They were digging beets. He'd grab them any old time and go down swimming. It didn't matter what I needed. It was get out and have some fun.

I was so upset. It took me a long time to move, but I had decided I would take those kids down and put them on the bus and send them home. But at that time they decided to go to Tacoma. They got on a bus and went over there. Then they came back and soon went home. Their help was just not help. It was a strain on me all the time.

To: Miss Norma Woodruff, % [in care of] Hospital, Taber, Alberta, Canada Return address: R. Cobia, #144, Moses Lake, Wash. Post mark: MOSES LAKE, WASH. JUL 13, 11 am, 1953 – postage 3 cents

Dear Norma,

It seems like I didn't see you at all the time went so fast - whee-ee and it's all gone. How is everything going - If I had a dictaphone I'd write you the nicest letters well maybe not but better ones anyway as it is when I get the pen & paper every thing's gone.

We surely had a wonderful time and returned home a little tired but fine, excuse the writing Patti was helping me.

Norma I hope you can come to see us and that we can get a chance to visit. It seems my family keeps me very busy, I don't mind doing it but it doesn't leave to much time, I hope they'll turn out to be good men & women. They say, anyway some one did in the bible "Cast they bread upon the water and after many days it will return" some times many days is a long time but it comes to all those who endure to the end and some of us have more enduring to do than others but I'm sure they'll be happy when they receive their reward.

Hoping all is well with you Love,
Rhoda

We used to go places. The kids needed more recreation than I probably would have given them and Dick was very good in that area. He used to take the kids places. I'd be so exhausted sometimes that I could hardly drag. It was wonderful and the kids needed it. We all needed it. I was more like my Dad. I would have kept my nose to the grindstone too much. Dick was good in those areas and I tried to appreciate them. Dick had a lot of values and I tried to bring them out. I'm sure the kids saw those values. He encouraged them in doing things in Church. Especially in school, they were encouraged and they excelled somewhat in school. He encouraged that.

I remember one thing that was fun. Dick took all the family to Seattle. Judi was just a little girl. She and Jim were little. They had lots of fun on that trip, I think. I made Judi and Lorna skirts alike. They were candy-stripped, gathered skirts. Lorna was a good sister to Judi. We went all through the park. We went all through the zoo. We went on boat rides. That was a fun time. Jimmy was the baby and it was just before Patti was born. I'm sure I was pregnant. I didn't feel good.

We used to go out in the sand dunes and have picnics. The kids would roll down the sand dunes and have fun in the sand. We'd make bonfires and cook wieners. The food wasn't very good because there was so much sand.

We used to go walking through the fields and take the Children's Friend [Magazine] and lunch. I'd read to them out in the field. I used to read to the kids quite often.

When the kids were little and after Charlene and Edgar and their family had moved to Moses Lake, we used to go over by Wenatchee and pick fruit, peaches and apples. We'd take our lunch and have a picnic dinner. One time we were sitting there having our dinner and one of the boys had done something Dick didn't like. He said now do this and "go get your shirt too." Gloria, Charlene's daughter, said, "Unka Dick, what's a shut-too?"

[Rhoda was asked, "What was the most difficult challenge you had in raising your family?"]

I don't know how to put it, but it was my husband. He helped me with the children all through. He helped me get them to Primary and to their meetings and to do the things they should, but he didn't think he should do it. One time when I was talking about writing up a life story. I said, "What was our aim in raising our children?" He said something about getting them educated. I said, "I thought our main aim was to get them back into the Celestial Kingdom." He said, "That goes without saying." Yet for himself he didn't seem to have that aim.

Dick expected more of me than any woman could do. He expected me to be his Mother, his Sister, his Wife, the Mother to the kids and do all the work that goes along with it. Having poor health like I did, which was always a stress, and the poor health of some of my children was also a stress. After the babies were born, a lot of women just snapped right back, but with the condition I had, I didn't know why, but I couldn't do it. I just felt like I wanted to go home and go to bed. Dick wanted to take me out and show off the baby and have people over and what I needed was rest. It was stressful.

Dick never seemed to be able to see my point of view. It was more important that he have fun - it was more important than any thing. It didn't matter who was sick or your Church duties. His priorities just weren't where they ought to be. I shouldn't say they weren't where they should be. To me they weren't where they should be. They were different than Church Standards and Church Standards were my standards. Dick's standards were different also than non-church standards. He had friends whose standards were better than his in places, in places they were. Their standards for caring for a wife and family were higher than his. He just didn't have them because he hadn't been trained in his home. He hadn't had a home life. I didn't realize all those things. Maybe it wouldn't have helped any if I had. It made it a very challenging life.

I couldn't talk it out with him and get it settled up. Most people I could talk things through. He could talk to me and tell me how he felt and I could understand that, but he couldn't listen to me and understand how I felt, or didn't want to. He didn't anyway. I can remember a lot of times how I would feel. That was one of the causes for my nervous breakdown, I know. The twins were sick, but it was that too. I would feel so frustrated and there was no way to get through this. Most things I could get through, you had problems with the kid's health or at school. I could talk to the teachers. I could work through their health (except Ron's and I didn't have much on mine either, I couldn't find any answers), but most things I could find answers to. But I couldn't find any answers. I'd pray and fast and pray. Sometimes I would get answers and I'd get them immediately, and sometimes I still don't have them.

I was blessed with the health and courage to somehow to go on.... Every once and a while when my nerves would get so bad and I'd have a tough time, Dick would send me home for a little while. It was nice to go home. It helped for a little while, but it never did any lasting help. I just had to take it and go on and try and do the best I could. I tried to do the best I could in all areas and do my Church work well and then I felt the Lord was with me. I remember one time I was feeling so frustrated and I prayed so diligently. I had the distinct impression that I was just supposed to let it go, slide and go on and that's what I did.

Sometimes I'd go to the Bishop or go to the Stake President, but I never did get any good answers there, never. They did, once and a while, give me a blessing that kind of helped to tide me over. One of the Brethren said to me, "You can either get a divorce or live with it." I just lived with it. I never got much help from anywhere.

I think Dick was quite charming and he had a way of making everybody believe that what he was doing was right. I think a lot of times I was blamed for a lot of the things that were really

not my fault. Nobody knew the extent (of course none of us do know the extent of other people's worries). It was really a stressful time for a lot of the time.

For a while, he'd go to a [church] meeting that would hit him, and he would be pretty good and I'd think, "Oh, what am I complaining about. He is just doing fine." It would help for a little while, then he would drop back and blame me for it. When he'd cause me stress I guess I gave him back a little bit, but it was all blamed onto me. He said I didn't stay the same. I'd go along for so long and I'd be so good, then all of a sudden I'd blow. That's what I did really. I'd put up with it as long as I could and I'd try to read good things and do good things and do the best I could to ignore it and just go on, but every once and a while I'd blow-up. It wasn't a loud discussion. I'd just tell him what I thought. I'd finally get it out in the open.

He had his good qualities. He liked company. When we had company, Dick would get in and help me. No one knew he wasn't an ideal husband. A lot of people thought what an ideal man he was. When people came there, he'd help me with the dinner and help me with things good. But when he came in tired and I was tired that was just too bad. I could go ahead and do what had to be done, if it took half the night and he'd go read a book and leave the kids to me, too.

I was determined, that even though we had company, we went to Church on Sunday and take the company with us. Dick went along with that mostly, until the children got older. Then he got so if anybody came to the house, especially if they weren't LDS, he'd want to stay home. I knew that wasn't right. A lot of time we took them and I don't think it hurt them a bit and I don't think they minded. They found out a little bit of what these Cobias believed in.

I am sure the kids knew that Mom wasn't pleased with a few things, sometimes. I have marveled myself at how the kids have done so well. I did my best. I thought I was doing my best. I prayed. I guess I was inspired as I went along. (Dick was praying too, for a while. He finally gave up praying but he used to pray all the time.) I am sure he was helped sometimes. I tried not to make the children aware of the differences. Lots of time I'd give in just to keep harmony. One time I thought, "I've become passive. This will never do. You've got to stand for something, not just be a nothing." But still you have to let some things go so there won't be [contention].

One morning it was getting real late and we hadn't had prayers. I was insisting we have prayers. Dick said, "We haven't got time for prayers this morning." To me prayer was more important[1] than breakfast and it is! That didn't happen often, but sometimes. I didn't want to give the children the impression that you goof off, well not using their time to the best advantage, so that there was time for prayers and time for breakfast. There always got to be time for prayers, even if they are short. I didn't want them to get into the habit of going to school without prayers. I don't know how we resolved that one along with a lot of others.

[As changes in society brought more mothers into the work force, fathers spending less time at home and children moving into cars and peer groups, the Leaders of the Church started stressing the importance of families spending more time together. Every family was encouraged to gather at least once a week for Family Home Evening. Rhoda was always focused on being obedient to the teachings of the Gospel and the Cobias started having Family Home Evening. Every family member participated. Minutes, in different handwriting, were kept of the "Cobia Family Hour," as Rhoda called it. The minutes were read at the next meeting and corrections were made if needed. The first recorded Home Evening was Tuesday]

[1] In 1963 I visited the Cobias. One Sunday evening we knelt down for prayer at the dinner table. Mother Cobia gave the prayer. As she prayed I could smell the cheese sandwiches cooking under the broiler in the oven. Soon they weren't cooking they were burning! Mother Cobia did not shorten or hurry through her prayer. She just threw out the black sandwiches and made new ones.-HC

November 20, 1956 at 8:10 P.M., with Father in charge. Prayer - LeRon. Business meeting began with father encouraging us to make plans & regulations for improvements that we can manage and earnestly try to do them. He suggested more neatness in our home....Judy donated note book cover for minutes. Mother in charge of minutes and book. [There was usually one meeting recorded a month with some gaps. They continued until July 20, 1968.]

Jan. 30, 1958 LeRoy in charge opening prayer Jimmie. Piano selections Judy "Twinkle, Twinkle" & "John Peel." "The Old Year-and the New" by Pres. David O. McKay read by mother. Song - Patti. Ron picked a tune on his violin "Bouree." "Your Prayer" read by Jimmie. Story from Readers Digest by daddy.

July 13, 1958 Mother in charge. Article "They Gave Their Lives" on Joseph & Hyrum Smith" in Church News read by Mother. "A Race that Russia can never win" from "This Week" by Father. Also Ward Teachers topic from Era "The Price of Liberty" S. D. Young. Prayer LeRon. Home made ice cream & cookies served. All present except David & Lorna.

Sept. 14, 1958 Time 3:30 [Sunday]

Conducting David. Song - Come ye children of the Lord with Judy at the piano. Prayer Roy. Scripture reading & comments by Lorna Mathew 6:19. Subj. Faith. Envictus by David. Mother read an article written by David on Faith with Roy & Lorna reading scriptures. Grandma commented on Faith. Lorna commented on Faith. All present except our father and husband with Grandma Woodruff in attendance. (Father being in Canada hauling mellons). David returning home Thursday Sept. 11, and Lorna Friday, 12 and Grandma having been with us for 3 weeks. We are having a wonderful time together, David having been in Korea for 15 months and Lorna attending college, but we miss our father. Abide with me sang by the family played by Lorna.

June 18, 1959 Mother Conducting. Open prayer: Jimmy. Song "How Firm a foundation" Judy at Piano. Business, Father: 1- Clean Bathroom & Front room. 2- Keep dust & dirt outside. 3- More kindness, less raising of voices. etc. David: Elect a home evening chairman. Lorna & Judy for this month. Genealogy night suggested as one for the month. Discussed Plans for Lorna's wedding and it was decided that only Mother & Father will go. Meal schedule - Breakfast - 6:00 a.m. Lunch - 12:00 noon. Dinner - 6:00 p.m. Minutes read. Mom spoke a minute on conference. David read "The Pledge of our lives," Church News Editorial. Punch and cake - lunch.

July 4 David conducting Home Afternoon. "The last time the Cobias will meet together when we'll all be Cobias" commented David. Opening song "Love at Home" led by Judy with Lorna at the piano....

Mar. 14, 1960 James conducting. Opening prayer - Mother. The Lord is My Shepherd - Judy at the piano. "The Brain" story by Mom from Improvement Era. Kayaks down the Nile - Dad. Pie & whipped cream served by Mother –earlier in the evening we looked at a piece of ground on which we might build our home.

We moved to Mae Valley just before Judi was born. Patti was in kindergarten when we left. Dick decided to move. He didn't want the cows. Ron and Roy milked the cows after David left home. The kids were getting so old they were going to be gone and Dick said he would never milk those cows. Since Dick was going to get rid of the cows, he had to sell the barn and everything.

When we moved it was hard to find a place, but [Dick] still wanted to farm. We moved to the Jensen place. It was a fair-sized house. It was quite a nice house and quite a nice yard. It was the other side of town. Before we had lived on the north west and Jensen's was a little south and east. It was in the Fourth Ward. It was on the road to Spokane.

We lived there two or three years. Dick had done real well, but the bottom went out of farming and he couldn't make his payments on that place. The land wasn't good land. It didn't

grow good crops. There was a quarter-section there. He had another quarter section closer to Spokane that he rented. He turned that back [Without land to farm Dick was out of a job.] Dick was so depressed. It wouldn't have taken much more before he would have taken his life because he was so depressed ... and it wasn't good.

I was working at the time, at Bodilys helping Betty[1] and bringing in a little money. Betty was sick and I did the housework and took care of the kids. It was bad on Judi and Jim and Patti. I'd go home at night, but I went home quite late because I fixed everything up for the Bodilys before I left. Betty didn't realize she was taking me away from my family so much.

We never did have enough money. Dick did well in supplying means, but certainly not an abundance of money and I had to stretch it. I made over clothes and grew a garden (which was good anyway) and did a lot of things to help the money go a long ways. There was just not enough of me to stretch over it.

[Dick] couldn't find work. When he'd ask anybody about work they wanted somebody younger or he didn't have enough scholastic learning. He hadn't gone to college. He'd graduated from high school. He was a good student and he was smart. He couldn't even get a job as a janitor in the theater. They needed a janitor but they wanted somebody younger and he wasn't all that old[2] then. He couldn't get a job anywhere and he was so depressed. Finally he got a job.

Br. Lybbert used to call people at four or five in the morning and one day he called us at four o'clock in the morning. We were exhausted and we were sleeping. "Uncle Jake" wanted to know if Dick would like to be Weed Supervisor. Dick was a little cranky with him. "No," he didn't want to. He had finally gotten a job working at the starch plant where they have stinky potatoes. That was heavy work for not much money. He thought that was what he was going to have to do to support his family. His boss was a crab too, I guess. Dick got to thinking about the Weed District. He called Uncle Jake up and asked him about it. Finally he took the job. It was marvelous for him. He had had a lot of good experience farming. He knew the farmers' point of view and he knew how to eradicate weeds and he studied what he needed to know to do it. He was a good weed supervisor. The job paid better and he didn't have any boss over him so he wasn't pressured.

We had put a little bit of money away. After Dick sold his land [in Mae Valley], he hadn't got all the money from his land yet. That was one of the reasons he couldn't pay for the Jensen place. Finally he got a little money and he was smart enough and with the help of the weed district he found a parcel of land closer to Moses Lake, out on Route 3. He looked all around there because we wanted to buy land to build a home. With the weed district he had access to the records. (I guess its was according to Hoyle.) That land was a good spot. He bought a big acreage there. He divided it into lots and sold it. He did real well on it. When he bought that land he used part of the money I had from my estate after Dad and Mother's estate was cleared up and we each got so much. Dick used part of that to finish paying for some of the land on Route 3. Mostly he did it on his own.

We moved from the Jensen house to a little two-bedroom house that Baker's lived in while they were building their new home. It had a front room, a long kitchen and two bedrooms. We partitioned one of those bedrooms off because Ron and Roy and Patti and Judi and Jim were all there.

Family Hour - Mar. 26, 1961 "You Can Make the Pathway Bright" song. Opening Prayer - Judy. Mother spoke on thoughts. Daddy on atomic attack. Pattie - "I have a Garden" also demonstrated how she can do the splits. South Africa Money from Junior Scholastics by Jim.

April 10, 1961 – Jimmie conducting. Prayer offered by Patti. "Do you know what?" said

[1] Betty Bodily daughter of Edna Bennion Brown, Rhoda's first cousin.

[2] Dick was 50 at the time.

Daddy. "We're going to build a house" hope to start in 3 weeks.

May 12, 1961 Judy conducting. Daddy took pictures of Jim & Patti in their "Dance Review" costumes and of Judy with her new Hair cut. May 5, 1961 the first nail was put in our house - to-day all the foundations have been poured etc. and most of the floor joices are in. Daddy read from "Joseph Smith" by his mother.

We lived in [the Baker house] until the house we were building was finished. Building that house was fun. We'd talked about it and looked forward to building a nice home. We'd been talking about it for years....

I didn't know where to get plans and I wanted good plans. Finally there was a young fellow in our ward who worked out at the Air Force Base as a cook. He also liked to build plans. He'd built somebody else's plans so I thought that would be nice and it was. He was good. He built the plans for our house. He'd work with you. He had ideas and his wife had ideas. She was a sweetheart. I thought we had a nice house planned out.

One of the things I wanted in my house, I wanted the front room and kitchen sort of open so I didn't feel shut off in the kitchen. That is one thing that bothered me so much. I was always busy in the kitchen, it seemed like, and the rest of the family would go in the front room and they were shut off from me. I felt like I was the slave out in the kitchen doing the work. It was just the way I felt. Mostly they were busy with things. A lot of times they could have helped me a little bit, but they didn't. I didn't like to feel shut off from the family. It did irk me. That was a thing of contention. Sometimes they'd be doing things they needed to do and sometimes they would just be socializing or listening to the radio or reading. I felt like we all ought to get together and do it together.

We had our living room down to one end so it was sort of off by itself. We didn't chase through the living room so it stayed clean. We had a lovely big fire place which I wanted but it wasn't built right. It was never a useful one. They can make fireplaces so they will really heat and that is what I wanted. It might have cost a little more, but that's what I wanted. I didn't realize there was any other kind. It was pretty, but that was about all. It was very drafty too. We finally got grates and things so it wasn't.

We had a family room. You came in [the house] in[to] the family room. There was the eating area and the kitchen and it was open. I know if your kitchen wasn't clean you showed the mess and everybody that came in could see it. But the kitchen was kind of back. I liked that. I could work and the family worked and it seemed together. I didn't like to be off by myself.

There were three bedrooms, sometimes we needed four. There was a bath and a half. There was a utility room and a big garage with places out there for storage. There was a big cold storage spot. It was a nice home. We never did really get it completed. We never did get it furnished like I would like too. We did enjoy it for several years. David, Lorna, and the twins didn't get to use it much. It was a nice home. It was brick and plaster walls. We had sliding doors in the back. I wouldn't do that again for [Moses Lake]. It was a little cold. The kitchen was nice and small and everything was right around handy.

We got a fellow to do the building. He was a good builder. He went ahead fast. But oh, talk about cantankerous. You had to make up your mind right now how everything was supposed to be.

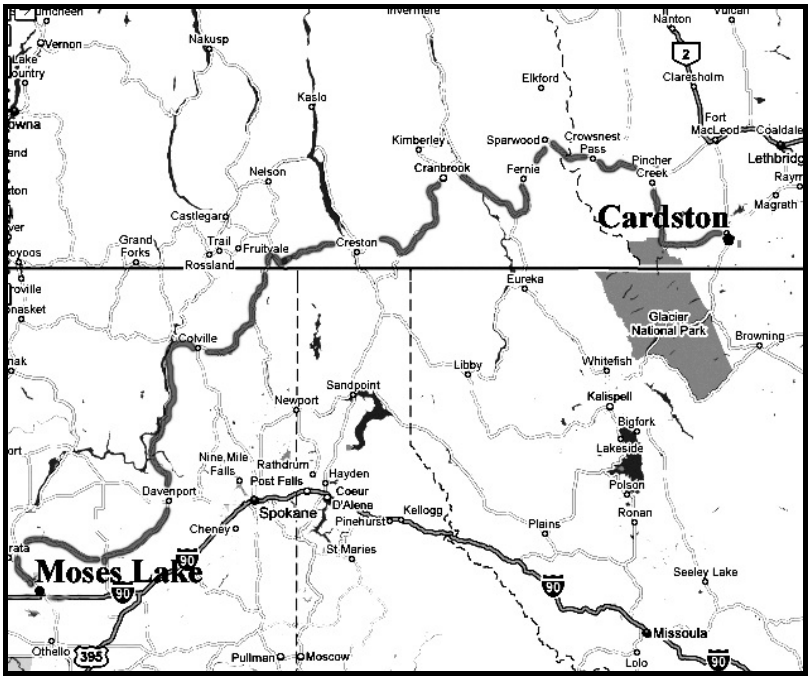
Mother came down and I was showing her the house. How much fun it was to show her the house we were building. She was happy with the house. I had a funny feeling when she was there. I said, "Oh Mother, I wish this bathroom was larger. It isn't really big enough for you and I in this bathroom."

She said, "Oh don't worry, we can get by."

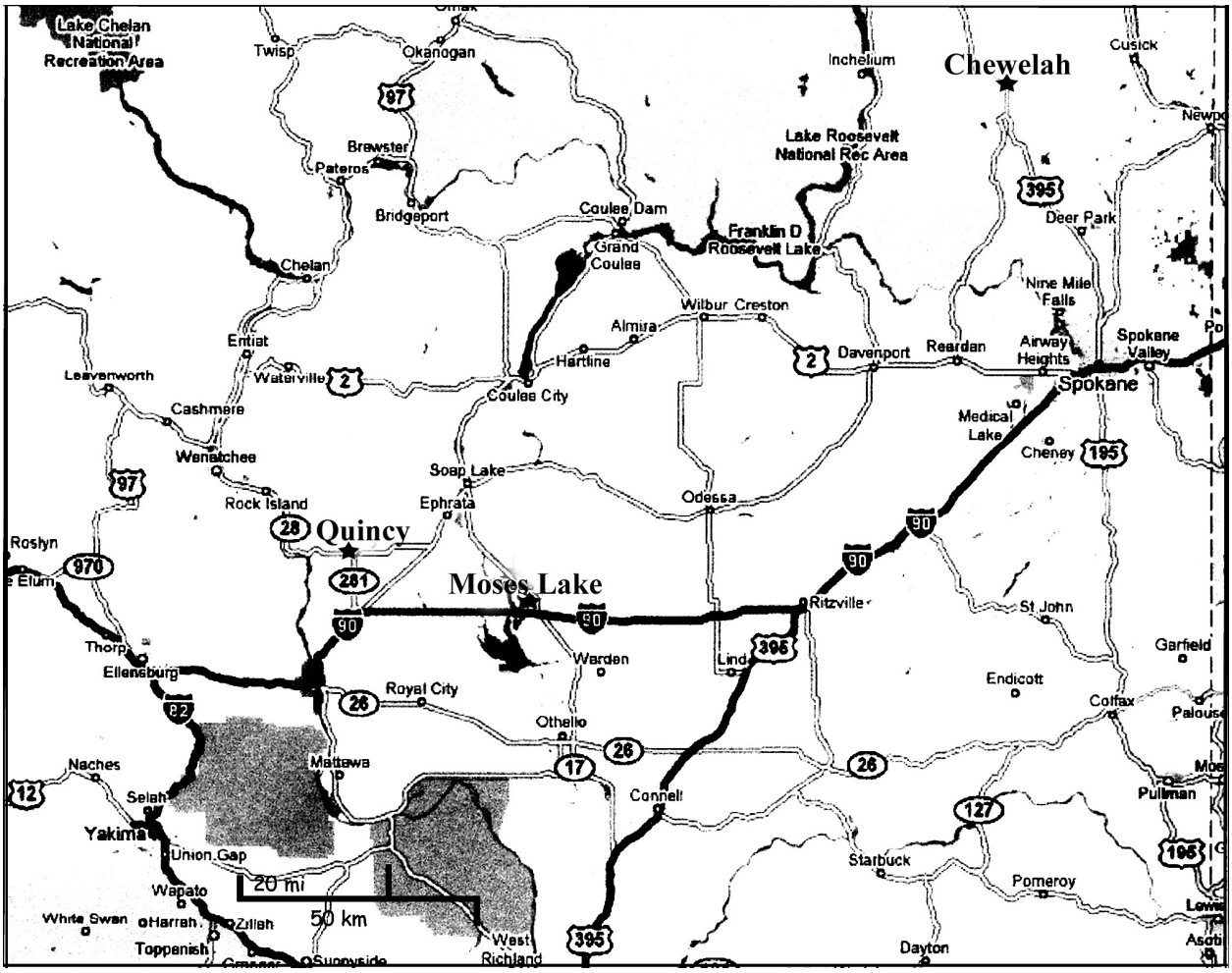
But she never did get to stay with us in that home.

Nov. 12, 1961 Sunday - Home Evening Notes - <u>First home evening in our new home in the living room</u>....

R: Map showing trip from Cardston to Moses Lake, Washington, about 350 miles. A two day trip for the Cobia and Lybbert families. In 1946 there was no Freeway 90. The roads are closed through Glacier National Park in winter because of snow.



Below: Map of central Washington shows Moses Lake, Quincy and Chewelah, places where members of the Cobia family have lived.



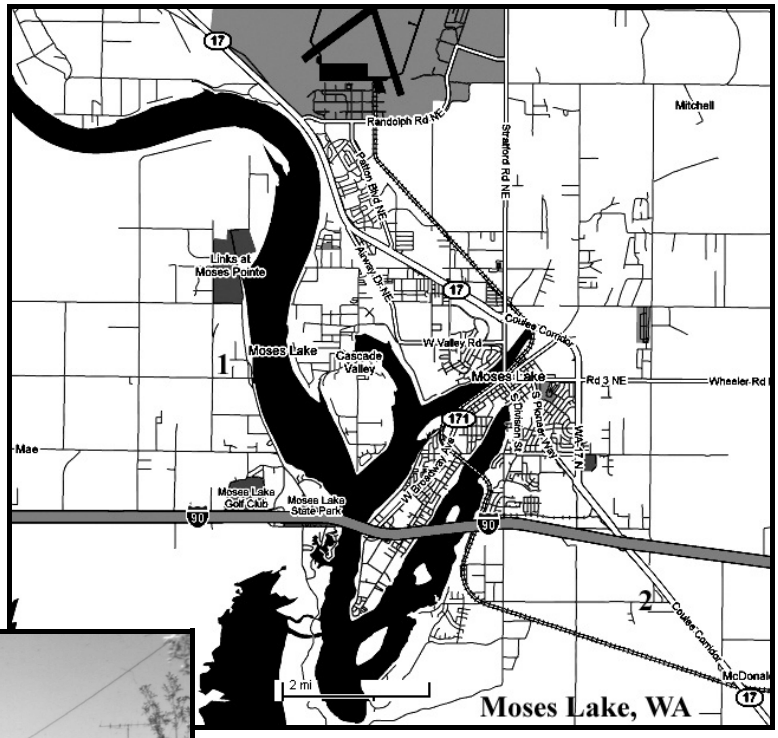
L-r: (back) Dick and Rhoda Cobia. Children: Roy, Ron, Lorna, David & the dog, "Patches" last week of February 1946 – Cardston, Alberta, Canada – *courtesy of Lloyd Woodruff*

When the Cobias moved from Canada they stopped to tell Rhoda's mother, brothers and sister goodbye. This picture was taken right before they drove out of Cardston. Hitched to the back of the car was a blanket covered, small, high wood-sided trailer with the family's belongings. Alice Woodruff lived across the street, east of the temple block. The building in the background is the Tabernacle, which was later torn down.

R: Map of Moses Lake, Washington. #1 is where the Cobias owned an 80 acre farm in Mae Valley from 1946-1958. Their house (below) was at the end of the short road by the Number 1 on map. Picture taken in 1976 after the Cobias had moved. The Lilac bush Rhoda planted obscures the living room door and windows. The house has been torn down.

#2 (on map) is where the Cobias built a brick house in 1960.

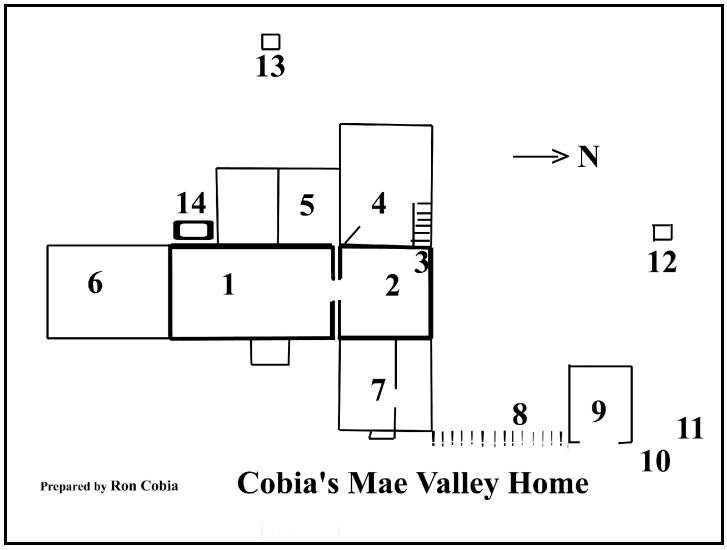
Cobia's third house at 1118 Columbia Lane was on the peninsula surrounded by the lake. On the map it was north of the railroad track and south of highway Number 171.



Cobia family standing in front of Mae Valley Home

Back l-r: Ron, Richard, Rhoda, David & Roy
Front: Jim, Patti & Judi Cobia
Moses Lake, Wash.
circa 1954

When the Cobias left Canada they expected to build a new house right away, but Rhoda had to wait fourteen years for the house she called "home," the house she said she enjoyed most.



L: Drawing of the Mae Valley house and yard. The heavy lines show the original house. #2 A Sear-Roebuck house which the former owner ordered from a catalogue. (A construction crew brought the material and built the one-room house.), and #1, the granary. When the Cobias bought the property, the granary and house were not side-by-side. Richard moved the granary close to the little house, with a small space between the two buildings. He had a door way cut between the buildings and framed it in. #1 was the living room and #2, the kitchen. (Below is a picture taken of the north end of the living room, the door way and the kitchen through the doorway.)

The combined buildings weren't large enough for their family so Richard and Rhoda kept adding new rooms. Rhoda said they called the house "Patches." Before they built the boys bedroom (#4) they dug a basement-root cellar which was connected by stairs to the kitchen (#3). There were shelves at the bottom of the stairs where Rhoda stored her bottled fruit. There was a chute from the outside into the root cellar where potatoes and carrots were dropped onto a bed of sand for winter storage. #5 is a lean-to with two very small bedrooms for the girls. #6 was the last addition to the house, a bedroom for Rhoda and Richard. Before that, they put their bed next to the living room south wall, left a small space at the side of it and put a wardrobe, lengthwise to it, which served as a partition. There was no bathroom in the original house. The family used an outhouse #13. When the Cobias added on the "porch" #7 they made a bathroom, with shower, sink and toilet, on the north wall. Along the south wall was a very large chest freezer and a place for coats, boots, winter caps and mittens.

In the yard there was a white picket fence #8, a one-car garage #9, clothes lines #10, and a garden #11. Rhoda did all the gardening. North of the garden was a chicken coop, a barn and milking parlor. Dick, Bernard Lybbert and Russell Brown ordered barns through the Sear-Roebuck catalogue. A crew brought the materials and built the barns. The day they were building the Cobia barn, Rhoda prepared a meal for the workers. #12 is the pump house which brought water from a 60-foot well. #13 is the outhouse and #14 is the tank with fuel oil to heat the house. Rhoda worked hard to make the house nice inside.

–Sources Ron, David & Lorna Cobia

R: Living room of Cobia's Mae Valley house.
L-r: Patti, Jim, Ethel Bowen, Judi and Rhoda Cobia
December 1954

Roy, Rhoda, Judi & Lorna Cobia, Moses Lake - 1947

B: Jim & Rhoda, Lorna, Dick. F: Ron, "Rover," Judi, Roy-1949

Back: Roy, Lorna, Ron. Front: Dick, Judi, Rhoda holding Jim and David Cobia - Moses Lake, Washington - 1951

Rhoda & Patricia "Patti"Cobia-1953

Back: Rhoda, Ron & Roy; Front: Judi, Patti & Jim Cobia
December 1955 - Moses Lake, Washington

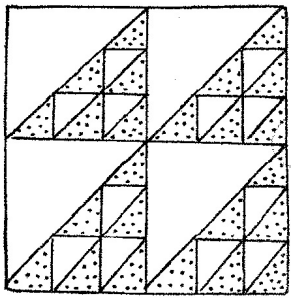
The Cobia Family - December 1958
Back: Lorna, LeRoy, LeRon & Judi; Front: Jim, Rhoda, David, Richard & Judi Cobia

June 1957-Ronnie, Patti, Rhoda, Judi, Jim, David, Roy & Richard Cobia."We used to go out in the sand dunes & have picnics. The kids would roll down the sand dunes & have fun... We'd make bonfires & cook wieners. The food wasn't very good, there was so much sand."

B: Ron, Norma Woodruff, David, cousin Edna Hancock, Roy
F: Lorna, Rhoda, Judi, Richard, Patti and Jim Cobia and Alice Woodruff- *circa* 1954

Chapter 8
Emptying the Nest 1954-1974

Birds in the Air



[1]It was hard when your children leave home. I suppose all Mother's feel this way. After the kids had been home from college for Christmastime and they all went back, I remember going around the house for two or three days just sorry inside. I felt torn. I don't think Dick understood me at all. To me I felt like I had been partly torn apart. I remember several times feeling that way. After two or three days I got back into life. Yet, as you get older, you appreciate a little bit more quiet around home. You can relax a little bit. All the time you haven't been able to, lots of times when you felt you needed to and should do, but you had to keep going anyway and push yourself. In a way it was nice.

After David finished high school, he'd saved up money and he went to college for a little while. Our ward was just a branch then and they were talking about sending missionaries out. Br. Baker came to our house and he wanted to send David on a mission. He would have been the first missionary from Moses Lake. But Dick said, "No, I don't think David should go. I think George should go." So George Fannin went at that time. But David did go soon after that and he went to the North Western States. We just barely got him in in time, because they wanted to take him in the army. They let him off to go on his mission, but after his mission he was to go in the Services.

