

Down in the Valley

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

A History of
Katie Webster and Blain Mansfield Chappell
compiled by Hildred Chappell Cobia



Thousand Lake Mountain, Utah

Dedicated to
the descendants of
Blain and Katie.
May you learn to love them
and the Valley where they lived.

Introduction

Down in the valley, valley so low
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow
Hear the wind blow dear, hear the wind blow
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.
--traditional American folk song.

Sometimes it feels like the wind is always blowing in Rabbit Valley where Loa and Lyman are located. Maybe it isn't always blowing, but it does blow a lot in the spring. When my husband and I lived there we planted a garden. I noticed that all the older people worked in their gardens about 5:00 o'clock in the morning. I preferred to do my gardening later in the day. It didn't take very many weeks before I finally learned that if I wanted to be out in the garden without the wind throwing dust and dirt in my face, I'd better get up early too. It was the only guaranteed peaceful time of the day.

As a child I had watched three-foot wide tumbleweeds rolling down the roads, pushed by the wind. They eventually lined the fences where the wind threw them. I have looked across the valley on a spring day when the fields are newly plowed and seen the wind blow so hard you couldn't see the town of Lyman. It was enveloped in a huge cloud of dust.

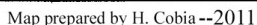
When the wind isn't blowing Rabbit Valley is a beautiful, peaceful place; even when the wind is blowing it is a good place to live. My parents, Blain and Katie lived there most of their lives. Time is like the wind; constantly blowing us forward and leaving the past obscure. The only way to keep past events from the dust of time is to capture it with pictures and the written word. This book is about the lives of my parents, Katie and Blain. I know we can't get the wind to blow us back in time, but the following pages will take us back with words and pictures, where we can laugh and maybe even cry with them.

When I began this project I didn't think it would take a long time. But it has been three years in the making. I had made tape recordings with my Dad and my Mother. I intended to transcribe the tapes, edit them a little, pick out a few pictures and get it done in a hurry. Then my Mother handed me a big box full of journals she kept and I remembered the letters she had written to me through the years. My sister Deanna also said she had a journal and two books written by Mother. By the time I got through reading and typing the journals I had hundreds and hundreds of pages of information. Dad's story was easy to do, there was only one version. Mother's story was much harder because there was so much material and many of the stories were told several times. It was hard not to be over-whelmed by the voluminous amount of information. Everything in Mother's story was written or told by her. However, I took all the things she wrote and said and combined them into one story. Therefore, this book is a new version of her life's story.

Everyone who writes a book has a support team behind them. I appreciate my team: the women at work who have listened patiently to my talk about THE project, Deanna and Frank for proofreading, suggestions and pictures, or whatever I needed; my brothers who got calls for help, a friend for doing proof-reading, my mother who often reminded me to stay on task and hurry up about it, and my special husband who has read through several drafts, made suggestions, encouraged me, ignored the undone housework, cooked his own meals, scanned pictures and answered my computer questions. Thank you everyone for the encouraging words and the many, many hours of help.

—Hildred C. Cobia

to Fremont



- $$ii$$

Family Group Record

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Husband Charles Sperry CHAPPELL				
Born	25 Feb 1889	Place	Loa, Wayne, Utah	LDS ordinance dates
Died	21 May 1953	Place	Salina, Sevier, Utah	Baptized 1 Jan 1897
Buried	25 May 1953	Place	Lyman, Wayne, Utah	Endowed 18 Jun 1957 MANTI
				Sealed to parents 3 Dec 1903 MANTI
Married	22 Jan 1912	Place	Loa, Wayne, Utah	Sealed to spouse 18 Jun 1957 MANTI
Husband's father George Armstrong CHAPPELL				
Husband's mother Aurilla SPERRY				
Wife Pearl MANSFIELD				
Born	8 Jan 1895	Place	Thurber (Bicknell), Wayne, Utah	LDS ordinance dates
Died	24 Sep 1935	Place	Lyman, Wayne, Utah	Baptized 1 Jul 1903
Buried		Place	Lyman, Wayne, Utah	Endowed 3 Nov 1948 MANTI
				Sealed to parents 19 Apr 2006 SGEOR
Wife's father Mathew Winberg MANSFIELD				
Wife's mother Cena Ann HUNT				
Children List each child in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
1	M	Charles Wayne CHAPPELL		
	Born	22 Dec 1912	Place Lyman, Wayne, Utah	Baptized 31 Jul 1921 LIVE
	Died	30 Mar 1999	Place Salt Lake City, Utah	Endowed 31 Mar 1958 SLAKE
	Buried		Place Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park, East Mill Creek, SLC, Utah	Sealed to parents 27 Mar 1969 SLAKE
	Spouse Leah WHITE			
	Married	10 Jul 1940	Place Richfield, Sevier, Utah	Sealed to spouse 31 Mar 1958 SLAKE
2	F	Cena Arilla CHAPPELL		
	Born	15 Oct 1915	Place Lyman, Wayne, Utah	Baptized 23 Aug 1925
	Died	14 Sep 1999	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Endowed 29 May 1965
				Sealed to parents 27 Mar 1969 SLAKE
	Spouse Reed S MAXFIELD			
	Married	5 Oct 1932	Place Lyman, Wayne, Utah	Sealed to spouse
	Spouse Glen Farrel PAULSEN			
	Married	27 May 1965	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse
3	M	Blain Mansfield CHAPPELL		
	Born	6 Aug 1918	Place Lyman, Wayne, Utah	Baptized 5 Sep 1926
	Died	4 Jun 1999	Place Loa, Wayne, Utah	Endowed 6 Mar 1940 SLAKE
	Buried		Place Loa, Wayne, Utah	Sealed to parents 18 Jun 1957 MANTI
	Spouse Katie Fearl WEBSTER			
	Married	6 Mar 1940	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse 6 Mar 1940 SLAKE

Sources: Family Records. The George A. Chappell Family, book published by Chappell Family. Death Certificates for Charles S. and Pearl M. & Blain Chappell. Funeral memorials for Wayne, Arilla and Blain. LDS ordinances from Church records. -4 May 2012

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Chapter 1– The Little Boy Who Lived Down the Lane

“Baa, baa black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes sir, three bags full.
One for my master, one for the dame,
And one for the little boy that lives down the lane.”
–Nursery Rhyme

Loa and Lyman sit on opposite sides of Rabbit Valley. Loa on the west, Lyman on the east and a straight-as-an-arrow, three-mile-long road between. The short dirt road had a name, actually it had two names. The people in Loa call it “The Lyman Lane.” The people in Lyman call it “The Loa Lane.” As the road enters Lyman, it makes a 90-degree turn and runs south through the town. There is a sweeping left-hand turn and a block later a sweeping right-hand turn and runs south out of Lyman and on down to Bicknell and Torrey where it drops into a desert of many colors and wind-sculptured rocks and buttes.

Although the land boarding the sweeping curve is part of Lyman, it wasn’t to the eight Chappell families that lived there. They called it “Chappellville.” The land had been homesteaded by George and Aurilla Chappell. The pioneer couple and seven of their eight sons owned most of the surrounding land. A short-one-block lane branched south off the highway and ended at George and Aurilla’s front door. A row of cottonwood trees shaded the west side of the lane and behind those trees was a two-room log cabin. In that cabin lived a little boy, Blain, who wanted to grow up to be just like his Grandpa.

BLAIN: I’m sure all of us grandkids¹ wanted to be as big a grandpa. I did. He was a good 6 feet, big shoulders, and a good build. He worked his body hard. A story he told me illustrates this. Granddad and three other guys took on the job of cutting all the grain in a valley by Nephi, with a scythe. (A scythe is a long curved blade with a sharp edge hooked on a long handle.) These men made a contract with each other saying that if anyone quit before the job was finished he would lose his share of the money. Grandpa got blisters from cutting and tying the grain, but kept on working. By the time the job was finished one man had dropped out and Grandpa wished he had of. He was glad when that job was done.

I can remember him when [his hair] wasn’t white. He always had a mustache and he had a mustache cup to drink his coffee in. The cup

had a [shelf with a] hole in it to hold his mustache up out of the road while he drank. I thought, “Boy, when I grow up I’m going to get me one of them.” I never did get me one of them and I never did grow me a mustache. His wife used to cuss him, “That dirty beard. You get it full of coffee. That dirty thing. Cut that dirty ole’ thing off.” He took it all in good part. He’d wring it out once and a while. He looked distinguished with his big black mustache and black hair. Then he started to get grey whiskers and white hair.

All us grandkids wanted to be like Grandpa.

RIDING WITH GRANDPA

When Grandpa and Gramma came to Rabbit Valley they lived in Loa before they homesteaded in Lyman. Gramma liked it ... in Loa, really liked it. They used to live across from the old creamery, west, in a little house. She had a lot of friends [in Loa.] She really hated to leave [Loa.] Wherever she went, she

¹ Blain had thirty-three Chappell cousins, twenty-six were boys and seven girls. Around his age, there were twelve boy and two girl cousins.

made a lot of friends, then it was hard for her to move. They used to go over [to Loa to visit.] I'd see them going and I slip up around there and get in the back seat of the buggy. Most of the time they'd put me out, but sometimes they would let me come with them to visit the good Loa folks. I thought it was grand riding in their two-seated, white top buggy with blinds on the side that pulled down. We pulled these down in the winter to help us think it was warmer, but it wasn't. Two sorrel horses, one was Sylvia and other was Kate, pulled the pretty little yeller-wheel buggy and off we'd go. I used to like to ride with the old feller. Of course he always seemed old to me.

When the cars got to coming, he got him a Model-T Ford and they'd go in a Model-T Ford. I used to slip in and ride in that a lot. He just lived down the street and I kept my eyes on it. I watched the Old Feller, every move he made, I knowed what he was doing. Once I got in, they very seldom got me back out. Mother would come and get me once and a while and I'd set up a big stink. Most of the time he let me go. I was the closest one my age that lived by them. I was around him as much or more than any of the [grandchildren.]

I remember Grand Dad got in his Model-A Ford one day, just after he got it, and rode down to 'Orge's.² He drove in there and started hollering, "Whoa. Whoa. Whoa." The wood pile was right in front of him. He kept hollering louder and louder. He finally drove right on top of the woodpile before the thing stopped. Us kids was around there and knowed when he done it.

You had to drive the Model-A with your feet as much as you did your hands. It had the clutch, everything on pedals. It had three pedals ... and you had to know how to run the pedals. There was a side brake on it and you had to know how to run that.... It was a tricky outfit to

run. He finally got rid of the Model-A and graduated up to the Dodge. It was a little bigger and more classy. He had a Dodge the last part of his life. It was a pretty nice car.

SHERIFF

Grandpa was the sheriff. When Dad was a kid, Grandpa had old Blue John, around his house. He was one of Butch Cassidy's boys. Grandpa trusted him. One day Grandpa sent that old feller up to the Spring to water some cattle and get some water for the house. Dad went with him. Dad said he was scart. He said, "You bet I was scart of that guy." He said they got up there to that Spring and that guy kept looking up over the ridge. Dad said, "I know darn well he was thinking on taking out of it and leaving." He said he did go over the ridge. Pretty quick he come back. Dad said he didn't dare leave. He knowed Grand Dad would have been right on his tail. He come back and helped Dad get the cattle and bring them on home. He was around there part of one winter for some reason. Grand Dad took him up to Manti or somewhere where they had his trial.

Grandpa was an old hard-head Democrat. I don't know if he ever run for any offices besides sheriff. But he was a Democrat and that-was-that. He stuck up for them which was all right. He talked about Presidents but I didn't pay much attention. It was just like it is now. If a Democrat gets in the other guys say "if a Republican got in it would have been all right." If a 'Pub gets in they say "if a Democrat got in it things would have been alright." He talked politics for half a day at a time with the old fellers. They'd argue politics. They'd get so damn mad they wouldn't even talk to each other for a week, all that politic stuff. Blackburn over [in Loa] was a Republican and Grand Dad was a Democrat and they would argue and argue and two or three days after that they wouldn't even talk to each other. After it was all settled down they were the best of friends. The Republicans and Democrats were a little different then than

² Uncle George, nicknamed 'Orge to distinguish him from Grandpa George.

they are nowadays. Nowadays the 'Publicans and Democrats are the same thing, I think. They do the same thing. They didn't in them days. They had their own set of rules and that's what they played it by.

GRANDPA WAS RICH

Grand Dad did have a little box where he kept all his valuables. A little steel box, like a tool box. He was working and he had a little extra money in it. A lot of people would come around there, bumming, pass the time away. The young guys got to thinking maybe he had some money. They rumored that up town too. He slipped out and hid it out in the granary in the grain. I don't know if he told his old pals around there what he did with his money or not. But that got out. He was up town one day and somebody was chitting him about hiding his money in the granary. So the old man got on his horse and come home. He said, "By golly, I'd better move that." So he moved it. The next morning when he went out there somebody had turned that grain over and over and over and moved it around, every place else looking for his money. He had just happen to move it that day. He had a lot of valuable papers and stuff in that box, but I don't know if he had a lot of money in it. They never got it. Anyway he took his money and went to the bank. He stashed it in the bank. Grand Dad had stock in [the State Bank of Wayne³].

GRANDPA'S INDIAN STORY

I enjoyed the life I had with Grandpa. I'd go up there and he'd tell us a bunch of stories and show us the gun he had used catching up with the outlaws. He had a few Indian stories. He never did get mixed up with the Indians much. They used to be a camp of them just south of Lyman. He was always good friends with the Indians though. The Indians used to

come around there a lot. He would give them some hay for their horses and flour and pig meat and help them out as much as he could. They always wanted to talk to George.

Once an Indian, Old Nick, come over to the place with some deer meat. They thought they would trade it to Grandpa for some flour. Grandpa was so good to give them stuff they were going to give him some deer meat. Deer meat gets dark. They come over there and asked if they wanted some deer meat and Grandpa said, "Sure" and told him to take it in the house where his wife was. The Indian went over and got his feet dirty. Grandmother was mopping. He got in there and walked on her clean floor to give her the deer meat. Grandmother looked at the deer meat and had never seen any meat looking like that and thought, "My heavens it's all dirty." Besides he'd made tracks on her floor. She got the broom after the old feller. She told him, "You get out of here. You're dirty and take your meat with you. It's dirty too!" She grabbed the meat and flogged him out with the broom and threw the meat out behind him!

The poor old Injun didn't know what was going on. He gathered up the meat and went back out where Grand Dad was. "That crazy woman. You've got a crazy woman," he kept saying. He told Grandpa what had happened. Grandpa took the meat from him and took it around and hung it in the granary and got the old feller a sack of flour. A few days, after things had cooled off, Grandpa gathered the meat back up and took it in and had his wife cook it.

GRANDPA WAS A WORKER

I used to like to get up to his place when he was running a thresher. He had the first thresher in here. He used to raise lots of grain. They used to haul it in bundles and stack it up, then pitch it in the thresher and separate and haul the grain away from it, him and all his boys. They always used seamless sacks.

³ Interview in 1978. At that time State Bank of Wayne was owned by local people. It is now a branch of Far West Bank - HC Oct 2010

Everything was seamless sacks, them days. You very seldom see a seamless sack anymore. Then they went to gunny sacks and they're gone now and its plastic sacks.

They threw the bundle of wheat in one end and it went through different screens and blowers. Fans blew the chaff and straw up over the top of the screens and the grain was heavier and it would keep filtering on down through. It come down to the bottom of the machine and an elevator would pick it back up and put into a dumper. The dumper held a bushel and a half [of wheat]. Every time there was a bushel and a half in there on the scale, it would dump it down a pipe. The wheat would slide down into the sack. The slide had a fork in it. There was a gate there and you put wheat over in one sack while you were changing the other sack. Then you'd set the sack of wheat in a double boxed wagon. When it got full somebody would drive it. They'd tare [drive fast] to the granary. They got all the grandkids and anybody else they could to grab a sack and empty it into the bin. It was all done by hand. They dumped the sacks into the bin and used the sacks over and over.

I remember just one year he had the horse driven thresher. Grandpa had four horses or a mule or two hooked on that thing. They'd go around and around and around. I don't remember how it worked, but they had to pull the straw away from it. I only remember it one year. He had one of them before he got the steam thresher. The steam thresher blew the straw in a big pile. They were good machines. Grandpa worked more around the separator than he did the engine. He kept the separator going and he'd pitch a lot of bundles into the feeding mechanism.

I watched him work. I didn't help. By the time I got big enough to do it, the steam threshers were gone and they were using gasoline tractors to run them. I worked around them. I helped get the grain. I helped Grandpa throw bundles and haul grain away from the

separator. We'd be around in the road a lot anyway. We thought we was working and helping them.

When Grand Dad got the threshing done and the work done, he'd go saw milling. He had a saw mill. I remember him around the saw mill a lot. He used to drag the logs around to the place where they sawed them. The saw would cut the boards off the log. He used to run the saw a lot and then he taught his boys to run it. Will and 'Orge run it. The old Man used to run the mill for years.

The Old Feller liked to work out in the mountains. He made the T-Line Trail, I believe, and the government trail on the other side of Thousand Lake Mountain. He made a trail up on top of Thousand Lake. (That was before my time.) He used to take the older grandkids⁴ up in there. I can remember when they were doing it. He was a great old man.

GRANDPA'S FARM

Grandpa had some good horses and bought in on a donkey once. A big expensive, breeding donkey. Half the guys in Wayne County bought in on that donkey. They were going to raise a bunch of mules⁵ to work. About the week after they got it, the thing died. All of them had signed a note over at the bank and they still had to pay for that dead donkey. Every time Grandma would get mad at Grandpa about something she'd always bring up that donkey. That was a thorn in the poor old feller side. He was paying on that thing for two or three years after it died.

Them old horse traders, they're worse than car traders and car traders are about the worst thing there is. A car salesman will tell you anything to make a sale. There always used to

⁴ Four boy cousins were more than ten years older and four others were more than five years older than Blain.

⁵ A mule is the offspring of a male donkey and a female horse.

be horse traders. I can remember them coming around to Grand Dad's place and our place. They'd always trade with a little "boot" and go on to the next guy and trade the horse to them for one of theirs and get a little money out of them. ("The boot" was a little money or grain or anything with a little value.)

Grandpa used to trade horses a bit. If they got a balky horse, they'd wait for the horse trader to come around and trade with the horse trader in hopes that they'd get a better horse. Sometimes maybe they would and sometimes maybe they wouldn't too, and get another balky horse. I am sure he had his ups and downs with the horse traders.

A balky horse! There is nothing like a balky horse, you could kill them. They'd pull until you really needed it, then they wouldn't pull. Some of the horses were going along just fine and all at once they'd just quit and wouldn't take another step. You could beat them to death and they wouldn't go. Then finally they'd take off again.

Grandpa used to run a few cattle. He got his cattle out of Nephi. He ... bought a bunch of Red Durham cattle from his Daddy-in-law... He also kept that brand. That's where the old "U" brand came from, from Nephi.... His wife's folks had that old brand and he just kept it on the cattle. Him and all his boys went up there and drove them cattle from Nephi. It took three or four days to drive them cattle down [to Wayne County.] That's where they got their start of cattle on the mountain. They took the cattle up there. They run cattle on Thousand Lake Mountain. I believe Lloyd [Chappell] has that old permit now.

Grand Dad always had some good cattle. He milked some of them. He had a few Gurnsey cows to milk. He liked Gurnseys to milk. I can remember him milking, but he had a lot of boys. He'd help them milk. But he'd

get the boys⁶ out to milk. He was always choring, like anybody else. He was always helping to do the work and getting his boys to do it. He always had chickens, lot of good eggs.

Grandpa was always bringing us a hunk of beef or something to eat when he walked down the street to see my Dad and our family.

He had pigs. He used to smoke his meat. He had a smoke house, built back into the hill, east and south of his house. He would look for the right kind of wood. He'd gather up different woods, different fruit tree woods and oak. He tried different things. He'd smoke that meat and he could sure make it good. It would take him two or three days to get out a batch of it. He could put three or four pigs in his smokehouse. He'd smoke the whole thing. I think he rubbed salt into it before he smoked it.

You had to cure the meat someway to keep it.

Every fall he'd kill pigs. He was killing pigs around there for a week at a time and curing them. Sometimes his boys would help him and they'd kill a ton of pigs for the different families and cure them out. That was a big job for two or three weeks during the fall of the year to get your pig meat, get it in and get it cured for the winter. Get the grain over to the grist mill and get the flour ground so you would have flour. That was the time of the year when they gathered up their food, in the fall of the year.

We'd always watch for the fellers from down the other side of Torrey there, Fruita and through there. We always called it the lower country. They always raised white beans, dried ones, and they'd come up and peddle that. It was an exchange, beans for grain or hay. That's how they got their stuff, exchanging, barter which is a good way to do. There wasn't a lot of money exchange hands. They didn't need a lot of money. They growed grain and `tators.

⁶ Uncles Bird and Dell were the two youngest at home. The other boys were married.

They used to exchange a lot of potatoes with them too and sometimes a little hay for what they raised down in that country. They would strike up a bargain and exchange it. It worked out good.

Bill Chestnut and Tine Oyler and Bill Gibbons used to come through there. You could always tell when they come out of that lower country; the wagons would always be red from the red sand. The sand would penetrate the wood.... You could always tell when a peddler was from down there. I remember Bill Chestnut coming up to Grandpa's every fall with a load of peaches. Of course Grandpa lived on the south end of town. That's where Bill came first and he generally always stayed to Grandpa's. Grandma would get some peaches and fruit from him. Then he would go on up through the valley. We'd always wait for the fruit peddlers to come so we could get a peach or apricot. In the spring of the year they would bring apricots up. In the fall it would be peaches or apples or pears. Us fellers could hardly wait to get a hold of one.

Grandpa knowed all them guys. He was a friendly old feller. He knowed everybody. (Like Mathew's little Blain.⁷ That's the way that kid is. It isn't very long until he knows everybody.) Grandpa was friendly with everybody that come along. He liked to visit with people. He liked to find out what was going over somewhere else. He liked to hear the news and know what was happening.

I used to go over in Grandpa's field a lot while he was changing water. He run his farm until he got older and changed it over to the younger guys. He never did quit working. He kept working all his life. He used to go out where us kids was, playing games. He took after us kids and kept us out of the ditch. There

used to be a lot of ditches over in the washes.⁸ The High Line Ditch had washed a lot of washes. Us kids would get over there and play in them and he'd try to run herd on us and keep us out of the mud if he could. He was just around there working and kept an eye on us. I enjoyed playing around grandpa's big grain stacks in the fall, and in the willows and trees by the grandparent's house where it was nice and cool. Grandpa even played some games with me.

It was a good life in Lyman.

GRAMMA

Grandpa had a hill right by his place. We liked to go up on Grandpa's hill and play all day. At noon we'd be so darn hungry we couldn't make it home until we stopped in at Grandmother's to get a little lift of bread and butter to get on home. [Less than half a block] She would feed us.

I used to think Grandma's house was the biggest, prettiest home in the valley. I can remember they had a robe closet⁹, it was similar to a dresser. It had a counter on it made out of marble. We used to like to feel that marble. That would drag at us kids, as soon as we'd

⁸ A gully. Gullies resemble large ditches or small valleys and all sizes in between. Gullies are created by running water, eroding sharply into soil, typically on a hillside. (Gullying or gully erosion is the process by which gullies are formed.) Hillside are more prone to gullying when they are cleared of vegetation, through deforestation, over-grazing or farming. The soil is easily carried by the flowing water after being dislodged from the ground, normally when rain falls during short, intense storms. When the gully formation is in process, the water flow rate can be substantial, which causes significant, deep cutting action into soil. –Source Wikipedia “Gully”.

⁹ Chifforobe: a combination of wardrobe and chest of drawers. Chifforobes were first advertised in the 1908 Sears, Roebuck Catalogue, which described them as “a modern invention, having been in use only a short time.” The term itself is a portmanteau of the words chiffonier and wardrobe. –wikipedia

⁷ Blain's son and grandson.

come in the house. It was made out of heavy oak. It stood up six feet where they hung their clothes. I can't remember how it was made, but it did have that counter and opened up doors and drawers down below. I was always going to have one of them in my house. Of course, I never did. I don't know what happened to that. That would have been worth a whole pot of memories.

I can remember their bed. The way they make king beds and queen beds, it wouldn't match up to them, but I thought it was a big bed. It had a gold bedstead. The whole bed was gold tinted. The frame, bedstead, was quite high. I thought that is what you had when you got old enough to afford it. When you got married you got things like that.

The cook stove was an old style that had a warming oven up above the flat part you cook on. There was little shelves on each side of the framework she could let down or put things on. I thought that was pretty neat. We'd help them get some wood chips to make fires.

I was up there a lot especially when Grandmother was baking bread. [The grandkids] could smell it a mile away. It generally cost her two loaves of bread when she baked bread just to feed us kids. That sure did taste good. She had three or four loaves of bread in a pan and made eight or ten loaves when she baked. She made white and whole wheat bread. They had wheat ground at the old mill and they would get part of the bran back and she mixed it with her bread. Sometimes the wheat would be froze and frozen wheat won't make good bread either. It is soggy, sticky stuff. Her bread was good to us kids.

It was hard to keep yeast. They kept a start of yeast, and the yeast would go bad and she couldn't get the bread to raise like she wanted it to. That was before you could go down to the store and buy dried yeast. That was quite a problem, but as a rule she made very good bread.

She'd make that good bread and put good

home made butter on it and Green Tomato Jam. She used to make green tomato preserves. That's where I learned to like green tomato preserves. I don't know whether they still make them or not. Man, she could sure make them good. She was good at that. She bought green tomatoes from the peddlers that would come around. She also tried to get some from Nephi every year. She used to make watermelon rind preserves too. That was good, too, but not as good as the tomato preserves though. They always had honey.

I remember the Crab Apple tree. She made lots of crab apple jelly out of it. In the fall of the year Grandma's crab apple trees were inviting to me and the grandchildren. The crabs really puckered my mouth if they weren't ripe. Once when the grandparents were away my buddies and I tied the bottom of our pants closed with twine string, filled our pants full of crabs and could hardly walk home 'cause our britches were so full. I managed to slip over the fence and hide my crab apples in Dad's grain shocks. The other kids went home and their mothers took their crabs away. When Grandma got home she wondered where all her crab apples went. She found out and told Dad and Mother about it. They'd wondered if I had been in them 'cause all the other kids said I had. I finally told her where they were a week later. We got them and they were even riper and better than before. Mom made jelly out of my crabs. Grandma was always trying to make jelly out of the crabs before us kids got to them.

The Old Man generally milked a bunch of cows, between ten and fifteen milk cows. They'd separate the milk and make butter. She would make cheese. She kept them in cheese. She was a good cheese maker. Grand Dad fixed some presses there.

They had an old-style pantry to keep stuff in. That is where she kept her cheese and cured it. She used to make cheese a lot. I liked to eat her cheese. I always liked to go in her pantry.

There were a lot of shelves in there, generally I'd get something to eat in there too. She had shelves there with a sliding window that she could open up and let the breeze, fresh air into it, if she wanted to. She baked a lot of pies. It don't seem like they make pies like that any more. That is where she spent her time, right in the home. Baking nice pies. Always when I went up there she had pies setting out on the shelves.

I used to go to Grandma's all the time, just to visit her. I'd help her around the kitchen because I knowed she was going to make something good (laugh). I'd help her wash the dishes a little and wipe them. I'd helped her clean up her house a little.

I'd visit Grandma a lot. I used to go up there and gather eggs for her. All of us grandchildren would help gather grandma's eggs. We use to see who could find the chickens' nests and get the most eggs. This was a challenge since the chickens ran loose.... Anywhere they could go, you'd find nests spread all over, wherever they'd lay their eggs. You had to hunt them. You always wanted to leave an egg or two in the nest or the old hens would go make another one, if you took all the eggs out, and you'd have to hunt the nests up again. So you had to be smarter than a chicken to get their eggs.

She wanted me to go gather the eggs once. I went out and gathered her eggs and I run into a nest that had lots of eggs in. The hen was still on it. I thought she was laying. She'd keep picking at me, but I got them eggs. I filled up the pan and was toting them in. Grandmother looked out the window and she could see what was going on. She come slipping out of the house and grabbed me and got them eggs and slipped them under the sitting hen. Those eggs [had] biddies in them. She had that hen sitting in the corner of the picket fence. I thought that was a mean old hen.

She'd always get a pan for us to gather the eggs. A lot of time it was a straining pan. It

was round with holes in. I used one of them a lot. I went up there once with Austin; we had the pan full of eggs. We was up on the haystack. We set that round pan down and the durn thing tipped over and the eggs, riddely-de, riddely-de, riddley right down off the haystack ker-plunk. Boy, we was scrambling around there trying to stop them eggs from rolling down the haystack. They really went. We really scouted around, looked all over and found all the eggs we could so it wouldn't look like we broke half of them. We were a few eggs short that night. We broke half the eggs. When we took them in to Grandmother, she said, "Well, it don't look like the chickens hardly laid today." We ducked our heads. "I guess not." That is all that was said. I think she knowed what went wrong though.

There used to be some big silver maple trees there. She had three of them. She lovingly toted them from Nephi to get those trees. She put them in the corner of her lot. One of them got big. The branches grew straight out on that one tree. My heavens they were out there; it must have been forty feet across that tree, or more. We used to like to play up in that tree.

Grandma worked around home. I never knowed her to work outdoors much. She was more delicate and stayed in the house and kind-of to her home. She use to make lots of quilts. She'd have quilting bees. All the women in town would come by. She done lots of sewing and making hooked rugs. She made a nice home. She liked to stay home. Even after the kids got married off she didn't go over to her daughters-in-law too much. We went over there. Not like now-a-days. People runs off to their kids place a lot. Of course the kids generally move quite a ways away. If you wanted to see her, you had to go up to her home. She'd come once and a while to see all the grandkids. She was always busy around home. She made a nice home, a good homemaker. She was a good little worker.

It was nice going up there to

Grandmother's. She was a nice little woman. That's where all you kids, (pause, chuckle) where we get our strong-headedness from, is right from that little old lady. (laughing) She was not very big, but, wow, she was all woman, I'll tell you. She could let you know what she thought; what she was going to do. She didn't stand for no tomfoolery though. She said what she thought. If you've got any spunk in you, that is where it come from. That is where Sue¹⁰ gets hers. She's got lots of spunk.

She wouldn't let her husband get the best of her. She'd straighten him up once and a while. If she didn't think it was right, she'd let him know. They worked good together. I think that is the reason they went as far as they did. They got along good. They had a lot of stuff. They had a nice farm out in there.

People were living in polygamy then, but I don't think [Grandpa] believed in polygamy. He used to talk about them old boys that had more than one wife. I think he had all the woman he could take care of! I don't think he wanted another woman. He had his hands full. She was only five feet two or three. She seemed short. He was six feet one which would make quite a difference in their size. Yes, he just had one woman. She was enough for him. She could handle him, even if he was a big cuss. She was a little woman, but my land I tell you, she could make us grandkids stand up and notice. We moved when she come around us boys.

I'd get Gramma mad at me once and a while with little old kid tricks. I can remember she got mad me for something. I forgot what it was. I irritated her. She scolded me. She soon forgive me and it was alright again. She was a good woman. She was always good to me.

GRANDMA'S HOME

Every fall Grandpa would hook Mandy and Sylvia (horses) up to the buggy and take his wife back to Nephi for about two or three

weeks, so she could live down in Wayne County the rest of the year! She might have lived in Lyman, but her "Home" was Nephi all her life. She dearly loved Nephi. She had to go up there two or three weeks in the fall of year after the work was done to see her folks. She had a twin sister up there and they were close. Her old home used to set on the banks of Salt Creek, right there in the middle of Nephi. Grandpa used to tease her about living on Salt Creek.... I always liked them Sperry's. There is a lot of relations up there up if we knowed who they was. Nephi town is full of our relations.

Grandma was always homesick for Nephi. So they'd go up there for a week or two, then they'd go work in the temple for a week and come on home.... We were always glad to see them come home. It seemed like a long time when they was gone, but they wouldn't stay over two or three weeks.

CHURCH

Gramma used to go to church, and worked in the Church a lot. I remember she used to go teaching for the Relief Society. She'd walk around town with some of the other ladies. I don't remember who she palled with over there. It don't seem like she was as close to them people as she was those in Loa. She never got really close to any of them. She was quite friendly with Mattie Callahan. They were Relief Society goers.

My Grandpa was a steady church-goer. Grandpa was a good old feller. He took care of his Church duties. I don't know if he was Bishop but I am sure he worked in the Church a lot. He went to Church a lot. I guess some of his kids are just like some of our kids today. They don't do exactly like the old man tells them too. He used to try and make them go to Church and attend to their duties. He would try to take them to Church. He used to talk a lot about the prophets and what he thought about them and whether they were good men or whether they wasn't. He was a pretty out-

¹⁰ His youngest daughter.

spoken old feller. He generally favored the prophet. I never heard him say anything negative about them.

EVENING GATHERINGS

We used to go up [to Grandpa's] a lot and sit out on the porch in the evenings and talk. There was generally some of the family up there every night. Our family was the closest one, we were up there a lot. Grandpa had a porch on each side of his house and we'd sit on the north in the deep summer. When it got a little cooler we'd slip around to the one on the south that was a little warmer. When it got too cold, we'd go in by the fireplace. They had a stove in one room and two fireplaces in their home.

They always had something to talk about. Grandpa would tell us stories of his days as sheriff of Lyman, or about the Indians, or stories of his childhood. Grandma also told us fun stories. She liked to sing, and fed us grandkids a piece of bread, egg sandwich or something. Grandmother had some games, checkers, to keep us kids entertained. I don't know if kids go to their grandmother's place as much as they used to or not. I don't think they do. They are always too busy with something else.

I liked to visit my grandparents. I would go up to their house and sit on the porch. Grandpa's favorite chair was an old wooden chair, with arm rests [and] a back up to the neck, looking like a sea captain's chair. It was "his" chair and he liked to sit in it. Grandpa was quite a story teller. I listened to him talk about what he'd done and where he'd been. He'd tell what had happened during his life. You should have talked to him. He could have talked all day on that thing [a tape recorder]. He had interesting stories to tell, at least I thought so.

Grandpa and his partner lived up there at Chicken Creek [near Levan, Utah] before he come to Rabbit Valley. His partner got killed. They were going to homestead out there. They

were making a dam in Chicken Creek. They were going to make a farm in there. There are a lot of farms up in there now. They were making a dam, working in quicksand. His partner's horses got in the quicksand and he was out in there trying to help them get out a bit. Darn, if they didn't get the best of him and poked him down in the quicksand. He drown in the quicksand.

So Grandpa didn't want no more of that. He couldn't stay around there. He'd heard about Wayne County and that's when he picked up everything and come down to Wayne County. He and his brother, Peter Christensen, come into Loa and settled right down here, all the ground over towards Lyman wasn't taken up. There was a spring there. Lyman used to be down where they called East Loa.

East Loa used to be down where the Jacksons were. Down to the bend. There are still a few houses down there. It is right before you go into the Narrows, where they used to live. They were getting typhoid down there and they started hauling water from Loa....My Dad got typhoid fever. He lost his hair. He was bald headed, ...slick. (choked up voice) I guess he was a lucky boy. That is when they lost the little girls,¹¹ two of them, ...when they had typhoid fever. Ted and Dad were sick all winter. They lost all the hair off their heads. They had a heck of a time, but they made it. They both went grey headed when they was young. They thought maybe (again a hard time talking) that is what caused it. They had a heck of a time, but they pulled out.

One of the prophets,¹² Lyman, come down [to East Loa] and told them to move up [near the spring] and get the good water. So they moved.. That is when Pete Christensen and my

¹¹ At least four of the Chappell children got typhoid fever, Ted, Charles, Mary Leerolen and "Maggie" Margaret Myra. Mary and Maggie died five days apart, Feb. 16 and 21, 1890.

¹² Francis M. Lyman was an apostle of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Grand Dad Chappell went over to Lyman, where Lyman town is now, and homesteaded. Grandpa homesteaded the south part where his old house was and Pete Christensen the north part where Lyman town is today. He owned all of Lyman. Then he decided to go to Canada. He heard about Alberta, lots of free ground and they could raise lots of wheat. He left. Grand Dad was about to go then he decided he wouldn't. The other feller just left, just walked off his farm. The town of Lyman sprung up on his homestead. For years and years people [were] building there. They didn't have no deeds for their ground. They wrote and somebody went up there. The old feller just signed it over to them and told them to fix their deeds. He didn't even sell it to them. He just give it to the people that settled there. That is how they got their deeds all straightened out.

Grandpa married Grandma in Nephi. He had a little family when he come in here. They had [five] of the oldest children up there. Dad was born in Loa. Of all the places to come was [Rabbit Valley.] (laugh) I guess it was all right though. Not a bad little valley. I enjoy living in this little place. It is as good as anywhere else, maybe a little better. There is just room for so many and that is it.

GRANDPA'S NAME

HILDRED: My Dad was very proud of the Chappell name. He heard his Grandfather Chappell tell the following story often enough that he knew his Grandfather was proud of his name also. He told his family the following story:

George's father, George Armstrong Chappell, died before he was born. George was born at Mill Creek, now part of Salt Lake City. Four years later his mother married Peter Christensen. Their oldest son was named Peter. (Peter and George moved to Rabbit Valley together. He was the [half] brother that gave the people of Lyman his homestead.) After the birth of Peter the Christensen family moved

from Mill Creek to Moroni and lived there for about eight years. From Moroni they moved over the mountain to Nephi. George was the oldest boy in the Christensen family and was known as George Christensen. When he was twenty-four years old he courted and set a wedding date to marry Aurilla Sperry. Before his marriage his adopted father counseled him, "George, you have talked about taking back your Chappell name. If you are going to do it, now is the time." Aurilla must have been greatly surprised to be courted by George Christensen and find out she was married to George Chappell!

Blain and his grandfather knew that the name of Chappell almost died with his great-grandfather. They were both proud of the name Chappell, (pronounced "chap-el" like the place of worship in a church), he was always sad and disappointed when someone with the Chappell name moved away from Rabbit Valley and pronounced the name "Sha-pelle" (the "a" sound in banana).

70th BIRTHDAY

BLAIN: On Grandpa's 70th birthday he had a big party with the biggest cake I had ever seen, 70 big candles were on top. All the family and relatives came for the party. The old folks ate in the house and I ate outside with the grandkids on the east side of the house under the old trees.

DEATH

I liked being around Grandpa, he was a good ole' feller. Grandpa stayed in good shape. He never had many illnesses, until he got sick with flu. That's how he died. The Old Feller got the flu. The flu was bad in them days because they didn't have anything to knock that out of you. They just had to put a mustard plaster on you then. It seemed like he was going to be all right. He was coming along good. Then one day he got out when he shouldn't have done and got to working and got

sweaty and had a back set. After that he couldn't come out of it. I always looked up there and watched for him so I could go see him. One day I looked up there and [saw] a stranger up there. The man walked over by the wagon and then by the granary and sat down. He had just gotten over the flu and was weak as a cat, so he'd walk a ways then sit, then walk some more, coughing as he walked. The next day I saw that fellow again. Somebody had bought him a new hat! I didn't know that was him and I didn't dare go up there. That was the last time I ever saw him. Him and his new hat. He didn't get out of the house no more after that. He died a week or so after that.¹³ He was about seventy-five years old when the flu struck him down. I must have been ten or twelve when he died.

Grandpa died before Gramma did. You are used to being around somebody and you don't realize they are getting old. You think they still are going on and doing what you've seen them do when you was kids. We used to go up there when Grandmother was old and I didn't realize she was old. She would still try to be good to us kids. Still trying to make a little bread for us, as old as she was. She didn't look any different to me. I couldn't figure out her getting old and passing on like that. Until I got older and realized what happened.

I have good memories of Gramma. [After Grandpa died] she stayed in their home. She didn't have much help. Her daughters-in-law would come in there once and a while and help her. I think she got down with the flu and died like her husband did. Oh, Dale and Elna got married. They were living there. I'll bet Elna done a lot for her. Elna was a good woman. She still is. She was a Norwegian and he was an Englishman. Damn, that's terrible. One person was just as good as the other. Still are. It just depends on what a person does. Whether they are good or whether they are bad don't matter what family or nationality you are.

¹³ January 1, 1930. Blain was eleven.

I have good memories of Grandmother. When she was sick we used to go up and see her at nights and talk with her. She got bedfast, but not very long, a week or two. Then she passed away. She pretty well took care of herself until she died. I don't remember how old she was. She was up in her seventies, I think. Mother died shortly after that.¹⁴

Grandpa and Grandma are buried in Loa because that is where their three little girls are buried. And Grandpa's half brother, Pete Christensen, has four or five little girls there. That is the reason they wanted to be buried over in Loa, by them little girls.

I will always remember when the family and I would visit our grandparents and sit on the porch. Some of us were up there almost every night. I really missed this when they died.

BLAIN'S FIRST MEMORY

The first thing I can ever remember when I was a kid. Dad used to raise lots of potatoes in a patch just north of the house. He could sure make potatoes grow. He was going to dig potatoes. I'd never seen them dig 'taters. He started that plow down that row and the 'taters was poppin' out of the ground. They were big, six or eight inches long. Boy, I didn't know what to think about that. That was the first year I can remember a potato coming out of the ground. I had a bucket yeah big [about the size of a sand bucket]. I started throwing them 'taters in that bucket and running across the road to the 'tater hole just around by the granary. Finally I give out. Then I seen they were going to do it easier than that. They were picking them up and putting them in a sack. Then I started putting them in the sack with the rest of them. We had a good patch of spuds. He could make 'taters grow on that old place.

¹⁴ Aurilla Sperry Chappell died 28 June 1935 two months before her 77th birthday. Blain's mother died 24 September 1935. She was forty. Blain turned seventeen August 6th, two months before she died.

PARENTS

Dad told me about how he met Mother. Old Man Mansfield come to Grandpa's place and he had my Mother, Pearl, with him. I guess Dad saw her. He thought she was the prettiest little girl he had ever seen in his life. I don't know if they met then, but he worked around so he could get to meet her.

Mother lived down to Teasdale when Dad started to go with her. It seemed like he used to ride his horse down to Teasdale and back to see her at night. It was quite a ways to ride a horse. My Mother [also] lived with [her brother] 'Ren and Jennie [his wife] in Loa. She went to school in Loa. She was good friends with Mrs. Reese.¹⁵ They buddied around in school and they used to play together. She didn't have much schooling.

HOUSE

Right after [Dad and Mother] got married they lived with Dad's folks until they got their house built.... I believe he had one of the Jacksons help him build that. It had two rooms. A front room and a kitchen. Dad was going to build onto the house.... They had it fixed so they were going to build two more rooms back there. They just put it off and put it off until he got us kids all raised. He never did get the doggone house finished. Mother had that porch built on the front of it after they'd live there for a while. It was a nice big porch and it looked better. I don't know why it wasn't finished. Dad had the lumber several times to build, then he'd sell it. Never did finish the old house.

So we lived in that little house all our life. We lived in a two room home. It was a frame

building. We had to go out doors to the bathroom. It had a kitchen and quite a large front room. I thought it was large. We used that for our front room and our bedroom. It had a cook stove in the one room and a heater in the other.

During the winter all of us slept in the front room. Sometimes 'Rilla would sleep up to Grandmother's place during the winter. We were kind of crowded. There were only two beds. Sometimes we made our bed on the floor. During the summer Wayne and I moved out and 'Rilla slept on the bed we used and Mother got another bedstead for outside. I a n d Wayne would move out into the old yellow rose current bush¹⁶ and put our bed out there. It was south and east of the house there, about ten or twelve feet. It was a big bush. In the fall, sometimes, we'd move out in the old granary until it got too cold. We had a little steel bed. It had a mattress on. Sometimes we'd fix a mattress on the ground. Once and a while a storm would roll in. Wow. We'd make for the house. We'd grab our quilts and away we'd go. It seemed like it rained more then. All the kids used to sleep outside.

One night we were out there sleeping and we could heard the thunder and lightning coming. Boy, was it roaring. Mother come out and got us up. We just got up and rolled our bed up and took it in on the floor. We slept in the house that night. There were several nights like that. I remember that one because it was quite a storm.

Inside was quite a high ceiling, not real high, but higher than these (eight feet). It was papered. Mother would paper every year. About the last she ever papered, she must have had an inch thick of paper on that old house. There must have been fifteen layers or more. All that paper kept getting the house a little warmer.

We had the cook stove and the basin

¹⁵ Mrs. Reese is Melvina "'Vinnie" Bastian. Vinnie's sister, Jennie Bastian married Pearl's brother, Lorenzo "Ren." Another sister, Annie Bastian, married Pearl's father, Mathew Mansfield. Pearl's mother died when Pearl was two. She was almost four when her father, married Annie who was sixteen years older than Pearl and seventeen years younger than her father. When they married Mathew was thirty-six and Annie was nineteen.

¹⁶ The currents were yellow.

(reservoir) there and the wood box. The wood box was made in a bench. On top of that we had the place to wash our face. The wash dish and a tin pitcher of water sitting there. A towel hanging on a loop, sometimes on a spool we had nailed to the wall. We had water in the kitchen. We never had no hot water. In fact, we didn't even have water in the house, it was just outside the house. I don't know why we didn't fix it up better. The water was in the front yard, just inside the fence. We carried the water in for dishes and washing and the bath.

There was a back door in the kitchen. Right to the side of the back door, Mother generally always had a cupboard. A boughten cupboard that had a place to put the flour and you could sift it out. There was a section underneath that you pulled out like you do a bread board. She'd make her stuff on it and would push it back in. That cupboard took up that side of the wall. On the other side there was place where she kept her dishes and stuff. Up so far it had drawers and there on up she had her dishes. It was like a cupboard only it had glass doors. It was a lot like a china closet. They had a wood table there, sometimes against the wall, most of the time out in the middle. It had leaves that would go up and down. There were chairs. That about took up the kitchen. In the kitchen is where we hung our work clothes.

In the front room, Mother and Dad's bed was in the south-east corner generally, where the big double window was. Our bed was over in the other corner. We had one of them old round tables. It was one like Grandma Taylor's pedestal, oak table. We had a record player. It wasn't a cabinet model, it had a nice bench for it and it set on that. We had a rockin' chair or two there. We had the heater on the north wall and chairs around there. Mother had a ...wardrobe setting there by the stove where we kept our clothes. In the bottom there was a nice big drawer and there were some open drawers (shelves) after you opened the door. There was another set of drawers up at the top.... We

folded our clothes up in the drawers and in the other part we kind of folded them up in that. It was kind of a crowded up deal. I don't know how we lived, but I thought I was living as good as anybody else.

It was kind of rough going, now I look back on it. That's the reason I was going to get me a good house. When I was a kid, I decided I was going to build a good house. So that's the reason I built this house. I think Wayne decided the same thing.

I guess the old house served it's purpose, it raised us kids. It was all right.

LAMPS

I about twelve or fourteen years old when they stuck electricity in all the houses. Boy, we thought that was all right. Everybody got electricity in their house when it come. We used to use coal oil lamps and candles. When we run out of them we used what you called a "bitch." It was a can [filled with] pig grease or any grease, make a wick and stick it in there. Stick it on fire. The bitching thing. If you didn't get the right grease in it, it would smoke and pop and wiggle and blink and flutter around. If you got good grease, I think pig grease was the best, it would burn pretty good. When you put a good-sized wick in it you could make quite a light. We'd do that. (Laugh)

After a while Dad bought a Coleman gas light. It was really a dandy. One night he was filling it up. I don't know what happened. He must have poured some gas out on the table. All at once "WHAM" a whole ball of fire all over the house. He picked the light up and throwed it out of the door. When he shut door again all of the fire went out. It burnt all the fumes. He thought he was going to burn the whole house down. It was winter too.

Sometimes if you happened to splash a little dish water on the coal oil light it would break the chimney when it was hot. Then we'd go to the bitch to have a light until we could get down to George C.'s store down to Bicknell or down

to the old Loa Co-op and get another one. Sometimes that was a day or two until a feller could get to the stores.

I have a burn scar on my hand, but I don't remember that story. My sister, 'Rilla told me about it. It happened when I was a kid. It was cold that morning. They got up early. I think it was morning. They left me in the house. 'Rilla and Mother went outdoors, out to the old granary to do something and left me in there. They used to have celliod hair pins to go in their hair. I got a hold of one of them, and I crawled up on the chair and stuck it down in the light chimney. It caught fire and I guess I didn't have enough sense to let loose of it. I just held on. Mother could see a big light in the house. She come in. I was all burned. I think I had the window curtain on fire. (So they tell me.) I can't remember nothing about it, but my right hand gave me a lot of trouble when I was a kid. It has healed over since I got older. It will always break open when it gets a little dry.

MOTHER

My Mother was the prettiest little woman you've ever seen. "That's the prettiest woman I ever saw," is the first impression I got of my Mother that I can remember. Maybe all kids get that. She was a beautiful woman before she got that heart condition. Dad thought she was the beautifullest woman that ever was too. She was dark-headed and had dark-brown eyes. She was pretty.

She told a lot of stories, but I don't remember them. A lot of her folks came from Saint George. She used to like to get back down to Saint George and visit her folks. We've got lots of folks down around Saint George if we knowed who they are. Mother and 'Rilla spent part of a summer there visiting some of her cousins, aunts and uncles. I never did go down there.

Mother collected sayings and poems and recipes. There is always things like that coming up if you are watching for them. She kept them

in a book. She had a picture book she kept. She always had pictures. They'd give pictures around. People would take pictures. We never had a camera. Finally 'Rilla got a little camera. Then Wayne got a camera.

MOTHER'S FLOWERS

Mother tried to raise a garden. She could raise a good garden when she could get the help. Sometimes she didn't get all the help she should have from us kids. It was kind of an uphill business for her sometimes.

We had lots of flowers. She loved flowers. She just couldn't throw a start away or a branch. She always made another posy out of it. She had so many posies, beautiful posies. She could sure make them grow. She had them on the outside and inside too. She had them all winter. She had one posy she used to have in a nail keg. (Nails used to come in wooden kegs.) The one planted in that was sure a beautiful flower. It was three or four feet high, big pretty flowers all over it. It was a posy from the warm country. Once it got froze a little bit and it never would come back. The frost stunted it.

Her favorite flower was Geraniums. She dearly loved geraniums. She had a lot of them, white and red. It seemed like there was another color. Us kids went down and helped her get lilac bushes from down to her old place down in Teasdale where her Dad and Mother lived. She planted lilac bushes. I think they are still growing in Lyman. Some of the lilacs bushes we've got by our house in Loa are a start off of them.

Mother had a sewing machine. It was a..., I didn't think I'd ever forget the name of that sewing machine.... That's where I learned to read, reading the name off that sewing machine. It was a nice, easy running machine. Mother used to have to peddle it. She'd sew. She could make it go. When electricity come we was talking of putting an electric motor on it, but we never got it on. She used to patch a lot. She made some clothes.

I used to help Mother peddle that old machine [when] she'd give out. I was down there with my hand a peddling and the peddle come to the floor. Once and a while us kids would get our hands under the peddle all the way (laugh) and wham down on the floor. Boy, we'd set up a howl. That's when we turned off the steam. She would have a hard time getting us going again.

MOTHER'S ILLNESS

When I was little our family went on picnics back up on them hills by Lyman and down to the fields. That's when Mother found out she was sick. I don't hardly remember it. We took a walk up Indian Holler and she just couldn't hardly make it. She was all in. That is when we found out she had a bad heart. Mother and Dad went into Provo one summer. Wayne and I was home. Wayne done most of the farming. I believe Arilla went up there with them that year. Then Mother was up there ... again in the summer.

My Mother was sick ever since I knowed her. I was the down fall of my Mother. When I was born she never come out of it. She had a heart condition, a leaking valve. When I was born it made it worse and she steadily got worse.

She spent one summer in Salt Lake taking treatments. I and Arilla went with her. We lived on Pig Alley on the west side of Salt Lake. That's all I knowed it by was Pig Alley.¹⁷ There was a big brown boarding house there. It was a big square building with two floors; a big balcony with a bannister run half way around it

on the outside, on the west and the south. You could walk out on it. It had a porch underneath just like the top part. It was a big building. There must have been four or five families on bottom and that many on top. We lived downstairs. It seemed like shortly after we was there they tore it down. They remodeled the city.

It seemed like there was a feud going on between the downstairs livers and the upstairs livers. The kids would come out on the upstairs and throw stuff down at us kids on the bottom part when we went out in the yard. Us kids in the bottom part could get rocks, so we'd cast rocks back. Finally all the old folks got together and put their foot down and straightened us kids out. We finally made peace before the summer was over. They got that all stopped.

It seemed liked Eph¹⁸ owned part of the building. I can't remember the inside of that building. I was a little squirt. I remember throwing rocks back at them kids upstairs.

I remember the first time I ever saw a pear tree and an apple tree. There was a big board fence around the yard and the people on the other side had a pear tree. We weren't supposed to get in it, but when that fruit ripened there wasn't no way keeping them kids off that fence and getting them pears. That was the first time I et a pear. As soon as they ripened on the tree, I'd slip over there. Mother would keep her eye out and come and pull me off that fence. I was the worst one in the puddle I guess. I'd never seen a pear before. I wasn't going to school. I was only three or four years old when we were up there.

[Salt Lake is] where I used to go and put them sody pop bottle lids [round caps] on the street car tracks. The street cars would flatten them out and I called them "dollars." I had more "dollars" than anybody in town. Finally

¹⁷ Pearl's step-mother, Annie Mansfield, is listed in the 1917 Salt Lake City Directory by R. L. Polk & Co. p.567 as living at 225 North West Temple. This would be about the time Pearl, Aurilla and Blain were there. Between 200 and 300 North the street does look like an alley because it is much narrower than the rest of West Temple which is a wide boulevard. Pearl's brother Ephraim, also listed in the 1917 SLC Directory, was a barber in Salt Lake and lived at Lincoln House located at 68 East 1st South, SLC.

¹⁸ His mother's brothers, all older than Pearl were: "Ren" Matthew Lorenzo, John Amos, "Ed" Elias Edward, and "Eph" (Ephraim) Mansfield.

my Ma got to wondering where I was flatten all them caps out so pretty. She caught me slipping them on the street car tracks. I soon got straighten out on that one too. The lids were kicking around like they are now. I had lots of “dollars.” Us kids would trade them. We were trading our stuff around. We’d buy each others stuff with them “dollars.” They was real money with us kids.

It wasn’t very far to the street car track the way I went. I would crawl through a board that was off a fenceI’d slip through that fence and around the neighbor’s house and through another wire fence and down to the track. It was block or so away if you had to walk around it. It was [less than a block] the way I done it. I and ‘Rilla were in Salt Lake that summer. Mother was taking treatments. They thought maybe they could help her. I don’t think they did. That’s all I can remember about that summer.

We come home for the winter and the next year Mother and ‘Rilla went back. Wayne run herd on me the next summer. I think he was glad when that summer over with. He had to keep me in tow. I was a mean little cuss. I was into everything, I guess. He’d try to keep me straight till Dad come home from the farm or shearing sheep or wherever he’d gone. I had a good summer with Wayne. The three of us batched it. Then Mother came home. It seemed liked she kept getting a little worse all the time. She couldn’t do as much as she used to do and she kept building up with water and it was affecting her heart. She’d tire out quicker. She never did come out of it.

RELIGION

Mother went to Church. She liked to go to church. Dad kind of shied away from Church jobs. He used to go to Church quite a bit. I don’t know what happened. Mother was in the Primary Presidency for years. She liked

working in the Primary. She held different offices. I don’t recall her working in any other organizations.

I believe in the Church. It’s nice. I don’t mind working in some things, but I have a hard time switching from one thing to another. I can see physical stuff and do it and attend to it, but when it comes spiritual, that’s kind of a mystery to me. Of course, I believe the Church is right. About all of the kids have took to it. It’s a good way of life. I think you can get answers to your prayers and pour out your soul, forget all the mean things of life and clear your mind and heart. You can get correct answers. You can feel the spirit.

I’m not much one to talk about the Church.¹⁹ Dad was that way. He was really quite religious, but wouldn’t show it, couldn’t show it I guess. Mother was religious. She had a testimony of the Gospel. She believed it whole-heartedly. She used to work a lot in the Church, Primary and Relief Society, when she felt like it. The last part of her life she didn’t feel very good. (I never did know my mother when she was well. All the time I knew her she wasn’t well.) She would take us to Church every Sunday. Dad wouldn’t go that much, sometimes he’d go. I don’t know why he didn’t go. He didn’t like to get in crowds. I don’t like to get in a crowd. You get a phobia, I guess. I think that is the way he felt.

We used to go to Sunday School. In the summer we had our classes out on the back porch of the old schoolhouse. We used to go to school in the “Old Red Schoolhouse.” The church was next to the school, but it was just one big room. We had Sunday School in the schoolhouse because it had classrooms. In them days you utilized what ever you had. The town’s people made the schoolhouse and they didn’t separate [school and church] like they do

¹⁹ Blain told his daughter Sue that he had a spiritual experience when he was twelve years old. He was unable to tell her what it was because of the powerful emotions it produced.

nowadays. We had meeting in the one big room with a stage in it. Then we'd go in the classrooms [for lessons]. In the summer we'd always go out on the back porch. It was nice on the east side. There were steps on it up to a landing. We'd sit on the steps and the teacher would stand out in front of it. They made good bleachers. We liked it back there on good days. On bad days they stuck us in the school house somewhere.

We'd go at ten o'clock and have Sunday School for two hours. They had Priesthood [meeting] before Sunday School. At two o'clock we had Sacrament Meeting for two hours. Some of them old boys could read the whole Bible in two hours. They'd preach and preach and preach.

HOLIDAYS

The Church Building was used for social life, dancing mostly. We always had a Fourth of July and Twenty-fourth of July program in the Church house. The 4th and 24th of July were special times when I rode with my grandparents to the program or parade. Early in the morning on the 4th they blew off dynamite, which shook the whole town. The program came next; it was held in the big one room meeting hall, the church. After, we went down to the lower street which had lots of trees and had horse races, foot races, kid races with popcorn, peanuts, and ice cream to eat. On the 24th there was a parade.

The whole town used to eat Thanksgiving Dinner together. We used to have big community feeds, the first four or five Thanksgivings I can remember. We'd go up to the old Church house. They'd set up tables all through the hall. Everybody would furnish certain things. Everybody would come and bring their grub and eat it. The whole town would come for years and years. It used to be a good feed. I enjoyed them. We got to know each other pretty good.

They'd have a Thanksgiving Program and eat. When the weather wasn't too cold, we'd go

out on the south side of the building and have games -- foot races, horse shoes pitching or pitch pennies, and mumble peg. When it was cold, we'd go home. We used to have a lot of fun. Anyway I thought I was having fun. Everybody came. Then Dad got so he wouldn't go to them. So Mother would take us kids. We always took one of her nice big turkeys. Dad stayed home and ate his own turkey. Finally it broke up. I missed them dinners when they quit.

We had some awful nice Thanksgivings. Dad and Mother made it special. Mother always raised turkeys. She saved a big turkey. She cooked it for Thanksgiving. Man, I learned to like turkeys. Mother always had a flock of turkeys. She knew how to raise them. She had all the way from a dozen to thirty-five. She always kept a few brood hens around and a gobbler.

Mother was a good cook. She could make different puddings and bread and chili sauce.... Mother could cook the best chilli sauce of anybody in town, in the county, everybody liked to get hold of her chilli sauce.²⁰ She was cooking all kinds of good stuff to eat. She knew how to cook. She made lots of scones. We called them pancakes when I was a boy. She made them round and cut three little notches in them so they'd cook through the middle. They was good. There was good butter to go with them.

About the first Christmas I can remember was my Mother and Dad ... were talking about the Christmas party. They had a Christmas party like they do now around here. This night when it come it was really cold, man it was cold. I think it got down to three or four below zero that night. Dad hooked up the team on the wagon.... He fixed it so we could sit on it. Stuck quilts on there to make it softer to sit on.

²⁰ It was hard for Daddy to talk about his mother and he was choked up when he was telling this.
--HC

They dressed us kids up and we went up to Lyman to the party. They had a big pinon pine tree and all the candies that go with it. We had a big time, a kids dance. When we come home it was so still and cold you could hear the wagons crunching in the snow over here towards Loa. It was the first Christmas I remember. They give us lots of nice presents. They always fixed up something for us kids. They always had presents for us.

I was always putting my Mother on the spot. We was having a Christmas program and I was supposed to have a suit, dress up like an elf. Never said a word to her. Time went on and I never said a word to her. It was two weeks before Christmas. Christmas night I went with some other kids up to Lyman Springs before going home. Then somebody ask my Mother if she had an elf suit made for me. She didn't know nothing about no elf suit. She thought I'd be home and I never did come home. She made an elf suit without me. It fit pretty good without no model.

When I came, she was about to tromp me. I thought I was going to get it that time. I don't know why, I just kept putting it off from one day to the next, "Well I'll tell her tomorrow." Anyway we got to the Christmas party and I was dressed up like the rest of the kids. We was elves for some reason or other. We had a Santy Claus. Us kids got on that stage and acted silly for a while. That was about it. We had to sing songs and roll around like elves. I don't know how she ever got along with me. She struggled through it someway.

Mother done mighty good. It seems like I was always the one goofing off or hiding off. She could find Wayne and 'Rilla around all right, but I was something else.

I can remember once when I was a little cuss I used to go to Primary. They was going to have a Primary party. I couldn't remember things very good, or it didn't get in my head. I went home and told my Mother I needed two pies because they were having a party on a

certain day. When that day come she made the pies. I and her walked plumb up to the church house about a mile from our place. The wind was blowing. It was in the spring of the year. It was a terrible day. We kept a going. She said, "Are you sure this is the day?" I said, "Oh ya, this is it." Gee, it was blowing and we never saw a soul all the way up there. When we got up there, there was nobody there. We waited around there and nobody ever came. We met somebody coming back home. She asked them about it. The party was two or three day away and she wasn't supposed to make two pies either. So we went home and had pie.

FATHER

Dad was neat. He always kept everything looking good. His wagons, his plows, harrows. Everything he had was in the best of shape. That was the way his clothes was. His suits were always neat and nice. Some people wear clothes and make them look good. Other people stick on a pair of breeches and in two minutes they look all slouched out. When he dressed up he was always neat. He wouldn't look like us guys sometimes. He was always neat. He'd wear shoes, my golly, for years. He always kept them greased, in good repair, careful. When he'd get where it was wet he always had a pair of rubbers to slip on. He raked his yards up.

FATHER'S WORK

When Dad and Mother first got married he started farming. That was his chief occupation when we was kids.

In the spring of the year Dad would shear sheep a lot. There used to be a great, big shearing and cutting corral out at Big Rocks. It wasn't Big Rocks when I was a kid; it was The Shearing Corral. My land, they used to shear lots of sheep out there. There must have been twenty-five or thirty thousand head of sheep go through that shearing corral in the spring of the year. They brought the sheep from off the

mountains.... The owners hired people to shear.

There must have been fifteen or twenty guys shear sheep out here. Dad used to shear a lot out there. They would shear everybody's herd that come in. There used to be hundreds of sacks of wool out there. Then Brink built the one near Bicknell where the separating corral was and took some of the pressure of the one [near Loa.]

They sheared with the old blades. The first day or two Dad's old hands would swell up..., until he got used to it and hardened in. After that they whammed right through it. I've seen Dad's arm; man, it was swelled up like that old steer's leg out there, all swelled up with foot rot. He was a good sheep shearer. He was small. He could get down there to them. There are two sizes of blades, seven inch and six and half.²¹ He had both sizes. He kept them sharp, sharpen and hone them with an oil stone. That's the way he'd do his razor. He'd get it sharp and trim them whiskers. He wouldn't even know they was going it was so sharp.

Dad would go out to Black Rock about every Spring. He'd go out in the west desert and shear sheep, him and Alvin Brown. They'd shear a lot of sheep up there. He quit the sheep shearing racket when they went to clippers. He never learned how to run them nor care for them much.

He'd come back and tend his farm the rest of the summer.

During the wintertime when things were slower, he'd get his horses and head ... up on Thousand Lake and haul wood. He'd get a good pile of wood and then he'd go to loggin'. Logs, lots of logs. His Dad had a saw mill up on Thousand Lake, then they moved it down

and put it on Granddad's property. It was there for years. I guess he probabl worked up at that old saw mill when he was a boy. He liked to cut logs. He really knowed how to knock them down, make them lie the way you wanted them. Most of the time they had a cart. In the winter when there was a lot of snow they'd use a sled. They had a place up there they called "Cart-Turn Holler." If you didn't know how to get down out of that little holler you'd knock the tongue out of your cart and break it. There were sure a lot of tongues setting around that old Holler.

One time when Dad was working out in Dark Valley in the timber, him and some more men had their tents set up out there. They stayed out during the week and came home on the weekend. It come Friday night and Dad stuck his bacon and eggs and stuff under his mattress to keep the squirrels out of it, to hide it. He thought it would keep better then and keep it cool. He come to town. Monday morning when they went back out, his tent was all tore to pieces. He wondered what in the heck had happen. He got to looking around and there were great big bear tracks. He pulled his tent back to see what had went on and that old bear had crawled right up on the bed and poked the legs right down into the earth. He could smell the bacon. He reached down with his front paws and parted the mattress right in two and et all his grub. I guess when he was doing that he knocked the tent down on him. He just reached up and sliced it like a knife. Cut it right open. All week while Dad was out there he was looking over his shoulder to see if that bear was around. It made the hair on the back of neck stick up. He never did see the bear. It didn't show up again. The guys went out hunting him, but they never caught up with the bear.

Dad worked down to Ern's [Jackson] saw mill. He worked on the road a lot. He helped build the first oiled road to come to Wayne County, from the Wayne County line. He worked on that one winter, and a summer.