He was at Fort Ord for quite a while. They were going to send him overseas without letting him have a leave. He hadn't been home at all. Dick put in a big fuss. In fact, he wrote to his congressman and they made a special plea and David got to come home. When he went back he was taken sick and had to be operated on. The group he was with went overseas and he had to stay until he got over his operation. When he got better they sent him overseas [Korea], but he didn't see much active duty.

When Lorna got out of High School she decided she wanted to be a stewardess. Then she gave that up. She went to the Y for one year, then she went out to California to work. We went out to see her that spring. Judi was the little girl we took with us and we went to see Disneyland.

Lorna had several boy friends when she was a girl. She was quite a popular young lady. Lorna and I were close. We were kind of pals. There's one thing that bothered it. When she was right tiny, it used to perturb me because Lorna wasn't like me. She didn't like the same things I liked. The books I'd had I wanted her to like to read and she didn't. That's a lesson I had to learn. Your kids come with their own special personality and likes and dislikes. They are not going to be like yours. They may be as good or better, but they are not yours. I had to learn that.

Lorna and I were quite close. After she got a little older, she had trouble with her back. She used to be good to help me and I needed that help, you know. She had been my right-hand lady and helped me a lot. She did help a lot when the kids were sick. After she got sick I didn't get so much help out of Lorna. She did do a lot of her own sewing and she did quite a bit of cooking. She did a lot of social things. She'd always have lots of parties. She'd invite the friends in and they'd have candy pulls and those kind of things. When Ron and Roy were old enough for a birthday party, she helped with the birthday parties for them, too. She played the piano and did a lot

[1] Compilation from Oral History," Tapes 6, 7, 8, 10, 11and 12.

of playing in the ward and at school and the community. After she hurt her back, she couldn't help Mother very much. I knew that, and that didn't bother me. But she'd keep bringing work home for Mom to do and Mom didn't appreciate that. Lorna got so she was busy a lot at school. I was proud of her and she did well, but I sure missed her.

All these boy friends took so much time. I was a little nervous about some of these boy friends, especially one that was a Catholic, Willie. He was a nice young fellow and we thought a lot of him. But I got really worried about him. I thought they were getting closer. I think they were.

Dick said to Willie, "I don't believe couples should marry that don't have the same religion."

Willie said, "I don't think so either, but I can't get Lorna to listen to my religion!"

She said, "I'll listen to yours and go to yours, if you'll go to mine."

So Willie would go, but he'd shut himself completely off. He didn't hear anything.

Lorna went and she got some of the catechisms and brought them home. One day it was a little cool and Lorna wasn't feeling very good. She got a blanket, wrapped up in it, sat down in the rocking chair and was reading that thing. All of a sudden it came to her that this wasn't true. This wasn't right and it made her sick.

This is one point of difference Dick and I had. I hadn't wanted the kids to go with anybody except LDS boys or LDS girls, LDS companions. I didn't know what to say. I didn't want her to go with Willie, but her Dad said, "That's all right." He took the side that it was all right and rather than quarrel I didn't say anything. I just let it go. She knew how I felt. I still could do a lot of praying and I did pray a lot. Dick did join in with us on the fasting and praying because I don't think he wanted her to marry out of the Church either. Lorna was his special girl.

About that time or just before, my Mother had been down. We decided this was quite a serious thing and we were worried about it. We had a special fast day and we had a special prayer. We went in the bedroom and we were having prayer. A knock come on the door. The knock had to wait a little while till we finished our prayer. It was Willie. Right after that everything all dropped to pieces. I was so thankful for that. I didn't want my daughter to marry a Catholic.

Lorna started going with Ron Zurker. He went on a mission and they were engaged when he left. But they hadn't had a good relationship. She'd come home in tears time after time. They enjoyed each other and yet they didn't. She went down to the "Y." She thought "now I can study" and she did. She studied. She didn't date. She was engaged. Finally she decided to break her engagement. Her father was very unhappy because she did. I didn't feel too bad about it. I had talked to Lorna, like I say we were quite close, and she had told me just how she felt and how she had prayed and how she had gotten an answer that it wasn't the right thing. I went along with her ... because she had decided against it...

We went down [to Provo]. We were supposed to patch it up, but I just went down praying. One day we went out to lunch at the "Y." Here come this fellow and sat down by our table. I thought, "What are you doing horning in here?" It was Bert [Pack]. He was an all right guy, but I wanted this to be a private family affair.

Anyway, Lorna sent the ring back with us. We had the job of taking it to the Zurkers. We did the best we could when we went to the Zurkers. They felt bad because they thought a lot of Lorna. She wrote Ron a "Dear John" letter.

Lorna started going with Bert after that. He used to play the piano. There was a room there with pianos where they practiced. Lorna used to go to practice there and Bert used to go. That's how they got started knowing each other.

Bert had a roommate that said, "How do you get to go with a girl when you don't know her?"

Bert said, "That's easy."

He thought he'd show him how he'd get to go with Lorna. He started going with Lorna and pretty soon he was "really going" with Lorna! They were engaged.

She came home in the spring, getting ready to get married. We lived in the Jensen home. In the basement was one bedroom with a big let-down table. It was great big. I don't know what it was made for, originally it was a train track for the kids. We let Lorna use that room and that's where she made her wedding dress. She had the [fabric] spread out on that big table and she could do what she wanted to. She spent days and days and days and weeks with that. She'd get up and have her breakfast and away she'd go. We wouldn't see hardly anything of Lorna.

A young man had became acquainted with Lorna down [in Provo]. He decided that he wanted Lorna and that Bert wasn't good enough for her. He came and he was going to swipe her away. He came out to the farm and talked to us. Lorna would take off and go downstairs. She didn't pay any attention to him. I was busy. I was freezing peas and making cakes and what have you for this big wedding reception. All the work there was to do. I was busy, but here would come this Taylor. I had the kids shelling peas and he'd come and talk to us. Judi thought he was really neat. I think he helped shell a few peas, but he really got in my way. He went down town and bought Lorna expensive gifts. Her Dad was smart. He told her to give them back to him. Finally we got rid of Taylor. That was quite a deal.

Lorna and Bert were married in the Cardston Temple. I think Lorna went through the temple the day before they were married. The Matron who gives the talks to the brides said Lorna was one of the nicest brides she had talked with. She was cooperative and she wasn't nervous. She didn't know what was coming but she wasn't nervous. Well, I had talked to her and told her there wasn't nothing to worry about and she wasn't. Lots of times kids are nervous.

We had a wedding breakfast at Mother's. Norma and Mother had put a lot of work in on this. They made chicken filling in cream puffs. I don't remember what else, but we had ice cream with apricot puree' on it. I remember how [Bert's mother] enjoyed that. She thought the ice cream and apricots were so delicious.

The kids went up to Waterton Lakes. Of course, they took off and we weren't supposed to see them any more. But we took Bert's parents up to Waterton Lakes...and who should be coming down in a little boat but Lorna and Bert. They docked and came in. A bear came up to the camp and Bert wanted to get a picture of it. It kind of charged him. Boy, did Lorna get frightened.

We had a reception in Moses Lake. One of Lorna's acquaintances helped her with the decorations. I made Angel Food Cake and we cut it into squares and iced it and rolled it in coconut. Those were pink and green. They were delicate and pretty.

The kids went back to school.

I felt good about Lorna's marriage.... It had been a good experience and we felt like Bert was a special young man. We were happy.

[In 1960] Roy came home from Ricks College all excited. [The Church Leaders announced] they were letting nineteen-year-olds go on a mission now! He was about the first one who knew it. A lot of bishops didn't even know it. I don't think our bishop did. They were going to let nineteen year-olds go and he was going to work and put his money away and he was going to be one of the first nineteen year-olds to go out and he was. He really worked hard that summer and he did put away a lot of money. We didn't spend too much on Roy when he was out on his mission. We didn't have big sums of money put away. It had taken quite a bit of money because David had had his mission and Lorna and David had been going to college. It took

quite a bit to raise children and we didn't make that much.

One thing that helped our boys go on missions, I'm sure, is we had always planned on them doing it. At first Roy was the only one who was going. Then Ron decided he wanted to go too. Maybe the reason Ron didn't think he wanted to go on a mission was a girl he met at BYU. He finally got the courage and went.[1] We were very thrilled about that. Ron had been sick that summer. He'd been to Cardston, Alberta and had a hernia operation just before he went on his mission. He stayed with his Grandmother. [The cost] was more reasonable up there and that is why we let him go up there. I thought it was a very good experience any way. I'm sure he enjoyed that time he had with his Grandmother and Aunt Norma. That is the last time he spent time with them.

We only kept Ron [in the mission field] for a certain numbers of months. [Wenatchee Elders Quorum] wanted to help Ron and they did. Some months there wasn't quite enough money to stretch out and we finally found that Ron was doing without very much food so we started sending him a little bit. I was busy at home and I'd scrimp and squeeze so there was enough. I guess I'd done it all my life anyway. I had a garden and made over clothes for the little kids and tried to make them attractive. One fall I went out with a crew when they harvested the potatoes. I pulled vines off the potato harvester.

When David was married we felt good about that too. David came and brought Pat [Whitehead Smith] to meet us.... We didn't realize how serious [their relationship] was. He just brought her there and we had to decide on the spur-of-the-moment something to do while she was there. We decided we'd go up by Spokane. There were some friends from Moses Lake who had moved up there and had a nice place. We went up there fishing and camping in a tent. We had fun. We came back and they went home.

Just after they got home [Salt Lake City], David called us and said, "You can't guess who is sitting on my lap." All of a sudden they had decided to get married. He was going back to Purdue to school that fall. We were concerned about him going back there all by himself. Oh, he could take care of himself all right, but we thought how lonesome it would be. They decided to get married right away, sudden.

We had a wedding to plan right quick. We called Mother and Norma. They were going to have a wedding breakfast for us in Canada. The kids were to be married in Salt Lake, then they were coming up to Moses Lake for an open house, then up to Canada on their honeymoon, then back to Purdue. We hurried up. I made a dress and got the open house planned. Charlene was going to help me.

Dick and I went down to the wedding in the Salt Lake Temple. They had a reception in a garden of one of their friends or relatives. It was in a garden in their backyard; it was beautiful. Pat had a friend that played the harp. It was lovely. We stood and stood and stood. I had an awful time because my high heels kept poking through the soil. I was trying to stand up so they wouldn't poke through the grass and ruin it but I couldn't do it.

We hurried home and got there late at night. We were living in the little house of Baker's before our home was built. When we got there Brother and Sister Baker had been waiting up for us. Sister Baker came and told me my mother had been killed in an accident.

Mother's death[2] was so sudden. Before Mother died she had been down to see us. I remember looking at Mother and her skin looked so transparent. It gave me a funny feeling. I didn't quite know what it was. She looked heavenly.

[1] Ron went to the Great Lakes Mission and Roy went to the Texas Mission, November 1960-1962.

[2] 29 August 1961

Golden and Bonnie and their little girl, Mary, had gone to Canada to see Mom and visit friends and they and Norma had gotten in Norma's new little car. They were going on their way up to Calgary to see Ruth Jacobs Glen. On the way, there was a sharp turn in the road. The car went out of control and turned over and Mother was killed instantly. It broke her neck. Little Mary was killed too. Bonnie had some broken bones although they didn't find them at that time. They didn't know what was the matter with her. Norma had a broken leg and a very badly twisted leg. Golden had bumps and bruises. He was sore and stiff for a while. They were all in the hospital. Golden came out of it best. It took Norma a long time to heal.

I called Uncle Charlie. Immediately he went to Canada and he took me with him, leaving Charlene to take care of the open house we had planned for David and Pat at our place. Charlene took charge of that. I had everything prepared, but I wasn't there to do it.

I went to Claresholm where Norma and Bonnie and Golden were in the hospital. I stayed with one of Dad's relatives, Mary Hatch Oviatt. They were so lovely with me. For about a week, I'd stay all day at the hospital, then I'd come back and stay [with the Oviatts] at night. I had to go back down to Cardston. Retta has always been such a sweet sister. She helped get [Mother's burial] clothes ready. I didn't do any of the work but I helped with the planning.

Uncle Charlie came and got me and took me to the mortuary. He was very close to mother and they had good times together. We looked at Mother. [She] was nicely dressed, but they didn't view the body. With her neck being broken it swoll all up and part of her had turned black and her hands were all puffy. It didn't look like Mother. So they didn't open the casket. Little Mary looked just like a little doll. Her funeral wasn't held then. They took her body back to Idaho near Bonnie's relatives.

Then I went to the funeral. It was held in the Stake House at Cardston. I don't remember the funeral. It seems queer, but when you are in shock and grief and there had been so many things happen, I don't remember. I remember being in Claresholm and going to the hospital to see Norma every day and how concerned she was. She and Bonnie were in the same room for a while. She worried so much about Bonnie that they moved her out. The doctor didn't realize there was anything wrong with Bonnie. They later found out she had broken her back. She couldn't eat. They thought she was putting on. Bonnie was a real brick and a sweetheart through it all, although she's lost her only child.

It took Norma a long time to get over her [injuries] because the ligaments were so badly twisted in her leg. She was at hospital for a while, then she was in the Lethbridge Hospital where they gave her therapy. In December she was able to come down to Moses Lake. I had gone down to California to be with Lorna when Allyson was born. Dick brought all the children and Norma down for Christmas.[1] She was walking with canes when we went back [home]. She stayed several months. She exercised those legs. I remember I made sandbags with different amounts of sand in them. She'd have a small one at first then I'd add a larger one and a larger one. She exercised that leg. When she went back the doctors were real pleased with how she had progressed. I was managing Dairy Land at the time and she would exercise every day. Besides that she painted a lot of things in the house. She painted all the dressers. They were so well done. We had just moved into our new home.

When the twins finished their missions, we decided that we would go and pick them up.... We invited Ron's girl friend, Hildred Chappell, to go with us. First we met Roy at St. Joseph, Missouri. He was still happy, full of missionary dreams. He could have stayed on

[1] "Dick wrote, Rhoda got $500 out of what cash her mother had, so felt she wanted to use it that way." "Letters to Hattie..." 8 December 1961.

his mission forever. He could have given that his life, his life's work. He loved his mission and enjoyed doing it. After Roy got on his mission he was working so hard he'd forget about writing to Mom and Dad. The missionaries were supposed to write to their parents once a week. We'd write and write. It had been three weeks, or was it six, and we were really getting concerned. We called the mission president. Poor Roy. The mission president called him and he was writing a letter to Mom and Dad right then. He didn't miss after that!

After we picked up Roy we went to Lafayette, Indiana, where David and Pat were and where we met Ron. We stayed at Pat's and David's for a few days. They had just had their first baby, LeeAnn. I was going to help Pat a little bit. For a while we were quite concerned about little LeeAnn. She was a yellow baby. The doctors frightened Pat by telling her that LeeAnn had yellow jaundice and her kidneys were so bad they would have to operate on her. Pat was so worried. I couldn't understand that because when Ron and Roy were born, Roy was yellow as could be. We didn't do anything, we just fed him and he grew out of it. Of course now they put them in the sun and several things.

Roy and I (David was at school) took little LeeAnn back to the hospital where they were going to take some tests. They'd prick that little thing on the foot and brought in a whole pan full of little tiny glass tubes. They took all this blood from her and every time they did she'd cry. They said, "Oh she can't feel anything."

I thought, "Why not? She's a human."

I'd pick her up after each prick and give her a love and she'd quieten down. Then they'd stick her again and I had it to do all over again. So I had to give lots of love to LeeAnn. Bless her heart. I guess she started to get better like children do and they didn't have to operate. I remember my concern with Pat and LeeAnn right then. She did have trouble with colic, but I had trouble with several of mine with colic too. Pat was a new mother. She hadn't had the experience of living in a home with a new baby so it was new to her, but she was smart and very caring. David was a help, too.

Soon we left [Lafayette] and went to South Carolina. That was the first time I had been to South Carolina and it was fun. We saw all the old places Dick had talked so much about, the old schools he went to. We went around an old Church yard. His parent's graves were out on farm land. I've visited that several times since. We saw some of his old friends.

His sister, Ada, lived down there with her husband, George Carlilie. He wasn't a member of the Church. In fact he was antagonistic against it. We didn't say anything about the church because Ada had warned us against it. He really enjoyed Roy and Ron and Hildred. He called Hildred "Magnolia." Ron played his violin. George kept bragging about those twins; they were such wonderful boys. Afterward his sister-in-law, Ada's and Dick's sister, told him that they were just coming home from a mission. He said, "No, that couldn't be." Ada had had a difficult life and she hadn't been allowed to live her religion at all, but it meant a lot to her.

We had a nice time there. Ada had a cute little old home. It was so clean and nice and her lovely food. She prepared such lovely meals. None of their children were living at home at that time. They were all gone, but we saw several of them that lived around in the area. Ada was a lovely person and I did enjoy her.

We were there in November and they had little turnips coming up and strawberries. I took a start of holly and a start of strawberries and they grew, too, after I got them home. I don't know what happened to them finally. Oh-h-h, Dick had somebody plow the garden up and he plowed my strawberries up and I felt so bad because they came from way-down south.

We went from Georgia to Texas and boy that was a B-I-G state. We kept saying, "The sun has riz, the sun has set and still we is in Texas yet." And we were too. We drove and

drove and drove. We stopped at several of the places Roy had been and met several of the people he had worked with. They really had enjoyed Roy. He had been a good missionary. One sister told me how much she had worried about Roy because he got so thin. One time he got so thin she was ready to call home. I guess he started eating more because he didn't look too bad when we saw him. He was always invited out to meals but he didn't take time to eat. He was probably never there when they served the food. He had missionary work on his mind and that only.

In Texas - Dallas - Roy went back to visit his old mission president. They had a missionary meeting that night and they invited us to come. We all went but Hildred didn't want to go in because she ... didn't have a skirt on. She sat out in the car all that while. I couldn't enjoy the meeting very good at all, though it was a good one. There were good talks. Some of the missionaries that were going home talked and some of the ones that just came out talked. But I could feel Hildred out in the car freezing. No heat and it was getting cold. It wasn't all that cold, but it wasn't hot. Finally we got out there, but she didn't get on the train and go home the next day - but I thought she would!

We traveled on up to California. Lorna was living there then. We went to Bert and Lorna's. Lorna had two children then. There are a lot of Cobias out in California. I don't think we met any of my folks on this trip. We saw a lot of Dick's relatives. We had a nice visit there.

We went home. We were in our new home then. Ron and Roy went to college at Big Bend Community College. That was the first year it started. They held the classes at night in the high school because they didn't have the college finished yet. It was a little primitive I guess, but the kids, I'm sure, got some good out of it. Ron got some ideas. He took "Courtship and Marriage." I always wanted all my boys to take "Courtship and Marriage." I always thought young men and young women should be trained a little bit on how to treat each other and what to do in marriage. I think that course helped Ron. My other kids never did take it at the "Y" where I wanted them to take it.

Ron and Hildred got married in the summer of 1963. We had dresses to make. They were green taffeta for Patti and Judi. I don't remember what I wore. I think I wore the one I wore for David's [wedding reception]. It was a pink brocade. David brought the material home from Japan or Korea when he was in the service. It was pretty material.

The wedding was in Salt Lake. Almost immediately after we got to Salt Lake, there was this girl, Joelroy, from Texas. (I've forgotten her last name.) She had fallen in love with Roy when he was on his mission. She hadn't joined the Church then but she decided she was going to join the Church. She came up to Salt Lake to have Roy baptize her, because nobody but Roy could baptize her. It didn't seem quite right, but she had permission. It was to be done in the Tabernacle the day after the wedding.

Joelroy's mother wouldn't let her come without her and I thought that was very good, but the whole thing made her unhappy - I can sort of understand that too - to have to fly up to Salt Lake to get her daughter baptized, but she wasn't letting her come alone. I don't think she was at the baptism.

At the baptism they had a little meeting. I guess Roy must have conducted it and he baptized her. Bert and David spoke, I think. I was there. The baptism took a lot of time and we needed to be getting down to Loa which was about 200 miles. We were supposed to be down there to a reception for Ron and Hildred. This was their big day.

Roy was going to put Joelroy on the plane to go home, but she just wouldn't go when she should do. I remember that afternoon I kept wanting to go and wanting to go and we couldn't go because Roy couldn't get rid of his responsibility. It made it later and later before

he could get rid of that sweet, little, insistent girl. After her baptism she wrote to me for months. Joelroy was a sweet little girl and a pretty little thing. I couldn't help but feel for her. One time she sent her baptism records back and they were all tear-stained. She was so mad because Roy wouldn't answer any of her letters. He didn't want to encourage her because he didn't love her. He didn't know what to do about it so the only thing he could do was ignore her. Then in just a little while she wrote and wanted them back again. She finally married, but I don't think she married in the Church. I've often wondered what happened to her because she was a sweet girl but not for Roy.

When we went down to [Ron and Hildred's] reception, we were late, way late. We got in on some of the food and a little of the festivities but we were very unhappy about it. Then we went home and had a reception in our home. We made my Mother's date balls and coconut covered marshmallows for refreshments. Then Ron went back to school.

In 1964, we went on a big trip to Hawaii.[1] Judi, Jim and Patti were still at home. Judi stayed with Stevens, Jim stayed with Bakers, and Patti stayed with Hughes. We went down by way of Lila and Bob's in California. I think we left our car there and they took us to the L.A. airport. We took a plane and flew over to Hawaii. The Packs, Lorna and Bert's folks, picked us up at the airport. We had leis given to us. They took us to their home and treated us royally for two weeks.

It was so warm I couldn't believe how lovely the weather was. I'd hear the wind blowing and think, "Oh, it must be cold outside." We'd go outside and it was warm, balmy. The sea was right there. We went looking for shells. It was the thing then to get those big glass balls that floated over [from Japanese fishing nets.] We did pick up a few of them. We were able to go through the temple. We went to a Luau. I think it was a Church Luau.

We went through the Polynesian Village and that was great. They showed us how they made poi and taupa, the cloth they make out of bark. They showed us how they do their quilts and weave and make hats out of coconut leaves. It was so interesting and so fun.

We were going somewhere all the time. We went bathing in the surf. We went to several evening entertainments. There was a stake dance and we met some of the members of the Church. There was one woman that was so nice. She helped serve the refreshments at the Stake Dance. She gave me some beads. We went around the high mountains and there were people selling beads everywhere. We bought some, but that lady gave me some. They weren't all that colorful, but I still value them. We went all over the island. We went through museums. We saw the old battlefields and all the soldiers' graves. Some of the old huts. All the shops out in the open. The relaxed, loving atmosphere that is there.

Packs had three daughters still living at home. Brother Pack was the landscape architect for all the Church buildings and grounds. They were just completing the Polynesian Cultural Center. Sister Pack was going to school. They were really busy but they made us very welcome. We had a bedroom to ourselves. We could fix any food we wanted too, and they loaned us a car. They told us places to go. They were generally special to us. They were able to spend one day with us. They took us to Pearl Harbor and showed us around.

There was another couple, the Wooleys, who lived there. They had moved from Moses Lake. They showed us around some. He scared me to death! He'd get in the Jeep and drive crazy wild all over the place. The things we saw, the blow holes, were very interesting and a fun trip. We met lots of nice people. We went to a tea garden. It was all very special.

[1] January 1-19, 1964. Lila is Dick's sister.

That was the first time I'd flown any distance, but I'd been in a plane before. We weren't worried about hi-jackers! (laughs) It was really a fun place to visit. It would be fun to go again.

When Roy and Ron were in college, it came to my attention that Roy wasn't eating enough. When I saw him, he was so thin. I was baby sitting for a little extra money then. I'd send him $25.00 a month, that's all it was, but it did help him to buy food. It was enough to buy him a good meal.

When Judi went to college I sent her the money from my baby sitting for a little extra. Dick put in some when it was needed. When Jim went on his mission he had also put away some but most of Jim's mission money came from my work at Dairy Land.

I can't remember sending money to Patti, but I must have sent to her too. We bought her a sewing machine and I paid a good deal on that from my money at Dairy Land. I didn't make very much. I got $2.00 an hour. I started at $1.80 and I was the manager.

Maybe I should say a little bit about working at Dairy Land. Patti was still home, and Jim was home in the summers. After the other children went away I felt we needed a little extra for the kids that were going to school and missions. While Jim was on his mission I started working at Dairy Land. I often thought for some reason or another that I would like to work there. I never did think of managing the place, but I thought I would like to work there. I put in my application. Months after, (Dennis Killian was in charge of the drive-in dairy) they needed a new manager. He told his father that I had applied and his father gave me a high recommendation. He said, "She'll be good." I don't know why he thought that. I hadn't had any experience outside my home. I had baby sat and that is all I had done.

One day he called and he wanted me to come right down. It was just before Christmas. His manager had left and he didn't have anybody. Here I was! There was a girl there who was married and she was expecting a baby. She could just help me a little bit. I didn't know how to run a cash register. I didn't know how to keep the books. I just didn't know how to do anything. Most of the time I was just on my own. Every time the young fellow would come in to bring the milk in the morning I'd ask him how to do this and how to do that and he didn't know. Dennis didn't come in. He lived in Othello. The girl that was to help me was there a day or two and she was gone. It was difficult learning. I kept thinking, "I can do it. I can do it. I can do it." I had to say that over and over to myself before I really learned how to do it. It really wasn't hard and there wasn't all that many books to keep. The main thing was keeping them up everyday and moving those heavy bottles of milk up into the showcase so you could get at them.

The inspectors hadn't been putting a very good report up for Dennis, but it wasn't very long until I was having a good report all the time. They came in and didn't seem to worry about it and always said how clean it was. That made me happy. I always thought a dairy should be clean, so I kept it clean and I insisted the girls who helped me keep it clean. I got to hire the girls who helped me and I never knew who to hire either. I hired school girls, mostly, to help me after school. I had some good ones and some that weren't too good, of course.

That [job] was good for me. I needed to know that I could do something. Of course I knew the main important calling I had in life was that of a Mother. But it was nice to know that I could do something else too and that I could meet the public.

I used to go home dog tired, but I really enjoyed my work there. Business really picked up. It was comparatively new when I went in. It got so it was really bringing in the money. Dennis was doing real good. He was helping his brother-in-laws who'd bought an orange orchard in California. He was sending money

to them. I know we did real well, but he still didn't want to pay us much. It got so we were having to have help during the day too. We were kept quite busy. I worked there five years.

When Judi was a teenager my concerns were more than ever. I don't think I was close, at that time, to Judi. I was later. I was worried and concerned. There were several circumstances that made it bad. That was one time Dick and I didn't agree. There were things that came up that poor little Judi was in the midst of that no child should have to put up with between Dick and I. I didn't talk to her and her Dad did some and it left sort of a burden on her. She had a very low [opinion] of her Mother. It made it real hard. Lots of times I was there alone with that little girl. She used to go off with some of her friends and not come home at night. It scared the day-lights out of me. I had reason to be nervous and frightened. I remember, not often but occasionally, having to go hunt her up and bring her home. Life was hard for her and it was hard for me where otherwise it wouldn't need to have been. A lot of the time she was just silent. She didn't understand my point of view, that's for sure. It was really a tough time for both of us.

I was concerned because there were boy friends there from the [air] base and I was concerned that my daughter wasn't going to get married in the temple and be ready for a good life. I had a hard time teaching Judi. She didn't want to do anything around the home. I can understand why but she needed to learn how to cook and how to manage and how to be frugal. She didn't want any of that frugal stuff. She was going to get married to somebody rich! She was going to have lots of money! I thought, "Well that's kind of a pipe dream little girl." It worried and concerned me.

She did go to Church and she did participate a certain amount. She went to Seminary and these things, but I was very concerned about her. Judi had a special spirit. She always did and she still does and she was a special little girl. She was a sensitive little girl, but I just couldn't get real close to Judi and it did worry and bother me. Our relationship just wasn't like it should have been. Well, she didn't trust me. She thought I was an awful person so naturally she treated me somewhat like that. It made it really, really hard for her and me, both of us.

All of our kids have married really well, except Judi's first marriage. Judi went to college down to Rexburg. In February or March, she started taking up with David Drake. She brought him home in April and nobody was very impressed. She thought he was just the super-duper-est thing that every happened. He could sure talk. We didn't feel good about him.

We went down to Lorna's to make Judi's wedding dress. Lorna spent a lot of time on that. It was a lovely dress. It was simply beautiful. Lots and lots of handwork on it. When it was time to come home, David came to pick us up and he took us all over California to meet his sister and his brother. I guess he wanted to convince me that he was from a good family and he was. But that didn't make him any better. They had announcements made for a temple wedding. At the time he was excommunicated. How he ever had the nerve to have a temple wedding printed up, I'll never know. But they did.

My sister, Norma Woodruff, had been very sick. We just barely got home and we heard of her death. We went to Canada for the funeral, Oh such a busy time. We threw so much together so fast. We just got home. We'd planned this to be a temple wedding, but then it had to be in a home. Drakes wanted it to be in our home, but Dick didn't want it in our home. It was held in the Drake's home. We'd like to call the whole thing off, but it didn't seem like that was possible. We let Judi know we didn't appreciate it, but we didn't push it too much. I think now I would have done it differently, but we didn't. I don't think it would have done any good, I really don't. Anyway, Judi married David.

That fall they went to school at the Y. A year from that July Tiffani was born. I went down. When Judi came home with her she was a lovely little thing. Before Tiffani was born they were talking about what they were going to name her. Sister Drake said, "Well, if it's a girl we should name it after her two grandmothers, "Edna Rhoda Drake." But, of course, they didn't.

I certainly was not impressed with David. He was nice to talk to. He could talk a blue-streak. But he was all talk. He was no action. They didn't have a washer and I used to take the clothes quite a distance to the Laundromat. He'd say he'd come and pick me up, but he never did. He didn't do what he said he was going to do. I'd have to leave the clothes and come back. I just knew I couldn't depend on him. If I was right there I could bug him until he'd take me over to get the clothes washed. Oh what a summer that was.

It wasn't long till there was problems because David stepped out on Judi. He could lie and make you believe it. Judi came back home and stayed for a little while. I felt good about having her. I wanted to help her out. I felt bad about the way things were going. It was a very sad situation. We were glad to have her home with us, but it wasn't a good place for her to be. There was nothing for her to do there. There was no outside interest. Her friends were gone and it wasn't a happy thing to come home without a husband. You felt embarrassed and she was unhappy. Although we enjoyed her and the baby, it wasn't a good thing. It wasn't long until she decided to go back. She went back to David. I don't know how come. She went back to him very much against her Father's wishes. I knew it wasn't good, but I thought, "Well, one more try."

She went back to David and they were together for a little while. Finally they decided it just wasn't going to work. They'd better get a divorce. They decided to do that. When Jim went on his mission we stopped in to see her. She was in her little apartment with little Tiffani and looked out the window as we left so forlorn and sad. We felt so bad about leaving her and she was pregnant with Richard. I know when she got pregnant she felt so terribly bad in some ways. She was close to her Mother-in-law and she called Sister Drake. Sister Drake and Brother Drake were a comfort and help to her. They did what they could for Judi. Her Mother-in-law tried to encourage her and make her feel that maybe this would be a special son, which he really has been, a special child.

Judi went to work. In September Richard was born. I went down. Richard was a cute little guy. I brought Judi home with me. She was supposed to be able to stay two weeks, but they only let her stay a week and told her if she didn't get back she'd lose her job. So she had to go back down. She wasn't strong. She wasn't ready for that at all, but she had to go. We loaned her one of our cars. It was an old one but it worked good. Dick took her to Salt Lake in that little car and he got on the train or the plane to come home. That's when Dick had his heart problems. It really upset him. It hurt him to see her so alone.

Judi got home okay and got back to work at Signetics. She was a good worker. She was good with her hands and she was one of their best workers. But Judi couldn't take it. Her nerves got real bad. The next spring Sister Drake said to her, "You bring the children up to me. I'll take care of them and you go back to school." I helped her pack and helped her get moved into a little apartment where she was going to be with some other girls and go to school.

Before I came, Judi had ... gone to a Single's Dance and met a young man, [Philip Vernon]. He kind of liked her. When it was time to take Tiffani and Richard up to Pocatello to their Grandparents, he offered to take the kids up. We got them all ready.... When it was the time he said he would go, he was there. No waiting a half day for him. He was there and he was there on time. All the food was gone.

He'd fried bacon and put it in tin foil and had it wrapped up and it was all hot so we had a breakfast of bacon. We had something to eat and away we went. We all went up to Pocatello and we didn't stay long. I remember Sister Drake asked me if I thought that Judi and Phil were serious. I didn't know at that time. I thought they might be. Sister Drake took the children and Judi went to school for a short time.

David was going to take the [kid's] clothes up. He was going to come [the morning we left] to get the clothes, but he didn't do it. And he didn't do it. I don't know when those poor kids got their clothes, two or three days later.

[Phil] had been living in Provo, but he'd gotten a job in California and moved to California. It wasn't very long till one weekend Phil came back to Provo to get some of his clothes. He went to see Judi and he talked her into marrying him. Judi went to the Bishop who was a new Bishop to her. She hadn't known him very long. He told her it was the thing to do to marry Phil. I don't know how he knew on that short notice, but he must have had inspiration. Judi decided to. She called home. She sounded very positive, but I'm sure she wasn't exactly sure that was the thing to do. It was hard for her to decide because she'd had such a bad experience the first time. After they left Provo and got part way down to where they were going to be married, she said, "Oh, I can't go through with this. This is not the thing for me to do." I guess Phil had to talk quite hard, but he finally convinced her it was the thing to do.

My emotions were mixed. [Phil] seemed like a good young man to me. Phil was a down-to-earth, honest, if I-say-I'll-be-there-I'll-be-there kind of a person. That way I really liked him, but still I was a little nervous about it. Judi said all the right things to make me feel good. That the Bishop had said it was the thing to do. She didn't say anything about her doubts.

Anyway, they got down to Nevada and were married. No family there. Of course, they knew she had the blessing of her parents and the best of hopes. They went on to California. The Drakes were going to keep the children for a while. Of course Phil had to go back to work. They had just a tiny little apartment, big enough for two not for four. They were there just a short while when they got word from the Drakes that Sister Drake was sick and not able to take care of the children. Judi and Phil went and got them.