²¹ They resemble scissors. The shearer squeezed the handles together to make the blades cut the wool. Therefore, he was squeezing and releasing his hands over and over hundreds of times a day. Clippers were hand operated, but worked like barber clippers. Black Rock is west of Kanosh, Utah on Highway 257.

Dad used to work on these reservoirs--Forsyth and Johnson Valley both. He'd go up there and stay. Up to Johnson Valley he used to row a boat with sand plumb across the reservoir to make a spillway. For a week or two he go over on the other side where there was some sand and row it back, mix up some cement. He used to work at the Forsyth with the horses part of one summer or two. I don't know how long he was there. He helped make the canals. He worked on the High Line Canal a lot. That's the one they are using now. We had a lot of canals. We had one right at the bottom of the place and one just above the house and then they made the High Line Canal.

CHILDHOOD

I used to like to go with Dad. He used to tend me a lot. When Mother wanted to go somewhere, he'd take me to the field, down in our old field. He'd stick me over by the little ditch. I guess that's where I learned how to play in the water when I was a little cuss. That would entertain me. I never did get out of it.

When I was younger my Mother couldn't keep me clean. I gave my Mother a bad time. I'd put on a pair of clothes and walk outside and they're dirty. There were a lot of washes down below our place where the old canal broke out. They were really deep washes, about ten or fifteen feet deep. Of course, there was a stream of water running down part of it. There were polliwogs in there. That's where us Chappell kids hung out. It was nice over there.

We built a little raft on a water pond over there. We gathered up some wood around Grand Dad's old corrals to make the raft. We got to rowing it across the pond. We were rowing backwards lickety-cut and hit the other bank. Of course, us kids went flipping right out onto the bank. I said, "My goodness that sure hit all of a 'sud-gen' didn't it?" I never did live that down. I had that "sud-gen" the rest of my life to live with. We had a lot of good times over there.

That wash was a great hang-out. Finally the kids from up-town got to coming down there and playing with us. We had a big time. We'd run down in there and jump. We'd play a lot of games, but of course we were dusty and dirty and the women would get after us. I was always in the water. I don't know how to swim now. I'm afraid of it, but I was always in the water. I never did like water over eight inches deep. That is when you could get it muddiest. The water never was deep enough to learn how to swim. I can dog paddle and that's about it. That was our swimming hole.

There used to be lots of willows when I was a kid. We used to have a big time in them willers making stick horses and playing in the mud and getting all muddy. We'd get dirty from the dust and the old dusty ditch banks. Of course, I was the kid that got the dirtiest. I played in the mud the most. I was the first kid out in the spring who took off his shoes and waded in the water when it had ice in it. I lived closer than the other kids. I used to spend a lot of time over there.²²

We made cars out of that white clay over there That clay was pretty good. We molded cars out of white clay mixed with water. Sometimes they'd crack and sometimes they wouldn't. We'd get down in the washes and make roads around the washes. I don't know how my Mother ever kept me clean. She'd clean me up every morning. I'd be dirtier than all get-out that night. That's the way it is right now too. I'm dirty every night, doing my farming. I stayed clean in the creamery. I wore white clothes all the time. I quite enjoyed them white clothes.

An aunt from Provo come down there to Grandmother's once and she had a boy just my age. We took right up to each other. He was

²² During a telephone conversation Dad said his Mother bought him some little red rubber boots to keep his feet dry. Dad thought that meant he could wade out further in the water with them and he did, until the water flowed over the tops!

always dressed up in a double-breasted suit. Us boys come up missing. My Mother knowed about where we was. I and that boy with his nice suit on were over there in the mud. That old lady was a sophisticated old lady and she grabbed that kid and took him out of there. Took him in and throwed him in the tub and bathed him. Tried to clean up his clothes.²³ Of course, I got him in the first dirt he'd ever got into!

It was always bib-overalls-days when I was a kid. We used to wear bib overalls. It was the old blue ones at first, then ... we got the striped bibs. Then Wayne come home in a pair of Levi britches. Of course, I howled and whooped and hollered and wanted a pair of Levi britches. Waist britches they were. Dad kindee tried to discourage me on that. He said, "Oh them's nigger britches. You don't want none of them nigger britches." Anyway after a while he bought me a pair of "nigger britches" as my Dad called them. (laughs) I wore them around. But the old bib britches was best. They come up on you and kept you warm. Since I've got older the only kind I wear is waist britches. I've got a pair of bib britches down there, but I don't seem to wear them much.

I always had a shirt and a pair of shoes on. I didn't go bare footed very long. I was too tender-footed. I couldn't do that. I always wore a hat. ... They couldn't get that hat off me. It was an old felt hat and it stuck straight down in all directions. It was a dandy. It kept the sun off. It was an ugly looking old thing, faded blue-grey. Wayne would try to hide it on me and I'd go dig it out and put it back on. It was a dandy old hat. I wore that two or three years. They couldn't get me out of that hat, but

²³ Dad said later, "The Aunt chided her boy, 'You can't get all muddy. You're going to be a doctor or a lawyer. He's just going to be an old dirt farmer.'" Dad said, "That's just what I did, become a dirt farmer and I love it. I've wondered what happened to that doctor-lawyer. That was probably the only time he got dirty in his life."

Mother would get it off me when I got in the house.

When I was gone Mother always knew where I was. 'Rilla would come after me. Once I was up there playing in the water and Wayne and 'Rilla come up and tried to get me. I had a limb hitting over in the water and splashing water all over. They tried to get me to go to Church and I said, "I'm not going to Church." I kept standing flipping that limb back and forth in the ditch and all at once that doggone limb wouldn't move. My Mother picked me up by the seat of the pants and I moved out then! I went to Church.

When we got a little older so we could shoot a gun, we used to go down in them old willers. There used to be a lot of morning doves. We'd shoot morning doves and have a morning dove roast. I spent lots of time down in those willers and there used to be a lot of them through there. I'd shoot cotton tails and morning doves. I had a little twenty-two. It had short bullets. It wouldn't shoot very far. We'd get pretty close in to them animals before we'd shoot at them. That's where I spent my younger days.

I used to live up in the hills a lot. I used to play there a lot. We always went up there, especially up Indian Holler. It was east of "Chappellville" in a box canyon. It was nice and warm back in there. It seemed like it was wetter or snow stayed in there better. There was generally always pine nuts up there. That was our "favor-right" spot to hunt pine nuts.

One time when us kids were up in Indian Holler, I and Austin came down to the point of the hill. There was a nice pine tree out there. The tree grew out where it was sandy and it got more water and loamier soil. We got to looking at it and it had pine nuts on. Some of them had fell and we gathered them up. They were the biggest, longest pine nuts you ever saw. Those

pine nuts were big like the ones they have in Nevada, but they had the flavor like the pine nuts over here. Our pine nuts seem to have more flavor than the Nevada pine nuts. There is a little different tree out there. We got a pocketful of pine nuts out of that tree and went home. They were good pine nuts. Wayne kept asking me where I got those pine nuts. He thought I got them from somebody who'd been in Nevada. I swore up and down I hadn't. (laugh) I had to go and show him. I took him back up to that tree. Of course, there wasn't many pine nuts left, because we got them all.

OLD PUP

I had a dog. Uncle Dell used to herd sheep a lot. He was down to Sandy Ranch herding sheep and an old bitch had had pups and he picked one of the little male pups up and threw it in his saddle bag and brought it home. The pup came down to my place and I grabbed a hold of him and kept him and kept him. Finally Dell came down to get his pup and I wouldn't let him have his pup. I hollered and whooped and bellered (laugh) and kept that pup. Finally Dale said, "Oh the heck of it, let him have the doggone pup."

I had that dog fifteen years. I spent a lot of good time with that dog. I called him Old Pup. He wasn't a large dog, medium-sized. His hair was longer. He was stout. He was black with white markings around his neck, his legs and down his nose. I had him around until he got so old and weak, he passed away. That was the only dog I ever had. But he lasted me all my younger days.

When he was about two or three years old, Dad was cutting hay. That dog started chasing something and jumped over the tether bar and cut above his foot on the mower. He was lame. Dad thought he was going to have to kill him, but I wouldn't let him. Old Pup got well, but he had one lame foot. When he'd run he'd run on three legs for a while, then put the fourth leg down for a couple of jumps and then he'd hold

it up and run on three legs. That's the way he went through life.

He was a good cattle dog. He would heel calves, grab them by the heels when you wanted them to move. He didn't bark much. That is the kind of dog you wanted for cattle. Sometimes he'd run from the side of them and grab their tail and swing around and let loose when he got to the other side. He liked to do that. (laugh)

He was good with horses too. But a doggone mule. He couldn't make a mule move. A mule was too quick. They would watch him and when he could come in and just as he was about to grab their heel they would kick him. He couldn't get a mule. They hurt his front teeth and he got so he wouldn't chase a mule.

There was no place that I ever went that he didn't go with me. When I went to school Dad made him stay home. But every place else I went, we always went together. He wouldn't follow anybody else, just tag along with me. If Wayne or anybody else wanted him, they had to pick him up, put him on the horse and haul him out. (laugh) They had to be pretty well down the road before they could turn him loose to get him to follow them so they could use him to chase cows. I and Old Pup were always together. He was a good old dog. He was a lot of company. I appreciated that old dog.

I had to give him a bath once and a while. The darned old fool. He'd see an old dead cow or animal and he'd run and roll around in it. Stink, my criminy. I couldn't hardly stand him myself. When I got him home, Dad would get a rope and tie him up. Old Pup didn't like that. He'd set up quite a howl. I had to squirt him down, soap him up a little, then squirt him some more. (laugh) He got a few baths in his day. But it seemed like that didn't educate him too much. He never did find out why he was getting a bath -- he didn't act like it. . That is the one bad habit he had.

He was the only animal I really got attached to, as close as that. Old Pup, we were together

all the time. I'd always feed him. When Mother made biscuits, I'd ask her for a biscuit. She'd think I was hungry. I'd slip out to the back of the house and slip the biscuit out to the dog. (laugh) Terrible. She made good bread too and we didn't have a lot of that to be feeding dogs.

Wayne had a favorite dog. He got him out to the sheep herd. I don't know how he come with him. He was a bigger dog than the one I had. He was goldish-brown. He was a nice dog. Wayne had him around there for quite a while, especially when he was herding sheep, for three or four years. He was an awful good sheep dog. Then Wayne got working other places, on road construction, and he left the dog [home], so Dad kinda took that dog over. He'd follered Dad to the field all the time. Everywhere Dad went the old dog went. That dog was around for years. I don't know what happened to that dog. It seems like he was there after I married. He kept that dog after mine had died. He was a friendly old dog. He got along better than my dog did. My dog would get in a dog fight every once and a while. He was a good fighter. He'd come out on top. That dog of Wayne's had a milder temper. He got along better.

ANIMALS

Dad had a sheep herd once. He kept getting a few lambs and raising a few until he got quite a sheep herd, more than he could take care of. Finally he sold them to Eph Taylor. That's where Eph got started I think.

Dad had some goats. I don't know where he got them goats when he had sheep. He finally had to get rid of them goats. In the night the doggone things was running around the house. Zoom they'd go around the house and up on the porch ka-boom, boom, boom and around the house a-boom, boom, boom again. We couldn't get any sleep. He got rid of them goats right quick. You couldn't keep them anywhere.

We always had a cat. We never lived

without a cat. We always had an old she-cat and kittens.... We'd kept them out to the old granary to catch the mice. We'd go out there and play with them cats all the time. We'd fed them a little milk or something to hold them in so they wouldn't run off. To let them know they belonged to us.

When we were milking cows, we had a cat dish and we'd fill it up with warm milk. I think that is the best thing a cat likes, is good warm milk out of a cow. In fact, when we were milking, I and Wayne ...got to squirting milk. The cats would sit up there and we'd squirt milk in their mouths. They really liked that.

One night we got to squirting milk in them cat's mouths and we squirted half the milk into them darn cats. They'd stand there and slurp, slurp, slurp as fast as they could. It would run down their neck. Yes, we was wasting milk. It was a disgrace. (laughing) It was milk we needed too. We went in the house and Mother was wondering where the heaven sakes the milk was. We'd been feeding the cats. She got after Wayne. Wayne said, "Now don't you only squirt just one squirt in the cats." After that all we done was squirted once and feed them a little in the cat bowl.

We generally always had a bunch of pigs around there. The little pigs got around [where we were milking.] We got so we'd squirt milk to the little pigs. By golly, they could drink it. (laugh) They'd open their mouth and never let it run down. We kept squirting them pigs and they kept getting closer and closer. The doggone little pigs got so when the cows would lay down, especially out of one litter, they'd come over and suck the milk out of the cows. We had to quite that too. (laughing) That was the only litter we ever learned to suck the cows. We couldn't squirt it in their mouth no more. It was a lot of fun.

Of course, we'd get in milk fights once and while too. (laugh) You'd get a good cow, you were seriously milking her and all at once, r-r-r-t. You'd get a squirt right down your neck.

(laugh) That was better than a squirt gun, them old cows. You didn't have to get more water. Automatic squirt gun. [Wayne and I] had a lot of fun, even though he was about six years older than I was. I could milk cows about as good as he could. I could squirt him as good as he could me. (laughing) We had good times out there milking cows, but we got a little swaggy [careless] about where we put the milk. We'd get straightened out on that when Dad got a hold of us. When he'd come home and Mother would tell him what we were doing he'd soon let us know that wasn't the right thing to do.

I must have been five or six years old when I was on the milking team. I learnt how, when I was young, to milk cows.

HERDING COWS

Granddad run Red Durham cows and Dad ...always run Red Durham. Gosh, they was good milkers. They give lots of milk. We always milked four or five cows. We used to milk them by hand. Dad didn't like a milk cow. He didn't like them white things we're milking now. He wouldn't even let one of them on his place. Red Durham were good cattle. The bulls were a little mean. You had to watch out for them. That's the kind of cattle he run all his life. When I got married he give me one of them. She was a good old cow. I kept her around here and raised calves out of her until I finally got out of farming business. I had to sell them.

Dad would have us herd [the cows]. When I was a kid, I herded cows a lot. I enjoyed that. I had a good horse. We'd take our cows out east and south of Lyman in the foothills or down west and south in the open country. There were two or three kids herding cows everyday. All summer we were herding cows. (In the winter Dad would feed them. He always fatten out a few steers and quite a few hogs, too.)

Dad had some farm land down below Lyman, down south and west. There was lot of

open country down through there. Some years it was dry and there wasn't much feed out there. We used to go down in there and herd cows and chase ground dogs [Utah Prairie Dogs]. There were lots and lots of ground dogs. We'd throw rocks at them. We'd set the dogs on them. Any way to give them ground dogs a bad time. There was sure a lot of them. We'd keep them down in their holes. When they'd come up we'd run them back down their hole. The ground dogs had trails and we'd dig holes down quite deep and cover them up and fix them and see if we could catch some of them. Sometimes a ground dog would fall in it, but seemed like he could always get out before we got there to catch him. They finally got on to that so they wouldn't fall in a hole. They got wise. I used to live with the ground dogs. (I saw a few out on the flat the other day. I hate to see them all get killed off.)

We'd hunt bullet shells. They used them to shoot rabbits. There was shot gun shells all over down there, thick. I don't know how many hundreds of them things we picked up. We was like any other kids, tried to see who could get the most of them.

We'd play games, guinea pig or something to pass the time away. We'd make a guinea pig about yea long [three inches] out of wood and get a stick. Get you a stick with an edge on it and flip your guinea pig up off the ground and wham it to see how far you could knock it. The goal was to knock the guinea pig the furthurest. Before we hit the guinea pig we drew a ...round circle in the dirt and divided it into three spaces and wrote 1, 2, or 3 in it. We'd get back and toss the guinea pig in the circle. If you got it in the three you could knock three times. If you only got it in the two strikes you only got two strikes, if you got it in the one you only got one hit at it.²⁴

²⁴ May have been "ginny." Apparently there were several variations of this game. See another description of this game played at recess in Chapter 2, School Days.

We had to take our lunch with us in a sack. Sometimes we'd take turns, some of us would herd cows and the others would go get their dinner. When there was quite a bit of feed and all the people got their fences up we could take them down there and turn them loose. We didn't have to watch them so much. But most of the time some of us were there herding. Them Jacksons lived down in there and they had cows. The Taylors kids lived down in that part of the country and they'd come out and herd their cows in there too with us. We used to see them a lot and play with them down in there.

I spent most of my summers herding cows. I used to herd them up in the hills a lot. Take our horses and head out..., keep the cows out of the field. I went with the other Chappell kids, Don and Austin and Jack. The Whites used to run their cattle out in there. We had seventy-five to a hundred head of cattle by the time we got everybody's together. Dad had about five or fifteen head. They were Red Durham cattle. We gathered them up every morning and took them home every night and milked them. Take them back out the next morning after we milked them.

We always had a horse. Most of the time, my horse was "Old Tommy." I had to get on him and that old thing would step over and step right on my foot. I was riding "Old Deck" once. He was a big horse, kind of a dough head. Trotted up to the gate, got off to open the gate and when I went to get back on the old cuss stepped on my foot. I couldn't get out from under him and I couldn't make him move. Finally Dad got up there and got him off my foot and put me on the horse. Old Tommy was littler, I could generally pull my foot out from under him. Tommy was a sorrel, a red-brown with a gold cast to him. I don't know if he was a quarter horse or not. He was one color. He was an old bay-legged horse. He was just right

for me. Old Tommy Horse, I got pretty well attached to him. I liked to ride a good horse, that was our transportation.

I used to live in "Chappellville." David Callahan lived out in Chappellville. They were a good family. Us Chappell kids give him a bad time, but he was a good old feller, him and his family. We used to play with them kids. I wouldn't have wanted to been him out there with all of us ornery Chappells. He had a herd of sheep and a herd of bees. He had a struggle, but all the rest of us had a struggle too. There wasn't much money in that town or any other town in them days.

The other day I was thinking about John Dave's Flat²⁵, how beautiful that flat could get some springs. It was covered with stink weeds. The flowers would have a diameter of three or four inches. Some springs when the moisture was just right the flowers would come out beautiful, eighty acres of it. It was along the end of June and July, the hottest part of the year. It would be hot in there. First there would be a deep purple to red. John Dave had bees there and bees would be humming. You couldn't even hear yourself think. When the purple ones started to fade out a yellow flower would come. The yellow ones were just a little later. They were beautiful beyond any flower you ever saw. White ones would crop up with them too. You never see that any more. Us kids would wander up through there (we'd get used to the stink), just to hear the bees humming and see the flowers. They were three or four feet tall, as tall as us kids. The beautifulest flower garden I've ever saw in my life. I've never seen anything like it. It only happened every three or four or five years when

²⁵ Hildred asked, "Where is John Dave's Flat?" "It is just as you go south out of Lyman, as you get past Uncle Lee's place. Right up around the hill, that's where John Dave Callahan lived. From there to the Turner's farm, it was about eighty acres square. Across the ditch and plumb to the hill is where the flowers went." See picture on page 34.

everything happened to be just right. The flowers would come every year but not that big and grand. Nothing would eat the stink weeds. But my golly, stink weed honey was the best honey, really good honey.

FAMILY

Wayne and I used to herd cows out in the hills together. He'd always ride in front and I'd always ride on the back of the horse. We done a lot of work together. When I was six or seven and he was twelve or thirteen, we fenced the ten-acre farm for Dad. Dad was shearing sheep. We built a net-wire fence around that piece of ground. Dad was gone and we run the farm and worked together that summer. I helped him water. He was leader of the band and we run the farm. There was an age difference there. 'Rilla was three years older than I was and Wayne was six. We used to have a lot of good times together. I used to go hunting rabbits with him a lot. Wayne and I got closer as we got older. He'd take me once and a while, but he was like any other older brother, "I don't want to tend that little brat." We'd work together and play together, but if he wanted friends, he'd pick on somebody his own age to play with. He run herd on me a lot. He was a good brother. He was good to me. When he was younger he picked his other friends, but now that he's got older he seems to want me to go with him more and now I've got so I don't go with him. It's changed the other way.

I liked to be around Wayne. He was aggressive. He was always doing something, thinking of something. Sometime it wasn't the best thing to do, but he was always doing something. I used to follow him around. I was and I'm still shy. I turn people off for some reason or another. Wayne always turned them on, you know.

I remember playing jacks and other games with 'Rilla. She got married when she was quite young. I don't remember Aurilla milking cows or doing any of the chores outdoors. She

was always helping in the house. She was good to help Mother. It's a good thing she was; Mother never did really feel good. Mother done a lot of work. A lot of things she shouldn't have done. A lot of things we should have helped her with. A feller can see what he should have done after he gets older and realizes it. He sees a lot of things he sure could have done different. That is life I guess.

Dad generally always had some kind of a game going for us. He used to make willow whistles, showed us how to make whistles.

Dad was always rigging up some kind of a game to play at night. We played lots of games together as a family. He used to whittle a lot of tops, make them out of wooden spools used for sewing thread. He made four sides on it and put numbers on them. He put a stem in them so you could flip them with your finger and thumb and make them spin. They'd really go. We played a game with them, "Put and Take." You'd spin the top. We used matches or beans. You'd take three or put in one, depending on what come up. I used to think that was the best of life. All five of us, us three kids and Dad and Mother used to play games. It was really fun. Funner than these family get-togethers they have now-a-days. Maybe I was littler. I sure liked to play with Dad and Mother and Wayne and Arilla.

My Mother made good ice cream when we had our evenings. She made a lot of ice cream in the winter. In the summer we didn't have any ice unless someone got a block once and a while. We had a hand cranked ice cream freezer. She had another little freezer you could fill with ice cream [mixture], pack it with ice and set it out on a cold night and it would freeze. (I've still got it out there. I never saw another one just like that.) It done a good job if you done it right, packed it with ice and salt. You could do about as good as stirring it, if you knowed how to pack it right. We'd use that once and awhile. If I'd whine enough she'd fix

it up and set it out. I couldn't wait 'till morning to go out and get that ice cream. I could eat ice cream any old time. She wouldn't let us eat it for breakfast though.

She made vanilla ice cream. That's what ice cream was--vanilla. There wasn't any other kind. Then they got to mixing strawberries and raspberries and different fruits. When you ordered ice cream it was vanilla. I thought that was the only kind there was. The darn stuff they make now-a-day – you can order a lot of stuff that's been spoiled.

About every night she'd have something. Sometimes Mother would make a pudding or cupcakes. Mother used to make us a good chocolate pudding. Man, it was really a delicious chocolate pudding. But I couldn't eat my chocolate pudding because it would make me sick. I was allergic to it. Wayne and 'Rilla would get all my chocolate puddin'. Mother would make it quite often too. I'd bawl and

whine around because I couldn't eat the chocolate puddin'.

We had a lot of good times together, the whole family. We always had games around there. We had a lot of fun, the family played together about every night. That's the reason we worked like mad to get the work done, so when night come we could play games. It got so I couldn't wait for night to come to play some more games. We was close together that way.

I think of things that I could tell you but when it gets around to this thing [a tape recorder] I can't remember what they were. I can't recall them right now. I did have some good times in my life. I thought I was really living when I was a kid and I enjoyed it even if we was poorer than rats. I thought we had everything we needed and I guess we did. I don't know where all them years went to, but they all went.

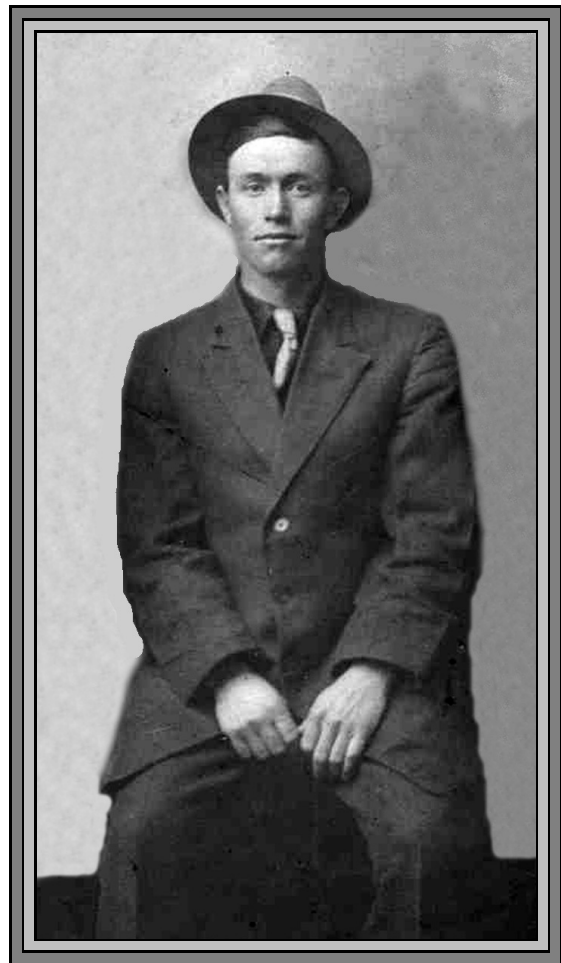
I had a great life.



Arilla, Blain and Wayne Chappell,
Children of Pearl M. and Charles S. Chappell, circa 1919



Above: Pearl Mansfield and her parents: Cena Ann Hunt & Mathew Winberg Mansfield
Below: Pearl Mansfield and Charles Sperry Chappell





Top: George A. Chappell, Sophia G. Sperry sister-in-law to Aurilla S. Chappell and granddaughter, Helen Chappell Morrell,
circa 1925

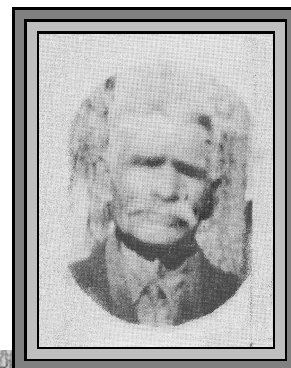
L: "Gramma" Aurilla Chappell

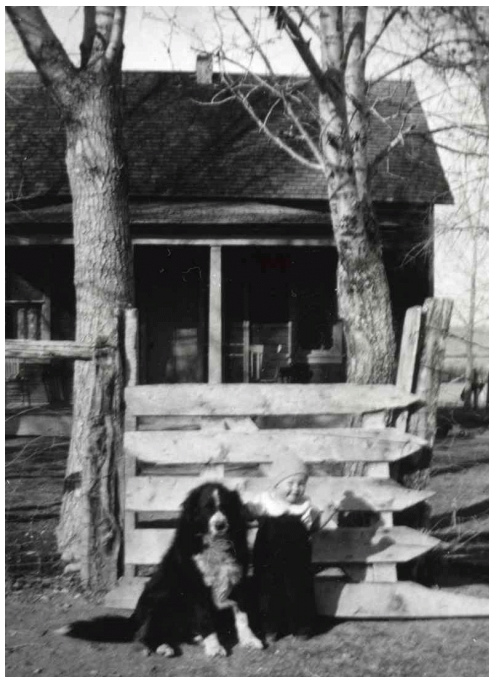
R: "Grandpa"

George A. Chappell

Below: Drawing of Chappell's house

Courtesy of
Avaigal Taylor





L: Blain Chappell's childhood home. Blain's "Old Pup" standing by Arvin Maxfield, Blain's nephew - *circa 1934*
 Top: Marbles & homemade tops for "Put & Take" game.
 Below: Chappell cousins l-r: Ferrell, Wayne, Max, Lloyd, Ross, Grant. Front: Blain & Don Chappell - *circa 1922*





Above: This building matches the description Blain gave of the place on "Pig Alley," where he and his Mother stayed in Salt Lake one summer. (See p.16.)

R: Man in front, Mathew W. Mansfield

Back l-r: 2nd: Annie B. Mansfield. 3rd l: Pearl Mansfield (others unknown).



Dutch Pickles 1 tsp turmeric
large cucumbers 1 cup Camerote
juice Onions
1 cup vinegar
1 cup sugar 1/2 tsp salt. Pick, core, dice cucumbers in
thick flour
FIELD OF HOME
1/2 tsp mustard, cubes and combine 2 cups in salt

NUMBER OF			NEW SEAL AWARDED			CONTINUOUS SEAL AWARDED		
CELL	IDENTIFICATION		For	Date	Rank	For	Date	Rank
	Apple Sauce cake					Indian Relish		
2 1/2 cups	Apple Sauce	1 lb	kg rasins			30 large green tomat		
1 "	lard or butter	1 cup	nuts			12 " apples		
1 "	molasses	4 "	flour			1 bunch celery		
	Sugar	1/2 tsp	nutmeg			10 Onions		
	ginger	1/2 "	Communion			1 qt vinegar		
	soda	heat applesauce				1 qt sugar		
	lard, Water					4 teas mustard		
	Health Budding					4 " salt		
1 cup	of whole wheat flour					1 " clove		
1 "	" Bread Crumbs					1 " alfalfa		
1 "	rasins	1 cup	walnuts			1 " Cayenne		
1 cup	Brown Sugar					1/2 " ginger		
1 level	teas Baking Powder					Chop fine mixed		
1 "	"					cooks 1 hour and		
1 "	"					seal hot		
1 "	"							
1 cup	milk 1/2 cup Butter							
	milk and butter till hot							
	Unmerry steam 1 hour							

#1 -

L: Pearl collected recipes from a weekly paper, “The Grit” and wrote them down in a book. This is a copy of one page. The recipe for “Health Pudding” makes a delicious steamed pudding.

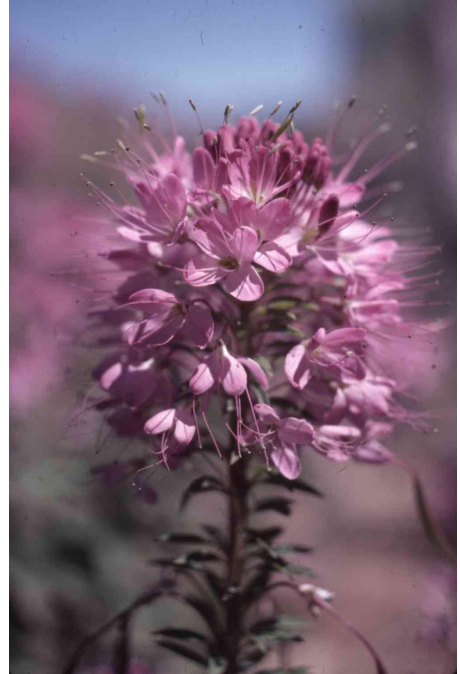
“The other day I was thinking about John Dave’s Flat, how beautiful that flat could get some springs. It was covered with stink weeds. The flowers would have a diameter of three or four inches.” – Blain Chappell

Cleome serrulata, also known as Rocky Mountain Beeweed or Beeplant, Bee Spiderflower, Stinking Clover, Navajo spinach. Native to western United States. It makes copious nectar and attracts bees. (See page 26)

R: “Stink Weed” picture by Sue Chappell Olcott

Below: A Patch of Stink Weeds growing near Lyman, Utah.

Courtesy of Deanna Chappell Maxfield



Chapter 2 - School Days

“School days, school days,
Dear old golden rule days.
‘Reading and ‘riting and ‘rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of a hickory stick.
You were my queen in calico,
I was your bashful barefoot beau,
And you wrote on my slate,
‘I love you so,’
When we were a couple of kids.”

Music by Gus Edwards | Lyrics by Will D. Cobb (1907)

BLAIN: I remember the first day I went to school. Mother got me all ready and I disappeared. She was going to take me to school. I went off and left my Mother. I’d gone a half hour before she was ready. She never did come. She didn’t know where I’d gone. I guess she thought I was hiding like I did when a doctor came to town, but I’d gone to school. That’s the first day I was ever there early and wanted to go. The first day of school was the last day I was excited.

I was six when I started to school. I liked school, but I was slow. Arithmetic, I could do, until we got to reading problems, then it was something else. That’s where I lost out. I could have done better in school. I wish Dad and Mother would have read to me more and helped me. I had a quite a struggle. I could do it if I got a little help. I could have sure used some help. Mother was sick and Dad didn’t have patience with somebody as dumb as I was. I staggered through it. (A feller ought to read to his kids and help them; if they’ll let you. Help them with their lessons and keep them interested. I think if you’re interested, they will be.)

I could have sure used some help. I’d try to do it. Every year I’d start [school], I’d say, “This year I am really going to keep up with it. I’m going to do it.” If I’d had some help I would. I was a slow reader and I couldn’t keep

up. I got behind and then I would get discouraged and give it up and practically quit. I’ve learned to read pretty good. I like to read. I don’t like to get bogged down in too long of a book though, two or three of hours reading. I’d hate to get stuck in four or five hundred pages, with fine print. I’d be forever and a day.¹

We had a good time up in the big red school house. It was black rock and faced with red brick. That was a good building, better than the ones they’ve got now days and they tore it down.

We had three classes in a room. There must have been thirty to thirty-five in a room. We had the same teacher for three years, if she taught every year. Maggie Maxfield was the first teacher I had. I don’t think she was back the second year. I had Helen Chappell Morrell, for a couple of three years. She must have took Maggie’s place. Then LaVon, all my relations -- LaVon Chappell and Sperry (Chappell). They were all my school teachers. I believe LaVon left. He didn’t get along too well, so he left. Sperry used to read to us quite a few good books. If we was good kids and did our work, he’d read to us twenty minutes a day. We always enjoyed them. Sperry was the principal.

¹ During this interview Dad said, “I’m not in a talking mood, honey. I have some good memories, if I can get them all together.” He had been sick with pneumonia. --HC

Willard Willardson taught fourth, fifth, and sixth, over there for a couple of years and in the high school. He was a good teacher. We were all in one room. The teacher would teach one class for a little while, then that group would study while she was teaching another class. We used to have to stay in once and a while for not getting lessons. Stay in and get your lessons or your spelling. We had spelling bees, but I never did shine up too much on a spelling bee.

We used to go out at recess and play games -- kick the can, steal the bacon, marbles. We used to play marbles and play marbles. You'd wear your fingernail out flipping the marble. Your fingers were so sore you could hardly look at a marble. We played for keeps once and a while. We had a bunch of what we called "dough babies" to play for keeps. They were good marbles. They were made out of clay and baked. They were smaller than an ordinary marble and broke easier. We always used them for "dukes or ducks." A duke was the one you stuck in the circle to play for. Then you had a good "taw," that was the one you shot. The taw was a glass marble or an agate. I liked the agates. You don't see agates any more. An agate is.... I don't know how they made them. I don't believe you can buy them now. We generally had an agate for a taw. I like the agate because it was a little bit larger. They had a design. You could hold them better. They didn't chip like glass. Once and a while you'd break one of them too.

Sometimes we'd make a circle and shoot the marbles out. But we generally made a square and knocked them in, lag to them. Then you could shoot them out or knock the other feller away and shoot out the marbles. If you happened to stay in the square you'd lose your turn. If somebody knocked you, you had to give them a dough baby. It was quite a game to play.

We used to play guinea pig quite a bit, but that would get too rough. The school teachers

wouldn't let us play that. Guinea pig is a stick about three inches long and yeah big around and pointed on each end. You'd get a stick, two and a half feet long and point it on one side, so you hit that guinea pig down on the ground and make it flip up and knock it and the other team would try to knock it back. That's the reason the school teachers didn't like it, pretty quick somebody would get their head knocked off. You won when you hit it down past a goal point. They outlawed that game at school. We'd have to play that after school.

Kick can was similar, only you used your foot to kick. Sometimes a feller would get his head "chopped off" with that too. The old favorite was baseball. We used to play that a lot. I liked to play baseball. We never did play football.

We played Fox and Geese when the snow was on the ground. We used to play that a lot. All us kids would get behind the leader and go around and tromp down the snow, then make spokes through (the circle) and a place in the middle. Sometimes we'd have one fox and if he couldn't catch the geese [the other kids], we'd have two foxes and gang up on them to catch them, to corner them. The fox had to catch everybody, the last person caught got to be the fox.

We used to have Christmas parties.... We'd bring a gift and a little something to eat, cookies for a little party. We'd have birthday parties. We'd take everybody born in a certain month and have one big party for the ones that had their birthday in the summer. My birthday was in the summer.

We always took a lunch to school in a sack. It was a flour sack and sometimes we'd take a lunch bucket. We'd take a lunch bucket when I and Wayne and 'Rilla were all going to school and we'd eat together. When they got out of school. I'd take a sack.

Us kids had our ups and downs. Most of the time the kids were pretty happy. Once and

a while some of the kids would get fighting. The little cusses. I had my scrapes too. The other kids would agitate it on. I remember George Jake and I -- he was bigger than I was, an awkward kid. They egged us on and we got a going one. I rolled old Georgie down the steps of the school house. I thought the school teachers were going to hang me for that. Nothing ever happened. The big guys kept telling me the school teachers were going to get me. I slipped out and went home after school was out and snuck in the next day. The next day we was pals, me and Georgie made it all up. We knew what the big boys were doing and we didn't get in any more fights.

In that old school you went inside and then went up the steps to get into the upper part. There was quite a hall running back between the rooms. When you went in there was a foyer. Then it was a split level, you could either go downstairs or upstairs. It was about the same either direction. It was a nice building. It had three big rooms upstairs. They never did completely finish it downstairs. Downstairs they had one nice room. For quite a while they just used the three rooms upstairs, then they finished one room downstairs. We had two upstairs and one downstairs. Then we had one big room (it seemed big to me) on the north side. It was as big as the other two rooms. It was a hall with a stage. We used to go to church there too for a long while. They had the Church building, but we went to Church in the school building.... We went to Church meetings in the school and they used the Church hall for basketball.

The schoolhouse didn't have no water. It froze up and they never did get it fixed. When recess would come we'd tear over to Sperry's [Chappell] corral and get a drink with the cows. We'd break up his salt rock and lick it and come back. Us kids would trail right over to his corral, boys and girls alike. Some of the kids would leave the water running and finally

Sperry jumped on the school board and made them get the water fixed.

We used to have trips. They took us tripping down to Fruita once. They put us in the back of a truck with a rack, but the end gate was out. Us cotton-picking kids got to acting like kids will do and when the truck went around the corner we'd all run to the side. Then we'd run back to the other side as it swayed. One time when we went around a bend, all the kids went over to one side and we just took the whole side of that truck out. It scattered kids all over the rocks on the side of road. It's funny it didn't kill someone. The poor little cusses on the bottom did get banged up. There was some excited school teacher, I'll tell you, for a little while. They gathered us kids up and made us sit down. It hurt a little girl that happened to be on that side of the truck. That was the last time we went in an open truck. We went on down to Fruita and had a pretty good time. It seems like the teacher brought us a picnic.

We used to go hiking up to the Springs a lot. Lyman Springs is just east of Lyman where they get their water. They'd take us, especially in the spring when you get "Spring Fever." It was about a mile or a mile and a half. We'd go in the afternoon to hike up there. We had a good time up there, chasing around. Us Lyman kids used to go up to the Springs a lot. I liked it up there. A lot of birch willows up there. I'd go up there and make me flippers and [stick] horses and play cowboys and Indians and chase around.

School was interesting. Them was good years.

The best friend I ever had was 'Ras Sorenson.² He was older than my Dad. He wasn't a very big man. I was as tall as he was when I was a kid. I liked that old feller and he liked me. We'd talked together like two men or two kids. We just talked down the street, about

² Erastus Sorenson, 1863-1938. His son was Fremont J. Sorenson, 1908-2004.

the events, what went on that day. Sometimes he would meet me there at the schoolhouse and walk down to his place, sometimes plumb out to my place. For two or three winters he would meet me at school, once or twice a week. He liked me. He'd go out and visit Dad quite a bit. I don't know why the old feller took to me. When he passed away I felt bad. He was the only man who paid any attention to me. I felt good towards him. I was in the sixth grade when he died. He was a carpenter. There are a few houses over there to Lyman, he built.

When we weren't going to school and doing chores we had fun.

We used to roll hoops. I don't know if kids know how to roll hoops now or not. They don't even know what a hoop is. We used to have metal hoops off the old wagon hubs, about nine inches. Then we'd build a "handle", a stick about two and a half feet long with a foot-long cross piece. We'd start the hoop down the street and take the handle and roll along. We'd really make it roll. We'd push it. We'd roll 'em and roll 'em for miles. We used to have a big time rolling them hoops. And we used to roll tires when they started getting tires. They used to have different color tires, white and red, different colors of rubber. We'd always look for a tire. We'd always be glad when Grandpa would ruin a tire so we could get a tire to roll.

In winter we'd sleigh ride down Grandpa's hill when there was a lot of snow. Everybody had a sleigh but me so my Dad built me a sleigh, then everybody else wanted my sleigh. That little sled of mine was sure a goer. It could go down that hill just a whooping.

One day some kids was up on that hill of Grandpa's. I could see them up there throwing rocks with their slingshots, so I went up there with them. I had a sling shot that had extra long strings on. Dave John Callahan was over across the highway extracting his honey and doing his bees. (We used to like to go and get his honeycomb. The old feller would give us a

little once and a while.) Them kids was up there throwing rocks at him, but they could only throw about half way across the road. There was no way they could hit him. They were just saying, "We are killing Dave John." Like kids will do. I picked up a nice rock and so big around, really a dandy. I stuck it in my sling shot and said, "This is the one that kills David John." I whirled it around my head, whir, whir, whir, and away it went. I done it just right. The darn thing just kept a going and a going. We had no idea it was going over there. All at once we thought "My gosh, it is going to kill David John." That darn rock didn't seem to want to quit going. The further it got the worrier us kids was starting to get. I thought, "I'm going to kill old David John. My heavens sake!" Finally that darn rock quit going. It only missed him about ten feet. David John looked around. He'd heard it. He looked around and looked around to see where that rock was. He could see us kids plumb over on that hill. He didn't have no idea we could throw that far and neither did we. We just about killed that old man. We quit throwing at Dave John.

I had a lot of practice with my sling shot. That's all we done when we herded cows. Had a beanie or a sling shot. We used to like a sling shot. We'd get long strings on, about three feet or more. We could handle them that long. If you'd get them too long you couldn't handle the thing. They wouldn't be so accurate but you could throw with them. The little short strings (about twelve inches), you could hit more accurate. A beanie is a bean flipper, a crotch with rubbers strips on. We always called them "beanies." We could knock birds out with them, once and a while.

We used to play baseball a lot. We'd go up town and play baseball with the town kids. I always liked to play baseball. That was the main game when I was young. There has always been a ball diamond right there where the ball diamond is now over in Lyman, right

across from the school building. That block was set aside for a ball diamond. There has been a ball diamond there ever since I could remember. I don't know who owned that block. I think the Church owns it now. It was probably a Church block then. It had the tithing granaries on the north-west corner at one time. The Relief Society building was over there, too. The rest has always been a ball diamond.

Home plate was on the east side, up by the Relief Society building. We played and knocked the ball west for a long while, until we got to knocking it down into Claus DeLeeuw house he built. If a kid got a good hard ball, he'd put it right down in Claus DeLeeuw house. They stuck it right through his door one day. Claus got pretty mean. He sat out there on his porch with a ball glove when the kids were playing ball. Sometimes he'd catch the ball and wouldn't give it back and that was the only ball we had too. Finally we moved home plate up to the north where the granary was and knocked it south for a long while; so we wouldn't get Claus DeLeeuw so mad at us if we happened to knock a good hard ball down through there. Now they've turned it around and home plate is on the west side. We had an old grandstand there once. They've built another one out there that looks pretty nice now.

The ball we used belonged to, I don't know who. We generally always had one ball; if we lost that we had trouble. If we had two balls, we were really in good. A feller had to furnish his own glove. I think the town bought a bat once and a while and a ball or two.

Now days they run over the hill to play ball, but every town [in Wayne County] had a team, and we played baseball with every town. We didn't have to travel far; we played with the other towns. We used to come over to Loa, a bunch of us to play baseball. One time Mr. Willardson brought us over. He lived over here (Loa) and he had arranged for us to go back with someone else. All of us didn't hook up.

We monkeyed around with them "Low-ey" kids for a while and final we realized we was left. I don't know how we missed our way home, but two or three of us had to walk home. It seemed like we did get a ride after we got pretty well up the lane. Someone picked us up. Our old tongues were sticking out of our foot by the time we got back home. I was in the fourth or fifth grade.

We played ball with all the schools. We had a tournament. We played in the spring and a little in the fall while it was good weather. It seems like the teacher brought us over to the games. We went to Fremont, Loa and Bicknell. We didn't go so much to Torrey and Teasdale. We played Loa a lot, more than any of the others.

I lived to play ball after I got to playing. It was the only thing going.

HIGH SCHOOL

I can remember the first day I went to high school. [The year before,] we had a short year; they run out of money so they cut school short that year. So the next year part of us had to go back a half year to grade school, so we started high school on the first of January. At first I didn't dare get on the bus. The other kids had to push me on the yellow, Ford school bus. Wayne was out [of school] and 'Rilla got married real young and she didn't finish high school. They used to catch quite a few of us Chappell kids out there by [Uncle] Will's place. We rode to school and jabbered and talked like the kids do now on the way. Them was nice days, riding the bus. I didn't mind that.

That first year you had to get [signed] up. They'd only let so many in a class for some reason. I got in a business class. I couldn't get in the class I wanted. I had to take a class with older kids in it. I had quite a struggle in that business class.

We went to the same school building [my kids] went to in Bicknell. The center section is

the oldest part. The north part of the building, white part, was already there when I was there. While I was there they made the rest of the rock building. They added on the red part which is the south part. It was the gym. They added on when they had the W. P. A.³ going. (That was a good building, which they are talking of tearing down; the best building they've got in Bicknell.)

When they were building the new part of the high school out of red rock,....They had men out there cutting them red rock all winter to build that. There was rock all over and down underneath. They had a heck of a struggle keeping us kids out of them rocks and tearing around out there, bothering them guys a working. They'd give us pep talks to stay away from the workers.

School was always hard for me.

Apr 13, 1936 Dear Katie, I am glad you had a good time on Easter, us Lyman Kids got a wagon and went up to the Tidval springs and back.... Just think there are only two more weeks of misrey then I will not haft to go to Algebra and English for I have not hardly been prepared this winter and boy the teachers are ... giting mad at me.... Blain

Apr 22, 1936 Dear Katie, I guess you thout that I would never write....Boy does the frogs scwak over to Loa. They sure do over here the

³ During the Depression of the 1930's "the ...Work Projects Administration (WPA) was the largest and most ambitious New Deal agency, employing millions to carry out public works projects, including the construction of public buildings and roads, and operated large arts, drama, media, and literacy projects. Almost every community in the United States had a park, bridge or school constructed by the agency, which especially benefitted rural and Western populations. Expenditures from 1936 to 1939 totaled nearly \$7 billion.... It provided work for three million "employables", ...however there were an estimated 10 million unemployed persons at this time. By 1943, the total amount spent was over \$11 billion. – Wikipedia.org 2/13/2011

last two nights. I can hear them scwak right now...it sounds good for that is the sign of summer. ...school will be out next week and boy will I be happy, ... next year we will go in the new school house and that will be fun for the teachers will loos half of ther kids. Lots of Love, Blain

While I was in high school I played baseball. I also played basketball on the main team. They used to pitch horseshoes a lot. We had a tournament amongst ourselves. We didn't go anywhere to play horseshoes, we played just in the school.

Some of the Richfield fellers come over here and played with us. They was whopping the daylights out of us. You had to bring your own equipment if you wanted to play. We only had two baseball bats and one was so heavy we could hardly lift it; it must have been leaded. The other was so light we couldn't knock the ball any where. We were all using the light bat. One of the boys, Morris Wax, said, "Let's use this big one. I'm going to try it." You didn't have to swing that very hard to hit that ball and it would never quit rolling. We all got to using it. We wouldn't have to swing it; we would bunt it. We got so we could hit it that way, without swinging hard. We'd just hold the bat out in front of us and let the ball hit it. That old ball would fly out. That sure did change the ball game. We whopped the daylights out of them Richfield boys!

Dec 18, 1936 Dearest Katie, I got your letter. Boy was I glad to git it. It makes life like living when you write to me. ...Are you going to the Opera next Tuesday night. I guess I will not be here though, we are going on a ball trip.Boy I have got a lot of English to git so I had better quit. With Love Blain

I was in a play or two when they had plays. Of course I wasn't no main part but I did get in

a few. Mrs. Esther Durfey was the language teacher. She took over the plays. She had some of us kids in there. She had quite a time straightening us boys up half decent. I remember Rawlins Blackburn giving her a bad time one day. She "stomped" him in the floor that day, verbally. That old Rawly was a good kid, just full of fun. I don't remember what that play was for. She had us come in and sing a song. We filled in space mostly, I think. She had quite a grist of us boys and girls down there that day in that play, getting us ready for a Christmas doings. We had to dress up, but there was so much tom-foolery going on I can't remember what the motive was for it. (laugh)

One spring day, along ...in April, us boys (that lived in the part of Lyman where all the Chappells lived, we'd get on the school bus together), decided we wouldn't go to high school that day. We all went down to the bus stop. I and Austin and Don decided we'd sluff and low-and-behold the other doggone kids followed us, Jack and Neal and Van, there might have been one or two more. We headed up toward the mountain, toward the bare spot. We walked up that rugged canyon. It was in the morning, of course. When we got up there we could hear the dogs barking and even hear people talking it was so still. We got about half way up the mountain where we thought we were going and looked down to town and there was the bus coming back from Bicknell going the wrong direction. We wondered where they are going. We thought they were taking the bus somewhere to get it fixed. We went on up the hill on the mountain and tinkered around up there in the trees and played around. We looked down and lots of cars were ... headed toward Loa. A lot of cars. We couldn't figure out what was going on. We sat up there all day and never had anything to eat, feeling pretty hungry. We'd had all the sluffing we wanted. About that time we looked down in the valley and we could see the bus coming from Loa again, early

afternoon. All them cars started coming again. It was about the time the bus should be coming home.

We went down the mountain and the bus come back from Bicknell and come up there but it didn't stop where we were supposed to get off because there wasn't any of us on it. It went on and we went on home like nothing had happened. We didn't think anybody knowed the difference. Then the subject come up about the big celebration they had in Loa. Come to find out Dad and Mother went. All at once Dad said, "I never saw you over there all day."

I hummed and hawed around, making excuses, "You just didn't happen to see me."

He said, "Well, I don't even believe you was there."

I couldn't fib any more. I had to tell him. Man, he was about to skin me alive. Us guys thought we was pulling one and sluffed on a free day. A big celebration and there we sat up in the hills and about killed ourselves all day and starved. Everybody else was enjoying the big celebration. That learned us not to sluff anymore. Heavens no, we didn't know there was going to be a celebration. Of all days to sluff! It just happened to fall that way, once in four years of going to high school. I don't know what they were celebrating for. Something that happened here in the county. We sure missed it. Anyway, that's what happens when you sluff school, I guess.

We didn't go too far on School trips, just little short trips, until we got to high school. We went to Salt Lake once and a while. They'd get us kids out on the cement once and a while and let us know there was something going on beside sage brush. In high school the trips were mainly educational, there was a business we went to, to see how it functioned. We went up around the State Capitol one day, to see how the government functioned.

In high school they used to gather us kids up ... and take us out of class. There was generally

four or five of us in the class they didn't think was getting much out of it. They'd take us on a field trip for an afternoon once and a while and put us to work. (laugh) Four or five of us would go. All you could throw in a car. We always had a teacher with us. We went down there with Sam Chidester once. The old feller was a heavy man. He stuck way out here in front. His steering wheel would rub right on his stomach when he was driving. I liked Old Sam. He was the music teacher.

Us kids, went up to Sunglow Park and worked a lot. We went down to Capital Reef, the new park they got now, and helped the old man, Fontella [Pectol Webster's] Dad, with his project down there. Old Man Pectol showed us some Indian graves and stuff. We learned a lot down there. We had a hay day. I done quite a bit of work down there. We helped make trails and straighten out things down there. We made fire circles. They had free...slave labor.

When we was down at the Park, one kid crawled up on the ledge and started pushing rocks off. I thought them officials was going to have a fit. Boy, they wasn't long in getting him down off there. They didn't want them rocks pushed off that ledge up there. They were destroying pretty scenery!

DANCING/DATING

We had parties during high school. Somebody would decide they wanted a party and plan a party and invite us to come. We played party games, musical chairs, where you run around from one chair to another and Blindman Buff. Monopoly came out then and we used to play a lot of Monopoly and checkers and the wooden board, crone, we flipped rings also. We'd play cards a little, once and a while, but not too much. Ring games, you'd slide [a ring] around on a string and figure out who got the ring. We used to play "Gossip" a lot. Somebody whispered something to the person next to them and it was whispered around the

circle and we'd see what was on the other end. It was something for us to do.

We used to dance a lot. Everybody danced. That was the main entertainment then. There were people all ages to those dances, everybody. At the high school dances, it would surprise you how many older folks would go to them. There were a lot of people. Oh, they used to dance. People come from over the mountain and all over to go to those dances. We used to go over the mountain to their dances a lot too. That was the going thing--to dance.

There used to be a dance every week. They were always at the high school during the winter. During the Christmas holidays there was a dance every night for six or seven days and it would be loaded. They were big dances every night. Everybody was there. Dance their legs off. Generally always Sam Chidester was playing. He was the old musician. He played the violin; he was the main player. His daughter played the slide trombone and he had a boy, Clyde, that played the drums. There was somebody at the piano. It seems like they had a sax too. We danced to "Margie" and waltzes and polkas, old tunes.

In the summer they had the open air dance halls. We used to go to them a lot. One was here [in Loa] where GarKane is located.⁴ That was the Lowayna. The Bonnie-Wayne was up where the Fremont Fish Hatchery is. I didn't go to it much, it was a little before my time, but I remember it. They didn't have one in Lyman, but they had the Big Apple down at Torrey. We used to have a big time down there. Us kids would go down there and dance our legs off. Sometimes we've have dates and sometimes we wouldn't. There was another one right there just below 'Rilla's place. It went pretty good for a few years, but it's kind of cool in there.

⁴ Corner of 100 West and 300 South in Loa, Utah. An Open Air Dance Hall was all open air and no hall!

There is wind suction through that canyon. It didn't last long.⁵

An Open Air Dance Hall had a cement slab and a little cubby-hole shed for the band to get in and a fence around it so you couldn't walk in. You had to walk past the ticket-taker to get in, and pay for your ticket. Go in and dance on that cement as hard as you wanted too. It seems like they had more fights them days, than they do now. Somebody would get in a fight outside, especially in the open-air dance halls.

When I was a kid if I had a dollar in my pocket, I could get by all evening pretty easily. If we could get hold of a couple of bucks, a dollar or two, we were in good shape. We had enough to get a little gas. Gas was eighteen or twenty cents a gallon. A ticket was two bits⁶ a couple and it finally raised up to fifty cents. It was during the Depression.

Oh-h-h, I dated a few girls around. I used to date Ora Coleman quite a little bit. She was a good little girl. I used to go with Mazey Duncan quite a bit. She was a nice girl. I went with Maurine Torgerson a bit, Edna Durfee⁷, and some of them Bicknell girls a time or two,

⁵ His sister's farm was about half way between Bicknell and Torrey, Utah on the north side of the road.

⁶ The "bit" as a designation for money dates from the colonial period, when a common unit of currency was the Spanish milled dollar. As a way of making change, these dollars were cut into eight pie-slice shaped pieces which were called "bits". (For this reason, the whole coin was known as a "piece of eight.") Each eighth-dollar bit was then worth 12.5 cents, "two bits" was a quarter of a dollar (25 cents), "four bits" was a half-dollar (50 cents) and "six bits" was 75 cents. Because there was no one-bit coin, a dime (10 ¢) was sometimes called a short bit and 15¢ a long bit.... "Two bits" ... continues in general use as a colloquial expression, primarily because of the song catchphrase "Shave and a Haircut, two bits." As an adjective, "two-bit" can be used to describe something cheap or unworthy. –wikipedia.org/wiki/Two_bits

⁷ Edna married LaMar Maxfield. Their son, Frank Maxfield, married Blain's daughter, Deanna.

Maxine Brown, that Ellett girl who married a Jackson, Elva, maybe once.

I went stag the first year or two of high school. The last year I went mostly with Katie, take her down to the dances and the parties and the ball games. We used to have lots of dances then. We'd go and dance with all the girls. The bus would run and we'd get a ride to the dances at the high school down to Bicknell. If you wanted to take a girl to the dance you met her on the bus. When we came home we'd get off the bus at our stop and send the girls on home in the bus. That worked out all right. That's how we dated.

When we got older, we got to chasing around in automobiles and courting the girls. I went quite a bit with Wayne. He'd be going in Dad's car. I got so I would drive Dad's car or go with Austin or Don, their folks had cars.

I graduated from High School in '38-'39! I actually went four and a half years. I went to four grades, but I went four and a half years. The first year I started in the middle of the year. The last year I had more than enough credits at Christmas time, but I didn't have nothing much to do so I went on 'til spring. I had two or three extra credits when I got out of school.

KATIE: The school event I will never forget, when I went to Blain's Wayne High Graduation and he needed a Graduation suit, I helped him make out his order to Montgomery Ward's "catalogue", size and for his shirt ... How proud I was of him in that navy pin strip suit and pretty white shirt... Blain was the most dark headed handsome-est man there, and I was glad he choose me as his girlfriend to go to it...

FISHING

BLAIN: Each year I could hardly wait until June fifteen came! We'd get through school and hurry and help Dad get the spring farming done, get our crops in. The Fifteenth of June was the opening of fishing season. Us Chappell

kids – I and my cousins, Wayne and Max and Farrell and Don ... and Austin and the little ones started coming on, Neil and Kennard and once and a while we'd pick up one of Uncle Lee's kids, Jack.– would hook up a wagon and a buggy for our grub and beds, load the whole mess of us on and go up to Neff's Reservoir. We just figured on that. Go up there and spend two or three days. Used to catch a lot of fish. That's when you could catch thirty fish a day. Wayne was the one who caught more fish or as many as anyone. We did that for four or five years, until we grew up. When we got a little older, the bigger boys got to going off for jobs, some of them got married and it dwindled out when it got down to us younger guys. Then two or three of us would get on a horse and go up for a day.

When we'd get up to Red Canyon on the way up to Neff's, we thought ... we had to roll some rocks down it. The boulders got pretty scarce. They were all down on the bottom of Red Canyon. It got so we had to haul rocks for half a mile to get any rocks. I believe there are more rocks down that canyon than there are on the rest of the mountain. When we got to Neff's, we'd take our grub and our bedding and throw it out...on the ground around the campfire. We'd cook our grub, eggs and bacon was the main thing. We'd fry a fish too. We'd take butter to fry them in. We'd take bread. We had a lot of good times up there.

We Chappell boys thought Neff's Reservoir was just for us to fish in. We thought that was our reservoir. We were Chappells, a cocky bunch. There were generally some other kids from Lyman up there. We didn't associate with them town kids any more than we had too. We got along alright with them, but if the Loa kids come up there we'd run them off the mountain. They were intruding on our fishing hole. (We even got so we'd tolerate them.) Around that Lake there would be thirty or forty kids some seasons for a day or two, when it first opened

up. That was an annual event – fishing. We spent a lot of time up at Neff's Reservoir.... We never would get no outsiders like there are now days. The outsiders have took over everything.

It is beautiful up in there. It was a little cold up there and the doggone salamander or water dogs would crawl right in bed with us. The next morning we'd kick the things out of the bed and roll up our bed. You could catch lots of fish up there then. It was really loaded.

We used to fish with bamboo poles. It got so we wouldn't take a pole up there. We'd leave it up there and poke it up a tree. It got so you'd go out there and look around them trees and they'd be more bamboo fishing pole than tree, sticking out of them trees. If you got up there without a pole you could just look out in them trees and there was a fishing pole.

The poles were just long bamboo, twelve to sixteen feet. They were dandy poles. I haven't saw one of them old bamboo poles for a long while. They weren't very expensive. Of course they were expensive to us kids -- two bits (twenty-five cents) for one of them, half a day's work. They didn't have line guides on them. We used to make [guides] with a piece of wire and twist around and fix it. It was just a pole, like a willer (willow). We sure did like them.

We always had some kind of fishing line. We didn't have nylon filament line like they do now. It was just braided, but it was good line. I always bought my hooks and tied on the end of the line. Some kids started getting leaders and snailed hooks. Some guys fixed reels on them. But we wouldn't. We'd just fix a line about as long as the pole, just tie it on the end of the pole and toss it out. We caught a lot of fish that way. When we'd catch a fish, instead of working the pole in, we'd bring him right straight up over our head and land him on the bank. The poor fish. There were so many fish they'd bite about anything. We always had angle worms for bait. That's the only thing we ever used.

We'd go out there and fish and fish all day. You could catch thirty fish, [the limit]. It was a great life. A lot of fun.

We were up at Neff's fishing once, my goodness alive, there was a lot of people around there. There was a whole mess of us. I remember Nelson Turner and Willis Oldroyd and somebody else was out in the middle on a raft. Ranger Peterson, "Pete" we always called him, come up there and was checking the licenses. Nelson didn't have a license, but he was plumb out in the middle of the lake. He was safe. All at once he threw his pole in the lake and said, "Boy this water is too deep for me. I'm getting off of here." He was guilty. I believe Willis Oldroyd said, "Oh just be quiet and keep right on fishing. He's not going to wade out here." The fool, if he'd come in like he was going to he would have been in the jailhouse now. Ranger Pete got on his horse and left. Old Nelson fished his pole out of the lake and went on fishing. (When a feller is guilty he shows it. That's the way they catch most of these crooks. If they happen to stop them, they can see their guilt; they are trying to hide something.)

There was generally snow up there when fishing season opened up. Land sakes, we could catch sixty or seventy fish in a day sometimes. We didn't know enough to quit. We'd clean them, wrap them up in a flour sacks, and chug them in a snow bank until we got ready to come home. The snow banks would be completely full of fish, stashed away. We'd keep them cold to take them home. They were little rainbow trout, ten or twelve inches long.

We'd take the fish home with us. Mother would bottle a lot of them ... and we'd have fish in the wintertime. She did lots of bottling. She used to try to get down on the old Mansfield place and get the fruit.... There was some Potawatomi Plums growing down there. Dad said they was so sour they'd twist a wagon box.

And I think he was right. She made preserves out of them.

We used to keep the trail to Neff's hot. Every time we got a chance we'd go up there and fish. Or we'd go over to Round Lake. I and Austin and Don and Jack went to Round Lake once. We rode around the south end on the old government trail. We caught a few fish for supper and went to bed under a big pine tree. Austin had a twenty-two. Like all kids we got to talking about cougars and bears. Get yourself all scared. One of the kids said, "What if there's a big cougar in that big tree?" Austin pulled out his gun and he said, "I'd shoot him." Wham. Then we heard something falling down through that tree. If you don't think there were some scared kids! We didn't know whether to run or what. We thought he'd shot a cougar. All at once a big limb he'd shot off come tumbling down out of that tree and lit on Austin and Don's bed. Don jumped up and took off. Austin never shot up in any more trees. We got in bed and went to sleep. Yes sir, we didn't do that the next night.

I had a great life.

FARMING

[Blain learned farming from his Dad. He learned how to plow and harrow and plant and irrigate and harvest and store for the winter, all the myriad tasks that cycle through the seasons and the year.]

I used to help Dad a lot on the farm. I used to help him harrow a lot. A harrow is a cultivator. A spiked-tooth harrow had a lot of spikes or teeth in it. We call them spikes. They stick out about four or five inches into the ground. We'd hook the harrow on. We used to use teams to drag the harrow. It was fourteen feet wide, about two leaves on a seven foot piece. The harrow would break up all the clods [from plowing] and make the ground smoother and level it up. Mostly it would break the clods up. When we had horses on we had a double

tree hooked onto the horses. Then we'd hook a clevis on the harrow and drag it. Most of the time you'd walk behind, sometimes we'd stick a board across it and stand on the board and put on a little more weight. That's the reason Dad liked us kids to harrow. We wasn't so heavy and we could ride the harrow and help hold down the harrow.

I harrowed quite a bit. I ran the harrow all day long, until I got the job done. A feller could harrow ten or twelve acres with a horse. We stood there all day. If it got too cold or it was a cold day you'd get off and walk and warm up for a while. Then you'd get back on the harrow and ride when you got give out. Your job was to drive the horses. Keep them going straight. You had a little time to think about everything else, [i.e.] what you'd like to be doing.

We used to haul hay a lot with Dad. When I was younger I always got the job of tromping. We'd stand on the wagon and the men would throw a pile of hay on and you'd get on top of it and smash it down, so they could get more hay on. (Did it really make it so you could get more hay on if somebody walked around on it?) I'll say. If you didn't tromp it, it was hard to get a load and it would be so fluffy, when you hauled it in, it would slide off or tip over. A feller had to tromp it. I was a little cuss when I first got started, four or five years old. I tromped until I was ten, twelve or fifteen years old. You had kids tromp it, but I've tromped hay when I was a man.

We always tromped hay with shoes and socks on. Sometimes some hay had a sticky weed or a burr in it. They'd get in your socks and that would make you twist and turn and bawl once and a while. Dad would get me off the hay and pick all them out of my sock, then I'd tromp some more. That foxtail was bad too. It would work up your legs. If it was good clean hay and not too dry (we didn't like dry hay either) it was fun to tromp. If it was dry

you'd fall down through the darn stuff and the hay leaves would break up and they'd get in your socks and shoes. Sometimes we'd get some dusty hay and that wasn't pleasant to work with, but it was generally pretty good.

We started working as soon as we could get into the fields. We'd get out about 6:00 or just as it was breaking light and tromp hay all day until one or two o'clock. About two o'clock we'd feed the horses for an hour and half or two hours. You wouldn't stop on bankers hours you had farmers hours; some nights we'd go until dark. Unless you were working for somebody, then you worked your eight hours. If you were working for yourself, that was something else.

Sometimes when the wind was blowing hard like it does we'd have to quite. (It seemed like the wind used to blow more, or else we didn't notice it.)

A lot of times we would work for other people. Some of the big rowdy boys would be pitching hay and we would be tromping it. The cusses were full of mischief. They would throw the hay on fast to see if they could cover up the tromper. Sometimes you'd get covered up in the hay and have to dig yourself out. Man, I hated some of them guys. I've been in there where I have just been a pawing to stay on top. They'd just keep pouring it on....Sometimes they had four men pitching hay. Two on a side and they'd take four rows; that hay would come on fast. When we done that we had two trompers to keep up with it. One man would get buried then, if you had four pitchers and one tromper. He was doomed.

When I got a little older I got to pitch the hay on the wagon.

HORSE VALLEY

Our family lived in Horse Valley one year, up on the north place, about 1933. When we was up in there I must have been about thirteen or fourteen years old. I helped Dad a lot there.

I and him run the north place.⁸ We lived over in what they call the old Reese place. Tommy Reese, Parley Reese's dad, who lived in Loa, had that place. It was made out of logs, two big rooms in the cabin. They were large rooms, a kitchen and the bedroom and a little outhouse out back. I and Dad and Mother was mostly there. 'Rilla got married that year. 'Rilla lived there a little bit after she got married, for a week and two until they got settled down. Wayne would come in once and a while. Wayne was out, he was herding sheep, working for somebody else.

My gosh, when we moved there and it got quiet, the mice would go whir-r-r across the floor, pretty quick whir-r-r here would come another one. They run all over. We had an old cat we left home. The next day after we got up there we went and got the cat. Boy, she was in heaven, she'd reach out and grab a mouse and get it in her mouth and here would come another one and she'd grab it with one paw. Then here would come another and she'd grab it with another paw. She was standing there, didn't know what to do with all those mice. Finally she got on to it. She'd kill them and lay them out there. It didn't take her long to clean up them mice. It wasn't long before we didn't have any mice running across the floor.

They had an old rock cellar out back of the house. They were using it for nothing. We had some chickens and we made a chicken coop out of it. We fixed a hole in it so they could get some air. Pretty quick, some of our chickens started coming up missing. We wondered what was going on. An old Hoot Owl would slip in through that hole, light on the roost, pick out the chicken he wanted and take the chicken out of there. We stuck a screen over that hole so he

couldn't get in. He was doing pretty good for a while.

There were a lot of coyotes around there too. Mother had some turkeys there. The coyotes would slip up the side there and take the turkeys. Dad got his rifle from home and took it up there. I don't know if he shot any of the coyotes but he scared the heck out of them. They got so they didn't bother the turkeys. But we had to watch them, day and night, [when] they had sheep around there. After they moved the sheep out, the coyotes drifted out. They sure can make a powerful noise when they are just a little ways from the house. Scare you to death.

I went up on the old creek in the willers and made me a water wheel while I was there. The water was always running down there. I got me a water wheel a going. It didn't do anything more than have the wheel go around. The water would hit the blade and spin it.

We used to come down to Lyman and play baseball with the kids. Some of them kids would come up from town and play. Or they would come by and we'd go fishing with them.

We hauled lots of hay up there.

We used to cut wheat with a binder. The binder would cut off the grain. It fell on the canvas. There was an elevator which run the wheat up through the machine and gathered it all together. Down on one end ...it had a needle, like a bailer, but it only had one needle. It would crowd that straw in there. It had binder twine on it and when it got so much it would flip it around and tie it and kick the bundle out on the ground. It made round bundles tied with a string. We used to shock the bundles, pile them into shocks about eight or ten in a shock, that's when you stand them on the end and put them together. The purpose to shock them up was to let them dry out. Then you could haul them into the stack yard and the straw wouldn't mold.... We'd just throw them together and they'd dry better. If it looked like

⁸ There were two houses in Horse Valley. Mr. Neff lived at the "South Place." From Lyman, it was two and a half miles to the South Place and five miles to the North Place. Arilla, Blain's sister, married October 5, 1932. Blain was fourteen in 1932. -HC

it was going to be a while before you'd move them, you'd throw two or three up on top to keep the rain from going into them. The ones on top took the rain or it would all get wet. It helped. But they got so they rolled them into rows so they could gather them up. Dad and I hauled the bundles of straw. I'd pitch them on and Dad would stack them. He was pretty patient with me. I'd pick up one and there would be a mouse under it and I'd get after it. We hauled a lot of them.

Us boys was happy to see it rain. We couldn't do any farm work, but we'd get on our horses and head up to Neff's Reservoir to fish. You can fish in the rain, but you can't haul hay in the rain! We was working up there one day and a big old cloud busted loose. LaVon Chappell was up there. He's my cousin. He is quite a bit older than I am.⁹ Everybody else was going to town but LaVon wanted to catch a fish. He said, "Let's go fishing." I said, "All right." We caught a couple of horses and slipped up to the Reservoir. He was going to catch all kinds of fish and beat me at fishing. I don't know what happened, I caught the fish and he had one or two. I had a whole sack of fish. I give him some of mine. He was happy to get them fish.

It was a good year up at Horse Valley. Dad raised a good crop. He was about to buy the place, but he never did. He moved back to his old place. I had a good time in Horse Valley.

I was working in Horse Valley the year after I lived up there with my parents. I and Claus DeLeeuw had us a camp over in the north field. We were batching it; living in a sheep wagon. One morning Clausey got up early and he'd left. I was getting up and getting myself dressed to get us a little breakfast. All at once, right to the side of that sheep wagon something cut loose. Wooo-ooo. I about went out through the canvas top. I thought that coyote had me. He was sitting right there to the side of the sheep camp

howling. I wouldn't go out until Clausey come back in. That about scart me to death. Wow, that is an awful noise, especially when it is right there beside you.

In the spring of the year at Horse Valley, they'd need twenty-five or thirty men up there. They would be shearing sheep, lambing sheep, farming, watering. They always had the men around the ranch house. [Mr Neff] stuck the sheep wagon over there for I and Clausey. We were tending water. That way we didn't have to have a horse or car to get over there every day. We were isolated from the rest of the crew.

Once we were running out of grub. At least Clausey thought he was out of grub and Frank [Neff] hadn't come over to replace it. Clausey could get pretty ornery. He saw one of the guys from the other side; Clausey sent word over, "You tell Frank if he don't get us some grub over here by in the morning we're through!" That night, just before the sun went down, here come Frank in his Model A Ford with lots of grub for Clausey. The Old Boss brung it over hisself. Every time I see Clausey he mentions that.

We lived in a sheep wagon, with a camp stove and bed and everything in it. It was the forerunner of the modern campers they have now. It had round staves over it and a heavy canvas stretched over it. They were nice. I liked to live in an old sheep wagon. There was always a wood stove just as you come in the door. It had bins along each side and you sat on them and underneath they had drawers. In the back was the bed. It wasn't a bad place to live. If you wanted to move house, just hook your team on and away you'd move your house where ever you wanted it to go.

Frank tried to keep us around there at night so we wouldn't be tired the next day. He'd give us a bed and room up there to keep us right there through the weekend. Sometimes we'd get on our horses and ride out north of the field and ride down through Tidwell and down to

⁹ Sixteen years. He was one of Blain's elementary school teachers.

Fremont [about 5 miles] and do a little bumming around with some of the boys and girls. Then we'd ride back up the back way into Horse Valley. One year I and Don [Chappell] a had good time around the ranch.

I worked up to Horse Valley three or four years. Us kids were little cusses when we started working up there. I did farm work, haul manure in the spring and plow and mark off the ground, harrow, irrigate. Then we'd have a little break. When the hay got big we were hauling hay from then until school started. Frank Neff raised a lot of `tatoes. When we got the hay in we'd go up on weekends and help the old fellow, Old Man Frank Neff, put up his potatoes.

Once we were up there sorting potatoes. We were standing around the machine that runs across a table. It has slats in so the dirt and rocks will fall out as the potatoes move. It was like a conveyor belt only it was made out of round steel bars that let the dirt and smaller rocks fall through. There were sacks hanging along the sides. We were standing there picking the `taters up and throwing them in the sacks. You'd throw a certain size in each sack, size the `taters.

Claus DeLeeuw went over to fix the fire. I got a little `tater and I throwed it at Clausey and I missed thank goodness. I didn't do that no more. All at once Rulon Okerlund found a little `tater. He flung it over and caught Clausey right to the side of the head. "R-U-L-O-N, (Rulon went right on the top of that table). You know Susan Mooney got kilt by those fellers throwing at her when they were doing `taters down at Charlie Durfey's." (And she did. She got a blood clot.)

He was mad. He asked, "Who done that?"

A Taylor said, "I didn't."

My Dad was there and he said, "I didn't."

Ernie Turner said, "I didn't."

Mr. Neff was there and he said, "Well, I didn't throw it."

Somebody else was there and they said they didn't. It got up to me and I didn't say nothing. I just stayed shut up. There was somebody beside me that said, "I didn't." He got over to Rulon and Rulon didn't say nothing either. Clausey didn't know which one of us to lick. He kindey cooled off. Every time I saw Rulon for the next twenty or thirty years, he always had to mention, "You sure saved my life that day." He was my best buddy from then on.

Of course, I felt a little guilty because I throwed the `tater that started it.

After it was all over and Clausey had gone, the Taylor asked Dad, "Who throwed that `tater?"

Dad said, "I don't know."

When we got home, Dad asked me, "You didn't say nothing, did you throw that `tater."

I said, "I didn't throw the one that hit Clausey, but I throwed one."

Frank Neff was a good old feller. He was an old "batch." He had troubles with his wife and they got divorced. He had lots of property until he got married on Friday the thirteenth! Every Friday the thirteenth he'd house up and you wouldn't see him all day. He wouldn't get out of the house any more than he had to. I'm telling you he was in for the day. He was superstitious. I've known him to go down to Lyman to get his mail and he'd get within a block of the mail and a black cat would run across the street in front of him. He wouldn't get his mail. He'd turn around and go back to the ranch. He'd have somebody pick up his mail for him. He was a superstitious Englishman.

HORSES

We always had horse traders, they are just like car traders. They were always coming around. Trading you horses. Trading you a horse that looked good that wasn't worth a darn. A feller would trade off a good horse for him. One man had a nice looking little pony. It

wasn't very big, 900 to a thousand pounds. I don't think Dad traded a horse for it, I believe he bought the thing. We needed a good riding horse around there. He thought we could ride him. That little pony wasn't broke very well. Wayne rode him a bit and I rode him a time or two to take the cows down to the field in the spring of the year. When I was coming back he didn't want to go up the road. I was having a hard time getting him to go. He wanted to go back down to the lower country where he had come from. I reached up and tapped him on the side of the head with my foot. All at once that thing started to hump up. I was wondering what was going on. He got a great big bend in his [neck] and stuck his head between his legs. If I'd knowed anything I wouldn't have let him do it. They can't buck if you hold their heads up. When he got ready, my land o' might, me and that horse went up and down about three or four times. He jumped stiff legged. That was as long as I could stick him. I stayed on him longer than I thought I would. I went sailing through the air and landed on the side of road, kerplunk. I got up and tried to catch that ornery critter, but I couldn't catch him. Down the road he went, bridle and rope and all. I didn't happen to have a saddle on him or it would have went too. We never did catch that horse. He went back to that desert. He knowed how to buck, I tell you. A horse can't do any bucking with his head up. I learnt that right there!

Dad was talking to somebody from down below. Dad happened to mention that pony. They said, "Yep, we've seen that horse down there in the desert and its still got the bridle and rope on its neck running wild with the other horses." I wanted Dad to go down and get that horse in the desert so I could ride him again. He wouldn't do it. He wasn't going down there and chase that wild horse all over the desert to catch him.

Dad always had some good horses. Taking care of them was just the way of life. A feller

kept his horses good, tried to be good to his horses. Keep their feet shod.¹⁰ Dad like to cut their mane so they'd look nice, slick and pretty. We'd curry them before we'd hook them up. Then when we unhooked them, we'd curry them off again good, feed them some grain. We tried to feed them oats when we could; that's the best horse feed. I helped a lot. Of course Dad seen that it was done right. You couldn't do no sloppy job on feeding his horses for him. If we were working them heavy, we'd feed them three times a day, but if they were just laying around, we'd feed them twice a day. We didn't want to over feed them and get them too fat.

He had a nice little chain harness. He had a leather harness, and he got the chain harness when he was working up to Horse Valley. He spotted it. He worked and took that harness as part of his pay from Frank Neff. He hung his old leather harness up and used that. It was light and stout. He liked that chain harness. There wasn't too much leather in it, only where it went over the horse. It had chain tugs.

Dad always had good horses. He had Old Nell and Mandy. They looked a lot alike. Old Mandy was just a little balky. She could out pull the other mare but she was a balky. You always had to chain Old Nell back. When Mandy got acting up Old Nell would keep things a going until Mandy would get pulling again. That old mare was a good old thing. The big old things, they got so they liked to be petted. They'd stand around, almost stand on top of you to be petted.

When we was logging up there you could hook a little log on behind Old Nell and turn her loose. She would bring the log down the

¹⁰ Dad had a collection of horse shoes hanging on his wall. He pulled an odd shaped shoe down and said, "This shoe was made for Dad's big work horse, Old Deck. He had a crooked foot. Alton Durfey used to fix them for him. He was the blacksmith in Lyman town. Charlie Durfey had a smithy too."

mountain to the saw mill and stop and wait for the men to come with the other horses and logs on his cart. Wait for him to unhook. He'd tell her to back up and she'd back up a little. He'd unhook her. Away she'd go on down home. A log got away from her once. The log slipped down a slick hill. It flipped over and got her down. We had to cut it loose and get her out of there. It cut her up a bit. He didn't turn her loose and let her go after that. He said he'd about killed his horse. That same day she come right down to the saw mill just the same a usual. She didn't have a log, but she came there and stopped. When Dad come she backed up like she always did. Then she went on home. She acted liked she'd left a log.

[Nell and Mandy] got old. He raised one big colt out of Nell. It was a great big cuss. [Uncle] Pratt had some horses, big Percherons. A bull killed one of them. Dad traded him out of the other one to match his big Belgian horse. They were big things, they'd weigh a ton, twenty-one or twenty-two hundred when they was fat. He used them for years. They did a lot of work. That was when he worked up here on the road. When those horses died off he kind of lost interest in his farm.

We always had a team and generally tried to have a saddle horse or two to ride. The big horses were too big to ride, but I did ride the Percheron when Dad wasn't working him. I'd ride him a lot to herd cows, ride up to get the mail on him. The old Percheron was a high stepper. He was lively one, a high strung horse, but I rode him a lot. You had to be right on your toes and know what you were doing to ride that old feller. The old Belgian ... was a logger head. He was a good horse, the best puller, just as steady as steady. But you'd get on him to ride him and he'd just take his time. He wouldn't get excited.

HAULING WOOD

We used horses a lot in the winter. We put on good cork shoes in the winter. We used to haul a lot of wood. I used to like to go up in the hills with Dad to haul wood; it was work though. It didn't take long to load the wood up. There was a lot of wood up in there.... In the winter, on Saturdays we always went to help Dad haul wood from them hills east of Lyman. We used to haul all our wood out of there. Generally every Saturday during winter we'd haul wood or logs. The wood was to burn; the logs went to the saw mill.

We had to haul a lot of wood to keep my Dad's old house warm. It was a drafty old house. It took a lot of wood. We took our old wagon and axes and a sledge hammer and wedges to split it up.... For wood we didn't chop down trees, we'd get the dry, dead wood. Most of it would be laying down. It was jack pine, dry wood. There used to be a lot of it up in there; probably still are. Sometimes the solid wood was setting up there. We'd hook the horses on and pull the dead tree over. It hadn't fell over yet. Then you'd trim all the limbs off from it. You'd try to get a tree that would reach half way on your rack, make two ricks¹¹ of it. Then you'd take all the smaller stuff and fill in the holes with it. You could really make a nice load of wood doing that. That's the way they used to judge a feller, whether you were a good wood hauler or not. If you could look right straight at your wagon and see plumb through your load of wood you weren't a very good loader. If you couldn't look through your wood you knew you'd filled all the holes with the

¹¹ After searching the internet, I found there is no standard measurement for a "rick." The measurements vary from place to place. One definition: A rick of wood is 4 feet tall and 8 feet long and is as wide as the length of the individual piece of fire wood typically 16 inches. So it is about 1/3 of a full cord of wood. There is a standard for a cord of wood which fills the space 4'x4'x8' or 128 cubic feet. I didn't ask Dad what measurements they used. -HC

smaller pieces. That was a good load.

When I went up with Dad that's what I was doing. I was putting all the little pieces in. Dad told me, "You throw on all the little ones and I'll throw on the big ones." There was a lot of little chunks about a foot long or smaller. On one load...I was really throwing it on. I was working like mad, chugging wood in the holes. I had every hole filled up with smaller parts. My gosh, we had a load of wood on there. The old man was afraid we were going to break his wagon down. He really had a load of wood on. He liked it of course, but that one load was extra big. That old wagon squeaked and groaned all the way home. The Old Man about got stuck with that load of wood. We made the horses work getting that one home. Dad had more wood on than he wanted.... The next day he went back to get another load and he wondered how I got so much wood the day before.

Every year we had to get about twelve or fifteen big loads of wood, maybe more than that. It took us a month to haul enough wood to last us. We could only get one load a day. Some people would hurry. They would get up early and get a load then go back and make an awful long day of it to get two loads.

It was nice up in there where we got wood. We went up a canyon east of Lyman. It was straight east of our house, about two and a half or three miles up in there. We went up over "Reno Hill." (I don't know how it got it's name.) We went back in that canyon. We got a lot of wood there. It was nice up in there. It would be cold down home, just as cold as it could be, and you'd get up in that box canyon and there'd be robins up in there. There was a flock of robins in there all winter. It was warm up in there. When you get up to where it boxes off there are some natural bridges in there. Then wood got a little scarce and we'd go up out of the canyon, up on what we called "Jerry's Hill."

To haul wood we had a wood rack; it wasn't a wagon. The side boards were made out of 4 x 8 stringers on each side. Stringers are the boards on the side to make the rack. We generally had two inch stuff in the bottom. The ends were open. They had a rack stack, they were clamps on the stringer. There were two of them one above the other one. The bottom was smaller and the top one was bigger. There were four on a side. They'd stick up about four feet on each side so you could lay the wood in. It held the wood in. When you got about half loaded you take a chain and cinch across them so they wouldn't rattle out. It held them up straight. When you got a load sometimes you'd take a chain over the top and hook around the rack stakes. That's how you held your wood in. Then you had a long piece of wood to hold the smaller stuff in. The ends would be open. You put the butt end, the big end in front and another tree with the butt in the back and the smaller end of the trees in toward the middle of the wagon. Of course you'd switch them once and a while to make your load stay even. Then you wanted to tie it in tight, pull the chains tight so the load wouldn't shift back and forward. I've known loads to slide out frontward and down over the horse, if they didn't yank the chains in good. When you got to coming down them hills, once and a while they'd take chains and hook onto the back of the wagon and hook onto another tree on the steep hills and drag that tree down to hold the wagon back. Of course, we had brakes on the wagons, but they'd have that drag behind to help hold it back. Sometimes they'd even put a cross-lock on the hind wheel. It was a clevis you'd hook right on the wheel. A clamp like clevis that would drag in the ground. A clevis is a U-shaped piece of iron. You put a bolt through the ends so you can hold it where you want it.

I don't know how them old fellers dared ride the load of wood down sometimes. You'd see the wheels raise up. It looked like they was

going to tip over before they settled down. Of course, they did tip one over once and a while, just like they do trucks. I never tipped one over, but I've seen Dad tip a few over up there. I didn't haul wood alone. I used to go up there with Dad and Wayne. I never did drive a load of wood down the hills. It was kind of before my day. Then they started to getting coal and didn't haul their wood when I got a little older. They changed the system.

We unloaded the wood and piled it on the south side of the old granary. We'd pile it just like you loaded it on the wagon. You'd get as much wood in as small a space as you could get it and make it as neat as you could. When we got it up to the square of the granary and twelve or fifteen feet out, then we figured we had enough wood to last us that winter. That's the way we measured the fuel we needed for a winter. It took a lot of wood. There was the cook stove and the fire place to warm us fellers up. The old house was not well insulated.

Dad generally had plenty of wood. Very seldom was we out of wood. Sometimes his brothers would come around on a cold morning and borrow his wood from him. (laugh) They'd warm up their houses. Then they'd head for the hills the next morning. It seemed like them other fellers wasn't as careful as Dad was. Dad was careful. I can say that for him. He was neat and took care of stuff. He tried to have plenty of everything.

We brought the wood home in quite long trees. At home is where we had to cut it up and get it in the house every night. Somebody would milk cows and somebody would get the wood in, or we'd help each other. (Wayne cut wood for Grandpa a lot.) I didn't mind cuttin' wood. I kind of like to cut wood. I'd sooner cut it than carry it. I got in on a lot of cutting. I might not have drove any out but I sure did cut a lot of it up.

You had to learn how to cut wood. It wasn't bad, if you learned how and done it right. But you could sure raise heck if you didn't know how. There are two sides to an ax, the cutting blade and the flat back. You would size up the stick to see what you wanted to do with it. You split it or used the back of the ax to break it off into hunks the size you want. One that was four or five inches around, you didn't chop it off, you broke it off. To do it right you had to have a good chopping block and learn where to hit the stick. You wanted to have a good solid chopping block, five or six feet long, about six or eight inches around and solid. Then you kept it until you wore it out.

We'd lay [the stick] on the chopping block and notch it a little, then we could hit it on the end with the back of the ax and the piece you wanted off would drop on the ground, if you had a good enough notch. If you didn't get a good enough notch it wouldn't break. Some of sticks you just had to make a small notch and they would go. You want to break the stick over the log rather than lean it against a log. If a feller didn't know how he'd lean the stick up against a log and hit it. It wouldn't do it ever time, but once and a while you'd hit one and it would fly up and whack you, wham, to the side of the head. That thing come at you like somebody was beating you over the head with a club. About once or twice of that and you was educated. (laugh) There was a knack in learning how to chop wood. Not everybody could chop wood without getting the side of their head whooped.¹²

You couldn't break cedar wood with the back of the ax. It would always splinter. You want to lay it on a solid block and notch it good

¹² Since I've have never chopped wood, while Dad was telling me how a stick could hit you on the side of the head, he had me get two pencils and he demonstrated how a piece of wood can hit you in the head. - HC

and then hit it on the end so it kept it in a good hunk of wood. If you just laid it up there and tried to break it with the back of the ax it would all splinter, go to pieces. All you'd have was a bunch of chips.

If you had a big round log, you'd lay it on the chopping block and split it, then chopped it down into smaller pieces. They don't do that now. They use a chain saw. Back then you tipped it up and split it off. Of course we didn't have these nice modern saws they've got now.

Sometimes you'd get a tough piece. Sometimes the trees would grow around and around and around and the logs were twisted. I hated them. I didn't like to cut them and nobody else did either. If you got a straight grained one, when you cut it, it would split. Twisted like that you had to cut through the twist. It was good wood but you earned it. We'd get after Dad and tell him not to haul any of that kind. He wouldn't get much of it, only when he had to make up a load.

If you had a great big log that you couldn't split, you had to use wedges. You set the wedge on one end and hit it with a sledge hammer to start splitting it. That first wedge would crack the log for a ways. You'd take another wedge and pound it into the end of the crack and that would release the first wedge. Then you could pick the first one up and move it down a ways and then move the other wedge until you split it out to a size you could handle and make wood out of it. Generally you can split a log with two wedges, but you wanted to have a third one there. Once and a while you would get hung up. Sometimes you could split a log with an ax. Lay it down and start splitting it and you'd hit the crack a little further down. But when you do that you pry out on your ax handle and there have been a lot of ax handles broken that way. If you wanted to break your ax handle that was a good way. Then you had a rough time getting your wood in for the night. And you had to go buy another ax handle and

put it in. It was awful to break your ax handle.

Oh heavens, a good ax was a must.... There was an ax sitting right there on the wood pile all the time ready to go. Dad kept his [ax] good and sharp. He always ground them, sharpened them. He kept them in good shape. He wouldn't let you pound a wedge with the back of his ax. That would batter the blunt end of the ax. If you wanted to use a wedge you got the sledge hammer. I've seen a lot of them fellers have their axes so battered on the back they were almost down to the wood that went through the eye of the ax. They'd make a mess out of their axes. You didn't see none of that around our place. We always had an eight pound sledge hammer and some wedges laying there too, just in case. And we always wore gloves. You couldn't work without gloves around that wood pile. It's rough.

You had to learn how to cut wood. We did it every day.

We kept the white cedar and Jack Pine apart... We used to haul jack pine for wood for the heater, and we tried to get the white cedar for the cook stove. There is a lot of pitch in the jack pine. The black soot would get down around the fire box of the oven of the cookstove and clog it up. You couldn't bake bread or nothing else. It would smoke. If you had white cedar, it would burn all that stuff out. White cedar made a cleaner fire, hardly any smoke. It was hot. It would clean out a stove. We used the jack pine in the heater. It made a good fire. Once and a while the chimney would get sooted up. I've seen six inch pipes with a hole in about three inches wide. You had to take the pipes off and clean them out. If you had a good heater that had a good draft, you could open it up and it would kick it out. We'd throw some cedar in the heater once and while. They got what they called "Red Devil," a powder. You'd throw that in there and it would loosen that soot up and burn that soot out. Dad would brush the chimney and tap it a bit so the soot broke up. It

would go outside. There be soot all over everything, I've noticed. Sometimes Dad would get in trouble when he'd clean it out and Mother would have her washing hanging out. (laughs) That was cause for divorce, after she'd worked all day, as hard as she had to work to wash!

Lots of good bread was spoiled by not having good wood for Mother to burn. If you burned pine it would clog up the air vents around the oven and you'd have dough on the bottom and burn on top. We'd have soggy bread with dough in the middle once and a while. In the oven the fire goes up and around and down and back up and out of the chimney. When soot got under there the bottom wouldn't bake. You'd just get the heat from the top. We had to clean out the soot through a hole. We used a stove rake that just fit that hole. We'd reach in there and pull the soot out. If you had white cedar that would burn it out and keep it clean.

In the winter, when it was cold we took the ashes out every day and maybe more. When it was cold weather you had to take care of your stoves or they wouldn't heat and could cause fires.

LOGGING

The Chappells always had a saw mill. I guess Dad probably worked up at that old saw mill when he was a boy. His Dad had a saw mill up on Thousand Lake, then they moved it down and put it on his property. It was there for years. They'd always haul some logs and saw some lumber and build corrals and sell some of it. We'd get a little money out of that.

During the wintertime when things were slower,... Dad would get a good pile of wood and then he'd go to loggin'. Logs, lot of logs. Dad liked to cut logs. He really knowed how to knock them down, make them lie the way you wanted them. Logging was different than getting wood. You had to go up a little higher

to get the logs. It was a different deal. To cut down a tree we'd notch it to have it fall the way you wanted it to go. Then you'd cut it with a cross-cut [saw] and down she'd come. Then you'd grab your ax and trim all the limbs off it. (These fellers now, don't know what an ax is, they take a chain saw for everything. It was an ax and a cross-cut then.) You'd knock all the limbs and knots off it to make a smooth log out of it. You didn't want limbs catching on anything. Then you would scale it up where you could get the most timber out of it. Measuring up the cuts. Then you would section it [cut it] off where you wanted it. You'd used a cross-cut for that.

There was two kind of saws. A ribbon saw and a salmon-belly. The ribbon saw was only about four-inches wide. The salmon-belly had a straight back but the front -- the teeth -- was arched. At the head, the handles, it was about six inches wide and out in the middle it would be eight inches. The salmon-belly was the first saw they made and they used them a lot. Then they got to using the ribbon saw more. It was lighter and easier to handle. But the salmon-belly could really go. You could really knock a tree down with them. They were bigger and heavier. You had to be stouter. They used both kinds, it depended on what they liked. We used the salmon-belly for a long while, then we got so we started using the smaller, lighter saws.

I don't remember breaking them.... If you weren't a good sawman you could kink the darn things, if a man didn't know what he was doing and pushed it. When you saw, you pull it; you don't push a saw. With one guy on one side, the other guy would pull it over and you'd pull it back. Sometimes the guy would try to help you...and try to push it and it would kink the saw. It would make a bend in it and ruin it. Some of them would get their saw kinked and they'd get Charle Durfey, the blacksmith to straighten it out, but it was never the same after you kinked them. When they heated them,

you'd take the temper out of them and then they would break. Yes, you wanted a good man on the other side of your saw.

Wayne and I used to cut a lot of logs up in the hills. I was eight or ten years old when I learned. When a feller starts to learn he wants to push. All you [have] to do is hold the saw up while the other guy is pulling. Keep it even so it flows through there easy. If you let it down the other guy has to drag it. You want to keep a saw as straight as you can. Have it loose in your hand. If you'd get a guy that didn't know nothing about it on the other side, it would about give you out, working so hard. Like I say, you build up some good muscles in your shoulders and arms.

You get to chopping logs and you get stout in the arms and across the shoulders. It would make you feel good. I used to like to log. After a feller got in shape a little we'd go up there and cut them logs and never think nothing of it. It was nice up there in the hills. The logs come down with a BANG. Some of the trees had three cuts in them, twelve foot cuts, that's thirty-six feet plus a tip, another twelve, forty-eight or fifty foot tree or more. About three cuts on a cart. You could get four or five on a load of the smaller ones. Sometimes you could get about a tree.

Some of the big yellow pines were gummy, they were loaded with resin, maybe only one cut from them. It depended on the trees, the sizes of them. Dad had some of them with four or five cuts in some of the big yellow pine. There was white pine mostly. There was a red pine up in there. Oh-h-h, they was hard. A red pine, you could hardly pound a nail into them. They'd bend a nail. They used to get them a lot to make racks with and make bridges out of. There wasn't many of them up in there. To take out trees you had to buy a permit from the forest service. They'd come around and mark what trees they wanted cut.

If there was a lot of snow, you used to slide

them down on a sled. If there wasn't much snow, you'd bring them on a cart. There's a place on Thousand Lake they called "Cart-Turn Holler." If you didn't know how to get down out of that little holler you'd knock the tongue out of your cart and break it. There were sure a lot of tongues setting around that old Holler.

Instead of four wheels like a wagon, a cart had two wheels and one end of the log would drag on the ground or snow. They liked to do it in the snow. The cart had a bolt straw, a heavy, heavy piece of wood over the axle so the log could set on it. They generally used the rear end of a wagon to make the car. It seemed like they liked it quite low. The front wheels of a wagon is smaller than the back wheels. I think they liked to use the smaller wheels. I don't remember what Dad had his made out of. We used to cart them down. We'd hook the horses on to it like we would a wagon.

We used to cut a lot of logs up there, just south of that bare spot you can see on Thousand Lake [Mountain]. It was nice to go up there in the summer. There's a spring up there; up to the head of the bare spot. It's cold. If we wanted a cold drink of water, we'd go up there and get us a drink. It would freeze your teeth off in the middle of the summer. It comes right out of the lava bed and I imagine there must be snow or ice down in them rocks. It melted all summer and fed that spring.

We used to move a lot of logs off Thousand Lake. I used to like to help Dad do that.¹³

MOTHER'S DEATH

'Rilla. It seems like she growed up too fast. Mother never felt good. 'Rilla was the one who used to tend me all the time. That happens a lot

¹³ I was fascinated when Dad told me about logging. He was reluctant to talk to me that morning because he had a lot of farmwork he wanted to do. After two hours the stories ended abruptly when he looked at the clock and said, My gosh, it's eleven o' clock girl, I've got to go."

of times in families. The oldest girl would take over one of the younger kids and raise them. I am grateful for her. She raised me until she got married. `Rilla was married when I was about twelve. After Mother died, `Rilla done a lot for I and Dad. She used to do a lot of our washing even with the big family she had. She tried to wash my clothes and keep me as clean as she could. It was quite a job. I appreciated what she done.

That last year before Mother died she was pretty bad. It hit her all at once and she was dead, just like that. She died before I come home from school. When I come home on the bus, Aunt Norrie met me and said she'd died. I was [sixteen.]

We knew she was bad. It still comes as a shock to a feller. She was game right to the end. She stayed right up. She really took care of things and kept us going straight. She was a good woman.

They had a nice funeral for mother. Ed and Eph [her brothers] come down. I don't remember if `Ren was there. Mother was about the first one in Lyman who was taken to the mortuary and embalmed. I don't remember who talked at her funeral.

THREE LONELY MEN

After that's when we started batching. That was terrible. It got might lonesome around there. Wayne was old enough to get out and get a job and was gone. Dad got to working around different places after Mother died. He got to "jobbing" around. He sheared sheep a lot. He worked to Horse Valley a lot. He worked at the saw mill down to Earn Jackson's a lot. He worked down to Hanksville on the airport. He helped make them houses that they moved off of there. He sold his farm after Mother died.

I was home alone a lot. I was cooking and straightening up a little bit and trying to keep the clothes decent and going to school. At night

I tried to get my lessons for school. Radio had come in then. We had a little radio and I'd listen to that radio. The town kids and neighbor kids would come there quite a bit, about every night, because there was nobody there but me. We'd play quite a few games. In the winter we'd play parlor games. Most of the time during the winter Dad would be home. We had good times together.

Arilla took pity on us and she'd wash our clothes. She done mighty good. I appreciate her more than I did then. She washed our clothes a lot. She'd come down and clean up our house and mop us out a little. She'd straighten us up and make the bed, make things decent for us now and then. We weren't the best of housekeepers I don't think. I got to be the cook then. I was the cook before Mother died. Mother learnt me how to cook. I used to stir up a batch of bread and bake a cake, about any thing I'd want too, but I sure did lose it when I got my wife.

It was rough after Mother left, but we made it.

Dad and I got pretty close. Wayne too. Dad wanted to make old "batches" [bachelors] out of us, but we wouldn't agree with him. I don't know why. He was kind of a funny guy. He was a good old Dad, I'm not saying that, but kids bothered him. `Rilla had a house full of kids and he wondered what she was going to do with all them kids. They come out good. They are good kids. He'd be glad for them now, I'm sure.

It was a good life, but it was as struggle. I wouldn't want to live it again I don't believe. The money was pretty short until I got to working, then it was better. I and Wayne and Dad was all working and after a while everybody thought we was really rich then. All three of us a working and nobody to take care of.



Above: Pearl and Charles S. Chappell, Lyman, Utah

Below l: Pearl M. Chappell

Below r: Charles with their children, Arilla and Wayne, *circa 1917*





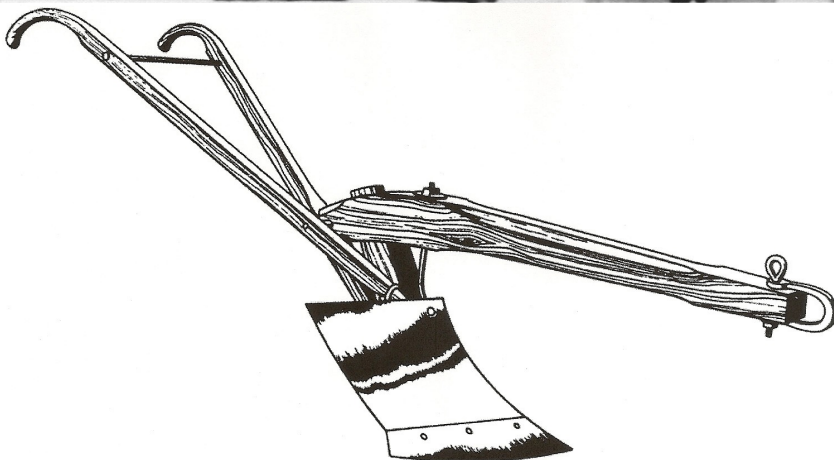
Above: Blain M. Chappell and the family car, *circa 1936*

Below: Charles, Blain, Pearl and Wayne Chappell, *circa 1930*

“The first car Dad ever had was a Model-A. It was a right nice little automobile. He give about \$700 or \$750 for it, a second hand car. It hadn’t been used much, a year old. He bought it from Hans Jackson. It was really a nice car. Before Mother died we used to ride around in that for years and years.”—Blain

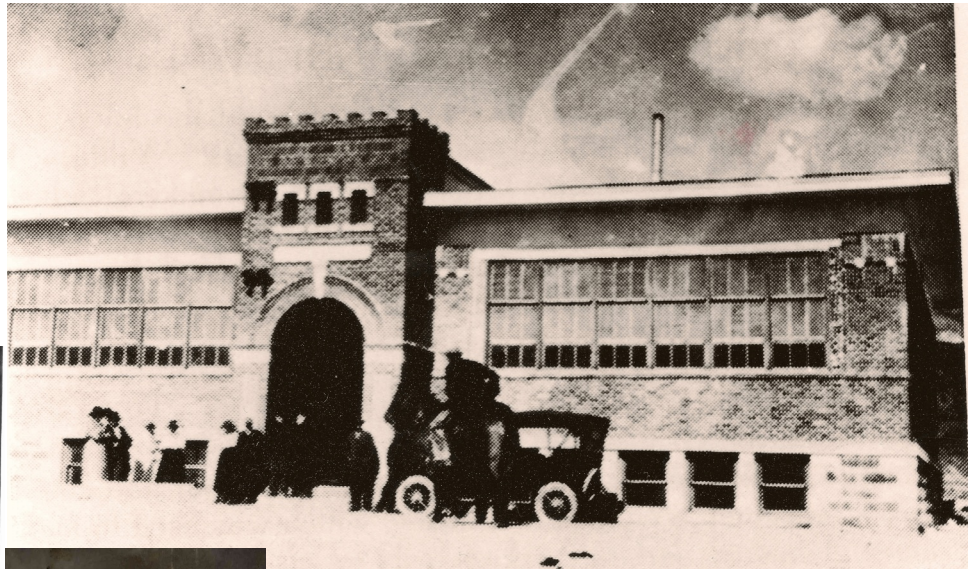


Top: Charles Chappell was proud of his horses and took good care of them.
R: Picture of a horse shoe made for Old Deck who had a crooked foot.
Below: A horse-drawn plow. Right: Hand-operated sheep shears used by Charles. Blain had them hanging in his garage.



Lyman Elementary School

Top to bottom: Blain Chappell and his friends, Mildred "Millie" Chappell, Leah White and Don Chappell, Orin White and Neal Chappell



Report Card Wayne High School 1937-38

NAME OF STUDENT Chappell, Blain

Subject	1st Term		2nd Term		S. Gr.	3rd Term		4th Term		Final		Cr.
	A	G	A	G		A	G	A	G	A	G	
1 English 10	3	B	C	C+	0	C		C		C+	1	
2												
3 Physiology	4	D+	B-	B+		C+		C		C+	1	
4												
5 Economics		C+	C-	C-		C+		C-		C-	1	
History		C	C	C		C+		C-		C-	1	
4	B		B	B		B		B		B	5	

A in the above column is marked the number of days the student has been absent. Under G, his class standing is given.

A—Excellent
B—Better than average
C—Average
D—Below average
F—Incomplete and failure

Guardian's Signature _____

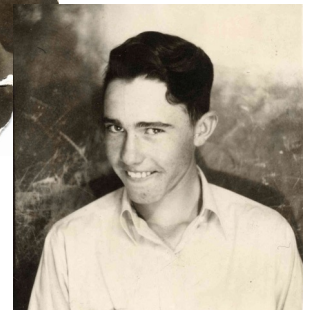
1st Term Chas Chappell

2nd " Chas Chappell

3rd " Chas Chappell

4th " _____

Parents or guardians will notice the report of absence and grades on the reverse side of this card.



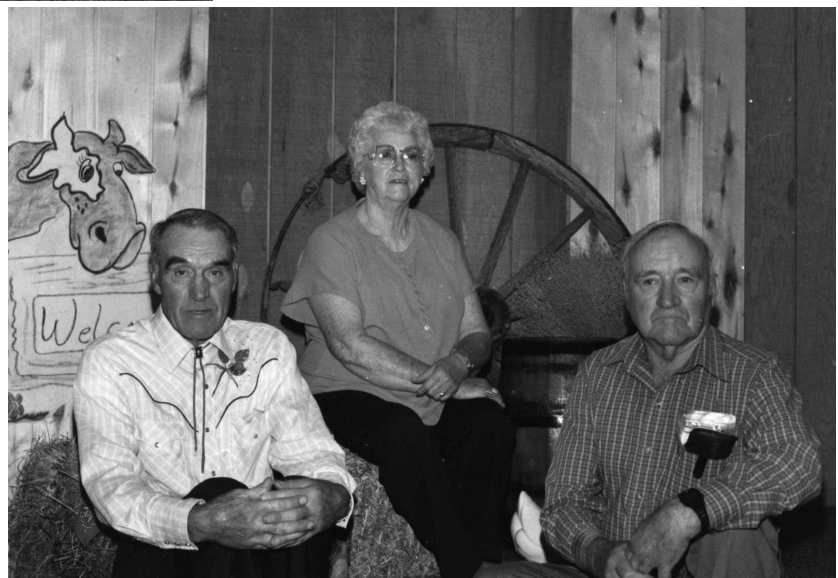


Children of Charles and Pearl Chappell

Top: Wayne, Aurilla Maxfield and Blain
Salt Lake City, Utah - 1968

Center: Blain, Aurilla and Wayne
16 August 1970 - Salt Lake City, Utah

Below: Blain, Aurilla and Wayne - Loa, UT
6 August 1988



Chapter 3 - Baa, Baa, Black Sheep

“Baa, baa, Black Sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes Sir, Yes Sir, three bags full.”
--Nursery Rhyme

BLAIN: When I graduated from high school I started herding sheep. I didn't know much about it. That was the first time I had herded sheep. That was a good experience.

I went out on the mountain ... for George Okerlund and herded sheep with Wayne. He was my partner. As a rule the owner provided all the mules and equipment. Sometimes you furnished your own horse. It depended on whether you wanted to use their horse or not. Unless you contracted a herd of sheep. But if they hired you to herd sheep they furnished everything.

Mel Okerlund and Fred Draper was out there with us the first year. When I got started them other fellers were out there. I [went] to Melvin Okerlund's and picked up a couple of horses. Mel was in [town] for supplies and he told me where they were camped out on Parker. So I headed out, across the county, way out there where the tent was supposed to be and it wasn't there! They'd moved. It was starting to get dark. I spotted a guy cross-county there and I went over and caught up with him. He was with somebody else's sheep. I asked him where the heck the tent was. He told me about where it was. It was about dark when I caught up with them. One of them horses had been out there and he took me over where the tent had been...

Early in the spring we went out Parker [Mountain] way. That's where they lambbed their sheep.... It must have been in April. They lambbed them on the snowbanks out there. We'd drop them off in little bunches around a snowbank so there was water, until you got your whole herd lambbed out. The ewes that have little lambs can't keep up with the others. You don't want too big of a bunch, just a little herd so they can take care of the lambs and keep track of them; give the lambs a chance to get

stout. The main herd would keep moving on. Somebody else would have to go back, start to gather them up when the lambs were a little older and get them bunching back into the herd again.

When [the lambs] are about two weeks old we'd take them into the docking corral and cut their tails off. We used to use a knife to cut off the tails. Nowadays they use rubbers to put on their tails to take care of them. Some of the lambs bleed pretty bad. You had to watch them. If they were bleeding too much you had to get it stopped someway. We tend to the male lambs. After they were castrated we called them wethers. I'd mostly wrangle and catch them. Wayne was an old experienced hand.

After lambing, Wayne and I took the sheep across the mountain on the summer range. We went across through Parker and over on Antelope Range around Big Lake Country, Dark Belly. We went from there over on top of Boulder. It was nice up there, a lot of grass.

There was a lot of lightning up on Boulder. The Allen boys, Dave and Dee and another guy or two from Bicknell, were up on top of Boulder when lightning hit. They were all in the tent and one guy was mixing up the bread. You always set the pan of dough in your lap to mix it. The other boys were playing cards. They had a pot of meat setting on the stove cooking. A dog with her pups were laying by the camp. She'd just had a mess of pups. There was a mule or two standing around there. Lightning hit, KAW-WHAM, right down the chimney. It took the frying pan with the meat in and doubled it up like a sandwich. The guy that had the bread pan threw it all over everybody. I guess them boys come a bailing out of that tent. The old dog and the pups were

all dead. One of the mules was dead. They didn't know what had happened to them for a minute.

We played around a lot up on Boulder, go swimming and fishing. One day we were at Surveyors Lake. Wayne was riding a horse and I was riding a mule. We had one mule that was quite a large mule and we rode him once and a while. He was a pretty good little mule. He was easy to ride.

Wayne said, "Let's ride our horses across Surveyors."

I said, "Okay."

The lake is deep. You go out a little ways and it drops straight off a ledge. We used to swim horses all the time. They are good swimmers. Wayne went right out with that horse. He'd swum it before. He went out and when he got to where he could swim, he started to swim. When I rode that mule over that ledge I thought we were going plumb to the bottom of the lake. When my mule came to the drop-off he didn't know what happened and he didn't swim either! For a while I didn't know if the mule was going to ride me or I was going to ride him. I didn't know who was going to be on top for a little while, me or the mule. I could have killed that damn mule. He was trying to get on top of me. He was round and slick, finally I grabbed hold of his mane and got back on the thing. I didn't know how to swim anymore than that mule did. Wayne turned around and came back to help me when he saw I was in trouble. By then the mule had learned how to swim. He acted like he quite enjoyed it. I never did ride that mule anymore.

We'd do anything for entertainment. There were always a few little Mallard ducks on the lakes. The little cusses couldn't fly. We'd go over and chase them on the horses. We'd tag them around. They'd dive and pretty quick they'd come up. We'd just keep following them until we got them so tired they'd just duck their head under and back up. Poor little cusses, they got so they couldn't dive anymore. We didn't hurt them, just got them tired. The adults would stand around and quack or fly around and cuss

us.

On the west side is what they call the "Shelf," where the mountain drops off to another level. We used to ride on down to Blue Lake which was down off the shelf and fish. We got nice fish out of there. We'd go over there in the fall of the year. It was just like a berry patch down there. All kinds of big berries, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, big red currants. Oh, they was good. I used to go out around my sheep and go down in there a lot. It was nice down in there for two or three weeks. The timber was so thick we very seldom took our sheep down in there. There were quite a few deer down in there.

I enjoyed that summer with Wayne.

When the feed got a little short and it got cold, the sheep would scatter. A busy herding day was when the sheep were running like mad from cold. You were trying to keep them together. From day light to dark you were riding. They'd settle down and eat a minute, then away they'd go. One of them would head right out across the country and all the rest of them would follow. Sometimes they would split and one would take off in another direction. That's when a good dog comes in handy. The dogs would round them up. The owners had dogs but you would take your favorite dog if you had one. Wayne and I had a dog out there. It was a brownish-red dog, a nice sheep dog. Wayne trained her from a pup. I never took my dog out there. The Okerlunds had two or three dogs there.

You needed a good dog to ride a sheep herd, to stop them things once and a while. If they got too mean you'd "dog'em" a little bit. That would settle them down for a while. The dog would work them over. You'd train your dog not to bite a sheep, mostly bark. He'd grab one and roll one once and while. They couldn't hurt a sheep much, they had wool. The dog would just get in the wool.

On a good cow dog, you wanted him quiet. He'd run up and grab a cow by the foot or on the hock and get away quick. You learned a good sheep dog to bark. A cow dog wasn't any

good for sheep. He'd rip them up too much. If you had an old sheep dog on cows and the cows had calves he wasn't so good either because he made so much racket the cow would chase him instead of run. There was a difference with them.

The sheep were used to moving when it got a certain time of the year and the herders started to move or trail them. If it turned off cold early, the sheep thought it was time to move and they'd start to trailing out. The sheep had made that circuit all their lives. The sheep had started up here [near Loa] on Parker [Mountain] and across and along Boulder [Mountain] and back down across Parker again.

When the sheep came up out of the desert in the spring of the year, they would shear them at the cutting corral. Right after they sheared them, they marked them. The sheep herder had to take care of his sheep and generally the owner would be there. When you marked the lambs you'd cut their ear, put a split in their ear. You had a little paint and you'd put your brand in the paint and slap it on the sheep. It was like a branding iron, but you did it with paint. It was a special paint. It stuck with them good, but it would dissolve when they got ready to use the wool. I think our paint was brown. I've seen brown and black and green.

It seems like they run the sheep through a dip for ticks a year or two. I never got in on that. We used to run the cattle through and dip them for lice. You'd have a stick and run them through and poke them down under the water. I used to help with the cattle once and a while.

When the sheep came down out of the mountains in the middle of September, we hit Ben Brink[erhoff]'s cutting corral in Bicknell. They separate the big lambs out to feed or sell. They kept a few ewes for replacers, if they lost or sold the old ewes. The name of the game was to sell all the rest of the lambs. Then we went down into the desert to winter.

That fall and winter I went down in the desert, Cedar Point, with Wayne. Cedar Point is down toward Hite, just before you drop off into the canyons, west of the road there. One day we

camped right where the road is now. We rode around there and thought it looked like a nice place to camp. When we made camp we always looked to see if there was a little wood around close. We used to have to get quite a bit of wood when it got cold. We pitched our tent on the side of a ledge. We had a pair of double bed-sized springs and we place cross-boards across it to keep it up off the ground. We'd make us a bed in the back of the tent. We had blankets and quilts and a pillow. We had a black camp stove. It looks like a black box with a little oven in it. We built a fire in the wood camp stove and was going to get something to eat. We got the tent warmed up and a big rattlesnake come rolling out on the side where we had our stove. We thawed him out. We just picked up the tent and moved. We didn't want no rattlesnake for a bed partner.

We moved everything on mules, including our tent. We had four mules to move house with. You can put anything on a pack mule, if you know how to pack him. You had a pack saddle on the mule and each side had bags about a foot and a half wide. You put all your stuff in the bags. You lay your quilts on top of that. We generally had a tarp to spread over the saddle bags and the mule. We set the bed springs on the top and anchored it down. We put the springs on the biggest mule, an old dough head.

You cinched everything down. You put your saddle on and cinched it on good and tied everything to the saddle. Every time you got part of it on, you'd pull a cinch on it somewhere on the mule or the saddle. When you got through you stuck cinches around the whole works and cinched it down again. Everything was tied in tight. Everything went on the mule. If you had to gather some of it up and carry it yourself you weren't a very good camp jack.

One mule carried all the grub and all the utensils in the grub box. It was made out of wood so it was solid and it set right in the saddle bag. A grub box had the same things

you have in the drawers in a kitchen. We used tin plates and tin cups and a frying pan. For your spoons you had a little box, like a section in a drawer. It had a lid on so you could hook it down. It went in the bigger box. We used lots of canned food out there, canned milk and canned beans, lots of tomatoes and rice, dried beans and stuff like that.

You et lots of mutton. We'd kill a mutton every once and a while for meat. We had a mutton sack. We'd put the carcass in the mutton sack. We'd hang it up so it cooled down. In the winter it would keep quite a while, but in the summer you'd eat it up. It would keep a week or two. It seemed like mutton would keep good if a feller would hang it out in the shade and air it out good all the time. We'd have tough steaks and the older the meat got the tenderer it got. When it was getting a little rotten it was tender. We'd watch it so it wouldn't spoil, but by the time a feller got it et up it was getting just good. We cooked it in a black frying pan or we boiled it with beans. Some guys used a Dutch oven.

We'd fry mutton and make sour dough slugs. Sometimes when the dough didn't raise good the bread would be pretty heavy. When you'd cook them it would feel like a rock. So we always called them sour dough slugs. Most of the time they were! We always had sour dough slugs. You made up your batter in a crock. You always had a small crock, a gallon or gallon and a half, with a lid. It was full of sour dough starter. When you made your bread you'd pour it out into a pan. (It was a wash basin but we kept it for mixing bread.) You always saved a little of the sour dough starter in the crock and added a little more flour and water and a little sugar for it to feed on and mix it up so it will grow again. After we poured the sour dough into the basin we added flour and mixed it like you do bread, until you get it the consistency you wanted it. You'd squeeze off a hunk and bend it around like you make flop over biscuits and stick them in a pan. We baked them in the oven. Some days we'd mix enough for dinner. They weren't very good after they

got cold, but a lot of times we baked enough at breakfast for the rest of the day and ate them cold. A lot of times we'd cook them three times a day. It depended on how busy we were. If you had a busy day you'd cook it all up for breakfast. We'd generally throw on a pot of beans and your dinner was all ready when you came in and you didn't have to cook much. If we were going to cook beans we'd soak them for about a day before we tried to cook them. You'd get them so you could eat them. We generally always had corn or some rice. Rice was for dessert, like a pudding. Rice, raisins, milk and sugar. We'd put sugar on the darnest stuff to eat it.

We always had a little rag. We called that the "Flunky." If we wanted to wipe anything off, we used the flunky. We used it to pick up a hot pan or wipe grease off the stove or the bottom of the frying pan. We always had the flunky to do that kind of jobs. They'd get greasy. We'd use them around the fire and sometimes they'd catch on fire. We'd beat the fire out of them. When it'd get too rough we'd throw it away and gather up another one.

For breakfast there was generally always meat--mutton and eggs. Some guys drunk coffee and other guys had Postum. You can keep eggs at a sheep camp. It would surprise you. You can do it in the grub box. It was solid. Mules were pretty easy. They didn't jolt things much. The cooking things went on the mule that traveled the easiest. We'd buy the eggs in a half a case, twelve dozen. They had a cardboard tray with a individual place for each egg and they'd set the eggs in it and when it was full they'd put another tray or separator on top of it. When they got that tray full, they laid another tray on top and filled it. When the box was full they put on a cap. They are a lot like the little eggs cartons but there were a dozen to a flat. When we'd first get them the eggs were nice and fresh. You know how they stand up in the pan when they are nice and fresh. About the time we got them all et, you'd drop one in a pan and it would spread out all over the pan. They were pretty flat. They were

like your meat, by the time you got them et up they were just about rotten.

A lot of time the mid-day meal would be mutton too. Other times we'd have beans or open up a can of corn or tomatoes, something out of a can. We'd always make a fire and heat things up.

I done a lot of cooking, but Wayne was a good cook too.

We'd get up while it was still dark. You had to have your breakfast before the sheep got ready to go and they were off before daylight. You'd cook and have your dishes washed. It was early in the summer time. Then you'd eat along about 11:00 and around 4:30 or 5:00, while the sheep were still feeding, you'd eat your supper. Then you'd go round them up and bed them in. You'd get them bedded down and they very seldom run off. We didn't have to herd them at night.

That was the life of a sheep herder, I guess. Go out and gather his sheep at night and see that they were all rounded up and all in. Wayne was the herder. I was the camp jack -- the cook and the bed maker. I moved the camp and took care of the camp chores. If Wayne needed any help around the sheep, I'd help with the sheep.

We knew how to keep track of our sheep. We had "markers." We always had a few black sheep in the herd. When you were gathering them up you would count the black ones. If they weren't all there you'd round up the whole herd and count them. We'd get a herder on each side and they'd string right through between us. If you were out some you'd better get on the stick and find them.

Sheep generally have a leader and that sheep will take four or five dozen with them. I've seen two or three hundred split off. When you're out that many you can figure out you've lost some sheep. They generally always have one or two black sheep with them. Generally there was some old ewe would go and take four or five lambs with her. That was a bad situation. The lambs would be away from their mothers and didn't get their supper. We'd round them up quite often and count them until

the lambs got bigger. The coyotes would knock off some once and a while too.

It's not bad herding down in the desert, until it gets toward spring and the sheep get running. It starts to get green and the sheep would run and run to get the green. They just go. You'd chase your horse to death trying to keep around them and keep them together.

The second year I went herding I picked up "Dalty," Dalton Okerlund. We herded sheep for a year together. We went the same places, that was the range -- Parker, across Antelope and up on the top [of Boulder Mountain] and back down to Bicknell to the cutting corral and take the lambs out, then on down the country through Fruita and on down to Pleasant Creek where we went through the Reef. We didn't go through Capitol Reef we went plumb to Pleasant Creek and Nee's Ranch. We come out just below Notom and down through the Bloody Hands and over against the Henry Mountains and around the Henrys. I and old Dalty hung out down there one winter. There were other herds down there. If the sheep were good, we'd go over and eat dinner with somebody else and chase wild horses.

I and Dalty were down there one day about noon and we'd stopped our sheep on the trail. We were sitting in our tent and pretty quick down through there came a Mexican, "Old Banjo." (He used to live down in Caineville.) He was riding fast I'll tell you. He was all excited. He thought we took his sheep. He'd lost all of his sheep herd, about three hundred head. My goodness he was excited. We was just starting to eat so we invited him in to eat. We got him calmed down and fed him good. We went out and rounded up our herd and let him go through them. We didn't have any of his sheep. So he went back up the country and found his sheep in a hole they'd got into.

Down in the desert the supplies came every two weeks. There were four or five herds down there. Near a ledge everybody had what they call a "box," a little granary is what it was. You'd put your oats in there for the horses. About every two weeks there would be a truck

come down and they'd bring supplies for everybody. If a camp jack wasn't there to pick it up, they would put it in the man's box. But you were generally always over there the day the truck come in. It came on a regular schedule. Each herd owner would take turns bringing the supplies down so one guy wouldn't have to run down supplies all the time.

To get supplies when we were on Parker, sometimes we'd just take a mule into town, sometimes they'd bring it out. Parker was close to where we camped. When we were on top of Boulder they'd come out to the ranger station. There weren't any roads on top then, just trails. We'd come down to the ranger station to meet them there to get our supplies. The year Wayne and I were out there, the owners of the sheep herds hired Hyrum DeLeeuw to trap coyotes. I don't remember how many coyotes that man caught, but he caught hundreds of the darn things. He was quite an old trapper. He'd try to hit a camp each night so he'd have someplace to stay and eat. He'd travel from one camp to the next camp. The owners fed Hyrum and grained his horse and he sold the pelts for what he could get out of it. I believe they did pay him a little on the side. He done good there that winter.

You washed your own clothes. A lot of times you'd send all your old "dirties" home to your folks or if you had a wife she'd send out clean clothes. Wayne and I washed ours. We'd scrub them out in a bucket and hang them out to dry. When you got so you couldn't bend over in them you washed them.

Most of the boys wore Levis. I never did wear them. I didn't like Levis. I always wore waist overalls. Levis were thick and had rivets in them. They were heavy and I didn't like them around my legs. I didn't get Levi-brand. All the rough-and-tough cowboys and sheep herders wouldn't wear nothing but Levi-Strauss. I wouldn't wear the damn things. I didn't wear chaps, but a lot of them old fellers did. I wasn't much for stuff on my legs. I wasn't full pledged, I guess.

You needed to keep warm. In the winter we'd wear long-johns. It would get cold up on

Boulder towards fall. A feller wanted some good warm clothes with him and a warm bed. Good flannel shirts and good heavy overcoat that came down towards your knees. I had a coat with a good big collar. The "canopies" were really nice. The ones with a hood hooked right on to them. I wish I'd had one of them then. I always wore a hat. Everybody wore a western hat.

Most of sheep herders wore boots, but I never liked a boot either. I wore shoes. I never did like to walk in a boot. The camp jack had to hunt up the horses and sometimes he walked miles. We'd hobble the horses, but they can travel a long ways in a pair of hobbles. I bet I've walked ten miles to catch up with the damn horses a lot of mornings.

One night we camped right at the head of the Grand Wash or the Capitol Wash and we were going to go through there with the sheep. The next morning the horses were gone. I picked up the tracks, but only part of the tracks were there. I caught them just as they got into Fruita, getting into the fields. It was the mules and one horse, [but] it wasn't my horse. I slipped on it and run them others things plumb back to the camp. It must have been four and five miles. When I got down to the camp, I tied them up. I could see where their trail split. I thought, "Oh gosh, them others won't be very far." My horse was with the others. So instead of riding a horse I just followed their tracks and walked. By crimony sakes, them things were plumb down to Nee's Ranch about seven or eight miles. I caught them just as they were getting in that guy's field. Old Dalty had gone with the sheep on foot. I believe he went through the wash with them that day. I flogged their backside up that road. It was getting late; I had to catch him. When I got all them horses gathered up and the pack on and caught up with Dalty, he was ready for his breakfast, I'll tell you. I'll bet I walked twenty or twenty-five miles that morning, gathering up them horses. I could have killed them darn things.

The year I and old Dalty were up on top of Boulder it turned off cold. It rained. We had

clothes but not warm clothes, not dressed for winter. We'd get up in the morning and there would be about an inch or two of ice all over the ground. We left the top of Boulder and went down around Big Lake country and it was still cold down there. I thought I would freeze-to-death. It was so miserable and cold around them trees and chasing them sheep that we pulled out on this flat country where we could take care of them. We shouldn't have been out there, but we was there. We were glad to get off of Boulder and out of them trees.

We were riding our horses to death. There was so much moisture, in the morning it would be frozen like a cake of ice on the ground. Our horses didn't have corks on. They had slick shoes on. Corks on horseshoes were like studs on winter tires. We put on a slick shoe in the summer, a horse could get around better.¹

That's where I learned how to herd sheep. It was a good experience. I liked it.

HILDRED: Dad told me, the first year he was herding sheep Wayne went to town for the Twenty-Fourth of July. Dad went to a point on Boulder Mountain where he could look out over Lyman. He was sitting there looking out and feeling very, very sorry for himself. Below him there was a thick grove of quaking aspen trees and just beyond them was a stump left by a very large pine tree. Dad saw a black boulder on the ledge where he was sitting. He thought he could move it, so he rocked it back and forth and pushed it off the edge. It rolled down the mountain. When the boulder come to the Quakin' Aspen trees it cut a straight path through the grove; pop, pop, popping off the trees. Then it slammed into the stump with a "THUNK." Suddenly he heard another commotion. There was just about as much noise as the rock had made. As he watched, a

huge deer bounded through the trees. It was the only 24th fun he had that year.

July 19, 1938

Dearest Katie, Kid I shore was glad to git your letter. Wayne brung it out to me yesterday. Sweet old kid I am so damned lonesome to see you I could all most die. Boy we will make up for it this fall, won't we Katie. I am on top of Boulder Mountain now, it is cold up here. It has rained every day that I've been up hear but two days!.... I will not be in again until the last of August. Boy kid, this is the lonest place on earth....

Dearest, I guess I will haft to quit for this time for I have got to go round up my sheep, the old fools they shore do like to run a round.

Wayne is going to town tomorrow. He will come out after the twenty-fourth, me and Melvin will be out hear for the 24th. Be shore and have a big time for me. With all my Love, BlainAnswer so Wayne can bring it back with him on the 1st of Aug, will you Kid?

[Entries from the only Diary written by Blain. Dated from May 8 to Sept. 28, 1938. The entries were short. Not every day had an entry.]

May 24 1938 a nother good day, did not have much to do, but think of my girl, I shar would lick to see her.

May 27 started a colaction of the difernt flowers. I thout a lot a bout my girl I shar would lick to see her a gain. Herding the bunches of sheep.

May 29 Sunday the second on[e] I have mist in a year when I have not gon to Loa and seen Katie. Boy! I would lick to see her.

June 3 The sheep were good had a lot of time to think of my girl.

[“My Girl” was not one of the Lyman girls. She was a cute little Blonde named Katie Webster whom he had met three or four years earlier when his brother Wayne was dating her sister. She lived down the lane in Loa.]

¹ Dad had some horse shoes hanging on the wall. He showed me two shoes. “These are not steel-center. They made some that are steel-center. Right in the middle there is a hard piece and it makes the cork-wires sharp so they would stick in the ice. We put corks on in the winter.”

Area where Blain herded sheep for two years - from Parker Mountain to the desert near the Henry Mountains



- 1-Loa, Utah, 2-Parker Mountain, lambing; 3-Antelope Spring, 4-Boulder Mountain, summer range;
- 5-Bicknell where sheep were sheared and marked in the spring and lambs were separated to sell in the fall,
- 6- Fruita, 7-Pleasant Creek where herd passed through Capitol Reef, 8-Notom, 9-"Bloody Hand" (Blood Hand Gap),
- 10-Henry Mountain, winter range; 11-Highway 24.

Chapter 4 - My Girl

I've got sunshine
On a cloudy day
When it's cold outside
I've got the month of May
I guess you'd say
What can make me feel this way?
My girl, my girl, my girl
Songwriters: William Robinson, Ronald White

While Blain was sitting on the top of a mountain thinking, dreaming and writing about “My Girl,” she had found a peaceful harbor in Salt Lake City working for Florence Malmquist. Mrs. Malmquist was Katie Webster’s employer, but she grew to be more than that. Florence became Katie’s mentor, teacher and life-long friend. Before being employed by Mrs. Malmquist, Katie felt her unhappy childhood was like a turbulent sea as she was tossed from one spot to another. When she was two and a half a life-changing event came with the death of her father. Her Mother was forced to become the struggling bread winner for six children. Katie’s oldest sister, Eula May, tried to step into the empty spot left by their Mother’s absence in the home and the oldest brother, Brose, tried to fill his father’s shoes. No matter how hard they tried they could not fill those spaces for their little sister. Every teasing word from brothers and neighborhood children left a pin-prick in Katie’s memory. School lost its appeal when her class moved up to third grade and she was held back. Often she was sent away for the summer to live with aunts and uncles. Four years later a taciturn, authoritarian step-father, whom she could not relate to, came into her life. Katie very, very reluctantly shared memories of those early years.