The summer that Judi and Phil got married, [1969], Roy got engaged to Janice DeJong, a girl he met in Salt Lake while teaching school. When he came home for the summer, oh-h-h, our phone bills were terrific. He would be a little unhappy about some things. I really don't know what it was all about. He thought the world of Janice and she did him. They had to work out a lot of things.

Their wedding was in Salt Lake where Janice lived, we were all going to go in one car. Roy went earlier in his car because he was going to have his car painted and he was going to use our second car. We took another car down so he could use our second car. It made it so I had to drive one car. We didn't decide until the morning we left.

The evening before we left I was so busy getting ready, doing so many things and Dick went to bed early. He said, "I've got to go to bed early because I have to drive tomorrow. It won't make much difference to you because you can sleep." In the morning I had to drive too without much sleep.

I had to follow Dick. If I didn't I would have gotten lost. Towards evening we were getting close to Salt Lake and it was hard to follow Dick. He didn't exactly know his way and I didn't know my way at all. He was going so fast. I had a hard time keeping up with him. When we stopped for gas I got after him. I said, "I can't keep up with you. You are going too fast."

He said, "Why don't we just go [separately]?"

No way did I know the way. I don't know if he was teasing me or not. But I couldn't have gotten anywhere.

I said, "We'll have to stop for the night or go slower."

He said, "I'll go slower."

But he didn't go slower.

It was fortunate that the police didn't catch me because I stuck right to his "coat tail." I kept Patti with me. Bless her little heart, she couldn't hardly take it. When I'd go through stop lights and different things to keep up with Dick, she'd bury her head in a pillow. I really don't know how we got there all in one piece.

All the family came for the wedding, except Jim who was on a mission. Roy and Janice got married in the morning [in the Salt Lake Temple]. They had a wedding breakfast at Janice's folks, out in their back yard. It was really nice weather and it was lovely. In the evening we had a nice reception at their church. They had it catered. All the wedding receptions I had done, we'd done all the work ourselves.

While we were in Salt Lake we stayed with Rex and Marilyn Lybbert. They were both so special to us. When we got there, we received word that Brother Hughes had died. Dave Stevens phoned down and told us. Patti and Diana Hughes were very best of friends. After the reception we went up to Br. Hughes' funeral.

[1]"[When] Jim went on a mission... we kept waiting for his mission call to come and kept waiting for his mission call to come. Finally here was this letter came one morning in the mail. And I had to wait all day. I wanted to open it, but I thought I'd better not! (Laugh) Jim was at work.... Just before he came home from work that night here was this phone call. It said, 'Did your son receive a mission call?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, don't open it. Send it back. We'll send you another one. I'm sure he'll be happy with it.'

"So we sent it back. In a short time another one came and Jim opened it and it was to the Phillippines and **Yes** he was happy with that. We found out years later that his other mission call had been to Washington, right where we lived (laugh) and they don't send them to their own mission. So, yes, he was very happy with his mission call. So he went on his mission."

One day the Bishop asked Dick and I to come into his office. We couldn't imagine what was coming up. Just like everybody does, I guess. When we got in there, he asked me if I would be the Relief Society President and asked Dick if he would sustain me in this calling. We both said, "Yes." The previous president had been wanting to get out for quite a while because her health wasn't very good.

I was put in just at a difficult time. At least I thought it was rather difficult. Was I ever busy! I was working at Dairy Land and Patti was home. It was just about a month before the bazaar was scheduled. I had it all dumped in my lap. Of course, a lot of the plans were made but it is rather hard to take over someone else's plans in mid-stream.

It was a lovely, large bazaar. We don't have bazaars any more. In those days [the Relief Society] did have bazaars. We earned our own money and that is one of the ways we did it. In Moses Lake we used to earn a lot on our bazaar. We had several booths, one for baked goods, one for candy, one for embroidered goods, quilts and different things. The women would be doing handwork for months and months before the bazaar. Everything we sold was donated. We bought a few things for the fish pond. The whole ward would come. It seemed like a lot of work at once, but without the help of the Lord I know I couldn't have done it, but with His help, some way we got through.

[1] Four paragraphs from "Interview...Kathy"

We brought in a nice lot of money. Shortly after that, they took all the money away from the Relief Society and put it with the Ward funds and then we were on the Ward budget. In our ward, although it was the Stake House and a lovely building, the kitchen was inadequate. It was poorly equipped. The stoves didn't work. It was difficult to fix a meal there and keep food hot. We had talked and we had decided we were going to get something in that kitchen that would work good. The Bishop was always wanting us to fix a great, big meal and there was no equipment. All our plans went "up in smoke." I promised the sisters. I told the bishop I promised them. He said, "What did you do that for?" Naturally I thought we were going to have all that money, and there was a lot, and we were going to do that. But all the money went into the ward budget and we didn't have any more bazaars.

I had some special counselors, Dora Ellis was my first counselor, and Jeralyn Platt worked with me for a while. I really enjoyed Dora. She was so good, so dependable, always there and she helped me so well. I really loved her. I had some good secretaries. Muriel Lyon was really devoted and really good. I had good teachers. We had a good Relief Society. It was during that time that we started having Sunday Relief Society. We had one on the week day and one on Sunday.

We had two funerals while I was President. I didn't have to dress the people, but we did get the clothes. We went to Othello to get the clothes. We prepared the meals. The missionaries used to come for conferences to Moses Lake often and they asked our Relief Society to prepare meals. We had two families that had to have Welfare help. We had Seventeenth of March parties [the Relief Society Anniversary]. It was a really busy time, but I enjoyed it. It was a big responsibility and lots of work, but lots of satisfaction and joy came from them.

At the time I took it over, the woman that had been Relief Society President (not the last one, but the one before that) gave me a warning. "We've had a hundred percent Visiting Teaching for a number of years, don't you dare let it down." So we kept up our hundred percent too while I was in. They went out a hundred percent of the time, but I'm not sure if they visited every person. But we did our Visiting Teaching well.

There is a special blessing that goes with the calling of Relief Society President. You have special helps. You can feel the spirit and the help. I remember at night I'd have all these concerns and things I had to do in Relief Society. I'd go to bed so tired. But in the night or early in the morning I'd wake up and these things would be on my mind, and the answers would come. It was such a special thing to have the answers come to you. I'd know what to do, not always, but oft times. It was a blessing to me.

I enjoyed the Relief Society. I was only President for two years because my health became bad. It seemed such a responsibility with my health the way it was to be on call all the time. I got so I could hardly function. The bishop was very reluctant to let me go. I didn't look all that sick, I guess. Finally after I said something and my counselor said something to him and my husband did, he let me out of the Relief Society. Not that I really wanted to, but I couldn't keep up with it. I was working at the time too, at Dairy Land. I felt like I needed to do that because we were still sending money to Jim.

Right after that I had a calling in the Church like I'd never had before. I thought, "Oh, I've got to do something in the Church. I hope they call me to something. I thought, "I could be the secretary in the Relief Society. That wouldn't be hard." But the Bishop had another idea. They put me in the Primary library. There was a lot of work to do there, but you worked as much as you could. There were a certain amount of packets to fix each week for each class. Then there were extra packets that needed cutting out and coloring

that we had to get prepare ahead. I worked as much as I could, but it wasn't near the strain it was to be Relief Society President.

I have always worked in the Church. I haven't mentioned all the things I've done. When I was younger, the first thing I did was Relief Society Secretary when Mother was president. I was Primary teacher. I was Primary secretary. Then I was a counselor in the Primary Presidency, then I was president. This was in Canada. I didn't work in the Mutual in Canada[1] and not too much in the Sunday School. When we moved to Moses Lake I was in the Relief Society Presidency at first. Later I worked some in the Primary, but mostly in the Relief Society. When [Moses Lake] was in a mission I worked in the District M.I.A. We used to travel. I never did feel at home in that. I didn't know much about it. When you are in the mission field you don't have the helps you do in an organized Stake. There wasn't much instruction and I had a hard time doing what I felt like I ought too, but I tried. When we became a Stake it seemed better and we had our stake meetings and we had helps. I was in the Stake Mutual, the secretary for five years.

I enjoyed working in the Mutual when my children were in their teens because you got to know the standards of the Church. Of course I knew them anyway, but I got to know them more fully and I could implement them in my own family. I really enjoyed being able to go to Church and the M.I.A. activities and be there with my children. I enjoyed working with the young people. My favorite organization has always been the Relief Society. I always had a job in the Church and I always enjoyed it. It was an anchor to my life.

Our next wedding was Patti. It was a Biggie!

Patti... used to be a pretty good kiddo to help me. She didn't learn how to cook until just before she went away to college. Then I decided it was time for Patti to learn how to cook. We used to take turns. One week she'd clean the house and I'd do the cooking and the dishes and the next week she'd do the cooking and the dishes and I'd clean the house. Of course, there wasn't too much then to do, part of the time Jim wasn't even there. It was a good experience for her. Patti worked hard at her school. She took piano and worked hard at that. She took a little dancing. Patti worked at Dairy Land when she had any extra time or when there was work there to be done that I needed her.

Patti gave me some worries too. She went with a non-LDS boy all the time before she went to college at Rexburg. I thought, "Oh good, I'm going to send her away to school. Now I don't need to worry about non-LDS boys any more. She can get her some LDS boys."

The young man, not LDS, followed her. He didn't go to Ricks to school, but he'd go down to see her. We didn't like that. We didn't even want her to write to him.

We used to have our Home Evenings, lots of time, on Sundays. One Sunday Dick and I used our whole Home Evening getting a letter ready to send to Patti in which we told her how we felt about her going with this young man that wasn't a member of the Church. After that she broke off with him. He joined the Church about that time just so he could ease her mind. But it doesn't do you any good to join the Church unless you mean it. And I'm sure he didn't mean it because he never did go or do anything with it. It doesn't do any good to join the Church just to be joining.

Patti went with several boys at Ricks. After Greg [Hughes] came home from Germany from his mission, he started going with Patti. She knew the Hughes from the time they lived in Moses Lake. She was very close friends with their daughter Diana. They enjoyed each other very much. After the family moved back to Idaho, Patti wrote to Diana all the time. Br. Hughes came back to Moses Lake on a visit

[1] Her journals show she was the Bee Hive teacher there.

one time. He had been in the bishopric when he was there and he was highly thought of in Moses Lake. When he was there that Sunday they had him speak. I don't exactly remember what he said, but he got to talking about Patti. Br. Hughes thought Patti was just all right and he said so in his talk. I don't remember the words but he said it in church that the young man that got Patti would be fortunate. I always felt like he gave his recommendations for Greg to marry Patti.

When Greg came home, he ...went to school at Rexburg. This was Patti's second year at Rexburg and his second year. I remember the fun things they used to do. Talk about not having money, they didn't have too much money. Greg's mother was a widow and Patti didn't have much. They used to play dominoes. They used to get together and play all sorts of games. It was difficult. In Patti's dorm there were lots of girls with all their boy friends and studying to do and in Greg's the same. There was no time to be together alone. They came home one weekend and talked to us. They weren't going to get married until the summer, but they decided they wanted to get married right then, in April. We gave our consent, but it did hurry and rush things.

We went down to Logan the day before the wedding and that evening, Br. Hughes, Greg's Grandfather, gave him a special blessing. We went to their house. It was a nice, old building where their family had been raised. It was late before we got to bed. Jim and Dick had one room and Patti and I had another at the motel. We just barely got to sleep and we had to wake up again to go to the wedding in the Logan Temple.

By the way, Patti had a very dear friend, Laura, from California. She had married the summer before and Patti had gone down to be at her wedding. Patti was her bride's maid. Her mother had been to "Mother's Week" when I had been there. She was a lovely lady. We really enjoyed each other. Patti decided to get married in such a hurry, we were going to use Judi's [wedding] dress[1] but it had turned yellow a little bit. Laura offered to let her use her dress. It was a beautiful dress, so Patti was married in her friend Laura's dress.

[The wedding] was held in the Logan Temple. Everything was lovely, but I was a little perturbed about the workers there. They wouldn't let me go with Patti at all. I wanted to be with her and help her put her dress on. I wanted to be with her when she went through the temple. Mothers are with their daughters when they get married. At least I had been with Lorna and nobody had minded. But [in Logan] they shooed me away. "We can do it. We can do it. We can do it!" So I'd go back with my family and Laura's mother would say, "Rhoda, why aren't you with Patti." And I'd go back with Patti and they'd shoo me away. Now, I'd say something. I don't think that is right. A wedding is a special time for Mothers and daughters. Of course, it is especially for daughters but Mothers should be with their daughters. It wasn't like I was a big nuisance. I wouldn't have bothered them all that much. I did want to be there and they didn't let me and I've never forgotten it. The weddings I've been to since, mothers are with their daughter like they ought to be. I don't think you should make a nuisance of yourself, but I think you should be there.

The night before Patti was married, it was so cold and staying out so late and everything she got sick. It wasn't very nice for their honeymoon. They had gone to a lovely hotel and they had a special suite, but it wasn't very nice because she had the flu.

Greg and Patti finally found a little apartment that wasn't too expensive. It was in a basement, that was all right, but the place was filthy. I helped them clean that apartment. (Joan [Greg's mother] had remarried. His

[1] Rhoda wrote, "Patti's dear friend Laura offered her wedding dress to Patti - she had planned on using Judi's but it would need a little altering and Laura's fit her perfectly - so she used hers." –Letters to Hattie... 8 April 1973.

father died the summer before he left in the fall for his mission.) All of their family and Br. Jack Smith, bless his heart, was right in with all the rest. We washed down walls. We cleaned that dirty, little old spot. We cleaned it all up so those kids could move into it.

Patti wasn't feeling too good when we were cleaning up. The reason they got married was so they could be together but still they had the rest of the year to graduate in. There was a lot of things to do at school. So we all worked so hard to clean up their apartment. They hadn't been in there too long before we found out the reason why it was so dirty. The furnace blew up and sent soot all over the whole place and it was dirty again. That was no place for anybody to live, under the circumstances. It wasn't very expensive and the kids lived there for a while. Finally they found something a little better.

We didn't have Patti's reception [in Moses Lake] until she and Greg graduated. I had been working months with another lady at home who was very good at decorating for weddings. She did a lot of the decorations. She didn't charge. She just did it. She planned it all. Patti wanted butterflies for her theme. So I made butterflies. I was working at Dairy Land and any day I had off or evenings I was making butterflies, small ones, medium ones, large ones. I made two very large ones and one was Patti and one was Greg. They had beads for heads and painted faces. The color scheme was pink and green. All those butterflies were pale green. I'd make wire frames and glue pale green chiffon onto them and put glitter on. It was fun to do, but oh the work.

We had one "chick" left, Jim. Not the youngest, but the next to the youngest. He had been dating girls for a long time, but none seemed to catch his eye completely. He was going to school at the Y and Marilyn Warner was going to school at the Y. He announced to us that he was bringing a girl friend home at Christmas time. We had a fun Christmas. After Christmas Marilyn went to Ephrata and taught school and Jim went back to school. He admonished me to take good care of Marilyn. She'd come over on the weekends. We enjoyed her. She was such an open, fun girl. She would share some of her problems with us. Oft times she'd do her washing on the weekend. We had quite a few weekends together. We enjoyed it.

Dick decided we would move into Moses Lake. We were going to sell our nice, big brick home and the land and move into town. At first I didn't want to at all. I would be so tired working at Dairy Land and then every night Dick would drag me out to see one house or another. I couldn't settle my mind on any of them. Some of them I didn't like because of the neighborhood. Some of them I didn't like because I didn't like the houses. Then I settled on one that I kind of liked, it was a fairly large, nice home, but when we went to make the final arrangements the lady decided not to sell.

Finally we found a little house on 1118 Columbia Lane. I don't know why I fell in love with that place because it was a run-down little place and the woman that had been renting it was a smoker and it just reeked with smoke. Dick said we could fix it up, so I finally decided on that one. He was real disgusted that I didn't decide on one up on the hill. But I was ever so happy that we didn't buy that one. 1118 Columbia Lane seemed right to me. I am sure I was [inspired] and helped. It was a good location and after the house was worked on a lot, proved to be a cozy, nice little home. I knew that Edna [my cousin] lived someplace close but I didn't know just how close. Come to find out her place was behind mine, through the back lot.

We moved back to the old ward we had first lived in and into a new-to-us house. We tore out the cupboards. Dick added a cold room, put a new florescent ceiling in the kitchen. We had painters come and paint the interior. Before they painted, they said, "You'll have to wash that nicotine off." I remember the front room, I scrubbed and

scrubbed that ceiling one night and the next morning it was as brown as ever. They had to seal the ceilings, seal that stuff in before they could put the paint down or it would come through the paint. That woman literally sat and smoked constantly. She had two flying horses on the wall. When she took them down the outline was there just as well as when they were hanging there. I remember one day I got a clean pan of water and put the wall switch plate in my pan to scrub it and the pan of water was brown with just one little plate. The whole house was filthy and it stunk terrible. It was in the early spring so we left the doors and windows open. I burned cinnamon. I did everything I could think of. In spite of all that and all that new paint, new carpets throughout, new linoleum in the kitchen that house did smell. The closets in the bedroom and the drawers and shelves were repainted but still that house did have a bit of tobacco smell, after all that.

It was nice when we got it finished. At least I thought it was. Marilyn helped me a lot in choosing drapes and carpets and making little drapes for my kitchen. It had nice drapes in the front room with sheers under them. They added so much to the front room. Oh-h-h what a big job. It was a good thing I could quit work. And I did. I retired from Dairy Land then. I had enjoyed working in Dairy Land. It had been good for me. I guess I worked there five years.

I was happy with the little house. It wasn't my big, lovely brick home and it wasn't as large and comfortable when the kids came home. We had two bedrooms and a tiny bath. Judi and Phil used to come quite often. We had a couch in the front room that we could make into a bed. We managed.

Judi and Phil were living in Chewelah[1] and Judi had a tubal pregnancy. We almost lost our Judi. She was a very sick girl. They didn't have much money so the doctor let her out of the hospital if she had somebody to take care of her. Phil brought her down to stay with us. We also had Richard[2]. He was a cute little guy. When his Mom came in the house, he was holding her up. She was really sick. She could hardly walk from the bedroom to the bathroom without toppling over. She'd faint. She was weak. I was very worried about her, but I was still working at Dairy Land and I had to go in sometimes. I think Dick stayed with her some.

I was working in the Primary then. I was in the library. One evening I took Richard with me. (In fact I used to take him to work if ever I had to go and leave Judi alone because she couldn't take care of him. Not that he was all that much trouble, but she couldn't handle anything.) I found a book for him to read. I was showing him the pages. He said, "Oh, yes I know all about this story." He told me the whole story.

I said, "Where did you learn that? Did you learn it in Primary?"

"No, my Daddy taught me."

If ever I said I had a poor memory, he'd say, "I have a good rememory."

Judi's doctor wasn't a specialist, but he was a sincere, good man. He phoned her several times to find out how she was doing and if there was any instructions he needed to tell her. Judi was going to stay a month, but Phil couldn't stand it that long. (chuckles) It was two or three weeks until she started feeling a little better. He cleaned up their apartment good and took her home.

We went on and enjoyed the winter with Marilyn, until Jim came home in the spring. We just got moved into that house good when Jim came home one night, came in to see Mom and Dad. They were going to get married in June, the 26th. So we had some rushing around to do. Jim and Marilyn were married in the Cardston Temple. I had the open house to give. We had some friends, the Merrills, who

[1] About 45 miles north of Spokane. Moses Lake is about 80 miles south west of Spokane.

[2] They called him "Chopper."

offered to let us use their back yard. We decorated it up and had the reception there. That was really nice of Bea [Merrill.] She helped me get that ready. The evening was nice and we had a garden reception. We had columns and flowers and decorations out there. We had a lovely time. We had our house full that night. After that the Warners had a reception in their Church at Payette [Idaho]. We went down there and we helped bring all the stuff back.

Jim and Marilyn rented a little house. It wasn't very fancy but they fixed it up. It wasn't long before Marilyn had it quite cute. They didn't stay there very long. They were there one summer. Then they went back to school at the Y. [Jim and Marilyn eventually settled near Quincy about 35 miles west of Moses Lake.]

That's my last child. I've got them all married.

Family Group Record

Husband Richard Seth COBIA

Born	23 Nov 1909	Place	Davis Station, Clarendon, South Carolina
Died	25 Dec 2007	Place	Orem, Utah, Utah
Buried	5 Jan 2008	Place	Orem, Utah, Utah Timpanogas Memorial Gardens Cemetery, 1000 North 400 East
Married	10 May 1933	Place	Cardston, Alberta Canada
Husband's father	Benjamin COBIA		
Husband's mother	Mary Florence SHORTER		

Wife Rhoda WOODRUFF

Born	22 Jan 1912	Place	Cardston, Alberta, Canada
Died	14 Apr 1989	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah
Buried		Place	Orem, Utah, Utah Timpanogas Memorial Gardens Cemetery, 1000 North 400 East
Wife's father	David Patten WOODRUFF JR.		
Wife's mother	Alice Jane HINMAN		

Children List each child in order of birth.

1 M **David Woodruff COBIA**

Born	25 Feb 1934	Place	Cardston, Alberta, Canada
Spouse	Patricia Claire SMITH		
Married	28 Aug 1961	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

2 F **Lorna COBIA**

Born	22 Nov 1936	Place	Cardston, Alberta, Canada
Spouse	Elbert Chandler PACK		
Married	16 Jul 1959	Place	Cardston, Alberta, Canada

3 M **LeRoy Richard COBIA (TWIN)**

Born	21 Jul 1941	Place	Cardston, Alberta, Canada
Spouse	Janice Flora DEJONG		
Married	22 Aug 1969	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

4 M **LeRon Warren COBIA (TWIN)**

Born	21 Jul 1941	Place	Cardston, Alberta, Canada
Spouse	Hildred CHAPPELL		
Married	16 Aug 1963	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

5 F **Judith Marie COBIA**

Born	2 Apr 1947	Place	Ephrata, Grant, Washington
Spouse	David Orson DRAKE		
Married	16 May 1966 (Div)	Place	, , Idaho
Spouse	Phillip DeVaughn VERNON		
Married	28 Jun 1969	Place	Las Vegas, Clark, Nevada

6 M **James Kent COBIA**

Born	6 Dec 1948	Place	Ephrata, Grant, Washington
Spouse	Marilyn Rae WARNER		
Married	26 Jun 1974	Place	Cardston, Alberta, Canada

7 F **Patricia Rhodell COBIA**

Born	4 Nov 1952	Place	Moses Lake, Grant, Washington
Spouse	Gregory John HUGHES		
Married	5 Apr 1973	Place	Logan, Cache, Utah

Prepared from records in the possession of Rhoda W. Cobia, 1980 — 16 Aug 2008

Above: Cobia's new brick house south of Moses Lake, Washington completed November 1961.

Above, back: Ron and Richard.
Center: Jim, Rhoda, Judi and Roy.
Front: Patti Cobia.
The twins, newly returned missionaries, were students at Big Bend College the first year it started.
Early Spring 1963

R: Richard & Rhoda Cobia
Circa 1969

Above: Rhoda Cobia "Happy Birthday Mother" *circa 1963*
Below: Richard & Rhoda Cobia December 1959

Alice and Norma Woodruff - Rhoda's mother and sister were in a car wreck August 1961. Alice was killed, Norma severely injured.

Rhoda used some of her inheritance from her Mother's estate to pay for a trip to California - Dec. 1961 B: Richard & Rhoda, Front: Judi, Patti & Jim Cobia; Rhoda's sister Norma Woodruff.

Visit with Lorna who lived in Sherman Oaks, California, date unknown. Knott's Berry Farm, sign on wall says, "Gold Trail Hotel This bench is Reserved for Hansdome Brady, Whiskey Bill and their friends." Looks like "Brady" and "Bill" found some friends! (Rhoda and Lorna Pack.) Dick is ignoring the wild women!

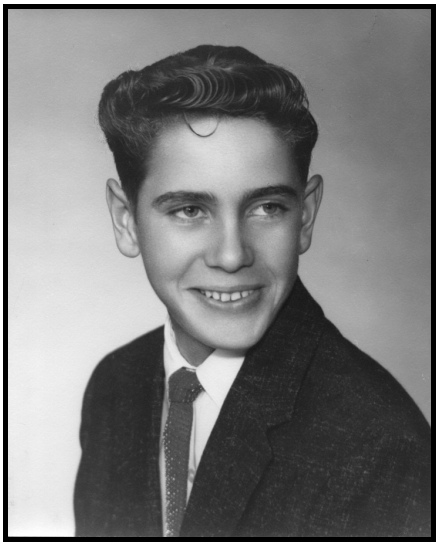
Trip to pick up Roy & Ron from missions, visit David in Indiana, tour South to see places of Dick's childhood. L-r: Dorsey Carlisle, Dick & Roy Cobia, Ada Cobia Carlisle (Dick's sister) Ron & Rhoda Cobia and Ada's husband, George Carlisle – December 1962

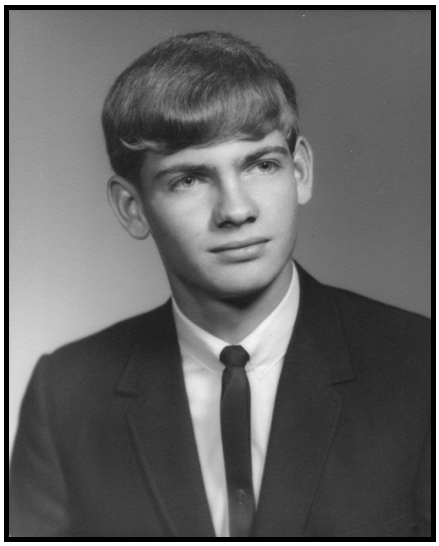
Above: Richard and Rhoda Cobia , trip to Hawaii in January 1964

Above: Rhoda, Richard, David and Patti Cobia
Fargo, North Dakota – September 1967
Below: December 1969 - Richard and Rhoda and Patti Cobia,
who was the "last chick" in the nest, although she was not the "last chick" to marry.
For years, Rhoda saved a "Last Chick" card to give to Patti when she left home to go to college.
Taken in Tustin, California while visiting niece, Evelyn Welch Stuart and her husband Jo.

L-r: Richard Vernon, Rhodelle Pack, Richard Cobia, Tiffani Vernon,
Grandmother Rhoda W. Cobia,
Lyle and Susan Pack, Kathy and LeeAnn Cobia
At the Cobia Family Reunion, July 1973, the Grandchildren organized and put on a program.
In the picture they are singing to their Grandmother, "It's Always Fun When Gramma Comes."

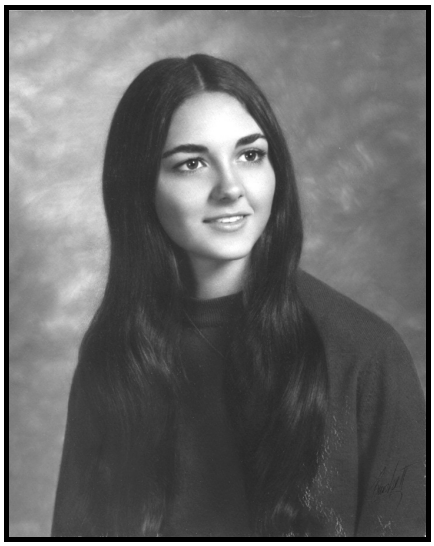
Children of Rhoda and Richard Cobia





Pictures were taken about
the time each child
graduated
from high school.

Top: David and Lorna
Ctr: Roy, Ron and Judi
Bottom: Jim and Patti



July 1957 - Cardston - B: Retta & Vibert Woodruff Ctr: Lloyd & (groom) Golden Woodruff; Dick Cobia. F: Norma, Bonnie & Alice Woodruff; Rhoda Cobia. Rhoda's mother, siblings & spouses.

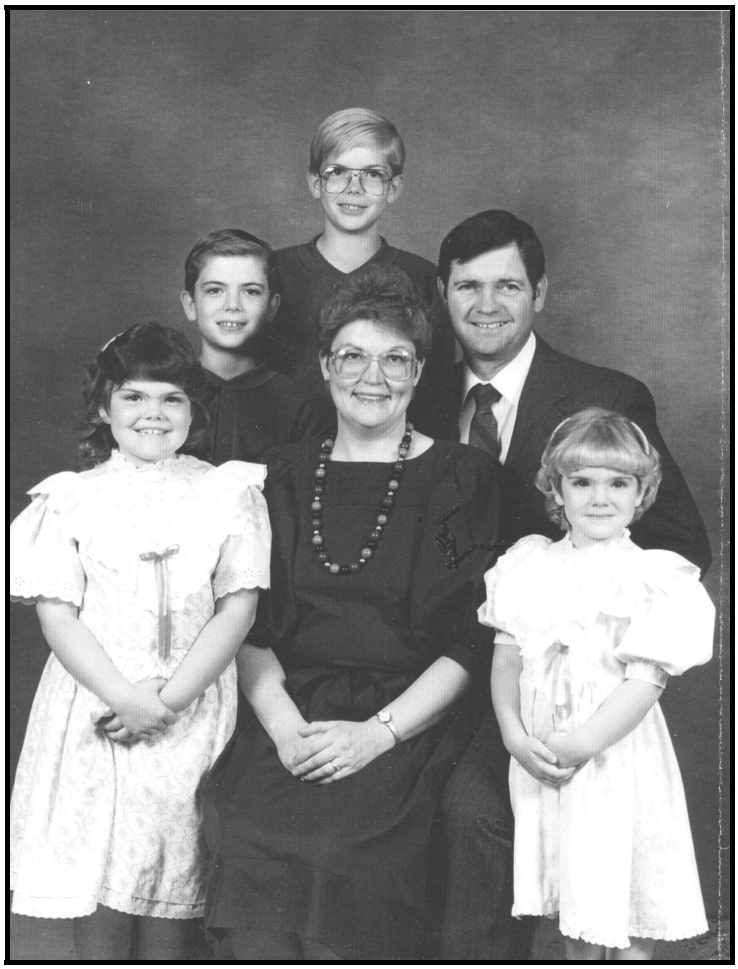
Dec. 1971 - B: Bert & Lorna Pack; Janice, Christy & Roy, Pat & David, Hildred, Ron & Kathryn Cobia. Center: Jim & Allyson Pack, LeeAnn & Richard Cobia. Front, four adults: Jim, Rhoda, Dick & Patti Cobia. Children: L. Richard Pack, Kathy Cobia, Susan & Rhodelle Pack - Bloomfield Hills, Michigan

Children and Grandchildren of Rhoda and Richard Cobia

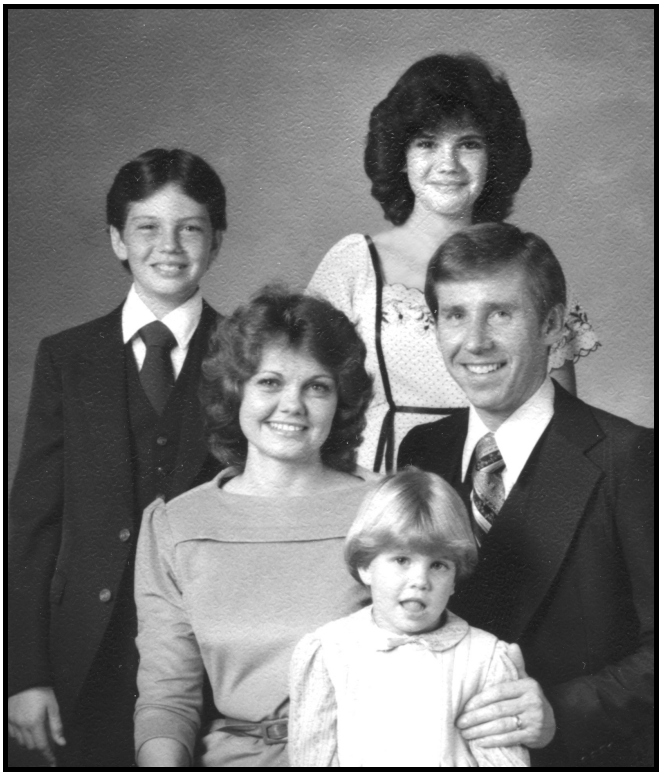
Above: David Patricia Cobia, children: Richard "Ric", LeeAnn and Kathy - *circa* 1970
Below: Back, l-r: L. Richard, Lynn Rasmussen finance' of Jim; Lorna and Bert Pack.
Front: Jeff Mitchell married to Allyson Pack who is holding Joel, Susan, Rhodelle & Jon Pack - 17 August 1985.

Above - Back: Wendy and Christy, Front: Jason, Michelle, Janice and Roy Cobia - Dec. 1983
Below: Daniel, Ron, Hildred, Kathryn and Benjamin Cobia - 13 February 1985

#8 - Emptying the Nest, page 156



Back: Derin
Ctr: David and Jim
Front: Melanie,
Marilyn and Lara
Cobia
1987

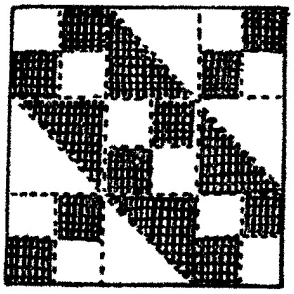


Back: Richard and Tiffani
Front: Judi, Amanda and Phil
Vernon - 1980

Back: Carrie Jo, Greg, Keith - Front: Nicole, Robert, Patti and Crystal Hughes
1985

Chapter 9
One Marriage Traveling Two Roads 1975-1979

Road to California



"On Marriage: If two people are paddling a canoe together the important thing is that each paddle the canoe in the same direction. In marriage if each has a different goal, they will always be in trouble." –quote written at the end of Rhoda's 1978 journal

[1]You'd think maybe I didn't have anything to do after I retired from work, but I kept myself plenty busy, somehow or another. Then Dick retired and he decided he wanted to travel around. We went on a vacation all over the USA. We had a camper. It wasn't fancy, but it was quite nice. We could sleep and eat in it. We met a lot of friends and saw beautiful country. We went down South and went where his folks were buried and met a lot of his friends and saw a lot of things down there. I wrote a diary part of the time. We saw the kids on our way home and that was fun.