BIRTH

KATIE: I was delivered by “old” Dr. Stevens, June 17, 1922, at my Webster Grandparent’s home where my parents lived at the time. Momma said the cord was wrapped around my neck and my face was blue and I almost died. They didn’t know whether I would make it or not. She said it was a real struggle for her having me. I think she was really kind of disappointed because Daddy liked boys and she wanted another boy. Daddy wanted boys, you know. I guess it is all right anyway. They usually like the rest of us, I guess.

I was named Katie after my Paternal Grandmother, Katie Fredrickson Webster. I had the same initials, KFW. I remember the nicknames the family and friends gave me as I grew up, especially “Kat.” I only like to be called Katie.

DEATH OF FATHER

My earliest memory is the death of my father, James E. Webster. He died of ruptured appendix at the Salina hospital. He passed away before I was three. Even though I don’t remember him, I think it had a real concussion on my life.

[They brought the body back to Loa where it lay in the house before the funeral and burial.] I never saw his body in the casket. They usually tried to keep children away from things like that when they were little. They’d try to keep me outside or under the trees or in the kitchen. I couldn’t figure it all out.... All our household was so sad and in tears. I couldn’t understand what was going on at the time.

There is only one thing that stands out in my mind. I remember the old red pickup that they put the home-made casket in to take my

Father's body to the cemetery. I kept thinking, "Why did they take my Father." They put a tarp over the casket to take it out to the cemetery because the road was so dusty. I was worrying because I thought they were going to smother him. I couldn't figure that out.

My Father's death left me so sad and lonely and the rest of my life with no Father, the Father who truly loved me. Many times in the summer I would climb trees and think of him and long for his love and wish I could go to heaven and be where my Father had gone. I felt he would surely love me if he were here. In my life I never have got over that longing for my Father. But I can dream of and prepare for the day that my Father will embrace me and love me again when I am permitted to go on back home to heaven....

Momma had to continue on with the farm alone and raise six children. Our ages went from six month to eleven years old at the time of Daddy's death. I remember how sad Momma was all the time. She'd sit in the rocking chair, hold Faye, the baby, and rock her. It was a lonely house hold. Momma had great faith and wept many tears over Father passing. She made paper flowers for his grave for two months before Decoration Day [Memorial Day] to show her Love and mourned over it all her life, always remembered his birthday and special dates and sacrificed much to put a gray memorial stone to his grave.

LIFE WITHOUT FATHER

It wasn't very long¹ after Daddy died that we

¹ Less than two years. They moved sometime before May 1927. The house belonged to her father's brother Loren Webster. When Loren got married in 1927 he asked Mae to move. Katie's father, Jim, and his brother Loren inherited their father's farm and Loren inherited their parent's house. In 1925 Loren took care of his and Jim's farms and cattle. In 1926 Jim's farm was leased to Les Morrell who was married to Loren and Jim's sister, Mabel. Loren then ran both farms for several years until Katie's brothers, Brose and Bill, started running their Dad's farm.

moved to a different house. My parents had been living in my father's childhood home. When my father's brother, Loren, married he decided to move back to Loa. Momma had to move out of the house down there because Loren wanted it. She just settled it the best she could with Loren and gave him what he wanted. She sold him the things so he could go ahead and farm. He paid her a little for her share of the equipment. Momma kept Daddy's share of the Webster farm and sold enough cattle to buy a two room house with a lean-to on the back from the Jefferies. It was something she could afford to live in and it was empty. She moved her six children four blocks away to a house painted orange with black paint around the windows! Naturally the kids teased us about living in "The Halloween House."

I can barely remember them moving the furniture. How I wanted to ride back and forth on the wagon from the Webster home to the Old House. They wouldn't let me. They wanted me to stay in one place and not be bothered with me. I found my way back and forth and they'd have to pick me up as they went. I was always very, very determined that I wanted to do what I wanted to do. Sometimes that's good and sometimes that's not so good when it interferes with what somebody else doesn't want you to.

Momma tried to get the older kids to make me mind and stay down there while they were moving. Of course, Brose thought he was head of the house. He assumed quite a bit of responsibility to help Momma where he could. I think he was about eleven then. Anyway, he tried to help. Eula tried to tend us kids as much she knowed. They helped Momma what they could.

I liked that neighborhood. I especially liked it because it was up on the hill. It would dry off when the other people's places would be muddy. We really contended with a lot of mud if we had a lot of storm. In summer ...we

played in the frog pond in the irrigation ditch...that was right by our house and caught frogs and waded in the ditch... When the hay and straw was all piled up into the corral we dug holes in the straw and hay and played around the correls. We played with Grant Brown's boys and the Sheffields, Marie and her brothers, a lot. They all lived across the street from us.

When I was little I used to go over to play to our neighbor's Marie. Marie had a cute little play house at the back of Grandma Reese's house. It was a little smokehouse and that's where they smoked their pork. In the summer time they didn't smoke the pork; they just did it in the winter time. They let her have a play house out there. She had a doll; we'd make a little cupboard, find a board or a log. We'd have a little chair. It seemed like to me she had some play dishes. We had very few toys. Marie lived with her Grandparents as her Father had died, too ... Her Mother worked at the store to help care for her three children ... We were all poor in them days, but we didn't know it as our parent's provided good meals and clothes for us ...

Summer was the best time to play out in the street where no cars went up or down. All the neighbor kids would gather in front of our old garage, where Momma and my step-father Eph put their old Model A brown Ford. The doors were closed, of course, and that was our back drop where the home [plate] was when we played ball. We played with what ever kind of rubber balls or what ever we had to play with. We had a board to hit the ball, if nobody had a bat. We mostly had a bat with a handle on it.

All the kids would get together and play "Town Ball" (or "rounders") when there wasn't enough for two teams. [To play Town Ball there were kids in all the positions on the field and bases with a pitcher and a catcher, then batter.] There were three in. They'd throw and get them out on one of the bases, then they had to go on the outfield. Then they'd start moving up. When the next kid got out everybody would

move up one position, from outfield to infield, third base, second, first, pitcher, catcher then batter. It would just go around and around and around. If you didn't want to pitch, you could exchange, yet you kept track of your turn when you went in [to bat.]

We had a good time. We liked to play a lot of games. We'd play Stink Base. You put someone on the base and try to get them to come off and run and catch them. If the other team caught them they'd take them over to their side. Pretty soon they wouldn't have any on the other side. They got off the base 'cause they'd try to run home. We'd run and tag them and bring them to our side.

We used to play on the big rocks across the street, that was before the ranger station was built there. They used to be some big rocks over there. Later when they built onto the church they used them. They hauled the rocks and dug a hole and was going to build an auditorium, but they never did do it. We called it "The Old Hole." We'd go over there and we'd play on the rocks and jump from one rock to the other and try to see if we could get from one rock to the other.

They used to be a lot of old wood fences and we'd gather up the wood and we'd have a big bonfire at night. ...especially in the fall and somebody would bring some potatoes, so we'd roast some potatoes. They'd be blacker than soot, but we sure did like them. We'd peel the black and eat the 'taters.' If we could find any pine nuts, we'd have pine nut roasts. We'd put the pine nuts in an old pan. We'd put the pan on the fire. They'd heat up. It would melt off the sticky and pop them open so we could get out the pine nuts. They was delicious. We could ... get very few of them. We'd play games, "Run, My Sheep Run." I can't remember the names of all of them.

Our Old House was one block south of the church and one block west of the only store in town, the Loa Co-op ... Our house was once the post office. For years the road north of our

house was the main highway² coming into town.

When we moved up to the Old House, Brose and Bill slept upstairs over the living room. Momma slept in the room up two little steps through the main bedroom. All of us girls slept in what we called the main bedroom, next to the living room. It was full of beds. We had a regular bed on one side and we had a cot on the other side. Then we had an old chiffrrobe in between it to put what few clothes we had. Eula slept by herself on the cot and I and Faye and Elna slept in the other bed. We were happy to have sisters to keep us warm especially on the winter nights that were so cold. Momma used to make quilts. We'd sleep in those in the winter time. We would put on quilts because it was cold and the wood fires would go out at night.

We would gather wood and chips. In the morning Momma would make the fires and cook the warm cereal on the wood stove for all of us and we would get warm ... Some people had coal that would help keep their fires, but our family just had wood because we didn't have money to buy coal. It was a lot of years before they had enough money to buy coal to go with the wood. Coal burned better.

People would have a great big stack of wood as high as the peak of a granary. In the fall they'd hurry and try and get their crops in and then go haul wood. They didn't have anything besides axes and they'd have to chop them trees down, everyone of them. They'd haul them great big trees in and then they would have to chop up all them trees. They'd have to haul lots of wood because they couldn't get out

there in the winter time. So it was really lots of work to keep living. For six years Momma would hire somebody to bring us wood. I guess when Brose got big enough he went and hauled it for her. He was the one that Momma would take out and work with him. Brose helped where ever he could.

Eula Mae, my oldest sister, helped too. Eula would try to wave our hair and wash it for us just like a Mother.... She was really a big help. That's why she learned how to do so many things. Us other kids, Momma didn't have time enough to teach us. Momma kept us fed by milking a cow for our milk, feeding the cattle and pigs she and Dad had accumulated. One neighbor Jack Goff was good to help care for them when she couldn't do it herself.

Momma was really swift. She always thought of how much she could do. Get it done, get it done. I think Momma not letting me help in the house made me feel insufficient as a housekeeper and usually does, if you don't work with your girls you know. They'd usually put me out someplace. Well, she had all she needed. She had trained Eula and then Elna would help some. I was quite inquisitive and I imagine I was about as sassy as you have seen some of these little girls be. You know how kids are when you try to make them mind, how sassy they can get. I was a sassy girl. I think one of the reasons I was, is because they kept telling me I was a mean child. You tell a child and they are mean. They kept insisting. You tell a child what they are and that is usually what they have got, a self opinion, that I couldn't do this and I couldn't do that and I wasn't this and I wasn't that, you know. That just wasn't a good thing. I think this instills ... a very discouraging nature in a child. Brose seemed to enjoy always calling me names and telling me I was the meanest kid he ever had seen and I never would mind anyone. This made me feel no good and mean. However I truly in my heart loved my brothers and sisters

² It is interesting that the highway didn't go down Center Street or Main Street, but east and west on 100 South. Katie's Uncle, Riley Stephenson, built a store two and a half blocks north of the Loa Co-op. He talked the road commissioner into extending the highway over a hill and connecting it to Main Street at the north end of town which ran the highway north and south through town right past his store and the Loa Co-op! The bank and garage were no longer on the main road.

and all our family so crowded together in that house.

Momma's willingness to work at anything and do a man's work amazes me now! She gladly worked every day all day long. It wasn't easy for Momma and we had very little money, and were very poor. We had all our clothes Momma sewed and cut out the best she could. I only had one change of clothes, one to wash and one to wear. We wore the same clothes all week then had a bath in a No. Three tub and changed clothes Saturday evening. Momma heated all the water by a coal stove that had a reservoir [we] poured water into and dipped out on side of the stove.

Momma washed in a tub. She had to heat the water in the boiler. They'd put the white clothes on the stove and they'd boil them. We used to have that old puncher that we punched the clothes up and down with. [She] made lye soap and put that soap with them and boiled them and boiled them. Then she scrubbed them on a washboard. The coloreds would usually come clean enough without boiling.

Momma baked all her bread and our meals consisted of beans, potatoes, gravy from fried meats and some cheese she made in the summer time. A orange was something one seldom seen or had and to me they are still the greatest treat to eat. Momma milked cows, fed pigs, watered with a shovel and taught her boys how to work as well as we girls. I gathered the chips to make fires and carried wood, gathered the eggs when the chickens would lay in the hay-stack and all over and tried to find their nests.

Momma doctored us with all the natural home remedies that she learned and they worked and cured us. I remember the time, we got the "Itch." They mixed up sulfur and lard to put on it. That was supposed to cure the Itch. That was awful. They wouldn't let us come to school, of course, when they found out you had the Itch.

In that day and age, I remember we got bed bugs in the house and they would bite us. They claimed it was from the birds. I heard some

people saying it was when they started buying mattresses of somebody else that they shipped in. The bed bugs was in the summertime. We hated them bedbugs. They'd come up and they'd bite you in the night and suck your blood and you'd have big welts on you. I remember how hard Momma worked to try and get rid of them bedbugs. She did everything she could to try and catch them. She washed the sheets. I remember how we gathered bean leaves, and put them along by the beds, so they'd crawl on and they couldn't crawl off of them. Then they put formaldehyde to fumigate the house to kill them all off. Everybody had to stay out of the house.

They used to quarantine [people with infectious diseases]. I must have had all the diseases when I was a baby. I don't remember getting the mumps or measles or anything. Momma said I must have had a light case of them, but I never did take them. The older kids got the mumps, they got the measles and I didn't.

I remember how sad it was when people got the "spinen meningitis." Aunt Ada's family got it. Julia took sick and Aunt Ada took sick, then Momma went down to take care of them 'cause Aunt Ada couldn't take care of Julia. I guess they got the family out of there so the rest of them wouldn't take it. None of the family would go in and take care of them because they were just petrified. It was catching. Momma said, "I feel like if I go in and take care of them I will be blessed that I won't get it and I won't bring it home to my family."

I remember how she'd hurry and get breakfast. Then she'd go down and take care of their family and take care of Aunt Ada. I know how cautious she was. She had us gargle our throats with peroxide. When she'd come home us kids would run out to greet her. She'd say, "Stay away. Stay away. Don't get close to me." She had clothes out in the little garage. She'd change and hang them out there. She was really cautious. She'd come in and gargle

and wash her hands. But not one of us kids took it.... Aunt Ada got well.

Momma took care of Julia until she died [March 1929]. She laid Julia's body out because nobody would come in and do it. No way would they go in the house. They viewed her body through the window because nobody would dare go in that house. I remember we went down and looked through the window. I remember how sad I felt when Julia died. She was Elna's age. It always seemed like such a sad occasion to have people die, because I didn't understand then. It seemed like they were just gone. You were never taught that you would see them again. I don't know whether they didn't know that or what.

[About the time Julia died] Elna had rheumatic [fever] and that left her with a heart problem. I remember them taking her to doctors and seeing what was wrong with her. We were always afraid Elna was going to die. I remember from then on they had all of the rest of us really cater to Elna because she had a bad heart. I can remember how sad that was. We all loved Elna and we always rallied around her. Elna was always a favorite sister.

Elna was down in bed one time. They talked about Elna, you know, and I realized she might die. Elna had some things that I thought were really nice that I didn't have. So I sat there and I said, "Elna, if you die can I have all your things." (laugh) They always kidded me about that. I thought she was going to die so I wanted to be sure that she would let me have her things if she died.

We did not have very many things. I had one little porcelain doll, all my own, that I got for my birthday. It was about three or four inches tall. Its legs moved and its arms. Uncle Loren came up on some business for something. I was trying to get his attention. I set it on his hat. He moved his hand and knocked it off and broke it all to pieces. Oh, that was so sad for me for that little glass doll to be broke. It was my fault....

After Father died we had so little means,

Christmas consisted of no Christmas tree and maybe a toy to share with all the rest, maybe a pair of socks or something we were badly in need of. The only Christmas I can remember a little bit about, down in the Webster home, was when Grandpa Potter came down and brought I and Faye a little rocking chair. Grandpa was ... very sweet and kind to us and we loved him. He just gave us hugs. He worked hard. It took all the muster he could to keep his whole family of thirteen going. He led the choir and went and tried to come to church when they called him to be the choir director, him and Nettie [Brian]. She'd play and he'd organize a choir. Grandpa would sing. Grandpa had a good voice, but I don't remember seeing him lead the choir. I've heard them tell of him doing that.

I remember Grandpa came to see us more than Gramma did. He would come and visit. Gramma came very seldom because she got to be a big heavy woman. The heavier she got the less she moved around. I don't remember her ever hugging or kissing us when we were little. I remember her coming with one of them, Aunt Addie or somebody in the car.

I remember us going to Grandma Potter's for a family dinner when Uncle Gus came home off his mission from [New Zealand] and how we went up there for a dinner. But we didn't get invited very often. Of course, at that day and age they just had horses and wagons unless they walked clear to town and back. It was at least two miles. Momma would try to go up there in the fall so she could trade her mother for honey. Momma had some [paper] slips showing what she got from her Mother and Dad and how much it was worth and...what she'd given back to them.

STEP-FATHER

[It wasn't very long after Jim Webster's death before his widow, who had six children, was courted by Ephraim Taylor, a widower with eight children.]

Eph kept coming to see Momma. He was

the sheriff and he was always going around trying to catch somebody³. Eph was head of Probation [Prohibition] trying to keep people from drinking. Eph and Joe Callahan was trying to keep that garbage and trash drinking away from the young men. Oh, I guess they'd hunt it up in all sorts of things. I guess they had quite a time, the way I remember them talking about it. He just came around and was always watching, you know, and not saying too much. [One of the games the Webster children started to play was a parody on the sheriff and his work.] Brose and Eula would run around the house and knock on the door and when one of the kids came to the door they'd say, "Come on in-n-n-n, Sneaking Ephie."

Momma had some kind of a party, just before she moved. I went over to kind of get Eph's attention and he pinched me. It kind of made me mad and I didn't talk very nice to him. I said, "Leave me alone, you old Sneaking Ephie." I don't think he ever liked me after that.

Momma married Eph December 11, 1929. Eph took Momma to the Manti temple. Momma and Eph got married for time and Momma got sealed to my Father for Time and All Eternity ... Momma took us six children with them and we were sealed to my Father and Mother. My brother Bill hadn't been baptized⁴ so they had to go up by Grandpa Potter's and he baptize Bill in Spring Creek in December so he could be sealed to Momma. I remember definitely how they had to break the ice. I wasn't old enough to have to be baptized.

Before the wedding they bought a new car. Actually Momma bought the car. She didn't have a car before then. Momma was the thrifty

one, but, of course, it was "theirs together" she said. It was a four-door, two-seater Model A, a chocolate brown. On the day of the wedding they stuck us all in the car. There was eight of us. I think Faye rode in the front with Mom and Eph because she was the youngest. We was going up there and we came along where you go through the sulphur springs before you get to Manti. Oh, my word, that smelled so bad and Brose he said, "Momma, make these darn kids quit their stinking." He thought it was the kids letting air. They never forgot that, how he said, "Momma, make these darn kids quit their stinking."

It seemed liked we'd never get there. [When we finally got there] I remember how we waited so long. Eph had been to the temple. Momma hadn't been to the temple, so they had to do the whole thing that took about five hours...to go through. The doors to the west is where they used to go in the temple. They had steps going up the west side to the temple. We ran up and down them steps and up and down them steps in the sun, clear to bottom and back. We couldn't imagine why we had to wait so long. We'd go in there and say, "Is it time! Is it time?" No, it wasn't time yet. Finally they took us in and dressed us all in white clothes. They took us up to be sealed. I remember how the wall was painted a dark blue. I was flabbergasting to see them all dressed in white. I remember how we kneeled to the altar in that temple. We put our hands up there to be sealed to Momma and Daddy. Of course as I went on and learned more I thought how to kneel around that altar was the important thing, being sealed to my Father who was dead. All us little kids kneeling on the side, being sealed to Mom and Dad. I made up my mind I always wanted to go to the temple when I was married. If I couldn't find a man that wanted to take me to the temple I wouldn't marry. I don't know why but I felt like I always wanted to be married in the temple.

It took us all day long just to go up to Manti. It seemed a long way up and back on

³ It was the 1920's and the Volstead Act prohibited the sale of liquor.

⁴ Every child over eight years of age had to be a baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Later-day Saint before they could go into the temple. William Webster was baptized December 10, 1929, the day before his Mother was sealed to his father in the Manti Temple.

dirt roads, so bumpy. When Momma and Eph got back all tired, here come a bunch of rowdy, drinking men. It was a shivaree. What a hubbub. They was shivareeing them to give a dance.

Eph tried to go out and tell them to go on home, that they'd give a dance. He told them they'd already set the date, but they wasn't going to go on home. I remember him and Reed Brian, his relative, getting into a fight. I was out there. I went outside and was looking at it. I remember the mob taking [Momma and Eph] down the road and Faye was crying and bawling. I was looking on, not knowing what was on earth was happening. Sometimes they would throw [the newly-weds] in the creek or something like that. Then I remember some smart-aleck coming in and putting pepper all over the stove. That burned our noses and about killed us. It drove us out of the house. We couldn't hardly get back in the house and it was December! I do remember how terrible it was. It seemed like an awful thing to me.

Momma and Eph gave them a dance.

ONE HOUSE/TWO FAMILIES

Our home life was really crunched. There was lots of kids in the house. Eph and his four youngest boys moved down to [Momma's three bedroom house], so Dora, could live in his house. That made our family almost double. He brought Pratt, Harold and Orlo and Elmo⁵. Three of Eph's children, Dora, Orvell and Avagail, were out on their own. Charles was herding sheep so he only came once and a while. The seven boys all slept up stairs. They cut [through the wall into the attic over the main bedroom] and put a board floor down.... The room wasn't finished, they cut that in there and it was good enough to have the boys in and it made more room. Us girls slept in the main

bedroom and Momma and Eph were in the little bedroom upstairs where they went up the steps through our room. There was a door and they'd close the door and that was their private bedroom up there.

In the living room we had a little old davenport. It had little legs with wood arms and leather on the seat that's the kind it was and it made out into a bed. Then we had a heavy rectangle table. They had that for the children because it was sturdy and wasn't wobbly. That table was in the middle of the front room. That's the only table we had to study on. There was the piano and we had an old rocking chair there.

Momma had an old organ. When she bought the piano for Eula to play [she] let Ellie Mae Ernsen have the old organ if she'd work for her. She'd come and do housework, you know, when Momma was so busy with a big family. Eula took lessons and played the piano. I always wanted to take piano lessons [and] I'd try to play tunes. They decided maybe I could take piano lessons. They didn't think I'd learned much so they made me quit in two lessons.

[The Old House had a "lean-to," a long narrow room added to the back of the house after it was originally constructed. In the Taylor-Webster household it was a multi-purpose room, a kitchen, where large quantities of food were cooked; a dining area, if you can call a place where you feed seven boys "dining;" a cannery, where bushels and bushels of fruit and vegetables were stuffed into one and two-quart bottles and processed; a laundry, where clothes were washed; and a factory, where cheese and butter were produced.]

WASHING

In one corner [of the dining room] Momma had the first Maytag she ever bought. It was a pop one. Her and Eph got one and you'd put this gas in and it would go pop, pop, pop all the time, but it would turn [the agitator]. [Later]

⁵ Eph's four boys were the same ages as four of Mae's oldest children: Eula Mae and Pratt, 1914; Elna and Orlo 1918; Bill and Elmo, 1920; Katie and Harold, 1922

they turned it into an electric one.

We had homemade soap. That lye soap was used for everything. Washing floors, washing your hands, washing your face and washing your hair. Wash everything in it. Then later they bought hand soap. We really like the hand soap. We really thought that was great. We didn't use lotion. Some of them knew how to make a little salve. The Watkins man would come around and she'd buy Watkins Salve from the "Watkins" man. They usually had that and we'd rub on our hands.

We had to wash our dishes with homemade soap. She had this teakettle of boiling water setting on [the stove]. The water would be boiling. We'd pour it all over the dishes and rinse them off and it would drain off. We had the water piped into the Old House, but no hot water.

MEALS

Momma had a big long table in the kitchen. We ate on a round, pedestal, oak table. It had a two or three leaves in it and it spread out the whole length of the dining area. Of course, we had tin plates. [At meal time] someone set the plates on. Just the plates, then each one took a spoon. We always had a little cup of spoons in the middle of the table. We didn't eat much with forks, mostly spoons. They'd usually put a butter knife on so we could butter bread. Usually we had tin cups that they would set around to us.

Momma always covered the table with an oil cloth. She'd buy it by the yard. She'd roll it out and measure her table, how big she wanted it, and that's what we had. She wiped it off until it got holes in it. She'd use it as long as she could because you couldn't wipe wood off like that. Most people had oil cloth.⁶

⁶ Oilcloth ... was made from cotton duck, canvas or linen that was coated several times with linseed oil to give it a waterproof-ish surface. The fabric was dyed or printed before the linseed treatment. -- "Real Oilcloth" and How to Make It, by Modhomeecteacher, <http://www.curbly.com>

Momma cooked on a coal stove all the time. She fed thirteen people most the time and was a good basic cook. Our basic food was bread and milk and beans. I can remember them pot of beans. She'd have this black pot with little legs on. She'd stick it over the fire so it would heat fast and they'd boil them beans and put just a little bit of pork in it. She had that clear full and, oh, them beans was good. They was the best beans in the world. I can remember them beans when we'd come home.

We always had cooked cereal. I think it contributed to as well a family as we were. Momma always cooked a great big pot of cooked cereal and we'd have cream and plenty of milk to put on our cereal before we'd go to school. She'd mostly get that ground wheat. Of course, we'd have some rolled oats too, when they could get them. It seemed like they'd have to go someplace else for rolled oats. It would have to be shipped in and it was more. They had grist mills. They'd take their wheat down to have it ground. That's the way they'd get it. Of course, later on, if they didn't have it, they would go to the store with what money they had.

Sometimes Momma gave us an egg for breakfast. If we chose we could go take the egg to the store and then get an all-day sucker, instead of eating the egg. So we'd get to trade our egg for an all-day sucker because an egg was a penny and so was the all-day sucker. Of course, we didn't usually do that. We was hungry when we got up in the morning. We usually ate our egg. If they'd killed a pig we'd have pork or bacon. Whatever we had, but mostly it was just a dish of cereal. We were glad for it. We never did complain about eating. We were hungry. They never did have to tell us to "eat your food."

We never played games after supper. At nine o'clock we'd start eating. By the time we got supper over with, I was so tired. I felt like I had a great big rock in my head when I'd wake up. I was always tired when I'd wake up because we'd eat so late at night. I guess that

is where I learned my dislike for evening meals, because [Eph] always wanted a great big evening meal. I disliked that. I got smart as I've got older, smart enough to know not to eat late at night.

I just could not understand why they could not come in and eat like decent people at five or six o'clock. Most people around [Loa] would have a set time to come in for supper and they'd come in from the fields. They'd eat and go out and do their chores and kind of get it worked off, but not our family. We had to do it just like Grandpa Eph wanted to do it. That's the way they wanted it and that's the way we had it.

After eating, I can remember how tired I was. They wanted me to do the dishes and I just didn't want to do the dishes. I was just to sleepy and tired by nine o'clock. They would want us to come in and work and I wanted to go to sleep. That's all I could think of. I can remember how I wanted to go to sleep on that old couch [in the living room]. Us kids would push one off, then the other one would say, "I'm going to get to sleep here." They'd reach back and they'd roll the other one off. The other one would come and push the other one off. They'd get back behind and push the other one off. Who ever was there had it first. Oh, what a bunch.

We didn't sleep on the couch very often. They saved that for company. Then Orvel and Charles⁷ would come, you know, once and a while. They herded sheep quite a while to get money. When they'd come in they'd roll out this bed for them to sleep in. They'd make an extra bed for them because they wouldn't want to sleep with all us kids you know. They never did feel a part of ... our family there. They never really joined in or accepted us as a family together. That's how I felt about it anyway.

We just lived like families did in that day and age. Momma raised what food she could and they just ate and traded back and forth and ate their food out of the garden. I loved the fall time because Momma had the garden and we

loved the harvest and ate those fresh vegetables. They was learning better how to keep their gardens and stuff and preserve it. Momma went along with what her mother had taught her to do. How to preserve stuff and how to keep all the food. She knew there was only so much food to eat and all of us ate so much and that was it. We didn't get to eat all we wanted. They didn't have that much food. They'd always say, "Don't be a pig and take it all!"

Before we had a refrigerator, we kept things cool in the rock cellar built on the side of the house. In the summertime when it would get warm, Momma concocted a wood box with gunny sacks on. The water would drip down and keep the sacks wet. Then they would keep the milk in that to try to keep it cool. The first refrigerator had a motor on top. Well, they didn't want that kind with a motor on top. [About 1930] they got the new style one with the motor in the bottom. Oh, that was one of the most exciting things. We had things we'd never tasted before. We never had jello before we got that new refrigerator. They also made some ice cream in that refrigerator too. At special times they'd make ice cream. That thing is still going today. [2011]

MAKING CHEESE/BUTTER

Momma and Eph usually had ... twelve cows to milk.⁸ After milking the cows, we had to strain the milk. We poured it through cloths that strained out any dirt or manure that might be in the milk. We worked down in the rock cellar because the separator was down there. It took a while to pour those buckets of milk through there. We had to turn this little spicket off, then pour in the milk and turn the spicket on when we started turning. We used to turn that separator. No electricity. Turn it and turn it by hand. We'd turn it and turn it around and that would separate the cream from the milk.

⁷ Her step-father's children.

⁸ Twelve cows would produce 15-20 gallons of milk per day.

We had to turn it a certain way. Everybody thought somebody else ought to do it.

At that time Ivan Moore⁹ was buying the cream and taking it out [of the Valley to sell.] They would separate the cream and take it down there to Ivan and then weigh it and get a little bit of money out of the cream. I can remember how glad Momma was when the cheese factory came in because then she could send the milk and she could get that money and she could just put [the milk] in the can instead of doing all this other to it.. They'd usually send a [ten gallon] can or two of milk; then she could buy her butter and cheese. And that really helped a lot. You could get a lot more cheese and butter and still have money left over, see, to feed us.

Momma also had us churn the cream into butter for us to eat. Momma would say, "Now you kids ... get over to that churn and churn that butter."

I can remember how we churned that churn. I'll tell you that churn wasn't very significant to me¹⁰ 'cause we had to churn that churn and our arms got awful tired. And I'd say, "It's not my turn all the time."

Momma would say, "Turn some more until you get it to come."

Sometimes the cream was thin and not the right temperature and, oh, I'd churn and churn.

She'd have the churn clear full and make the butter and we'd use that up. Momma would make lots of bread and butter.

Momma made cheese in the summertime. She made cheese out of the milk after it was separated from the cream. She learned how to make cheese when she was a girl. She'd pour it into a tub and she'd have to heat it to a certain temperature in order make it go into curds. She'd put rennet into it to make it curdle. She's

⁹ He was married to Eph's youngest daughter, Avagail.

¹⁰ Katie's mother gave the old churn to her granddaughter, Deanna. Some family members thought it should have been given to them.

cut it with a knife across. Then she'd cut it into squares. I watched her do it. She'd put the curds into a little pail and put it in the press which was outside by the big tree on the west of the house. It was too cold to press cheese outside in the winter.

After Momma took the cheese out of the press she wanted it to be smooth and round. To make them round, she'd cut off the edges. We called them "trimmings." We'd always speak for days ahead for the trimmings off her cheese. I'd say, "It's my turn." I asked for them days ahead. We had to take turns. I loved the trimmings off the cheese.

She had some shelves she had put together with boards at the end of the dining area that she would put her cheese on to age. She'd rub salt on each round and turn it over.¹¹

Momma put up chili sauce and preserves and fruit. Them people from Fruita¹² would come around and she would trade her cheese for fruit. It was marvelous.

When I look at it now, I just think what a marvelous thing and how many things she learned and how many things she did. They didn't buy anything from the store except a little sugar to preserve their fruit in the winter. They were very careful and told us we couldn't use very much sugar on our stuff -- which was a blessing. I knew how to fix bread, cream and sugar "sandwiches", along with bread, butter and chili sauce ones with good milk and cheese.

CHICKENS

Momma and Eph started raising chickens

¹¹ The application of salt and turning the cheese helped dry both sides of the cheese so a thin, hard layer, the rind developed. Salt also prevented the growth of mold and bacteria. --source Mathew Chappell

¹² A small town thirty miles south-east of Loa. It was much lower in altitude and warm. Early settlers in Wayne County had orchards and private property there. It is now part of Capitol Reef National Park.

when they lived [at her house.] They had coops of chickens. Before they even moved up to Eph's house, all of the boys went out and cut poles and built coops up there. They always had white chickens because everybody wanted white eggs. They didn't want brown eggs. I'd go up and, feed the chickens and clean the eggs. There was a little alley way in between [the coops] and that is where they would set the eggs. They would put something over them to try and keep them cool. We would clean the eggs. We used to have a sand brush that we'd clean most of them off with, because they always told us it was better not to wash eggs because it opened the cells. The eggs would keep better, you know. Momma and Eph would sell the eggs. They'd take them down to the poultry where they would dip them in this type of an oil or something that drained off and sealed the pores in them so they would keep longer. That is the way I remember it anyway. At the poultry they'd grade the eggs, the size, or if they were cracked. We'd get about 25 cents a dozen, that was top price, and about 12 to 15 cents for the checks [cracked]. If they got checked, then you'd get knocked, so they wouldn't give you as much money.

CHORES

We were made to share the responsibilities and taught to work. We girls had to make our bed. I also turned the separator to separate the cream from the milk and helped churn the butter. I didn't like to wash those enamel pans or tin dishes. Most people had pretty glass dishes. We never ended washing those tin dishes. You didn't break them. I remember us having twelve or more of them. That's where I learned to dislike dish washing. I swept and mopped the floors when I got old enough to do it.

Momma had me help a lot outside: gather the eggs, feed the chickens and bring in wood and chips for our two coal stoves. We had to keep the wood box full all the time, and my turn

was in the evening before dark. If I didn't get in wood and chips the night before, I was in trouble.

In the summer it was my job to take the cows to the pasture. They always had me as the cow herder. We'd take them over to the pastures. Momma and Daddy owned half of Grandfather Webster's pasture down in the Lyman Lane. Uncle Loren had the first field; Momma and my Dad took the other one, that wasn't very good pasture. Uncle Fred's was the next farm, and it was on down south. Eph and Momma bought some pastures on down farther. I had to take the cows down a lane. It was kind of swampy, water running there all the time. I hated to drive the cows through the swamp to go on down to the pasture. I liked it when the thistles grew up tender. I loved to see the little purple flowers called Johnny Jump Ups, and also the yellow bean weed.

I just took our cows. They tried to turn them out about eight o'clock. Then I'd go gather them up and take them on down the back street. I'd follow them down to there and then come back. I'd just turned them in the pasture. There was a fence around it. You had to take them through some bars and put them down and up so they'd all go in. Then the cows ate the grass all day. That is the way they fed them. In the evening, I'd go to the pasture and have to gather them out of the pasture and bring them back so they could be milked at night. [Momma and Eph] had from eight to ten cows they milked. They'd give us our own milk. I never learned how to milk. Momma said they was enough boys around there to do the milking.

I wouldn't take the cows to the pasture in the winter. They kept them in the corrals behind the house. They'd feed them in the winter. In the winter they fed the cows the hay that they got off the farm. There was a big hay stack right inside the fence, west of the corrals. There was a big old derrick setting out there where they unloaded the hay and put it on top

of the stack. They'd pick it up with the derrick and the horse would pull it over from the wagon and pile up big stacks of hay.

Eph and Momma put their horses together. Eph was a great horse man. I'll bet one time he had ten horses. The horses always got fed the best. Momma always believed the cows should be fed the best, but Grandpa Eph always felt like the horses should be fed the best. They had riding horses and they had four work horses. I liked to ride the horses, so that's the reason they let me take the cows. Once and a while in the summer I'd go out to tromp the hay. I didn't do that as much because Eph always seemed so cross and ornery. We were never in the right place when they pitched the hay on. Then I didn't tromp hay. I'd always say, "I'll get the wood and chips in." Or "I'll do something to help Momma."

DEPRESSION

When Momma married it didn't seem to improve much. It was the beginning of the Great Depression. The only thing that improved, Eph did the outside hard manual labor and she cooked and did the gardening and did everything she could to keep the house running and the kids fed and put up the fruit. That's all I ever knew was just us all trying. I'll tell you, work came first with Momma, and Eph always had more than what he could [do], especially as the boys left. Then the work fell more and more on her to milk the cows and cook the meals and do everything and then all the housework and cooking she had to do after that. So you see she was really a busy person. She was a hard worker.

I remember [people] talking and telling about the year when the government came and killed¹³ the animals. They let the people eat

¹³ The Agricultural Adjustment Act (Pub.L. 73-10, 48 Stat. 31, enacted May 12, 1933) restricted agricultural production in the New Deal era by paying farmers subsidies not to plant part of their land and to kill off excess livestock. The Act created a new

what they could of their animals and [the government] took the rest out and shot them and paid them twelve or eighteen dollars a head for them. Fat animals, big fat animals. The government paid them that much if they would go shoot them. You could eat what you wanted to of them, but you couldn't sell them to anybody else. Nobody else could have them.

CHRISTMAS

We got very little for Christmas. Sometimes we didn't get anything if it didn't come in the order. They'd order out of the Montgomery Ward or Sears catalogue. If they didn't get it off in time, if they didn't have the money after the taxes was paid, or sometimes they'd order it too late and it wouldn't make it. I remember how disappointed [I was] when they didn't get my overshoes. When I was about ten years old that's all I wanted for Christmas, was a pair of overshoes to keep my feet from getting wet. In the winter [the water would slosh in your shoes] and your feet would get wet and cold, you know, when you had to go in the snow and mud. I told Momma that's what I wanted for Christmas, but Santy Claus didn't bring them, so I didn't get my overshoes.

We just had one pair of shoes. If they wore out, we'd put pasteboard¹⁴ in the bottom of them so the sticker weeds wouldn't get up in our feet. They tried to have some leather and they had a last, but I didn't like them 'cause they usually had tacks in them and hurt your feet. We had lace shoes with soles on them. I always wanted some that went up on my ankles, but I never did. I think they always got the cheaper ones. The high ones usually cost more because they put more leather into them. Some of them had straps on them. Of course

agency, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, to oversee the distribution of the subsidies. It is considered the first modern U.S. farm bill.
—Wikipedia.org/Agricultural Adjustment Act

¹⁴ Pasteboard: a solid cardboard with a paper facing; broadly : cardboard —Merriman-Webster

we'd go bare-footed in the summertime and our feet would get just like leather, you know. I always liked [to wear] shoes.

At Christmastime they'd go to the store and buy what they felt like they could afford. Mother was never one to go get something they couldn't buy. They'd go get a small sack ... of peanuts and a small sack of candy and they'd set it under the tree. That's what Santy Claus brought us is that sack of nuts and candy. This is the way Mother did it. She said we had to eat breakfast before we ate candy or nuts. We all went in together and sat around the tree and each one would take two pieces of candy and two peanuts. We'd go around and each one would take it until it was all gone. It was all divided. With all of us taking our bits, twelve of us, it soon went down. We didn't have very much candy or nuts, but we was glad for it. There were very few toys. Usually it was socks that we needed.

We didn't hang up stockings. We didn't have a fireplace. You had to have a fireplace to hang up a stocking! We'd put out a stocking we wore by the Christmas tree, if we had one. If we did, Mother would buy an orange and put in our stocking. The older kids didn't put out a stocking, but they gave them an orange. She did it fair. Everything was fair. They got what everybody else got. Everybody shared.

I remember the Christmas we got our first Christmas tree. Bill was determined. Eph never did have time to go out and get a Christmas tree, that wasn't important to him. Other people was having Christmas trees and Bill got big enough so he went out by, I think it was out there by Big Rocks. That was the closest tree he could find anyway. He couldn't put it on the horse and he couldn't carry it. He drug that tree clear back behind the horse with a rope. We put it up for a Christmas tree. The kids made decorations for the tree. We used colored paper and cut it into strips. We made our paste and glued them together. We made paper chains and Momma put on just the things she had, that she made. So

we had a few icicles and things that was home made. I was pretty tickled over it. Then I went over and saw that pretty Blue Spruce that Nephi, Marie's uncle, went and got in a wagon and brought back. The worst part that I remember most is them making fun of our tree. All they did was brag on what a pretty Christmas tree they had and made me feel like our was a sadly, poor one. We kind of felt undercut, with our big family. You feel the concussion of being the poor ones.

SUMMERS WITH RELATIVES

A lot of my summers I spent with my aunts. I didn't help them. I was just a kid growing up. They would take me with them because I liked to go with them. I was the one that would go with them. I didn't get too much love at home. Momma was always busy I guess with Faye who was younger. Momma was always busy with all the kids. It seems like she didn't have much time to spend, any of them didn't have any time to spend to help teach me or talk to me. I felt like any [thing] they could do to get rid of me, that's what they liked.

One summer when I was little, (I'm not sure how old I was) I went down to stay to Teasdale with Aunt Marzella and Uncle Frank. That's why Uncle Frank called me "his little girl." I always had a lot of love for Uncle Frank. Of course, he didn't have no little kids then. They had children later in life. [They were married three] years before they had their first child. After I'd been there that summer she got Odette¹⁵. I said "I kept her so busy she forgot all about it and that's when she got Odette." I'm taking credit for Odette. I told her sister, Shirley, if it hadn't been for me, none of you kids would have got here! Didn't you know I was your sister.

Uncle Frank said he could remember how I would climb up in a tree and sing and sing.

¹⁵ Born 20 May 1928. Katie was probably in Teasdale the summer of 1927 when she was five.

He could tell where I was because I would sing songs up in the top of trees. I'd sing and sing and sing. They had some trees [across from the] front of the old Forsyth house. I think the house was west of the old Rock Church. They lived with Grandpa Forsyth. Aunt Marzella took care of him and fed him because his wife was dead, the way I remember it.

I played with the girls and loved all the girls down in Teasdale. I played with Mary Lou [King]. She lived out in the big house just as you come into Teasdale and Barbara Coombs [Pace] lived [one block west]. I went all over town. I liked being down there. I loved the people and I really liked to be with Uncle Frank.

Aunt Marzell used to want me to go down in the potato hole and get the potatoes. She'd just say, "Get down there and get them potatoes," if I didn't want to do it. I go down and I wouldn't get the potatoes.

One time she said, "I'll lock you down there until you get ready to get the potatoes." And she did until I would mind.

I didn't feel very good about it. I remember right after that I decided I was going home. They said they didn't have no way of taking me. They never drove or owned a car.

She said, "How are you going to go?"

I said, "I'll go and find me a way."

She thought, "Let that little stink go. If she can walk home, let her go. She won't go very far and she'll come back." But I was old enough and I wanted to go home, so I went home.

I started home early in the morning. I took my little bag of clothes. It was about a change, that's all [the clothes] you ever needed. (They didn't worry about all this changing clothes every day.) I walked and walked and walked. I thought, "I'll make it up there some way or other." I got to where they had a dance hall,¹⁶

¹⁶ Blain's sister, Arilla owned a farm along Hwy 24 between Bicknell and Torrey. The road to Teasdale branches off Highway 24. Katie walked at least 2 miles.

just before Reed and 'Rilla's place. I walked to there from Teasdale. It was a dirt road. I was getting pretty tired. I was hoping and praying somebody would come along and pick me up and they did. I don't remember exactly who it was now. I told them who I was. They knew my folks and they knew who I was. Of course, everybody knew everybody in those days.

They said, "I'll give you a ride. I'm going to Loa."

So they took me along and brought me home to Loa. I was getting mighty hungry by the time I got home though. I was in Teasdale a month or so.

The summer before Momma and Eph was married, Aunt Vange and Uncle Art came to visit. They took me back with them up to Bingham.¹⁷ It was a long ways and I always got car sick. I thought it was quite neat for a while, but then I wanted to come back to the kids, but I had to stay. They kept me there till it was time to start school again. Then I come back to school.

They lived up in the top of an apartment, [near the] Bingham Mines. It was built against the hill. We had to go up the steps outside and onto a landing. It was a small apartment. They had their bedroom, then a front room, then a kitchen. They had a little cot bed for me to sleep in, in the living room.

Uncle Art worked in the Bingham Mines. Aunt Vange would get up and get him ready to go to the mines to work. She just did her thing. Cleaned her house and cooked and done

¹⁷ 1928. Katie was six. Bingham, 25 miles from Salt Lake City was an interesting town. It was one street wide and seven miles long and the buildings climbed the narrow canyon walls. It was officially incorporated as a town in 1904 as copper mining started to boom. It grew to be a town of 15,000 in the 1920's when Katie was there. It no longer exists. By 1972 it had been swallowed by the enormous open-face Bingham Copper Mine. – Source, Wikipedia "Bingham, Utah"

what she should do I guess. I was just around. They had some friends and they'd get together and play cards. I was bored. There wasn't any kids to play with. I run up and down the steps. They had a little old dirt road along there with wooden sidewalks. I went down a ways and looked in the store windows. I would look at the dolls and the clothes and the shoes, everything you'd like to buy that you never could have.

One time they left me alone. (They told me about this. I didn't remember much about it.) I was just a kid. They left me alone and I was really bored. Uncle Art had his straight-edge razor setting there. I took that and I put "z's" and all sorts of things on things. I cut up a pillowcase. I was just a rippin' things up. I guess they was pretty upset with me. I didn't realize, I guess, what I was really doing.

Another summer Aunt Vange and Uncle Art took me to Milford when he worked in the mines there. I was older when I went down there. I had tonsillitis and one old doctor down there said I should have my tonsils out. The hospital was down the road a few blocks. Aunt Vange took me to the hospital and had my tonsils out. I didn't like that one little bit. My mouth and throat was so sore. They was really good to me. She said, "Oh, you can eat ice cream." That was a treat. So I ate ice cream. They kept me in there for one day to see if I was going to be okay. It seemed like a long time to me! I was sure glad when they let me out of that hospital. I do remember how sore my throat was for a lo-o-ng time.

Uncle Art built me a little playhouse out the back of their house. Utahna was one of my friends. In fact she's the only friend I remember having out there. [She] was living in another house next door. I remember we'd go look at those old cars that had wood spokes in them. They had some setting around there. I thought, "Gee, it sure is nice to have hard rubber tires."

They told me I was walking in my sleep. I didn't realize I was a sleep walker. They told me I was out there in the morning. They said, "What are you doing?"

They said I talked to them. I said, "I'm chasing butterflies."

But I didn't remember a thing about it when they told me. The Milford Graveyard was not very far from there. I was quite nervous. One time I went over and was stepping in some water and found myself near the cemetery and I'll tell you I was sneaking back there mighty fast.

I liked to go away from home with Aunt Vange and Uncle Art because Uncle Art was good to me and played with me and called me his little girl. They liked to take me. I'd go with them. They always give me special attention. I'm sure Aunt Vange and Uncle Art bought me my first boughten clothes that I ever had.

When I came back from Milford, I was home and Marie had run over. We used to have a picket fence. She wanted to show me a trick on a tricky-bar. She put an iron [bar] across the picket fence. There was a picket gate there too. They opened the gate to hang the bar. They put it high enough to hang on and do tricks on. We'd been playing "trickies" on that. It was getting towards evening and Momma called us. I went in the house. Momma said, "Run over to Leone's" [Brown, a neighbor across the street] for something. I wanted to be the first. I said, "I'll go. I get to be first." I dashed out and the bar was just high enough to smash me across the bridge of my nose and knock me out cold. It broke the bones down in my nose. My nose bled. I think they put a cold rag across my nose. It knocked me out for quite a while. They wondered if I had a brain concussion. They was really worried about me. I remember them laying me on that old davenport in the front room. I had black eyes, but I come to and was all right again and

went along with the rest of the kids and didn't think no more of it. I still have a dent right there. And that's how I broke my nose.

I came up and stayed with Aunt Vange and helped them just after Ted was born. They lived in Payson then in the old rock home. I came up to stay with her so she wouldn't be alone. I was about ten.¹⁸ They didn't have any children until Aunt Vange got older. Then she had those two little boys, then she died with a poison goiter and left the little fellers.

I liked it there better. I helped her and washed the dishes and things they'd tell me to do. I remember her laying down a lot. I'd help Uncle Art with the garden. They had a big garden, a half of a block. When Uncle Art had extra vegetables he'd let me put them in a wagon and go around the neighborhood and sell them. Sometimes I'd bring home a whole quarter and I thought I was really helping them out. When he pulled up the beans he laid them on a tarp and I and my cousins jumped up and down on them to help shell the dried beans for the winter. Aunt Vange was just about two or three blocks from Aunt Fan. That's when I got acquainted with Hugh and Ila [McClellan] and all those kids.

One of the reasons I went up there, they had summer school and I went to a summer school up to Payson for a while. I remember going to school with a bunch of strange kids. As far as I was concerned, they didn't seem very friendly.

Uncle Art was like the Father I never had and also Uncle Frank Forsyth. Uncle Loren Webster became very special to me as I've grown older. He reminds me of the pictures I have seen of my Dear Father.

¹⁸ Katie turned nine 17 June 1931. "Ted" Arthur Anton Nielsen was born 7 May 1931 in Loa, Wayne, Utah. His mother was thirty-one. She had her second baby, J M, when she was thirty-five and died nine months later. -Source: Quiver of Arrows: A Potter History, p. 236

FRIENDS

One of my best friends was only a summer time friend.¹⁹ It seemed like to me that half of my life – as a kid I got such an impression – was grieving over my father dying. It really affected my life. Most of all I wondered why? Why? Of course I'd heard my mother say that. My life seemed sad. It seemed like it was all hard work and sad. Life always seemed sad instead of cheerful and happy. I was always looking someplace I could find somebody that was cheerful. When Phyllis Morley²⁰ came...she was cheerful. We had a good time. She was my best friend, always my friend. Seemed liked my life picked up a cheer from that. We were about ten years old the first time she came to Loa. She just came in the summer to visit her sisters, LoRee and Nina.

Phyllis would come up every morning. I'd chose to go take the cows so I and Phyllis could take them together. I liked to ride the horse to the pasture. She loved to do that too.

Most of the horses were great big tall horses. Most pastures had pole fences so we'd usually climb up the fence and jump on the horse. Then I got so I could climb the horse's leg and [get] up on her. Very seldom, I ever rode with a saddle. We'd usually ride bare-back. It was easier than saddling up. We'd get on the horse and the way we'd go. I liked to take the cows. We'd go to the pasture and take the cows and come back. We'd have a good time all the way. I showed her how to cut the thistle. We had a knife and we'd cut that off. When the

¹⁹ See "My Friendship With Katie" written by Phyllis Morley, page 325.

²⁰ After her friend Phyllis came, Katie's said she never went away during the summer again. "I had a best friend every summer to play with." Phyllis Morley lived in Salt Lake City, Utah. She came several summers to stay with her sister, Nina. She went home in the fall to school. Nina was married to "Ike" Ivan Ernest Ernstsens. Nina was ten years older than Phyllis. In 1935 Phyllis's sister Lucy LoRee married Clifton Sorenson and they also lived in Loa.

thistle got big enough we'd cut them off and peel it and eat the inside. It's got a nice taste in there. They have purple flowers.

We did lots of things. We walked fences. They used to have a [pole] fence clear around, from the church around clear to the post office. (It used to be the Green house [on the north] side of the Loa Co-op store.) We'd get on the top of them pole fences and walk the pole fences. See if we could stay on top. Then we'd climb trees, to the highest top of the trees and one of us would finally yell, "I am the highest; I'm tallest in the top." Then work our way back to the good earth in friendship and fun. Just things like that. We had lots of games, after the work was done in the summer time.

We watched them unload the big stacks of hay with the hay derrick, drawn back and forth with a horse to stack it, after we had tromped the loaded wagon to bring it from the field. We enjoyed the ride back and forth most, after the two pitchers had it all "finally" on. We had jumped up and down on the hay to make a good solid wagon loaded high as the two could pitch it on with pitchforks. The ride atop the hay was sheer delight, a feeling of good work accomplished.

I remember how we decided we'd sleep out in the middle of the summertime. We went out and built us a nice straw bed out there by the derrick. Momma had a nice corral out there. We slept out there all night. We didn't get much sleep but we slept out there. It seems to me Bill and, I can't remember who his friend was, came out and slept on the other side.

One time I went to Salt Lake, with Phyllis, probably her sister Nina and Ike took her. We went in an old car. I was about eleven years old or so, just a young kid, the first time I had ever been to Salt Lake. Everything was new. I was going to Salt Lake City to see where Phyllis lived. I think Eula Mae was there and came and got me and brought me back to Loa.

We seldom went out of town to things. When Momma and Eph went up to Fish Lake in

the chocolate brown Ford car, I got to go with them... So, I took my first trip to Fish Lake to an outing there ... Usually they only drove the car to go to other towns. We would go see all of Eph's brothers in Fremont and other towns to his relatives and to see his Mother. I called her Grandma Taylor. I can remember going up to Grandma Taylor's.... They had a well out there by the house. They'd bring this old bucket up. We liked to get a drink out of that well and that was really good water. I can remember looking down in that well. They'd warn us to stay away from that well so we wouldn't fall down. I can remember that deep water down in there and going up to Grandma Taylor's. I really liked Eph's folks.

[Their house] was in Fremont on the main road, and Uncle Will Taylor and Aunt Bell was up on the next corner. Mother would let me go up to Aunt Bell Taylor's. They had daughters up there and I loved to go up to their house. I remember the times when I'd go up there and play with Ora Taylor, that was Uncle Will's daughter. Aunt Bell was really...a good person and sat us down and gave us a meal, too.

SINGING

I used to love to climb the trees. Be up in the sky. I'd see the highest I could climb up in their trees and then I'd sing. They said they knew where I was because they could hear me singing. I loved to sing. I sang all the songs I'd heard. Stephen Foster songs, "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair" ... and the Guy Lombardo band, we listened to them on the little static radio as we could not get good reception in the mountains of Wayne County. Momma used to sing different songs to us. Mother would always sing, "I'm waiting for ships that never come in. I wonder where they can be." Mother always sent us to church. The music played on the old organ at church and the hymns were my favorite especially ... I'd sing, "Put your

shoulder to the wheel, move along.” I’d go to Aunt Ada’s house often. Her son Verl was just my age. We used to sing together.

When Grandpa and Grandma Potter had their Golden Wedding Anniversary I sang with my sisters, Eula, Elna and Faye in the program. I remember going to their golden wedding. That was really something to celebrate a Golden Wedding. Not many couples did. All the Potter family came. Everybody brought food and they had a dinner and they had two wedding cakes. We had a big dinner and program in the old hall below the tabernacle. I’ll never forget, as long as I live, hearing Grandpa Potter on that stage singing so joyfully to our Grandmother Potter these words, “My wife and I live all alone in a little log hut we called our own.... Oh, ho ho, you and me, little brown jug how I love thee. “ That is what he sang. That’s the way I remember him, on that stage a singing with Grandmother up there. The family had their picture taken in front of the Church.

CHURCH

I went to church with my friends. The girls my age were Marie Sheffield, Rebecca Bastain, MoWana Anderson, Rhoda Reese, Martha May Pace, Coral Blackburn, LaRee Goff, Ora Coleman. We went to Sunday School together. My friends was there so I went. They just reminded us it was Sunday. [Some one always rang the bell in the Church tower.] I’d go sit by my friends. Usually I and Rebecca would sit by each other. Rebecca treated me nice. They used to have Sunday School, then they’d wait two hours, then at two o’clock they’d have Sacrament Meeting. Some times I went to both; sometimes I wouldn’t.

I didn’t go every week. I was gone lots in the summer. Sometimes it was too cold or we were sick and couldn’t go. I went to Conference. I liked to go to Conference. The good part was the Church was only a block down the street. I had perfect access. If I wanted to go, I went; if I didn’t, I didn’t. Eula and Elna went

sometimes. My friend Marie lived with her Grandpa and Gramma Reese and they always went to Church. Her family went to church and my family didn’t. Eph was always working on Sunday. I would go to Church when I had clothes and shoes that I felt were acceptable to wear to Church. If I didn’t have something nice and clean I didn’t go. Momma was busy and we got to choose whether we went or not.

We all went to Primary on Wednesday. Everybody went to Primary. We’d all go down in the big hall. They had opening exercises. Sang the songs and separated for classes. We’d be in a corner. Maud Pace was one of my teachers. They mostly gave lessons then we’d go home. The classes had names. They had Bluebirds. I had a little Bluebird book. They had stamps that they put in for Bluebirds to get you to do certain things at home

I liked the Church hymns and Primary songs. They still have some of them in the song books. I can sing most all the songs in the song book without a book because I like all the message in them. I loved the messages in them and sang the words that always had meaning to me that I liked and realized more and more as I sang them. I guess my favorite must have been “Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam.” That impressed me. There was *Be Happy*. “Be happy,” said the Little Stream.... Be happy all day long. Each day you’ll find it true, that he whose heart has joy and song gives joy to others too.” All those old songs, they come back to me. To me they had lots of meaning to them. Things like that brings a joy into your life that you just don’t get by living in the world

I especially remember my one teacher when I first got to go to MIA. Eris Reese was the one Mutual teacher I remember. I liked her as a teacher. I’d go to Mutual because she was such a good teacher and taught us all the good things about the importance of keeping ourselves clean and doing the things that we

should do. They just had nice lessons and I liked to go to her classes. Eris was a very kindly, patient, good teacher. Eris told us the story about the Bees and their life. It was hard for me to comprehend its great significance to our life and the Love of work and Love service and all life's lessons.

We had Mutual at night. When it wasn't warm down in the recreation hall we had it upstairs [in the chapel]. We was up in the choir seats where she taught us. Then they'd have another class over...by the stove. They had two stoves in there. Kind of where that window that goes out on the north side, that's where they had the stove to heat the building. The other stove was on the other side where you come in the door. You had to go outside and down the steps to the recreation hall in the basement. That's where they had the dances.

Eris Reese promised to take us on a camp-out and she did too, in the summer. She took all ...her bee hive class to Forsyth Reservoir and camped there over-night. I can't remember if she took us up in a wagon or if we had a little car. We camped where there was some nice grassy spots. In the morning we walked way down to the Reservoir and back. It seemed like a long way to me. We took our own lunch. Her husband, Heber, was herding sheep up there. He came into camp that night. We had a campfire and songs. We had to take our own bed rolls. I just took some quilts and slept on the hard ground. That was the first time I'd ever camped out and went on a trip like that. We all had a good time.

SCHOOL

I went to school in the old Loa schoolhouse just north of where the one that's built now, that big two-story rock building. In fact that is where they first built [a public building.] They had church up in the top of it. The people in Loa had every thing there until the Tabernacle was built. It was just the kids from Loa that went there. Each little town had their own little

separate school houses. They usually mixed two classes together. There was about ten to fifteen in each class. I went to eighth grade there until we went to high school.

The school was a square building. The front door was to the east. There was a long hall through it, down the center, and they had some steps going up and turned to go up to the top. They had four class rooms on the main floor. Two rooms on each side of the hall. [On the second floor] there a big long room on the east side of the building where we played basketball and they did all the recreation in there and their Halloween parties. They used to have benches there for meetings and they'd move the benches back when we played there. Oh, they had that one room upstairs. It was a class room, and there was the li-berry. I went up on the second level for second grade.

They always lined us up when we came in the building. They'd line us up and march us up the steps. It was a double line. We stayed outside until they'd ring the bell, then they'd give us so long to get in that line. We knew where each grade was supposed to stand. We lined up like we was in our class and got in the line. Then we marched in reverently, supposed too. It seemed like to me, outside, we'd always pledge allegiance to the flag before we went in.

It seems like they had pegs for us to hang our coats up. Our pegs were outside in the hall along the wall by our room. We had benches to sit on or else they was little separate desks. The first grade only had one little bench. They had some small ones and bigger ones for bigger kids, you know. The desk top had an ink well and you could lift it up. There was a seat on front and the kid in front of you sat on the seat and your desk was the back of it. They had a big blackboard. They had pencils and give us paper and a little brown note book to keep our work in. I guess we had just a normal life like kids do.

I hurried home and back for my lunch.

Some of the kids brought it that had to come far, but I'd go back home to get me something to eat. I went to school from nine to twelve and back home and one 'til four.

One year we had a "short" school year. We only went to school for six months because the district ran out of money.

When I first started to school my teacher, I think her name was Miss Pits. It seemed ... to me she was a single lady from out of [Loa] that came in to teach us. She was a little, sharp lady. She didn't teach me much. She didn't even send me any work home to do for anybody to help me with. We wasn't pre-taught at home. They didn't have time to teach us to read or anything like that before we went to school. I don't know where I got it from, but my impression of school, it seemed like to me I didn't understand it well. I tried to do the best I could. Some times a lot of those teachers had pets. They'd spend a lot more time with one child than they would the other. I don't think I was a very good student in school.

I remember how sad I was when Relia Mikkelson held me back in the second grade. She taped my mouth shut and seemed to never like me. It was a short year and she didn't think I was ready to go on. I found out when I got my report card at the end of the year that I was retained in the second grade.. I didn't understand why I was held back. I thought I was doing as good as anybody. I never did like her on account of that. This put me out of my age group and discouraged me. It seemed like that is when I really lost interest in school. I didn't care about school any more. I didn't even want to learn. It is funny what affects your life isn't it? They made me feel like I was a dummy and I couldn't learn. And the kids teased me.

I guess I went along. I didn't get the best of grades, but they didn't seem to send us home [with homework] or say, "I'll help you after school," or things like that, like a lot of teachers do and give them extra help on things they didn't understand. It was sad, I think I really

lost interest in school when they held me back. I didn't like school after that.

I bit my fingernails all the time for the longest time, just bit them. They'd make fun of me biting my fingernails off. I got a little pen that had a little thing on it and tied it around my wrist. Rather than bite my fingernails, I'd stick my little pen in and chew on it. So I broke myself that way of that habit. I just never stick my hands in my mouth. I thought, "That is not healthy; it's no good." I was big enough that I knew that I'd chew on that little pen instead of my fingernails. I was six or seven years old. That's the way I broke myself of biting my fingernails

I think my favorite teacher was Willis Willardson. I really liked him. He didn't show partiality. He seemed to put every kid on the same level and be encouraging. I liked music and singing. I liked spelling because I could spell the words. I liked writing²¹ when he gave us a writing class. He taught us how to write, try to write well, with the movement of our arm and do the circles. We'd go around and around in circles and tried to stay within them two lines. He'd do some activity to get us involved better, to encourage us to go at our own speed. There are some teachers you just like. He was strict, but he was good. He had such clean cut ways and such a cheery and caring, kindly ways, that he made me feel I wanted to do my best in his class and to do my lessons. He seemed like he had more activity. He went out and he played ball with us.

He was always smiling and never got mad at us. Only one time I seen him get mad and it was a boy who just got out of hand. He boxed his ears and told him to go home. Kicked him out and he had to bring his parents back before he could come back. That one time, that's all it took to make us all set up and take notice. To have us know that we was going to be obedient in his class.

²¹ Penmanship

He was kind. I remember how I looked forward to the Gold and Green ball dance but I didn't have a partner so Mr Willardson offered to dance with me, when the boys my age wouldn't dance with me.

Mr. Willardson taught me in the seventh grade and Mr. Swenson came in and tried to teach us in the eight grade. He was a German. He was trying to teach us the German language. He was such a funny little guy and so unsettled. Anyway, he'd say, "Ah Kimmel, Ah kimmel."²² We supposed it was a real disgusting word he was saying. He was already a nervous person. He just couldn't stand it. I don't remember who took the class after that. If he stayed the whole year he sure did have it rough. I know he was sure glad to quit.

I'd go to the li-berry and get books out. They had books in the li-berry. Momma told me not to bring any books home 'cause we didn't remember to take them back and you had to pay if you kept them over a week or so. You had to pay so much a day.

At recess we'd play ball and the girls played Hop Scotch or jacks. We got to choose our activity. We'd play jacks with marbles because most of us didn't have real jacks. We played Mumble Peg. The peg was an oblong of wood and we hit it up then batted it and stepped off how far to get points. When we were little we went out and played in the wood. They had a big wood pile out to the back of the school to the west. Heber Blackburn was the janitor for years and years. He'd haul the wood. He'd chop and bring the wood in to keep us warm. I remember how we'd go out and mess his wood up, making play houses in it. We'd move it around. I don't think he was so happy about it. I remember that huge, big wood pile out to the back.

I liked to play ball, so I went out and played ball. One year the county grade schools had a

field day. I got a \$ 1.00 prize for throwing the ball the farthest of all the team members in my class and of the other towns around who joined the tournament. A dollar was a lot of money to me in those days. Also I could bat the ball and make home runs for our team.

When it was too cold outside to play baseball, then we played basketball, in the big, long room upstairs in the school. That's what we did a lot, basketball and baseball. We'd have a side. Each one would play a side. They'd get so long and then the next group would get to play. That's about all I remember about it. [The teachers] kept us in at recess if we didn't get our lessons. If we didn't have our lessons we missed our recess. I don't remember staying in much.

We always wore dresses to school. [Girls] didn't wear pants. I wore long stockings. To keep them up we had a garter belt we put around our waist and then straps would hang down and hold our stockings up. The straps had a hook, like on overalls. It didn't have a metal button, it had a rubber button and you put a hook around it. It was like that on baby diapers.

We didn't pay that much attention to clothes. Clothes was just clothes. We was just glad... to have some to put on. I had [so] many clothes and that's all there was to it. We bathed once a week and changed our clothes to be washed. I can't imagine me climbing up those trees in them dresses! I don't remember slacks. Girls wore dresses. In fact even boys wore dresses! They put their boys in dresses when they were babies. Blain wore dresses. There is a picture of him in a little dress. He was big enough to have little shoes on and start to walk.

I attended Wayne High School in Bicknell, Utah... We would all catch the bus in the middle of Loa, and it would take us the eight and a half miles to Bicknell, coming home it would also drop us off on the main street of Loa, and then go on to Fremont to take

²² He may have been saying "kinder" which means children in German.

the rest of the school children, we all had to walk on home from the main street of Loa after school.

My best year in school was my first year at Wayne High School. My special friends at high school were: Inez Reese, Ellen Nelson, Myrtle Bastian, Lula Torgenson, Blain Chappell "a special boy."²³ Inez Reese was one of my very best friends. She lived down the street. She was two years older than I was though. I went with Inez quite a bit, especially when Orin [White] and Blain started coming over to Loa to see us girls. One or the other would get the car and they'd come over. Inez Reese & I got so we'd share lunches, she'd put it up two days then I put it up two days, somebody got to stealing and taking the cake and best things out of our lunch and eating them, thinking they were smart and clever at their doings.

Memories of Wayne High: I Loved to sing the Wayne High School song. I got average and good marks in classes I enjoyed. I loved the singing classes and wanted the classes where Blain happened to be and liked all my teachers the same. I completed the Sophomore year at W.H.S. I attended Seminary for 2 years at the Wayne Stake Seminary. I remember...we went down the block to the little old one room house at Bicknell Relief Society Building.... I'm sure I could of done a lot better in my school work if I'd had a Father who cared to ask how I was doing and ever acted interested in helping me or talking to me in understanding why we learn and study and go to school....

I was proud Blain was on the Wayne High school ball teams, both baseball and basket ball teams. [I remember] the basket ball games and riding on the bus to meet Blain at Lyman and our holding hands in the hall.

My Step Father never wanted to give me money to go to school on and complained [about] it. He was never willing or wanted to

give me or Mom's family any money for our school or clothes and always did grumble over every 15 cents or quarter I ever ask for to buy school lunch or any-thing. It was really hard for him to share money with mother or us family, but it did teach us how to be thrifty and save and not to waste or squander money in the no good things of life.

BIRTH OF SISTER

Feb 10, 1937 Dearest Blain,I guess you have heard about the Dance tonight. Are you going? I am and I sure hope you come if you can.Blain I heard you about advertized my letters I wrote you. Please don't let anybody read this. Katie

P.S. I guess you heard I have a baby sister she sure is cute.

I remember how tickled we was when [Momma] was going to have Larna. We were so delighted. I can remember our neighbor, Vinnie [Reese], had a fit that Momma was having a baby at that age. (They were the same age.) And our family was delighted. Momma was forty-five when she had Larna. She was in her older years and thought she was past her child-bearing years. We were all delighted with that little baby sister. I'd never had a little baby sister to love and tend. I am sure we had to learn on her, but anyway she really was the delight of our family. I've always loved her. That's why Mother would ask me to do anything for her and I'd just do it

I would back the car out of the garage for Momma as she didn't like to back the car out, and I loved to do it for her ... Then one day when I backed out, me and Faye took the car to Lyman and we had our baby sister Larna with us, also... The cop caught us and told us we better go back home, he scared us so we drove

right back home as we didn't have a driver's licence to drive.

²³ September 1937 through April 1938 was the only year that Katie attended school with Blain.

MOVE

[For seven years, Mae and Eph and their combined families had been living in her house.

Eph rented his house where he had lived with his first wife, Sarah. Four of Eph's children, Dora, Charles, Avagail and Pratt were married and so was Mae's oldest daughter, Eula May. Eph's boys, Orvel, Orlo, and Elmo and Mae's sons Brose and Bill were working various places and were "on their own." Mae's daughter Elna was working in Salt Lake. Harold was Eph's last child at home and Katie and Faye were the last Websters there. Larna was their child.]

So the family got little.

After Larna was born Momma and Ep moved from the "Old House." That house needed shingles. It was leaking. They either had to shingle it or move. That was Momma's house and us kid's house. (The kids was starting to get gone anyway.) Eph didn't want to put any money on that house that he'd lived in for all them years. If he was going to fix up a house, he was going to fix up his own house. He controlled all the money. He was the head of the house and you didn't get to do anything unless he said you could. If he gave out a nickel that was his nickel to give. So we know what it is to have a "step-father" and he was stepping on us all the time.

They decided they would move up to Eph's house. She put money on his house to put cupboards in [the kitchen] and a bathroom. They hired Mr. Lee from Torrey to do the cupboards and put in a sink.

Momma said, "We need a bathroom," so they put a bathroom in Eph's house. That's the first bathroom they ever had. There was a little pantry off the kitchen. They cut a door [in the back wall of the pantry] and fixed a door both ways and made that little old pantry into a bathroom. Then they made another pantry. The house set up two or three feet on the foundation; they dug down deep enough to make it so Mother could have a fruit room under the house.

They went down through [the center of the house] and dug half of a basement under the room where the rock foundation was. They dug with shovels and bucketed every speck of it out.²⁴ They ... cemented it to make a fruit room.

Most of my life was lived in Momma's house. Most of my memories, are in the "Old House." I just came and went up to Eph's house. That was always their home... It wasn't our home. I never felt like that was home up there. That has never been my home. Momma's house was home to me.

When [Mother and Eph] told us they were going to get married, we were all delighted to think we would have a Father. We ... thought we would have a Father that would love us and do things for us. I guess it is hard for some people to love someone else's children. We got along as good as two big families could get. My stepfather was a hard working man. He read books written by the prophets and always prayed for them and the leaders of the church and lived the word of wisdom ... He never drank coffee or alcohol or smoked ... He especially loved his own parents and all of his brothers and sisters and all the Taylor Family ... They were Number One to do for and give money to ...

I can see why it was hard for Eula and Brose to have somebody slip in [to Dad's place.] It was hard for Eph's kids too. They would not promote unity and harmony in the family. I think that they tried to make them cling on to the dead parent. I know Mother would try to correct us, but that didn't stop it.

It was about all them two people could do to try and keep us fed and [it didn't help to have the] older kids promoting lots of their problems. As far as I remember, we wanted them to be our brothers and sisters, but the older kids ... didn't accept the other spouse.

²⁴ They carried all the dirt out of the basement in buckets. -H. Cobia

I never felt any Love or kindly words from my step father and only heard all the critical ones and condemning us and complaining about us; it was his way of trying to help us to do more and be better and try to learn the right way to do.

Mother was so busy trying to keep the family clothed and fed and cared for she had little time to do anything else. My oldest Sister Eula May was a big help to her and Mothers right hand worker. I always thought my sisters were so pretty & also my brothers too. I admired and loved them, but felt they didn't like me much and I seemed to do little to get any complimentary words from them. I guess that's why I felt I was a big burden to them when around them and had so many inferiority complexes and never told anyone about them. In them days kids were a burden. I felt like I was a big burden to them. Eph was really tickled when I went out to work on my own so he didn't have to feed me. I left the next summer after they moved up to Eph's house.

FIRST JOB

I felt I was lucky when Ora Adams hired me to help her wash and iron the clothes and clean; she paid me 75 cents a day. She said I was the best ironer she had ever had and at that time they only paid 50 cents a day for most people who needed help and could afford it ... Few hired any help. I always had a special feeling and friendship for Ora . And I was grateful she let me come and work for her. I worked a few week's only, then I went to Salt Lake City and helped with house work there; I was young but I was my full size and I looked older so no one knew ...

WORK IN SALT LAKE

[In 1938] I went up to stay with [Eula and her husband, Thurman]. She lived down in an apartment near main street. Then I thought, "If I could get a job [I could] earn me some money."

They had a newspaper and we found an ad in the paper. They needed help and they advertized for somebody to help them. May took me up. They had a car. I was too young to work. When they asked if I was eighteen I just nodded my head. I got a job for three and a half a week. That's how much I earned, \$3.50 a week.. That was good money I'll tell you. I was glad to get the money. I saved my money and I bought me a Christmas dress with it.

[The Elton's] son lived with his parents. He and his wife had three children and I went up on the east side of Salt Lake and helped take care of two or three little kids. My jobs was baby sitting, cooking and doing what they told me to, especially washing the clothes. I did a lot of washing, washing up the clothes and cleaning up the rooms and scrubbing the bathtubs, general house cleaning, all I could get done. I just did what ever they told me to do.

May 31, 1938 - 1377 Butler Ave. Salt Lake City, Utah

Dearest Blain,I just found a job today and ye gad's is it hard oh!Honestly you don't know how I dislike this city, but I picked my bed so I'll have to lay in it. Mabe the reason I'm so lone'some is because I'm among strangers and there not a damn bit sociable. I work for a lady about 48 and her husband, they are their son and his wife and two kids and also this woman's brother and boy do they like to dirty dishes for me to wash. I washed dishes for two hours tonight. Boy they really had dishes piled up for me this morning I washed them for about three hours.These damn ladies don't care how darn much you work and they'd really like us to work more than we do. They are two laides around here and they won't wipe a dish they'd rather see me stand for two hours doing them. Well I guess I won't holler any more I guess its all in life don't you think....I bet I don't come up here next year

unless I can get me a better job. Don't tell the kids I wish I was back home or they'll think Im a sissy and can't take it. Heck as I set here I sure feel like bawling but I guess it wouldn't take me home. Im only making \$3.50 week.... I don't like the way the people does around here part of them smokes and I don't like it.All My Love, Katie

I'd get up at 7:00 o'clock in the morning and they kept me busy all the time. I was working until they went to bed. I was living right in their house. They had a little room downstairs for me to stay in. I'd have days off. I'd just walk someplace or do what ever I could do. I learned how to ride the street car. I rode the street car down to where my sister Eula May was. I came down there Saturday or Sunday, which day I had off, usually on Sunday. Then I'd just ride the street car back so I would be back there at night.

[Elua and Elna] was always good to me and took me places with them. I remember going to Saltaire once. It seemed like to me, we went on the train out there and back. We'd go to the park usually, we'd go around the park. We didn't go any place that would spend too much money.

June 22, 1938 - 2504 South State St., Salt Lake City, Utah²⁵

Dearest Blain,Inez [Reese] is up here working she only works about two blocks from me, but she is comming home pretty soon. Inez and I sleep together almost every night but the ladies we work for gets kindly cranky at us. All we do up here is work and go to a show once in a while and go down to Eula's....After my work is done at night I'm so tired all I wan't to do is go to bed. I think I'll change jobs when Inez goes home, I don't like mine very good.... I think its best for me not to come home till Sept. if I can stand it up here that long.When I

come home mabe I'll have a few nice clothes any-away thats more than I get to home. Inez has a better job than I have she gets five \$ a week. I only get four \$ a week and I have to work harder than Inez Up here they sure do learn you how to work and realy I didn't know what work was till I got up here.... Katie

[I quit the job at Elton's and] worked for the Shubachs the rest of the summer. Shubachs were the jewelers. I had a room down in the basement and my own bath and everything. I liked it. I had it better than I'd ever had it in my life. I had my own bathroom to my self. I did vacuuming and cleaning and cooked the way they wanted me to. The Shubach's never ate any salt in their [food]. It was quite a different situation. She was a Latter-day Saint and he was a Jew. He married this Latter-day Saint girl and had children who were grown. One of them was named Bill. He owned Schubachs jewelry store. They owned a cabin in Fish Lake.

July 3, 1938 - 1384 Perry Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah

Dearest Blain,Listen! Blain you know I've got Inez's job and they seem to like me and I sure like my job.... Well I've got to stop and go up and get Mr Shubacks breakfast.... All my Love, Katie

July 5, 1938 - 1384 Perry Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah

Dearest Blain,Did you have fun on the fourth?? I sure hope you did because I never, they don't celebrate up here hardly any on the fourth, but they'll have a big time on the twenty fourth. ... On the fourth I got off work at 11:30 o'clock in the morning, because they wasn't any-thing to do because Mrs Schubach and I cooked all the chicken and etc. the day before the fourth. I went down to Eula's then Cleo Potter [a 1st cousin] came down and we went up to the Park and monkied around. About

²⁵ Her sister Eula's address.

3:30 P.M. it sure did rain then it cleared up and we went and seen the fire workes and at Liberty Park, they sure was grand. Then Cleo and I went home.Cleo sure is a lot of fun. But were both home-sick. I call her up almost every day and talk to her. The job Cleo has is harder than mine because she has to iron and wash but I don't have to do a bit of ironing or washing, so it isn't so bad. Cleo and I both get \$5 a week and the people she works for, they're not very good to her, shes trying to get another job if she can.My word I'm sure getting fatter²⁶ since I've been up here. If I don't quit getting so fat I won't be able to wear my clothes....

I've worked hard today because they had a luncheon and my word they had me help them with their work and do all mine too, and oh! Do they dirty the dishes I and another lady washed dishes for about 3 hours and I'm sure glad its over with. Tomorrow I get my day off and I'm sure glad. Lord the people disquists me because almost everyone smokes I'd like to nock them over.All my Love, Katie

Aug 13, 1938 - Salt Lake City, Utah 1384 Perry Ave.

Dearest Blain,Blain, write as often as you can because it gets so lonesome although I live with nice people.... Darling in two or three more weeks I'll be with you again, that sure will be swell. I remain a homesick girl, Loveingly, Katie

Aug 17, 1938 - Salt Lake City, Utah 1384 Perry Ave.

Dearest Blain,On Sunday after my dinner

²⁶ Katie wrote in a fill-in the blank Book: MY FAVORITE TREAT: "Was the apple pie my Mother made for holidays, such as Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner ... My Mother was a great pie maker ... I also learned to drink malted milk when I worked in SLC and when I had a day off I would go with girl friends down town and the really large malts were 25 cents and I put on weight from them."

dishes are done I just bum around and rest all afternoon or go down to Eula's. Its certainly dead.tomorrow Mrs Schubach and her daughter, Toy, are going to California and just as quick as they get back I'm coming home.... I can't leave before the 1st because I've got to stay here while Mrs Schubach is gone....

Mrs. Schubach told me she sure hated to think about me leaving, because she said she liked me better than any girl she'd ever had ...She said she'd like to have me come back next summer.... I am going to be very busy because Mrs Schubach will be gone Loveingly, All my love, Katie.

Aug 24, 1938 - Salt Lake City, Utah 1384 Perry Ave.

Dearest Blain, ...It hasn't been a bit hard since Mrs Schubach and her daughter has been to California and, the son Stanley gone to Yellowstone for they are only 5 including me to cook for and it isn't a bit bad. Although I have more work to do in the morning than I did before but I get it all done and then I have about 1 hr. 30 minutes to do what I wan't.Katie

Salt Lake City, Utah 1384 Perry Ave. Aug 31, 1938

Dearest Blain,I can't leave here before Saturday morning and I trying to find a way home. I have phoned every place I can find and it doesn't seem as though any-one is up here.... Well I'll find a way home some how. These people treat me grand and they do not wan't me to go home but I'm going anyway.Well I'm in a big rush and have wrote this in about two minutes because I want to send it with the mail man and I got a ton of work to do. All my Love, Katie.

When [Eula and Thurman] were coming back they brought me back down and I went to school. That was my Sophomore year. I bought me things I wanted. I had money

[saved]. I didn't ask for money to go to school or anything that year when I came back when I was sixteen. I didn't feel welcome at home. There really wasn't a place for me. Eph didn't even want Momma to feed me.

Loa June 14, 1938

Dearest Katie,²⁷

I guess you got my card it seems it is sure afful hard to get a letter wrote and sent to the [post] office, as I haven't any one like Blain to call now, not even once and a while, so you kids see how hard it is for me to get a letter to you. Well it is your birthday Sat. and I am up here without money or a thing to send, but I am thinking of you and remember you anyway,. Fae was going to take this to the office but she has desided to wait and let us take it to nite as the wind is blowing so hard and has for some time, it has broke trees and sure is afful dusty and anyone can hardly walk in it. Eula knows how it was when she was here or I would of had Fae get something and sent it or a dollar bill for a pair of stockings and put it in this letter, and not let Eph know it, so I will try and send it some other time, We had quite a talk about Billies and Broses' board when Eula was here, she can tell you about it, as I guess she will be home by the time you get this letter, nothing more has been said since she left,

Well they have just brot me a letter from you am sure glad to get it you sure don't get lonesome do you don't you hear from Blain very often. I think by fall you and Blain had better come and live in the home and take things over, or take care of Billie and let him work in the store and Brois can go off to work, I must close don't work to hard and glad you are getting good money as it seems a lot to me.

Lots of Love, Mother

In spring of 1939 Elna got me a job at the Grosebecks. I washed the dishes. They decided

they didn't need a housemaid. Instead of telling me what to do, they expected me to know what to do. They had a teenage and older boys.

May 17, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah 910 South 12th East

Dearest Blain, I've got a good job so I decided to write to you so you can write when you can.... I get \$7 a week isn't that good and I have a upstairs room with a radio in it its very nice. They are four in the family realy it isn't very hard because they help quite a bit. I like them very much so far I've just been here working since ten o'clock today, Wednesday. Mr. Grosebeck is a doctor he's the people or Grosbeck are who I work for. Cleo Potter came up with me last Monday she hasn't a job yet. Elna got me my job....

May 27, 1939 post mark, 910 South 12th East Salt Lake City, Utah

Dearest Blain, I hope you have received my other letter by know

Cleo Potter works about a block from me on Gilmore drive. She comes up and we talk.

Last Thursday I & Cleo shopped I got me a pair of white slippers, stockings and other stuff. Money sure goes fast up here.

Mother and Billy were up here last Monday but they went right back Tuesday morning. I & Elna & Dennie went down to see them Monday night. I was quite dissipated when they left Larna home because I wanted to see her so bad....

My job isn't so awful bad but I sure have to work....

I havent went hardly any place only to one show and shopping I haven't went to Cocanut Grove [a popular dance hall] and I don't think I will.

Jobs are quite scarce know so I suppose I'll have to keep this job....

Well darling I've got to close because I've got to go get dinner Mrs. Groesbeck will be

²⁷ Letter written to Katie from her Mother. This is the first summer Katie worked in Salt Lake City, Utah.

mad If she comes home and finds no dinner ready. always love, Katie

P.S. I guess Dennie and Elna will get married in July

I left [Grosbecks] and went to work for the Malmquists. Elna was the one that heard about the Malmquists. Elna worked for the people who lived by Florence's mother. She was working at the Johnson and Doctor Ray²⁸ lived next to the Johnsons. Elna said, "I heard their daughter needs a girl and I think they'll pay you six or seven dollars a week." Elna said her sister was a good worker. They contacted me to come and stay with them. So I told [the Grosbecks] I wasn't going to work for them. I went to work for Orvin and Florence Malmquist.

May 31, 1939 - Salt Lake City, Utah 1123 East 6th South²⁹

Dearest Blain,I have changed jobs. I hope I like it better I get the same wages.

June 8, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah 1123 East 6th South

Dearest Blain, I received your letter and was very glad to get it, your letter is the only letter I've had since I've been up here. Isn't that something?? I guess no-one care's about me I've wrote my folks about four or five letters and haven't received an answer so I guess I'll wait till they write, till I write any more.

....I sure like my job at the place I am now, these people are just grand I have to work quite hard but I think thats OK because I feel better at knight. Always love, Katie

Sept. 2, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

My Dearest Blain, I have been looking for a letter but none hasn't come yet.... It gets

awfully lonesome up here since most all of the girl's are gone home and I don't get a letter in so many many weeks. Mrs. Malmquist and the family sure is nice to me she helps me on things then I help her back when I can Florence tells me how much she likes me....Always – Katie

[Florence] Malmquist was a good supervisor and trained me what to do. I learned a lot living there and working with her. I served dinner, did the washing. They had the twins, Dolly and Newland, and then they had another little boy who was a Mongoloid (Down Syndrome) son. She needed help. I came to work for her. I stayed there. I decided that was a lot better than going home to try to beg for any money. I had a steady job. She liked me and I liked them. I had a nice room to myself, a big room and bath upstairs. It was nice. There was also a steep backstairs that I used to go to my bedroom. They had an elegant stairwell they used to go up to their bedroom.

I decided to stay in Salt Lake and work so I wouldn't be such a burden on my step-father. I should have come back to school, but I skipped my Junior and Senior year.

Oct 14, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

My Dearet Blain, I received your more than welcome letter 2 days ago

Last Thursday I got mother a purse for her birthday Fae a mask Larna some Halloween candy. I bought me a cute black dress. Eula came back Thursday and I saw her a while and went to Elnas. Thursday night I went to a mutual party the explorers gave for the Junior girls we went on a treasure hunt then came back and danced and had quite a bit of fun. We had it at a Junior girls home there were about 35, boys & girls.

Dawn Turner went home last Sunday with Wayne Mumford. Larue White took Dawns job. Etta [Maxfield] is also up here and has a job up by Leah [White] I sure think Etta &

²⁸ Mrs. Malmquist's father.

²⁹ Katie's new employer was Mrs. Florence Malmquist. In a later letter she calls her "Mrs. Ray."

Larue are silly for quitting school and coming up here. Love to you, always, xoxo Katie

Nov. 6, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

My Dearest Blain,I and Florence was talking and she talked like if I stay after Xmas she will give me \$8 a week that sounds pretty good doesn't it?.... forever, Katie

I worked for the Malmquist longer than any place. They were real nice to me. She liked me. We got real attached. She wanted me to stay there with her as long as I would. She didn't know how old I was. I just turned seventeen when she hired me. She said, "I'd never have hired you if I known how old you were." Mrs. Malmquist taught me what little I learned in cooking and housekeeping. She said I was a very good worker, but I'm sure it took lots of patience to show me how to cook as I was

never given any responsibility doing that at home.

Florence Malmquist was good to me. She made me feel so needed. ...I loved the Malmquists. I always corresponded and wrote at least a letter at Christmas time.

We was such good friends. I really loved Florence and the kids and the family. She said, "You sure came into my life when I needed you."

Florence was very kind and considerate and even gave me a wedding shower and was a life long friend.

[A Letter from Home.]

Loa, July 18, 1939

Dearet Katie,

....Larna gets every note book and the ink or a pencil and I ask her what she is doing, she says write to Katie, write Katie come back.

Love Mother

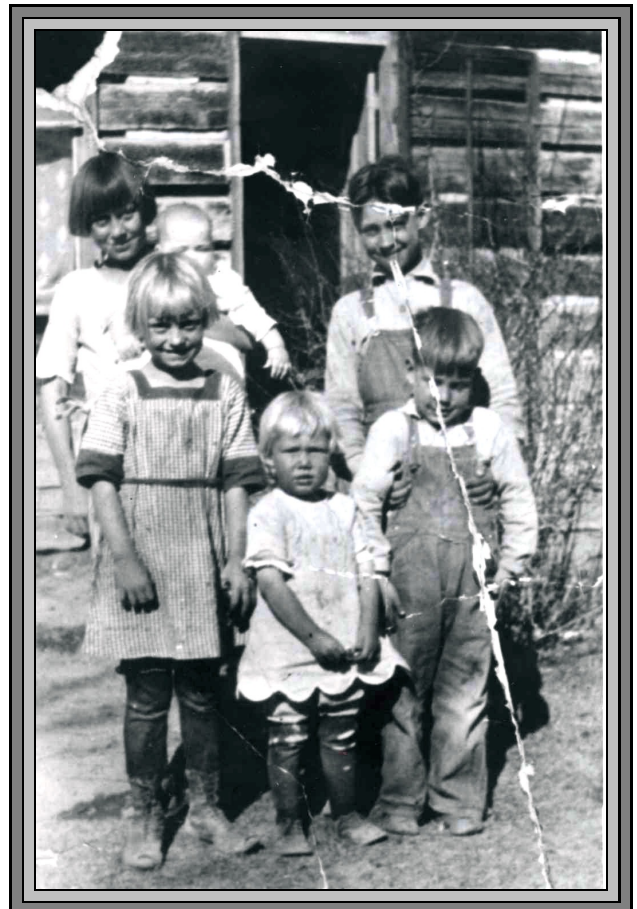


Top: Only picture of Katie with her father. Back: Jim, Katie, Mae, F:Brose, Bill, Elna, Eula Webster. 1922 - Family was living in Horse Valley where Jim was farming.
Left: Katie's Parents, Mae Potter & James Edwin Webster.



Above Back: Brose, Eula May and Mae Webster
Front: Elna, Billy, Katie and Faye on porch of Mae's house in Loa, Utah - 1926

R: May holding baby, Faye and Brose
front: Elna, Katie and Billy Webster
Standing in front of Webster home built by their Grandfather William, Loa Utah - 1924





Katie said, "When Grandpa and Grandma Potter had their Golden Wedding Anniversary I sang with my sisters, Eula, Elna and Faye in the program. I remember going to their golden wedding. That was really something to celebrate a Golden Wedding. Not many couples did. All the Potter family came. Everybody brought food and they had a dinner and they had two wedding cakes."

Back: Charles, Angus and Will Potter

Row 3: Alta P. Stewart, Mae P. Taylor, Fanny P. McClellan, Ada P. Taylor

Row 2: Vange P. Nielsen, Marzella P. Forsyth, Burl P. Stephenson,

Mildred P. Radler, Addie P. Hofheins

Front: William Columbus and Alberta Rosetta Vaughn Potter

Picture taken on the front steps of Loa Church House, 19 Feb 1935, Loa, Utah



Top: Katie W. Chappell, Elna W. Denny, Brose Webster, Mae Taylor and Larna Taylor (front) Loa, Utah, *circa 1941*

Top R: Katie's younger sisters, Faye Webster and Larna Taylor (baby), *circa 1937*

R, back: Faye W. Hatch, Katie W. Chappell, Eula W. Westenskow, Mae W. Taylor.
front: Brose and Bill Webster, *circa 1950's*



Left: Larna Busenbark, Faye Hatch, Katie Chappell, Elna Denney, Eula Westenskow

F: Bill Webster, May Taylor (with all of her children) Brose Webster
Loa, Utah - 1964



Loa Elementary Second Grade 1930

Front, l-r: 1) Lewis Blackburn, 2) Helen Goff, 3) Harold Callahan, 4) Katie Webster (standing between the Callahan twins), 5) Harvey Callahan, 6) Martha Mae Pace, 7) Reed Jackson, 8) Carl Taylor
 Middle, l-r: 1) Ernest Oyler, 2) MoWana Anderson, 3) Harold R. Taylor (Eph's son), 4) Marie Sheffield, 5) Clive Peterson, 6) Ora Coleman, 7) Rhoda Reese, 8) Lowell Taylor
 Back, l-r: 1) Coral Blackburn, 2) Verl Taylor (cousin), 3) Rebecca Bastian, 4) Grant Moore, 5) Rolan VanDyke, 6) Earl Grundy, 7) Cleora Ramage.

GROWTH, IMPROVEMENT, AND SCHOLASTIC

REPORT OF

Webster Katie
 Pupil's Name
Loa
 School

1936 - 1937

To the Parents: The purpose of this report is to recognize that the whole child goes to school. Education is broader than training in the school subjects. Listed on the other side of this card are some traits on which to work for improvement or development. It is hoped that these suggestions may be helpful. We invite parents to confer with us. Please sign this card after you have studied and discussed it. Thank you.

Teacher
W. Willardson
 Principal

Period Ending Parent's Signature

Oct 16, 1936 *Mae W. Taylor*

Nov 27, 1936 *Mae W. Taylor*

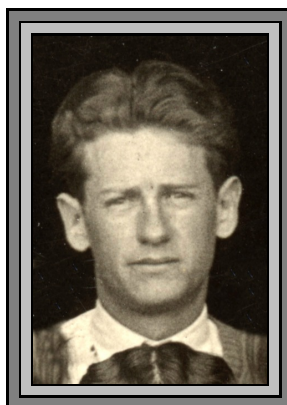
1937 *Mae W. Taylor*

April 9, 1937 *Mae W. Taylor*

1937 *Mae W. Taylor*

Promoted to 1st Gr. High

Published by EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHERS, Inc.
 Minneapolis - Nashville - Philadelphia



Willard Willardson
 Katie's Favorite
 teacher (note his
 signature on report
 card.)

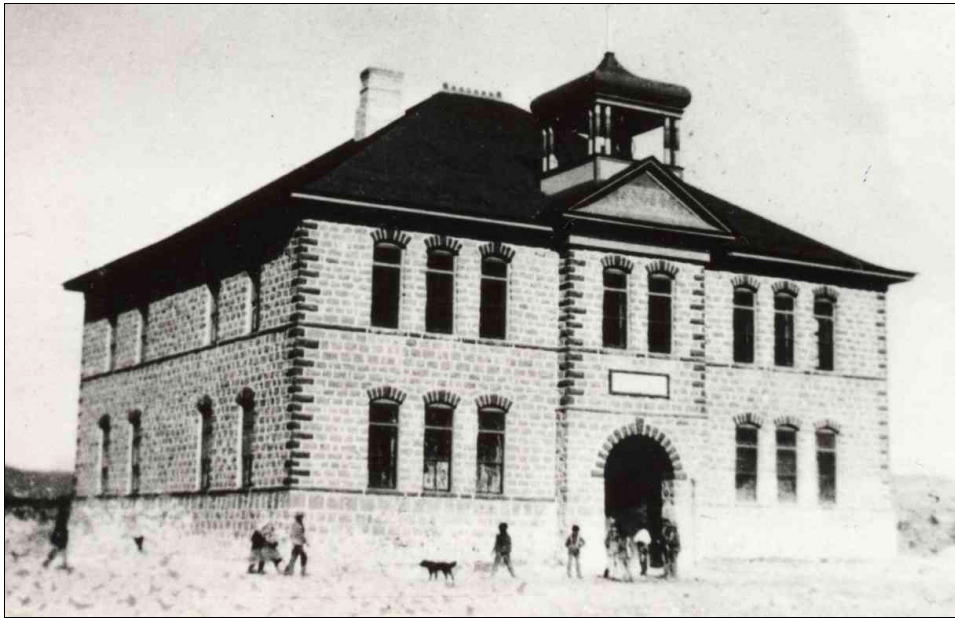
Katie
 First Name should work for
 improvement or development in:

FIRST SEMESTER			SECOND SEMESTER		
1st Period	2nd Period	3rd Period	4th Period	5th Period	6th Period
4	15	19	19		
15	14	15			
12					

CHARACTER, PERSONALITY, AND EDUCATIONAL TRAITS

1. Dependability	28. Written English
2. Ambition	29. Reading speed
3. Interest in work	30. Reading comprehension
4. Persistence	31. Variety in reading
5. Resourcefulness	32. Reading of magazines and newspapers
6. Tidiness, Neatness	33. Reading of better novels
7. Courtesy	34. Knowledge of mathematics and the applications
8. Friendliness	35. Interest in the physical sciences
9. Truthfulness and honesty	36. Knowledge of scientific principles
10. Cheerfulness	37. Reading of popular science articles
11. Sense of humor	38. Knowledge of historical information
12. Self control	39. Reading of history, biography, historical fiction
13. Sociability	40. Geographical information
14. Tolerance of others' viewpoints	41. Knowledge of current social problems
15. Self confidence	42. Foreign language background
16. Alertness, responsiveness	43. Appreciation of art, music, dramatics
17. Unselfishness	44. Music techniques
18. Poise	45. Handicraft abilities
19. Punctuality	46. Penmanship
20. Attentiveness to job at hand	47. Planned career
21. Planned work habits	48. <i>Preparation</i>
22. Good posture and carriage	
23. Good health habits	
24. Enunciation and articulation	
25. Pronunciation	
26. Spelling	
27. Vocabulary	

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Top: Loa Schoolhouse where Katie went to Elementary.
 R: Katie's friend, Phyllis Morley who came to Loa in the summer.
 Below: Pictures of Katie Webster, youngest in picture at far right, oldest in large picture.



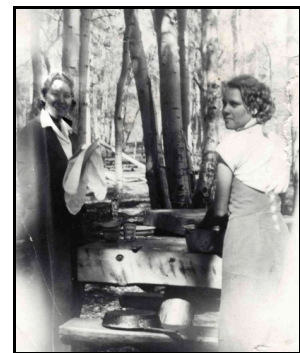


Top: (couple unknown), Elna W. and Nelson Denney, Katie Webster in Salt Lake City, Utah *circa 1939*

Right: Katie at a picnic with friends, *circa 1937*.

Below Katie and Leah White (they married brothers), Ellen Nelson, Inez White. All of the girls worked as maids or houskeepers in Salt Lake. Far right: Katie and Inez at a picnic.

Bottom: Saltaire. A popular place to dance.



Chapter 5 - Goin' Courtin'

Goin' courtin', goin' courtin'
Oh it sets your senses in a whirl.
Goin' courtin', goin' courtin'
Dudin' up to go and see your gal.

from musical, "Seven Brides for Seven Brother" by Mercer, Kasha and Hirschhorn.

KATIE: My brother once told me the best thing I ever did was marry Blain Chappell.

I do remember the first time I ever seen Blain. [When I was] about twelve Wayne Chappell was dating my sister Eula May. Wayne would borrow his Dad's Model A car to come over to see Eula. Wayne took Eula all the time. We got acquainted with Wayne and we all liked him. He had to come over and ask her for a date because we didn't have telephones. On one of his visits Blain came with him. While Wayne came in the house, Blain was sitting out there in his Dad's Model A car. I came around the house and I seen this dark, handsome boy a setting in back. When they left I said, "Who was that boy setting in the back of that car with Wayne."

Eula said, "That's his younger brother."

....He must have been impressed with me too, he said, "I seen that little girl coming around the house and I thought 'Boy, that's my girl.'" Blain was sixteen and I was twelve. I had a tendency to like older people, go with older girls and people.

The next summer when I was thirteen he came over with some boys from Lyman. I and some friends was walking down the street..., the girls said, "Come on, let's go down the block. I think there's some apples down to Ranger Pete's." (He was the Forest Ranger then. He was one of the first Rangers.)¹ We crawled

over the fence. We didn't get no apples. They wasn't any apples on the trees. Them boys came along and they gave us a ride around town. Then we got out and went home. That's the first time we were together.

I felt a strong attraction for him and next February sent him a little Valentine. I also got a Valentine with pretty little ruffles on it. It said, "Guess who?" mailed from Lyman, Utah. On the back he put a tiny little "b.c." I had to hunt for it and decide who sent it. Lyman was a long ways. He came over once and a while when he happened to borrow or get a bike and he rode clear from Lyman over to see me on the bike.

BLAIN: My brother, Wayne used to go with Eula (Webster.) Once and a while I'd slip in the back of the car and come over to Loa with him. Katie was white-headed then. I'd keep seeing her, but I wouldn't talk to her I knowed who she was for quite a while before I went with her. I and Don and Austin happened to come over to Loa one night. We was in Dad's old Ford. We come up the old main highway, by the big red two-story house.... We come up along there and see them girls tearing out of the orchard. Ranger Peterson lived there and they'd been over in his apple orchard. We come along up the street and we caught them by the old bank building.... and got to talking to them. They got in the car.

That's the first time I ever went with Katie and I starting going with her after that, off and on. When she wasn't going with Reed Goff, I'd take her. I and Reed Goff were jockeying over her. We'd have our ups and downs. I'd go with her and then I'd go with somebody else and

¹ The girls were walking along main street through Loa which, at that time, was 100 South and goes east and west. The two-story McClellan house where Ranger "Pete" Peterson lived was on the south-east corner of 100 East. The old Bank Building was across the street on the north-west corner of 100 E. 100 S. The house is still standing; the bank building is not. -HC

she'd go with somebody else. Finally we got to going quite steady. She was just a little old girl, about thirteen years old. I was seventeen. I was pretty close to being a senior in high school. I was about nineteen when I got out of high school. Us boys would slip away every change we got. We used to go party a lot with the Lyman girls, then we got to partying with these Loa girls. And the Lyman girls got mad at us. Of course, they got to going with other boys too. It's funny none of us married them Lyman girls, we used to party with them a lot. They were cute little girls.

KATIE: I had other boy friends. Reed Goff, he is my brother Bill's age. He had a sister, LaRee. We were the same age and Reed was just older. He really liked me, but I didn't like to dance with him. He was way bigger than I was. He was a big, tall guy. I didn't like to dance with him because he took too big of steps! He was a fair dancer. I never just went with him. They was one guy that came down to Lyman that I quite liked. His name was Mumford. He was Frank Neff's grandson. He came down to work for his grandpa who lived up on the ranch in Horse Valley. I liked him. He was a nice looking young man.

[Blain lived in Lyman and Katie lived three miles away in Loa. Katie said it was a long way to Lyman and it was, if you had to walk or ride a bike. People didn't have telephones in their homes. Cell phones and computers were decades away. Katie and Blain had to communicate by the written word when they weren't together. If Blain didn't come to see Katie, they had friends take notes back and forth, and often they wrote letters to each other. They had to pay three cents for a stamp for the mailman to carry a letter. Their extant letters began December 6th, 1935, when Katie answered a letter from Blain. The final letters were written in February 28, 1940, six days before they were married. The first letters were

written when Katie was thirteen and Blain was seventeen. There are ninety-nine letters from Katie to Blain. Katie kept fifty-two of the letters Blain wrote to her. Not all of his letters were saved; during that period of time Katie moved seven times.]

Dec 6, 1935 "Dear Blain, I received your letter last Thursday. Did you have a good time to the dance last Friday night I sure did. Well I guess I've lost another friend because I went with you. Not because I didnt want to go with you but Ora won't hardly speak to me for going with you. Blain she sure doe's play true to you, then I go and go with you, I heard it about broke Ora's heart. Well hell if you don't care whether it hurts her feelings I sure don't. Old sock² its you to make your choice.

Boy! Did I have too make up a lie Sat. morning I told them it I was in at 2:o'clock but it was four. By any mean's don't tell any-one what time we got in tell the rest of the kids not to tell if I ever ask you in front of Bill or any of my family say you brung me home at 2 o'clock and say you got home at 2:30 o'clock. Well anyway I don't want my folks to know what time I got in. By the way what time did you really get in at?

Are you going to the dance Monday night at Lyman?

*Well I'll close be looking for a letter soon.
Answer soon, with Love Katie"*

**³ Dec 27, 1935 Dear Blain, I guess you will be very suprisd to hear from me. Boy you sure treated me nice yesterday. You acted just*

² Slang term. May be a term of friendship or endearment. A relationship as comfortable as an old sock. There was a 60 minute Radio drama, "Old Sock" on Lux Radio Theater, sponsor Lux Soap, February 17, 1935 starring Wallace Beery which may be the source for the term. --H.C.

³ See original letters, p.334-5. An asterisk before the date means it was a hand-carried note, not a letter sent through the post office.

like I was chasing you up I was sorry I went up to Rilies [Stephenson, her uncle] to his store because you were up there. Well I hope you don't take me wrong on this letter. I wanted to see you yesterday (Love) Katie

Dec 31, 1935 Dear Katie, My Sis gut your latter and for gut to give it to me until today, when I was up to her place. I am sorry for the way I tretad you the other Sunday, and I wish you would forget about it. Will you please? I gais you had a lot of fun doring the holidays, I hav not and school will start Friady. I hope I can git the Ford before [school starts] and cum over, but I gais you don't. I am a por spaler⁴ so you will haf to gais at it, Anser and do not be as long as I was. Love, Blain

Jan 2, 1936 Dear Blain,Well why wasent you to the dance last night?The orchestra sure was a good one it was from Ephraim [Utah], Grant Haris the ones who played to Lowayna⁵...I wish you could of been there. Love, Katie

Jan 5, 1936 Dear Katie, It is one of the hardest jobs in the world for me to right a letter that is the reson I do not right much.I am sorey that I could not git over ther, but the old man wanted his Ford so I couldn't cum, but I am glad you [went.]Did you hav a lot of fun last Thursday? I shor did after we found you,this is all I can right this time so anser [soon]. Love Blain

**Apr 8, 1936 Dear Blain, I got your letter*

⁴ Blain was very self-conscious about his spelling. The first two letters are copied as he wrote them. The remaining letters have some of the spelling corrected for easier reading.

⁵ LoWaynah (spelled several different ways in the letters) was an open-air dancing "hall," a fence enclosed cement pad with a three-sided pavilion where the band sat. They were very popular during the 1930's. There were several in Wayne County including the "Big Apple" in Torrey, Utah where people still go to dance in the summer. -HC 2/2011

and was vaery supriised to get it do I have to write two letters to your one? Well it sure looks like it. Oh hell I guess I couldent blame you for not wanting to write to me the way I treat you. But you can't say that I don't write offener than you don't I? I know you don't like me much more because you said you don't care who I go with. Well I sure care who you go with and when you go with any-body tell me please. Oh hell I'm funny in some ways I love you one day the next day I don't care and don't give a damn who you go with That Bill [her brother] always calls me Chain Wapple⁶ I sure do cuss him but I cuss and he calls me it all the more and don't tell any-one but I keep cussing because I like to be called that, no kidding ... Well I close my news paper because I'm writing on a chair and got my feet in the oven and half asleep.I'll be looking for a long letter day after tomorrow. Please don't dissipoint me. Tons of love, Just Katie

**Apr 12, 1936 Dear Blain, ...received your letter.... I went on my Easter trip Sunday and "oh boy is my legs sore." Also some place else. Ha, ha. We went up Fremont creek. I sure did have fun.... We rode horses all the way.... What are you mad at, tell me Please.... Love, Just Katie*

Apr 13, 1936 Dear Katie, I am glad you had a good time on Easter, us Lyman Kids got a wagin and went up to the Tidval springs and back.... Katie, I do not want you to say that I am mad at you again for I am not. I like you more now than I ever did, ...I Love You.... Just think there are only two more weeks of misrey then I will not haf to go to Algebra and English for I have not hardly been prepared this winter and boy the teachers are ... giting mad at me but I do not care how long I haf to gow to school after you start.... Blain

⁶ The first two letters of his last name substituted for "B" in Blain. The "W" in Webster substituted for the "C" in Chappell.

**Apr 22, 1936 Dear Katie, I guess you thout that I would never write...It was not my fault that I hav not answered back quicker for I got a letter from Ginger Rogers⁷ and it so shook me that I have not got over it. Don said he got one from Mae West. Do not know wather he answered it or not but I shor did mine. So if you see me with Ginger do not get mad will you?*

My hell it seems like a year sons I seen you last and when I loock at your picture it mackes me sicker to go over and see you....Boy does the frogs scwak over to Loa. They sure do over here the last two nights. I can hear them scwak right now...it sounds good for that is the sign of summer. ...school will be out next week and boy will I be happy, ... next year we will go in the new school house and that will be fun for the teachers will loos half of ther kids. Lots of Love, Blain

May 18, 1936 Dear Blain, I received your letter quite a few days ago. I was very glad to get it. ... I would of wrote sooner but I just couldnt get courage enough after the shock I had when I got to go with Don [Chappell, Blain's cousin]. ...Well you had more fun Thursday night when you were with Myrtle and I'm glad I went with Don because I wanted to.Love, Just a Old friend. Katie

June 25, 1936 Dear Blain, I guess you will be very suprisd to hear from me but I just had to write a line because I sure would like to see you.Blain please come over next Sunday day or night. If you don't why not see me on the 3rd of July they are a dance the 3rd in Lowana. ...if you don't want to come over send Don.... Love, as ever K.W.

July 1, 1936 Dear Blain,I hope you and Rebecca had a good time but kid remember I'm still thinking of you.I guess you will think

I'm just jelous trying to coax you to go with me.There's wishing you and Rebecca better luck with your Love affairs than mine and yours were. Just, Katie

[There are no surviving letters between July 2 & Nov 18, 1936. Or it maybe they did not write any.]

Dec 1, 1936 Dear Katie,Old Kid why don't you come to the Ball game and dance Friday night. Come on the bus and I will see you down there. Come if you want to.How do you like to skate? Boy the next morning I was so sore that the Old Man had to roll me out of bed. ...Boy ellen and Don sure do like each other I haf to tak a letter to one of them every day. Blain

Dec 11, 1936 Dear Blain, I received your letter yesterday and was rather shocked to hear from you so soon.When you couldnt find Ora you took Dawn home. We'll Old Kid I guess you can take who you want... Katie

Dec 13, 1936 Dearest Katie,What is the matter with you, you would not hardly speak to me. Did you like the ball game and dance? Boy I sure did....I always spoil your fun, it seems like that I am allways sticking around in the road don't it to you....I love to hear from you. With Love, Blain

Dec 13, 1936 Dear Blain, I wish you would quit telling me that you are a pest, and always hanging around because I don't think so.... I hope we have a good time holidays, Don't you??? Love, Katie P.S. be sure and answer I like to hear from you. If I didn't I wouldnt keep writing. Answer Soon

Feb 10, 1937 Dearest Blain,I guess you have heard about the Dance tonight. Are you going? I am and I sure hope you come if you can.Blain I heard you about advertized my

⁷ Ginger Rogers and Mae West were very popular movie stars, both blonde and sex-symbols.

letters I wrote you. Please don't let anybody read this. Katie P.S. I guess you heard I have a baby sister she sure is cute.

Feb 12, 1937 Dear Katie ... I do not let anybody read your letters. I think more of them than that. Katie be sure and come to the dance next Saturday night down to Bicknell. Come on the bus if I am not over there before it comes. ... Well it is about the end of class, so will have to close. Blain

**Feb 13, 1937 Dear Blain, I received your letter and was glad to get it. I heard you won. Boy! am I glad. Are you going to the Dance tonight? I guess you know I can't go on the buss. Mabe I'll get down there and mabe not. ... We played Bicknell girls basket ball yesterday and we beat 13 to 4 it sure was fun. Well I'll half to close for I half to send this with Bill.*

Feb 16, 1937 Dear Katie, Well old Kid how did you like the dance? Boy I had a lot of fun, did you. ... say Katie I would of sent a letter hom with Ellen [Nelson] but I could not find her, when we got ready to come home. Katie I want to thank your for the valentine. ... Say Katie why don't you come to school next Saturday and mabe we will have a party if we win the ball game. Blain

Jul 6, 1937 Dearest Blain, (Or do you want to be called dearest?) you will always be one dearest friend in my mind. I guess you won't be suprised to hear form me because you know only too well I won't let you quit me as easy as you try too by not even speaking. You know how I feel about Reed [Goff] ... because we talked about it on my birthday and I still think the same of you and could never talk to no one else like I did to you. you sure did act like you were happy with Ellen [Nelson] last night.... Katie

Jul 12, 1937 Dearest Blain, I received your letter and was thankful to get it. My lord you had me scart last night for fear you had said Ok lets quit in your letter but It never and was I glad. I sure hope you get a new car this fall not that it will make me like you any more, but to come over more I don't think I could like you much more.... all my love Katie. I've got to quit for my little sister is crying.

Jul 17, 1937 Dearest Blain, I'm trying to make my promise good but if you hadn't been working up to Hoarse valley I wouldent of wrote till you answered my last letter. But being it's the way it is I'll write a little. My mother was rather mad at me for not getting in earlier the other night, but she'll get over it soon. ... I've never had so much fun in my life as I had the last three times I were with you. It seems week's are sure long and a long time since I saw you but mabe we can catch up on our sleep Huh? Boy I sure enjoyed roller skating Sunday night didnt you. That was a lot of fun. Bill sure does tease me about you but I like it funny isn't it. Answer Soon please & come around Huh? (My mother say's you can start your seven years of work any time know.⁸ Ha Ha)

KATIE: So that was the way the big courtship went. We kept going together. When you got to the eighth grade you got to go to high school. That's where the romance began, when I started going to [Wayne] High School⁹. I'd get on the bus and we'd ride down to high school and [I'd watch] the ball games he was in.

⁸ This is a reference to the Bible story about Jacob who worked seven years for his wife Rachel. Genesis 29:1-20

⁹ Sept. 1937 thru April 1938 Katie went to High School. Blain was a senior that year and graduated. It was the only year they went to school together. There are no letters from this period of time. Wayne High is located in Bicknell, eight and a half miles from Loa and more than three miles from Lyman.

Blain was in Wayne High School on the main team for basketball. He done good on baseball too. Spence [Reese] said, "I'll can tell you when Blain Chappell pitched that ball it went through." Blain said he pitched so much that it ruined his elbow. He had a lot of problems with that pitching arm.

We went to the dances. He'd get off the bus in Lyman and I go on home on the bus. That was mostly our courting days. .

One time they had a party out to Ora Coleman's. (She's a Morrell now.) I was supposed to bring the chicken. I had the chicken all ready and in the fridge. Momma had a fridge by then. I went home and I grabbed a sack. Momma bought some lemons to make lemonade with and I grabbed the sack of lemons. It was in the same kind of sack. I took it out to Ora's and I brought lemons instead of the chicken.

Blain and Austin, and I don't know who else was taking me back in to get the chicken. I'll be darned if Austin didn't run in the ditch, rolled and wreck the Reo again. It broke the top off the Reo. All of us kids was right out on top of that old Reo. Somebody took us in the Okerlund's place to see if we was hurt. Them boys all had a bump on their head. I think that broke the party up. That's [the] story about one of our parties and what happened. I always felt so bad to think that I forgot and I caused the whole wreck! Anyway, I thought I did by having to go back to town to get my chicken.

One time I went to a party with Blain over to his cousin's, Austin's place ... I thought we were going to get something to eat there, but, we never got any food as the turkey took longer than they thought, and was not cooked ... Also another time was when we went up to Rowene Maxfield's to have a waffle party and never got any thing to eat, as the waffles just stuck in the waffle iron and we went home hungry ...,

BLAIN: When I was in high school we used to have quite a few parties. A bunch of us,

boys and girls, would play games, talk, and have a good time. We always had food. We had a lot of home-made ice cream and cake. We had a party up to Rowene's sister's one night and the girls was going to cook waffles. They was really going to fill us boys up on waffles but they didn't know how to cook waffles. They'd grease their waffle pans, but the waffles would stick. They'd dig 'em out and say, "Oh, we'll make a better one this time." Then they'd pull the same old trick. We had dug-out waffles. Finally Rowene's sister came home. She said, "What are you trying to do." She straightened it up. She cooked some good waffles and taught them girls how to cook waffles. We had the house all to our selves, but we were glad to see her come home that night.

When I was a junior and a senior Katie and I went quite steady.¹⁰ When I got out of school, I got to herding sheep. Katie went up to Salt Lake to work.

June 30, 1938 Lyman, Utah Dearest Katie, Boy was I glad to find a letter from you when I got home. ...They do not need me at the herd until the 7th of July and then I guess I will not come in until the last of August.I sure do miss you. I am so damn lonesome to see you. I can hardly stand it. I do not know if I can come up and git you are not. If I can I will tell you.Boy Orin [White] and Inez [Reese] seem happy when I seen them two it shore made me home sic to be with you. Say kid I hope you had fun on your birthday I thout of you all day and I think of you all the time any way. We are taking the sheep on the top of Boulder on the 8th of July then I guess me and Melvin [Okerlund] will herd them.Write me a lot of letters Darling for I believe I can git them every time the supplier comes out and I will write a lot to you. Sweet old Kid write right back

¹⁰ There are no surviving letters between July 17, 1937 and May 1938 when Blain was a Senior and they were going "quite steady." Maybe they didn't write any since they saw each other so often.

*so I will git your letter before I go to the herd.
That is about all I know ... answer soon. With
all My Love, Blain*

*Salt Lake City, Utah 1384 Perry Ave. July
5, 1938*

*Dearest Blain, I guess you will be suprised
to get another letter from me so soon, but I thot
I'd write again before you went back to the
herd. Did you have fun on the fourth?? I sure
hope you did because I never, they don't
celebrate up here hardly any on the fourth, but
they'll have a big time on the twenty fourth.
...Well write and tell me all the news, because I
sure get so darned homesick to see you
(honest). Well write as soon as you can and
please excuse me for writing two letters to your
one. All my Love, Katie. P.S. I sure hope you
can come up and get me in Sept if you can I'll
pay you as much as I would have to pay Lonnie
[Brown] or Riley [Stephenson]. I insist. Did
you see Elna?? Have you seen my Mother??*

*Aug 26, 1938 Dearest Katie, Maby by now
you think that I am a big man. Kid I shore
would like to come up and git you. I have thout
about it ever since you left, but I guess I can't I
have got to go out to the herd MondayJust
think Dearest, Sunday after next I can come and
see you, If you will let me. Will You?? Do you
think you will be home by then??? I do not
know much news, there isn't much going on
down here. I went to one show. Oh yes! I went
a stepping out, I took my dad to the show, but
he didnt make a very good girl. ...Blain.*

*[After working the summer in Salt Lake
Katie came back home and Blain eventually
came back from herding sheep. Katie rode the
bus to school every day. As they traveled
through Lyman she pressed her nose against the
window trying to catch a glimpse of Blain as
she passed by the corrals and house of the
Chappells. From January to the end of school
Katie often wrote notes to him while she was in*

*class. She asked someone from Lyman to give
them to Blain when they got home. Letters with
an asterisk were hand-delivered.]*

**Jan Tues 1939 Seminary 10 to 2[1939,
Bicknell, Utah]¹¹*

*Dearest Blain, Well here goes for another
note and I hope you get it this time because I
don't like the idea of writing notes to you and
they do not get delivered. Is your car fixed
yet? I hope it is and you've got it home with
you.I don't know wheter I'll go to the
dances or not mabe if you don't come over
we'll ¹²go stag. I hope you come though. If you
can't come tonight and next Friday I'd rather
you'd come Friday night because I think the
Ball game will be good. Its between Richfield
and Wayne High. Come over tonight if you can.
.... all my Love, Katie P.S. Every night Larna
says your coming over and if she hears a car
honk she begins to run to the door and yells
Blain, Blain. She sure likes you. Thats all she
talks about is Blainey.*

**Biology 12:30 Wednesday [1939]*

*Dearest Blain, I received your most
welcome note this morning.... Come early to-
night if you come because we can't stay out late
for you have too work hard. When we were
comming home on the buss yesterday, I saw you
horrowing or farrowing I don't know which,
but I always look to see if I can see you in sight.*

**Biology 1:10 Monday [1939]*

*Dearest Blain, I was so sleepy last night we
diden't decide where we were going on Easter.
Have you any suggestions? Do you think you'll
take your car? I sure wish we could go to
boulder Dam. Do you think if you'd coax that
you could happen to take your car to boulder
dam?? Write and tell me your suggestions.*

¹¹ Unable to determine the order of the following
notes, most are without dates. —H. Cobia

¹² Katie and her friends Ellen Nelson and Inez
Reese. (Picture of the trip on page 141.)

Come over before next Sunday. Come Thursday or before if you can. I'm sure sleepy I could fall too sleep if I wasn't scar't of falling out of my seat. I bet you've been working hard Hauling _____. [manure] Well their isn't much news down to school now days.There is going to be a Assembly put on by Monroe at 1 oclock. I'll write & tell you for sure. I think its Friday. Bell Rung, Answer, All my Love, Katie

“EASTERING”

Lyman, Utah April 3 1939

Dearest Katie, I got your letter and was shore glad to get it. Where do you want to go on Easter? I don't think Orin and them fellows are going to the boulder dam. I can get the ford. We can go over the mountain and do something if you want. I can't take it to the bolder dam the Old man wont let me. We will be over Thursday night to see you Kids think of a place where you would like to go. Boy! The rain storm makes me want to come over and see you. I hope it rains a little on easter it is fun to ride a round in the rain with you

**Assembly 2:15 [1939]*

Dearest Blain, I and Inez have figured the list out [for Easter] and put it as even as we knew how. We wrote to Roene and told her and Austin what to bring. The girls furnish about 80 cents a piece and the boys 50 cents each. You & Orin furnish all your stuff boughten. You and Oren Weinies about 1 doz, coffee, Bannas 1 doz. Candy about 25 cent and 1 can milk, so if you can come over Sat. and get it Inez and I will speak for the Weinies and Bannas to Lorens [Webster, her uncle who owned the local store]. So if you can come over Sat to get the stuff because we are going early Sun. Morning. Boy! I bet we have fun don't you. Inez and I was talking on going up toward Monroe then up the caynon. But we'll decide that Sun. You and Orin can split half

and half on buying the things. We want to go about 8 or 7:30. All my love, Katie

KATIE: For Easter Blain got his Dad's Ford and my brother Bill and his girl, Lula Torgenson, and Orin White and Inez Reese rode with us. Austin Chappell, Myrtle Bastian, Don Chappell and his girl rode in Austin's Reo. We left at 9:00 o'clock. We drove over the mountain and down into the valley through Kooshrem. We went down by Otto Creek. We had our lunch about two miles from Kingston.

My folks had chickens. One of my jobs at home was to gather the eggs. Every day for a week or two I set aside two eggs. Oh, Myrtle, she saved her eggs too. I think she helped us. I know Ellen did. Ellen's folks had chickens. We girls saved enough eggs that it bought us some things we wanted for Easter. We didn't tell our folks about it. We took the eggs down to the Utah Poultry and got the money out of them and that is what we bought our Easter stuff with. We even bought some olives. Oh, us kids thought that was really great. That was really new you know. We thought we'd really done something to buy a can of olives. Blain said, "You know them tastes like sour cherries." We didn't care for them that much. It seems like to me we bought some weiners. I think somebody made some cookies or something. We had a lunch that we packed and took with us. And we had a good time.

We drove right past the "Purple Haze," an open air dance hall, outside of Kingston. We came home through Elsinore. We came on to Richfield and around by Siguard and back home. It was night. Ellen and Don, I think, was with Austin and Rowene and Woodrow Woods and his girl. I don't remember [who]. They was six of us in each car. Them kids got ahead of us and stopped. Austin, Don and I think Woodrow was drinking. The guys in our car wasn't drinking. I don't know where they got it from. ...Just before you got into Siguard

there was a windy road. Austin didn't make the turn. He went out and wrecked his Dad's car. We couldn't go on home because it had a flat tire. I can't remember if they turned it on the side. It was so it couldn't go home. We just had to leave it there. They all piled in. They was all shook up. They wasn't hurt that bad. They all had to sit on each other's lap and go on home with us. Anyway, we made it back home.

[When school was out Katie returned to Salt Lake to work and Blain went back to herd sheep.]

May 17, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah 910 South 12th East

Dearest Blain, I've got a good job so I decided to write to you so you can write when you can. Oh! Already I'm lonesome to see you expecially when songs play over the radio like they are playing know, "I long to belong to you." The song's pretty. The people I work for treats me good. I get \$7 a week isn't that good and I have a upstairs room with a radio in it its very nice.Elna got me my job. How is my sheep herder boy?? getting along with his sheep? Swell I hope.

May 27 post mark, 910 South 12th East Salt Lake City, Utah

Dearest Blain, I hope you have received my other letter by know

Blain I would like to get me another job because this Lady is going to New York June 29 and stay for better than 6 weeks so that means I cant come home for the 4th or 24th of July. If I don't change jobs before 3 weeks then I'll have to stay any-way till after she comes back.

Honey I'd sure like to see you on the 24th because they do so much up here we could sure celebrate. If you can do that, but if you'd rather come up on the 4th its OK only there's not as much doing as they are on the 24th.

I havent went hardly any place only to one show and shopping I haven't went to Cocanut

Grove [a popular dance hall] and I don't think I will.

Jobs are quite scarce know so I suppose I'll have to keep this job.

I bet it sure is lonesome out to that old sheep herd isn't it darling. I'm just as lonesome as you are only I'm up in civilization and your not. But don't forget I think just the same as I used to do. And I remember all our talk's, so you couldnen't think I don't think of you.

Well darling I've got to close because I've got to go get dinner.... always love, Katie

May 28, 1939 Lyman, Utah

Dearest Katie, Gee Kid I shore was glad to git your letter. Red brung it out to me. It shore is lonesome out here, but to git your letter helpt a lot. Well I haven't been to town since the last time I seen you so I don't know much news. Boy this is sum writing. I am writing this on the bed with a candle light. I have got a job all summer for shore so Kid I wont be in town much. I guess only for the fourth of July. I think I can cum up. I'll let you know for shore. ...write me often sweetheart and tell me all the news. Darling write to me often. It is gitting late for a sheep herder All My Love, Blain

June 30, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah 1123 East 6th South¹³

Dearest Blain, I am so thrilled this moment, because I can come home Sunday and I'll be home about 8 o clock or sooner Sunday night I mean. So come over and see me if your in from the heard. I will stay till Wednesday then I'll come back. I have to go to bed because I've got to work hard tomorrow in order to come down. Well So Long Kid. Always love, Katie

¹³ Notice this is a different address than the previous letter. Katie quit her job with Gorsbeck's and went to work for Ray and Florence Malmquist. -H.C.

KATIE: We really liked each other. We kept writing. When I went to Salt Lake to work, he went to the sheep herd in the summer time. The only way I and Leah [White] could find a ride to get home from Salt Lake was with Uncle Riley [Stephenson]. He didn't have room in the front of the truck but he said, "You can ride back on that load of the cement if you want to. He had a tarp over the top. So us gals threw our suitcases on the top of the cement sacks, climbed in the back and rode clear down to Loa in the back so we could see the boys. When I seen Blain, he'd just got home from the herd and he came over. My word I didn't even know him, he had a beard this long, [points to her chest, about a foot]. He'd been to the herd and he hadn't shaved. I wished I'd had a picture of him that way. You should have seen him with that long black beard. He didn't get any kisses either, until he shaved!

July 5, 1939 Lyman

Dearest Katie, How did you make it back to Salt Lake City. I will bet you was plenty sleepy.

Kid I just had to write a letter to you for when I woke up this morning I just wanted to see you so bad, Katie now that you have gone, I am so lonesome I can hardly stand it Sweetheart the fourth has been the grandest fourth I ever spent. It seems just like a dream how time flies when I am with you Katie. ...George Okerlund was over this morning he is not going to let Vern go back to the herd. I guess I will be with Dalton Okerland until the 24 of July and then I don't know who will com out and take his place. About 9 o'clock tomorrow the 6th I will be headed back to that old sheep camp.

Katie I can stand any thing when I am making money for us, It is for us? Isnt it Darling?Katie have a lot of fun up there but don't for git this sheepherder that thinks every thing in the world of you. Will you?? Answer soon, very soon Sweetheart. I had better quit for this time and git my clothes gathered.... All my Love, Blain

July 8, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah 1123 East 6th South

Dearest Blain, I received your letter yesterday, and you can't imagine how thrilled I was to hear from you so soon. I also received your other letter which they gave to me when I got here.

On the way comming up we had a blow out and Ken almost wrecked us if he hadn't been a pretty good driver we'd of wrecked, because it was on the front tire and we went off of the road and he just let it go and tried to get it back on the road boy! It sure scart us kids. Darling I'm glad we were in the place we were if it had been on a steep place boy we'd sure went.

Honest, honey some-times I wish I hadn't gone home because I'm so home-sick to see you I just about die I miss you so much now more than I did before, but kid I had a wonderful time while I was home. Dan the one I told you about ask me to go to a dance with him and I just said I was sorry but I was going to bed and Blain, I'd rather stay home all the time and think of you than be bored to death with that things company.

To-night I'm invited to Elna's birthday dinner its just us sisters, I gave her a pair of gloves.

Well I'm sending this to George Okerlund to bring out to you I hope you get it. Blain Darling, did mother tell you she wanted you & I to take over the farm if we wanted to this fall?? If I decide not to go to school we will If you wan't to. Do you?? I hope you do because I'm living & hoping for our day to be with each other and not have to part. make all the money you can for us. Well I've got to go down to work.Blain you shoulde n't be worried about me forgetting you I don't believe that would be possible. All my love to you, Always your Katie

July 12, 1939 Top of Boulder

Dearest Katie,Gee kid it seems like a year since I saw you last ... I have not got a

letter yet, but I am still living in hope of giting one. I sure would like to be with you [on the 24th] but what would an old sheep herder do in Salt Lake.Darling do you go to the Coconut Grove much this dam radio is always advertising a dance there then I haf to think well she is there with some fellow. Katie I guess I am just an old selfish fool. Kid a Guy shore does think funny things out here, he imagines about every thing.... Sweetheart about the only friends I have got out here is a old duck and her little ones. Mutt and I katch them a bout every day, boy! They shore can dive and swim. Mutt is my dog , if you did not know.... All my Love, Blain

July 17, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah 1123 East 6th South

Dearest Blain, I received your letter ... Honey! I am so lonesome to see you I am think of you almost all the time and expecially at 9:15 or 9:30 "remember" what we said? To do at 9:15 or 9:30? I usually am always thinking of us.

No darling, I do not go to Coconut Grove any-more since I came back from home. I don't like to go there because I don't have any fun without you. I set and dream about the times we've been together and the wonderful times we've had.

.... Do you thing [Inez & Oren] will get married this fall? If it work's out we will if you wan't to.My love to you, always your's, Katie

July 21, 1939

Dearest Blain, I received your most welcome sweet letter yesterday....

Darling try not to get too lonesome out there alone, read books and if you have the book of Mormon or bible read them I think it should help. Don't you?

The other night, Tuesday, Elna & Dennie took me to the street dance up town it was very crowded so we stood way back and just

watched. Yesterday morning Mrs. Ray took me too the parade on main street it was quite cute. We came back then and I had my day of and shopped around,.... Always my love to you, Yours always, Katie

July 24, 1939 Lyman, Utah

Dearest Katie, Well I guess you will think it funny to git two letters from me. I did not think I would com in for the 24th but Melvin wanted another saddle horse out there so I cam in after it. They are not selebrating until the 25th and that is the day I haft to go back. Did you hear a bout Wayne [his brother] wrecking the ford. He hit a horse on that bend just as you go into Loa. It shore did mess the ford up but know body was hurt. We have traded it in and are going to git another just like it with a radio and heater in it. The new one will be blue. Dad is paying Wayne for his part in the old one.

Has Inez sent you the pictures¹⁴ she has got the one bunch. She said she would and then, boy don't I look like a nigger, you shore do take a good picture. All my love, Blain

KATIE: Blain and Alphonso Turner came to Salt Lake for two days. Alphonso was dating Retta.

While Blain was there we decided we'd get married. He decided he wanted me and I wanted him. I just knew he was going to make all my dreams come true. He was pretty bashful about it. Later I told him, "I don't know how we came to even ever think we could get married." We had nothing." Blain didn't have a steady job.

They took us out to Saltaire. At the time the water was up around Saltaire . I remember the board walks went out to the building. It was quite an amazing. ...We went dancing out there. We stayed because they had an orchestra. It was really about ten or eleven o'clock when

¹⁴ Pictures of their Easter Trip 9 April 1939.

they left Salt Lake. Blain and Alphonso ... had to be back to do their work. Then they traveled clear back half the night. Alphonso went to sleep. Blain was driving and missed the turn off at Nephi and started going clear toward Scipio. Blain said, "I was tired I didn't know where I was going. I was going down the road." They turned around and went back to Nephi. They said how they spent half night getting home so they could get on the job again.