There was some places that were important to me that I enjoyed. Oh-h-h I know, we went to the old Carthage Jail. That was special. We went to the Sacred Grove. We went to the Hill Cumorah. There are some places I don't remember so much, but that day I remember that Dick and I weren't getting along a bit well and it wasn't happy. It could have been a wonderful trip.[2]

Before we moved into the house [on Columbia Lane] a woman came around selling lots in Costa Rica. Dick went to a meeting in which they were selling these lots. I went with him. That's when I had this BIG feeling of doom. I felt like this is it. I didn't know what was coming, but something awful. He bought two lots that night down there in Costa Rica. He wanted me to buy another one. He kept saying I had so much money. Of course I didn't, but I did have a little of my parent's estate money. I didn't want any lot in Costa Rica and I didn't buy any lot in Costa Rica. Thank goodness. I remember how they had the meeting in a dark [place]. The inside was painted dark and there weren't many lights and it seemed liked old Satan itself to me, that meeting. But Dick bought those lots.[3]

After we got back from touring the United States, Dick got everything fixed up for his B-I-G trip down to Costa Rica to see [his] place. He got the motor home all fixed up and in good condition, he thought. He bought a boat. Dick was going to have the boat to cruise on the ocean down in Costa Rica. (There is a lovely beach down there.) It was a lovely boat. There was a cabin in it and a place to sleep.

It was October. The Barnum's son was in the services and he'd been sent down to Panama for a year with his family. They bought a motor home. It was fair-sized because they were going to have their family, three or four children, with them and they were taking Mother and Dad Barnum with them. We were all going down together. They were going to stop at Panama and we were going on to Costa Rica all the way in the motor home with the big boat behind it. We spent Halloween at a casino. I've forgotten the name of the place, but it was

[1] Compiled from "Oral History," Tapes 10 and 11.

[2] Dick and Rhoda left Moses Lake, Washington, 21 May 1975. Rhoda kept a detailed diary of their journey. After they left New York, July 28, she never wrote another word about that trip.

[3] Purchased before 1974. They moved to Columbia Lane early in 1974. "Letters...Hattie," 23 May 1974; Dick's first trip to Costa Rica Feb 1975 "Letters...Hattie," Feb 24, 1975.

kind of fun. I'd never been to one of those places before.

1975 [1]*Dear Diary, just between you & me it takes a long time to pack things away and get a house ready to rent and at the same time prepare for 6 months away from home - Anyway at 4:30 October 30, 1975 we had it finished and said goodbye to our neighbors the Boyles and were off to pick Barnums, Wanda & Barney, up. We were feeling pretty good because Edna had invited us to her house for a specially good & nourishing lunch at noon - Our house was really in a hub bub at that time; we feel a bit nervous about renting the house but the Poseys seem like a nice young couple - Decided not to start this evening but loaded everything up ready for an early start - Watched the Waltons [a weekly TV show] or most of us did, Dick was so tired he slept.*

October 31, Left with the motor home & 21 foot cabin cruiser boat fastened securely behind. Left early before breakfast, it was quite cold. I lit the fire to cook cracked wheat for breakfast. It was nice traveling and we only stopped for gas - going through Washington to Pendleton & Baker & Ontario, Oregon - on through Boise, Twin Falls, Idaho down to Nevada stopping that night at Jackpot. It was cold so we stopped at Cactus Pete a combination casino & motel - They slept in the motel, we in the motor home in the parking lot. We all went to the Casino for a little while - well really for the evening - had some tricks or treaters while we ate dinner before we left for the casio. That was the 1st time I had ever played a slot machine and it would be ok if it's the last - we didn't play much but waited for the program which was presented by Sally Flynn[2] who had preformed with Sandy (both L.D.S) on Lawrence Welk's show - also her husband with her, Clay Hart a Lawrence Welk performer - There was a band too - Buddy Merrell played in it. They were good - I didn't feel to perky - All those days of heavy work getting ready made my ticker complain –

We went on and visited some of [Barnum's] friends and relatives and some of our relatives. The weather was nice. I remember going through the customs at the Mexican border. Oh, what a chore. We were getting no place at all. You have to bribe those guys, pass them an extra $5.00 or so before you can get anywhere. You'd stay there for days, if you didn't pay them a little extra. We finally did and got on our way. When you get into Mexico, it is a completely different country. I felt very insecure. Not very many can talk English, but they sure know how to jip you. A lot of them make their living off the Americans. They have so many people there and it is a poor country. It was tough.

We went through some terrible experiences, frightening experiences. The motor home kept giving us trouble because we had to go up so many winding hills. We'd get behind a slow truck and we'd get our speed up and then we'd have to slow down. If we could have just sped up and gone over the hill it would have been fine, but we had to slow down for the trucks in front of us. It was hard on the motor. We knew we weren't going to be able to get to Costa Rica with that outfit.

Just before we got into Mexico City, some thing went wrong [with the motor home.] It was leaking oil. It was a good thing Dick took a lot of oil because he had to use so much. We stopped at a garage. We couldn't get anything done. We held up the whole bunch of us.

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[1] Rhoda often referred to this as the "Trip from Hell."

[2] Taped on the opposite page was a newspaper clipping picture of "Clay Hart & Sally Flynn, both of whom rose to national prominence on 'The Lawrence Welk Show', have teamed up to form one of the most entertaining country western acts on the night club circuit today. They are now appearing, in person, on stage at Cactus Pete's in Jackpot, Nevada, thru November 2nd." There was also a post card of a Mexican peasant and the "ubiquitous burro does all kinds of chores in MEXICO."

Finally they did something and we were able to go [to Mexico City.]

We found a camp ground where we could stay. It was quite a story how we got in with the campground. That night when we came in it was dark. We were just hunting around in the dark having a terrible time to find where to go. A fellow from the college came down. He said, "Are you looking for something?" He directed us right there. I don't know how we'd have ever found it. The streets were narrow and we'd run up on the sidewalk. It was really something. We were sure thankful to get to the campground that night.

The next day it was Friday. We left our rig and boat at the camp ground and got in with the Barnums and all went down and did a little sight seeing. There were all sorts of things, Pyramids and lots of old things. Old things that had been built years before. It was really fun to see.

We went with a tour group in a big van that took us to different places. We saw several programs. When we were looking around somehow or another, Dick laid our passports down. We didn't notice it until we got back to the camp ground. We were frantic. We asked the man that drove the bus and he said, "I don't know. If you'd dropped them somewhere, the wind would blow it away or, somebody would pick up it and open it and they wouldn't know what it was." We were frantic. We didn't sleep much that night. The next morning, as soon as they could, the men got up and went in the Barnum's van to retrace our steps to see if they could find our passport papers.

While they were gone, a storm or a fog came up. People couldn't see. There was a terrible collision on the highway and we knew it. We were frightened to death because we were sure our men would be out there just about that time. There was a wash house there and ... we went ahead and did our washing, but were scared to death. We fed the kids but we couldn't eat. We were so nervous. When that van drove up, you can imagine how grateful we were.

They weren't involved in the wreck on the freeway. It was a terrible, awful wreck in which people and cars were mutilated. They went down to go to the freeway and there was a road that went straight through. They didn't know those roads very well, but they said, "I think this one goes straight through. Let's go on that one. It will be a short-cut. It will be quicker than going on the freeway." So all of a sudden they decided they'd go on that other road. That was the only thing that saved them. When they got back they were so happy.

They had to tease us a little bit about the passports, but they did find the passports. It was fortunate. I don't know how we'd ever got out of that country or done anything without those passports. We had gone to a store where they sold a lot of things they make in Mexico. Those were very interesting places, all the little paintings and the things they make out of cactus and shells and all sorts of things. They used a lot of jute and stone. Dick temporarily laid down the passports. When they went back that was the first thing they saw. There they were. That was a happy day.

All the time we were in Mexico ... so many marvelous things happened to save us. We had so much trouble with our rig. It seemed like somebody was trying to tell us something. Dick decided he was going back home. Instead of going on with the Barnums, we had to go back. Our rig wouldn't take those roads. We couldn't go on. The Barnum boy had to go on. Br. and Sister Barnum had ridden with us quite a bit of the way which made it easier for them because the son had the kids. They went on down to Panama.

We were very fortunate. We went to Church and met the missionaries. They told us of a man who was a very good mechanic. And they weren't wrong. A mechanic down there went to school and studied as much as a doctor. He had a garage all right, but our motor home wouldn't go into it. It was too tall. So we had to park right out in the street in front of their house. The garage was right next to their

house. In their house you stepped right out of the front door right onto the street.

It was considered very dangerous in Mexico. Everybody warned us how the people lied and stole. But this man did not. He was a marvelous fellow and a good mechanic. But how could he find anything to fix an American car when they didn't have any parts down there. He hunted all over town until he found something that got us out of town. It didn't get us quite back to America, but he did his best. He worked so hard and several of the men working with him, even his son sometimes after school. They put three or four days on that. They worked on that car all day so hard. It was hot.

While they worked on our rig I read. I used to write letters. One day I decided I wanted to post some letters. I asked David, [the mechanic's son] if he'd show me where the post office was. I didn't think it would be far. He said, "I'll take you." We went for a long way. We went on a subway. He was proud of the subway. It was named after his folks, Bobadilla. They're supposed to be special people and they were, that family was. He took me down to the post office and it was right next to the Church. He showed me where he was baptized. We went for quite a trip. It was really fun to ride on the subway.

David was so proud of his city and wanted to know what I thought of it. I thought, "Oh, young man, I think it is terrible, all this poverty." But he didn't pay any attention to that. All these kids coming and begging you every minute for food. They were poor little destitute kids. David was so used to it he didn't notice that. Some things were wonderful and their family certainly was wonderful.

We could have gone a lot of places and done a lot of things, but Dick was too worried. If he'd just left things. He felt like they would need him there. He stayed there all the time and I couldn't go alone so I'd just stay there. We did go a few different place. We went sight-seeing a few days, but we didn't do near what we should have done.

One time I was going somewhere with this young fellow and Dick decided he wanted to go, after we'd left. He came and caught up to us. David could partly speak English. He was trying to learn. The [Bobadillos] had a daughter who was trying to learn to speak English, but she was having quite a time with it. It wasn't very easy for her. She was studying the piano.

I wanted some milk one day. Most of our towns you can get milk anywhere. I was a little nervous about it. You had to watch the milk or you could get infections. I asked the wife and she said, "I'll get you some." She gave me some of hers. She was so good. They worked on that car all day so hard, and sweat. It was hot. In the evening they invited us to their home. One evening (they were Catholics; they were sure special people) Mr. Bobadilla played his harmonica and clowned for us. We laughed and had fun all evening. When we'd try to talk to each other, we couldn't understand each other at all and that would make us laugh too. Another evening they had us in and gave us a luncheon. They had a sweet soup. I can't say I loved it. It was made out of ground up corn and milk. They had cheeses and fancy pastries. She bought most of them but she made the soup.

They had an interesting home. When they wanted to put a door some place, if they had a slanting roof above the place they wanted to put the door, they'd just slant the door; cut it off. It was one of the better homes. It was well made. There was a downstairs and upstairs in it. The garage was right next to it. They had a lovely, old dog, but he was a dirty old fellow because he would stay out in the garage, then he would come in the house, but he was a friendly guy.

They built their houses right next to each other. I think the Bobadilla's owned theirs, but there was one tacked right on to it at the side. Those people were Mexican, but they were white and blond and didn't look Mexican. The woman couldn't speak anything but Mexican. She had a daughter that could speak good English, but it was because she had gone to an

English school. She was just a little girl. They'd look at me and think I was funny because I didn't speak a word of Mexican, because they thought I looked like one of them. Maybe I did.

We bought a few trinkets. I still have some opals or pearls. I have a few stones. The thing I value most of our souvenirs [came from Mrs. Bobadilla]. I said, "Oh what a pretty basket. Do they weave them here?" Mrs. Bobadilla gave me one of those baskets that I liked. She gave me a little Christmas decoration. I guess it is supposed to be a Catholic Saint. I value that.

They were so good to us. At noon, one day, she brought us in a nice bowl of hot rice. That is one of Dick's favorites. She'd cooked eggs in their shells, right in the rice. That was one of the best dinners we had. Of course I had food there and I cooked all the time, but they did that.

When it was time to go and Dick went to pay them. He asked him how much it was and I think he said, "$25.00." They had worked three or four days on that motor home and he had run all over town and he had several people helping him. Dick paid twice as much as he asked for and gave it to him in American money. He was very happy for it, because he had a brother in Arizona and he wanted to go up for Christmas and he wanted some American money. We certainly enjoyed that man. He should have been L.D.S. I don't know if they ever joined or not, but their son did.

When we got the motor home all fixed up and ready to go it was a holiday. Somebody had warned Dick that maybe he's better not get out on the highway, so we didn't. We stayed at the camp for an extra day. We were anxious to go, but we were afraid. We just got up the highway, maybe a hundred miles, at a stop where there was a big garage and a place to eat. We had a terrible time getting there, but there was no place in between. The motor was leaking oil. We just crawled up to that place on a "song and a prayer." A little tube went out. We stopped at a place and got a copper one put in. We just barely chugged up to that place. Then we were able to go on. It was just one thing after another.

We had to stop at [another] garage for a long time. There was a good garage man there too. He wasn't as good as Br. Bobadilla. We couldn't understand him as well as we did Bobadilla. He worked on it and told us we had to have some gaskets. Dick wanted to leave me there while he went up to Texas on the bus to get some gaskets. He couldn't send for them. Imagine that! You couldn't phone, just a little ways up the line. No way would I stay there. (I don't know why he wanted to leave me there. I couldn't have stood it.) So we locked the little place up. We didn't know if it would be there when we came back. But nothing was touched. Nobody bothered it.

We went up to Dallas, Texas. I'm not sure if it was Dallas, but it was not too far across the line. We could have gotten those things closer to the line, but Charlene's daughter, Gloria, lived there and we needed a change. We went up to see them. We really had a fun weekend. Dick told them he would leave his boat there and let them use it. (I don't know if they ever found the time.) He didn't want to take it back to Arizona because he was afraid he would have trouble with it. They were living in a motel and Gloria was managing it. It was quite a bit of work to keep it full all the time and keep the bills paid. They had one apartment that was empty and they let us sleep in it one night while we were there. Such a good change that was. Gloria had a baby girl just before we got there. I knitted the baby a yellow bonnet and booties. I think we went to Church with them.

Then we had to go back. We spent Thanksgiving and Dick's birthday trying to get the motor home fixed. Dick would have given that motor home away and flown home if he could have. But they won't let you leave your stuff down there. We got it worked out and got up home. What a good feeling to get across that line, out of Mexico and into good, old U.S.A.

We went to Arizona and spent the remainder of the winter where Dick's sister, Hattie, and her husband, George, had a house. (They had another one in Saint George.) Of course Hattie soon left. There was a man selling a place there and Dick wanted to buy land there, but oh, I didn't want land there. I didn't want to live there. It was a nice place to go and visit, but I'm glad we never did go live there. It wasn't the place for me. It was warm and sunny and lots of fun cactuses, but they can stick you too.

Lila (Dick's sister) came down and she did buy it. She had Dick and I stay in the house for the winter to take care of it. I cleaned the walls and cleaned the place up. The former owner had been batching there.

Then Dick got terrible sick. Those doctors were something else. You'd think in Phoenix, Arizona, they'd have good doctors, but the one we got wasn't a good doctor. I didn't think he was a good doctor. Dick did well to live. They gave him so much of that drug and it upset his nervous system. It was to make him sleep. At the time, I didn't think there was anything wrong with it, but I've heard it since mentioned as a bad drug. It sure upset him. He had suicidal tendencies. He was in one terrible fix. He'd have to take that stuff to sleep and when he took it he didn't dare stay alone. He had to have somebody with him all the time. He was not only physically bad he was bad otherwise too.

He decided he'd better go to Washington. We flew up to Spokane and stayed with Judi and Phil a while and he went to his doctor in Spokane. He got him straightened out. Then we went back and got the motor home. Hattie and George went to St. George for Christmas and we went with them. Then we went back for a while and then we headed on home that spring. We had our home in Moses Lake rented to a young couple and we couldn't get it until April. We went back to Judi and Phil's and stayed with them a while.

Dick still wasn't really well. He had had a prostate operation sometime before and the darned doctor in Phoenix really fouled him up. Dick had to have that done over again in Spokane. I got the flu. I have never been so sick in all of my life, I don't believe. Phil got the flu and it lasted him two weeks and I lived those first two weeks, just on the hopes that two weeks will soon be gone and I'll be over this. But I just started getting better and I had it all over again. I was one sick person. We moved back in our home in April

Neither one of us was very well. There was a woman there who started talking on heath food. I thought, "Well, I've been to all these doctors and they don't help me a bit. They say I'm practically normal and I feel rotten. I'm going to see if I can do something else." I started studying all this health stuff. I heard of a doctor in Wenatchee that was a Chiropractor, but he worked with herbs too. So we started going to him. We spent quite a bit of money there too, but our health was some what better. We got things back in control.

[Between 1976 and 1978 Dick and Rhoda did a lot of traveling. 1976: Three trips to Alberta, Canada visiting family and attending the temple, July 29-August 12 they flew to Bloomfield Hills to visit Lorna, Bert and their family. September 28-October 7 visit to Phil and Judi in Orem, Utah.

1977: April 15-May 4, May 18-June 30 Rhoda in Utah taking care of Judi who was debilitated with "nervous problems," a condition which persisted over a long period of time. August 24-September 9 helping Judi, Phil and family in American Fork, Utah, Patti and Greg in Providence, Utah, and friends in Montana. Two trips to Alberta, Canada, to visit family and attend the temple. November 15-December 12 Rhoda again with Judi.

1978: January 20-March 22 Rhoda back with Judi in American Fork. July 3-July 28 Dick and Rhoda drove to visit family in Canada, David and Pat in Fargo, North Dakota, Lorna and Bert, Ron and Hildred in Michigan, Roy and Janice in Omaha, Nebraska, and on to Salt Lake City

where Rhoda helped Judi and her family from July 28 to August 25 while Dick went onto California to visit family and drive on home.

Rhoda worried a lot about Judi. It was difficult for her to see Judi struggle with problems that couldn't be healed. She later said, "You never stop worrying about your children even when you can't solve their problems. But you never stop praying for them." Her prayers for Judi and the rest of her family never stopped.

Rhoda enjoyed being with her children and their families, enjoyed helping them but was always happy to go home. She had so many things she liked to do.]

Monday - October 10, [1977] Moses Lake, Washington - nice warm days, cold night

Dear Diary,

I just think I'll talk to you, a person needs some one to talk too, it's real personal - I wonder how many couples have troubles getting along & communicating with each other. I had just been thinking Dick & I had been doing fairly well - oh we hadn't been talking much, it seemed more peaceful that way, because Dick doesn't seem to agree with very much I say or do. He criticizes me so very much. So rather than argue I just stay quiet and try to be patient and wait til his T.V. show or what ever is over to interrupt for meals etc. Of course I don't think the T.V. shows are that important - in fact I think maybe a steady diet of all that give away etc is harmful - but anyway (even if I think it shouldn't take priority), I go along with it to keep peace. I have so many things I'd like to do - Clean out cupboards & house - clean up flower beds & garden & knit, & work on my Temple apron - Primary lesson, read & I would like to get started on my life's history etc. etc. Anyway when Dick accused me of being pouty, said I had pouted all of our married life, I was a bit surprised. Very true when I have something or some one I'm worried about I don't talk much. I try to figure it all out and it's on my mind a lot and if talking just leads into quarreling I decided to skip it as much as possible I really hadn't been morose or unhappy lately, I try to keep cheerful & happy & have interests that keep me occupied - Well I don't think I responded as I should have done - I'm really not too sure how to handle all of these negative situations.

Aug. 17, [1978] – Sometimes I feel like Dick is jumping off of a cliff and I am being held and can't get to him to stop him – and I can't, there's nothing I can seem to do to stop him. Will he never turn from the danger that is ahead. I weep, but what does that help, & pray, but seem to get no answer."

Dick still wanted to go to Costa Rica and take his boat down there. But he didn't know how he was going to get his boat down there. Finally he brought it up from Texas and he sold it to his brother, Jim. He decided he wasn't going to try and take a boat to Costa Rica, he would rent one down there.

After we got to feeling a little better we went to Costa Rica in 1979. We didn't rent the house. We just paid up the utilities for a few months ahead. I promised Patti I'd helped her when her little guy was born in April. I think just after Christmas we left. We [had an] old Ford car we liked, but Dick bought [another] car because he thought he could lock that one up to go across the line because people stole everything, they said. Then for some reason he decided to change and take the Ford. It had to go down on a boat. We were going to drive it down to Florida and then have it taken across on a boat and we were going to fly down to San Jose, the capital of Costa Rica.

We drove in the Ford. We got down to Provo and his friend, Bazel Rolfson, decided to go down with us to see one of his kids in the southern states. So he came along with us. We took him down there. We went on with the car down to Florida. That was kind of a scary place, I thought, probably Miami. A lot of people don't speak English there either. We left

the car with all the things in it. Dick planned on building a house down there on the lot he bought. He took what things he thought he could from home that he would want, tools and a lot of things. He had them in the car and locked it all up to go across on the barge.

We got on the plane and flew down to San Jose. The airport was quite a ways out of the city. We got a cabby to take us right to downtown San Jose. We had a good motel recommended to us and we went there. We had to stay there until the car came. They'd keep putting you off and putting you off. Finally we had to go down to Port Lemon and we picked up the car and brought it home. It was sure dirty. I think most everything was intact quite well.

Dick had some friends there. He was a dentist that treated us so well and helped him get his plans built and everything for his house. He found a young fellow that helped him with the plans too. I think we went out on the bus to see that place he bought. We were out there a little while and then we came back and got our car.

We checked out of that motel which we'd lived in for quite a while. When we went to take our car out we had car trouble. We were out in the boondocks somewhere. Dick got a ride into town to find somebody to fix it. I was out there, a million miles from nobody. I couldn't talk to anybody, alone in that car. It scared the livin' daylights out of me. (laughs) Nobody bothered me. There I was anyway. Finally Dick got somebody and we got it fixed. Our car, although it had been a good car and given us no trouble at all, it was low and those roads some places were rutty. It would bang up the bottom part of it and wreck it. Down there you needed a little tall-up-from-the-ground car!

We got there. The house we were supposed to be able to stay in, the guy had rented it to another couple. (laughs) He rented it to us and them too. So we both stayed there. Boy, she did not like that. There was plenty of room, but eck, they were dirty, filthy. There was plenty of bedrooms and we could have shared that front room and kitchen just fine, but she went around gabbing to everybody. She'd be friendly to our face and to our backs she'd be hostile. We took off and went places quite a bit of the time. We'd come back there and stay. There was no place to stay. Dick had paid rent and this couple and their son had paid rent. So there we were. There you could have lived outside and been all right, almost. I hated that dirty house. So I cleaned it up.

I promised Patti that I would be back and help her take care of the kiddos when Keith was born. I planned to stay two weeks with Lorna. Finally Dick took me back to San Jose and put me on the plane. I flew to Detroit. Bert and Lorna picked me up and I was there almost a week. Lorna and I were having a good time quilting and also other things and Patti called. They had a new baby boy. I had to jump in the plane real fast and scoot down to Patti's. She brought this little guy home before he was a day old. I didn't know how to take care of such tiny babies. It was quite a challenge. Patti really didn't have everything all ready. She didn't have her baby clothes all washed up and the crib and things ready. She had a lot of clothes left over. This was the first boy. We got them ready.

I remember the first night. Keith wasn't used to living here, bless his heart. He cried and cried I kind of didn't like to bother, but I thought, "I am going to see what I can do."

I went and said, "Let me take him."

I took Keith. He was exhausted. They had walked the floor and done everything they could. They were exhausted too. It was chilly. I snuggled him down and I laid down in bed and we both went to sleep. (laugh) I was also there when Carrie Jo was born. After Nicole was born I went for a while. Robbie, they did it on their own.

I stayed there two or three weeks. I stayed a week longer to help her get her house cleaned up. I stayed till she was quite well on her feet. I knew when I went home I had to go all alone.

I dreaded to go home, but I wanted to go home. That was the first time I had gone home alone. I went on the bus. That wasn't too bad a ride. When I got there I hired a taxi to take me home. It wasn't too bad. Edna was there right in the back yard. So there I was.

That was my only trip to Costa Rica. I was alone after that. I stayed in Moses Lake and was making a pretty good life for myself. Of course it was lonesome and things were difficult. People would keep asking how Dick was and how he was doing and when he was coming home. Of course I didn't know. We were writing all the time. I was working in the Church. I had a Primary Class and a Relief Society Class once a month, I think. I taught Social Relations.

Dick had plans for his house. He was going to build a house. When people asked me, "he was building a house in Costa Rica." I was keeping the home fires burning in Moses Lake. (sigh) And he didn't come home. And he didn't come home. And he didn't come home. And I didn't expect him to come home. When I left he said he was going to stay there and build a house, but there was nothing exactly understood. But I had to kind of know.

I did not want to live down there. No way did I want to live down there. I would have completely lost my marbles in no time. I need people and those people would talk to you and behind your back they would talk about you. They would go from place to place talking about the other one. It was a little American community of scums. The majority was scum. There were law breakers. (To me that is what they were.) They were from the states. When it was the rainy season down in Costa Rica, the summer time, they came to America. Maybe they are going back and forth still.

[During the years Rhoda lived on Columbia lane she enjoyed a close relationship with her cousin, Edna Bennion Wetzel, whose property adjoined hers through their back yards. In 1987 Rhoda gave daily help after Edna fell and broke her leg while walking home through their yards. Later Edna had an operation and Rhoda was a devoted care-giver. After Rhoda got home from Costa Rica she continued to help her cousin in many different ways.]

Friday - May 4 [1979] - Moses Lake

LeGrand & Lynn left for home. I helped Edna - took her down to the bank and took her home to bed she's tired after yesterdays trip to Spokane. They took part of her tubes out so she'd be a little more comfortable. I planted raspberries in the row I made and dried a little pineapple - I'm trying to eat right & get rid of all the mucus my body seems full of. I took Edna for a little walk this afternoon. I'll take her for 2 walks a day - The doctor says that's so necessary & she was pleased with her progress.

Saturday - May 5 [1979]

I was nervous about being left with Edna but she does quite well on her own. She got through the night fine with no one in the house but her. I surely enjoy the extra company. Life is full & busy again and it's a good thing I'm getting stronger but I still feel weak at times. I do sleep well.

Sunday - May 6 [1979]

I called on Edna before going to Sunday School it's fast Sunday. Tony is back had a good Sunday School class. I took Edna her dinner- and we walked twice. Dewey & Garth came over to Edna's - They want to take Edna home with them, but Edna can relax and eat what she needs better at home and needs lots of time to rest. I know when I'm sick I enjoy the peace & quiet of home. I wrote some letters.

[In November 1979] I had been working hard and getting everything ready for Christmas. I was going to fly down to Lorna's for Christmas and stay until after her baby [Joey] was born. I had my ticket bought and Jim and Marilyn was going to take me to the plane. Lo and behold, just before Thanksgiving, Lorna called. Her

Dad had come home. He was terribly, terribly sick, in a lot of pain. She was pregnant and it was too much for her to run to the hospital all the time. Oh, I did not want to go. I did not want to go, but, bless her heart, she was in tears (which she doesn't do often.) She couldn't manage all that, so I knew I had to go. I rushed all my Christmas things off and took some things with me and got ready and I left. I had to buy another plane ticket that cost me twice as much because I couldn't get it on special then.

I went down and Dick was really very bad. In fact, he couldn't use either leg and he was paralyzed from about his waist down. It wasn't too long before he could control his bowels and his urine. And one leg started to come back.

"[1] I went to that hospital everyday I was there. Oh, the humiliation (groan). The things he wouldn't tell people (laugh). I'm sure he didn't realize, but oh, boy that was hard to come there. But I did it. I did it. If it hadn't of been for Lorna I'd have taken out and gone home. I'd have just gone home. The heck with this. But what could I do? If I didn't do it, she would and she wasn't up to it."

I remember one of the first nights I was there. He wanted me to stay all night, but it was against the rules and regulations of the hospital. I wasn't supposed to stay all night with him. But he'd talked to somebody and they said I could stay. When Lorna went home she left me. ...I was so exhausted I didn't know what to do. I laid down on the other bed. In the middle of the night somebody came in there and did I get bawled out and he got bawled out. He told them somebody gave him permission. It may have been a misunderstanding on his part. I think he just wanted me to stay there and he was going to have me stay there no matter what. (I don't know what for. He didn't want me. But he sure wanted me there that night. Whenever he felt insecure like that he used to want me.) I had no way of going home. She let me stay until morning, but never again was I to stay nights! I didn't stay any more nights, but I used to go in the morning and stay all day.

I didn't dare to drive a car. In that city I would have got lost sure, so somebody always had to take me and bring me back. Some of the people in the Ward [the Church] took me. Sometimes the Packs did it, bless their hearts. Somebody took me all the time. Jim [Pack] ... had a little car and he'd take me to the hospital all the time. My heart was in my mouth a lot of the time because he would go so fast and worm his way around and get places so fast. He'd scare me, but he always got there and back. We never did have any accidents, but I always wondered. (laughs)

I didn't miss one day while Dick was in the hospital. I rubbed his legs. I did all the things I could to help him. I sat there while he slept which he didn't care. He liked somebody around, so I was there all the time. I made a little pink and white baby sweater which was to have been Joeys if he was a girl, but he was a boy so Melanie got it. I read and I wrote letters and made out cards, because I didn't have my Christmas cards done. I tried to make him as comfortable as I could. I don't know why they fussed so about having somebody there because it really lightened their load. I did a lot of things the nurses would have had to come in and do, but they sure didn't want you there.

For a long time Dick was so sick. He could get no relief. He'd called the doctors and the nurses and they didn't do anything for him. I suppose maybe they couldn't, but they didn't. Some nights he'd call Lorna and Bert. I was off in one corner of the house and I wouldn't know this, so I got my sleep pretty good. But poor Bert and Lorna, they'd get his calls from the hospital begging Bert to call the doctor.

To tell you the truth those doctors and those nurses thought Dick was putting on. They thought this was all in his head. I tried to tell Dick that, and he wouldn't believe it. But that is what they thought. I don't know what's the matter with doctors and nurses, but if they can't find out what is wrong with a person, they

[1] Paragraph from "Interview..."

always think it is in their head. That is one thing Dick would not do. That is not like him. He had awful pain. They gave him all sorts of tests. They never did find out what was the matter, but one leg finally started to come back, like I said. He could function. He was always strong in his arms and hands. He could chin himself. One night he got so mad because he was in so much pain and nobody paid any attention to him. I guess they couldn't do anything for him, but at least they could tell him they were sorry they didn't know what to do, but they didn't. He grabbed the bed pan and threw it down the hall. I guess it rang through the whole building. If I ever had to go get a razor or anything for him, they'd look at me so queer.

Some doctors would come in there and do nothing but look at him and send him a bill. He didn't pay them either. He said, "I didn't ask you to come in here and I'm not going to pay you." He couldn't afford it and they didn't earn it anyway. His own doctors didn't know what was the matter. I am sure it is something that he had gotten in Costa Rica.

When Dick went in [the hospital] he told them he and I were "estranged," strained relationship. They had a social worker working with us. She had talked to Dick and then she wanted to talk to me, but I didn't want to. Then I thought, "What have I got to loose." I always thought I should have an L.D.S. somebody working with me. We had been to an L.D.S. man in Spokane and he hadn't done anything. It didn't help any, but at least I tried. That was the summer after we came home from Mexico. They came to the stake house for a while and that is where I started going to them, because I thought, "I can go here." If it was Spokane I didn't know how I would go. But finally they sent up to Spokane. I was the only one that went to the one in Moses Lake. They wanted us to go to the one in Spokane. Dick consented to because he said, "I don't want them to think it is all my fault." He went. But they didn't help. The lady [in Detroit] did more good, even if she wasn't L.D.S., than anybody. But it didn't last.

Just before Joel was born Dick got out of the hospital and came to Lorna's. Some neighbors, dear friends, loaned them a bed. We had the north room, the dining room. They put the bed there and I slept on a mattress on the floor. The [doctors] sent people there to do physical therapy with Dick. They weren't really worth all the money the government spends on them. I think I could have done it myself, but they did it. The therapy he needed, but I could have rubbed his legs and done as much as they did. In fact I did.

Jim [Pack] was getting ready to go on his mission. It was nice being able to be there while he was getting ready for a mission. He had a navy blue suit which had brass buttons on it. I changed those and sewed on new ones and did several things. Jim mostly got himself ready. This was just before Joel was born and Lorna was in no good condition to do those things. There was an open house at Packs for Jim's mission and his farewell in Sacrament Meeting. Jon was just a little bitty guy. Jon sang, "I Hope They Send Me on a Mission." The other kids talked and it was lovely. Jim went in February.

The last of February we got ready and went home. I was supposed to be back in Moses Lake because I was supposed to be there to help a little bit with Jim's baby who was to be born then. Jim and Marilyn came to the airport and took us home. We'd just been home a day or two when Melanie was born. But Marilyn's Mother came and helped. I helped a little, but not all that much.

Dick took therapy at the hospital and that probably helped his legs, a little, but he certainly didn't get better fast. He was just coming along pretty good and he slipped and fell on the front room floor. In spite of all the padding and the carpet he broke his hip. That was [in April]. Marilyn came and drove us to Wenatchee where he was admitted in the hospital. He really enjoyed - well, as much as you can a stay in the hospital - he was well

taken care of. When they know what is the matter like a broken leg, they take care of you. But if it something else that nobody knows what is the matter with you, you get heck. Dick had good care. Finally Dick came home and he got healed up again. I did get independent enough so I drove back and forth from Wenatchee all by myself. Edna went with me when I brought Dick home. We didn't make Jim and Marilyn do it.

I thought Dick would decide to stay home, but no, his leg got better and he was going back to Costa Rica. That fall he went back and he didn't invite me to go with him. At one time, before he thought his leg was going to get better, when he thought it was going to stay that way he was going to take me down to Costa Rica to help him and he would sell the place and come back to America. When he started getting better he didn't want me and he didn't want Moses Lake. When he went back to Costa Rica he did invite me to fly to Roy and Janice's on his way. I flew with him to Omaha. Roy and Janice picked us up at the airport. We stayed there for a little while, then he flew on alone.