July 27, 1939 Boulder Top

Dearest Katie, Well I am back out here herding these damned old Sheep, boy are they onery. It shore has been raining out here it is a bout to flood us a way, it looks like it will rain again before tonight.

Sweetheart I will come up in dads car the next time and then I can stay as long as I want to. That damned Alfonzo¹⁵ came right home and went down and got Erma, just as we thought he would do. I will know better than go with him next time. Katie, I was so tired when I got home I went right straight to bed. Did you, Fae and Bill [her sister and brother] go to the Coconut Grove? Did you have fun? Katie the next time I come up there I want you to show me a round the city. I never got to see are do half the things that I wanted to do. I shore did have fun, the most fun I have had for a long time but I would of had a lot more if I could of stayed with you longer. Katie what was the matter with you when we left. You would not even look that way when I waved at you. You aren't mad are you?

Gee! Darling I do not know what is the matter with me, but I know that I am shore feeling blue. All my Love, for ever, Blain

July 29, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

Dearest Blain, I hope you returned home safely, and didn't have car trouble or

delayance. Did alfonzo reach home in time to get a date? Have you saw mother and talked to her??

I have been trying to show Fae around the city a little bit. We went to Coconut Grove last Thursday we didn't have very much fun though, because they wasn't very many there.

Fae has been staying with me, She is going home when she get a way to go.

Darling I am so glad you came up on the twenty fourth but I wished you could of stayed a little longer. Im sorry for the way I acted. I had a good time, honest.

I took my watch to Schuback Jewelers and they looked it over and said it would have to have a complete going over which would cost \$3.50 so I told them that was quite a bit to pay and I'd bring it in some-time else. I'll take it in next Thursday and let them fix it. I guess it has had some pretty hard knocks. Blain, why on earth did you put that two dollars in my purse I have money to get my own watch fixed. I forgot all about you doing it until I went shopping around a while. Honey some day I pay you back! Huh! Ha Ha I hope to any way. Always my love, Yours, Katie

Aug. 8, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

My Dearest Blain,I'm almost sure I'm comming down for the home-comming so darling if I do you've absolutely got to come in. I think I'll come for a week, I'll write and tell you for sure....

Blain dear I'd come home when school starts and stay with you but I think it would be best to wait till I get a little truesou, what I mean is get some things. I've got a clock which I bought last Thursday and I'm going to buy a ceader chest pretty soon. "I hope." Then start filling it, dosen't that sound swell?? Boy! It does to me.

Well Fae went home to-day with Riley Stephensen and I sure miss her because she was so much help and company. I sure hated to see her go.All my love to you, Your Katie

¹⁵ Blain went to Salt Lake with Alfonzo Turner. He was dating Retta Smith and later they did marry.

P.S. I don't go out with any boys and I've only gone to Coconut Grove once to take Fae so don't think I'm not true blue. Huh!??

Aug. 9, 1939 Boulder Top

Dearest Katie, I guess you didn't think that I would ever write. I could not get the letters down to the supply wagon. It has been raining and fogging so much up here that it has took Dalton and I both going all the time to keep these damn old sheep together. It was so foggy on the 6th and 7th of Aug. you could not see over three or four rods in head of yourself.Katie I have not got a letter from you yet maby Dalton will bring one out with him. I will be a lone for a day or two. Always Love, Blain

P.S. Katie today is three months I have been herding sheep. Kid I am getting sixty dollars a month that is pretty good for a kid like me.

Aug. 14, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

Dearest Blain, I feel very unhappy because I haven't received a letter from you since you went back. Blain dear I'm sure I can come home for the home coming the 18 & 19th if I can get a way I'll come so I think I'll be seeing you about Wed. or Thur. 16 and 17. I hope. Please come in if you possibly can because I'll be very disappointed if you don't All my love to you, Always, Katie

I can stay 5 days or be back here in a week. I hope we can go to the ranger station and camp a day or two. Yours always, Katie

Aug. 24, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

My Dearest Blain, Here I am back in the City again and another dream gone by, anyway it seemed like a dream. We got to Sandy about 3:30 o'clock that after-noon and they took me out to their place till about 5 o'clock then they brought me to Salt Lake. Mr. Mumford sure was nice he wouldn't take a bit of pay for bringing me up.

Every one I tell I'm not going to school thinks I should go but they don't know what I'm working towards do they honey?? I hope things turn out the way they should and the way we want them too! Don't you?? Oh yes darling I received your big fat letter....

Darling have you heard the news reports, every one is afraid there is going to be war and I just been worried sick over it, darling if the other countries go to war pretty soon U.S. will be in it and off to war will go my darling to face the bullets, I tell you honey it almost kills me to even think about it. Blain darling you would be among the first to go do you realize it?? Well I do and I worry almost all the time. Blain you just can't go to war and leave me to not know whether your alive or not. Honey, I hope and pray we don't have war don't you? all my love to you, Yours always, Katie

Aug. 28, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

My Dearest Blain, Darling, it is 9:15 and I'm thinking of you and wishing I was with you. It is such a lonely world with out you to be with me. I'm not just kidding either. Sometimes I get so lonesome for you and to see you I think I'll quit and come home to you, but then I think, I'll have to stick it out until we can get the money because just scarcely living on almost nothing would make make us wish sometimes that we had waited so I suppose it is best as we are doing, don't you think so honey.

Eula went home today Thurman took her home. Thurmans out of a job know so they have it pretty tough. I feel sorry for them. Blain darling that's the heck of the damn city, If you loose your job your just put out in the street. We don't want to live in the city do we honey??

They haven't begun war in Europe yet and I surely hope and pray there isn't any war. Oh honey you just couldn't ever go to war, it would kill me. Always my love to you, Your Katie

Aug. 30, 1939 Boulder Top

Dearest Katie, I guess you begin to think that I was not going to write to you.

Gee Kid! It seems like a year since I saw you or heard from you. Maby Dalty will bring me a letter out with him when he comes back out ... he just cannot stand to stay out here another day.

Sweetheart how did you make it back. I shore wish you could of took me out to the herd. Dad and Earney [Earnest Jackson] took me out.

Sweetheart, are you going to school it would be swell if you could but I guess that is for you to decide.

Darling what do you do to pass the time away? ...when I am with you it just flies, but when I am out here in the hill and thinking when will I get to see her again the time just drags by, it don't seem like I will ever git to see you again. Maby sum day I will be with you all the time. I hope "do you??

Darling ... we will move off the top of Boulder on the 2nd or 3rd of September. All my Love, for ever Blain xoxo

Sept. 2, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

My Dearest Blain, I have been looking for a letter but none hasn't come yet.... It gets awfully lonesome up here since most all of the girl's are gone home and I don't get a letter in so many many weeks.

My Dearest I have been working very hard to-day because it is Saturday and I did my work and went over and did my lady Florence's mothers work too and I earned two dollars \$1.00 is my usual wages ... not so bad huh?? Honey!! I'm plenty tired though.

I bet Okerlunds¹⁶ thinks its funny me writing

¹⁶ All of Katie's letters were sent "in care of George Okerlund." One man was hired to take supplies to the sheep herders on the mountain. When the herd was in the desert the supplier brought supplies to a designated area and met one of the herders. George Okerlund sent Katie's letters on to Blain when the supplies were

so much but honey, I don't care as long as you don't. "Do you?? ...

Mrs. Malmquist and the family sure is nice to me she helps me on things then I help her back when I can Florence tells me how much she likes me and If my best boy friend as she call's you ever comes up she'll sure speak a good word for me on how good a wife I'd make. Ha Ha She doesn't know me like you do does she Huh!? But any way I'd try to be one if I got the chance. Any-way I hope to be one some day huh! Honey??

Darling it looks like there is a war started in Europe doesn't there but they are still trying to make peace though. Oh honey I sure hope U.S. dosen't get in to war because I'm afraid you'd have to go. We'll just have to pray for the best huh, honey?? Always my love to you, Always – Katie

P.S. I bought the cutest little table lamp Thur. and sent it home, I told them to tell mamma she could use it but not to break it because I may want to use it pretty soon. I also got my watch fixed it runs swell know.... Night Sweetheart

Sept. 5, 1939 Antelope Mountain

Dearest Katie, Sweetheart I shore was glad to hear from you. It gits so lonesome out here I would like to quit but when I hear from you it makes me want to stay longer and make money so some day we can be together all the time.

Wayne is coming back to the herd in a day are two "I think? That will mean that either Dalton are I will be out of a job. Sweetheart I talked to Frank Neff the day he came back to the herd. He talked like I mite could go for him if I did not go for Okerlund this winter. Darling I will git a job some where. Maby I will not lose my job here. I am hoping I don't.

....It has been raining here about all day. Wouldn't it be swell if both of us was home and

taken.

could ride around in the rain. It is really fun to ride in the rain with somebody you Love like I Love you. Katie this is no fooling.

Katie Darling did I sound mad in my last letter, If I did I did not mean to. I was mad at Dalton. He gits on my saddle horse and about rides him to death. I would like to break his neck some times.

Gee! Katie they shore are warring in Europe aren't they. I shore hope the U.S. does not git in it.

Katie Darling it is time to go round up my sheep.... All My Love, for ever, Blain xoxo

Sept. 6, 1939 Salt Lake city, Utah

My Dearest Blain, I received your most welcome letter Darling I sure hope you can come up to see me before you go to the desert because I'm so very lonesome to see you....

Sugar has gone up from \$5.75 to \$7 on the account of the war in Europe. Honey isn't the war terrible? Always my love Is yours. Katie

P.S. If you come up stop in my home before you come. Eula is still there and mabe she would like to come with you.

Sept. 10, 1939 Antelope Mt.

Dearest Katie , Sweetheart you do not know just how glad I am too hear from you, If it was not for the swell letters you write to me I could not stand to stay out here.for heavens sake don't let that Mott boy steal my girl will you? sweetheart , or any of the rest of them Salt Lakers either.

Wayne has gone to the sheep herd for Vern Pace So I guess I have still got a job for the winter. Katie I can hardly wait for the winter to pass so we will be together again, it seems like such a long time before then. Katie, I do not know when I can come up and see you but I will be up the first chance I git.

Katie Darling, Florence so you call her isn't the only one that knows you will be a good wife. You can tell her that that is the reason I

am so crasy about you Katie I know you will be the best wife on earth and that is no kidding either....

All My Love to you for ever and ever, Blain

Sept. 13, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

My Dearest Blain, I received your most welcome letter yesterday.... I'm sending a picture of the lamp [an advertisement was enclosed] I'm going too see tomorrow It seems to be a real buy so if It is I'm going to buy it. I will tell you in my next letter wheter I do or not.

I'm also going to look at the ceader chest's. I'll close hoping to hear from you soon. All my love to you always, Katie xoxo

Sept. 18, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

My Dearest Blain, I was very glad today when I received your most welcome sweet, letter, and it cheered me up very much although I would of liked to see you this week, because they are having a state fair "up here" I couldnt ever think any-thing of anyone else only you, and you know it too: Don't you?? Well you will find it out in about another 6 months or sooner I hope:

....I will try and come home for Xmas if you can be there but if your not then I don't think I'll take that long ride and more than likely it will be slick and mabe I won't be able to get over the mountain who knows??

Blain Darling will you ever for git when we went to Richfield to the ball game and comming back the car got so hot it ruined the temperture thing. Boy it sure was slick up that mountain wasn't it My Darling remember how you got so mad when it wouldent start and I said don't swear and it made you sore at me and gave me a growel and I tried to get you not to swear, I felt pretty bad when you wouldn't listen to reason and to me, I hope you will always be kind and nice to me and have a lot of patience when I do foolish things and don't get mad or our lives wouldent be very happy together would it??

I went and saw that lamp I sent you a picture of and I didn't like it because wasn't as nice as I thought it would be and it looked nice in the picture but it wasn't worth the money [\$6.96] so I didn't buy it I'm still looking for a nice cedar chest I hope I can find one pretty soon I will tell you if I get one. All my love forever, Katie xoxoxo

Sept. 22, 1939 Lyman, Utah

Dearest Katie, Sweetheart I guess you have received the other letter I wrote to you on the 10 of Sept. Katie I shore was feeling blue when I wrote that letter for I had not received a letter from you for so long. Geo Okerland brought three letters out to me the other day. Gee Kid you don't know just how glad I was to git them. Sweetheart I am so homesick or Lovesick (or what ever you would call it) to see you I cannot hardly stand it. Darling maby some day we can be together all the time won't that be swell. Katie some day maby you will be my wife. I hope soon too.

I came to town today to git a saddle horse. I am going back to the herd tomorrow. Kid this is the loneliest place on earth. Sweetheart if you were only here then it would be the happiest place on earth for me would it for you???

Katie I went over and saw your folks they treated me swell. [missing page]

Sept. 28, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

My Dearest Blain, I was very glad to receive your most welcome letter and am glad you have received my letters.

Well darling I got my cedar chest boy! It is a pretty thing I couldn't find any-one I lik'd better at the stores I went to. It cost thirty dollars and thirty five cents. It's a Lane chest and they are supposed to be the best. Sweetheart, I'm going to fill it too (I hope.) It is very modern and doesn't have legs, they are

just built up about 2 inches. I sure like it and I think you will too.

...Well I've got to quit because today is my day off and I'm going to finish paying for my cedar chest. All my love forever, Katie

P.S. Darling I went to the fair last Thursday. Colleen & I we had a good time and went on almost every-thing sure wish you could have gone. I had my picture taken so I'm sending it. Hope you like it and they don't fold the envelope or they will ruin the picture.

Sept. 30, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

My Dearest Blain,I saw Wayne [his brother] & Dawn today they came and talked to me for a while, then they went. I told Wayne if he wasn't careful or hurry up and get hitched he would have to dance in the pig trough¹⁷. I hope don't you sweetheart?? Dawn saw my cedar chest she sure thinks it's pretty and I sure do too. Darling when I go past the furniture store I see the pretty bed room suites and stoves and I wish we had them. Darling if you keep that job and want to send me 60 dollars I will put it on a bed room suit and springs & mattress then I'll have them hold them until were married and I'll pay about \$2 a month after that then when we get ready for them they will deliver them to us. Do you think it would be a good Idea, or wait until we are married. Tell me. I just suggest that.

I'm going to try and get my cedar chest filled, but it will take time then we can have pretty things in our home. I hope we have one don't you darling?? My cedar chest is paid for now and I'm sure glad it will make a pretty piece of furniture won't it and a place to store things from the moth's. I think I will have my pretty cedar chest filled with Pillow cases, sheets towels & things like that which we will

¹⁷ A reference to a tradition. If a younger brother got married before his older brother, the older brother had to dance in a pig trough during the Wedding Dance of his younger brother.

enjoy some time. Darling the thought of it thrills me and I wan't to work harder. My Love to you Forever & always, Katie

Oct. 4, 1939 Lyman, Utah

Dearest Katie, Sweetheart Geo Okerlund brought two of the sweetest letters out to me yesterday It makes me so blue to see you when you write so swell to me. Darling I got your picture it is really swell of you. Katie I am glad you sent your picture but I would of liked it better if you would of sent your self.

Sweetheart I am glad you have got a swell cedar chest for that will look swell in our home. It will be in our home won't it Sweetheart??? Darling I talked to Orin [White] and he said that him and Inez [Reese] were gong to git married at Xmas. So I guess it is true. I hope we are not far behind them.Sweetheart I could never git lazy when I am working for us.

Katie my Sweetheart I have some bad news for you any way it was bad news for me. Sweetheart I will be out of a job on the 1st of November. I do not know where I can git another one, but I will try. Katie Darling I will settle up with Geo Okerlund when I git back from the herd I will have about \$350 dollars coming. Sweetheart I will send you \$60 are more then and you can git a bedroom suit or what ever you want to. ...I will send it around the 5th of Nov. For I think that is a swell Idea Sweetheart I want us to have swell things and you can pick things out better than I can.

Sweethart we are leaving for the Desert in the morning it will be a long old trip on a horse. Darling I will be thinking of you all the time....

Katie last night we camped out there in the big rocks where we went on easter. Kid it made me so blue to see you Sweetheart.... Katie I do not know whether I can write very often are not but I will write when I can. I came home to night to git my clothes. I never got to see any of your folks. Kid I will see your mother when I

come home again about the farm. We still want it don't we sweetheart?? All My Love, forever, Blain xoxoxoxo to you from me.

Oct. 10, 1939 Lyman, Utah

Dearest Katie, Mabey you will think this is funny to git another letter from me from Lyman when I told you that we were going to the desert the other day. Katie we never got to corral the sheep when we thought we would so we had to pull back out in the hills for a few days we have been in the corral today we will leave in the morning.

Dearest do you realize that it is going on to two months since I saw you last.... Katie I am coming up to see you when I git back from the herd for I can not stand to go with out seeing you any longer than that.... I dream of you a lot Katie, do you ever dream of me??

....Katie come home for Christmas wont you?? Please do sweetheart just for my sake for Kid I am so lonesome to see you.

All My Love, forever, Blain xoxoxo good night answer soon

Oct. 23, 1939

My Dearest Blain, I hope you get my other letter I sent....

...."Darling," I have been looking at the sales and the lowest we could get a good Monarch stove and bed room out fit for is \$180.00 mabe when you come up will look around and see if we can get better buys, but I think if we are going to buy we should get something good don't you dearest?? My love to you, Always, Katie Answer soon

Nov. 1, 1939 Desert, Utah

Dearest Katie, Sweetheart I am writing this letter in a hurry for I was expecting to go home with this wagon but Melvon Okerlund did not come that will mean a longer job for me darling. I do not know when I will be home, the wagon comes down again on the 15 of Nov. mabey I will be home then

Sweetheart...I want you to have a good time but for hell sake don't forget this lonesome sheep herder will you Dearest.

Darling there are not much news down here you hardly ever git to see a soul down here.I think of you all the time Darling I have your pictures with me all the time. Katie the wagon is ready to go home so write soon Sweetheart, All My Love, forever, Blain xoxooxox

P.S. Katie I will stay all winter if I can I had asked to know by next wagon, so darling I will let you know. It is too bad that Austin and Roene is on the W.P.A.¹⁸ Katie Sweetheart I will go to the sheep herd before we will go on the W.P.A. I hope it will never come to that though don't you darling. Well I have got to close for sure now so I will be looking for a letter or letters from you ...So long sweetheart.

Nov. 6, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

My Dearest Blain, I receive your most welcome sweet, letter to-day and was very disappointed when you hadn't come in but my darling I hope you can keep the job until around Feb. or April of 1940, really it seem's such a long way off but if you can keep the job until then and I stay up here, we could have a pretty good start - together doesn't that sound wonderful, darling?

I and Florence was talking and she talked like if I stay after Xmas she will give me \$8 a week that sounds pretty good doesn't it? Honey I wan't to stay up here till I get my cedar chest all filled with nice things for US. My darling when you come up we will pick out a nice bed room set and a few things shall we? I'd lots rather you help me and decide together. I hope you can come in on the 15th so you can come up.....

My life is as lonesome as ever with out you know and I know there will not ever be any-one

to take your place so I think you just have to fill the place your-self ---- as a request from Katie Webster. Under-stood? Yes. I hope.

My dearest, a year ago tonight on the 6th of Nov. it was Sun. night instead of Mon. Night you and I was at a party at Myrtles remember honey? and I broke the crystal out of my watch we were having fun and I hope a year from tonight we shall be very happy in our own company together. I wonder what another year from to-night will bring don't you??

My Love to you (only), forever Katie. Xoxo K.W. Ans. Soon

Nov. 24, 1939 Lyman, Utah

My Dearest Katie,this is the loneliest place on earth, My word Sweetheart I just don't know what to do with myself, Kate I went over to your place last night and when I had to leave without you Darling I could of cried.... I was talking to Woodrow Woods and he said he would like to go up there and see Ora Taylor. Darling we planned on going up there Sunday Nov. 26 if we go but do not look for us until you see us a coming for there is nothing shore about it. Your Mother will come up if we go.

I saw your mother. She shore treated me swell and Larna¹⁹, I tried to git her to go to the dance with me but she would not do it. Sweetheart the dances weren't much. I did not have much fun, for there was one person missing. I looked for her all night but I could not find her, that person was Katie. All My Love (always), Blain

KATIE: We kept writing and writing. He came up in November. We decided we wanted to get engaged. He said, "Would you like to have a ring and get engaged to me? I thought, "Yes. I'd liked to be engaged to you.".... We went down town to Daynes Jewelry in Salt Lake

¹⁸ See Chapter 2 footnotes for explanation of W.P.A.

¹⁹ He was joking. Larna Taylor, Katie's youngest sister, was two years nine months old. -H.Cobia

City and picked out my ring. He bought the little diamond and the wedding ring was free. So we got the wedding ring and the diamond for \$18.75! That was good money then.

Dec. 1, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

My Dearest Blain, I hope you arrived home OK without trouble. How long did it take you?? Are you going back to the herd??

.... Sweet If I get a good way to come home for Xmas & back I'll do it but I don't know of a good way yet. If I do come home, dear, try and come in won't you? Love to you, Always your's, Katie

P.S. What did your dad say to you for coming up?? I will get a present for Orin & Inez as a wedding present when they get married so don't you get one I'll get one & say from Blain & Katie I hope our names will always be together Don't You?? Answer soon

Dec. 4, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

My Dearest Blain, I am very sleepy because I've been ironing and it is only 12 o'clock at night but I just had to answer your most welcome letter I received today.

Darling, in your letter you asked me if I had any fun. Why you almost know the answer before I say "Of course I had one of the grandest times in my life just being with you."

I went and got "them"²⁰ you know and every time any one isn't around I look and look at them, and I think there grand dearest honest I do. I tried them on and they fit perfect. Shall I send the one to you or shall I keep it till I come home then you can put them both on, won't that be grand sweet? I think so. I haven't told any-one about it only Eula. Not any of the girls up here.

My darling I am comming home for Xmas for at least three days or a week so dearest try and come in for Xmas, the day before if possible. Oh I surely hope you can come in or

else not go till after Xmas. But darling if not then we'll look forward till March or April Huh darling? Night, Dearest, My Love to You Always, Katie Answer soon.

Dec. 4, 1939 Lyman, Utah

My Dearest Katie, I received your swell letter.... Sweetheart I do not no when I will go back to the herd them guys are having a lot of trouble but they are trying to stick it out so mabe I won't go back for week or two and mabey not that soon. Katie don't think that I don't want to go back for I do, We have got to have some more money haven't we sweetheart.

Darling I have not got to see your mother yet. I do not go over to Loa as often as I used to. If Katie would come home I would be over there oftener than I used to though. Good night Sweetheart. Answer soon. All My Love, forever, Blain

P.S. Later, I am hoping our names will always be together to. They sound swell, Katie and Blain for ever and ever I hope. Answer soon.

Dec. 6, 1939 Lyman, Utah

My Dearest Katie, I got your swell letter today.Katie I am glad you like them, Are they as pretty as they looked down in the shop?? I hope so. Sweetheart it will be heaven to put them on your finger, it will be the biggest thrill of my life, honest Sweetheart. Katie you bring them down with you, will you Dearest.

Katie you ask me what I am doing, well not much. Dad and I are hauling a little wood in the Ford. I guess next week I will go up to horse valley and work, Just for a week are mabey two. I do not no how long I will be sorting potatoes. Good night sweetheart, All My Love forever, Blain Answer soon

²⁰ Her engagement and wedding ring.

Dec. 10, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

"My Dearest Blain, " I received your most wonderful letters and I have been so darn bussy at night I would iron til 11:30 or more ... My dearest it will only be two weeks from tonight till Xmas eve and I hope I will be with you honey If it doesn't snow hard then I'm sure I come home Sat night or probablly Sun. morning. ...Oh! Darling I miss you very much ... My Love to you forever, Yours, Katie xo

Dec. 11, 1939 Lyman Utah

My Dearest Katie, Well Sweetheart I have been looking for a letter every day, but it just will not come. Gee sweetheart I haven't done any thing to make you mad have I, If I have I am sorry.Will you be home for Xmas?....I will still be looking for a letter, do you think I will git it???? I shore hope I do (answer soon please) All My Love to you for ever, A lonesome shepherder

Dec. 28, 1939 Lyman, Utah

My Dearest Katie Did you make it back to Salt Lake all right?

Orin and Inez was married last night up to Orin's place.

Katie, Darling what are you going to do on New Years eve??? Have a lot of fun, enough for both of us will you and I will try to do it too, Sweetheart may I have a date with you?? I mean in your dreams?? You can have a date in all of my Dreams if you want them sweetheart. All My Love to you for ever, Blain

Dec. 31, 1939 Salt Lake City, Utah

My Dearest Blain, I arrived here fine and I've been very busy, cleaning and we had a big luncheon Sat. My Dearest this is the last letter I'll write to you 1939 because tomorrow is 1940. I wish you were here so we could celebrate the old year out and the new one in. I miss you very much and am keeping very busy so the time will pass fast. Darling write and tell me about Orins and Inez'es wedding. So

there really married Huh? Honey write soon and I hope you can get a job.

My Love to you Always, Katie Answer soon xoxo

Jan. 3, 1940 Lyman, Utah

My Dearest Katie, I received your swell letter and am glad to hear that you made it back all right.

Sweetheart I measured Wayne's car the other day it is 54 inches across the back seat is that wide enough to haul your ceader chest in?

Darling you ask me what I was doing, well I am not doing much, Sweetheart I would git a job if I could but it is hard to git a job in the winter time in ths country. I will try to git a job of any kind. (Don't think I'm lazy or am I??) Answer soon. My Love to you forever, Blain

KATIE: When I worked in Salt Lake I usually had Sunday and another day, ... of the week, off. When I got through with the dinner fixing and done the dishes up and cleaned the kitchen up I was usually through with work unless I needed to be with the children. There were dances every Saturday night at The Coconut Grove.²¹ The dances were Saturday night. It was right there in the middle of Salt Lake on [464 South] Main Street. It was a place that singles got together and danced. My sisters, Elna and Eula, went there. I think that's where Eula met Thurman and Elna met Denny. They talked about the wonderful Coconut Grove. It was real exciting to go over and see them people dance. They had a nice crowd

²¹ From the back of a post card showing the inside of Coconut Grove: "This beautiful Ballroom is the largest in America, accommodating eight thousand people. It is ventilated by 51 giant airplane fans circulating 1/2 million cubic feet of air per minute. The romantic atmosphere of the South Sea Isles permeates the place. It is the tourists' mecca." – 2/13/2011 <http://www.flickr.com/photos>

there. It was a good orchestra. It was indoors, but they had kind of a patio up there. You could dance out there if you wanted too. Usually you stayed around the crowd and danced together with the friends you came with.

I remember the first time I went there, but I can't remember who I went with though. I always had a friend that I'd go with. We rode the bus. We went through and paid our tickets. They had a live band. The guys would just go and pick a girl to dance with and if they liked to dance with her, they'd dance with her some more. You introduced yourself to them and danced with them. If you didn't want to dance with them, you wouldn't dance with them. When they found out you could dance, they'd come and dance with you. Who ever I was with, we'd have our own little place to meet. It was just a nice hall. It was enchanting. The music was good, nice music to dance by. I loved to dance.

In the fall of 1939 I was to a dance and met a boy from Denver Colorado named Bill Compher. He was a good dancer. He liked to dance and I liked to dance. We made good partners. We got to going together quite a bit. I liked him and he liked me. I guess it is like anything else, when you like to do the something, you like people who like to do the same things you do and interested in the same things as you are. We'd go to the dances. I remember he took me out to different places, out to lunch but mostly to the dances. He had a car! He'd earned enough money to have his own car. He had graduated from school and he must have had some training in telephones because that is when they were getting that big telephone building and everything put together.

*Jan. 13, 1939 [post mark Jan. 15, 1940]
Salt Lake City, Utah 1123 East 6th So.*

My Dearest Blain, I received your most welcome sweet letters and was so glad to hear from you. Honey, I've been very busy and I haven't felt so good I've had a cold and have

been working pretty hard lately. I have been going out some to mutual and with Bill once in a while.

....Honey I'm glad you had a good time for New Years because I had a very good time considering you not being here! I'd of had better if we could of been together. New Years I had a date with Bill we went to a dance and party which the Western electric put on for all the Western electric workers. Bill introduced me to a lot of friends and I danced with them. We sure had fun though.

My darling you ask if we could be engaged again but I think it would be best for us to go with any-one we want until we are together again, because once we're married we are married a long time.

Bill knows about the diamond and he still likes to take me out and show me a good time so I can't very well tell him I won't go out with him again. So if you want to go out suit yourself and if I do I'll suit my-self. Don't' you think it best??

Well sweet I'm so sleepy I can't write any more although my heart is filled with lots and lots of nice things to say to you so please excuse me if I don't write as often as you'd like, but I'll write when I can. My Love to you, Always, Katie

[After Blain received the preceding letter he made a quick trip to Salt Lake with a friend to talk to his fiancée.]

Jan. 20, 1940 Lyman, Utah

My Dearest Katie, I just had to write to you. Gee! Katie I am lonesome to see you. It all seems like a dream now that I am home again.We never got back home until 12 o'clock Friday. Sweetheart don't think that we were drunk for we wasn't, but any way we had a tip over coming home, Neither one of us was hurt though, We tipped over on top of the mountain about the same place that Jeppy Sorenson tipped over. Virgil [White] dropped

a smoke down in the bottom of the car, he reached down to pick it up and the first thing we knowed of we were out in the bar pit up side down, It bent the truck up a little. Three men on a snow plow pulled the truck on it's wheels for us. One of the men got his finger between a couple of boards it cut of about an inch of his finger they took him to Richfield. Boy! Is my coat a pretty looker the Oil from the transmission ran down on us my coat looks like I had dipped it in our Oil can.

I guess you have saw Bill by now?? I don't suppose he thinks much of me. Sweetheart why don't you quit him or at least quit Kissing him, Dearest mabey you think that I am mad and I guess I am over you. Katie you don't know just how tough it makes a guy feel, you up there stepping a guy and me down here where I can not do a thing about it but think and that makes it worse than ever. Gee! Sweetheart can't you do that for me?????

Well sweetheart I guess you are tired of reading my Junk so I will quit for this time.

All My Love, forever, Blain

P.S. Katie if you don't write oftener I am going to be up there so answer soon and I mean soon.

*Jan. 22, 1939 [post mark Jan. 23, 1940]
Salt Lake City, Utah*

My Dearest Blain, I received your more than welcome letter today and am so sorry you tipped over honey It scared me half to death when I first read in your letter that you had a tip over ... Love to you Forever, Katie

Jan. 29, 1940 Lyman, Utah

My Dearest Katie, I received your swell letter and was shore glad to hear from you..... Sweetheart I saw your mother Sunday and talked to her about the farm, she said that Bill nor Brose²² neither one wanted to take it.

Katie do you even want to git married??

Katie will you marry me???? Darling if you don't want to don't do it just to please me, for I want you to be happy to. If we do not take the farm your Mother is going to let your Uncle Loren [Webster] take it; do what you want to.

The Mutual has started on M Men's basket ball down here we play ball about every night it is quit a lot of fun. We are going to play with Bicknell this coming Wednesday night.

Dearest answer wright back

All My Love to You, Blain Answer soon

*Jan. 29 Sunday [post marked Jan 29, 1940]
Salt Lake City*

My Dearest Blain, I received your most welcome letter and was so glad you still think of me because I think of you so much and miss you.

Honey, tonight I talked to Orin and Inez over the telephone and they seemed to be quite happy ... They sure think I'm the worst ever to go out and wear your diamond, but I told them I guess I was, but every one lives their own lives. Dearest it seems every one sure thinks I'm bad to go out and not be true, but honey Im young and I want to have fun so when we get married I'll be ready to settle down, Honey just think when your married your married for the rest of your life.

Your life is what you make it and if it isn't happy its your own fault so honey go have your fun because thats the way Im trying to do if you don't think I'm right in doing it tell me dearest, and I'll send back the diamond then you can keep till we decide to get married a definate date or till were together so I won't be one place and you another What do you think? My dearest don't feel blue or think about what I've said but its what I think. ... Good night dear My Love to you always, Katie

Feb. 3 1940, Lyman, Utah

My Dearest Katie, I received your letter and was shore glad to git it.

²² Katie's brothers.

Gee! Sweetheart you kinda sounded like I was mad at your for stepping out in your letter, but I am not. Go ahead and step out and have fun, there is no sense in staying home. A person is only young once so he had better git all out of life that he can while he's able.

Well Darling theres not much news down here. I saw Bill [Katie's brother] the other day, he talked like Brose had himself a job now. Loren Webster is making him a new home and is taking the old one²³ down.

Katie, all I ask is to please don't forgit me, so have fun for I am.

*Katie, My Love to you forever, Blain
Answer Soon*

*Jan 31, 1939 [post marked Feb. 1, 1940]
Salt Lake City, Utah*

My Dearest Blain, I received your letter today and was glad to get it, honey it seemed as though you were forgetting me or some-thing.

Darling, I'm so glad you can take the farm and we'll get married right away because we might as well be happy to-gether. I have made up my mind I will be happiest married to you dearest.

To-day I went to Payson to Grandmas birthday dinner mother and Larna Dell was there I was so glad to see all my folks.

Honey, mother said you had went and saw the bishop and I'll have to be Baptized, and darling I'll do that right away. Then about March the 6th you can come up and bring mother and we'll be married in the temple isn't it wonderful darling? Please don't drink or smoke any more. Will you?? Go to church and we'll soon be each others I hope and Im sure. Don't you think so dear?? Try not to think I'm such a mess even if I am. Haha. Darling I'm not kidding though. I'm going to pay my

*tithing soon. Write soon. Goodnight dearest.
My Love is yours Forever, Katie*

Feb 4, 1940 Lyman, Utah

My Dearest Katie, Gee! Sweetheart I was shore glad to git your swell letter it made my life seem so much better.

Dearest you no that I could never forgit you for it has always seemed like you were mine and now Sweetheart you will be mine in another month won't you Kaite? ...I will be up on the 6th of March and bring your Mother, it will be swell wont it. I havent heard from Wayne C. [Blain's brother] yet but I no he will let me take his car. I ought to git a letter from him in a day are two.

Darling I am going up and see the bishop to night and see what he thinks of me. I have been going to most of the meetings since I came home and I don't think I have been to bad any way I hope not.

Dearest you don't know just how happy this will make me to have your with me again, and it will be for ever wont it??

Darling I guess you have got my other letter by now it wasent much of a letter for I didnt no what to say in it.

I had better close for I am going to meeting this afternoon and it is about time, so please answer back when you can. All My Love to You xoxoxoxo Blain

KATIE: It was a hard decision between Blain and Bill. Bill wasn't L.D.S. and Blain would take me to the temple to be married and my great desire was a temple marriage. I'm not sure how I was guided to go to the temple. I guess it was a desire I'd had through my childhood from my Manti Temple experience... when my Mother remarried. Blain, the most handsome, gave me a diamond to be engaged at Christmas time. I went with Bill after I was engaged to Blain. Mother loved Blain and Blain loved my Mother. She wanted Blain as a son-in-law. My Mother let me know that I

²³The "old home" was built by Loren's father who is Katie's grandfather William Webster. Her parents lived in that home and Katie was born there. Mae moved from the house after her husband Jim Webster died. -H. Cobia

shouldn't be going with Bill. That it was wrong to be engaged to somebody and go with somebody else. But I just thought, "Well, we're good friends." ...When I seen Bill I told him I was going to get married. He never did say, "I'd like to marry you."

I remember I was very mixed-up. I didn't know if I really wanted to be committed at that stage or not, you know, to be married. I'd already promised Blain that I was going to get married and still I didn't know if I was ready to get married. That's kind of hard for a girl that young to really realize that she has made up her mind.

Eula and Elna told Mother I was going with another boy. My Mother said, "Now let me tell you, your engaged to Blain. You quit going with that other guy. Katie, you make up your mind and don't tell Blain you are going to marry him and let him down. If you are going to be married, let's go through with it. You are engaged to Blain now, make-up your mind one way or the other. Leave this other guy alone that you're are going with. You get rid of him and stay true if you are going to marry Blain."

So I thought, "Well, I guess I'd better do it." That's just about how much you think about it, I guess.

BLAIN: I think Katie's Mother was wondering if we was not going to get together so she kind of hurried up the marriage. I didn't know I was going to get married, until I come in from the sheep herd and then I found out I was going to get married. Katie and I had talked about it, but I'd never done nothing about it. So Grandma pushed the ball along and helped us to get married.

WEDDING PREPARATION

KATIE: When I was in Salt Lake ... I got to be a ward member of Thirty-third ward. I went every chance I could, you know.It wasn't very interesting to me to go. If I'd had a family that I stayed with that went with me, but going

alone is a different story, all alone in a ward that's all organized with families. I went ever Sunday after I decided to be a good ward member. That was after I got engaged. Before that I don't remember that I did. I kept my membership down to Loa 'til then.

I was there with the Malmquist and was happy to be with them. They'd be Sundays that they'd take me with them riding out to Salt Lake to so things. They went out and took the kids to a fishing pond and things like that and I'd go with the Malmquist; help her with the children. What ever they wanted me to do, I just went with them.

After we got engaged,...the first thing I said, "I want to go to the temple. So we better get ready to go to the temple." We decided we'd better find out how to get a temple recommend.

Blain asked his cousin Sperry, he wouldn't tell his Dad 'cause his Dad didn't want him to get married. Blain was the stable one who stayed home and cooked his meals. He was twenty-one. I turned eighteen in June. I was seventeen, just in the know-it-all-stage, you know. Blain talked to Sperry. He got him to help him get him a recommend. He seen he moved around in the priesthood. He ordained him so he could go to the temple.

Oh my gosh, I can't imagine anyone so dumb getting married. (Laugh) We set the date. Blain got his recommend. I wrote for a recommend. Rex Brian said, "We don't have any record of you being baptized."²⁴ He wouldn't give me a recommend. I didn't know

²⁴ Rex Brian was the Bishop in Loa Ward. Katie was baptized and confirmed 2 March 1940 at the Salt Lake Tabernacle. Years later Katie remembered she had gone to do proxy baptisms for the dead in the Manti Temple. She had not been baptized so the ordinance was done in the Manti Temple Font. She wrote to Manti Temple asking someone to find out if she had been baptized as she remembered. Someone from the temple called and told her they found the record of her baptism on 23 June 1931 by Adelson Nebeker and confirmed by Joseph H. Anderson. Source: Katie Webster Journal, March 1997.

what to do. He told Mother, "She'd better get a recommend up to Salt Lake."

I went to the Thirty-third Ward. I went and talked to the Bishop. I don't remember his name. Don't even have it written down, but I know I walked way up and down to his address. It was a long walk, about eight blocks or so. I didn't have any other way to go 'sides walk. The street car went a different route, so I just walked up and back. He was a nice bishop. He said, "I'll help you. He was kind and said, "You come to church and you pay some tithing and I'll give you a recommend." I got to be a member. He gave me a membership from the Thirty-third Ward. I thought I'd been a member all my life

I got baptized just before I was married. The LDS churches didn't have any founts in them in that day. In that ward they went down to the Tabernacle for baptisms. It was February and I had to wait until their assigned day in March. The little bishop took me down. I went in and got in white clothes. He was there, but he didn't baptize me. Somebody else was doing the baptizing. After I was baptized and confirmed and dressed in dry clothes, I told him I needed to do some shopping. I had him let me out in town then I took the street car back up to the Malmquist. He said, "You come up and I'll give you a recommend." And he did.

The bishop interviewed me and had the Stake Presidency sign my recommend. I don't remember talking to the Stake Presidency, I just talked to the bishop. The way I remember it anyway. To me temple marriage was important. Most people would have given up on it and forgot about going to the temple. So Blain went and had Sperry [Chappell] help him get ready and get a recommend. They felt like then, if a person had a desire to go they was real lenient with them. 'Cause I know I hadn't been taught, they didn't use to take their kids and have them pay their tithing like they do now days and teach them the value of paying tithing. If you haven't been taught how to pay tithing how do

you know enough to do it? I don't know whether Mother ever went to the bishop and paid tithing or not. If she did she didn't take us kids with her. If Eph did he just went and paid his.

*Feb. 7, 1940 Wed. Salt Lake City, Utah
My Dearest Blain, I received your most welcome letters and was so glad to hear from you.*

Gee, honey I'm so thrilled that we are soon to be married, I wish it was to-morrow. Dearest I'm gong to have a special baptism as quick as mother gets a statement what was done when I was baptized before and her consent to me being baptized. Darling we don't have to worry about the clothes to be married in the temple because we can rent some. I called to see about it.

Try and come up the 5th or the morning of the 6th of March will you darling? I hear it sure is the public talk about our going to get married. Gee honey we sure gave them something to talk about didn't we? Or did we?

I have wrote to mother and told her to pay my tithing and I'll send her the money as quick as I can. I'm glad your being a good boy sweet because mabe you can go to church for you and me both. I can't very well get away from here to go only to mutual. Well write soon as you can. The time will soon pass and we'll be together again – Forever. ...My Love to you always, Katie

[The following letter was written by Katie's Mother]

Loa Feb. 21, 1940 Dearest Katie

I received your letter yesterday am always glad to hear form some of you. It has been a long time since I heard from Elna, but I guess I owe her a letter so I had better get a few lines wrote to you and write Elna, I went down to the Bishops yesterday after I got your letter and

Martha²⁵ said she must of put the [w]rong address as their letter returned so I am sendin it with mine, no I never paid any tything for you as you don't belong here, when the Bishop baptizes you up there then you tell him you wanto get married in the temple and give him a dollar as it will make a better showing, the bishop here would give you a recommend, but your baptism record was lost, as he said you always was a good girl to take part and went to Sunday School and Mutual and other things, and then ask for your Bishop to send your recommend to our bishop as here where you are going to live. Yess I am going to try and come up if I possably can I have had a infection up under my [false] teeth so I coulent ware my teeth and I had to go to the Doctor every day for a week now, but I am better, but I still hafta hot pack my face and go without my teeth I sure hope they get you things up there to your shower that they dont get down here as, I guess me and the Chappels will hafta give you a shower down here. Well we will hafta see how things turn out, Aunt Dena [Webster] and some of the rest are douting you and blain marrying. What does Bill [Compher] say or have you quit ...it looks like it was going to storm again I sure hope it don't make the roads bad as I am fritened to deth to ride if they are slick . Ans. Soon Lots of Love, Mother

KATIE: I loved the Malmquists. Mrs. Malmquist was good to me. Florence was very kind and considerate and was a life-long friend. She had a shower for me. She invited my sisters [and] the people I knew in Salt Lake, mostly girls. I didn't write [the names] down. She had a regular little Bridal Shower. It was cute what she did. She got a bunch of dish towels and had each one work [embroider] a dish towel while they were there. She had them bring a few little presents.

²⁵ Martha Brian, the Bishop's wife and also Ward Clerk.

Feb. 8, 1940 Lyman, Utah

My Dearest Katie, Gee, darling I just had to write to you it seems so long since I heard from you Sweetheart I got a letter from Wayne he said that I could take his car, he shore was good about it.

Dearest I saw the Bishop the other day he said that I could git a [temple] recommend, Gorsh! Katie don't it thrill you??? It makes me feel so happy just to think about it. Sweetheart in some of your letters you sound so funny it makes me wonder if you even like me enough to marry me. When I was up there you acted just as if I was just some old friend that you used to know are mabey it is just my imagination, I hope so. Katie you no that I think the world of you, Katie you will marry me on the 6th of March won't you Dearest????

Sweetheart when had I better come up, on the 5th or 6th March? Please write and tell me so I will no. Sweetheart write to me and please don't let me down now for you no that you're the only one I love. Answer soon. My Love to you for ever xo xo xo xo , Blain

Feb. 10, 1940 Salt Lake City, Utah

My Dearest Blain, I was very glad to get your most welcome sweet letter to-day.

Darling, I'm so very glad that Wayne will let you take his car to come up. I hope my soon to be brother-in-law will like me. Do you think he will??

Honey, I'm sorry if I didn't act so very enthused about getting married, because I wasn't sure until you were up here that I wanted to get married because it will be kinda hard on you "honey," and I haven't all the things I wanted but, I'll get a lot of things to our shower. Gee, honey are you really thrilled were getting married I surely am. Dearest why do you ask if I will marry you. Of course you know I will, Don't you have any faith in me or my word?

I don't know which will be best to come the 5th or 6th of March, suit yourself which you and Mother think is best.

Darling you know I don't want to back out but you know how I am and I have such a temper, mabe I can't make you happy as I'd like to. But I'll try honey honest I will.

Well Dearest its late so please write when you can. (Only 25 more days - my sweet-) Oh I will be so happy.

My love is yours always, Katie

P.S. Honey I'm saving my-self some money by letting Bill take me out we went to Gone with The wind. It cost him \$1.12 each. He knows were getting married. Please don't be angry for "I love you so."

Feb. 10, 1940 Lyman, Utah

My Dearest Katie, I was shore glad to git your swell letter.

Yes, Sweetheart I guess people have got plenty to talk about us getting married, Orin and Inez don't think we will git married but we will show them, won't we Dearest.

Katie I will git your mother and come up on the 5th of March that will be the best don't you think so Darling?? I saw your mother the other day she said she would see the bishop so you could be baptized.

Gee! Sweetheart won't it be swell, I can hardly wait, but I guess I will just have to.

Sweetheart I had better close for it is gitting late and I have got to go to church tomorrow, I am shore getting religious, ha ha

All my Love to You xoxoxoxo, Blain Answer soon xoxo answer soon

[Enclosed in the letter was a Tithing Receipt dated Feb 10, 1940.

"This certifies that Blain Chappell has voluntarily donated to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as tithing "ten and no/00 dollars, \$10.00 " Wayne Stake, Lyman Ward by A. S[perry] Chappell, Bishop"

DAY BEFORE WEDDING

KATIE: When I told Mom Blain was coming to the Salt Lake Temple, Mom and Eph decided they'd come and go to the temple with me. I had to have Momma to sign. I wasn't old enough to sign my own [marriage] license. Blain could sign his old license. He was twenty-one.

BLAIN: Two days before the wedding I got Wayne's automobile²⁶.... I already had my temple recommend. Sperry (Chappell) was the bishop and I'd talked to him. I squared myself off and he ordained me an Elder and helped me and got me shaped up.

I told my Dad I was a-going and he put his foot down. He wasn't going to let me get married.... He wanted us to be old "batches," so we wouldn't have to go through this raising kids and stuff. Dad had been a widower for a while. He hated to see Wayne and I go.... Wayne wasn't married. He didn't want me to get married and after I did, he clung onto Wayne. When Wayne got married, he offer to have Dad come and live with him and Leah, but Dad didn't want nothing of that.... The big trouble is he hated to be left alone. After Mother died and we got to working at Horse Valley and around, it got so it wasn't Dad and Son it was brothers. We got very close, we were always pretty much together. He hated to see us go. But after we got married, he was alright.... My Dad liked Katie. He really thought a lot of her. I don't know why he was mean sometime, but he really loved her.

So the night before [I was leaving for Salt Lake] I took my clothes and got in the car and left and never did come back. I stayed down to Don's that night. The next morning I got Mae

²⁶ Blain wrote to Wayne who was herding sheep in the desert to ask if he could borrow his car. Wayne wrote back Feb 21, 1940 giving him permission. He also included this advice, "Don't you think that [marriage] is a pretty serious task you are taking. You had Better be sure that is the girl."

and Eph and we went to Salt Lake. We went up around through Helper.²⁷ It was snowing like mad. It was like that for fifteen or twenty miles. I talked to Katie and that night I stayed in Fort Douglas with Denny²⁸, slept up there with all them army boys the night before I got married.

KATIE: On March the 5th, Blain Chappell came up in his borrowed car from his brother, Wayne. We thought that was the nicest car in the world. He had a Chrysler. It was a two-seater. He came up and brought Grandpa Eph and Momma so they could go through the temple with us. I was expecting Blain early that day. Eph insisted Blain take a “short cut” through Manti. Of course, Blain was obliging. So Blain had to drive around Manti and hunt the place and stop at the turkey place. [Eph] wanted to talk about turkey so that put Blain late. Then they came up through a blizzard through Thistle Canyon. That’s the long way around, a lot of things Blain didn’t plan on. He wanted to be up there [Salt Lake] by 2:00 o’clock. But that took the extra time. My Mother was sure scared and glad to get to Salt Lake OK, and aggravated at Eph persuading Blain to take that way up. It was about 5:00 or 5:30 p.m. when they got there. I about worried to death. I thought, “He should have been here.” He didn’t get there in time to go down to the courthouse and get our marriage license.

BLAIN: The next morning Denny corralled me out and I followed him downtown down to

²⁷ Normally they went through Levan and Nephi. Blain said Helper and Katie said Manti and Ephraim. They probably went through Manti because turkeys have been raised in that area for many years. Helper and Price would have been even further out of their way.

²⁸ Nelson Denney, Katie’s brother-in-law. He married Elna Webster.

May’s place²⁹. That’s where I seen Katie. We didn’t have a license. I don’t know why we didn’t get one the day before. We had to go to the county building to get a license. That morning we were sitting on the steps when they come to open it up. The man who helped us was the main clerk, he finally got up a license. There wasn’t much business going on and the clerk was bumming around in the other offices. He thought he had all day to do nothing and we were stomping the floor. He wasn’t hurrying. We didn’t have to have a blood test. We got our license and tore down to the temple and made it. It seems like we just got there in time, it was a race.

KATIE: Of course there were so many things that I and Blain didn’t know. Mother and Eph didn’t know much more, but they did know we needed to have a license. Blain slept at Fort Douglas, then he came back down and picked me up and picked Momma and Eph up. I was all ready in my blue dress that I... bought. It had a belt button in the back and a waist. It had a flare skirt on it. It was blue, nice, three-fourth length sleeve on it. It was a pretty blue color, just darker than a sky blue, a dark sky blue, when you see some of the blue, blue, blue skies. I bought a coat and it had a little leopard collar on it. It was a dark blue. It was form fitting and buttoned down the front. It looked nice. I always liked that coat.

We hurried up to the court house so we could try to get our \$2.00 marriage license before we even went to the temple. We got there just as the lady came to open up the courthouse. We told her how big of hurry we was in. Of course Mother signed the marriage license for me to be able to get married because I was under eighteen.

Boy, we was wondering if we was going to make it up there to the temple at ten o’clock to go through. It was good I knew my way

²⁹ Eula May Webster Westenskow, Katie’s sister.

around, how to get to the temple and guide Blain up to the temple grounds. We just barely got there. They just rushed me through. They said, "Hurry and get dressed." Momma helped me dress. But they didn't take me in the Bride's room or nothing. I didn't know they had a Bride's room. I was no more prepared for knowing about a Bride's room or nothing, than the man in the moon. I looked in there and seen some pretty brides in there, but they didn't take me in there. I went in the ordinary [dressing room] with Momma. Mom was trying to help me get ready, to get in my white dress that my sister, Elna, had given me.

My sister, Elna was always the one that was going to be married in the temple. She had a white wedding dress that she bought that she never used. She had planned on a temple wedding, but Denny wasn't a member of the Church. She said, "I'll give you my wedding dress Katie since you're going to the temple." It had a cute bolero on it, but it had short sleeves. Eula Mae was the seamstress, she put long sleeves on it so I could wear it to the temple. She got some satin that matched, a pretty white satin to make the sleeves. It was bare shoulders, but as long as you wore the bolero you was all right. I only wore it in the temple. When I went to the temple again I cut it off and made a long skirt out of it and wore a white blouse with it. Bless my sisters, they were so much help to me in it all

I was scared.... I certainly wasn't prepared and told the importance of the endowment and things like that they do now days. I was prepared, I guess, as well as I could. I knew I wanted to go to the temple. Then I wondered after I got in there why I went because it was so new to me. It was a real learning experience and I did listen to the covenants because I kept the covenants that they went through and it impressed me.

That was really a special time when he sealed us together. Blain had my ring and my diamond. When we stood up [the officiator]

had Blain put my rings on my finger and told us how special and how important it was to stay true to each other, general things they tell couples to do. I don't remember who performed the ceremony. I didn't know the person. Eph was one of [the witnesses] and then they was another man that says "witness" on the marriage certificate. He was a stranger to me. They had to ask someone else to come in.

BLAIN: We went through the temple, the four of us -- me and Katie and Mae and Eph. I didn't know what was going on. It was nice though and they treated us good. Eph could have been a little more help to me, but he wasn't watching. He went on and did what he was supposed to and I had to muddle through. He never helped me. Oh, I was dumb them days. I could have enjoyed that so well if I had known something; if he had helped me out. I don't remember who married us now. He give us advice they give you for twenty or thirty minutes. I can remember some of the things they told us.

I had a ring for Katie. I gave her a ring at the end.

We got out of the temple. There was another couple that got married the same day, they were from Idaho. They were sociable and we talked to them a while after we got out. I don't know what happened to Mae and Eph, it seems like they went somewhere and left us downtown.

WEDDING DINNER & LATER

KATIE: I was the first one of our family to go to the temple to be married. I can't believe anybody could go to the temple as dumb as we were. As uninformed, I should say. We got through the temple. The sun was shining brightly when we came out of the temple. It was a cool day.

It seemed liked forever taking us through. By the time we got through and up to my sister

May's it was four o'clock. She'd made us a little wedding cake and made us dinner. Denney and Elna was there and Momma and Eph, I and Dad and May and Thurman and that was our wedding dinner. I don't remember what we ate, that is pretty fuzzy. I was just nervous about everything. I was so concerned about where do we go from here? What had I done?

They was just kidding us all the time.... Denny was quite a kidder and wondered if we knew where we was headed. Thurman was pretty quiet. He didn't say too much. We just talked.

After [the wedding dinner] it was getting later and Blain and I decided we'd go down town and watch the lights. By the time we'd moseyed down the street and back it was getting about 12 or one o'clock, going through the stop lights and everything you had to go through. I said, "What are we going to do. We've got to sleep some place."

As we was coming back we happened to see a little motel. We ... rang the bell. We went into the motel and they wasn't very happy having us coming so late. They put us in the coldest room without any heat and we didn't even know how to run the heater. It was March. It was so cold in there that we just shivered and shook. We was so tired by then and we bout froze to death. Blain was trying to get a little old gas stove to go and I said, "Oh, just get in bed and let's just go to sleep." I'll tell you we snuggled together trying to get warm enough, trying to exist in that cold bed and we was both all ready froze. I think we just snatched a few snatches of sleep. I think we were both so cold we couldn't hardly stand it. Oh boy, like Blain said, "I'll bet you wondered what you'd got yourself into."

When we got up the next morning, we had to go back to May's and Thurman's to get

Momma and Eph. We went up and gathered up my stuff from the Malmquists so we could go come back home [Loa]. Blain took the back seat out and put it in the trunk. I had a cedar chest and it just barely fit in the back. We all, Blain and I, Momma and Eph, huddled in the front seat. I sat real close to Blain all the way.

We come back to make our home. We stayed with Momma and Eph until we had our wedding shower. Of course, they came and shivareed us. We had the bridal shower all ready scheduled. They had a shivaree³⁰ but they didn't do anything drastic. They just took us in the cars and we said, "We've all ready got our dance planned for you. You don't need to shivaree us." It seemed like it was Neldon and Martha May [Ellett] and that group of kids that I went with, so they didn't do a lot of mean things like some of them did ... on their shivarees. They just took us out and rode us around and brought us back so we didn't have to walk back. They don't shivaree now. Our Church leaders said it was ruining a nice evening when the bride and groom were taken out of their dance. They used to dress them up and [smear] all kinds of stuff in their hair.

BLAIN: They used to shivaree newly-weds. It seemed like we were around there a few days and finally the boys from Lyman came and shivareed us. We had the shower one night and a dance the next night. They brung gifts to the shower³¹. The bride and groom unwrapped the presents and showed them and said who they were all from. It took quite a little while. Everybody in Loa and Lyman was invited. We had a pretty good bunch of people to the shower [which] was in the dance hall, at the Church.

³⁰ A shivaree was supposed to convince the newlyweds to have a wedding dance.

³¹ The gifts received at a shower were very important to a couple setting up their first house. Katie's Mother wrote a detailed list telling her what gifts Orin and Inze Reese White received.

KATIE: We had the shower on Saturday. [We] served them cake and punch. Denny had a cake made at Fort Douglas by the army cooks. It was a round cake [on a] round, big, heavy plywood, ½ inch to ¾ inch thick and two feet in diameter. I still have it for a cutting board. The cake was about four layers and one little one on the top. It wasn't a high one. It was plain all white with ... loops around it. We ... got it a little bit smashed trying to bring it home. It sat on top of the cedar chest in the back of the car.

At the shower they had a program. Momma was supposed to get the program. I was trying to remember what the program was. It seemed like to me somebody sang ... "You can't change it no matter how you try." We danced a while till they all got there and had the program then we opened the presents.

People brought presents and set them on one of the benches.³² They put those benches together and we stood in the middle and one bench had the few presents ... we got. Then we opened [them] up and read who they was from. Everyone of them. Then they put them over on another bench to show them off. They wasn't that many.

I could almost name what we got. We got dishes, blankets, two quilts, and 1 quilt top,³³ one service for six silver ware set in a polished, wooden box from Uncle Loren and Uncle Fred Webster. (I still have it.) We got different kinds of dishes and we got a pan or two. People paid on a few things. Most of them paid 25 to 50

cents. We had a little green set of dishes that had a cup to it. We even got some pillows, too, most of the town people paid on the pillows to the store. It was just the necessities, you know.

The Lyman people gave me a quilt.... (We wore it out.) It had yellow and purple in it.... I think the Relief Society made it and [people in Lyman] paid a little bit of money for the materials at the store. Mary White, Leah³⁴'s mother, gave me a picture that she painted. It is the rectangular one with a reddish frame.... I remember some one gave me a sugar and creamer and salt and pepper shakers and just a few things like that, that I could use. Things like that that helped us out. Usually they just [brought] them in sacks and put their name with them. They didn't do much wrapping then.

Aurilla [Blain's sister] said, "I'll get your present later." She wanted to see what we got.

I can't remember what Mother gave us. She did all she could to help me with the necessities, with the things she could do. She'd bring us down a few bottles of fruit when she came down so we could exist and live. I remember my sister May made a Bow-Tie quilt that's in pink.

I was really hurt when Blain's Father wouldent come to any of our wedding things and acted so indignant in all of it. He didn't come to anything. He didn't go to Wayne and Leah's either. He didn't go to anybodies. He wouldn't go to church or anything. Later he give us a red Durham heifer because he knew we had to have milk. He give us that so we could have our milk. We put it in the pasture. It was half grown. We didn't have milk for the first until it was to have a calf in the fall. Then Blain started milking it ... and brought it over.

Blain wore his gradation suit to the shower and I wore a blue long formal which I wore the next week to our wedding dance. If you paid

³² "The benches they had down in the old church are over there in the cinderblock pavillion at the park behind the fire house. They are just board benches and the seat folds up and down." – Katie W. Chappell

³³ The top was pieced by Della Nelson but did not have batting or a back and needed to be quilted. About 1963 Katie asked Sister Nelson if she would could hire her to finish the quilt. Katie bought batting and backing material. She helped "Dellie" finish the quilt and paid her \$7.00, all the money Dellie would accept. Related by Katie 5/3/11

³⁴ A few months after Blain married Katie, his brother Wayne married Leah White.

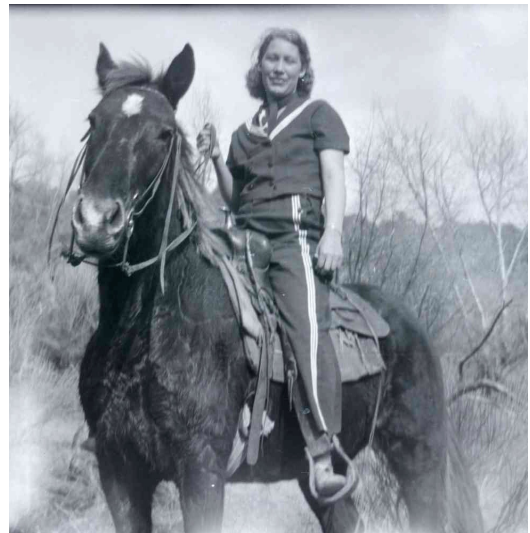
[the orchestra] to come for the dance they came and played at the shower so you just had to pay one fee. Wayne paid for the dance. It was one of his presents. And we didn't make him dance in the pig trough! If the younger brother got married before the older one then they'd bring in an old pig trough in and make them dance in the pig trough. How about that?

Everybody came and danced. Each one took a turn dancing with the bride. All the brothers and sisters came. All the people in town came to a free dance. We had a good-sized dance.

BLAIN: Our dance was in the church building in Loa. They used to have a hall downstairs where they have all the classrooms now. We had a nice dance. We were really having fun. Everybody was having a good time. Alton Balle was the caretaker up there. He thought we were getting too rowdy. Mae, Katie's Mother, and Vern Pace got to dancing

together and they were having quite a time. Alton wasn't used to them Potters; he'd never been around them Potters. He thought they were drinking a little, which they weren't. It was just the Potters talking and laughing and having a good time. Alton got the idea everybody was having too good a time. He got all shook-up and got up, announced the dance was over and he closed the dance. He sent us home about eleven or eleven thirty. We tried to persuade him it wasn't, but we couldn't, I know the band hated to stop playing; they were just getting good too. We paid them twenty-five or thirty dollars to play for the dance. He told us to go home to sober up. So we got our dance cut short.

KATIE: After I married Blain in the temple that is when my life began because somebody loved me. As far as those early years I didn't even want to remember them.



Katie said, "This was one of our Easter Trips. We rode up to Lyman Springs. This was before I and Blain was married. Oh, I sent and got this sailor-like outfit. I was riding one of the horses they had. It was Blain's Dad's horse. I can't remember their names now. One of them was old Suz."

Above: Inez Reese and Katie Webster (Inez's date was Orin White.)

Right: Katie Webster and Blain Chappell *circa 1936*

Sentiments from cards Katie and Blain sent.

"I think of you so often
And like you so much, too,
That I'm sending you this Valentine
To let you know I DO!
Each moment we're together
Lives in my memory
And day by day In every way
YOU MEAN A LOT TO ME!"

[Signed] "Always Love, Blain"
mailed Feb. 12, 1940

"Birthday greeting to my Sweetheart"
Millions of sweethearts—
But only one you!
Only one Sweetheart
So precious and true!
That's why I love you —
And, all through the year,
That's why I'm wishing you
Happiness, Dear!

[signed] Always yours, Katie"
mailed Aug. 3, 1939



Katie loved to dance.
 “After the Ball was Over” (a popular song she used to sing), she kept the dance cards. The card has a spot for every dance that will be played and the boys ask the girls to dance with them and put their name on the dance list. Notice when Katie and Blain exchanged dances.

DANCES		DANCES	
1		9	Katie
2		10	Myrtle
3		11	La Rue
4		12	Ellen
5		13	Dawn
6		14	Katie
7		15	Rain
8		16	Blain
EXTRAS		EXTRAS	
1	Katie	3	
2	Jack	4	

U. S. NOVELTY CO. - SALT LAKE

DANCES		DANCES	
1		9	Blain
2		10	Jack
3		11	Harold
4		12	Dawn
5		13	Norman R.
6		14	Blain
7		15	Ally
8		16	Alfonzo
EXTRAS		EXTRAS	
1	Blain	3	Veale
2	Carl	4	

U. S. NOVELTY CO. - SALT LAKE

GRADUATES	WAYNE STAKE SEMINARY
Jean Allen	GRADUATION BALL
Albert M. Davis	
James Reed Goff	
Irene Forsyth	
Joy Huntsman	
La Pearl Morrill	
Verl B. Pierce	
J. Reed Smith	
Elmo Taylor	
Leah Taylor	
Lela Taylor	
Hans F. Torgerson	
Dawn Turner	FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1938
Urban J. White	
Harold W. Wood	
GUESTS OF HONOR	
Pres. and Mrs. F. W. Webster	
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Akerlund	
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Eckerley	
Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Meeks	
Mr. and Mrs. Loris P. Allen	

When Katie lived in Salt Lake City the most popular place to dance and meet people was Coconut Grove. Katie enjoyed dancing there. L: the sign, top: the foyer, below: ballroom.





“Eastering” -9 Apr 1939
Katie said, “We went on an Easter Trip. It took all day. We went down around the Koosharem Reservoir, and past Otto Creek. We went by Purple Haze Open-Air Dance Hall and back up around Richfield. It took all day.