Richard and Rhoda Cobia - August 1, 1976
Visit to Lorna and Bert Pack in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan

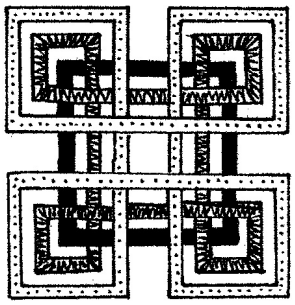
R: Ash clouds over Moses Lake from Mount St. Helens eruption - Sunday, May 18, 1980 *courtesy of Nadine Driggs*

Center: July 1980 - Rhoda's little, blue house at 1118 Columbia Lane, Moses Lake, Washington. The dappling on the front lawn was caused by volcanic ash. In the middle of summer, it looked like dirty snow on the green lawn. Rhoda gave small bottles of ash to her grandchildren.

R: Rhoda Cobia - July 7, 1977
Moses Lake, Washington

Chapter 10
House Without a Song 1980-1981

Gordian Knot



"When the one man loves the one woman and the one woman loves the one man, the very angels leave heaven and come and sit in the house and sing for joy." –sampler

"Living the gospel doesn't always make the problems go away, but it does give us purpose and helps us to live with them." –quotes copied by Rhoda at the back of her 1987 journal.

[1]Dick left me in Omaha and I stayed a while longer with Roy and Janice. I was just about to go home when a phone call came. My house had been flooded.

"[2]Bless my neighbor. I had some dear neighbors, the Boyles. He used to check the place. (That was before his arthritis got so bad he couldn't.) He saw water coming out of the house. He couldn't get in because it was locked. He went out to the street, got down on his arthritic knees and turned off the water.

"Janice helped me. She showed me all sorts of carpets and things and took me around, bless her heart. Janice was sweet with me. That's when your heart was really torn apart and she was sweet and helped a lot, Janice did. She understood a bit, all these things. So I had to go home. I went home and it was a mess. I was heartsick too.

"The weather was good, but I couldn't live in my house. I had to have it fixed first. I had it insured, but it takes a long time to get carpenters and everything that you need. The carpets in the bedroom, they were able to steam clean and dry them and put them back in. The front room carpets, kitchen linoleum and entrance all had to be redone. The floors had to be sanded. The furniture wasn't all that badly damaged. I thought it would take me forever before I would be able to get back in my home. When I did I liked my new carpet better than the one I had before and my linoleum was pretty. I was real happy with my house when they got it finished. I moved back into a new house; it was almost worth it! It happened in August and it was October before I got back into my house.

"Charlene, bless her heart, invited me to stay with she and Thurn [Baker] while I fixed my house. I don't know what I would have done without her. ...She needed some help. [Thurn's youngest son was coming home from a mission.] ....Charlene was getting ready for him to come home and I helped her clean her house. And she paid me for it and that helped too. Anyway, they fixed up my house and I moved back home.

"It was soon time for Christmas and I promised I'd go down and stay with Ron and Hildred. Daniel was born while I was there. It was right at that time I was contemplating a divorce. This living alone and not knowing anything was hard on me. When Dick came home he told me some of the things he had been doing and how he had broken his [marriage] covenants and I thought about it. The Stake President talked to me some, but he didn't advise me one way or the other.

"I remember what a sad time that was. How good it was to be able to go to Ron and Hildred's and have something else to think about. At that time I finally decided I was going to get a divorce. 'When you get married you think you get married for time and **all** e-ter-ni-ty'."

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[1] Compilation from "Oral History," Tapes 5, 11 & 12.

[2] "Interview...Kathy" next six paragraphs.

[1]*January 20, 1981 Yesterday, January 19, was a very devastating day for me. I was sort of looking forward to seeing attorney Harrison Daw about a divorce. It took courage but I had phoned & made an appointment but Mr. Daw & his young lawyer said a divorce wouldn't help me financially probably as Dick has his finances fixed so I can't touch much & I am as usual on the very short end of the stick. Edna & home evening helped and our group had a birthday party for Ava & I. Ava is going to the Temple to-day. I phoned President Jones & told him my sad story - he was supportive & promised things would work out. I didn't do much, had a real hard time to settle to study German but to day being the inauguration of President Reagan I watched it on TV & it helped a great deal. The opening prayer - President's talk & the Patriotic songs were very good. Then I went to my German Class, we have a new lady, Olga Gurtley. I feel for Brother Fairman, it seems we'll never get ready to actually do the work - but we're trying. I didn't get to go last Thursday as I had stomach flue, I guess I was sick, anyway the walk & all was good for me. I felt better when I got home- Harry Schultz took me up – Jim called –*

[Rhoda's decision to get a divorce was not made without much anguish and prayer. It was an agonizing, heart-wrenching decision for her. At this time in her life, three things caused her to make a decision that went contrary to everything she believed about marriage.]

I never felt really good about the finances. Dick used to keep things to himself. He didn't let me know about a lot of things. I always felt like, if a woman does her part and works and does what she can, that the money should be theirs, not the husband. I don't like to see these women that are gold diggers and take all they can get so a husband has a hard time supporting them. But I think they should work together and our marriage was never a together-thing. Dick felt like everything he brought in was his and what was mine was his too.

Money wasn't exactly like it ought to be, but we didn't quarrel over it. He could spend all the money he wanted to on boats and things like that. I did spend a certain amount on embroidery and yarn that I made things for the kids. I used to feel like I had to be underhanded to get it and I didn't like that. If I could have just had an allowance I would have enjoyed that, but never did I have one.

When we were first married there just wasn't much money. It was [better] in Mae Valley when...we had cows and people were buying milk at the house, I got that money and I could use it. It wasn't a regular amount; it was different amounts, but anyway I got to have it. Before I went to work I never felt like I could even buy an extra ice cream cone.

After I got to making money I bought the groceries and Dick paid the rest of the bills. We did it haphazardly. I didn't write the checks. When we were talking Dick said, "I have to pay the utilities and bills." He made it sound like a big chore, but after I got on to doing it I didn't think it was much. As long as you've got the money it is not all that hard, just a thing you have to do at the first of the month.

After I started working in Dairy Land I started paying tithing in my own name. Before we had done it together. I found out he resented that. He just didn't like that. I thought, "Well, I'll still pay tithing on what I get, but I'll put it under both of our names." And I did do that until after he left.

Dick paid the bills. Actually he wasn't really tight on a lot of things, but then some he was. At one time we had a dual checking account. We had it until Dick came out of the hospital at Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. When we were at Bert and Lorna's he changed that to his own checking account. He didn't need to ever worry about me, I never used any money

[1] This entry was written on the backs of several blank bank checks and was inserted in Rhoda's journal.

out of the banking account except I asked him first. Never, ever. I didn't write checks on things unless I asked him first. I just didn't do it. Then when I got a checking account in there and I found out he had used it once without asking me, I was real mad. That was before we were separated, but I still thought he didn't have a right to get into my checking without asking me, because I didn't do it on his.

Before I was married and since, too, I felt a woman should have an allowance to go on. I never had it. I always talked about it and wanted it, but I never had an allowance. I had a little bit now and a little bit then. If I had an allowance I could plan. I could plan for Christmas. I could plan for everything. I can get something once and while. Now I do. I had forgotten how hard it was. (laughs) I don't buy everything I see or everything I happen to want, but if I really need something or really want something I can get it and I do. But then I had to wriggle around somehow. I used to like to get him to go grocery shopping with me because everything he'd see he'd want and he'd bring home a whole lot of stuff. I didn't darest to do that. If I spent a lot of money that was something else. If it had been like I wanted to after we were married it would have all went into one pot, but I would have had an allowance, so much that I knew I had and could spend and I could save and when I saved up a little money I could buy him a birthday present or a Christmas present, but I never had any I could do with. It was very uncomfortable.

I don't know what it is about couples when they divorce. They both think they are the one that got the bad end of the deal. No matter what; they both think they have the bad end. I was better off. He had given the house to me. He told me I could have the house before. He had most of the money out of the brick home we sold. I knew where I stood. Otherwise, he would have taken a lot of that. I am quite sure he would. I know I wouldn't get the $111.00, every month I get now. I don't know how I would have lived without it. Financially I was much better off and that settled my mind. Spiritually, all ways, I was better off with a divorce as far as I was concerned. I suppose it is better[1] for him too.

Financially I was better off too. My lawyer said, "Oh, there is not much we can get for you girl. You are not going to have anything to live on." Still it was better because I knew what I would have and what I had to live on and he couldn't touch it.

I think the real reason that [Dick] left was because he felt I was pressuring him into living his religion like he ought to. He always felt like I thought he ought to live and be as good a man as President McKay. I thought that was what we should shoot for all right, but I didn't expect him to do it right off. I expected us to keep working at it, but he got so he didn't want to do it. He wanted to take a vacation, to retire from everything.

As I look back on my life with my family, all the time I have prayed for help and inspiration. When I am inspired to do something I don't realize it is inspiration. I don't give the Lord the credit and I'm sure He is perturbed with me. It just seems the natural thing to do and I don't realize it was inspiration. All the way through in helping my children, physically and spiritually and all ways, I have had help. I know I have. I didn't realize it at the time. It just comes as I give my lessons in Relief Society, in any of my Church callings and as I've raised my family.

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[1] Dick called it "Rhoda's Divorce." Rhoda continued to write him an occasional letter until he married again November 23, 1986. She told her granddaughter, "Actually what's happened now to your grandfather has been one of the best things that ever could have happened to him. I never could have done for him what [his new wife] has done, for a lot of reasons, and it has been so good for him. She's a good woman.... She's been helpful to him. Maybe all the prayers [helped]. I didn't ever stop praying for him."

I used to pour over the Church Magazines. I'd pray for things and a lot of the answers would come out of the *Ensigns* and some of the answers didn't come at all. I am sure it was through help from Above that kept us together. Those are the things that helped the family to grow to be the special spirits and blessings they are. No matter what I had, I prayed my children would have happy marriages and they wouldn't have these problems.

The times I really wanted inspiration so much was "what to do with my husband, how to help him." I supposed I did a lot of just ornery human things instead of just listening to inspiration. I don't know. I am sure I was blessed a lot of times. For a time things were so bad that I used to fast and pray several days a week. Dick didn't pay much attention to me, but every time I'd fast and pray he'd notice that I wasn't eating. It made him unhappy and he'd try to insist that I would eat. Sometimes things would be a little worse just right after I fasted, but they did get better. That is the only thing that pulled us through. That's the way I felt. It was the only thing that pulled me through those difficult times. Sometimes, I guess, I didn't fast and pray enough, hard enough, long enough though because things are as they are. Sometimes I don't know. I did all I knew how to do, but I would automatically do things I shouldn't do because I was human. But there were probably others things I could have done, that I didn't do. I really haven't spent too much time with regrets.

[1]*... my greatest challenge & the one that brought the greatest heart ache was my relationship with my husband - Other things I could study & work with & find ways to solve them but a permanent good, loving, eternal, understanding relationship with Dick I have been unable to achieve – there were times when I would think we could pull thorough & then it would turn sour, but some how we were able to keep this from affecting the family, in fact, I don't think it was til after Dick retired that he decided he was going to leave - but if it hadn't been for the power of prayer & His help I don't think I could have taken all of the stress through the 48 years we were together. I was active in the wards [of the Church] I lived in and tried to live as I should when things got tough I would fast & pray & some how I received the courage to go on. ....*

I used to write my frustrations on paper & then burn them - How special it is not to have so very many frustrations. I have a rather keen sense of right & wrong & I love myself & like very much to be treated fairly, not like an inferior person.

One main cause of the stress was Dick's roving eye- He didn't keep all his affections for me - grew more & more selfish as the years passed and less active in the church & spiritual matters –

One of the things that bothered me most, and I think it would any woman, he used to flirt. I think any couple should feel that they belong to each other and nobody else. A certain amount I could over look, but it got more and more and worse and worse. I don't think I was overly jealous at first. I think I was just an ordinary woman. It did bother me. I told him that. I don't know if I approached it right.

I knew I had things to put up with, but every couple does. I knew mine was probably a little bit more than a lot of others and it did bother me because we weren't close. I'd always dreamed of having a companion that we would be close. There was nothing close. He would tell things to my brother or anybody else. To me a husband and wife should have certain areas of things that they don't tell to anybody else. Those are sacred to them. He'd tell it to anybody. It did bother me. I just thought, "We all have weaknesses" and that's one I'll have to overlook.

[1] "Many Challenges"

[Rhoda was asked the question, "Would you like to tell the reasons why you felt it would be better to be divorced, rather than live apart?"]

You are living apart no matter which. I felt like if I just left it like it was and he could come home any time and do anything it would mean that I sanctioned [adultery], that I thought it was all right. I felt like if I got a divorce he couldn't come home and I didn't want him home under those conditions. I didn't want him there. If he didn't want me that was all right, but I didn't want him any time he decided he wanted to be there. I didn't want to be on call. That was my moral reasons. I still think it is the way to do. I am sure every case is different, but in my case I think it was the way to go. I really think I could not have taken it. My nerves had had just about more than they could stand. This way I could kind of forget him and go on. Well, not really, you don't forget them, but you can go on.

At [the] time I finally decided I was going to get a divorce, I had mixed reactions from my children. Some of them backed me up in it and some of them didn't and some of them didn't know which way. I remember talking to David and Roy and some of them. [1][One son] didn't want me to. He said, "Have you thought what this will do to the grandchildren?"

I said, "Yes I have. I don't want my grandchildren thinking I condone this." 'Cause [Dick] was doing things that he shouldn't.

[When Rhoda and Dick were married Rhoda's cousin, Charlene, styled her hair and commented, "I'll tell my grandchildren that I put your hair up for your wedding."[2]

Charlene was also Rhoda's handmaiden many years later. She went with her to Ephrata, Washington, and into the courtroom for the divorce proceedings. They had to wait for two or three other cases before Rhoda and Dick's divorce case was called. The Judge questioned Rhoda and she was able to answer his questions calmly. Then the Judge asked, "How long have you been married?"

Rhoda started to cry.

The judge was kind to her and said, "I am sorry to have to grant a divorce after so many years of marriage."]

[3]*June 19, 1981 – To-day my divorce became final. Charlene went with me to appear before the judge. It really wasn't bad, I had had lots of thoughts & wonderings about how it would be & last night I didn't sleep very well. But it really wasn't all that bad. They called me up & I had to swear to tell the truth with my right hand raised. Then I sat in a chair beside the judge. My lawyer Dano asked me questions about where I lived, the different clauses of the divorce to which all I had to do was answer yes and all would have gone on well without much emotion but the Judge had to say, "I can't believe this, after 48 years of marriage." "I'm sorry, I'm sorry." "I will sign it regrettably." etc. This brought the tears & try as I might I couldn't help them from spilling a little out over my eye lids. And it was all done & Charlene drove my car home. I just felt better that way, with her driving, I mean. We chatted, we always chat, on the way over about a variety of subjects - on the way home about Dick & I. Of course nothing has changed much since yesterday - but now I feel a little more that I am completely on my own. I don't need to wonder what Dick thinks. As it had to be done I'm happy it's now finished and over & I can get on and I hope make a good life for myself the few remaining years I have. I am deeply greatful for my special family of children & my brothers & other loved ones - I am in deed greatly blessed. May I live the remainder of my life righteously & be a good example & help to my dear children & all of these lovely grandchildren whom I love dearly.*

[1] Interview with Kathy Cobia

[2] Information from Charlene Hinman Baker during a phone call 20 April 2004.

[3] Recorded on a single sheet of lined paper.

[1]"[Charlene] helped me. She was the calming, sweet spirit that helped me through that. It was hard. Yes, it was hard. It's hard, every day after he left. .... [Sounds of Rhoda crying] So a divorce is bad, but lots of times they'll say death is worse. But in the church it's not, not to me. Anyway finally the bishop got around, that was my cousin [Edna] that lived by me, she told him. Boy, he changed his clothing and got into his suit and came right over.... Edna's son-in-law was there and they gave me a blessing and I felt better after that. I knew I needed that. It did help and I felt it. I used to feel it. I'd go to bed at night and kinda cry a lot of the times, but I'd feel a peace and a love and help and I had it. (You're getting the works Kathy–tears). You'd think it would be gone wouldn't you. Anyway I did feel at peace and that the Lord, I didn't feel like He was disappointed in me."

I've always been thankful I had a divorce. ...I had prayed about it and I think it was right and I had always felt good about it. I don't know how things are going to turn out. I have no idea what the Lord has in store for us and what's up there in Him. But anyway I think that I did the right thing.

[1] Paragraph from "Interview...Kathy"

Rhoda Cobia and grandchildren, Ben and Kathryn Cobia - Loa, Utah - December 1980

Rhoda and her children - 22 August 1981 - Orem, Utah
Back l-r: Jim Cobia, Ron Cobia, David Cobia and Roy Cobia
Front l-r: Judi C. Vernon, Rhoda W. Cobia, Patti C. Hughes and Lorna C. Pack

Rhoda W. Cobia - 10 January 1984
Rhoda loved serving in the temple, as a worker and doing temple work.
She felt it was a miracle to be called to serve in the Provo, Utah Temple.

L: Rhoda and Patricia Cobia, daughter-in-law.
12 July 1985
Orem, Utah

Center: Rhoda Cobia, June 1988 - Orem, Utah.
Rhoda tripped and fell while walking to the grocery store. She broke her arm near the shoulder. It was not put in a cast.
Below: Rhoda Cobia, 11 May 1974 – Rhoda made many quilts in her life time. Rhoda's hair was naturally black with only a few strands of white. She laughed when she had to show her identification at age 75 to get a Senior Citizen discount!

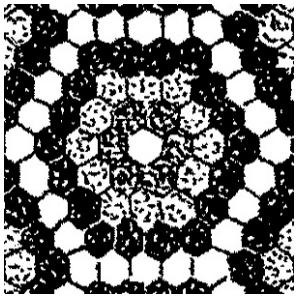
Above: Rhoda and her brothers, Vibert, Lloyd and Golden Woodruff - 17 August
Woodruff and Cobia Family Reunions - August 1985 - Cardston, Alberta
Below: Jim, Ron, Roy & David Cobia F: Patti Hughes, Judi Vernon, Rhoda Cobia & Lorna Pack - 16 Aug.

Above: Rhoda and her daughters - l-r: Lorna Pack, Rhoda Cobia, Patti Hughes & Judi Vernon
21 May 1986 - Salt Lake City, Utah
Below: Rhoda Cobia - 24 August 1986 - Provo, Utah

#10 - House Without a Song, page 184

Chapter 11
Miracles and Blessings 1982-1989

Grandmother's Flower Garden



"*You have to have a yard stick to measure by or there would be as many varied yards of measure as there are people. To me the gospel is the best yard stick I can find.*"[1]

[Rhoda continued to live in her snug little house at 1118 Columbia Lane. As always throughout her life, Rhoda's faith in Jesus Christ and The Gospel was her anchor, and Jim and Marilyn were the angels that blessed her life with love, support and comfort.

Rhoda's concerns and fears are reflected in this note she wrote on a business envelope:] *This Jim, bless his heart, he is worried because I am worried because of my finances. 'Don't worry about it and don't be so frugal," [he told me.] And yet how can I help it? There is such a little bit & I am so anxious to get my debts paid off and the mortgage cleared off from my house...*

[2]From the time Dick left I felt I had special help. I felt Heavenly Father's spirit with me so many times as I went through my trials and problems. I am sure it was Him that put the thought in my mind that I needed something to do.

[What Rhoda found to do was "Extraction." One purpose of LDS temples is to perform Church ordinances by proxy for those who have died without having the opportunity to participate in those ordinances. Members of the church are encouraged to search for their ancestors and perform the ordinances for them. The church was building more temples but not enough ancestral names were being submitted for temple work. Temple ordinances are not performed unless they are **for** someone. They are not done just to go through the ritual. In 1977, to keep the temples open, the Church started the Extraction Program. People were asked to read microfilmed early church and civil records of deaths, births and marriages, make lists of the names, dates and places which identify individuals and those lists were then sent to the temples where ordinances were preformed for each individual.[3]]

My Bishop didn't call me to Extraction. They were begging for people. I don't know why he never thought of asking me, but he didn't. I went to the Stake President one time. I wanted a counseling session. I said I needed something to do and that was mentioned. He said, "That's just the thing! I'll get you called immediately." It wasn't too long after that I was called, but I didn't get started immediately. The supervisor liked three or four [people] to train, not just one. It was hard to get people to work there. He finally got enough and we got started on it.

It was difficult. You had to struggle to do it. Our teacher was very strict. She was so very critical about every little mistake we made. Of course, we didn't do it on purpose. In fact she was too strict, it scared me to death, if you made a normal little mistake. She had been at that for years and she expected us to do as good. Yes, we made mistakes. It was so different and I hadn't been used to going to school. But we worked hard at it. She was a good woman. She did her

[1] It is unknown if Rhoda wrote this or if it is something she copied or heard and wrote down. It was written on the back of half a wedding announcement for Lorna Cobia and Bert Pack.

[2] Compiled from Oral History, Tape 12

[3] This program eventually evolved into indexing records, such as the Ellis Island Immigration Lists or Census records, which have been entered into the computer and made available for research by genealogists.

work well. She was a great help because she whizzed through a lot of it. Her husband was the Leader. He couldn't have done all the correcting and things he did without her help. We just had to over look that little fault.

I didn't know German, but I didn't have to learn German. I had to learn certain words and learn numbers. It took me a long time to learn to do that. It was hard to read [microfilmed records.] Some of those records looked like they had been in a fire or wet. Some of them you could just get parts of [the words.] Some of the records I took a long time pouring over and studying and looking at them. Finally I'd get the teacher and he'd look and study, then I'd get what I thought was right, then after a while I'd think something else and go back. When it was corrected I'd think of something else. We'd get them the best we could, but some of them were difficult and some were quite plain and nice and I could just whiz through them.

There were two people who read the same record and we'd compare them. That is how they found the mistakes. Then we had to check them over to see who was right. At first, after we copied the names, they sent them to Salt Lake to correct them. Our records were so good after our instructor corrected them that they got so they told us to send ours directly to the temple where they did the temple work for those names.

Working in Extraction came at a time when I don't know how I could have kept going without it. I needed my mind off my problems. I had to concentrate to get that. It was really a good thing for me. I did that three years. I kept expecting I'd have some special spiritual experience but I never did. There was always a good feeling. I oft times thought, "What more special place could I work than here."

All in all I really enjoyed [Extraction]. We would take little breaks because you can only sit at the microfilm reader so long. Your eyes and your body needed a break. We would oft times go out and walk around the building for walks and get to know each other better. At Thanksgiving and Christmas we'd bring a potluck and have a nice dinner. Just before I left [Moses Lake] they got one together for me. That was really fun and I got some nice cards and things. That was special.

[The Extraction Program was not the only thing Rhoda did to fill her days. She kept herself busy. Over the years, she knitted sweaters for all the girls in the family. She made quilts and helped others quilt. She gardened and canned fruit and vegetables. She and a few other single people met together once a week for Family Home Evening. She and some friends took turns hosting dinners at their homes. Jim and Marilyn enriched her life by making her a part of theirs with visits, lots of phone calls and invitations to their home. She was thrilled to write in her journal about the progress they were making on building a new house. She loved to have Derin, David and Melanie come and visit.

In September 1982, she recorded:] *"David stayed with me and I enjoyed him all day Saturday - We went to farmers market - bought a water mellon a few plumbs & peaches for Edna - I baked the cookies I had mixed up & not had time to bake on friday - David really enjoyed watching T.V. and playing on the Trampoline - we read a story & put puzzles together & ate David enjoyed the water mellon - I cut the lawn & David raked up the grass and we went to his home in the late afternoon - Marilyn gave me a good speedy hair cut & we went to see their house it's really looking good - The door is on, a good sturdy metal one - electricity in, insulation in, sheet rock on the ceilings & walls of the master bed room - I hurried home bathed & dressed & took Edna to Terry Lybberts (Alton & Kay Lybbert's daughter's) reception It was good I enjoyed meeting friends & an old acquaintance Wallace Leishman & wife he used*

to live in my home town, Glenwood Alberta. And did I sleep well last night -

[Woven around Rhoda's many activities was concern and devoted care given to her cousin, Edna. She mentioned Edna often in her journal.]

What a busy day December 18 [1981] it was. I had cancelled my day's work at the German extraction program. I still had to wash – take Edna to get a Vitamin B shot, her medicines & a few groceries - finished Jim & Marilyn's gifts, wrap them & Edna's gifts, pack, tidy the house - and get to Jim's supposedly early - Well some how I got most of it done, even putting finishing touches on the gifts for Jim & Marilyn. I was late in getting to Jim & Marilyn's & they were a little worried.... [Jim and Marilyn took Rhoda to the airport so she could fly to California to spend Christmas and visit a month with Judi and her family.]

Judi, Phil, Tif & "Manders" waiting. Richard at camp at Death Valley. Great to see them, came home in heavy rain.

May 28, 1982 – Here I am alone with all these mixed emotions & a bit lonely - My friend[1] *since hi school days has just left for home, Cardston, Alberta, Canada, with the Baines*[2] *- We have enjoyed quite a care free week- Chatting at night til I could not stay awake any longer, then getting up the next day to more chatting & reading, visiting etc. She plays the piano some & we both sang so many old hymns, reviewed some youthful experiences & told stories about our children & their lives - she recently had her over thirty-young-old, youngest child, a son, marry a lovely convert.*

She came down Friday afternoon a little before I was really ready- I painted my front room Thursday & got almost everything back in place & some cleaning done, drapes up - had to rush to get my bath after she came & she visited the Boyles [neighbors] while I did & we went to Edna's to dinner with Edna, her sister's Berniece & Nora & Berniece's husband Hector. A lovely Roast beef dinner. Good visit– then home & Saturday Marie's cousin - Elmo Searle came to visit her & stayed to eat lunch with us when I also had Hector & Berniece, Edna & Nora over - More visiting & Edna & company went home- Edna for a wee rest.

Sunday May 23 we (at least I) enjoyed Sacrament Meeting, Sunday School, Relief Society after which Edna had us all to a lovely ham dinner - pie & all- Ava Lublin came - After we went home Charlene came to visit & we really had another good chit-chat. Brother Baker had to irrigate

Monday A.M. I had a dentist appointment & then we, Marie & I, went to German Extraction. She enjoyed seeing how we do ours. She's on the French Extraction Program in Cardston. Home Evening was good & she got to meet all of my Home Evening friends-

August 23 1982 – Last night I didn't sleep so well & up quite early this A.M. Watered Edna's lawn & started weeding, fertilizing and watering my garden but I was so very tired when I went to German I had a hard time getting through my 4 hours but I didn't take any anicin, I think it isn't too good for me - and when I came home I took a 1 ½ hour rest - and didn't get back to working in the yard & garden but I did the ironing went to Home Evening....

August 27 [1982] didn't write last night. I brought Edna's milk home on my way home from German & posted a package for her. We went grocery shopping in the late afternoon. Jim [son] was home when I got home so I hurried up a quick lunch & he went to finish his business & home for a dental appointment - He thinks their

[1] Marie Ackroyd Smith

[2] Rhoda's cousin and Edna's sister, Bernice Bennion Baines, and her husband, Hector Baines.

home will be finished in 2 weeks they have the partitions up - Joy & I did one more of our visiting teaching homes -
[August 1982] Tuesday 31st Bottled a batch of peaches & Pears – took Edna up to the nursing home to see 3 old friends - Sis Lybbert was OK was knitting on an afghan but the others had forgotten us and it was very depressing - we were glad to leave we came down to Safeway & got a few groceries - I took Edna to the Bank & I picked up a sheet to back Lee Ann's quilt with it seems very stiff to quilt but will probably be OK

Wednesday September 1, 1982 ... I took Edna to have her foot operated on she had waited too long and it was worse than usual & painful - I really didn't do too much to-day but I did work on Patti's sweater and fertilized & watered my front lawn.

Friday [September 19, 1982] I arose early bathed & washed my hair, mixed bread & did quite a bit of cleaning on my home - Its surprising how much one can clean up a home in an hour with the help of a vacuum - Thursday I paid $300.00 on the mortgage on my house last month I paid $100.00 I've really had to save & get along without to do this. Oh I haven't really suffered but I've economized & I feel so good that at last I'm getting some paid on the principal $400.00 in fact the 1st I have paid on the principal & now I should start to go down faster - After German I did a little shopping and hurried home to get lunch & put the bread in tins back in the cold to keep til I was ready to bake and off to Johnny Crawfords funeral with Ava -

I just got home & took Edna to the store to do a little shopping - she hasn't been feeling too well this week she over did it last week getting dinner ready for Ava & I and her friend Marilyn & her boy friend - she didn't do a simple meal - but did all the trimmings pie & rolls 7 scollaped potatoes etc. etc. it was delicious but was much too hard for her and she hasn't felt well since - I'd enjoy a very simple meal so much better knowing she wasn't damaging her health doing it -

[*September 29, 1982] Wednesday Edna went to therapy but shouldn't have done, he couldn't do much because she wasn't well - we went & did a little shopping for her she needed anyway & she felt poorly. She had a real bad night - I hated to go to German but I did she was bad all day I slept the night with her & she felt some what better*

January 23, 1983 – Another good week has whizzed by, fairly good weather & road conditions but lots of fog. I started Hildred's sweater & Lorna & Bert's afghan this week - made a pin cushion –

Took Edna shopping Thursday after noon & then insisted on going up to see Lapriel Lybbert at the nursing Home. I shouldn't have done that, Edna was too tired really to go shopping, she had had her eyes checked in the morning, they are doing well. Edna got so tired & then when we got home Vib Miller went over & talked about her problems after which Edna was so tired she couldn't fix herself any food and she hadn't eaten a decent noon meal, just a maple bar down town (not her usual good nutritious food) and so on the way to bed she fell – to exhausted to get there - Happily she didn't break her leg or anything this time, but is bruised & was so frightened & upset she didn't sleep all night. Oh, when will I learn that Edna has to take it easy, very easy.

[March 1983] Edna has been having quite a bit of trouble with her bad leg. Stomach isn't too good either. She needs so much of my time and care. I feel their family should help me at least some — and I think too much about it.

Edna always said as long as I stayed [in Moses Lake] she was going to stay right there too. She didn't think I would move. She always

said she didn't want to go up to the nursing home. So I guess that left me with her care. I was talking to our Bishop's wife. She said, "I don't know what I am going to do when I get older." She didn't think it was good to do like Edna was doing, just stay in her house and having everybody take care of her when she had a daughter and a son.

Edna hadn't been well so many winters. She was sick so much of the time and I had spent a lot of time with her which was okay but it got to be so it was more than I could do. My health wasn't too good and I didn't feel like I could keep up my yard and ... Edna's yard too. She couldn't do anything in it. If I didn't do it, she got out there and tried and I knew she could easy fall and be laying in that yard for goodness only knows how long. I didn't cut the lawn, but I used to water it and those kind of things. I knew I couldn't do all that. I couldn't keep up my own yard even.

I was getting older and older and I knew what I wanted to do eventually. My Patriarchal Blessing said I would do temple work and I wanted to do it. I thought, "Well, what should I do? I'd like to go someplace where there is a temple." I thought first of going to one of these places that they have for old people where the government pays part of the rent. I thought of Seattle. Then I didn't think that would be very good. Then I thought of Saint George. I thought of all the places with a temple. Finally I thought of Provo and I thought, "That is the place I want to be. The Grandchildren go there to school and the kids go there sometimes so I would see my children more often and I could work in the temple there." So that's what I decided to do.

There were some lovely people that worked [in the Extraction Program]. One dear lady, Dorothy Bushman ... was very sweet. I enjoyed working with her. She was one of the people who encouraged me to come to Utah when I got the idea. A lot of people pushed me a little bit.

I don't know how I would have gotten through it [without help]. I had a sustaining influence, a spirit.... I felt this help all the time with me. Some of the people at home [Moses Lake] would say, "You don't want to go down there." "Are you sure you'll like that down there?" But there were people like Dorothy Bushman, bless her heart, that would say, "Oh that's what I'd like. That's exciting. You'll have lots of experiences down there, lots of good things to do."

August 24, 1983 15 minutes to 5 - Just came in from watching Claude Wright put up a "For Sale" sign on my lawn for Century 21 - Farm & Home Agency. My emotions are very mixed, I really want to move where I can see my children more often and go some place where there isn't so much yard work etc - But I have enjoyed it here, my little house is so cheery & comfortable and in a good neighborhood. I have also enjoyed my ward and stake - I love my friends & many people here - I know I'll miss it all. I hope I don't really regret the move. It seems the right thing to do.[1]

A lot of the houses were taking a long time to sell, but mine didn't take all that long. About the first people that came to see it decided to buy it. They were good buyers.

I wrote to Edna and told her I was going to sell and I was going to move to Provo. She came home immediately. (She wasn't very well, but Garth, her nephew, brought her home.) She said if I was going to move she had to. She wanted me to help her get her place ready and get rid of her things. Ohh-h-h we worked all through that house, sorting things out for the Deseret Industries and to give away and to sell and to take with her and throw away. That gave me some ideas about what I had to do with my own. Mine was a mess because it was upstairs and out

[1] 1982-1983 Journal, last entry. A Century 21 business card for Dell Kaiser was inserted between the pages.

in the garage and all over. It was a lot of work. I really don't know how I got all through that but we did. Edna had her garage sale. It was getting so it was kind of cold in the winter. I was afraid I wouldn't have a good day for mine. But I set a certain Saturday and that day was chilly, but sunny and nice. That was the only Saturday that was good. We had a sale. You just gave things away really. You didn't make their value. Dorothy Bushman and Ethel Lightfoot came and helped me at the garage sale. While I sold they took the money and made change. I finally got rid of everything. Joy Morris helped me pack. Oh, Marilyn came in when she could. Marilyn and Jim helped me a lot.

Jim and Marilyn used to come in all the time to see me and little Melanie came to see me too. When I started boxing up things Melanie came in the house and she'd see things out of place and boxes here and there. She didn't say very much until one day it really was getting boxed up and things were out of order. She put her little hands on her hips and she said, "Grandma! What a mess!"

You'd think I'd have a hard time dismantling my house, but I was looking forward to coming to Utah. I think I had an extra blessing on that. I don't think it was near as hard for me as it was for Edna. Of course I had enjoyed that little house. It was cozy. It was nice. It was convenient. It was in a good location. But my roots had been strung out over other houses. I had enjoyed the brick home that was out on Route Three. That was the one that seemed to be my home. That ward was the hardest one to leave. Nevertheless leaving does bring a few pangs.

The ward had a going-away party for me that was so nice. They had it at Opal and Gene Merkleys. Opal and Remina [Jorgenson] and Jane Larsen gave a lovely party for me. I really enjoyed that. The next week is when I left.

The last night I was there I stayed with Wally and Joy Morris. I was going to stay in my little house. The Bishop was going to insist I come and stay there, but I thought that would be too far to go in the morning. I had to get at my house at a certain time because Jim was coming. I had to be there on time and have everything ready. I thought I'd better stay close. Joy invited me over and I stayed with them. She fixed me a nice breakfast and I was on my way.

Jim got the truck and took off. He left his car with me. I left the house for the last time and drove the car out to Marilyn. As soon as the children were out of school and she got her business taken care of we took off for Payette, Idaho. When we got to Payette Jim and the loaded truck were there. All had gone well. He had a good rental truck. The next day we went on together to Provo. We had a little snow, but nothing that was terribly bad until we got there.

Ron and Hildred have been so helpful to me. They found me an apartment in a very good area. I went to look at it and a few others and I decided I'd take that one. It was all settled up that I should, but the people that said they were going to move out decided they weren't going to move out. They were going to stay, but I couldn't find another one that would suit me like that one because it was a good area. ... The landlady made them move out and I moved in.

I had been worried about getting into a new ward; that is always difficult. I think I was really fortunate. The first Sunday I went to Church I saw an older lady, like myself, sitting there by herself. I went and sat down by her and sure enough it was Cora Albee. A lady who was quite outgoing. She knew most everybody. She had lived in the ward for several years. That was a big help. I went for tithing settlement that Sunday.

That was the only Sunday I was there before I left to go with Jim and the Pack kids to go back to Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, to help Lorna get ready for Allyson's wedding and to spend Christmas with them. It snowed and it was snowy all the way but we got along just fine.

I had about three weeks over there. We were very busy. Allyson's dress wasn't finished. There were all the bridesmaid's dresses to do, all the cooking, preparing for the reception. Well, we were just really busy. They had a few parties for Allyson. We went to Washington D.C. to the wedding. It was a special wedding and a special place to go. The weather was cold and icy, but we didn't have any major mishaps. We went to the wedding and got home safely and had the reception. The kids had their fun, then piled in the car to come home again. We stopped at Roy and Janice's both ways and that was fun. They always have good times there. We got to see the Stake House [a church building] that Roy got to help with. He was in the High Council and he was over the building that they just finished building. We got home just fine.

When I was getting my divorce and shortly after, for a l-o-n-g time it was very difficult to go to the temple. The temple is supposed to be the place where you go to get solace. I went to the temple and I felt devastated. I felt, oh-h-h-h, I was in tears, but I kept going. It wasn't the temple. But that feeling has been taken away from me. I have been blessed so much. I really don't think about it, oh occasionally, but occasionally at home too. I get lonesome. Even with family and friends I'm alone and it bothers me. When I went to the temple it was Allyson's wedding and we were thinking about her. Maybe if Dick and I had been really close it would have been worse. No, it wasn't too bad. I am always so overjoyed that they are going to be married in the temple. It is such a blessing and such a special thing to me. That is the thing I think of.

It took me a long time to get so I knew anybody beside Cora and the Relief Society Presidency. Our ward is one where there are a lot of students and they come and go quite often and fast. They are here this week and gone the next. [Rhoda and Cora Albee became good friends and did many things together - bought groceries, walked together for exercise, exchanged baked goods, fruits and vegetables, shared craft patterns and were eventually visiting teaching companions.]

Just after I came back from Michigan the Relief Society Presidency came to see me. They asked me a lot of questions and I guess I told them, maybe I told them too much. It wasn't too long until the Bishop called me and said he wanted to see me in his office at Tuesday at a certain time. I was getting ready to go that evening and he called up and said something had come up and he couldn't keep that appointment and he'd call me back later. He didn't call for quit a few days. I thought he decided not too. I kept wondering what he wanted. One Sunday morning just before I went to Church he called me to come into his office. He asked me to teach the Mother Education Class. (sigh) I was frightened to death, but I didn't darest to refuse. So I said, "Yes." You know I think that is harder than being the president! Of course it is just once a month. I was so nervous that first time and I still am a certain amount.

I have enjoyed teaching Mother Education and I've learned a lot of things. As I go through these things for my lessons, I think, "I knew that once." I've forgotten it and learned them again and it's been good for me. I have enjoyed it. I have such lovely women to work with. They are very responsive in class. It is good to get the feed-back they give. I've enjoyed my work in the Relief Society. Especially did I enjoy the presidency, especially the second counselor, Lorna Probost. She has been so special. I used to go to the temple with her. I almost got myself in Dutch[1] doing that though. (laugh)

Saturday - November 16, 1986

I have enjoyed & developed much with my

[1] Meaning in trouble. Sister Probost also took her elderly father to the temple. He asked Rhoda to marry him.

Relief Society assignment but oft time feel it is a little difficult with my temple too. Winter makes it hard to attend night meetings some times I feel I should be released - I've taught almost 3 years

....I am to have an interview with the bishop to-morrow and give the closing prayer in Relief Society and Cora says to have a good sleep.

Sunday - November 17, 1986

Went to the church early to talk to the bishop - he had an accident and hurt his knee badly. He released me from being Mother Education teacher. I didn't need to hint or ask, every one was so kind and appreciative of the work I have done - of course I know anything I did that was of worth was with the help of the Lord - I've felt his help so much in this calling - praise Him -

Before I left Moses I told the lady who bought our Brick home that I wanted to work in the temple when I got down to Provo. She said, "Oh good I'll tell my father that you want too." Her father was a member of the Provo Temple Presidency and he was the person who called people to work there. She talked to him and said, "I want you to be aware when she comes down." He said, "I'll do more than that, we'll process her name right now so everything will be ready when she comes down." They went to work on it. I had just barely sold my home. Evidently they had my name processed, I think they did, because the Bishop did mention something about it just before I left.

When I got to Provo nobody said anything about it. Jim kept asking me about it. I didn't like to say anything about it. I wanted to be called, but I didn't want to feel like I was pushing myself in or that I asked to do it. I really hadn't asked. I had expressed my desires to my friend and she got to work on it.

I had told my new Bishop I wanted to be a temple worker. He said, "That ought to be able to be arranged." I said it was under advisement. He talked to me when I was called as teacher of the Mother's Educational class. He said, "Have you been called yet."

I said, "No."

He said, "We'll have to see what we can do about it."

But nothing happened. Nothing happened.

Somebody said one of the best ways to get yourself there was to go often. So I went often. As often as I could, but my health was not too good some of the time. I'd get very tired. Lorna Probost, the counselor in the Relief Society, used to go and I went with her so many times. Her father went and she'd take friends with her. We'd go early in the morning about seven and do three sessions and I would be really exhausted when I got home. I didn't say anything and I just kept on going. I had been going several months and nobody said anything [about a call as a temple worker.]

My health was so bad. That summer after LeeAnn was married in August I just about couldn't manipulate. I wasn't in pain. I went to see the doctor and he didn't know what was the matter. I'd been going to see doctors all my life and they didn't know what was the matter. They said it was nerves, and this and that and the other. They said I had a leaking heart value, but its not bothering you.

When they had public x-rays to check people to see if they had TB [tuberculosis], one time I had mine checked and the answer came back "No TB" but did I know my heart was overly enlarged. Yes, I knew it and those doctors knew it. But how could they think that I didn't have trouble with it if my heart was so enlarged. It doesn't do that for nothing. Something was bothering me. They said it wasn't my heart, but I knew it was something. The doctor here gave me several check-ups and they didn't tell too much.

Finally ... I was just ready go to bed and stay there. I don't think I could have gone around

much more. I'd just do the least little thing and I was huffing and puffing. I just about couldn't manage to do the least things. The doctor called me up and said he thought I should go to the hospital and have a cardiac catheterization. I had had several tests. I didn't know exactly what that was and what all it would entail. I said I'd think about it. Lorna was here to get her children into school. I thought, "This would be a good time to do it. Hildred has been running me around, but Lorna could take me to the hospital and be with me." In about an hour I called back to the doctor and said I would do it. I just felt like I wouldn't be here much longer if I didn't do something.

I went to the hospital and I had a cardiogram. They discovered that I had sub-aortic stenosis (there is some more to it, but I don't know what it all is.) I really liked my doctor, Dr. Freshnick. It took about an hour to take that test. They don't put you to sleep. Every time he was going to do something he was really nice, he'd tell me what he was doing. He said my heart was enlarged to twice its size. My other doctor had given me medication, but it was the wrong medication. Dr. Freshnick gave me a different medication. It was half a little tablet twice a day. I was on it about two weeks and it didn't to do anything and my heart hadn't gone down a bit. [Dr. Freshnick] had me take the medication three times a day and that did the trick. I started feeling better. I could tell my chest wasn't as full. I could feel my heart pushing in there. I could tell I was doing a little better. My doctor told me I'd have to learn to live with it. Of course, I'd been doing that for years (chuckles). But I didn't know what I was getting used to. I used to get perturbed because I thought "If this is all in my head, I'm going to work it out." That didn't help a bit.

It took quite a while to get over that test. You wouldn't think a little simple test would bother you that much, but it did. I was just getting over that when I went to the temple and attended a special meeting and they said, "If you ever forget part of the ceremony, tell somebody and they can restore it to you."

I thought. "I'd better do that. I'm not really sure I remember." I asked and they called me up and said if I would come into the office they would give me the information. When I went into the office and one of the Brethren said, "Oh, what's your name again." I told him.

He said, "You're the lady. We have a letter for you." It was my call to be a temple worker!

They had lost my address and phone number and didn't know where to contact me. I thought, "All this has been done. Heavenly Father promised me I was going to be a temple worker in my Patriarchal Blessing. My heart isn't going to get well anyway." (The doctor had advised against an operation, but keep on the medication, slow down and get your rest.) I decided I might as well go ahead.

They set me apart right then. I was really frightened about doing it. I was so excited. I couldn't remember what they said when they set me apart. I felt bad about that. There were a lot of times I'd like to know what they told me. I'd just been going back to the temple a few times since I'd had my heart test and I didn't know if I would be able to manage it physically.

It was another new experience. I thought I had had to study hard when I was doing German, but this was memorization and getting things perfect and it is such an important thing and so many things to learn. I was afraid I wasn't going to be able to do it, but I was blessed. I can't say I felt good all the time, but I went ahead. I was a temple worker.

Ron took me to the temple and Hildred came and picked me up every night. I could have walked down to the Mission Home and got on the bus, but it was quite a walk. After the first of the year the bus route came right by the temple, so Hildred picked me up all fall, two days a

week, sometimes three. I needed to go extra days so I could learn it.

Now I have been there a year I am finally feeling more at home. I still remember how I felt when I was new. I hope I don't forget it so that I will be sympathetic to the new sisters that come in. I see them struggling. Every week a new group comes in. You wonder what they do with all the new people, but some of the workers go on missions, some go on missions on the other side or retire. They are always needing new help.

I have really enjoyed it and I feel the Lord has really blessed and helped me to be able to do this. Hopefully I am able to do it in a manner which is helpful and pleasing. Many of the people who come to the temple come for solace and comfort and encouragement. It is very important that they get the parts right, but it's very important that you don't hurt their feelings or do anything to keep them from having the spirit of love that they should have in the temple. It is a joy and a privilege and a great blessing to be able to work in the House of the Lord with special people. They have lived good lives. They have a strong, good spirit.

[Rhoda served two days a week in the temple and often went another day to do temple work. As the days and months passed she began writing how tired she was when she got home. She had to rest more often and needed more time to recover from the six to seven hour days. She prayed and pleaded for good health and strength to continue to serve. In 1986 she asked two of her sons, Ron and David to give her a priesthood blessing. In an undated journal entry she wrote:]

David & LeRon gave me a beautiful blessing – However I wasn't blessed that I would have unlimited health but that it would be sufficient til some one else would be able to take over my work – blessed that those in charge would understand and feel ok when my strength gave out, that I could leave & that the work would be taken care of -

Told that I am being taken care of both sides of the veil. My Father in Heaven is mindful of me & accepts the work I am doing.

Thursday - November 14, 1986

I really appreciate being able to work in the temple - it gives meaning to my life - some times when health is bad & I think I may have to give it up I feel bad, but I'm feeling a little better.

Tuesday - May 10, 1988

Intended to go to the temple but didn't feel up to it. So I worked on my needle work projects at home. Some times I feel so poorly I wonder if I should stop work at the temple but I don't want to - I enjoy the work so much.

[Rhoda's heart problem caused fatigue, but she also had osteoporosis. Over the years, slowly ever so slowly her back humped and she got shorter by several inches. It happened so gradually that those who saw her often didn't even notice until other family members who didn't see her regularly made comments about her condition. On a lovely spring day in May 1988 when she was walking over to the grocery store, she scuffed her foot along the asphalt, fell and broke her arm. She took a leave of absence from the temple, but was never able to go back as a worker.]

"[1]I just loved to work in the temple. That gave me satisfaction. I felt like I was doing something and I loved to do it. Yes, I felt like I was doing something for those people that had passed on and something for the people that are here, too, you know... Some of those little girls would be so bashful and you could just make them feel at ease and it was so fun to do that. And then to have somebody come up and tell you how nice it was, how they enjoyed the spirit of the temple."

[1] Paragraph from Interview..."

[Rhoda moved to Orem because she wanted to be a temple worker and hoped to see more of her family. Both of those wishes were abundantly fulfilled. She had many, many visits with all of her children and many grandchildren. She was able to see her brothers and their wives and extended family, too. Not only did family come to visit, they took her places with them. As Rhoda's grandchildren got older and left home, many of them came to school in Orem or Provo. They too visited their grandmother and soon were bringing fiancees, then spouses and then babies to proudly show to her. This was a joyful time in her life.]

When I first came down to Orem, LeeAnn, bless her heart, decided she was going to spend some time with "Grandma" and she did. She used to come and visit me every week. It got so I'd fix a little lunch and we'd eat together and have some fun times. I was so happy LeeAnn married a young man that had filled a good mission and one that wanted to go to the temple and one that had high standards. That always makes you happy when your grandchildren marry well. Now I have three of them married in the temple and I am very happy for that. Now LeeAnn is expecting her first baby and my first great-grandchild and we are waiting for the day.

I also have a special cousin down here, Rojanea Jacobs Bingham. She contacted me not long after I came down and she came and took me different places.

[In1985] we also planned a big family reunion in Canada. Vibert and Retta, my brother and his wife, had been married fifty year at Christmas time but they hadn't had their Golden Wedding celebration with their children all together until the summer because some of them couldn't come. They planned it for August. All our family planned on going to that. Most all of us were there. I figured that out once and there was only one spouse and about five grandchildren that weren't there. We had a wonderful time. Vibert and Retta had an openhouse and it was the nicest one I have ever attended. They held it in Cardston and all the people I'd gone to school with and people I'd known for years [came]. It was so special to me because they were old friends and relatives. It was just so fun. I spent the whole evening talking, just a little short time with each one. It was really great. My special friend, Marie, let me stay at her house so we could rest, but I am afraid we chatted most of the time.

We went to the Woodruff Ranch and had a fun reunion for Saturday. We told stories. The kids went tubing down the river and some of them rode horses and really had a good time. Vibe was just recovering from a broken arm. Sunday was special too because we had a baptism for David Cobia, Jim and Marilyn's second son. That was really special. We met on Vibe's river bottom. David was baptized and we had short Services. David, my son, spoke on baptism. Then we ate and left for home.

Jim [Pack] and his fiancee went to Canada too. They came home on Sunday and on Tuesday they were married. We just got back for the wedding. They were married in the Manti Temple. That was special too because it had just been renovated and made beautiful. The temple was just doing sealings and marriages at that time. They had a reception that evening at her folk's place. Another special temple wedding and a special, lovely girl. That's my three marriages and no great-grandchildren yet. (laughs)

Wednesday Feb . 27 [1985]

Attended R.S. ward Board mtg. I felt ok at the temple & that evening quite early Tylor & Christi Smith (Vibe & Retta's grandson & wife) brought Vibe & Retta from the plane in Salt Lake we ate a lunch together Christi & Victor[1] *& baby Maria came over- Vibe & Retta showed pictures*

[1] Vibert and Retta Woodruff granddaughter and her husband.

of their Sri Lanka Mission it was special.

I got excused from my Temple work on Friday- March 1 ...Retta & I & Vibe went shopping & made a casserole & I made a salad to take to the reunion & Christi & Victor took us up to Salt Lake to the Pres. Wilford Woodruff family reunion. (Pres. Woodruff's birth date Mar 1, 1807) They had a planned pot luck dinner 1st we enjoyed the good food and met a few members we didn't know & saw many more & found a few we already knew- ... Then they had a program - showed slides of W. W. homes & some of his family- One member has written a book about his family he told us about it & had them there for sale. Robbie Bosco - BYU Quarterback was a guest speaker he is a descendent through Sarah Delight Stocking Woodruff - However he hadn't been a member of the church until recently. He gave a good talk and said he had been asked what was the secret of his success - his answer was "Never give up"- We got home fine fairly early & happy to go to bed.

Next day Mar 2- We (Christi & Victor, Vibe & Retta & I) all went to the temple .... Retta & I had rests & we went out to eat in the evening all of us [and Christy and Tylor] - then came here & chatted a bit.

Sunday March 3 [1985]

My grandchildren, Allyson & Jeff, Jim, Rhodelle and Richard, also Hildred & children (Ron was in Seattle, Wash. on business,). LeeAnn & Rick Klemetson saw them [Vibe and Retta] & visited a bit before. But the rest had a good visit with a favorite Aunt & Uncle. Then Christi & Victor, Tylor & Christi also Maria, Vibe & Retta went to Church with me at 4 P.M. We had 3 special mtgs- Then their grand children went home & we had our dinner which tasted so good as we had fasted it being fast Sunday.

Monday Mar 4 [1985] at 8 A.M. Christi & Victor came & picked Vibert & Retta up to take them back to the Air Port in Salt Lake. ....I did so enjoy their visit it was a fun break for me & didn't seem to be too hard on me- Retta understands & I felt completely at ease taking my needed rest. I haven't heard from them since.

Monday - December 30, 1985 [Orem, Utah to Huntington Beach, California]

David[1] driving - David, Pat, Kathy & I left at 6:30 for Huntington Beach, Cal. Arrived about 8:30 [p.m.] roads very icy & dangerous for about 90 miles then good, Beautiful country - Stopped in Las Vegas briefly , went through the strip. Went through Caesar's Palace, the Casino, such thoughts as den of iniquity etc. passed through my mind - girls that served immodestly dressed, clean & attractive but not good.

Judi's house clean & very attractive. Welcome there.

Tuesday - December 31, 1985- Huntington Beach, Calif.

David, Pat, Kathy went to Disney land, Phil to work. Judi took me shopping, I bought a pretty blue dress - I'm hard to fit because of my big bloated tummy. Judi also got a [sentence not finished.]

Saturday - January 4, 1986 - [Orem, Utah]

Left about 6:30 A.M., lost one hour - good drive home- Kathy drove most of the way - beautiful country - cold at home but all well - arrived about 7:30.

Thursday - August 14, 1986 [Orem, Utah]

Temple to day and Roy & Janice and family came about 5 P.M. I prepared a mixed fruit salad & lemon bars to eat as at 4 P.M. they ate a big turkey dinner at Ron & Hildred's. Christy played the piano for us. It's so good to see them all. Christy just came from music camp.

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[1] Her son, David Cobia, was on Sabbatical at Brigham Young University for one year and lived in Provo, Utah.

[Rhoda had seasons of happiness and rejoicing and seasons of worry and sorrow.]

Wednesday - August 20, 1986

Went with Lorna & Allyson through the temple with Rhodelle for her 1st time before she went to the mission home - in the afternoon Lorna took us out to eat at Marie Callendars - lovely - tired. Kathy spent the night with LeeAnn as Rich is out of town to a wedding.

Friday - August 22, 1986

Temple again - not quite so tired.... Lucy Jones phoned me that Marie Smith is very ill, of course, she has been for sometime- [from August 28, 1982 entry] - Phoned Marie A. Smith my dear friend - she has recently had an operation - had her female organs removed they were cancerous - She's been in the hospital 3 weeks. They think they got it all and that she will be OK. She's going to Salt Lake to visit her daughter Shirley for 3 weeks or so before going back to her Temple & genealogy work –

Thursday - August 28, 1986

Marie died 27th or 28th.

Tonight I am feeling so lonely & weepy - ...because Marie Ackroyd Smith has passed her graduation examination (I think that's what she used to say) & passed on to be with Frank - I'm so happy for her- her suffering is now over & she's with her true love again, but I'm so lonesome & sad for myself - She used to be such a true friend[1] when I needed comfort & cheering - she it was who gave it to me & bolstered my many times sinking ego- she always told me how much she loved me. I suppose dear friends & loved ones my age will all be soon passing on. I lose you Marie & am missing you so much but wish you joy & happiness in your new life. Don't leave me here too long.

Monday - September 1, 1986 - Labor Day

Didn't celebrate - Washed & ironed & bottled 5 quarts apple pie filling, 2 quarts pears - I'm tired but ok - that's really pretty good for me. Cora & I had a little walk - I listened to Deanna Edwards on the radio - her record "Sharing the gift of love" is good.

She brought back thoughts of Marie & I realized what she said is true - I have felt a sadness, not for Marie for she is happy I'm sure but because it made me aware of all Marie has done for me and how I'll miss her - She's always been there ready to comfort me when times have been very tough & now she won't be there.

I found a poem at the temple that brought thoughts of Marie too-

I close my eyes
Your face I see
Sweet memories bring
you back to me –
Our friendship has no end -
by Laura Larson

Monday - January 25, 1988

I received a very special letter from Richard Vernon to day - it made me feel so good - He said my letters & birthday cards to him had been a strength to him & my love & faith in him help him when he needs it most, May I or some one always be able to help til he has his own strength & the help of a kind Father in Heaven

Saturday A.M. 30 [January, 1988]th

Judi phoned she is feeling so joyous. Richard has sent his papers in to be processed to go on his mission - she shared a few special experiences with Richard - He is an exceptional young man -

Sunday - February 14, 1988

Ron & Hildred invited me to their house for Valentine's day & gave me a lovely box of chocolates - Kathryn took Cora & I to church. Mary Hoover took us home - Lorna drove down to Susie's to night.

[1] See letter from Marie to Rhoda, pages 209-210.

The Big news yesterday Judi phoned. Richard has his mission call to Portugal - We're all excited & happy. I phoned Roy & told them the big news & wrote to Jim & Marilyn.

Saturday - January 16, 1988

I phoned Jim & Marilyn - Jim on a scout trip with the boys. Jim had a cat scan he was to have - found a brain tumor -

Tuesday - January 19, 1988

Phoned Jim & Marilyn. They went to Yakima to a neuro-surgeon & found that he should have an operation as soon as possible but they sent him to Seattle where there's a doctor with more experience - seemed like a good doctor.

Tuesday -Wednesday - January 26-27, 1988

A lovely gift of a glue gun arrived from Pat & David & card for my Birthday to-day. I finally sent Patti her Christmas gift, a pair of double knit house slippers. Hildred took me to see the pictures (we had taken of me last week) to day. They're good. We'll decide & order some to-morrow. Hildred picked me up. I decided to take their package, cost $110.00 but now I'll have a picture for each of my children & some extra for grand children.

Golden & Bonnie called - Lloyd's birthday.

Wednesday evening Jim phoned, his operation is set up for Feb. 20. We have a family fast Sunday Feb. 7 - he'll enter the hospital Tues. Feb. the 9th.

Wednesday - February 3, 1988

Cora & I walked over to the mall. I bought some cards (birthday). I came home very tired as I had made bread this morning - Spoon bread I used quite a bit of whole wheat & it was pretty good - also yesterday I cleaned part of the cupboard. I sent my rent to Bairds & wrote to Jim -

Jim phoned his operation is to be postphoned - they want to try to shrink the tumor with medication.

Wednesday - April 20, 1988

I phoned Jim to-day. He isn't doing too well. The medication doesn't seem to be shrinking the tumor - so they have increased the medication & isn't having a good reaction. Marilyn's Mom isn't too well - I went Visiting Teaching with Cora we only did one lady -

Monday - May 9, 1988

Taking it easy & trying to get to feeling good. I received 4 lovely Mother's Day cards & letters - My children are kind, loving & thoughtful of me - what a blessing & a joy they are. Jim is doing quite well.

[In 1983 Rhoda had a calendar where she recorded the anniversaries and birthdays of family members. She also jotted down when she wrote a letter to them. The following was written under "Notes in January.]

The Lord has been good to me in many ways but my children are his most special, precious & glorious gift - bring me the most joy and these grandchildren add to it.

Journal Entry January 1983: *Marcella Lublin asked me to help with her lesson next Sunday, a 2-minute talk about the "Joys of being an Older Mother" – my pet subject, but of course it is frightening to stand before the group and you hope you will do it well. I woke up one night & thought of many things I could say & wrote them down - and added to them during the week - Then organized it on paper because I forget things standing in front of people so on* ***Sunday 9, 1983*** *I gave my little part on the Relief Society lesson. I received many compliments on it. I'm greatful for the opportunity because it caused me to think of all of my joys & blessings, of course I often think of the blessings & joys my family bring me but it did me good to bring them all together."*

The Joy of Being an Older Mother!

[Written by Rhoda Cobia for Relief Society]

With President Kimball I can say there's ***no*** *greater satisfaction or joy than being a mother. After their birth and the work, worry, joy, pain, effort, etc., put into them you gradually see their testimonies grow and their desire to do right and their ability to live good productive lives in this world of ours. They go off to college, on missions and you are proud of them. They still need your prayers and support. They marry, hopefully in the Temple, to good companions, not perfect but neither are they. Some have to struggle and pray longer than others to get there. And they struggle to get their education, some before and some after marriage.*

Then the special little grandchildren come and you see your children and their spouses work and struggle to support them and teach them the Gospel and they strive to live in harmony with its teachings and give help to carry on His work and you thrill with joy. Most of my children have lived some distance from me so much of our communication has been by letter or phone. It's great to receive letters from the little ones - whose little hands usually draw pictures 1st to send to Grandma. Then the little love notes - "I love you. I love you." One little granddaughter once wrote or scribbled, I guess you'd say, a full page from top to bottom, neatly done between the lines, all 25 lines, with her name laboriously written at the end. Letters from a grand child of seven writing you long, newsy, interesting easy to read letters. One such letter was 8 pages and she said, "I liked your letter - why don't you write longer ones like me?" In another she wrote, "I'm glad your going to church, are you a Mormon." Then there's letters from an older child who writes wanting to know what your childhood & her father's childhood was like. And the Eagle Scout sending you an invitation to his Eagle Scout Court of Honor. How I thrilled when I received letters from my missionary grandson telling of his labors and successes, problems and his love for our Savior. A granddaughter thanking you for raising such a good daughter (her mother) so that she could raise her with the teachings she has. A letter telling of an engagement but expressing reservations - and a later one coming telling of the broken engagement after much thought and prayer.

It's also great to receive phone calls. One such phone call came telling of a new church calling and "please join with us in prayer to help me in this most important calling." One morning I received a call from my daughter before 5 A.M. She lives in Michigan and to get in on the rates it had to be before 5! "Hello! Mother, I have a little boy here who wants to talk to you." The little guy isn't yet 3 and hasn't seen me since he was 2 weeks old. Anyway he told me of his brother who had gone off on a plane for a mission and a sister and brother at BYU. I asked him who was coming Christmas time, he said, "You." I'm afraid I disappointed him there. Not all the wee ones are this anxious to talk to me, especially when they haven't even seen me, but Joey was. It seems he had been talking to Lorna for days about Grandma so they phoned.

Other joys come at family reunions, trips and being able to attend Temple sessions together, etc. It's being invited to help them in times of trouble and problems by your faith, prayers and your support. It's having little soft young arms thrown around your neck with special squeezes and pats on the back. It's awards from Grandchildren for being the Best Grandma, even though you aren't. It's trying to help with grandchildren who seem to be a little more difficult to raise than others and seeing them respond. Maybe all you did was pray and send a good book and letter or try to be extra loving.

Oh yes, there's many joys that come from being an older mother and it helps to keep you humble, younger, alive, educates you and keeps you in touch with the world. Its fun, love and laughter and some sorrow and pain.

May our Father in Heaven help us all in this great calling. [end of talk]

[Rhoda was a master at planning ahead. When we had her picture taken for her seventy-sixth birthday in January she decided she would buy a packet of pictures which she wanted to give to her children and grandchildren for Christmas eleven months away! She planned ahead for many things. Nov. 17, 1988 she wrote a letter to Patti]

Dear Hughes. I don't know how to write this so I'll just jump right in. Some of my older friends and I have been considering planning for our funerals etc. and when Phil was here he helped his father with his prepaid funeral, and I wonder what my family would think about me doing one? It would eliminate a good deal of arrainging at the death of a family member also as costs keep raising it would probably be a more reasonable way of taking care of the expenses. ....I have a plot in Moses Lake, but, what do you think of selling it and buying one in Utah? I'll probably out live all of my family - but anyway it's an idea what do you think?

[Apparently Patti didn't give an answer so her mother again wrote:]

Feb 5, 1989 Dear Hughes,

Each year after Christmas, my birthday & Mothers Day I have a hard time putting the cards away, this year is no different.

....I still haven't done anything about a prepaid funeral but feel I should do something.

[The days moved on and the years rushed by. Rhoda's beautiful brown eyes, that had watched children turn to adults, cried for joy during the temple weddings of four grandchildren and gazed with wonder at great-grandchildren, now looked at the world from a face which had smiled so often the lines of happiness were etched in her skin. Her hair was still shiny black, not because of vanity, but because God made it that way. However, there were a few strands of white now. Her seventy-seventh birthday, January 22, 1989, came and was celebrated not just one day but stretched over several days with phone calls from family members, lunches and dinners with those living nearby. She said it was the best birthday she'd ever had! She told her daughter Lorna this was the happiest time in her life.

That year the long, dreary months of winter - when traveling is postponed for better weather and Rhoda never saw her children that lived far way - were not so long and dreary after all. During February and March she saw all of her children except Jim and Marilyn. Those who visited had some frustrating experiences that were blessings in disguise. Some stayed longer than expected. Lorna came to stay, prepared to rush through her days with Susan's wedding preparations. However, she got sick and had to spend some of her days laying on her mother's couch just talking to her.]

Thursday - March 2, 1989 [Ucon, Idaho]

Left with Ron, Hildred & Daniel for Hughes [Patti's] at 12 P.M. Arrived in Ucon about 4:30 P.M. to find David & Pat there. Had a bit of a visit - a lovely meal & I went to bed early - had a good rest.

Friday - March 3, 1989 [Orem, Utah]

The time was soon gone & it was time to leave for Hattie Cobia Welch Allred's funeral - we arrived at 12:00 for the Viewing. Roy, Christie, were there - So our family was quite well represented - with LeRon playing a violin selection & Hildred at the piano & Roy a scripture reading & closing prayer.

David & Pat took me home & went to Lee Ann & Ricks. We found snow on the ground -it had snowed yesterday -

Saturday - March 4, 1989

I slept pretty good - arrainged for beds for Christie & Roy & food for dinner. Roy & Christie came in about 6:30. They had planned to go to Salt Lake but Ron's little car would [not] start - So they stayed here. Christie went

to a dance. Roy & Dennis [Cobia, a nephew] visited with me.

Sunday - March 5, 1989

Up early so Christie & Roy could leave for the train at 7:30 A.M. about - Ron took them - I felt a bit washed up so I took 2 Anacin and made out ok at church meetings. Then rested then David picked me up & David & Pat, Rick [Cobia] & Kathy & friends & I ate dinner with Rick [Klementson] & Lee Ann & family - had a good time - David & Pat left for Hughes.

Monday - March 6, 1989 Fairly warm day -

Snow mostly all melted except old snow banks. Paid off all of my paid "Price Guaranteed Funeral Service Contract." to Jim Wright. I hope this is the right thing to do - Still haven't chosen the casket.

Haven't had much energy to-day. I'm tired. Cora & I walked. Patti phoned -

Tuesday - March 7, 1989

Cloudy & misty to day. Cora & I went to Ella Merrells to do our Visiting Teaching. I gave the lesson. We were unable to do Rhoda Chandler & Carma Jenson as they weren't home. I was asked to be a Relief Society Visiting Teaching Supervisor last Sunday. Lyle Jakeman came & brought me the names of the ladies I will supervise. Hopefully I will be able to do the work satisfactorily. I sent a card to Jan Larson & pray all will be well with her. I've been expecting Lorna to come in but so far no word for her. Hildred ground some flour for me. Made Carrot & apple juice - Lorna came at 12:15 mid-night. I've been quite tired.

Wednesday - March 8, 1989

Cora [Albee] & I finished our visiting teaching - this afternoon - Lorna is sick she started with Laryngitis in her throat from singing then from driving straight through & getting over tired - her system was in poor condition & she has a bad cold - we stayed home mostly - she saw her girls.

Thursday - March 9, 1989

Lorna still feeling poorly but she drove Cora & I to the temple & she stayed home and rested. Cora & I did the work for 2 ladies each, enjoyed our stay at the temple. Came home on the bus - The weather was lovely. Lorna not feeling well- [Lorna stayed until about March 24.]

Sunday - March 12, 1989

The steamer helped Lorna but she's till sick & doesn't sleep to well. She staid home & listened to good church programs on the T.V. I attended church meetings. Richard, Lorna & I had a fish & vegetable dinner - Sandy & Margaret Rolfson stopped into see us. It was so good visiting with them - Lorna stayed in - not feeling well -

Monday - March 13, 1989

8:00 A.M. Lorna didn't sleep to well last night but is sleeping good this morning. I went for a little walk - Vibe & Retta phoned me. They are home from Hawaii where they have spent a delightful 2 months in the warm weather enjoying going to the temple and the beautiful country. They & family seem to be fine.

Didn't do too much. The steamer has helped but she [Lorna] still isn't doing well. I made chicken soup - it helped some.