We ate our lunch before we got to Kingston. (It is about 150 miles round trip.)
Top, l: Katie, Lula Torgeson, Inez Reese

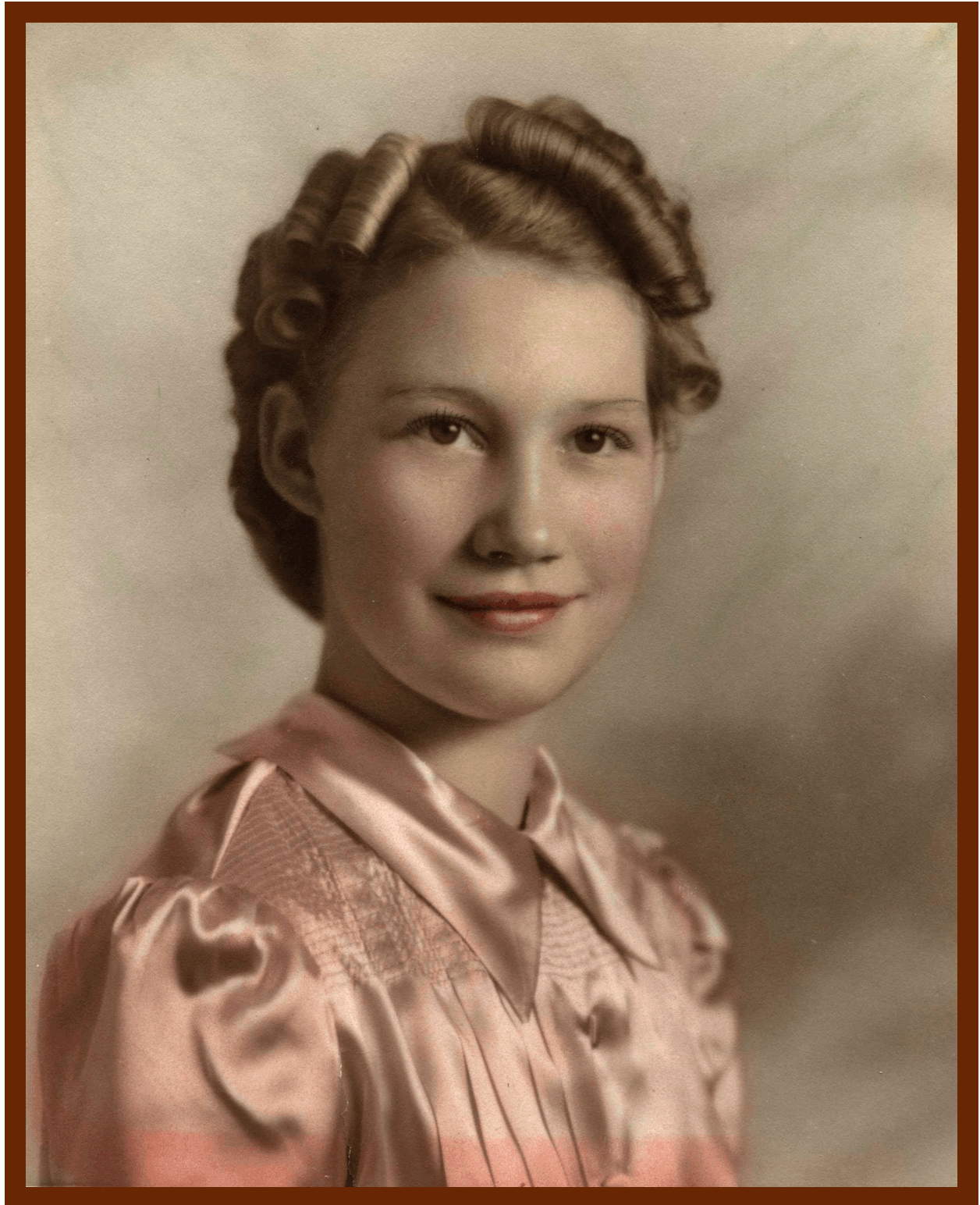


Top, r: Orin White holding Inez upside down. Blain Chappell holding Katie upside down
Ctr l-r: Bill Webster & his girl Lula Torgeson, Katie, Inez and Orin.

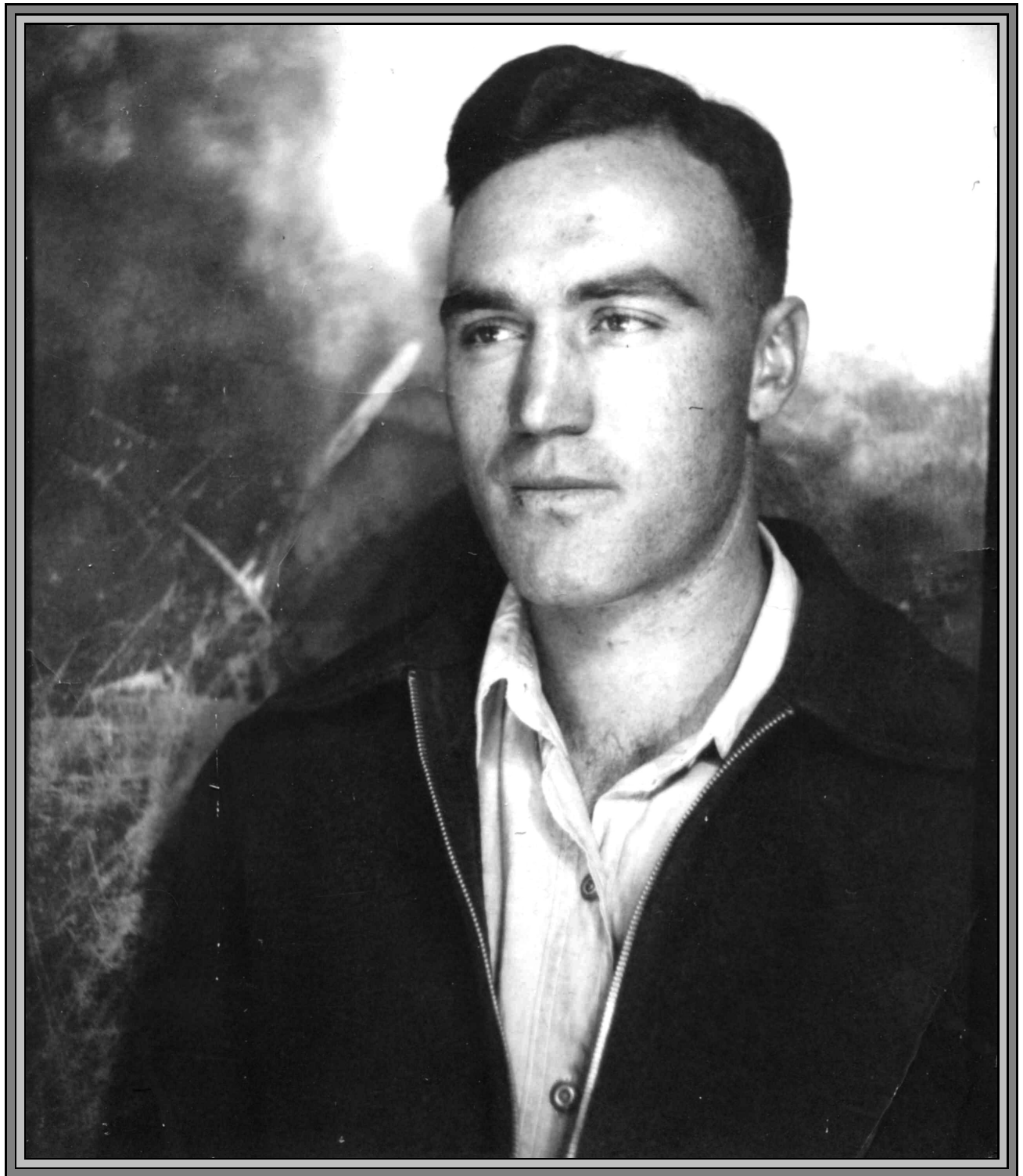


L: Katie
R: Katie on Blain’s shoulders.
(See page 114)





Katie Webster - August 13, 1939 Saturday (See page 122-3)
Katie commented, "This is the picture I had taken in Salt Lake City when I was working up there. It cost me about two weeks wages to take that picture. I know I thought it was lots of money. I gave one to my Mother and I sent one to Blain. On his I wrote, 'Lest you Forget.'"



Blain Mansfield Chappell, *circa 1939*



Katie and Blain Chappell - 6 March 1940
“This is the only wedding picture we had. May, my sister, had us go out in back of the apartment and that is where we had our picture taken. I believe my dear sister insisted on taking it or we’d not have had one. I should have had a temple scene.” –Katie

Chapter 6 - First Comes Love

“Katie and Blain up in a tree
K-I-S-S-I-N-G!
First comes love,
Then comes marriage,
Then comes Katie with a baby carriage!”
–jump rope rhyme

FIRST YEAR - 1940

KATIE: Before we were married, Momma told us we could live in her old house. The place I grew up in. It was an add-to house. The Big Room was the original [house]. Somebody added on to the back. I think they added the rock cellar on when they added on the “lean-to.” They put stairs up to the attic. I don’t know who did that. There was a porch across the front of the house. Then someone put a little room above the rock cellar and a bedroom at the south side of the Big Room and the porch. I understand at one time [former owners], the Jefferies, used that bedroom as a post office. Then they had the little room to sleep in. There was a door into the post office on the south end of the porch. When a doctor lived there, he used it as a doctor’s office. Momma used it for a bedroom.

Momma had moved up to my Step-Father’s house...and rented her house to some “road workers,¹ the Blakes.” They had the whole house, but mother asked them which part of the house they would like. They took the back part. We stayed with my folks until Momma could get them to move in the back, the lean-to. They was just there for the summer anyway. So they lived there in the back and used the kitchen and

the dining area and upstairs. They went upstairs and slept. They’d come and go. I didn’t pay that much attention. We lived in one part and the Blakes lived in the other part.

We used the bedroom, little room and Big Room. We closed off the [connecting] door so they couldn’t come in our house. That separated us. When they moved in it hadn’t stormed. When the rain came it really leaked good. It poured in the back and in the attic, but we were dry in the Big Room. They left that fall. (I think the road was finished). We didn’t move into the lean-to because it was too dirty and it was leaking.

The old house was pretty dilapidated and dirty and had to have a lot of work done to live in it and clean it up to move in to.... I got some wall paper on sale. We ordered the paper. Momma and Aunt Ada, I remember how they came up to help me paper that big room. It had a tall ceiling. Bless their hearts, they taught me how to paper and that is how come I know how to wallpaper to this day. We papered the two rooms and cleaned the two front rooms to live in. I was surely grateful for my Mother’s and Aunt Ada’s help.

About two weeks after our wedding dance we brought out stuff down in the old home. By that time we’d agreed with Uncle Loren that he would get us a new stove. We looked at pictures of them and selected the cook stove we wanted. He gave it to us whole sale through

¹ “Uncle Riley [Stephenson] made [the road] change around so main street went past his store. He talked the Road Commissioner into making the road straight into town (the current road) instead of going around by Road Creek and past the cemetery and turn south and turn east on First South Street four blocks and then turn south again a block and then east to Lyman. The main road used to come past our old house.”

his store. He let us get the stove and we paid him that fall. The stove was sent down to us. We still have that stove in our basement. (2011) They was putting the stove up so we could live in there when the [renters] moved in the back.

Before we got married, Blain said, “We’ve got to have a bed to sleep in.” When he came [to Salt Lake] the last time before we got married we bought a bedroom set together. I asked Mrs. Malmquist where to go and she directed me to South East Furniture in Sugar House² because she had worked for them at one time. We got the bed and the chest of drawers and a vanity with a round mirror. It was on sale. I guess after we bought the bed and furniture, they threw in the mattress. We got the whole set for \$45.00³. Blain said he had that much money saved from sheep herding. They didn’t bring it down until after we were married. The bedroom set came and we put it up in the bedroom.

Momma let us have her old leather davenport because she got a better one. Mother

² Imagine, they delivered the bedroom set 200 miles for free! Southeast Furniture was a large retail furniture outlet in Utah until the mid 1970s. The building remains, but has been converted into multi-use office and retail space. It was located in Sugar House one of Salt Lake City, Utah’s, oldest neighborhoods. Sugar House was officially established in 1853, six years after Brigham Young led the Mormon settlers into the valley. Despite its name, not a single cube of sugar has ever been produced in the area. The name came as a suggestion from Margaret McMeans Smoot, the wife of the mayor of Salt Lake City, Abraham O. Smoot, and was inspired by the sugar mill being built in the area at the time. The mill was never finished, due to problems with materials never arriving from Arras, France, and the project was scrapped, leaving the area with its name. The mill did, however, produce unrefined molasses. Source: www.technaglass.com/autoglassreplacement/utah/auto_glass_sugarhouse.html

³ Katie recorded four different accounts about buying the bedroom suite and she gave four different prices: \$30.00, \$45.00, \$50.00 and \$60.00. In Oct. 4, 1939 Blain wrote: *“Sweetheart I will send you \$60 are more then and you can git a bedroom suit.”*

had an old wooden table she let us have. They got them a chrome “breakfast set.” We borrowed an old makeshift cupboard. The top shelves had a string on tacks with cotton fabric across [the front]. Momma lent us some old chairs.

I had a few little things myself that I’d gathered up. When I worked in Salt Lake I’d all ready bought me a service for four in stainless steel which cost \$2.00, so I had that. We used it for our every day use. I had a set of blue and white checkered, ceramic dishes for myself that was for four. My cedar chest was filled with a few necessities, a few dishes, and them knives and forks. I saved everything I could and bought a... few things I needed. I was making \$7.00 a week then. At the shower we got bedding and things to help us start our life together.

We lived in the Big Room. I think the ceiling was 12 feet. They believed in building their ceilings high. We lowered the ceiling later. That was our front room and dining room and kitchen. We put our new coal stove on the south wall. The stove pipe went up through the ceiling. It would heat the upstairs as it went through the attic and into a flu. The windows and front door were on the east wall. There was enough room to have my cedar chest along by the window. The door to our bedroom was also on the south wall. There was no closet. Eventually we used the doorway to the porch and built a closet right out there on the cement..

We moved in, in the middle of March, then Brose came to live with us about May. When him and Eph had their upset he came down and lived with us and stayed up in the little room for a while, before he went in the Service. We put up a bed up there. He didn’t want to sleep upstairs [the attic] because it was leaking. He’d just came in and out when he pleased. We never knowed when he’d come in, in the

middle of the night and go through⁴ and go up there and try not to wake us up. Of course I did his washing for him and ironed his shirts. I remember I said, "You don't happened to have fifty cents for Blain and I to have a show ticket for all the ironing of your shirts?" He said, "I haven't got any money!" He didn't want to pay me anything. He stayed that summer. [1940]

At first we had an outhouse. It was quite a way from the house out in the corrals. They put them out there because they cleaned them out as they clean the corral. That was the idea. Keep it as far away from the house as you could get it.

There were Cottonwood Trees on the north side of the house by the ditch bank. There was one close to the kitchen on the west side. There was a tree on the south side too and the garden was down lower with a rock wall right where it drops off.

We had a brand new WPA toilet built behind the garage on the edge of the rock wall. The WPA built things that people needed, toilets, too. We was qualified to get one of the toilets that they was building. It seemed liked we furnished the materials and they come and built the toilet. The hole was all ready pretty much there because it come off the old rock wall. Blain dug it ... so they didn't have to do too much on that. They put in the cement foundation. They just came in and set the toilet on top of it. They built them all the same way. It had a cement floor and the top [with] a lid on it. Of course it didn't flush. We took the ashes out and put in the hole so it would smell okey. They made toilet paper then. A lot of times we'd just take a catalogue, the ones that wasn't slick, and use that for toilet paper.

Oh yes, there were bushes growing, them darned weeds that they called "Jas-a-mine." They was all around that rock wall, all around and right over to the tree on the West by the kitchen. Them things just kept getting more

bigger and bigger. They just scattered everywhere and they had thorns on them. At one time, the people that planted them, had them run out from the door. They had it staked out and had them Jas-a-mines growing. It was supposed to have been a vine to grow up high from the west door. That Jas-a-mine grew on the rock wall. It didn't grow up to the tree because we kept cutting it down as much as possible.

When we first moved there was an old picket fence across the front. Most of it was all broke out though. Blain put in a nice wire fence.

We had very little front yard. Blain and I went up along the ditch bank because we didn't have any [grass]. We did it like they do now, cut out the sod so we'd have a little grass in front of the house, on each side of the sidewalk. So we put sod on the east side, the front, and poured a the little cement walk to the house. There was just an old board walk going out there. It was broken. Blain took that out and he poured a little cement in there and slanted it down to the fence. The porch was wood too before he poured cement on it and the cement walk.

On the north side of the house it was just dirt. We had to try to keep the weeds out, pull them out, plow them down. One time we had a garden up around there. But is wasn't very successful. It was too shaded.

SECOND YEAR, First Child - 1941

We were married in March and I got pregnant in August. That gave me March, April, May, June, July, it gave me five month before I got pregnant. I don't know why I didn't get pregnant before that.⁵ I knew I was pregnant in September. I told Blain right away. I didn't tell nobody else.

⁴ Reminder: Brose had to go through Katie and Blain's bedroom to get to his bedroom.

⁵ My comment: "With Brose tromping through your bedroom at any hour he wanted to, I don't know you how got pregnant at all!" -HC

The first thing I did when I got pregnant is get enough flannel so I could get some diapers made. We always made our baby clothes – just nightgowns, plain nightgowns. We made them long enough so we could tuck under their feet. Babies always had nightgowns and diapers and a little undershirt. I remember someone gave me a pair of “soakers” so they’d soak up the water. Soakers were made out of knitted wool. The wool soaks up the water. Later I learned to knit from Wilda Norris. The pink soakers I made were so big they would fit a five year old, so all I could do was put them under my baby to soak the urine up.

I got some dress material. I think I cut a pattern out in newspaper that somebody gave me. I sewed it by hand. That was the first dress Hildred had. Of course, I did everything I possibly could do to just make ends met with what we had. I had LaPreal Chappel make a little dress that had little embroidered roses. I think is the one Hildred and Deanna wore when they were named, if I remember right. I kept all Hildred’s baby clothes and had them for our next baby. Handing them down was part of taking care of things. I used to always wash them out carefully and iron them and get them ready so that they wore dresses, at least, on Sunday.

It wasn’t that I wasn’t happy to have the baby; I wasn’t very happy because I didn’t know how we was going to get the money to have a baby delivered. I was worried, “How on earth am I going to have this baby. We don’t have money for the doctor.” We raked up enough money to pay \$25.00. People could paid \$25.00 a year and Dr. Weaver⁶ took care of

all your ills.

Dr. Weaver said, “For this baby I want you to do just what I tell you too. I want you to get out and walk at least a mile or two every day, except probably on Sunday.” So I’d walk to Momma’s and back every day.

When I got up to Momma’s the day the baby were borned, I thought, “Oh, gosh.” I said, “I’ve got the stomach ache Momma.” I didn’t know what to expect. I didn’t know anything about labor pains.

Momma said, “I’ll time you.”

Them pains were getting closer. She timed me and them things were getting 5-7 minutes apart.

I thought, “I’m just not feeling very good.”

I said, “I’d better go back home Momma. I’d better go back home.”

The ‘spare-grass was up. When I was going back home, I was trying to gather some ‘spare-grass as I went back down along the road. I always like to do everything I needed to do. [Dr. Weaver’s nurse], Nellie Taylor told me, if I could, to get some newspapers so she could put them on the floor. Aunt Burl said she had some papers. So I stopped to Aunt Burl’s. She give me newspapers. When a baby was born they put papers all over the floor so it would keep it clean. That’s the way it was. Aunt Burl wanted to talk, but I said, “I’d better hurry. I’ve got to go home.” I’d washed up all my washing that day and I said, “I need to get my bed made up.” Then I decided I better hurry because my pains was getting too close together. I thought, “I’ve really got a bad stomach ache.”

Momma said while I was up there, “They were getting too close.”

⁶ Katie said, “Dr. Weaver was a young man. He brought his young wife to Lyman. He was always down here but not her. She wasn’t happy being down here in the sticks. She was a city girl.” [In 1963 my fiancée needed a blood test before we could get a marriage license. The clerk in Salt Lake County wouldn’t accept the one he had had done in Washington. The clerk said, “You surely know a doctor here.” Mother remembered Dr. Weaver had a

practice in Salt Lake. Mother said,] “I called up there. Dr. Weaver said, ‘You just come right up to my office and I’ll see that you get that fixed up.’ He remembered us from down to Loa. [He took us right in and did the test.] He said you take [this blood to the lab] and wait until they give [the results] to you because they will just mess around and you won’t get it.” –HC

The baby could have been born right in the street. I'd stop and think, "Oh, this one sure is hard. I'd better hurry home!"

Blain's Dad was [at the house] and I thought, "Go home! Please go home." He was there at the time I was having the pains, but I didn't tell Blain or him. They was out there just a visiting. They came about the time I walked home. He came in his old pick-up. I was just busying around and hurrying to make that bed and get the clothes in. I'd pant and pant and take another breath. I thought, "I've got to get some things done before they put me down for 10 days." I was really hurrying around.

Blain could see [I was in pain.] I think he sensed something. His Dad went on home in his pick-up. He didn't stay very long usually anyway. I was just hurrying around. Them pains got worse and worse. I said, "Blain, you'd better get Nellie and see if this is the time for this baby to be born."

So Blain went over and got Nellie. She lived right across the street from us. Nellie came over. She examined me. She said, "My Lord, girl you're going to have that baby any minute. That baby's been ready to be born for an hour!" She said Blain do this and do that. So she just hurried around there and had Blain hurry around. We had an old heavy table and she used that as a delivery table. I just laid on the table with my feet up on the table. Nellie broke my water. Probably that's what helped so the baby was all right. It wasn't a dry birth. I only had to bear down about twice and she was borned. When Nellie said, "Bear down" the baby just about shot out of there like a rocket. Lucky Nellie caught her. She was ready to be borned, I tell you. Kind of laying in the channel her head was a little peaked on top. Of course it soon straightened out. That's what Nellie said it was from. She was a pretty smart lady. She delivered lots and lots of babies. She had the newspapers all down so the after-birth went into a tub so they could just empty it out.

Hildred was born just as it was getting

sundown in the evening, about seven o'clock. Orvel, Nellie's husband, sent word to Dr. Weaver [in Lyman] to get over here as quick as he could. Nellie was thinking he would be there any minute. She just did the work and delivered me and cleaned up everything and had the baby all cleaned up and had me all back in bed. When Dr. Weaver came over. He said, "It's just as I thought. She won't have that baby for another ten hours." He heard the baby cry and his old eyes went w-i-d-e. Nellie said, "You should have seen his face." She said, "That baby is all delivered and here, Dr. Weaver." He come in the bedroom and said, "Well, it looks like you've done a good job. Looks like you've got a lovely baby here." He went back home.

[After a baby was born] they told you, you had to stay in bed for ten days. I'd planted some flats of stuff and thought I was going to raise ... cabbage and tomatoes and stuff. I said, "How's the plants doing, Blain?"

He said, "Just fine. Just fine!"

I didn't stay down for ten days. I got up and sneaked out to the side of the house to look at the plants in about seven days. They hadn't been watered and they was all deader than a door nail. When the ten days were over the world looked so different when I got out of bed. It was so green.

Between Blain and Momma, they took care of me and took care of the baby. Momma would come down. She ran back and forth. She brought me food. She helped me out to get through them days. Blain knew how to fry an egg. He'd get the breakfast and make the fires. He took care of me too. I'd get up and take care of Hildred and me when I had to get up. At that time we'd have the baby right in with us all the time. With nursing a baby every three to four hours it was just easier to have them right in bed, rather than get up. It seems like I'd borrowed a little basket from some place and put her in a basket for a few days.

I just did the things I learned from other people on how to do take care of a baby. I

always asked my Mother “How do I do that and how could I do this?” Well-I-I-I, I took care of children in Salt Lake, you know, when I worked for the Malmquists. She just dearly loved me. When the twins was borned I helped her with them and I changed their pants and took care of them and did everything she asked me to do. She said I sure came into their life when they needed me most.

Blain was kind of afraid to hold babies. He’d never had a baby to take care of. But he learned how. He’d hold them and love them as long as they were good, but any wiggles and he’d say, “I think she needs her mother.” That’s what Blain would say, “I think she needs her Mother.” No pants changing for him!

We were really happy when our first baby was born. We always thought she was such a darling. We was so happy.

THIRD YEAR - Second Child, 1942

After we moved up North and came back, Doctor Smith was in Loa. At that time, to get a doctor over to Wayne County, everybody paid twenty-five dollars a year. If every body paid twenty-five dollars a year [the doctor] would have a steady income, but you had to pay it ahead. So we hurried and joined the twenty-five dollar group so that we could have Deanna on the twenty-five dollars.

When we came back to Loa my Aunt Marzella was pregnant with her last child. When she saw me she asked when I was expecting and I said in September. She said, “You’re not that far along. You’ve made a mistake.” I guess because she was so much bigger than I was, she didn’t think I even looked pregnant.

I said, “You’ll see.”

Her baby, Eva Dean, was born after Deanna.

Most people didn’t know I was pregnant until I was at least six months pregnant. We didn’t tell them. In those days you didn’t tell people. That was your secret between you and your husband. Well, we might say it wasn’t secret, it was sacred to us. It was our own

affair. I wasn’t sick. I got along fine as far as that was concerned. I was too busy working. I didn’t have time for no sickness. I got around. I was really tired all the time. So tired. I moved because I had to move.

I walked seven blocks up to Momma’s and back all the time and pushed Hildred in the baby buggy. There was no sidewalks. I pushed the baby buggy in gravel, dirt roads. That was about all I could accomplish. Anything I had to get I’d bring back in the baby buggy. Blain rode the bicycle. I decided married life and expecting another baby was one of life’s big challenges.

I went in to labor at night but didn’t say anything about it. I didn’t want to be waking Momma and Eph up, so I waited until the pains got real bad. I went up there about six. I think Blain got on the horse and went and got Dr. Smith and he took us up there I guess. It seemed to me that’s way we went up there.

The doctor was tired. He said, “She’s like everybody else, she won’t have the baby for a long time.” He went in and laid down and went to sleep. They went and woke him up. Momma said, “You’d better come doctor.”

He said, “Oh, she’s not ready yet.”

Momma said, “She’s going to have that baby. If you don’t want me to be alone, you’d be here.” He came in.

I was up on Mother’s table in the kitchen. There was only a door between the kitchen and living room then. They built the archway after.... Larna woke up and came to the door and was there when Deanna was borned. The doctor said, “Who’s that little girl standing in the doorway?”

So Larna got up to see what was going on.

Deanna was born at 8:00 in the morning, September 10. I can remember that so well just as if it was yesterday. The sun was just barely coming up when she was born. She was a nice, little, healthy girl. She didn’t have any hair. She got her dark hair later. Blain was there all the time. I don’t think he especially liked to be there, but he was there.

I had Deanna up to Momma's because she said it would be easier for her to help me, to take care of me up there than it would down to my house. Momma didn't want to have to come down and back. She said, "I can take care of you and that little girl and the baby up here better than I can run down and back to your house. ... I'll just take care of you here." We stayed up there two or three days and then I was glad to ... take my little babies and go home.

We wasn't living in them back rooms because they were such a mess and we didn't have the money to fix them up and put a roof on it. It had to have a roof. We just had two rooms and a little bedroom. We used the little room over the rock cellar, for the babies bedroom. It was ... just three steps up, adjoined to our bedroom. Ellen [Nelson Blackburn] lent me a little basinet with a cover over it. I put Hildred in a little bed up in the little bedroom, but she wouldn't stay in the bed! Blain would say, "Go back and get in bed." And she'd whine all night and keep us awake. Of course, I had Deanna in the bed most of the night with me, nursing her and taking care of her. So that's the way it was.

We had a hard time with Deanna. She got her days and nights mixed up. She'd sleep in the day and howl at night. I had a hard time getting her changed around to sleeping at night, you know. It was quite a bunch of changes to try to adjust to taking care of two little girls. That was a full-time job cooking three meals a day and keep the coal fires burning and all of the work. Twenty-four hours a day wasn't long enough for me. I was just weary. I wished for the day I could sleep eight hours. But with a baby you didn't sleep; nobody fed the baby except Momma. I did the best I could.

It was quite an experience. Hildred was just a little thing walking around, just trying to find something to do. [One day] I had Deanna all bathed, there by the stove because it was getting cool. I had this Vaseline [petroleum jelly] that I rubbed on Deanna so she wouldn't

get diaper sores. They said Vaseline would help. I had the Vaseline setting out. Hildred was walking and she was there standing watching me. I put Vaseline on Deanna's bottom. I laid Deanna there and was trying to put away the stuff and empty out the bath water before Hildred tipped it on her head or something. I turned around and Hildred was there. She had that Vaseline open and was just "Vaselining" that kid. She smeared Vaseline on her head, just a smearing it all over her. Deanna wasn't making a sound. She was just letting Hildred Vaseline her all up good. I figured, "I guess it won't hurt her that much anyway." So I wiped it off as much as I could. Hildred wasted the expensive Vaseline we had for Deanna.

After I took a diaper off the baby, if it was just wet, I simply rinsed it out immediately and [the urine] would come out. I would dry it and put it on them again. I had flannel diapers that ... dried out good. I just did it the way Mother did it. If a diaper was a mess I rinsed it out and got it ready to wash. I usually had another bucket with borax in it that I'd put those in. Then I'd put them all through the washing machine.

For my first baby I hemmed all the diapers. I got so many yards [of flannel.] I sewed them on Momma's machine at first. Later I got my own sewing machine. A salesman came along. My first sewing machine was a treadle, a Singer. It was a used one. I think I paid \$45.00 for it. Then I traded it later for the Pfaff.

I don't remember how many diapers I had, three or four dozen. They usually were about a yard both ways, 36x36 inches. Flannel came for diapers in a certain size. I measured them so they were square. Some people put square diapers on and pinned up the sides, but they taught me how to fold them in a triangle. It was littler on one end. You could make one end wider, the bigger the child got. We folded them for boys or the girls. The boys wet more in front so the layers of folded diaper was in front. I learned to fold them so that the inside

had lots of padding right where they'd wet. Momma put rectangle diapers on Larna. She showed me the way she did, but I changed and folded them this other way. I changed when people showed me a new way.

We didn't have plastic pants. They started getting them when my last two children was born. Sometimes we had soakers that was made to put on over [a diaper]. It was made out of soft wool that would soak up the wet. The soakers would get wet too. We had a rubberized pad on the mattress underneath the baby where we laid them, so it wouldn't wet everything. Then we'd wash the little pad. When a baby woke up their nightgown was wet, the soakers were wet and the diaper was wet too and you had to change them again, but it depended on how much the baby wet. When the baby got older I usually had bigger diapers on or put a double diaper. They was well cared for.

Besides flannel diapers the girls had little dresses. I'd dress them up for Sunday, if we went to church. We would put little dresses on girls or a little white romper⁷ for the boys. We kept our babies in nightgowns ... for quite a while. If it was winter I kept them in little nightgowns made of cotton flannel. We'd put a little crochet on them and make them as pretty as we could.

We had little undershirts⁸ made out of

⁷ A romper set is a one-piece garment worn by children. It is loose fitting with short legs gathered at the bottom. Puffed pants are particularly associated with rompers. (It had to accommodate a large folded flannel diaper!) Rompers usually are meant as a combination of shorts and a shirt. Rompers appeared in the United States in the early 1900s. Their popularity peaked in the 1950's.. -information from Wikipedia.com "romper suit" June 2011

⁸ Undershirts weren't pulled over the baby's head. A baby was laid on the undershirt which was open in front. Each side of the front was a triangle. One triangle was folded over the baby's chest and the narrow end was poked through a hole in the seam. The other triangle was folded over the front of the baby and the ends of the triangles met in the back. They were

cotton, knit. You pinned the tabs together in the back. I put long, white socks on my babies and kept them up with little garters.⁹ You hooked them on the diaper. We always put booties and stockings on babies.

THIRD CHILD - 1944

Before Deanna was two years old we had another little baby. She was born in September and Bill was born in August, twenty-three months apart. I don't remember being sick with Bill. I was too busy with the babies. I didn't have time to get sick. You just do what you have to do, you know. I was sick to my stomach, [but] I went on. I think I just lacked nutrition mostly. I was just tired a lot. I was real thin when I had Bill. I only weighed about 130 pounds.

Nellie came and delivered him. There wasn't a doctor at that time. So Nellie said she'd come and deliver Bill, "If you'll let me use your chicken coops." (They wanted to brood some chickens.) So we traded the use of the chicken coops for Bill's delivery. Bill really got a bang out of her saying that she'd come and deliver him for the use of the chicken's coops. I said, "Well, Nellie wanted to do it." I was certainly happy. They used them until the chickens got big enough to move.

We thought maybe Bill would be born on his Dad's birthday, August 6th, but he wasn't.

pinned or tied together. -HC

⁹ When we read garters we think of the fancy band a woman wears on her leg, especially a bride. A garter is similar to the metal button and hook that hold up overalls. A garter had a piece of rubber with a button on the end. The button was put under the edge of the stocking and the hook over it. The button, covered by the stocking, was pushed into the top of the hook and down into the narrow slot which kept the stockings from falling down the baby's legs. The rubber bottom and hook were attached to a tab of elastic which was pinned to the baby's diaper or a garter belt. Boys and girls used to wear long stocking and garters. Women also used garters attached to a garter belt to keep up their nylon stockings -HC

He went over to the sixteenth, ten days later. I wasn't in labor very long, just that morning. I just had the nagging pains. I knew. I could tell.

Blain took Hildred and Deanna up to Momma's. We sent word to Aunt Burl [Stephenson] somehow. Aunt Burl said to me, "I've had my own babies, but I want to see one borned. I'd like to come and see your baby borned. Would you let me come?"

I talked to Nellie and Nellie said, "Yes. I'd be glad to have her there and help me."

So she did. Showed her how to deliver and how to take care of the baby. Tied the cord and everything. Nellie wanted somebody else there with her all the time.

I don't remember now how we got the word around, but we got it around. Nellie just lived across the street from us. Maybe Blain went over and told her, before he went to work. Nellie came. Aunt Burl came. Bill was born in the lean-to in the dining room. They moved the table. Nellie said the new chrome table was too skimpy, so they moved the wooden table from the living room into the kitchen. She wanted that sturdy heavy legged table.

Bill was delivered, I imagine about nine or 9:30 in the morning. Bill was the biggest child I had. He was over eight pounds. Hildred weighed six and three-fourths pounds. Deanna was almost seven. Bill was eight. They didn't have a regular scales to weigh on. Nellie said, "I'd say he weighs better than eight pounds." So that is the way it was.

Blain wasn't there when Bill was born. He was on the milk truck. He come in off making his rounds about ten and came back to see how I was doing and Bill was all ready born. Oh, he was so tickled over his boy! The Chappells always had boys. He couldn't hardly believe it when he had two girls! Then we had three boys straight you know.

We named him William Blain. [Both of Katie's grandfathers were named William.]

They didn't keep me down for ten days then. When I wanted to get up, I'd get up. I think I was a lot better for it too. It was a

challenge to take care of three little kids.

When Bill started to crawl I made some knee protectors. I'd make them out of the backs of [old] overalls. They were just straight. I'd make a button hole or just pin them at the shoulders. I'd put it on right over his clothes when he was down crawling and it would keep him warm.

Once when Bill ... was crawling on the floor, he got a screw in his mouth, I don't know how, but he found a screw, like a bolt screws on. I was paying attention to him. All of a sudden he was turning blue. I picked him up. I knew I had to do something. His lips was turning blue. I took my finger and run it up in the top of his mouth and pulled that screw out of his throat or he would have been a dead boy. Then he come back and he was all right. I seemed to keep calm. I had no instructions, but I felt like the Lord must have been guiding me. After I thought about it I thought, "What if I'd poked that on down his throat. I'd have killed him dead." After I got older I realized how important it was to have inspiration.

Bill had a favorite blanket. He had to have his "blankie." He would feel that and suck his thumb. He just wore it out. He rubbed the slick ribbon on the edge of his blanket and scratch the top of his nose. He would dig a sore clear down [the length of] his nose. When he was three or four, I tried to break him of sucking his thumb. I tried everything to keep him from sucking his thumb because it was making the roof of his mouth high and he always had a scab on the top of his nose. Finally I made a little sack on the sewing machine and tied his hands up. He'd let me do it too. I'd say, "You don't want to suck them fingers.... You don't want to hurt your nose, do you?" So he agreed and I made him some little sacks. I'd tie them in knots and he couldn't get them undone and get them off his hands. That's how he quit.

Blain thought Bill was special and he spoiled him rotten.

FOURTH CHILD - 1948

When it was about time for Mathew to be born a big storm come in. The snow was so deep they had to go get an airplane to fly Geneve Turner out to the hospital [to have her baby]. Her Lila and Mathew was born on the same day. (My back hurt so bad, all the time I carried him.) Of course, Nellie delivered Mathew at home. Thank goodness, she did. She very skillfully delivered him as he had the cord around his neck.... It was good we had Nellie and she knew what to do. She cut that cord before that baby was borned. She said, "You just wait." She grabbed that cord from around his neck and cut it and unwrapped it from his neck so he could be borned. His head and face was just blue, navy blue, pinched like a blood blister. She said, "Keep this baby, right in here by you and watch him every minute." And I did.

Mathew was born in the morning. I imagine about seven thirty. I kept him right there in bed with me all day long, so I could watch him. That night, when Brose and Marie came over to see the baby, Marie picked him and looked. She said, "Take him, he's dying."

She quickly handed him back to me as he stopped breathing and went blacker. I gave him a big, quick slap as I turned him up-side down, over my arm. That's the only time I did it was once. Right at the time that he ... quit breathing. That dislodged what ever was bothering him. Then he got all okay and his face went normal. He got all right and he was all right from then on. I'll tell you I was saying a prayer, [asking] what to do. I really hadn't had that much First Aid, but that's what I did. I laid him upside down and give him a little whack across the back. I always felt that if I hadn't of stayed home and had Nellie deliver Mathew that he won't have been alive today.

FIFTH CHILD - 1953

Then there was Charlie. He was born in 1953, four years after Mathew. When Charles was born, Blain had insurance from the

creamery on us all and he decided it best I go to the hospital. Since my sister Faye was living at Salina, I had Dr. Ray Noyes. I think Dr. Noyes was going on a vacation and he gave me a shot to induce labor. He convinced me it would be OK, but I sure found out the difference. Boy, I'd never let no doctor do that again for me. Charles came two weeks earlier than he should of been. Oh, that was the worst pain I've ever had in my whole life. I'd had labor pains, but them were terrible, terrific. I thought, "I can't stand this." I didn't have any shots for pain. I just had the babies. I said, "That pain will stop when I get them here."

I stayed seven days in the hospital with Charles. He cried and cried and one nurse said I'd better put him on the bottle and not try to feed him.... I talked to the older nurse, Sister Merrill and she said, "Don't pay any attention to her. She's never nursed a baby. She don't know nothing about it. You've had four babies and nursed all of them."

I just thought, "If I can get him home and get settled down, then he'd be all right." But he still cried.

After I came home I had complications with hemorrhaging. Mother and Aunt Fan came and gave me some plain hops tea after stewing them in water and put it in our refrigerator and said, "Drink this." I did. It sure helped to put me back on my feet. We had Denise Redford come and work for us. She was a good bread maker. She'd mix up a whole, big batch of bread and bake it. She cooked the meals. She'd take care of the little kids. She came for seven days and worked for me, taking care of me when Charlie was born.

After Charles came I spent all sleepless nights. He was up crying. Blain was sure we brought the wrong baby home from the hospital. Charlie wasn't like the rest of my babies. By six weeks I usually had them so they'd sleep through the night.... At least after I'd nurse them the last time they'd at least sleep for six hours. But that little fellow, he cried all the time. I don't know why he did, but he did.

I never had such a “cry-ee” baby. For 2 ½ years I was up night and day trying to feed and care for Charles. We found he had bad tonsils. He seemed to have a lot of tonsillitis. After the doctor took them out he was just fine and we all got some sleep. I don’t know what it did taking his tonsils out, [but] he quit crying.

SIXTH CHILD - 1954

When I found out I was expecting Sue I weaned Charlie. I had Charlie early in February and I had Sue the next May. [It was] a great joy to have our “darling,” as Blain called her, join our family fifteen months after Charles was born. While I was carrying Sue I broke my foot and hobbled around in a cast for several weeks.

I decided to go over to Dr. Cluff at Richfield. I didn’t know when she was going to be born for sure. I knew she was going to come around Hildred’s birthday, but I had no idea she’d come on that very day. I said, “Blain, I think we are going to have this baby. We had the nice little ‘49 Ford that we’d bought brand new, ordered. We sneaked over in the night. He took me over about 1:30 in the morning and Sue was born in the morning of May 5th, I guess about 2:30 or 3:00.

We went over there and the doctor said, “Oh, don’t you want something for them pains.”

I said, “No. I’ve had babies before. Just deliver this baby for me now.”

They took me in there. He said, “You sure had me fooled. I didn’t think you was going to have that baby that soon.”

So Blain took me over and I had the baby and he come back home and got to work at the cheese plant on time.

When Blain came over to see me in the middle of the week, he’d go in and look at the that baby. He said, “Oh Momma, she’s the prettiest baby in the hospital.” They just look at her and say, “Isn’t she a pretty baby.” There is a bond between each child. I guess you just learn as you get older to appreciate them more.

I stayed in the hospital about four days. I

went home just before Mother’s Day¹⁰. Blain come over to pick up me. He just brought little Charlie and Mathew. That little Charlie, he was jumping up and down in the back [seat]. I was tickled to see him.

We accepted our six children as they came to us, but ... daily fears and doubts, how we would be able to provide and manage to keep them properly fed and clothed and cared for was the question.

THE KIDS

BLAIN: The kids come along.

Hildred was the oldest one and the first one. I thought all Chappell’s had boys first, but I got me a girl. That first little baby, we had that doctor all hired to deliver her. The doctor come a poking over after a while and when he got there it was all over with. We had Nellie [Taylor] come over and deliver the baby and I helped her. I don’t know whether he was shocked or disappoint or what. He acted liked we done something we was supposed not to have done. He acted like we should have waited for him; things wouldn’t wait. We had a nice black-headed little girl. We were glad for her.

When the next one was born, I was sure that would be a boy, but it was another girl, little Deanna. She was bald-headed as a billiard ball. We thought maybe she was never going to grow any. She was a year old, and finally a little fuzz started to grow and more hair growed. She got a good bunch of black-hair.

Finally Bill come. He turned out to be a boy, which I was happy with.

I had one little girl. We kind of raised her and we thought we knowed everything and thought well it’s made. Then we had another little girl and we found out it wasn’t made. Then we got a boy and found out we didn’t know nothing! The more we had the worse it got!

¹⁰ That year Mother’s Day was May 9th. -HC

The first three, Hildred, Deanna and Bill, had about the same amount of time between their births. The next one didn't come for a while. When Mathew was born he was born up in the old house. I went out¹¹ and got Nellie to come. Nellie delivered him. I was working in the [Cheese] plant and I went down to start the plant a going and thought I would get back. When I come back he was born. He was sure a tough looker, as black as black, like a Negro. He had the umbilical cord wrapped around his neck, choking him to death.... That year there was a baby born that way and died.¹² Mathew made it and started to growing and do good after that.

When the next baby come, Charlie, he was born out in the [Salina] hospital. When he was born he bawled. All the time he was in the hospital he bawled. That kid bawled and bawled and bawled. I'd go over to see my wife at the hospital and I could hear him plumb out in the street. When we brung him home he still bawled. Poor little whelp, he bawled for two years before he would quit. Finally we took him and had his tonsils taken out and he quite his bawling. He must have had bad tonsils when he was born.

It wasn't long after Charles was born that Sue was born. Charlie and Sue were quite close together. We went over to the Richfield Hospital to get her. One morning I got up at three o'clock and took Katie over to the hospital. It wasn't long before Sue was born. I took Katie over and I come home to work. I didn't miss any work. I went back that night.

¹¹ Nellie and Orvil Taylor didn't live across the street any more. They had moved to the old Okerlund house, about a mile, down the lane which went to a small hill we call Mount Ponakee.

¹² Barlow and Millie Pace had a baby born at the hospital with the cord wrapped around his neck and he died. New mothers didn't keep their babies in the hospital room with them. Newborns were kept in nurseries. There were no Newborn Intensive Care Units. Katie felt Mathew would have died if he had been born in a hospital. -HC

That is when they stuck the babies on display so everybody could come and see them. They had a lot of babies in there. I was standing there looking through the window where they had all the babies and a couple of young women come along there looking at the babies. Finally they got down to Sue and they said, "My heavens, isn't that a pretty baby." They couldn't get over how pretty she was with all that black hair. They stood and looked at her for quite a while. I just [listened] and grinned. She had long black hair. She was a pretty baby.

That was my family. I had six good kids. I enjoyed my kids.

Hildred always like to read. She would slip upstairs in the old house and we'd not hear her all day. She'd be up there reading. When we moved to the new house we didn't know whether we were going to get her to come or not. She always wanted to get back up in the top of the old house and read. I used to get Hildred to do the dishes, which she didn't like. I found dishes hid under the stove after she got married and left!

Deanna was a good little girl. She used to sleep upstairs too. 'Ann was a good little worker. She would clean up the house and take care of the babies when they come along.

Bill was quite a tinker. We had him up in the little upstairs room off our bedroom. He had all his toys up there. I went up there one day and he had taken everyone of his toys apart, ripped them all down. I was flabbergasted. I asked him what he going to do with them. "Oh, I'm going to put them back together again." So I made him throw them all in a box and said, "Okay, you get them back together again." That's the way they stayed. He never did get them back together. He had a Little GI Joe he could swing around and it would fly. He had him tore-down too. Bill was quite handy with his hands and he still is. He is precise. He likes to fix things up and make them run. Now he ... puts things back together again.

Then Mathew come. He was different than the rest. He was a quieter boy. I thought a lot of him. We used to baby him a little. He was supposed to do the chores up there one day. He didn't do it. He was across the street playing with the kids. I went over and got him. He thought I was really after him, but I wasn't giving him too bad of a time. He stooped over to go under the fence and I spat on the backside. He thought I was killing him. I was just giving him a spat because he was turned over there. He bawled and thought I was really rough on him. I was just doing it for fun. He got his chores done.

When Mathew was eight or ten years old, he won a pig, a white sow, at the fair. He liked that sow. She was a nice tame sow. When she had little ones, he'd get right up there and almost sleep with them pigs and baby them around. He liked milk cows and he is still in the milking business. He liked animals.

Bill got him a horse which hadn't been broke. I looked out in the lot one day and Bill had Mathew on that horse breaking it. Bill didn't dare get on it so he stuck Mathew on it. I was going to tear out there. I looked for a

minute and thought they were getting along all right. The old mare didn't seem to mind it too bad. After that they started riding her. She twisted her tail a little bit, but she never did buck.

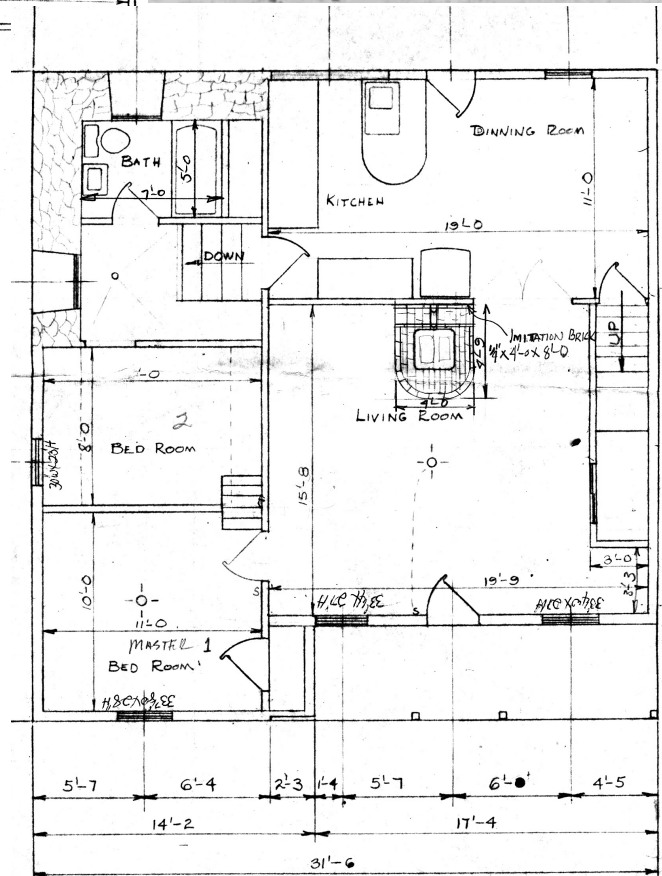
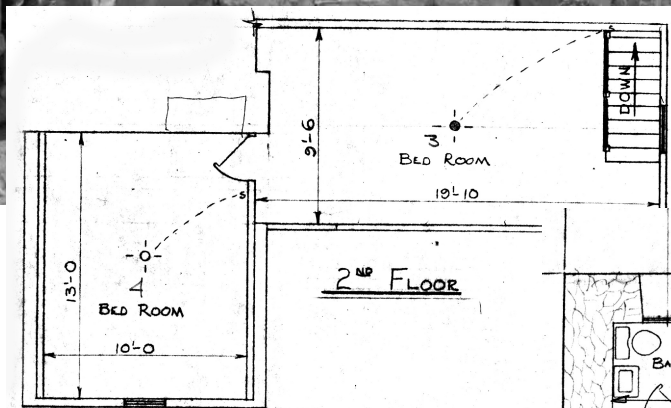
Charlie grew up and likes automobiles. He tore all the cars down out in the garage. I couldn't ever get in the garage because he had a car tore down in it and grease all over. He made him a sand buggy. He likes automobiles.

Then Sue come along. She had a lot of pretty black-hair when she was born. When Sue grew up, she was a determined little pup and she still is! She has quite a spirit.

I had a good family. They're still good kids. I don't know anymore to say about them.

I'd do a lot of things different, I guess. I would have spent more time with them. Read to them more. I used to read to them a bit, It was a good life, growing up. Yes, I'd do a lot of things different, I guess. I don't know. I just go blundering on everyday now. Blundered plumb through my whole life. It's been all right. Ups and downs, more ups than there was downs. I like kids.

It was fun having a family.



Above: The “Old House”

This picture was taken after the family moved. Blain and Katie are standing in front. The outside was originally covered with horizontal boards. Katie and Blain put on the asphalt siding and built a closet on the porch. There was a picket fence around the yard. Blain and Katie took it down and put up a wire fence.

The second floor sat over the front part of the house, the living room and Bedroom #1. A garage and the outhouse (not visible) are located south, left in the picture.

Floor plan by Bill Chappell

Proud Parents with their First Baby



Katie W. Chappell and Hildred



Blain M. Chappell and Hildred

Below: Blain, Katie and Hildred.
Blain is wearing his High School
Graduation and Wedding Suit



Four Generations, l-r: Alberta V. Potter,
Mae P. Taylor, Katie holding Hildred
Chappell - June 1941





Top-r: Deanna Chappell
- 1942

Top-l: William "Bill"
Chappell - 1944

Ctr: Mathew Chappell
-1949

Bottom R: Mathew,
Deanna holding Charles
Chappell - 1953

Bottom L: Sue and
Charles Chappell-1956
(We were unable to find
a baby picture of Sue.)





The Chappell Family in 1945 - Loa, Utah
Hildred, Katie, William (Billy), Blain and Deanna



Left:
The buggy
Katie bought
for a baby bed .
Also used for
carrying
children &
groceries.
Hildred &
Deanna
Loa, Utah
circa 1942-3



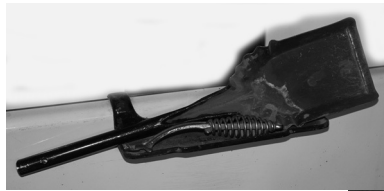
R: Deanna, Hildred and Katie holding Bill.
(Notice the picket fence and the clothes line pole
over Katie's head.) Loa, Utah - fall 1944
Below L: Deanna and Blain holding Mathew
Picture taken south of Manti Temple - 1949
Below R: Mathew and Katie, Loa, Utah - 1951





L: Deanna, Blain's father Charles, Billy Chappell and Mathew standing in front. The grandchildren loved to have Grandpa Chappell visit because he brought pink peppermint candies, but Mom didn't. Lyman, UT -1953
 Top: The year of the BIG SNOW. The only road into Loa was closed more than a week. Top: Deanna, Mae Taylor, Katie & Hildred, front: Bill & Mathew.
 Below: Look at those drifts! Katie holding Mathew, Bill and Hildred. - circa 1949





The CHARTER OAK Stove which Katie and Blain bought from her Uncle Loren after their wedding. When they moved from the “Old House” to the “New House” they installed this stove in the hallway of the basement. Katie used it during canning season and for heat on a cold morning so they didn’t have to start the coal furnace.

Top: Shovel used to remove ashes.

Top-r The openings in the top of the stove with the removable handle to lift them when the stove was hot. On the right side of the stove was a reservoir. It was filled with water. The center picture shows the open lid and the inside. The bottom picture has the right stove door open which shows the outside of the reservoir with the spicket (faucet) which folds up. The picture shows the position of the spicket when hot water was drained out.

Chapter 7 - By the Inch

“By the inch it’s a cinch, by the yard it’s hard.”

(Children and grandchildren heard this quoted often by Katie.)

“Today, the inch of life is the cinch, taking it by the yard is just too hard.” Katie’s Journal

KATIE: When I said “I do” I knew beyond a doubt that Blain was going to make all my dreams come true and I worked every day after that to make them come true.

That first year was the toughest time you ever found. Blain didn’t have a job. He farmed. Momma owned my Dad’s half of the Webster farm. Mother decided she’d give it to the kids and some of the kids had to run it. After she turned it over to the kids, Eph wouldn’t run it for her. He said he had all he wanted. Blain ran the farm because Brose wasn’t running it and Momma had nobody to run it. That was all planned ahead. Momma and Blain was always the best of friends. Blain really listened to Momma. He really liked Momma. She was the best Mother anybody could ever have, he said. He said, “I’ve had some really good women in my life.” One thing I can say about Momma that is definitely good for me, is she would always say, “You treat your husband good. Blain is a good fellow.”

Blain tried to find a job but there were no jobs to be found. Blain was so afraid to go ask anyone for a job and he wasn’t one to be demanding. Uncle Fred hired Blain to help him and paid him a dollar a day. He worked when Uncle Fred needed help pitching hay. He was thankful to work for a dollar a day. He got a few dollars that way, but outside of that, that was the only money we had, no income the first year. One thing I can now laugh about is how little we knew about the temple and about how important it was for a man to have a steady job to support a wife. I guess we both thought we could live on Love, as he had no job or income to start to farm and work on planting a crop.

It was a bad Spring. Some days I wonder how we got through, but we did. Blain knew how to farm. I remember how he’d borrow his Dad’s plow and horses, in between the times his

Dad wasn’t using them. He’d go walk behind that plow to try to plow to get some grain to feed some cattle that fall. He’d come home and his lips and his ears and all would be split and bleeding from the wind and the elements. He couldn’t hardly stand to kiss me. Blain was trying to get the crops in with nobody to help him. He got the crops in and was determined. How he kept loving to farm is more than I can figure out. Blain was really a good farmer.

The hardest adjustment for me when I got married was to go from having some money to no money, no pay checks, no security. We had no money. To not have some kind of money coming in, that was the hardest adjustment to marriage. I didn’t mind sacrificing. I didn’t mind all the other hardships ... as much as I did worry over money matters. I always seemed to worry over not having enough to live on and buy things that was necessary. That was the hardest part. I’ve thought a lot of times, “How on earth dared we even think of getting married without a steady job, without some income.”

It was hard for me, not to have anything to pay your light bill. See, we had a little light bill. It was very meager, but if you didn’t have any money you couldn’t pay it. In them days, you didn’t borrow money and you didn’t get any assistance or help. That’s why I wondered so many times, “How on earth did I ever make it through and raise a family.” To have the strength enough to go on. If kids today had to face some of those things, they’d probably have a right to divorce, feel like they did. I didn’t think of divorce. I just thought of how we could get through the day.

We were neighbors to Leone Brown and Grant [her husband] was the bishop at the time. I went to visit Leone and she said, “I’ll tell you one thing Katie. If you will pay your tithing of all your money all the time you will be

blessed.” From then on I thought, “I’ll put her to the test.” So I paid ten percent on every bit of money Blain earned. We seemed to get along better and everything went better it seemed like.

It seemed like when I came [back to Loa] I was so-o-o-o tired. I was so wore out. Then of course we worked hard to try and get a garden in but that took until fall. It seemed like I was just really, really tired. I think it was probably that I didn’t have enough food to eat. Mother tried to bring us down a little milk. At that time they didn’t sell milk at the stores. We didn’t have refrigeration. Trying to keep it from souring was quite an item. We had no way of going back and forth to Momma’s, except to walk. I told Blain one day, “Gee, it’s sure good I didn’t know all of this, ‘cause I’d never married you.” A lot of days I wished I hadn’t got married, I guess. After marriage I knew I sure needed to [have] been more prepared than one is at 17 years old....

I think we both about starved to death. I could cook, the only problem was we didn’t have no money nor anything to cook with. It was a great struggle to know where we could get enough food to survive on. We were as poor as church mice. We were always thrifty. We got along with what was available. For instance we had “spare-grass” [asparagus]. When ‘spare-grass grew that was what I was doing, trying to gather some spare-grass so I could cook some ‘spare-grass for Blain. There was a lot of it to eat that first spring. I was certainly glad to gather it up around Mother’s lot. I was just busy feeding Blain and trying to live and get enough food to take care of us.

It was depressing not to have some money coming in.... I begged people to let me work for them. Uncle Loren would hire me once and a while in the store when Aunt Fontella wasn’t there. I ... enjoyed being a clerk there. I was able to get a little bit that way. Of course I put that on the store bill, so it wasn’t actually any money coming in. Uncle Loren said I could

charge and pay him that fall. He’d take the crop enough to pay for what we bought from him to live on, that’s how we lived, but I only bought the necessities, a few staples.

I learned how to make bread and do things like that, that kept us alive. I remember when I made bread. I said, “Blain, get up a good fire.” He did. I burnt the bread. I was so depressed over that. Working like I had. I hadn’t made bread before. Up to the Malmquists we didn’t make bread up there. We just bought the stuff out of the store. She’d tell me what to do and she’d have the stuff and I would cook. I cooked vegetables. I knew to do things like that. But ... I hadn’t made bread. You either made your bread or you didn’t have any bread to eat. I think I didn’t do a very good job on my first batches of bread. Momma took pity on me and she’d sneak me down a loaf of bread once and a while. It was her bread, she’d made it and she felt she had a right to give her child some bread when she needed it. She’d bring me down a bottle of fruit and some bread. That’s actually what we had. What she brought us. Momma was good to me. If it hadn’t been for Momma I think we would have starved to death. Eph didn’t want her to give us one cent or one thing to eat.

We raised a garden that year on the south of the old home, right to the side of the rock wall. I and Blain planted the garden together. Got some seeds and put in a garden so we’d have some food to eat, to put it away for winter.... We had a gate to the garden. We had a fence all around there to keep the animals out. We had a real time with Reed Brian’s animals. He had milk cows and he’d let them go down and get in anybody’s garden. Them cows was so “breechy.” We had wires across there and they’d just come through it and break them down. We’d have our garden growing and somebody usually had their cows or their animals in it. I’d try to go fix it up. One year Royal Harward’s pigs got into it and rooted up all the potatoes and ate them that we’d planted.

They lived down the road from us. You tried to cover it up and go on and get what you could. We had all kinds of struggles.

In August and September I gathered in the vegetables and put up fruit & vegetables to live the next winter on. One year Blain planted a lot of potatoes. We got a lot of 'taters. Blain dug a potato pit out by the side of the granary. One morning when Blain went out to milk he couldn't find Old Suze. He looked around and saw her head poking above the 'tater hole. She has fallen through the roof. I wondered how he was going to get her out. He dug a slope into the pit and walked her out. We save the good 'taters to eat and fed the smashed ones to the pigs.

Blain was busy farming. Our first disagreements and difference of opinions was how much he should do to cut the wood and bring it in.... When Blain didn't get the wood in I had to go out in the wind and chop the wood and bring the chips in and make a fire to heat the two rooms to keep us warm or cook anything I was going to cook and do all the other work that needed to be done. It was hard for me not to be depressed. It seemed like a pretty cold, old world. It seemed liked it snowed the last of June. That seemed like that was as hard a spring as I ever remember. It was a cold spring, trying to keep warm with a wood fire. If we had enough money to buy coal, we'd burn coal too. Of course with the type of heating systems, it seemed colder to me. I'd been used to being in a [central] heated home up in Salt Lake City.

BROKEN LEG

Blain ran the Webster farm two summers. We couldn't make nothing by selling our crop for feed, so we started to buy some cattle and pay for them. We borrowed \$125.00 from Eph & Mother, sold the cattle next spring and paid them back with interest on the money. We paid it to Mom. Eph was real mad that we'd paid it to Mom and not to him.

The second year, just as the crops were

ready to gather in, Blain broke his leg. Things looked so rough I thought I couldn't go on, but we went right on anyway.

BLAIN: It was in the fall of the year. It was when they first got the oiled road between Loa and Lyman. The oil was slick. I was out to the field one night. I'd been working out there during the day. I'd ride the little sorrel mare, a nice little horse with Wayne's saddle he sold to me for \$25.00. I liked to ride her. She sure was a nice little horse to ride. It got time to come home. I was young then and full of life and I got on her and let her go. She liked to run. Out across that forty acres we went and come over to the road. I never slowed her down. We went out on the oiled road and when she hit that oiled road and was turning down the lane, her feet slipped out from under her and down she went. I lit straddle of her. When I lit I was all right. But she flipped plumb over and her back bone and withers¹ hit me on the leg and broke my leg. Man, down I went. Of course, the horse got up and started to move off. I got up and fell back down, got back up and fell back down. I thought, "What is the matter?" I couldn't feel it was broke. It was numb. "My heavens is that broke." I reached down and grabbed my leg and it was broke all right! I couldn't stand up. That's a funny feeling.

I stood up on one leg and waited for somebody to come. I could see Loren [Webster] and Buddy [Albrecht] coming up the road. But there was another outfit from Richfield; Gamble's Store used to bring stuff over [to the Valley]. He come along, the first one there. He stopped and picked me up, helped me up in the back of his pickup and

¹ The withers is the prominent ridge where the neck and the back join. At the withers, powerful muscles of the neck and shoulders attach to the elongated spines of the second to sixth thoracic vertebrae. The height of a horse is measured vertically from the withers to the ground, because the withers is the horse's highest constant point.--<http://www.gaitedhorses.net> Articles "Conformation Basics"

brung me on into town. He didn't know where I lived. He just come into town then I asked somebody to send word up to Katie. I don't know who took me over the hill. We didn't have an automobile. They took me over to Richfield and [the doctor] set my leg. We come home that night. It didn't feel bad. But after we got home it started to swell up. It got terrible. Man that hurt. I was laid up for quite a while. I wouldn't stay off from it very good. Once I got over balanced and went over backwards. When I fell over I knocked it out. It never growed right straight. I was limping around all winter.

People were good to us. Dad and Ren Turner come over and finished putting my crop up for me. That's when Katie learned how to milk a cow so we could have some milk in the house! She had a young baby. It was pretty rough. I put all the work off on to her.

KATIE: Blain didn't come home on time. It was getting sundown.... It was getting dark and I was so worried over him. I felt like something had happened to him. ...That always worried me, especially I had such a worrisome feeling because my Dad had died when I was little. Of course, when you expect somebody you are always thinking that something could be wrong or some thing has happened.

I guess the man [who picked up Blain] needed gas, so he drove him up to the store.² James Ellett was over there by the show house. They was going to start the shows. James said, "I'll take him over, right now in my car." He had a two-seated car. We didn't have a car. James Ellett, I think, came and got me.... He told me that Blain was up to the store and he'd really hurt his leg. So they put [Blain] in the back of James Ellett's car and we took him over to Richfield to the doctor. There was no doctor in Loa.

² The store belonged to her Uncle Riley and Aunt Burl which was next door to the movie theater owned by James Ellett. -HC

By the time we got him over there it was about nine or ten o'clock. I think somebody phoned over and told them we were coming.... He said he'd meet us to his office. It was up above the old bank.... [The Doctor] wasn't very happy by the time we got over there. We met the doctor and he set it [Blain's leg] the best he could and put a cast on it. I just kind of took care of the baby and James was with Blain. When he got through we paid him immediately. It seems like to me it was \$50.00 to set his leg and for the night call. James took us back when he got a cast on it.

Blain broke the big bone in the lower part of his leg. They told us to keep [his leg] laying out. The cast was clear up above his knee. They didn't want him to move. He just laid in the bed for six weeks. I'd just set him up in bed so he could eat. I brought him a bed pan. (We had an outhouse.) They started letting him up, but he couldn't get around on crutches for about six weeks. We took him back to the doctor to get the cast off. It seemed like to me we went in Momma's and Eph's car.

I learned a lot about how to try to manage a husband who was down and also nurse and take care of a little baby. I had to chop my own wood and keep the fires burning and learn to milk cows at the same time. I just knew beyond a doubt that I couldn't depend on somebody else to do it. I had to do it myself.

I'd never milked before. I had Aunt Mabel Morrell's boys, Neal and Webster, come and they tried to help me for awhile. She tried to get the boys to come. You know how it is to get boys to go milk. They weren't consistent. I could see they was drying up the cow. Finally they didn't come. I thought, "I can't depend on them coming. I've got to learn to milk these cows ."So I went out and tried to milk the cow as best I could. Blain was laying in bed. I asked him, "How do I do this?"

I had a hard time milking. I think we had three cows to milk at the time. Blain's Dad gave us a Red Durham cow for our wedding and she was a good [milk producer], but she

was hard to milk because she had big teats. We had one little cow that was part Jersey. She was easy to milk, but she didn't give as much milk as our Red Durham.

We needed that milk; it put "bread and butter" on the table. We sent the extra milk to the cheese factory and got a little check for the milk. We could get butter and cheese from the factory which was deducted from our check. That was quite hard times to try to take care of a baby and milk the cows and take care of Blain and try to raise a garden and keep up every thing. To me it felt like really hard times.