Sunday - March 19, 1989

Lorna not feeling too well & couldn't make it to meetings, but I attended. Bro. Tripp, Lorna Prebost's son in law died -

Saturday - March 25, 1989

Patti phoned - they will celebrate Keiths birthday to day, as Greg will be gone on business next week - Dick's sister Clorece died recently. I wonder what will happen to her Down Syndrome daughter, Barbara [Bobbie] she's about 50 years old.

I received a very lovely Easter card from Jim & Marilyn. The children are doing well. Melanie is feeling & doing better. Jim is at work. Marilyn tired etc after a good deal of work & activity.

Richard came & washed & spent the night. I finished my cape - Rojanea [Jacobs Bingham] took me to a very good piano recital.

Sunday - March 26, 1989 I went to Ron & Hildred's - attended Sunday meetings with them & family - lovely turkey Easter dinner. They played a tape on Pres. Taylor, special Easter day. I wore my new cape.

Tuesday - March 28, 1989 [Orem, Utah]

I wrote to Marilyn & Jim and Patti. I've been working on Judi's Tote bag. I made carrot juice. Cloudy to-day. Bro & Sis Craig took Cora & I to get commodities - dried eggs, flour, can of beans, peanut butter. I went grocery shopping & Hildred brought me home. I'm getting ready for Judi & Phil to come -

[This was Rhoda's last journal entry. Rhoda was killed in a car accident, April 14, 1989 in Provo, Utah. Rhoda asked me if I thought she should buy a prepaid funeral plan. I discouraged her, since she was only 77 years old. She called later to tell me she felt prompted that she should do it. Just days before she was killed, she went to the cemetery and picked out the spot for her final resting place.]

* * * * * * *

As I look back on my life with my family, I have prayed for help and inspiration. All the way through in helping my children, physically and spiritually and all ways, I have had help. I know I have.

[Journal April 1985] I am so greatful for my children & that they let the gospel be a big part of their lives- I know that as they stay close to the Lord it will make their lives better & more meaningful & bring them Joy. I so hope & pray that we as a family can be together forever and be a celestial family - Patti phoned me the other day and said how she loves her brothers & sisters & loves to be with them- It makes my heart swell with Joy - I wonder how it is all going to come about but I hope & pray for a complete happy celestial family --

Rhoda Woodruff Cobia - January 1988

Testimony of Rhoda Woodruff Cobia

[Original handwritten on the back of directions for Candy Making Hints and Christmas Suckers, then recorded January 19, 1977 in a letter.[1] This is a compilation of both.]

"Some time ago you asked us to write concerning our testimonies of the Gospel and how they grew. I've thought about this often in fact I can remember worrying some about it because I never had, that I recall, any earth shattering events happen to me when I received a testimony. I guess I was just born with mine–probably though we don't do that and it just grew with me. I never remember doubting it except briefly as a teen-ager I questioned in my mind some but I still think I knew all I heard at home, Sunday School and Sacrament meetings was true. I just accepted the bible and other church scriptures. I don't remember my parents having trouble getting me to attend meetings (the same is true of our children).

Pres. Woodruff tells at a meeting, in his youth (about 10 yrs. old) he read of the apostles and prophets in the Bible and he couldn't find a man who taught or believed in these principles they taught. He prayed that he might live to see a prophet and an apostle who would say something that satisfied him like the principles he read about in the new testament. Of course we know he lived to be one.... I always felt the gospel had all the answers even though I couldn't find them or at times didn't exactly understand. I was always sure it was there.

I'm sure my testimony has just grown and developed as I read and studied, attended Sunday School, Sacrament Meeting and later M.I.A. as I had very little opportunity to attend Primary. As I grew older and took an active part in the organizations it grew faster. I think I was a girl of 16 when I became secretary for the branch Relief Society in which my mother was president.– it was shortly after my father died – and I held that position for several years.

I'm sure the faith & good examples set by my parents helped my testimony to develope [sic] & helped me to grow spiritually. Oft time I remember my mother being very ill and father administering to her & she would get better. One thing my mother always taught me, that I'm thankful for, was when praying for a very sick loved one always remember to say "Thy will be done" and so when we lost our father and brother etc. we knew that some time we were all to be called home and when He wanted our loved ones we were to relinquish them. We felt it was their time to go when they did go and I still feel this is right.

As far [back] as I can remember I was a firm believer in prayer. I remember taking my problems to the Lord and his answering me, sometimes the answers were slow in coming and I had to have patience. Since I grew to adulthood I'm sure I don't know what I would have done without my belief in a Supreme Being and prayer. One time when we especially needed his help was when LeRon was so very ill–he must have been about 7. Of course he wasn't too robust from birth. I believe because of injuries he received then. Anyway he got Bright's Disease after having Scarlet Fever. One summer he was having a bad time and I was worried if we were going to be able to raise him. A friend, Bro. Killian, who had been our 1st Branch Pres. in Moses Lake but moved back to Utah and had recently arrived in Moses Lake on a visit, we sent for him and he and Ron's father

[1] Written at the request of Ron and Hildred Cobia

administered to Ron. Bro. Killian promised Ron he would grow to adulthood and fill his life's mission. Then I stopped worrying. I also received much comfort in Ron's Patriarchal Blessing....

I'm sure it has been my faith that has helped me through the rough spots in my life. For a long time I have appreciated the fact that whenever we need to we can go to our Heavenly Father in prayer. So many blessings have come to myself and our family through answers to prayers. I would advocate prayer to anyone and especially my family as a means of solving problems, helping in decision making and helping us through the rough spots in life.

I have a testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I feel keenly that Joseph Smith was and is a prophet through whom our Savior brought His Gospel back to the earth. I remember my grandfather Hinman and he told of experiences with Pres. Joseph Smith when grandpa was a young child. I know that God lives and that his son Jesus is the Savior of us all and made possible a remission of our sins through His great sacrifice and crucifixion and because of Him there will be a resurrection and if we but live as we should we can partake of these most choice blessings and live with Him once more. I am greatful for all of these blessings along with gratitude for my parentage–for my husband and his worthy ancestors for the special fine sweet spirits we have been blessed with as children for their wonderful companions and for all the lovely and special little children they have been blessed with. May we all live worthy to again go back into His presence and to once again be with our worthy ancestors–many of whom I personally know and I'm sure you will be happy to associate with them.

Patriarchal Blessing

Bramwell, Idaho, Aug, 3rd 1927[1]

A blessing given by David Patten Woodruff, Patriarch, upon the head of Rhoda Woodruff, daughter of David P. Jr., and Alice J. (Hinman) Woodruff born, Jan. 22nd 1912 at Cardston, Alta, Canada.

Rhoda Woodruff, my dear granddaughter, in the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I lay my hands upon your head and give you a Patriarchal blessing. Thou art of the lineage of Ephraim coming down through Joseph who was sold into Egypt.

Some of the best blood that has ever come to earth belongs to your ancestors. The Lord expects great things of you being so favored and He knows the desires of your heart, and He is ready and willing to bless you with your every desire inasmuch as they are for your good.

You will live to see many great changes take place in your day and generation. You will be called upon to hold many responsible positions, you will be greatly respected and looked up to for your stability, and good character. You will have great influence over the young people and many of them will come to you for advice, and you will be able to always cheer, and comfort them in time of sorrow.

You will have the privilege of going into a Temple, and be sealed to a man that you chose before coming here, and in the course of time you will be called upon to work in the Temple as a Temple worker, and you will greatly enjoy that work, for nowhere else is the spirit of the Lord, enjoyed to such an extent as in the temple.

You will raise sons, and daughters that will be ornaments in the church, and some of your children will be called to hold high positions in the church. You will see the day that you will be very greatful that you had a God fearing father and mother as parents.

Your heart will greatly rejoice when you see the strength of your fathers household, even that of Ephraim. The Lord has great respect for you, and will appoint unto you guardian Angels that will always protect you from the power of the adversary. I seal you up against the power of the destroyer to come forth on the morning of the first resurrection, and be crowned a queen, and receive your inheritance in the kingdom of God. I promise you these blessings in accordance to your faithfulness in keeping the commandments of God,

and in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Approved by (signed) David P. Woodruff, Patriarch

[1] The original was on legal-sized paper and folded in three places. It had been taped across those creases. The tape has made the paper transparent and hard to read. The blessing was typed on a typewriter and signed in blue ink by David Patten Woodruff.

Patriarchal Blessing for Richard Seth Cobia[1]

A blessing given by Franklin P. Fisher, Patriarch, upon the head of Richard Seth Cobia, son of Ben Cobia and Mary Florence Shorter Cobia, born at Davis Station, South Carolina, November 23, 1909.

Dear Brother Cobia, according to your desire, I seal unto you a blessing with a fervent prayer that it may be a guide in your life through which you may receive comfort in the times of sorrow and strength in the hour of temptation and thou are here for a wise purpose. Dear brother, the Lord has directed your coming and if you are faithful you will receive some of the greatest blessings.

Thou are of the branch of Joseph through the loins of Ephriam, and in our holy temple when you shall be privileged to go, you shall receive the greatest blessings of thy life, a noble companion, who shall be worthy of thy love and purest devotion, and as you labor therein you will be able to connect many of the lost links of your family chain and be a Savior unto thousands of thy progenitors. Much of their work will depend upon you and you will have joy in laboring for them.

Names shall come to you from sources you least expect. Some day in the future thou mayest be privileged to go to the old homes of thy parents and find out more about their family ties to fill a mission among thy kindred. Thou shalt be a teacher and leader in Israel and if thou desirest, thou mayest be a teacher in seminaries of learning. The experience of thy life will be a blessing to thee and thou will be able to direct the footsteps of the youth of Zion into paths of virtue and purity. Thou has seen the world in its many phases.

The Lord loves thee and will guide thy footsteps, guide thee in the choosing of they life's vocations, in which thou will be successful. Thou shalt have wisdom and knowledge to perform well those things which you desire to do most.

Thou are pleasant in they nature and thou has the spirit of refinement and gentleness and thou shalt be blessed that thou mayest decide wisely in all the affairs of they life. Thou shalt have a home of thine own and its greatest adornments shall be the beautiful little children that shall come into it. The labors of thy hands shall be so blessed that thy loved ones shall not want for food or raiment. The earth shall yield in abundance for thee and the labors of thy hand shall be blessed. I seal these blessings upon thee with power against the destroyer to the day of redemption like unto Moses thou shalt have faith to perform any miracle if necessary for the salvation of thy loved ones and the house of Israel with whom thou shalt labor as a leader among them.

Especially shall thy labors be among the boys and you shall be able to save many of them from the pitfalls of the evil one, teaching them how to play the innocent games of youth and to love the Lord with all their hearts. No greater joy shall ever fill your soul than when they shall come to you and from the depth of their hearts thank you for the interest you have taken in them.

A great mission awaits you in this goodly land dear brother. When the end of life shall come you shall receive a crown of glory in our Father's kingdom which shall be worthy of all the efforts of thy life. Thou shalt be numbered among our Savior's chosen ones to assist in building the new Jerusalem and be numbered among the church of the first born, and in the Eternal world when you shall count your loved ones you will find among them no missing souls.

These blessings are thine dear brother through thy continued faithfulness. I seal them upon you by virtue of the Holy Priesthood, in the name of Jesus, our beloved Redeemer, Amen

[1] Rhoda was the scribe and recorded this in her own hand writing.

Marie, Rhoda's Life Long Friend

"My Friend Marie"[1]

The first time Marie remembered seeing me was at Glenwood. We went to sit in our car between Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting and chatted. Norma was a cute, curly headed, blue eyed little girl. I remembered the Ackroyds coming to our house for Sunday dinner. That summer we got together and had fun together. I'd been alone in our area so long. That fall we both went to Cardston to school[2]. That summer we had fun together, but that fall Marie went to Glenwood and I kept on at Cardston and my father died in early June.

[Rhoda taped the following letter, enclosed in a pale yellow envelope written on two sheets of pale yellow paper, in her journal.]

Lethbridge Alberta - Jan. 13, 1977

Dear Rhoda;

In a few more days you will be old enough for the senior citizen's pension - I wonder if in your heart a person ever really gets to feeling like a senior citizen? Down deep inside I still feel green as grass, insecure as an unbroken filley. More dependant upon the Lord than ever before, frightened to be left alone and have to make all my decisions myself - I'm burdened with regrets that I didn't go farther and better in my opportunities - Sorry I didn't let people know how much I loved and appreciated their role in my life and still thinking "Oh Well, I'll do it to morrow, when every thing is just right." So I am repenting just a little to tell you what a blessing you have been in my life - I'm sure I've told you this before but - it never was more important than it is now.

When I look back and say the word home - It is a big old rambling brick home with lilac trees beside the door, a huge vegetable garden just across the ditch by the edge of the lawn, children running here and there and you to share my future dreams and confidences - nearly every Sunday -

I suppose Rhoda and Sandy came in the same breath down memory lane - Also Rhoda and goodness and honesty and faith and secrets and dreams - Once again - I wouldn't trade those few precious years with anyone else - We never quarreled or hardly disagreed and I loved Aunt Alice just about as much as my Mom - More than any of my real aunts - It was a glorious page in my life story.

This last year has been pretty grim and I think how much worse it could have been without your sweet concern. Knowing you were having an equal burden to bear made me feel closer than we had done for years.

Frank is getting thinner and weaker as the days go by. Each morning I wonder "Will he be able to stand alone to day. Will he be able to make it to the bathroom - even will he be able to speak to me for his voice gets weaker each day.

I spend my days frantically feeding him and praying for inspiration to know what to do next.

When Apostle Hinckley gave him the blessing he said, "go home & rejoice & be glad for the Lord is mindful of you and that Satan is trying to destroy your faith and He will grant you an

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[1] The last page in an 8x10 inch pencil tablet, 37 cents.

[2] Rhoda lived with her Uncle Zeb and Aunt Dora Hinman Jacobs and Marie Ackroyd (married name Smith) lived with her grandmother. Information from Rojanea Jacobs Bingham, Rhoda's 1st cousin May 9, 1989.

extension of time to serve the Lord and do the work He has for you."

Four months have passed since then - The programme we seemed steered to with out our asking has given Frank so much better circulation. (His legs were turning blue when we were with you[1].) His cough is gone entirely. His Ph factor is perfect. He sleeps with deeper breathing and the gas that plagues him every time he ate, is a thing of the past, but still each day the creeping weakness slows him slower still - I feel headed for a crucifixion-

Now he wants to turn over in bed which he didn't before we went on this programme, but I have to turn him each time -

I'm grateful for the programme to give us something that we feel is constructive to do. I'm sure it has helped me and Frank also in many ways but still the creeping weakness stands us at bay -

I hope you don't mind me using your shoulder to lean on. I'm fresh out of Moms and need someone to unburden on - May God Bless you with many more years to be just what you've always been, a great friend –

Marie"

[1] 1976 Journal, July 8, August 23 and 30, 1976 records Frank and Marie Ackroyd Smith's visit.

Remembering Dear Friends - the Oviatts

Copied from Rhoda's 1976 Journal

Thursday - May 20 Vibert phoned this A.M. Leland & Florence Oviatt[1], dear old friends from the days when we lived in Hartley Ville, Alberta, were killed instantly in a car accident last night. They were going to Calgary to meet friends flying in from England. They are about our age, no they are older and of course all of their family is married. They are a fine family - all doing well in the Church, also financially - We talked about it and after much wondering & deliberation, talking to David (who thought it was too much for Dick to drive that far so soon after his operation) - Dick decided to go, but Garth Lybbert would drive his car and Dick could relax in the front seat. Jim & Marilyn are moving their mobile home and will come to stay at our house while it's being moved.

Friday - May 21, Canada - Garth called for us about 11:15 A.M. - Eliza & Erwin Loose came over to go with him also. It's a lovely morning & good weather for travel. The drive was beautiful all the way up and we had a fun visit and good time, arriving at Vibe & Retta's about 9:30 P.M. Dick felt pretty good. Boyd and wife Sheryl & 2 daughters, small, neither walking yet were there. It was good to meet Boyd's wife & wee family - visited & slept well -

Saturday - May 22, 1976 - The Glenwood Chapel was filled to overflowing - Of course all of the Oviatt family were there, many relatives & hosts of friends - we feel very close to the Oviatts as every one does that knows them. Florence is especially one that makes you feel like you want to know her & feel close to her - I had spent quite a bit of time with her when we lived in Hartley partaking of her wisdom & good judgment, friendliness and so many other good qualities, she was special to me - Also we had kept their oldest child & only daughter Shirley her 1st year at school - as her folks lived too far for her to walk, no bus went close to their home, they felt they couldn't allow her to go so far alone - We were happy to keep her - David was our baby at the time. They took her home weekends, weather permitting. Florence used to try to send something each week to help with the groceries (times were rather hard then) I remember one week she sent a jar full of what I thought was sugar - good I thought I'll make a cake - I did & was surprized when I took it from the oven to find it hadn't raised at all so I tasted it - the sugar was salt - We laughed about that cake for a long time.

We got to talk to the Oviatt family briefly, they all are doing well. I enjoyed talking to Shirley. She is a lovely wife & mother now. They will all miss their folks but agree that as all have to go some time this was a good way for them. Shirley said she had dreaded the day when this would happen, arranging the funeral & program, as all of us do or did when we had parents that age, but thought, "Well, I'll have one of them to help with the speakers etc." She said her mother had written up a program but she couldn't find it - My how the grand children will miss them as they loved to go to Grandpa & Grandma Oviatts on the farm - Well, the funeral was lovely. Kay Williams sings as well as ever - but he has to use a cain to wal[k], his body is getting older. Zina Smith was at the funeral. We took her to the Hartley cemetery with us & had a visit - Went back to Vibert & Retta's and soon Norma Jean & Viberta's 2 older children soon arrived - We visited & had a good evening. (Royce & young wife came in on Sunday.)

[1] Inserted in a pocket on page 98 was a funeral memorial for Lester Leland Oviatt & Florence Elizabeth Oviatt, died May 19th, 1976. In 1937 Journal entries there are many references to Shirley Oviatt and her parents.

Copy of newspaper article announcing Lybberts and Cobias Auction before they moved to Moses Lake, Washington

Auction Sale

Moving to the United States, I, the Owner, have given the Auctioneer instructions to sell Without Reserve, all my

LIVESTOCK, FARM MACHINERY MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES and HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS LISTED, ON

Mon., Jan. 28

1946

11 A.M. SHARP

At—5 miles West 1 mile North of Glenwood, 6 miles North of Hill Spring, 1 mile North 1 mile West of Hartley Post Office

CATTLE—1 Jersey Bull, 2 years, with papers; 10 head splendid Jersey Milk Cows, ages from 3 to 6 years; 6 Jersey Calves; 1 yearling Heifer, Shorthorn; 1 Yearling Steer, Shorthorn. These cows are all milking at present and bred back to this good Jersey Bull.

SHEEP—1 Hampshire Stud Ram, 1 year, with papers; 1 Hampshire Spring Ram, without papers; 4 Ewe Lambs; 15 head 5-year-old Hampshire Ewes; 65 head 1-2-3-4 year-old Hampshire Ewes. These Ewes are bred to this good Purebred Hampshire Ram, to commence lambing March 1st.

FARM MACHINERY—1 Model H Farmall I.H.C. Tractor, on rubber, new last season, equipped with lights, starter and pulley, power take-off just as good as new; 1 I.H.C. Tiller Combine, 6 ft., with 28-inch pans, 1 year old; 1 Jay Hawk Hay Stacker; can be used on any type of Tractor, new last Haying Season; 1 8½-ft. 3-Rank McCormick-Deering Cultivator; 1 Hay Rake; 1 Massey Harris Double Disc, 28-run Power Lift, Grain Drill; 1 John Deer Binder; 1 Mower Machine; 1 Rubber Tired Wagon; 1 Wagon and Hay Rack; 1 10-ft. Samson Rod Weeder; 1 Grain Tank; 1 set of Bob Sleighs; 1 2-wheeled Trailer with stock box; 1 Slip Scraper; 1 12-inch Macleod Grain Chopper, new; 1 Overshot Hay Stacker and Buck Rake; 1 1929-Model "A" Ford.

HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS—2 Findlay Corridor Coal Burning Ranger, all white enamel, very modern; 1 Beatty Engine Drive Washing Machine; 1 750-lb. capacity I.H.C. Cream Separator, 1 year old; 1 Battery Set Mantle Radio, Victor; 1 Coal Burning Circulating Heater; 1 4-piece Bedroom Suite, Waterfall design, with a spring-filled Beauty-Rest Mattress; 1 solid oak Dining Room Suite, Table, Buffet and six chairs; 1 Bed, Spring and Mattress; 1 Dresser, Walnut finish; 1 Heintzman Piano; 1 Mason& Risch Piano; 1 Chesterfield Suite and Chair, silk Mohair in Mauve color with Walnut Wood finish; 2 Studio Lounges with chairs to match; 1 32-volt Northern Electric Washing Machine; 1 Dining Room Suite, Buffet, Table and 6 chairs; 1 Rotary Singer Sewing Machine; 1 Winnipeg Couch; 4 Linoleum Rugs; 2 Ice Boxes; 1 Simmons Baby Crib; 1 Wicker Baby Carriage.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES—1 Brown Saddle Horse, 5 years; 1 Black Mare, 1600 lbs, 6 years; 1 Gray Mare, 1300 lbs., 3 years; 1 Black Gelding, 1250 lbs, 3 years; 10 ton Alfalfa Hay, second cutting; 10 ton good Timothy Hay; 1 set heavy Breeching Harness and Collars, 1 beam scale; 1 Stock Saddle, Bridle and Martingale; 6 Cream Cans; 6 Oil Drums; 100 feet Steel Hay Cable; 1 .22 Rifle; 10 sacks of Cement; 1 6-inch 36-ft. Drive Belt; 90 Leghorn Pullets; 800 lbs. Royal Household Flour; 2 ton Coal; 1 ton Potatoes; 300 lbs. Carrots, numerous other articles.

AUCTIONEER'S NOTE—Mr. Lybbert informs me that he has been using Registered Jersey Bulls for 14 years. Also always had Purebred Rams. This is a splendid flock of Ewes—also very good Milk Cows.

You will note that all the Livestock and Farm Equipment belongs to Mr. Lybbert, but Mr. Cobia has some Furniture in this sale. Therefore, there are several duplications.

Lunch will be served by the Boy Scouts at a nominal fee.

OWNERS—Bernard Lybbert and Dick Cobia

AUCTIONEER J. W. Newby, License No. 16-45-46

[illegible] Phones: Office [illegible]; Res. [illegible]

Time Line

Date	Age	**Event**
1887		Henry L. Himnan, with son & brother, left Utah, arrive at new town site on Lee's Creek (Cardston) Alberta, Canada.
1903 August		David Patten Woodruff, Sr and family arrived in Canada.
1907 Apr. 3		David Patten Woodruff, Jr married Alice Jane Hinman in temple at Salt Lake City, Utah.
1909 Nov. 23		Richard Seth Cobia, born near Davis Station, South Carolina.
1912 Jan.22		Rhoda born, Cardston, Alberta, Canada. Two older brothers, Owen, age 3 ½, Vibert 2.
1920 Jan. 27, July 4	8	Birth of brother, Lloyd. Baptized by father.
1921 Oct. 3	9	Birth of sister, Norma.
1924 Oct. 23	12	Birth of brother, Golden.
1925 summer	13	Family moved from homestead near Ewelme to Hartley, Alberta. Attend school in Glenwood.
1926 Dec. 13	14	Birth of twin sisters. One stillborn. Wilma lived 2 weeks.
1927 Aug. 3	15	Trip to USA, Idaho. Visited Grandfather, D. P. Woodruff. Patriarchal Blessing.
1928 - 1930	16 - 18	Attended high school in Cardston, complete Grade 10-11. Stayed with Aunt Dora Jacobs.
1929 Jun 10	17	Father died, Pancreatic cancer.
1932	20	Met Dick Cobia.
1933 May 10 winter	21	Married Richard S. Cobia (age 23) in Cardston Temple, Alberta. Leased farm near Hartley Alb. Lived with mother.
1934 Feb. 25 winter	22	Birth of 1st child, David Cobia. Bought farm near Hartley. In Raymond on Rolfson farm.
1935 Sep 28 Dec. 5	23	Mother moved to Cardston. Death of brother, Owen.
1936 Nov. 22	24	Birth of 2nd child, Lorna Cobia.
1939 Mar	27	Winter in Salt Lake City, Utah. Home to Hartleyville, Alberta
1941 Jul. 21	29	Began building new house. Birth of 3rd & 4th children, LeRoy R. & LeRon W. Cobia.
1943 Ap 8 Apr. 25 -Jun 15, Jun 26- Jul 25 Jul 25- March 1944	31 32	Nervous breakdown, hospital. Stayed with Rolfsons in Raymond, Alberta. See doctors in Edmonton. Dick worked in Edmonton on Alaska Highway then transfer to Alaska thru spring of 1944. Rhoda and 4 children live in Cardston with mother, Alice. Family move back to farm.
1946 Mar. 1	34	Family move to Moses Lake, Washington (Mae Valley).
1947 Apr 2	35	Birth of 5th child, Judith Marie Cobia (Judi).

1948 Dec. 6	36	Birth of 6th child, James Kent Cobia (Jim).
1952 Nov. 4	40	Birth of 7th child, Patricia Rhodell Cobia (Patti).
1954-56 Sept. 1956-58	42	David, mission in Northeastern States. David's Military Service.
1958	46	Moved to Jensen house.
1959 July 16	47	Lorna married Elbert Chandler Pack.
1960 May Nov.	48	Moved to rented Baker house. Roy, mission in Texas. Ron, mission in Great Lakes
1961 Aug. 28 Aug. 29 Nov. Dec.	49	David married Patricia Smith. Mother killed in car accident. Moved to new brick house. California Christmas at Lorna's.
1962	50	Trip, picked up twins after missions, visit in South.
1963 Aug 16	51	Ron married Hildred Chappell.
1964 Ja 1-19 _____ 1966- May 16 _____ 1968 Feb.	52 __ 54 __ 56	Trip to Hawaii. _____ Judi married David Drake. _____ Jim, mission to Philippines.
1969- Jun 28 Aug 22	57	Judi married Phillip Vernon. Roy married Janice DeJong.
1973 Apr 5	61	Patti married Greg Hughes.

1974 June 26	62	Moved to 1118 Columbia Lane. Jim married Marilyn Warner.
1975 May 21-Aug Oct. 30- April 1976 May 8	63 64	Trip around the United States, traveled through more than 30 states. Trip to Mexico, stayed in Arizona for winter, trips to Washington, Dick in poor health, then home. Sister, Norma, died, cancer.
1977- 1978	65	Many short trips visited family.
1979 Feb 18 -Apr 18 Dec 3 - Feb 27, 1980	67 68	Trip to Costa Rica with Dick, back to Michigan with Lorna for 4 days, on to Ucon, Idaho with Patti and new baby, Keith. In Bloomfield Hills, Mich, with Lorna took care of Dick.
1980 fall Dec	68	Dick moved to Costa Rica. House flooded, stayed with cousin. Christmas with Ron in Loa, Utah.
1981 Jun 19	69	Genealogy Extraction. Divorce.
1983 Nov 16 Dec	71	Moved to Orem, Utah. Christmas in Michigan and wedding of Allyson Pack
1989 Jan 22 Apr 14	77	"Best birthday ever." Saw most of her children before April. Killed in automobile accident in Provo, Utah.

Bibliography

Cobia, LeRon, W., Editor, Richard S. Cobia: An Autobiography, private publication 1999, 119 pages.

Cobia, Rhoda Woodruff "Bits and Pieces"

"Ancestors" from Rhoda's Notebook #1, pages 23-39, handwritten (3 typed pages), summary of the lives of Ann Eliza Everett, Addison Everett, Henry Hinman, Henry Lyman Hinman.

"Courtship of Dick and Rhoda" 1 typed page.

"Life History of Rhoda Cobia" five versions of very early childhood – Versions #1 & #2 are l ½ typed pages, Version #3 one typed page, Version #4 brief biography of parents, one typed page, Version #5 half page typed.

"Goodly Parents" 1 typed page.

"Many Challenges" ½ typed page.

"Memories of My Brother Owen" excerpts from this account were included in Faithful to the End: The Life Stores of David and Alice Woodruff and of their son, Owen, Garry L. Woodruff, Ed.

"My Friend Marie" 1 page holograph.

"Our Courtship" March 1979 Rhoda & Dick in San Juan, Costa Rica, 4 typed pages.

"One Spring Day" Courtship and Wedding day, 4 page holograph.

"Recollections of Childhood" date unknown, 7 page holograph.

"Thoughts and Feelings."

"When Your Daddy Was Born" 1 ½ page typed abt 1975 written to Kathryn & Ben Cobia.

Cobia, Dick and Rhoda; "Family Memories" taped discussion with LeRon and Hildred Cobia, East Lansing, Michigan; 12 page transcript, circa 1976.

Family Home Evening Minutes, 70 hand written pages, most are 9.5x6 inch pages.

Duce, Lenora Sheffield and Norman S., Thomas William Duce: Our Noble Heritage, chapter 3 "History of Rhoda Adelaid Hinman Duce by William Hinman Duce, updated 1985.

Interview, Rhoda Cobia with granddaughter, Kathy Cobia, questions and answers for a BYU class assignment, 20 page transcription, circa 1988, Orem, Utah.

Journals and Diaries

1935-1939 Five year Diary, kept by Richard and Rhoda Cobia from May 10, 1935, daily four-line entries.

1940-1944 Five Year Diary kept by Richard and Rhoda Cobia, daily four-line entries.

1963 Two pages in a note book.

1964 Trip to Hawaii, small spiral notebook.

1975-Trip across the United States.

1975 (October 30) -1976 Trip to Mexico and winter in Arizona, entries for most days.

1977 entry for every day of the year.

1978 entry for every day of the year.

1979 entry for every day of the year.

1980 January and February only.

1981 Two single sheets of paper for one day in June and December activities.

1982-1983 Journal- one entry May 28, 1982, long entries occasionally from August 22, 1982 thru January 23, 1983, single entry on April 3, 1983 and August 24, 1983.
1984 Diary from January 6 through April 21 and an entry on July 1.
1985 Journal - February 26 thru April 1985, 20 page holograph.
1986 Diary long breaks between entries.
1987 Journal with some diary entries at beginning of the year.
1988 January 1 thru May 23.
1989 March 2 thru March 28.

Letters written by Rhoda Cobia
Collection written to Hattie Cobia Welch Wright Allred, sister to R. S. Cobia, 63 letters, 5 postcards, 2 greeting cards written between January 21, 1934 to January 2, 1983 in possession of David W. Cobia.
Collection written to Norma Woodruff, Rhoda's sister, 5 letters dated or postmarked: summer 1941; April 25, 1952; July 13, 1953; May 1, 1955; March 25, 1961. Copies in possession of LeRon W. Cobia.
Collection written to Rhoda's children, grandchildren, and/or husband, 36 letters written between January 18, 1962 and October 1987. Most of the letters were written as part of a circulating letter which went to all of her married children. Copies in possession of LeRon W. Cobia.

Olsen, Mary Ann, Remington's Coaches & Carriages of Cardston, 1987, a brochure about the wagons and carriages in the Cardston, Alberta Museum, 88 pages.

Oral History as told to Hildred Cobia, Orem, Utah
Tape 1 - 2 October 1985, 12 transcribed pages.
Tape 2 - 7 October 1985, 8 transcribed pages.
Tape 3 - 8 & 9 October 1985, 8 transcribed pages.
Tape 4 - 9 October 1985, 9 transcribed pages.
Tape 5 - 15 October 1985, 8 transcribed pages.
Tape 6 - 15 & 23 October 1985, 8 transcribed pages.
Tape 7 - 23 October 1985, 9 transcribed pages.
Tape 8 - 28 October 1985, 9 transcribed pages.
Tape 9 - October 1985, 12 transcribed pages.
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Tape 12 - 30 October 1985, 12 Transcribed pages.

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Index

Ackroyd, Edith. 79
Ackroyd, Marie (See Marie Smith)
Albee, Cora (friend). 190, 191, 198, 201
Babies, pregnancy not discussed. 15
Baines, Berniece (cousin) md Hector 187
Baker, Charlene Hinman (cousin) md. Thurn
. . . . . 50, 59
board with Rhoda's mother. 79
daughter, Gloria. 163
fix hair for wedding. 62
help during divorce. 177
help during house flood. 173
help with David's wedding. 131
picture.. 66
tend Jim. 111
Baker, Thurn. 130, 173
Baptism. 14
Barnum. Barney & Wanda. 159
trip to Mexico.. 160
Bathes. 11
Bedbugs. 41, 93
Bennett Buggy. 13, 59, 60
picture.. 20
Bennion, Belle, see Belle Lybbert
Bennion, Berniece, see Bernice Baines
Bennion, Edna, see Edna Brown
Bennion, John (cousin) picture.. 40
Bennion, Vede (cousin). 79, 81
picture.. 40
Bennion, Wilford (cousin) picture. 40
Bevans, cousins. 26
Bohne, Retta, see Retta Woodruff
Book of Mormon, money to read. 15
Brown, Betty.. . . . . 109, 118
Brown, Edna Bennion (cousin) md Russell
. . . . . 83, 107, 186-188
Rhoda's neighbor. 143
broken leg, care for. 167
Grandpa Woodruff's dream. 23
Rhoda help her move. 189
sugar and tithing.. 26
Brown, Russell. 107
Brown, Sarah, see Sarah Woodruff
Burroughs, Jessie. 73
Burroughs, Tommie. 73, 74
Bushman, Dorothy. 189, 190
Cardston Temple
dedication. 14
picture.. 55
Carlisle, Ada Cobia (sister-in-law)
md. George, picture. 150
visit 1962. 132
Carlisle, George. 132
Carlson, Laura. 62
Cars, learn to drive. 47
Celebrations
birthdays.. 8
First of July. 9
Halloween. 9
Twenty-fourth of July. 8
Valentine Day. 8
Challenges
anchor-faith & gospel.. 185
fasting.. 176
greatest. 176
hope for future. 202
inspiration.. 176
money.. 185
relationship with husband. 165
write down then burn. 176
Chappell, Hildred, see Hildred Cobia
Children
baby clothes. 86
birth of David, lst child. 68
birth of Jim, 6th child.. 109
birth of Judi, 5th child. 106
birth of Lorna, 2nd child. 79
birth of Patti, last child.. 112-113
birth of twins. 85, 87
story, "tin bows".. 88
story, big baby/little baby.. 108
story, Rhoda takes care of them. 108
twin stories. 94
Chores. 8, 10
bathe younger siblings. 11
breakfast. 70
carry water. 11
cheesemaking. 72
Dad's two gospels.. 15
fires, make. 70
lamps, clean. 11
Saturday work. 12

cont. Chores
stove duties. 10
tend brother Lloyd. 16
wash day. 70
washing cream separator. 70
weekly routine. 70
Christmas
after Dad's death. 48
childhood memories. 9
during Depression. 62
Church
at Glenwood. 12
baptism. 14
callings.. 141
children & dating non-LDS.. 128
don't want to miss. 14
German Extraction 174, 185, 187
Gospels, two. 15
Moses Lake Branch. 107
move to Glenwood area.. 41
Mutual. 51
Primary presidency. 82, 112
Primary worker. 82, 140
Primary, couldn't attend.. 13
Stake Missionaries.. 14
take turns attending. 89
Talk, first. 13
talk, “Joy of Being Older Mother”. 198
Relief Society, president. 139-140
Relief Society, secretary.. 49
Relief Society, teach. 167
temple often. 192
testimony. 14
tithing, parents paid. 15
Cobia, Ada, (sister-in-law), see Ada Carlisle
Cobia, Ben (grandson), pictures. 156, 179
Cobia, Carmen, md. Joel, picture.. 77
Cobia, Christy (granddaughter). 200
picture. 154, 156
Cobia, Clorece (sister-in-law), death. 201
Cobia, Daniel (grandson). 173
picture. 156
Cobia, David (grandson). 186
baptism. 195
picture. 157
Cobia, David W. (son) . . 69-73, 75, 79, 84, 88, 91,
. . . . . 111, 129, 164, 195, 196, 198, 200
baby gift from Grandfather. 23
birth. 67
birth of first child. 132
college, mission. 127
deacon. 105
drive horses. 73
go with dad. 74
hair cut, very short.. 80
keep David home.. 81
marriage.. 130
measles. 72
military service. 127
milk cows.. 112
Momma cow. 80
name. 81
Patriarchal Blessing.. 105
pictures. 78, 96, 98, 99, 101, 103, 104,
. . . . . 121, 122, 124, 126, 151, 153-155, 180, 183
run away in Salt Lake City. 83
Student Body President. 107
tonsillitis. 83
track in high school. 111
washer/dryer for Mother. 112
winter in Cardston. 92
Cobia, Dennis.. 201
Cobia, Derin (grandson). 186
picture. 157
Cobia, Hattie (sister-in-law), see Hattie Welch
Cobia, Hildred Chappell (daughter-in-law)
md. LeRon. 131, 132, 193, 196, 198
no skirt, wait in car. 133
picture. 154, 156
Cobia, Janice DeJong (daughter-in-law)
md. LeRoy. 138, 173
pictures. 154, 156
Cobia, James "Jim" (brother-in-law). 83
picture. 77
Cobia, James Kent “Jim” (son). . 134, 169, 192, 198
birth 109
brain tumor. 198
college at BYU. 143
help Mother. 185, 187
help move. 190
hernia/hospital. 110
liked tractors & cars. 110
marriage.. 144
mission call. 139
name. 110
new house. 187
pictures. 122, 124, 126,
147, 149, 153, 154, 157, 180, 183
scar on nose. 111

Cobia, Jason (grandson), picture. 156
Cobia, Joel (grandson). 83
picture.. 77
Cobia, Judith Marie "Judi" (daughter)
see Judi Vernon
Cobia, Kathryn (granddaughter).. . . . . 196, 197
picture.. . . . . 154, 155, 156, 179
Cobia, Lara (granddaughter), picture. 157
Cobia, LeeAnn (granddaughter). 195-197, 201
birth. 132
marriage. 192
picture.. . . . . 154, 155
visits with Gramma. 195
Cobia, LeRon W. (son).. . . . . 108, 111, 196, 200
basement living, flood. 89
Big Ben College. 133
birth. 85, 88
chicken coop windows. 94
chopping the kitty.. 94
end of mission. 132
help move. 190
marriage. 133
milk cows. 117
mission. 130
name. 88
Nephritis/ hospital. 108
pictures. 99-104, 121, 122, 124,
. . . . . 126, 147, 150, 153, 154, 156, 180, 183
story, "tin bows". 88
take Mother to temple. 193
Valentine Day. 197
Cobia, LeRoy (son).. . . 108, 111, 170, 173, 198, 200
birth. 85, 88
baptize girl from Texas. 133
Big Ben College. 133
chicken coop windows. 94
chopping the kitty.. 94
college at BYU. 135
end of mission. 131
gland problems. 108
High Council. 191
hospital. 108
love missionary work. 133
marriage. 138
milk cows. 117
mission. 129
name. 88
picture.. . . . . 99-104, 121, 122, 124,
. . . . . 126, 147, 150, 153, 154, 156, 180, 183
story, "tin bows". 88
story, turn off lights. 93
Cobia, Lila (sister-in-law).. . . . . 83, 134, 164
Cobia, Lorna (daughter), see Lorna Pack
Cobia, Marilyn Warner (daughter-in-law)
md. Jim. 143, 144, 169
help move. 190
picture.. 157
Cobia, Melanie (granddaughter).. . . . . 168, 186
birth. 169
picture.. 157
what a mess. 190
Cobia, Michelle (granddaughter), picture. 156
Cobia, Minnie Lee. 83
Cobia, Myrtie (sister-in-law). 71
Cobia, Patricia Rhodelle (daughter),
see Patti Hughes
Cobia, Patricia W. Smith (daughter-in-law)
md. David
marriage. 130
pictures. 154, 155, 182
Cobia, Richard (grandson), pictures. 154, 155
Cobia, Richard S. "Dick" (husband). 113
Alaska Highway. 92
Basement finished, Harleyville. 88
birth of first son. 68
birth of Lorna, 2nd child. 79
birthday. 79
break hip. 169
build house in Costa Rica.. 167
buy property in Costa Rica.. 159
Church building, chairman.. 84
dig grave. 75
Elders Quorum President. 112
farm work in spring. 71
farming. 67
fires, make. 70
haul lumber, new house. 84
hospitalization in Michigan. 168
letter, Rhoda in hospital. 90
letter, Rhoda with Rolfsons. 92
met Rhoda. 59
milk cows. 117
money. 174
move to Costa Rica. 170
move to Moses Lake. 105
move to 1118 Columbia Lane. 143
number of children. 67
out of work. 118
Patriarchal Blessing. 61, 208

cont. Cobia, Richard S. “Dick” (husband)
pictures . . . . . 65, 77, 96, 98, 99, 103, 104, ... 121, 122, 124, 126, 147-151, 154, 171
quit farming. 117
Rhoda’s expectations.. 175
sick & drug reactions.. 164
soft ball. 73, 74
story-shirt too. 114
surgery. 164
surgery appendix. 111
surgery, tonsils.. 90
to Costa Rica. 165
testimony. 208
took time to play. 114
trip to South Carolina-1962.. 132
visit Peppers. 83
Weed District Supervisor. 118
winter in Salt Lake City, Utah.. 83
World War II, draft. 89
Cobia, Ruby, picture. 77
Cobia, Wendy (granddaughter), picture. 156
Costa Rica. 159
build house. 167
husband live there. 170
trip to. 165
Courtship
how Rhoda met Dick.. 59
Mother's concern. 60
Patriarchal Blessing.. 61
preparing for marriage.. 61
set wedding date. 62
Dairy barn. 107
Dating.. 59
during Depression. 59
first dates. 45
fun. 50
Orcutt, Vera.. 50
DeJong, Janice, see Janice Cobia
Depression. 47, 74
Christmas, no money.. 48
dating with no money. 50, 59
Prosperity Club. 74
wedding costs, parties. 63
Divorce.. . . . . 173, 174
counseling. 169
court hearing. 177
money. 174
temple. 191
Dolls, trade for cat. 4
Dominion Day. 73
Drake, David, md Judi Cobia.. 136
Dresses. 6
Duce, Moyle (cousin), picture. 39
Duce, Ora (cousin), picture. 39
Duce, Rhoda Hinman (aunt) md Thomas W. 1, 2, 39
picture. 39
Duce, Thomas W. (uncle). 71
picture. 39
Duce, William (cousin), picture.. 39
Ellis, Dora. 140
Fannin, George.. 127
Fisher, Patriarch. 61, 105, 208
Fleming, David (cousin). 8
picture. 40
Fleming, James (cousin), picture. 40
Fleming, Peter (uncle), picture. 40
Food
cheese making. 47
cream. 74
Friends. 43, 50
Ackroyd, Marie (Smith). 44, 209
Standford, Lucille. 50
Gardening
help widowed mother. 47
hoe, homemade. 82
Gibbs, Jesse. 84
Goals
eternal goals.. 67
number of children. 67
set after wedding. 67
Gold and Green Ball, Queen. 51, 62
Hair, long. 5
Harker, Sam. 72
Hartley, Eliza, see Eliza Hinman
Hartley, Gilbert. 61
Hartley, Romelia Brown. 48
Hatch, Arabella Jane, see Arabella Woodruff
Haw, Featherstone, stay with Woodruffs.. 26
Health
bedbugs. 41
broken arm.. 194
Canada's medical benefits. 68
convalesce at Mothers. 92
convalesce at Rolfons. 92
heart. 192
herbs. 164
Itch. 41
move to new climate. 105

cont. Health
nerves. 82
nervous break-down. 86, 90, 91
osteoporosis. 194
ringworm. 42
scarlet fever. 43
Help others
board school girl.. 81
care for Mother.. 82
Hinman, Alice, see Alice Woodruff
Hinman, Andrew (uncle). 22
story of indians.. 22
Hinman, Beverly.. 73
Hinman, Charlene, see Charlene Baker
Hinman, Charles (uncle) md. Eliza
. . . . . 21, 47, 62, 63, 131
birthday dinner. 73
Hinman, Dora (aunt), see Dora Jacobs
Hinman, Eliza Hartley (aunt) md. Charles
. . . . . 47, 62, 72, 73, 91
cheese making. 47
picture.. 66
Hinman, Henry Lyman (grandfather)
brief history. 21
health poor. 22
picture.. 39
plural wives. 21
work as carpenter. 22
Hinman, “Janie” Mary Jane White (grandmother)
death. 22
Indians. 22
move to Canada. 21
picture.. 39
predict daughter's husband. 24
protect family. 22
Hinman, June (cousin). 85, 90
picture.. 66
Hinman, Junior (cousin). 73
picture.. 66
Hinman, Lyman "Bub" (cousin), picture. 66
Hinman, Marilyn (cousin), picture. 66
Hinman, Rhoda (aunt), see Rhoda Duce
Hinman, Schuyler (uncle).. 21
Home Evening. 116, 117, 118
childhood. 3
summer picnics.. 9
Homes
basement living, flood. 89
basement living, Hartleyville. 88
build new home, Moses Lake.. 119
build new house, Hartleyville. 84
Farm in Hartleyville, 2nd 69
finish Hartleyville house. 92, 93
first one remembered. 2
fix up house. 70, 72
flooded. 173
For Sale sign, Moses Lake. 189
Gifford place, Cobias 67
Hartleyville with parents. 41
Jensen Place. 117
Moses Lake, Mae Valley. 106
move house.. 69
move to 1118 Columbia Lane. 143
move to Moses Lake. 105
move to Orem, Utah. 189
moves to USA, auction. 212
rent from Bakers.. 118
wind mill & lights. 93
winter in Raymond. 70
Horses, ride to high school. 3, 43
Hughes, Carrie Jo (granddaughter)
picture.. 158
Hughes, Crystal (granddaughter)
picture.. 158
Hughes, Diana.. 139
Hughes, Greg md Patti Cobia. 141
picture.. 158
Hughes, Keith (grandson).. 201
birth. 166
Hughes, Nicole (granddaughter)
picture.. 158
Hughes, Patti (daughter) md. Greg. 25, 139,
. . . . . 164-166, 188, 198, 200, 201, 202
birth 112
college at Ricks. 141
marriage. 142
name. 113
teen years. 141
pictures. 122, 126, 147, 149, 151,
153, 154, 158, 180, 183
Hughes, Robert (grandson), picture. 158
Hurd, Les. 61
Inauguration, Pres. Ronald Reagan. 174
Inspiration. 175
call as temple worker. 193
call to Extraction. 185
finding a husband
move to Orem, Utah. 189
plan for death. 202

Jacobs, Dora Hinman (aunt) md.Zebulon 16, 44, 58, 62, 68, 75
job, sewing.. 75
Stake Relief Society Pres.. 50
Jacobs, Gladys (cousin). 45, 83
picture. 56
Jacobs, Regina md Bingham 195
Jacobs, Ruth (cousin).. 131
Jacobs, Zebulon (uncle) md Dora 44, 58, 62, 63, 68
Jorgenson, Remina.. 190
Killian, Dennis.. 135
Knitting. 70
learn from Retta.. 75
Kylo, Melvin. 25, 26
Kylo, Sophia md Barr. 4
helped by D. P. Woodruff. 25
story of family needing help. 25
Kylo, Tilford. 25
Law, Sam. 84
Leavitt, Archie. 84
Leavitt, Melvin.. . . . . 71, 81
Leavitt, Rulen.. 72
Letters
Norma to Rhoda. 111
Rhoda to Norma. 111
to Rhoda from Marie.. 209
to Rhoda from Mother.. 1
to sister, Norma. 114
Lightfoot, Ethel. 190
Loose, Ervin & Eliza. 69, 84
Low, Silvester. 71
Lublin, Ava. 174
Lybbert, Belle Bennion, married Bernard 73, 105, 107
picture. 77
poor health.. 106
Lybbert, Bernard. 73, 79, 106, 107
move to Moses Lake. 105
Lybbert, Garth. 167, 189
Lybbert, Jake. 105
Lybbert, Mae. 63
Lybbert, Rex. 139
Lyon, Muriel. 140
Mail. 8
Maps
Hartleyville, Cobia yard. 97
Mae Valley House.. 123
Moses Lake, Washington. 122
Marriage
adjustments. 67
first years.. 67
Gifford place, first home.. 67
Meals together. 15
Merkley, Gene & Opal.. 190
Merrill, Bea. 145
Mitchell, Jeff md. Allyson Pack
picture. 155
Money. 174
mortgage. 188
Morris, Joy.. 190
Motherhood
birth of twins.. . . . . 85, 87
concerns for Judi.. . . . . 136, 165
daughters not just like Mom. 127
diapers.. . . . . 69, 80
hair cut, very short, laugh. 80
keep David home.. 81
Lorna helps find patience. 81
nursing.. . . . . 68, 69, 80
pregnancy, twins. 86
send money to children. 135
send money to Roy. 135
son watch nursing baby.. 80
stories of David. 81
when children leave home.. 127
Murphy, Clarence. 72, 73, 79
Named after Aunt Rhoda.. 2
Obey parents, spanking remembered.. 17
Orr, Erwin. 84
Orr, Josiah. 73
Orr, Marie. 91
Orr, Wilbert. 59
Oviatt, Leland & Florence.. 81
death. 211
Oviatt, Mary Hatch. 131
Oviatt, Shirley. 81
Pack (parents of Elbert Pack), in Hawaii.. 134
Pack, Allyson (granddaughter). 196, 197
Marriage. 190
picture. 154, 155
Pack, Elbert "Bert".. 168
date & marry Lorna Cobia.. 128
picture. 154, 155
Pack, James (grandson). 168, 169, 190, 196
marriage.. 195
picture. 154, 155
Pack, Joel (grandson).. . . . . 167, 169
picture. 155

Pack, Jon (grandson).. 169
picture.. 155
Pack, L. Richard (grandson). 196
picture.. . . . . 154, 155
Pack, Lorna Cobia (daughter).. . . . . 75, 79, 81-83,
. . . . . 88, 91, 111, 114, 129,
. . . . . 164, 166, 190, 193, 197, 201
after high school.. 127
birth. 79
boy friends. 127, 128
engagement & marriage. 129
engagement ended. 128
finding patience. 81
helped mother a lot.. 112
homemade coat.. 82
live in California. 133
name. 81
named youngest sister. 113
Patriarchal Blessing. 105
piano.. 127
pictures. 95, 96, 98, 99, 101-104, 121,
. . . . . 124, 126, 149, 153-155, 180, 183
pregnant & sick father. 167, 168
Primary/Salt Lake 112
right-hand help from Mother. 127
wedding plans, Susan.. 200
winter in Cardston. 92
Pack, Rhodelle (granddaughter). 196
pictures. 154, 155
temple endowment. 197
Pack, Susan (granddaughter),
picture.. . . . . 154, 155
Patriarchal Blessing 21, 207
temple work. 189
Pepper, Monty md Gibson. 111
Pepper, Sadie. 84
Pepper, Warren. 88
Peppers. 111
Dick Cobia's foster parents. 83
Photo taken, 1988. 198
Piano lessons.. 3
Places lived
childhood. 3
move to Glenwood area. 41
Platt, Jeralyn. 140
Play
pretend horses. 5
snow and sleighs. 10
Poem, death of friend. 197
Poulson, Ernie.. 45
Prayer
at meals. 15
important. 116
Pregnancy, not discussed. 67
Priesthood Blessings.. . . . . 87, 194
Probost, Lorna. 191
Queen, Mayme. 59, 83
Queen's birthday. 72
Quilting.. . . . . 48, 73
make quilts for after married. 48
Quinton, Vergil.. 72
Rasmussen, Lynn md Jim Pack, picture. 155
Reading, a favorite. 7
Relationships, discussion of
intimacy. 42
Relief Society 48
activities, move to Sunday. 139
Anniversary program. 49
bazaars & money. 139
conference. 73
fix luncheons. 49
health kits. 49
medicine kit. 50, 69
meetings. 49
mother president.. 49
President.. 139
release.. 140
secretary, Mom President.. 49
teach Mother Education. 191
Repentance. 60
Rodgers, Frank. 71
Rolfson, Bazil. 59, 67, 70, 83, 167
Rhoda stay with them.. 92
Rolfson, Verl. 92, 108, 112
School
board with Stringhams. 44
elementary. 6
final year. 47
high school in Glenwood. 43
holidays. 9
in Cardston, board with Aunt. 44, 58
lunch.. 7
recess. 7
Searle, Elmo. 187
Sewing clothes for children. 82
Shoes, button. 5
Sillito, Delta. 59
Sillito, Rollo "Red".. 59
Smith, Christi (grandneice).. 195
Smith, Evaline Maria Aunt “Minnie”.. 59

Smith, Henry (cousin). 59
Smith, Jack & Joan. 143
Smith, Marie Ackroyd, md. Frank
. . . . . 44,50, 85, 195
letter to Rhoda. 209
visit from Canada. 187
Rhoda mourn her death. 197
Smith, Morgan (cousin). 60
Smith, Patricia, see Patricia Cobia
Smith, Vera (cousin) md. Orcutt. 50,59, 62, 73
come to visit. 74
make wedding dress. 62
Primary president. 82
Standford, Lucille. 50
Stanford, Jesse. 71
Steel, George. 45
picture. 55, 57
Stevens, David. 139
Stoddart, Bonnie, see Bonnie Woodruff
Stories
hired man sleep thru storm. 2
you aren't dogs?. 5
Stove. 41
hug for warmth. 70
Stringham, George. 44, 71, 72
Talk, “Joys of ... Older Mother”. 199
Telephone, first. 4
Temple marriage. 24, 64
Temple Worker, miracle. 192, 193
Testimony, gained bit by bit. 14
Tithing. 174
pay before buy sugar. 26
Travel
Bennet Buggy. 13
by sleigh. 12
Ford with isinglass windows. 13
Trips
1976-1978. 164
Canada-Woodruff Reunion. 195
Hawaii-1964. 134
to Costa Rica. 165
to Mexico & back. 159
to Michigan to care for Dick. 168
to U.S.A.. 43
tour USA. 159
U.S.A with parents. 6
visit Judi, Huntington Beach. 196
winter in Arizona.. 164
Utah, Farmington. 21
Vernon, Amanda (granddaughter). 187
picture. 157
Vernon, Judith “Judi” (daughter) md Phillip
. . . . . 108, 114, 127, 134, 164, 187
birth 106, 108
college at Ricks. 135
divorce. 137
marriage to David Drake. 136
marriage to Phil Vernon. 138
name. 108
pictures. 122, 124, 126, 147,
149, 153, 157, 180, 183
son on mission. 197, 198
teen years. 136
tubal pregnancy. 143
Vernon, Phillip. 137, 144, 164
picture. 157
Vernon, Richard (grandson). 187
birth. 137
care for Mother. 144
good re-memory. 144
letter to grandmother. 197
mission.. . . . . 197, 198
picture. 157
Vernon, Tiffani (granddaughter). 187
birth. 137
picture. 157
Vickery, Erma. 4
Warner, Marilyn, see Marilyn Cobia
Waterton Lakes 59, 83
Wedding
collect furniture. 61
costs. 63
dance. 63
Day. 62
day before preparations. 62
dress, temple dress.. 62
ring.. 61
shower. 62, 63
Welch, Hattie Cobia (sister-in-law)
md. Artie. 83, 164
death. 200
picture. 77, 96
White, Mary Jane, see Janie Hinman
Wight, D. O.. 73
Williams, Stirling. 45
Winter in Salt Lake City, Ut. 1939. 83
Wood, Ben. 73
Wood, President. 87

Woodruff, Alice Hinman (mother)
md. David Patten Jr.. . . . . 59, 62, 67-69, 71, 72, 74, 79, 112
after husband's death. 48
brief history. 21
cheese making. 47
clerk in store, met husband. 24
Cobia's new house. 119
concern for daughter. 60
death. 130
dependable. 49
good parent.. 27
goodly parents. 21
health. 48
humor-Limburger cheese. 24
job, sewing. 75
love husband.. 17
marriage. 24
move to Cardston. 74, 79
move to Glenwood area. 41
operation.. . . . . 82, 92
patches (mending). 48
physical description. 24
picture.. . . . . 37, 66, 98, ... 102, 103, 126,149, 154
places lived.. 2
praised by husband.. 27
pregnancy not discussed.. 15
pregnancy, twins. 42
Primary fiftieth anniversary. 75
schooling. 21
sick. 113
story, an egg and a horse. 21
support family as a widow. 47
taught gospel. 14
Washing. 12
Woodruff, Amy Bennion (aunt). 4, 23
widow with large family. 26
picture.. 40
Woodruff, Arabella Jane Hatch (grandmother)
md David Patten, Sr. 23
picture.. 40
Woodruff, Beulah (aunt), picture. 40
Woodruff, Bonnie (niece).. . . . . 98, 103
Woodruff, Bonnie Stoddart, (sister-in-law)
md. Golden. 131
picture.. 154
Woodruff, Boyd (nephew), picture.. 103
Woodruff, David Patten, Jr. (father)
advice on marriage. 27
dangle baby. 16
favorite uncle. 26
final illness. 46
Ford with isinglass windows. 13
good parent.. 27
goodly parents. 21
Gospels, two.. . . . . 15, 44
help Kylo family. 25
help neighbors. 26
help sister, Amy. 26
honest, always pay bills. 25
hurry when ready to go 5
love wife.. 17
marriage. 24
meet wife. 24
mission. 23
move to Glenwood area. 41
physical description. 24
places lived.. 2
picture.. . . . . 37, 40
praise for his wife.. 27
testimony. 27
taught gospel. 14
water, haul. 11
work hard, speak German.. 25
Woodruff, David Patten, Sr.(grandfather)
. . . . . 21, 43
care for son, terminally ill. 46
dream of future.. 23
move to Canada. 22
move to Idaho.. 23
picture.. . . . . 39, 40
supper was bread & milk. 46
Woodruff, Dianne (niece), picture. 103
Woodruff, Erma (aunt) md Bevans. 25
picture.. 40
Woodruff, Family Reunion.. 196
Woodruff, Garry (nephew), picture. 103
Woodruff, Golden (brother) md. Bonnie
. . . . . 16, 71, 72, 75, 85, 198
fatal car accident. 131
last child. 17
picture.. . . . . 54, 66, 98, 103, 154, 183
Woodruff, Jeremiah "Jerry" (uncle)
picture.. 40
wife and children. 25

Woodruff, Lloyd (brother)..... 68, 71, 72, 84, 198
birth..... 16
dangled by Dad..... 16
dog and horse..... 16
picture..... 54, 66, 103, 154, 183
pictures..... 20
stand by sister when give talk..... 13
Woodruff, Lousia (aunt), picture..... 40
Woodruff, Mary (aunt) md Vickery..... 25
picture..... 40
Woodruff, Norma (sister). 71, 72, 85, 112, 136
birth..... 16
fatal car accident..... 131
help Rhoda..... 88
letter to Rhoda..... 111
pictures..... 20, 54, 66, 98, 99,
..... 101, 103, 126, 149, 154
recovery from accident..... 131
stake missionary..... 112
worked hard..... 108
Woodruff, Owen (brother
help widowed mother, farm..... 47
left home..... 48
Woodruff, Owen (brother)..... 59
accident and death..... 75
leave home..... 75
lost at circus..... 15
nightgowns mean a baby..... 16
pictures..... 54, 66
play horses..... 5
Woodruff, Phoebe (aunt) md. Bennett
picture..... 40
Woodruff, Rachel (sister-in-law) md. Lloyd
picture..... 103
Woodruff, Retta Bohne (s ister-in-law)
md. Vibert. 70, 72, 79, 84, 85, 89, 90, 131
pictures..... 98, 103, 154
teach Rhoda to knit..... 75
trip to Montana..... 74
Woodruff, Rhoda
Birthday, last..... 200
challenges..... 115
Patiarchal Blessing..... 21, 207
pictures..... 19, 20,39, 53, 55-57, 65, 66,
..... 77, 78, 96, 98-104, 121, 122, 124,
126, 147-151, 154, 171, 179- 183, 203
testimony..... 205
Woodruff, Sarah Brown (great-grandmother)
Md. Wilford Woodruff..... 23
picture..... 40
Woodruff, Torrey (uncle), picture..... 40
Woodruff, Vibert (brother) md. Retta
help widowed mother, farm..... 47
scarlet fever..... 43, 44
took over mother's farm..... 74
Woodruff, Vibert (brother)
..... 59, 72, 79, 84, 85, 195, 201
broken arm..... 195
nightgowns mean a baby..... 16
pictures..... 54, 66, 98, 103, 154, 183
play horses..... 5
trip to Montana..... 74
Woodruff, Viberta (niece), picture..... 98, 103
Woodruff, Wilford (great-grandfather)
picture..... 40
Woodruff, Willard (uncle), picture..... 40
Woodruff, Wilma (sister)..... 42, 75
Work
board with Stringhams..... 44
Dad's two gospels..... 15
Dairy Land..... 135, 174
for Betty Bodily..... 118
for Mrs. Hartley..... 61, 62
for Romelia Hartley..... 48
pay for killing vermin..... 15
Workman, Ivan..... 81
World War II..... 89
appliances scarce..... 106
Wynder, Susan Louisa (aunt)..... 63
Zurker, Ron..... 128

Picture Index

Bennion, John (uncle).. 40
Bennion, Vede (cousin). 40
Bennion, Wilford (cousin). 40
Bennett Buggy. 20
Birth announcement-David W. Cobia. 78
Bowen, Ethel. 123
Cardston Tabernacle.. 121
Carlisle, Ada Cobia.. 150
Carlisle, Dorsey. 150
Carlisle, George. 150
Church, Hartleyville. 97
Cobia, Ben (grandson). 156, 179
Cobia, Carmen. 77
Cobia, Christy (granddaughter). 154, 156
Cobia, Daniel (grandson). 156
Cobia, David (grandson).. 157
Cobia, David (son)
. . . . . 78, 96, 98, 99, 101, 103, 104,
. . . . . 121, 122, 124, 126, 151, 153-155, 180, 183
Cobia, Derin (grandson). 157
Cobia, Hildred Chappell (daughter-in-law). 154, 156
Cobia, Janice DeJong (daughter-in-law). . . 154, 156
Cobia, James "Jim" (brother-in-law). 77
Cobia, James (son). 122-124, 126, 147,
149, 153, 154, 157, 180, 183
Cobia, Jason (grandson). 156
Cobia, Joel (grandson). 77
Cobia, Kathryn (granddaughter) 154, 156, 179
Cobia, Kathy (granddaughter). 152, 154, 155
Cobia, Lara (granddaughter).. 157
Cobia, LeeAnn (granddaughter). 152, 154, 155
Cobia, LeRon (son).. . . . . 99-104, 121, 122, 124,
126, 147, 150, 153, 154, 156, 180, 183
Cobia, LeRoy (son).. . . . . 99-104, 121, 122, 124,
126, 147, 150, 153, 154, 156, 180, 183
Cobia, Marilyn Warner (daughter-in-law) 157
Cobia, Melanie (granddaughter).. 157
Cobia, Michelle (granddaughter). 156
Cobia, Patricia Smith (daughter-in- law)
. . . . . 154, 155, 182
Cobia, Richard S. (husband).. . . . . 65, 77 , 96, 98
. . . . . 99, 104, 121, 122,
. . . . . 124, 126, 147-151, 154, 171
Cobia, Richard S. (grandson). 152, 154, 155
Cobia, Ruby. 77
Cobia, Wendy (granddaughter). 156
Duce, Moyle (cousin). 39
Duce, Ora (cousin). 39
Duce, Rhoda Hinman (aunt). 39
Duce, Thomas W. (uncle).. 39
Duce, William (cousin).. 39
Fleming, David (cousin). 40
Fleming, James (cousin). 40
Fleming, Peter (uncle). 40
Hancock, Edna. 126
Hinman, Charlene (cousin).. 66
Hinman, Eliza Hartley (aunt). 66
Hinman, Henry Lyman (grandfather). 39
Hinman, June (cousin). 66
Hinman, Junior (cousin). 66
Hinman, Lyman "Bub" (cousin). 66
Hinman, Marilyn (cousin). 66
Hinman, Mary Jane White (grandmother). 39
House, Mae Valley near Moses Lake.. 122
House, Moses Lake, 1118 Columbia Lane.. 172
House, south of Moses Lake (brick).. 147
Hughes, Carrie Jo (granddaughter).. 158
Hughes, Crystal (granddaughter). 158
Hughes, Greg (son-in-law). 158
Hughes, Keith (grandson).. 158
Hughes, Nicole (granddaughter).. 158
Hughes, Patricia Cobia (daughter). 122, 123
. . . . 126, 147, 149, 151, 154, 158, 180, 183, 184
Hughes, Robert (grandson).. 158
Jacobs, Chariton (cousin). 58
Jacobs, Dora Hinman (aunt). 58
Jacobs, Gladys (cousin). 56, 58
Jacobs, Lyman (cousin). 58
Jacobs, Rojanea (cousin). 58
Jacobs, Z. William (cousin). 58
Jacobs, Zebulon (uncle). 58
Jacobs, Zina (cousin). 58
Mitchell, Jeff (grandson-in-law).. 155
Mitchell, Allyson Pack (granddaughter)
. . . . . 154, 155
Mount St. Helens eruption. 172
Pack, Elbert (son-in-law). 154, 155
Pack, James (grandson). 154, 155
Pack, Joel (grandson). 155
Pack, Jon (grandson).. 155
Pack, L. Richard (grandson). 152, 154, 155
Pack, Lorna Cobia (daughter).. . . . . 95, 96,98, 99,
101-104, 121, 124, 126, 149, 153-155, 180, 183,
184

Pack, Rhodelle (granddaughter).. . . . . 152, 154, 155
Pack, Susan (granddaughter). 152, 154, 155
Rasmussen, Lynn. 155
Steel, George. 55, 57
Vernon, Amanda (grandd.. 157
Vernon, Judith Cobia (daughter). 122-124, 126, 147, 149, 153, 157
Vernon, Phillip.. 157
Vernon, Richard (grandson). 152, 157
Vernon, Tiffani (granddaughter). 152, 157
Wedding Certificate.. 64
Welch, Frank. 96
Welch, Cobia, Hattie. 77, 96
Welch, Jim. 96
Woodruff, Alice Hinman (mother) 37, 66, 98, 102, 103, 126, 149, 154
Woodruff, Amy. 40
Woodruff, Arabella Jane (grandmother). 40
Woodruff, Beulah. 40
Woodruff, Bonnie (niece). 98, 103
Woodruff, Bonnie Stoddart (sister-in-law). 154
Woodruff, Boyd (nephew).. 103
Woodruff, David P. Sr (grandfather).. . . . . 39, 40
Woodruff, David Patten, Jr. (father).. . . . . 37, 40
Woodruff, Dianne (niece). 103
Woodruff, Erma (aunt). 40
Woodruff, Garry (nephew) 103
Woodruff, Golden (brother).. . . . . 54, 66 . . . . . 98, 103, 154, 183
Woodruff, Jeremiah "Jerry" (uncle). 40
Woodruff, Lloyd (brother).. . . . . 20, 54, 66 . . . . . 103, 154, 183
Woodruff, Lousia (aunt). 40
Woodruff, Mary (aunt). 40
Woodruff, Norma (sister). . . . . 20, 54, 66, 98, ... 99, 101, 103, 126, 149, 154
Woodruff, Owen (brother).. . . . . 54, 66
Woodruff, Phoebe (aunt). 40
Woodruff, Rachel (sister-in-law). 103
Woodruff, Retta Bohne (sister-in-law) 98, 103, 154
Woodruff, Rhoda. . . . . 19, 20, 39, 53, 55-57, ... 65, 66, 77, 78, 95, 96, 98-104, 121-124, ... 126, 147-152, 154, 171, 172, 179-184, 203
Woodruff, Sarah Brown (great-grandmother). . . . 40
Woodruff, Torrey (uncle). 40
Woodruff, Vibert (brother). 54, 66, 98, 103, 154, 183
Woodruff, Viberta (niece). 98, 103
Woodruff, Wilford (uncle).. 40
Woodruff, Wilford (great-grandfather). 40
Woodruff, Willard (uncle). 40