When Blain broke his leg it was harvest time. It was barley that he raised that year. He had it all in and stacked, but he didn't have a fence around where they were going to thresh for him. He'd been late that night trying to get it all hauled in and he had it all stacked up in the piles. Reed Brian came and said he'd give Blain \$25.00 for the feed in his field. Blain agreed, if [Reed] would fence around the stack so the cattle wouldn't get into it. Reed put a make-shift fence there and the cattle got in and ate a lot of Blain's barley and ruined quit a bit of it. Reed promised that he would take care of his cattle, but he just let them run in there. He wouldn't pay for the feed that they'd ruined. The sad part of it was, I begged him and begged him to give Blain the money for it. Even then I couldn't get the \$25.00 out of him. I had to go and keep after him. I think Marge [his wife] finally gave me the \$25.00 that I needed so badly. I earned it, going and trying to get it from him. Can you imagine that! So we had a tough time.

The barley did get harvested. Grandpa Charles seen that it got threshed and came and put it in the bin for him. It was after Blain got up on crutches though, so he was around telling them what to do. He hired it threshed. It got threshed and it got in, in a fashion.

LOGAN

BLAIN: I run Katie's mother's farm out on Lyman Lane for a year or two [1940 and 1941]. She had eighty acres from her husband's estate. She let us run the farm and we paid the expenses on it. I grew alfalfa and barley mostly. Part of it was pasture. We had a few cattle in there. We pastured the cattle and fed them and sold the calves. The calves were our cash crop. I got a few jobs around. It was before the war. Civil Services jobs were opening up. They were looking [planning] for that war, I think.

We went to Logan for a while and I went to a training school. They paid us our wages while we went to school. It wasn't very much, but quite a bit of money then, about \$45.00 a month. We weren't in Logan very long, for a month or so. We got what we were supposed to learn up there and then we come down to Hill Field [in Ogden, Utah].

KATIE: We went to Logan the fall Blain broke his leg. Basil VanDyke joined the Civil Service and he told Blain, "You could go and get schooling at Utah State University and be an Airplane Engine Mechanic." Everyone expected we'd be in the war. They were starting to draft people. Blain took the test for Civil Service and passed it, so we went to Logan. We went up there the first of November 1941. Wayne and Leah took us because we didn't have any car or anyway to go. We talked them into letting us pay the expense to go up to Logan. They took their six-month-old baby and we took our six-month-old baby. They were so good to us. They drove us all over the town trying to find a place to live.

We looked and looked for a place and finally we found Wilda Norris and her husband who needed a housekeeper to help them. They had a young men's boarding house. Both she and her husband went to school. Evidentially

they had taken this house to help them get through college. They were older than us. Well, not that much older. Blain would have been twenty-three and I was nineteen. I imagine them people was about twenty-eight to thirty. They seemed older. To me they seemed so much more knowledgeable going to college, you know. They didn't have any children.

We agreed I could work for my board and room and we'd pay \$25.00 a month for Blain's. We got our meals and that helped out a lot. Blain was signed up in the Civil Service and they paid him \$45.00 for schooling. We did have a little extra money, just barely enough. Blain had a couple of animals that he bought and grewed up and he had his Dad sell them and he sent what money he got out of them to us. I think he sent up a hundred and something dollars for the animals. Just things like that came up to ... help us live and get along and help pay for gas to people. That was real hard times. Like I said, "We didn't have 3 cents extra.

[The house] was up on Fourth East. It was about 4th and 4th, about 4 blocks down ... from the college. It had a porch across the front. It was an older home with dark brick. I don't remember whether it had a second story. Oh, yes, it was a two story because our room was upstairs. It was a small room to the west and north. It seemed like to me there were four rooms upstairs. There was no bathroom upstairs. There was just one bathroom downstairs.

We bought a baby buggy for Hildred to sleep in. We had to have something so we got the buggy. It was cheaper than a bed. We had to scrinch and save. It seemed to me like we got it on sale for \$10 - 15.00. I was still nursing her. It was pretty hard trying to sleep with a six-month baby in a little bed that dipped in the middle.....you can imagine what a time we had. It was about killing my back to sleep in a bed that dipped in the middle, an old, old bed. Some of the boys left at the end of the quarter in early December and they moved us into another

room that had a better bed. It was a bigger room.

Blain hobbled on crutches to the college and back, up to the Airplane Engine Mechanic Course. (They called it a Short Course. It was about twelve weeks.) He didn't have any other way. He had to use his crutches. Imagine that! It was four to six blocks going up a hill. Later I think he found some boys that would pick him up. They called for him. You know how Blain attracts friends. He wouldn't asked them, but they would see that he was walking. That's the way he first went up to his classes until he got acquainted. He got so he gradually started walking on his foot about Christmas time. Loosen up his leg so he could walk on it.

While Blain went to air plane engine mechanic school, I cooked and washed, cleaned house. [The Boarders] fixed their own breakfast and grabbed what they wanted. They would go at a different times. I just got up to take care of Blain and the baby. I nursed Hildred, lucky me, and didnt have to buy any milk for her. I'd feed her and put her in her buggy and she'd go to sleep. I'd wash the dishes. Because Mrs. Norris and her husband was trying to get degrees, she'd be gone most of the day and I'd clean and vacuum the house. It seems like to me they did have old carpets on the floors. I was a regular house keeper.

I'd ... do the washing. I didn't make the beds, but I had to change the sheets. They changed the beds every week. I had big washings to do. I washed once a week, but sometimes I washed twice a week because there were so many diapers. Mrs. Norris had a Double Dexter Washing Machine in the basement. I tried to get things dry, especially when it got cold. Oh my word, I did hang them out and then they'd freeze really hard. My hands would get so cold. Then I'd get cold in my breast. It was the coldest winter I can remember and so hard to get the baby's clothes dry. I've never been in colder place than Logan. Oh, it was cold. Just a bite-ty cold. And we was there in the coldest months.

We fed about eight boys all the time. It was just the night meal we usually ate together. They had dinner after school about five or six o'clock at night. I'd ask Mrs. Norris what she wanted me to do. I'd try to do what she told me to fix and do the best I could. I had a coal stove to cook on. Mr. Norris always brought the wood in. I didn't have to go chop the wood. I'd do what I needed to do. Hildred played in the kitchen and sat in the high chair while I was cooking. We'd have our supper when the boarders come home. Some of them wouldn't come to meals like she planned on. When everyone was there that was eleven or twelve people setting around the table.

We didn't stay in Logan too long. After so many boys move out Mrs. Norris didn't need me any more. She didn't want to give me board and room and we didn't have any money to pay \$50.00 for board and room. I think we was there for two ... months. Them was long months. That month or so seemed like an eternity to me.

SALT LAKE

School let out for Christmas time. We came down and spent Christmas with Denny and Elna in Salt Lake. They lived ... on Emerson Avenue. They owned a little small brick home there. They had a gas fireplace in their house. I remember how Denny turned on the gas fireplace special for Christmas.

Elna said I could ... stay with them until we found an apartment. She let me have the lean-to on their house. We put a three-fourths bed and the baby buggy back there. It was cold back there. We paid them \$25.00 a month to live there to help out. It only helped pay for the food, I'm sure. I and the baby stayed there and Blain went back to Logan. Blain stayed with the Norrises for the rest of his schooling. He finished his school and they moved him down to Hill Field to work.

BLAIN: ...Katie moved to Salt Lake with her sister and I stayed in Logan for a while

alone. When I got down to Salt Lake we stayed with Elna a bit. We didn't have no car. I rode to work at Hill Field with some other guys I went to school with who lived in Salt Lake or anybody going that way. Sometimes it was hard to get to work, but I managed to make it. The guys I knew would get transferred to different places and I'd lose track of them.

I was in air plane mechanics. You go to school to learn to do something and then when you get on the job you're doing something else. (When you go to college it works about the same way.) We didn't do much airplane mechanics. We checked planes over, made sure that everything was ready to go, put oil and brake fluid in them and check for anything wrong with them. We never really worked on any engines after we got to Hill Field. The field was new and they were trying to get organized and it wasn't organized the best. A lot of days we swept sand out of the big hangers. The damn sand was a blowing. There wasn't any grass growing.

I was out in one plane and checked it over and didn't have much to do that day. So we got off the plane and were standing around and a Big feller come around and asked us why we weren't busy. We said, "We got the job done." He asked us what we were doing. We told him we were checking the plane out. He said, "Do the same things you done before. Act busy." So we got back in the plane and checked it out again.

After they got organized things started to popping. They started to make us get to work. Before I quite we were doing a full day's work. Things were really rolling then. There were a lot of planes coming through there on their way to different places and overseas. We were checking those planes out. It was a good job.

KATIE: Blain started working at Hill Field in January. When he was at Hill Air Force Base he came back and forth with one of his friends that had been good to him. [The friend] gave Blain a ride back and forth every day. I think

one of Blain's friends helped us move back down from Logan. We didn't even have a suitcase. We just put our stuff in a box. The buggy folded right down flat so we could put it in the back seat with us or in the back of the car. It was a release-able buggy and it had a leather-like top.

Elna was expecting Jeanne at that time and I was expecting Deanna. Denny wanted somebody to stay with Elna. She would rest quite a bit. She was okay but Denny would take her to the doctor quite a bit to check her heart. They were always real concerned about her heart. I'd tried to do all the washing or any heavy work. I'd offer and try to help do it.

We got up and each one got our own breakfast. If we were both up then we'd eat together, usually we kind of ate what we individually liked to eat. Elna and I had lunch together. Then we'd have the night meal. Denny worked at Fort Douglas. He left early in the morning and then he'd usually be back about 5:00 o'clock. Blain had to come from Hill Field and he got back later. We'd usually save him something so he could eat.

We looked for apartments. Salt Lake was the closest place to Hill Field where we could find an apartment. I don't remember doing anything beside mostly taking care of the baby and trying to look for an apartment. Calling, calling and most all of them saying, "They're already gone." We couldn't find anything. Of course, we could only look when somebody would take us. We looked all over for an apartment, and all of them would say, "No children, no children, no children."

We found one, but it was impossible to live in it. It was such a dump that Elna said, "I won't let you live in that!" I thought, "How could we ever live in something like this." It was an old dumpy apartment I guess somebody had beat up. We said, "We'll let you know." That was the only one we could find that we could afford; the others were out of reach. At all the places they wanted a fortune. In them days, if you charged over \$30.00 a month that

was a fortune. All Blain made out to Hill Field was \$45.00.

We really went up to Logan planning to stay up there and work until Blain was drafted. But it got so rough, and we couldn't find a place to live with what we could afford and nobody wanted you any way.

BLAIN: Katie and I couldn't find a place to live. That is when everybody was going in for them jobs. It was hard to get a place to live. We didn't have an automobile and we couldn't get around. Finally I decided the heck with it and came back home and run the farm again. It was just setting there doing nothing so we come back. I was up north about five or six months.

KATIE: I kept writing back and forth to Momma. In March Momma wrote and said ... Brose didn't want to run the farm. She said she didn't know what she was going to do with the farm. She wanted us to come back and run the farm. We decided we'd run the farm. They let Blain out of the Civil Service because he was going to farm. When we found out we was expecting Deanna then that kind of made our decision, "We'd better go home." The war was on then and farming was necessary too, you know.

That was the coldest, roughest winter, I'd ever seen. I don't how we ever got through it, but we did. We lived with Elna and Denny approximately two months. They came down to visit Momma and brought us back home. We was so glad to be back in the sunshine. Home never looked so good as we came back up the hill to the beautiful sunny shiny valley. I thought, "I'll never, ever go away from home again. I'll stay where there's a clear blue sky and hope I never have to go away from home again." Blain was really tickled too. I never remember the sky looking so blue and beautiful as we brought our baby back home again.

So we came back home that spring and moved back in the little old house without no bathroom in it, where we lived before we went

to Logan. We did have running water in the back. That was a plus. It was in an old sink in the lean-to. It was leaking like a sieve and it was dirty, but we did have it. When we went to Logan, we just left our furniture in the house until we could decide what we was doing. It was just like we left it when we came back to it.

It was really hard. Uncle Loren let us get our groceries down to the grocery store. In the fall we had him take the hay he felt like would pay for groceries we used. I think through the summer the necessities cost us about \$40.00. We took our cows back and started milking again and we had little milk check coming in.

Blain loved farming. The farm was to feed the animals. They were the cash crop.... Everybody had their own hay. If you didn't have any animals to use it up then you didn't have much cash to go on. We tried to get some animals. When we went to Logan we had to have Blain's Dad take care of the animals we'd acquired. He took care of the few animals we had. When we came back [and] they had calves, and they got big enough to sell. Then we sold them so we got a little money out of that. Farming hasn't been my ideal thing. It has always been just a lot of hard work and very little out of it.

BLAIN: When I was farming in 1942 I used a team to farm and plow with. I used Mae's horses. She had a team and I used them. I didn't farm much after that.

JOBS

KATIE: Blain started running the movie theater in 1943.... That was the first job he really got. Uncle Fred Webster and James Ellett owned the theater. I told Uncle Fred that Blain needed a job if they ever needed someone to work there. Les Blackwood ran the movies and he decided to quit. When Uncle Fred ask Blain to run the shows we were so happy to get the job.... They hired Blain and he apprenticed with Les. He got \$29.00 a month after the taxes were taken out. The first good paying job he

had. We was glad for that steady job.

He ran the shows four nights a week, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. They'd have two different shows. One on Wednesday and Thursday then another one on Friday and Saturday. He would thread the film through the projector. The show started at 7:00. People were supposed to come at the beginning of the show, but some of them came in after it started. He would run the movie again until everyone left the theater. Then he could go home.

Then Blain got the job running the milk truck. He started working for Ivan Moore..., just before Bill was born. [When] he took the milk truck job that was a seven day a week job. You worked.... Be glad you had a job; you was tickled to death. Ninety dollars a month was Blain's income from driving the milk truck. That was the best thing that ever happened to us when I could get a whole \$90.00 a month to live off.... We saved every bit we could. We only bought the necessities.

Blain started at 7 o'clock in the morning. I always fixed his breakfast before he went to work. Avagail [Ivan's wife] said he was the most [consistent] pick up man, he was on the job at 7:00. She said, "I knew within a minute when Blain Chappell would be there.In fact, sometimes he was a minute or two early. He was never late...." They really liked Blain. He walked two blocks up [to their house]. Ivan had his truck up there all the time and Blain would be up there by 7:00 to Ivan's every morning to pick up the truck. Ivan used the truck for other things.

BLAIN: I drove the milk truck. I drove around to every little old farm and house about in the country. Everybody used to milk a few cows then. I'd pick up the milk in a five or ten gallon milk can. [Every farmer had his number on his can/cans.] I'd throw them on the truck and set an empty one off which I'd pick up the next day. You'd drop off an empty one and pick up a full one. Then I'd go into the old

creamery. Drive around to the dock. Throw the full can in and pour the milk into the vat they had on the scales. There was always someone there weighting it and helping me empty the cans. It was all lift. That was the old factory. I'd take them back and they had to wash their own cans until we moved into the new plant. Over there we had a can washer and we washed the cans out and saw they were clean, dried out and ready to go again. The next day we'd load them back on the truck.

A feller left pretty early, around sun-up or a little after, depending on what time of the year it was. The farmers got out and milked early. I used to head up around the upper part of Loa and go into Fremont and down the east side of Fremont Lane and down around over to Lyman and gather the milk there. Back over to finish gathering up Loa milk and into the old plant. I made about fifty or sixty stops. It took two and a half or three hours to make that round.

I met a lot of nice people on the job, everybody was a little different. Some people was happy to see you and some people chewed you out a little bit. I got over to Lyman one day and someone started to talking to me. I looked all around and couldn't see a soul. I stuck my head down and straightened the cans out and they started talking to me again. Turned around and there was a magpie setting on top of a can. Someone had learned him how to talk. That was a surprise to me. That doggone thing was just a jabbering away. "Hello" and this, that and the other. He had a pretty good little vocabulary. That was the only time I ever saw him though. He was right friendly that day.

People would order cheese and butter and you always had to gather it up the next day and take it back to them. I had a notebook to keep track of it. During the war they had ration stamps and that was sure a big headache to keep track of them outfits. I had to tear-out so many stamps for a pound of butter. You got so many stamps a month or every three months. That's what they had to run on was a stamp book. It

was sure a mess, terrible. They finally done away with that, thank goodness.

They were rationing things which I don't think they needed to do. It was just the same thing as changing the milk for butter and cheese but the government put the food stamps on it so somebody wouldn't buy it all up and get a corner on something and make the price go up on it. So everybody had to turn in a stamp or two for a pound of butter and so many for cheese. It went like that for a while. People would come in without any stamps and want to get some butter. It was a mess.

KATIE: Blain would come home [for] a hurried lunch before he finished his milk route. Then he'd just go around to the back of the creamery to get whey. He remember the ones who wanted whey and he'd just take the hose and fill those cans up with whey. He put about the same amount of whey that they sent milk.

Blain had to deliver cheese and butter back to the patron if they ordered it. He always had their cheese and their butter in the seat.... He had to keep track of all this, get it at the cheese factory and deliver it. Then he had to deliver the whey back in their cans to feed their pigs. He had to lift all those cans off the truck again. (Later federal regulation didn't want him to put the whey back in their cans. Farmers had to have separate cans for whey.) He'd get his route done about two or three o'clock in the day. When he got through depended on how much somebody detained him. That was an all day job. Then he would do his farming.

Sometimes, when Blain came back to Loa to take the milk to the creamery, he'd stop and pick me up. Blain always picked up milk to Momma's and Eph's house. (That is when Hildred and Deanna were little children before Bill was born.) Lots of times we'd ride around with Blain to see Momma. He would let me off at Momma's and I'd visit her while he unloaded the milk cans up to the old rock cheese factory

by Uncle Will Potter's. Then he'd come back and pick me up and take me home.

One day I put Hildred and Deanna down for their naps. (I always got them up early in the mornings with Blain.) I think Deanna just pretended to sleep. I thought they were sound asleep. So I left them home asleep and I went to see Momma on the milk truck and I'd be right back.

I wasn't gone an hour. When I came back Hildred was there but Deanna wasn't. We couldn't find Deanna. I'd let the girls go down to the store [a block down the street]. I'd send them [with] a note and send the money to get what I needed. They'd give the girls candy because I'd let them come down to the store and back.

I went to find Deanna. I looked all over. I went in the store and asked them. "No, they hadn't seen her."

Finally I went down to my friend Ellen's to see if she was around or if she'd seen her. I said, "Ellen, I've lost Deanna. I'm just beside myself. I can't find Deanna any place. And I don't know where she is or where she has gone.... I've looked every place. I've went to the store. I've asked the neighbors, every place she might be." You can imagine how I felt by that time. (I've had long nightmares over this.)

Ellen said, "Katie, I don't know what to tell you."

In the meantime, Deward [her husband] came home and Ellen said, "She's lost Deanna."

Deward said, "Katie, I seen Deanna up in the store."

I said, "What time was that Deward?"

He told me.

The clerk at the store lied to me. I ran back.

I said, "Where is Deanna? Where is my little girl?"

She said, "I don't know."

I said, "Don't you lie to me. A man told me he seen her here. That little kid was supposed to have been resting."

I was never so furious with anybody in my life.

(In a sneering voice imitating the clerk), Well, since you're such a good Mother, she's back in that house in the back."

There was a little house setting back of the Loa Co-op store, west and north. They took Deanna back there. They thought it was real funny.

I went and got Deanna. I hated those people with a passion. Playing a trick on me like that. (I was pregnant at the time.) Someone said, "My Lord, they could have caused you to lose that baby." Me just hurrying and running as fast as I could around to find that little thing.

I just couldn't imagine anybody not having any empathy for a Mother who had two little kids and went up to see her Mother. It was really a heart-breaker for me to think people would so that to you in your own home [town] when you'd always loved the people around and had been kind to them. To me that was very unhappy circumstance that I had met up with. That made me so down cast. I surely did affect me a lot.

So that is where Deanna was.

It is always amazing how easy it is to remember all the hard things and the sad things you went through.

Hildred and Deanna would go out on the south side of the house and get in the dirt. Oh, they liked that dirt. We was so glad that we had a little lawn. We hoped they'd stay on the grass! But that wasn't the place the kids wanted to play. [They] loved to be back there under that tree in the dirt. It was a nice place back there. Blain would say, "Oh let them play them in the dirt. That won't hurt them a bit."

Brose married my friend, Marie Sheffield. Their first baby, Janice, was born the same time Deanna was. They lived down behind the Co-op store for a while. When the war quit Brose and Marie ... lived across the street. They moved up to Gramma Reese's house after

Gramma Reese died.³ If they wanted to go fishing we'd have Janice come over and stay with Hildred and Deanna.

We had a irrigation ditch running down [the north side of the yard.] The ditch got to be shallow where they drove through to go to the corrals. That was a "pollywog" place when it got wet. The kids loved to be up there playing. The neighbor kids would come over to play. It always worried me when they'd play in the ditch in the water when it would run swift for fear they'd fall in and get down in between the bridge and I'd not be able to get them out.

The kids loved to wander over across the street and play in the Big Hole.⁴ Of course there were rocks and they could climb on them. They were big long rocks. When we'd go and get pine nuts the kids would go over there, get a fire going and we'd ... roast pine nuts in the coals. That was our Family Home Evening I guess to go over there. When Bill got bigger he was always wanting to do things like that.

WORLD WAR II

We lived in that Depression and things didn't ease up until about the time that Blain and I got married. When they started the war that is when things started going up again. In War things went up. I don't know why it happened this way but that's the way it was, and things never came down they just kept going up, up, up. After the war people really thought things would come down, but they never did. I remember how people who wanted to sell out and move thought, "These prices will never be this good again." They sold their farms, eighty acre farms and their houses for \$7,000. Why

prices would never get that good again! But prices just went up, up, up, up, up, up. They never did go back down. They just kept going....

When the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, we didn't have a radio. We just heard it from somebody else and the people that took the news paper. That's the way you got the news, from your neighbors. Yes, I remember them talking about it. [America] was preparing before that when England got into it. They was preparing their armies and everything before that. They knew that they was going to go to War. They was getting all this because they didn't know whether they was coming over and going to bomb America or what they was going to do. That's why Blain went into the Civil Service to be an airplane engine mechanic. He thought he'd rather get in and do something he wanted. And it was a free schooling.

The Second World War was taking men to fight for our freedom.⁵ The Draft board decided who went. They each had a town board and they would decide the boys that needed to go in next. They drew out numbers. Blain had a high draft number. Blain was called up to take the physical examination. He went up to Hill Field

³ Sarah John Reese died 18 July 1945. Both of Katie's brothers, Brose and Bill, were in the military during World War II and participate in the fighting. - HC

⁴ The land was sold to the Government. The Big Hole was filled in and a house was built there. All of the men who came to be the Forest Ranger for Fish Lake National Forest lived there. -HC

⁵ Pres. Roosevelt signed the Selective Training and Service Act on September 16, 1940 and began the first peacetime draft (conscription) in the United States. Every male between 21 and 45 was required to register for one year of service in the army which was extended in August 1941 to two years. After Pearl Harbor the time of service was extended to the duration of the war plus six months and all men 18 to 64 years had to register; those aged 18 to 45 being immediately liable for induction. Draft quotas were filled by local Draft Boards selecting the draftees. In 1942 a new law (SSS) changed the system from "selective service" to a lottery system. The local boards no longer made the selections, but ensured proper processing of men selected by the lottery. A man with a low number went before someone with a higher number. 200,000 per month were called up. In the massive draft of World War II, 50 million men from 18 to 45 were registered, 36 million classified, and 10 million inducted. Information from wikipedia.org "Conscription in World War II" -HC

on the train and took his examination and passed, but was deferred. I was expecting Bill and expecting Blain to go in the service any time. That was a big stress and worry on me wondering what I'd do with three kids with him in the service. There was a lot of anxiety of wondering which month or which time they would take him in the service. It did affect my life a lot more than it did Blain's. He didn't worry about it. I think he said one was enough to worry about it. I did all the worrying. The war made life very uncertain.

If the War had lasted longer Blain would have went because he passed the physical. He was all ready to go. But it quit and he didn't have to go. The reason Blain didn't go [into the army] was because I was expecting my third baby. They took the men with two children to war but Blain was deferred. Blain's number was next to Denzil Taylor, but Denzil got in because he only had two children. Denzel went but he never did get into any battle or anything. Denzel and Spencer [Reese] just had the trip around. Blain said, "I'd should have went in. Look at the nice trip I could have had free."

During the war we had rationing and tokens.⁶ They made steel pennies. We bought war bonds when we could save up the \$ 18.50 to do so and made great sacrifices to buy them.⁷

⁶ Tokens were given as "change" for ration stamps.

Copper was used for ammunition and war equipment. War bonds were redeemable in ten years and the \$18.50 bond earned \$25.00. There were \$50 and \$100 bonds. Some people paid 10 cents a week and put a stamp in a book. When the book was full, the person got the bond. -HC

⁷ "Wayne County residents achieved a remarkable records for their efforts at home during the war. Their response to calls to buy bonds was out standing. During the fourth war bond drive ... Lyman, with fewer than fifty families, exceeded its quota by more than a thousand dollars on the first day of the drive, 18 January 1944 ... the first town in the state and Wayne the first county to reach their quotas.In 1945 Wayne county received a Navy Corsair Plane in recognition of exceeding its quota by 17 % in the last Victory Loan Drive." History of Wayne County M. Murphy, p.304

Shoes were rationed too, but that didn't affect me because I wore my shoes a long time anyway. I didn't worry about shoes for the children because I usually had them handed down. Hildred's shoes was handed down from my sister Larna. She was four years older than Hildred. The baby shoes was just handed down from one baby to another. Then the war was over before our fourth baby was born.

They was certain foods that was rationed, but I didn't buy much food anyway, except a little sugar and stuff like that. I used basic foods. All the stuff they gave me was plenty for me. We had most of our own food anyway. I didn't have any troubles with rationing.

They definitely had rations. They rationed gas. Of course we didn't have a car so it didn't hurt us none. (We didn't have a car for seven years.) Everybody got a gas ration. You had to hand your coupons into the gas station. We'd give our ration to somebody else that needed it.

CARS

BLAIN: The first car I ever had was a bicycle.... I had that for a year or so. Then we bought a little Chevrolet from Ross Chappell. A coup he rebuilt. It was a pretty good car. I liked it. We sold that to Brose and Marie. Our family was getting too big for it. Brose and Marie took a trip up to Salt Lake with it. Sugar House used to be about the busiest place in town. They got in the middle of the big intersection of Sugar House and the thing quit. Brose had to get out and crank it and everybody was giving him the horn. Boy, was he mad. I didn't dare talk to him for weeks after they come home. He sold it.

Cars! Most of them were pretty good cars, but some of them were a lot better than others. I believe I bought a little green two-door Ford, a 1948 Model. It was a good little car. It was second-handed, a year old. Then I got the idea I wanted a brand-new one; I thought I was

getting rich, which I wasn't. I traded Dee Hatch that Ford and bought a new Ford. That's when they changed the looks of the Ford car. It was a '49. The one I traded off to Dee Hatch was better than the one I bought. It wasn't that good of a car. We bought that the same year Mathew was born.

Then we bought another pretty nice looking car. I don't remember what year it was. We had it for a while. When Mother and Hildred was up north ... somebody hit it. We got it fixed back up. I should have kept it, but I traded it off and got another one, a black Ford. That black car was really a nice car. We let the kids drive it a lot. Bill run the wheels off it. Deanna bumped the back one night. She went in the ditch. It was a good car. Finally Sue stuck it off in the ditch and we never did run it again after that.

Then we bought a little second-hand white car. That was a good car if I'd stuck a new carburetor on it. I wish I still had it. It was a nice little car, but it wouldn't start all the time. It was an economical car. I sure liked that. Then we got one that Charlie fixed up. We run it for a while. We bought an old grey pick-up too. It is still sitting out in the field. Then we bought a new green pick-up. I didn't like it. It didn't have a good motor in it. I finally traded it off for the one I have now. It's a pretty nice pick-up. Then Bill had a Bronco and I [said], "Man, that's a nice outfit, why don't you pick me one up." I should have been quiet. About a week later he come with a nice Bronco. I've still got it. It's a nice little car. I like that Bronco.

All my cars have been Fords, except the one little Chevrolet. You'd think I owned the Ford Motor Company! Dad had a nice little Model-A Ford. Our whole family drives Fords.⁸ Our whole family is still driving Fords. Sue sure hated to buy a Chevrolet. I said, "Sue, there are

more cars than just Fords." We understood Fords and know how they worked and worked on them a bit. And that's my transportation. That's my automobiles.

KATIE: After six years of marriage [1946] we saved \$250 and bought a second hand blue Chevrolet car. We paid for all we ... bought and never used credit. It was just a one-seated Chevy coupe with a back on it that you see in these really "foxy" shows now. We had the Chevy coupe for nine months, then sold it to Brose & Marie to go to Salt Lake in because they had a Model-T. It seemed like to me we sold it to him for \$200. But that car was actually too little for us all to get into. We realized we had too many kids to put in a one-seater.

At the time, you couldn't even buy new cars. We ordered a new one from the Ford Motor Company. They had this one Ford over there that we bought for nine hundred and fifty dollars. It just had two doors but it had a good back seat in it. We ... got it with just over 5,000 miles on it. We had that Ford about two years. We thought the new one would never come. We had our order put in a long time before it came.

In December 1948 the dealer told us, "You're car is here." So we sold our old dark green Ford to Dee and Berneal [Hatch]. Blain said he should just as well have kept the old one. We did trade because we'd all ready ordered it and we'd committed ourselves to take it. I don't remember how much it cost. We got our first new car - a Ford, 1949, light blue - at Richfield just a day or two day before Mathew was born.

NEW HOUSE

We decided we would build a new house. We started building the new house the year Sue was borned.... By the next May we was moved in the new house.

Blain said, "We are going to build right now, if you are ever going to build. Get your plans. Jay Hall [the Utah Agricultural

⁸ Blain's brother, Wayne, was a mechanic and fixed Ford cars at a dealership in Salt Lake City. He drove Fords too. -HC

Extension Agent⁹] said he had some extension plans so I got a plan through the Extension Service.... “ So I got some plans that I thought was as near as I could find them to what I wanted. I couldn’t draw my own plans. It had it so you came in the door and it didn’t have a porch on it, but I had Afton [Taylor] put a porch on it and that little entrance hall. I don’t know where the plans went to. I had the plans.

I kept track of every dollar that went into that house and ... it’s listed in a little old notebook, what I paid and how much I paid them. Afton got paid each week he worked, for the hours that he totaled up. I would pay them all each week for their hours worked and kept track of it all. We had saved up nine thousand dollars and this built the house up to the roof and ready to be plastered. We finished it and the double garage for thirteen thousand dollars. Next year we added storm windows and put insulation in the attic so the final cost was fifteen thousand dollars.

It was a great challenge to take charge of getting every thing ready... That year, after we’d dug the hole and they started working, at times I wondered if I could make it through. I was so busy. Afton, [who] was hired to build our home, figured out what I’d need every night and I’d see it was ordered and got ahead. I sure did work that year, I’ll tell you, to try to keep Afton [Taylor] going and ordering all the material. We bought most all our materials from Fred Brown Builder’s materials. If it hadn’t of been for Brother Brown I don’t know how I’d of made it through. I’d go up to his store and order the stuff that Afton told me I had to have.

Deward Blackburn also helped Afton in the summer time, while out of school. They was so much to be done. We had the young teen age boys dig the cess pool out south of our home....

Karl Chappell hauled in the big boulders to fill it up. I’d take my little old trailer and I go down to Ern Jackson’s and get some materials. He had a sawmill down to Teasdale. He’d make the casing and things that we got. Then we had to sand them. Uncle Loren kept his dealership and I got those steel kitchen cabinets from him. I worked until 2 o clock in the morning painting and sanding and trying to get things in readiness to move. It took a year to get our home built.

So we all moved down to the new house. We had six children - three boys and three girls. I thought maybe we’d have a dozen more [kids], but we didn’t have any more. Blain said, “This house has not been very prosperous has it?”

We had two bathrooms down there. Imagine that! (The only thing I regret is that I didn’t build a master bathroom in my bedroom.) At that time, I thought, “My word, a boy’s bathroom and a girl’s bathroom, that’s all we needed.” I was so tickled; I just got my dream house. I remember Hildred wasn’t a bit happy to move down there. I thought she would be so tickled over that new room and she didn’t even want to go.

They didn’t get telephones in Loa for a long time. They got them after we moved to the New House. Before that there was only one in each town. I guess they put one line through there. We’d go down to Will and Em Blackburn’s house. They had the telephone. One of the old-fashioned wall ones. Everybody in the town used it. They’d come and tell people the news or send someone to tell them if they needed to telephone anything. [People] wrote a few letters, but they didn’t have too much communication then. I’d never talked on a telephone until I went to work in Salt Lake.

It only cost about \$2.50 for the telephone bill. One month I got a charge on the telephone bill to Salt Lake City. I couldn’t imagine why

⁹An informal education program through Utah State University, a land-grant university. See “Cooperative Extension Service” at Wikipedia for more information.
-HC

on earth they charged me so much on that telephone bill! I certainly didn't remember talking to Salt Lake City. It was a BIG thing to call long distance. Marie told me Janice had been talking to Hildred and Deanna. Sharla Ann [Blackburn] Hildred's friend convinced them that it didn't cost money to call long distance!

Sharla said, "It don't cost anything. You just put it on the telephone bill."

BLAIN: We kept thinking about getting another house, a good house. We were about to move up to the house that Keith Hatch made, there by the service station¹⁰, but then we decided we'd build one of our own. Warren Taylor ripped us out a basement. I was working in the cheese factory and didn't have much time to monkey with it so Katie took the job over and bossed the job. She saw that everything was there and men were on the job and ordered everything. At night I would help her go down to Teasdale and get lumber. We'd bring it home in a trailer. If we needed a lot, they'd bring it in in a truck. Afton Taylor built it for us and Deward helped. He was the hardwareman. He helped on the outside. He

helped during the summer, then went back to school.¹¹

Nowadays they use sheet rock, but our house has plaster. It was about the last house in town that has plaster. Katie did all the sanding and painting on the inside and stained the woodwork. She did it all in a natural color. She did the hardwood floors. She done a big job down here. It was warmer and better than it was up in the old house. It has a nice furnace in it. We had Sue. Katie would bring Sue down there in the daytime and work down there where it was warm. I'd help her at night, but it wasn't much. She did most of it. Katie done a good job with it.

We started building in the spring of the year. I think we moved in the first part of December [1954]. We moved down a little bit at a time. We carried most of our stuff down the street. We'd see our kids going back up the road and we'd have to go get them and bring them back. They were going back to the "Old House," especially Hildred.

We had all our babies up in the Old House and we haven't had any since we moved. We still call the house we built the New House, but it's getting old. It has been a nice home.

¹⁰ The house was on Main Street near the southwest corner of 300 North in Loa. There were motel rooms behind it. May and Laver Brown bought it, ran the motel and built a café north of the house.

¹¹ Deward Blackburn taught at Wayne High School. He married Katie's friend Ellen Nelson. -HC



Top: "New House" 1955 Ctr-l: Blue 1949 Ford
 Ctr-r: Deanna, Hildred and Mathew. In back
 Loa Church one block away. -1951
 Below-l: Sue & Charles. They loved cats. -1964
 Below-r: Charles and Sue - 1957 One day they
 noticed pillows had feathers and they took them out!





June 1957 - L: Larna Taylor and Keith Busenbark
Below: Sue Chappell
Katie made her sister Larna's wedding dress and a matching dress for Sue to be the flower girl.



R: Bill, Hildred, Mathew, Blain & Deanna standing at the grave side of Blain's father, Charles Chappell. Lyman Utah Cemetery. -May 1953



L-back: Bill, Hildred, Deanna & Katie
front: Mathew, Sue and Charles Chappell, Loa, Utah circa 1955 Standing at the side of the new house and garage.



Top-r: The girls- Katie, Deanna and Sue L: Blain, Bill, Mathew and Charles
Below: Katie and Blain Chappell in living room of new house. *circa 1960*





Top: Deanna, Bill, Hildred
 Katie, Mathew, Sue, Charles and Blain Chappell - *circa 1958-9*
 Below: Mathew and Sue Chappell, Deanna C. Maxfield, Hildred C. Cobia
 Bill, Blain, Katie and Charles Chappell
 (Deanna, the beautician fixed the girl's hair.) August 1970, Loa, Utah



Chapter - 8 All Play

“All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.” –Proverb

KATIE: Just a while after we were married we formed a young married club with all our school friends¹ who were also getting married.

We had a Halloween Party at the old Relief Society Hall. We all dressed up as couples. I dressed Blain as a Ball Player and no one could guess who he was and he was given the prize. We all brought good food to eat. [Eventually] we all got too busy with family and quit it.

HILDRED: Trips were special, but rare. Dad was usually working.

YELLOWSTONE

BLAIN: [One year] we did get up to Yellowstone. Hildred and Deanna went with us up there. We all went with Deward and Ellen Blackburn [and their girl, Sharla Ann] in one automobile, their Hudson. (That was a pretty nice automobile there for a few years, a top outfit.) I enjoyed that.

The first night the bears got in the trash cans. The bears started banging the lids around. They were sure beating the lids. Deward come to life, “What was that?” We were sleeping in a tent. We didn’t know if the bears were going to come in or not. The next morning a big moose walked into camp. It was a big cuss. It looked like an over-grown horse with horns on it.

When we went on up through the park we saw lots more bears. I think they’ve kicked them off the roads. You don’t see them much anymore. People got too friendly with them. We saw a lot of elk. We did see a buffalo.

I was impressed with the hot pots and Old Faithful. When we got down to Yellowstone Falls, the lower falls, that was quite a canyon,

quite a sight to see. We had a nice time. We come back around and stopped at the Idaho Falls Temple. We took some pictures with a little Brownie camera.

KATIE: Ellen ... said they were talking about a trip. We decided us four could go together and take our three kids with us. Hildred and Sharla was such good friends and Ellen and I was such good friends that we decided we would pay half the expenses going up to Yellowstone. Deward had the biggest car so he took his car. We ... packed our tent and grub box and everything in the back and went to Yellowstone. I think it took us two days to get up there. Then we spent two days up there, around, and then we spent two days coming back.

We just camped out. The place we stopped at was Yellowstone Lake. They had some cabins there but we went down to the camp grounds. We picked a little camp spot.... Had our supper. The kids slept in the car. Sharla slept in front seat and Hildred and Deanna slept in the back seat. I and Deward and Ellen and Blain slept in the tent ... in sleeping bags. We got in bed and all of a sudden, Bam, Bam, Bam. The bears come in the night you know.....

We had a grub box. Deward and Blain got up and ... put it in the back of the car so they wouldn’t get in our grub box. I and Ellen had put up chicken and had it sealed so we could have chicken for our sandwiches. We had our meals all planned. We got along fine. I don’t remember if we bought some milk and stuff along the way at a grocery store. We had food to eat and fed the kids. Very little expense going up there and back.

The second afternoon that we was there, oh it rained. I’d never seen such buckets of rain. We were traveling. We had to stop for a while

¹ Blain said, “When we first got married it seemed like we had lots of friends around town, Roland and [Rowena] Chappell, Oren and Inez [White] who used to live ... here. Neldon and Martha Mae [Ellett] still live here. Don and Betty [Chappell] over in Lyman.

because the rain was coming down so bad. We just came back around and ... on the other side where the Yellowstone stream streamed down through there over the rocks. We went out and stopped and seen the places as we went up around. We went over to Old Faithful and seen Old Faithful go off.

That was quite a trip to go up and see those bubble pot holes, bubble up and down and all that stuff. I can tell you we was taking hold of the kid's hands so they wouldn't be getting over there too close to them streams or any of them bubbly hot, flashy places.

We took the trip up around through Yellowstone and then back around on the West side of Yellowstone. We stopped long enough in Idaho Falls to see the Idaho Falls temple. We was all glad to get back home again. I think we started on Monday and got back ... on Saturday. We had quite a trip. We had a good time. The kids had a great time.

PACIFIC COAST

BLAIN: I and Katie went on a trip with Wayne and Leah about 1948.² It was just the four of us that time. Wayne had a new Ford automobile. We went into Caldwell, Idaho,³ the first night where we stayed. We camped out. We had our tents and a bed. We camped off the side of the road. I remember looking off a high plateau into Pendleton Valley. We zig-zag down off the mountain. I don't know where we stayed the next night, up in Oregon some place down by the Dalles. The Indians were fishing for salmon then, catching them with nets. They built a walkway over the river and put the nets down in there. I guess they

² Katie said they went after Charles was born and before Sue was born, which would make it the spring or summer of 1953. -HC

³ Wayne and Leah Chappell, Blain's brother lived in Salt Lake. Caldwell was their first stop after leaving Salt Lake. They traveled on two-lane roads. The Interstate Highway (freeway) was not started until after 1956. -HC

could feel when one was in it. They sure did have some pretty fish, a foot and a half long. They were really catching them.

We went on. I think we stayed over in Portland that night. The next morning we headed down the coast and got down into the redwoods. The road wound through there. It still went through one big tree and we drove through the tree. We stopped at one little town and had our dinner at a park. The feller that took care of the park was an ornery old cuss, he turned the sprayers on everybody. He was trying to water the lawn and he done it. On come the sprayers. Most of the people moved out, but we picked our table up and moved it where the sprayers wasn't until we got our dinner et. We took a grub box. If we needed any food, we'd buy it and cook it ourselves.

It was quite a sight all along the rugged coast along there. Leah had an aunt in Sacramento and she wanted to go there. We cut back away from the coast and went up to Sacramento the next night. We stay at her aunt's.⁴ The only time we slept indoors was when we got down to Sacramento. It seemed like when we got there everybody we knowed was around town. It was good to see Don Carl, I hadn't seen him for a long while. They used to live over to Lyman.

The next morning we headed out across through Reno and Wendover and come home. It was a nice trip. I enjoyed it.

KATIE: Before Sue was born we took another trip with Wayne and Leah. They wanted to go. We came to Salt Lake City. In Salt Lake we stayed with Wayne and Leah. Their car was bigger than ours. Wayne wanted to drive so we went with them. We had our tents and we camped. We went up around Oregon and kind of into Washington and back down through the country and back down to Sacramento where Leah's Aunt Welthy lived.

⁴ Welthy Okerlund, sister to Leah's Mother, Mary Okerlund White. She married Homer Lyman. -HC

We went to a cave, Oregon Cave National Monument, ... that we went into. We had to wait an hour to go on the tour.... My cousin, Maud [Webster], lived up there and we stopped by to see her in Oregon and said "Hello" to them and went on. We went and seen the big trees and the Redwood forest. Went down to Sacramento, Leah's Aunt Welthy invited us to stay with them.

We came back across the fastest way we could and came home up around Wendover. We got there that night, then got in our car and come on home. Picked up little Charlie and ... got home. We left Charlie with my sister, Faye. That's when she talks about Charlie wouldn't be put down. The only way she could do hair was put him on her back. Deanna liked to stay over with Faye ever chance she could because Faye just let them eat everything they wanted to, when they wanted to. She worked. Them kids was great kids at eating just macaroni without cooking it. Cracking it and chewing it.

Most of the time I felt like, "I'm just never going again. It's just too much getting away from the kids when I need to be home." We both worried about our little kids. I don't remember what Leah did with hers or who tended them for her.

HOOVER DAM

KATIE: One year we decided we'd go down to Hoover Dam and back. The way I remember it Blain had hurt his foot somehow. We went down. We looked on the map and we thought, "It's not very far on down to [Elna's]."⁵ We traveled and we traveled and

we traveled. Blain was getting tired. We went to a motel about 1:00 o'clock in the morning and they said they wanted, (I can't remember how much). We thought that was way to much for one night. We went a little ways and parked and slept for a while. We ended up in Merced. That's where Elna and Denny lived. They lived on the army base. Then I think Elna took a day and we went on over to San Francisco. We went through Yosemite Park coming home.

BLAIN: One year we took a trip down to California. We visited Elna and Denney when they lived at the army base. We were just going down to Hoover Dam, Lake Mead.When we got down there it seemed liked we hadn't been gone long enough so we got looking the map over to see where Elna and Denney lived and it didn't seem very far on the map! We thought we'd go over there. We drove and drove and drove and finally it got 11:00 o'clock at night. We tried to find a place to stay. We stopped at a motel and we couldn't get in there. We went around and found a vacant lot and throwed down a blanket and went to bed. The next morning when it started getting light we got up and went on up to where they lived.

We decided to go on over to see the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco. Elna went with us and we went over there and spent a day.... We went down around Fisherman's Wharf and down to the Golden Gate Bridge and where the cable cars were running. We went to a park out by the ocean. They had some animals there and fish. They had some sharks there and big turtles. It was quite cool. The wind was blowing off the ocean and the fog was rolling in. We went down by the sea where they had the liberty ships. They had the liberty ships parked along there. It was right after World War II. Bill can remember a little about them. We spent a nice day over there. I enjoyed the whole town. I enjoyed my kids running around in that park and the fog rolling in.

⁵ Postcard to Katie's Mother dated Sep 6, 1951. It was approximately 350 miles from Loa to Las Vegas and no freeways. Las Vegas to Merced is 450 miles! Castle Air Force Base, was located six miles from Merced, California. It is 120 miles from Merced to Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco. The Denneys lived in a two story barracks on the base. Elna, Denney and Jeanne moved away in Dec 1951. (Source Jeanne Denny Brockbank.) --HC

The next day we come home. We drove up through Yosemite. That was a nice drive through there. A certain time of the year it is dry, but water was rolling off there that day, in the spring of the year. It was a nice trip.

HILDRED: I was nine or ten when we went to Hoover Dam. We stopped in St. George and visited Maud Pace. Pampas Grass was growing in her yard. It gently waved over my head and the white tops glowed in the sunlight. She even had them stuck in a tall vase in her living room! As we left the town Dad said, "I have lots of cousins in this town, if I just knew who they were."

Before we got to St. George we drove through the tunnel at Zion's National Park. You could stop in Zion's Tunnel and we did. We stood in a big tunnel window and looked out at the park, but the spectacular vista of Zion's was nothing compared to the blazing lights on all the buildings in Las Vegas. It was evening, but everything was so bright. Some of the lights outlined a great big cowboy that waved to us. We walked down the street and looked in the windows at people pulling levers on machines. They dropped money in them so they could see cherries and other things whirl around and stop. Mother wouldn't give us any money to try it. I'd never seen so many people in my life. As we stood gawking through a window a uniformed man walked over to Mother and said, "Mam, you can't let your children stand here and look in the casino. Please move." That ended our visit on the Las Vegas Strip.

At Hoover Dam I was impressed with the huge lake, more water than I'd ever seen, on one side of the dam and the tiny river foaming at the bottom on the other side. I didn't really understand how massive the dam was until I looked down the steep sides of the canyon and realized the little "ants" at the bottom were people and the toy cars were gigantic trucks. I am still as amazed now as I was then.

After the decision was made to make the

"short" trip over to see Aunt Elna and Uncle Denney, we drove and drove and drove and drove until it got dark and we were still driving. Finally Mom and Dad realized we were not going to get there that day. Dad pulled off the road onto a empty place and we all went to sleep. About dawn we were abruptly awakened when a loud wailing startled us awake. I'd never heard that sound before. I had no idea what made it. The earth started shaking and rumbling. The wailing grew louder and louder. The rumbling and shaking got worse. I wondered what awful thing was going to appear. Then the first train I'd ever seen rushed past.

Since everybody was awake we drove on, but we were still tired. As the day progressed everybody got more irritable by the minute. The traffic increased. Mom was a world-class backseat driver even though she never rode in the backseat. She was nervous and tired. So was Dad. Mom started to give lots of driving "help." The further Dad drove the more help she gave; every car, every corner, every hole in the road and every stop light was a potential danger. Suddenly Dad jerked the wheel of the car to the right, drove onto the dirt at the side of the road, threw open his car door, stomped around the back of the car, yanked open the passenger door, and said to Mother, "Katie, You drive!" She did and he proceeded to "help" her drive the rest of the way to the Air Force base.

I can remember Bill caused some kind of commotion which involved firemen and a lot of noise.

We went to San Francisco. After driving up and down the San Francisco hills, and often waiting in a long line of cars for stop lights, I finally said to Dad, "When do we get to be first in line?" (I don't think we ever got a turn to be first.) There was a cool breeze coming from the ocean. I was glad my aunt made we wear my cousin's coat even though the sleeves were much too short for me. We saw seals lying on rocks. Bill, Deanna and I begged and begged

Mom to buy some cute little turtles but the answer was a emphatic, "NO."

On our way home we drove through Yosemite Park. It was a cloudy day and we could see the mountains before we got to them. There were patches of clouds resting on the mountain side. I asked Dad what it was like to be inside a cloud. He said, "Wait a while and you'll find out." And I did. Mom took a picture of me pretending to cut down a big redwood tree. (Since then I have wondered how many other families traveled with an ax in the trunk.)

DEANNA: One summer Dad hurt his foot, and could not stand to do his work for a while I believe I was around eight or nine years old. So, Dad and Mom decided to take us on a special long trip. Away we went...me, Dad, Mom, Hildred and Bill climbed into our '49 Ford, and headed south. We first drove to St. George and saw Maud Pace and her husband. We also saw the St. George Temple and I found it interesting that it did not have the Angel Moroni on the top like the Salt Lake City's Temple...I always wondered about that. We went to the park to eat the lunch which Mother had made before leaving home. I had never been to St. George (it had red dirt like Fruita), and it was the hottest place I'd ever experienced. Following that, we drove out of Utah into Nevada. I'd never seen cactus plants, many were taller than Dad. The sand was pale tan and the bushes looked like dead tumble weeds, burnt to death, and yes, it was so hot and so dry.

Next we drove to Hoover Dam.... I will never forget having the experience of going down into the dam itself and seeing the big turbines which used the water to make electricity.... I was excited, as well as nervous, walking thru the long damp cool halls of rock walls and floor, but the coolness felt so good... since we were all about to melt. We were not used to such dry hot heat since it never got

close to that heat in the mountains surrounding Loa.

We drove to Las Vegas.... There were more people than I'd ever seen. Since only people over 21 were allowed into the casino's, us 'kids' had to stand on the sidewalk and longingly look into the big gambling 'joints' (as Mother would call them). Everywhere people were putting money into, and pulling the handles, on the slot machines...trying their hand at hitting the jack pot (fat chance!). Dad made the observation that "Las Vegas was taking all the energy from Hoover Dam for all the light's ..." while Mother's conclusion was "it's sin city, taking everyone's money..."

Mom and Dad ... decided to continue on to California. So a visit to Mother's sister Elna and her husband Nelson Denny became a part of our itinerary. Mom made a call to the Denny residence and told them we would be there some time in the night (yeah right ... like Sacramento and Las Vegas are right next to each other!). We left Las Vegas and drove out into the blackness of the night. The bone tired kiddies crashed in the back seat and the next thing I remember was waking to the sound of a train. I found the car was stopped and my parents were not in the car. I peeked out of the car window and all I could see was pitch black night, and heard a train coming closer...I was scared...had we been abandoned in the middle of nowhere?? Finally, I discovered Dad and Mom sleeping in their sleeping bags on the ground by the car. The train also woke them...they roused up...got into the car and on we drove. It was a looong night....

We finally arrived at the Denny's. Uncle Denny was in the service and they lived on the base. Aunt Elna was nervous that something had happened to us. They had left their porch light on all night, getting up throughout the night to see if we'd arrived. Come to find out we were farther away from their home...while in Las Vegas...than if we had left directly from our home in Loa. Yes, we were close to California

in Las Vegas, Southern California, but nowhere near Merced, Northern California!

There were strict rules to be followed while on the base and it was a 'no nonsense' area...not the carefree Loa which we was used to. The Denny's lived on the second floor in a large housing development, and there just wasn't a lot to do. Jeanne, my cousin, shared her girl toys with Hildred and I, but poor Bill had nothing to do... he was bored

BILL: We went to Sacramento California to visit Mother's sister Elna and Nelson Denney.... Uncle Denny was an Arm Service man and lived on base in a three -story barrack.... There were rows and rows of barracks lined up on both sides of the street and as far as I could see in all directions. To get on Base there was a guard station and we signed in when we went through. After getting to Aunt Elna's apartment and their greeting, we gave a once over in the apartment then I wanted to look around outside. Some instruction was given of how big the complex was compared to Loa and not to go any farther than in front of their barracks.

I played in front of their barracks for as long as a four [actually six or seven] year old boy could play without something to play with. Then I found something just in front of Aunt Elna's building. By the sidewalk was a little red house on top of a metal post. This little red house had a cute little door in front and on the side a handle to open it. To my surprise that little house had a red telephone without a number plate. Well I had to lift up the phone to listen for a sound. To my surprise there was a voice on the phone and it was asking: IS THERE A FIRE? It shocked and scared me to hear that voice and all I could think of doing was hanging up the phone, close the door and run for the apartment. After harboring inside for ten minutes I thought all was well and forgotten, when there were alarms and sirens going off outside. We all looked outside to see rows of fire trucks and police cars lined up

along the street in front of Denny's apartment. Then there was a knock at the door and there stood a man in a fire suit asking if we had a fire. At this point everyone turned their attention toward me and asked," DID YOU SET OFF THE ALARM? All I know was I had looked in the little red house and listened to the phone. At the time I was afraid they would lock me up and I would be left in California to rot.

There was one other incidence that happened on this trip that helped make my mind up not to ever go back to California if I ever made it home. At one service station gas and toilet stop I was left there long enough to know that I couldn't find our car and had a panic attack. It may have been only long enough to drive to the other side of the station or around the block, but in my mind I had been ditched for real this time!

FAMILY FUN

BLAIN: We went down to Hite once or twice. One time I just took the boys. I left the girls home. I took the boys for a night out and a couple of days. We went down to the other side of Caineville in the desert, it was damp and wet so we come back to the main street of Caineville and bedded down. I don't think anybody was living there then. All the houses were deserted, there wasn't a soul around. We never saw a light. We picked out a grassy place, right where Perry Jackson built a house, and parked. We cooked our supper and got up and cooked our breakfast. That's where Bill got his coal oil light, the little rascal. He ripped somebody's coal oil light off. I tried to make him take it back and he howled and bawled.... He said, "Well, they had two more." He kept it.

The day before we drove around through the desert. We didn't hike much. When we come back through the Capitol Reef (It was when the road used to go through the gorge), we spent two or three hours up in there hiking around and looking at the names. It was pleasant. We drove out of there and come to Little Dinosaur Rock. It stuck up and had a little neck out on it.

The kids wanted to get up on that. I got a picture of Charlie up on there. I tried to get him up there to take his picture and he was nervous. He'd stick one hand in his pocket, then he'd stick his other one in the other pocket, and then he'd stick the other one in his pocket. I couldn't get him to stand still. I did get some kind of a picture off him. We took all day to go from Caineville to home. We stopped at Fruita to see the hieroglyphics. When we got up to the Twin Rocks the kids wanted to stop and play. We killed all day up through there. Then we come on home. Sue hasn't forgive us since, because we didn't take her. She is still mad.

The best times was getting the kids and going someplace.

HILDRED: Dad was very good about gathering up the kids and going someplace. It was always a treat when he walked in the door and said, "Let's go on a picnic." Mother would rush around grabbing things from the cupboards in the kitchen and trying to get one of the kids to run down to the basement to grab things from the fruit room shelves. On our way out of town we always stopped at "Brownies Store" to pick up weiners, buns and marshmallows.

DEANNA: [Our] special 'time off' events which were as fun or funner than a vacation was roasting a hot dog (wieners as Dad would call them) and sometimes marshmallows over an open fire, out to our 'field' at Dry Valley or Rock Hollow Farm after we had helped with the farm work or picked up rocks that would surface after the winter months. Sometimes we would go to Big Rocks, south of Loa, or to The Point, on the old dirt road between Loa and Fremont, and have a cook out.

Dad really liked a good wiener roast and he could cook the best golden brown marshmallow - cooked to perfection (we all lined up for one of his gems) ... the secret was to let the fire burned down so that there was

just a glow from the bed of nice red hot coals to cook with, and also patience as one held and turned that marshmallow 'round and 'round on their willow stick. The willow stick would be one which Dad had cut from the field or along the ditch bank, with one end being cut to a sharp point so the meat or marshmallow would stay on the end. They were definitely the best cooking sticks. Also marshmallow cooking was an art in itself...if we got the marshmallow too close to the fire coals the marshmallow would shoot up with flames and quickly burn black, and one would have to try to quickly blow it out to avoid having a burnt offering to eat (throwing it away was not an option since our family didn't waste anything).

I can remember going to Mill Meadows or Fish Lake, but that was mainly to try our luck to catch a fish, or see Uncle Loren and Aunt Fontella who had a nice cabin on the mountainside over looking Fish Lake. When we had a full afternoon we would go thru Fremont, turn on the dirt road and head into the mountains to have a cook-out at Elk Horn, and see the sights along the way -- it was fun to see Heart Lake, and stop to look over the ridge to watch the sun set over the Painted Desert many miles below, what a sight all the different colors of the rainbow that the red rocks, trees and sand would make. It would make me want to take to the 'road'. Some times we would hike from Elk Horn up to the Chappell's sawmill. The dirt road was so steep and rocky that I couldn't figure for the life of me how big logging trucks came and went without some kind of an accident. Dad knew all of the flowers of the area and would point them out to us when he would see all the different varieties. Dad loved the mountains and also a camp fire where he would tell us the best stories...he was a good story teller and we would hang on to every word.

KATIE: Our family always had "picknicks" around together and with neighbors kids who cared to come. In the 1950's we had

marshmallow toasting outings. Marshmallows came in the store after I was married and it was new to me. Blain liked Marshmallow toasting, and we would have some with our family. Blain would do most all the toasting

A lot of time we'd go up to Elk Horn.⁶ We went out to Big Rock for picnics. The kids usually wanted to go to Big Rocks.⁷ Sometimes we'd go to Horse Valley. We had an old grey pick-up then, that we bought, when we went there.

Our children were good little kids.

HILDRED: Often when we saw a full moon rise over Thousand Lake Mountain Dad would tell us a fantastic story about the moon. On the way across China some of the men would hop on and ride on the moon. When the moon reached Thousand Lake Mountain the Chinamen would jump onto the Mountain and run back home.

One of the most vivid memories I have of a family picnic was going to Horse Valley. We knew that Dad had lived there because he told us stories about it. That night as we rode home in the old grey pick-up it was dark. Deanna, Bill and I were sitting in the back, leaning

against the cab with legs outstretched, bouncing around with every bump in the dirt road. As we looked back to the east, a huge round moon, so bright it almost hurt my eyes, started to rise. I was positive I could see the "Chinamen" jumping of that moon onto the table of Thousand Lake Mountain.

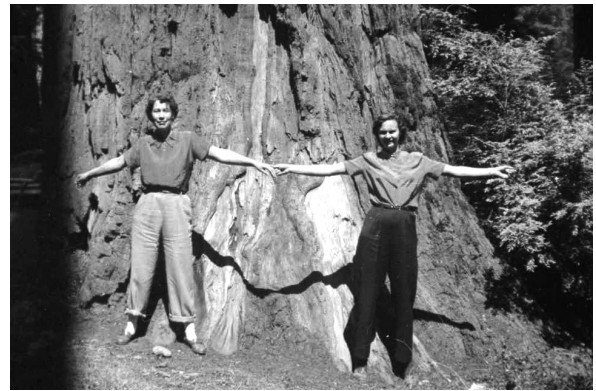
Every Spring we went "Eastering." It was my favorite holiday. (Only the people in Southern Utah knew about Eastering.) It was the Saturday before Easter. I loved Eastering because I knew we would spend all day with Dad. Our family always went on a one-day trip. One year we drove through the Grand Wash in Capitol Reef, which is no longer possible. Another year we ran around a vacant, windy Cove Fort while Mother sat in the warm car with baby Charlie. Wherever we went Eastering, we always stopped in an isolated spot and had a picnic; then Dad would invite us to go "roll an egg." We'd take our colored, boiled eggs to the top of a hill and have an egg race. The egg that went the furthest and made the most trips without breaking apart was the "champion."

BLAIN: We used to go picnicking a lot when the children were little kids. We used to take a trip in the spring. We used to go a lot around [Wayne county]. It seemed like we got around a little bit.

I had a lot of good times with my kids.

⁶ Elk Horn Ranger Station on the north end of Thousand Lake Mountain about 20 miles from Loa.

⁷ About 2.5 miles south of Loa is an area with huge granite boulders, massive rocks and lone Junipers in nooks and crannies. A kid's playground made by Mother nature. -HC



Blain and Katie's trip to the Pacific Northwest in Wayne's new 1953 Ford. (See page 186)
L: Katie, Leah and Wayne Chappell - R: Katie and Leah at base of a Redwood. (No pictures of Blain.)



Trip to Yellowstone - 1948 (See page 185)

Ctr-l-back: Ellen & Deward Blackburn, Blain fr: Hildred, Sharla Blackburn, Deanna Ctr-r: Deward, Blain
Below: Hildred, Deanna, Sharla Ann R: Sharla, Katie & Hildred, Deanna, Deward, Blain - Idaho Falls



Trip to Hoover Dam and a Side Trip to California - 1951



Hildred, Katie & Bill
(See p. 187 for details of trip)



Blain & Hildred, Bill, Deanna



Deanna, Blain, Hildred Bill at a
stop in Zion's National Park



Liberty ship in San Francisco -
Bill and Blain



Sculptures & flag pole at Hoover Dam
Katie, Bill, Hildred and Deanna
Katie and Bill - a long way home.



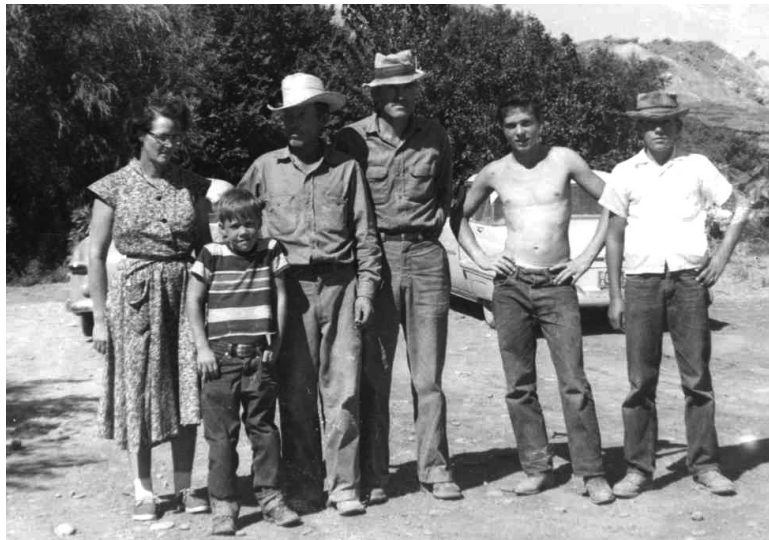
Alcatraz Island - Bill, Katie,
Hildred and Elna W. Denney

Bill "There's a lake down there!"



Hildred & Blain - Yosemite



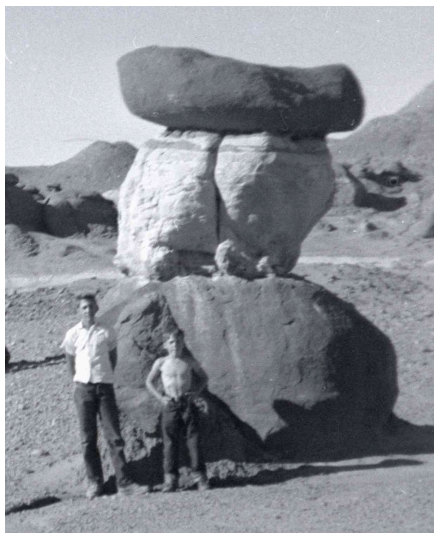


Trip to Hite, Utah. Blain's sister and her family lived there and ran the Ferry, the only crossing on the Colorado River for miles.

L: 'Rilla & Reed Maxfield, Blain, Richard Maxfield, Bill. Mathew in front.

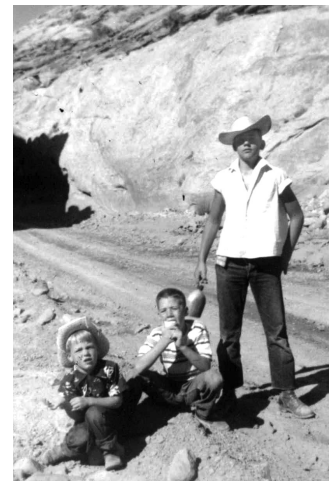
R: Hite Ferry Crossing. The ferry at left of the picture. Blain and Reed are in the truck.
 Ctr-l: Bill and Mathew. There was a lot of desert and rock to see.

R: Blain, Katie, Bill and Richard Maxfield. Mathew in front. - circa 1957



L: Bill, Katie & Mathew - Bridge at Glen Canyon Dam, Page AZ

R: Charles, Mathew, Bill Circa 1959





FISHING - Mathew *circa 1950-1*

Ctr: Katie said, "Deanna was the only one who could have convinced her Dad to put on a wig and pose."

Elk Horn Ranger Station picnic, Katie



Above: Deanna, Blain and Hildred
Below: Blain holding Charles, Deanna
middle: Ronnie Harward and Mathew
front: Jimmy Lancaster, Hildred, Bill
The kids always had a lot of fun, but we didn't think how much work Mother did on a picnic. -1953



Chapter 9 - Waste Not

“A woman can throw more out the backdoor with a spoon,
than a man can bring in the front door with a shovel.”

“Use it up, wear it out, make do or do without.”

“A stitch in time saves nine.”

“Waste not; want not.”

HILDRED: Mother knew what it was to be poor. The poverty of her family when she was a child and the Great Depression of her teenage years were experiences she never forgot. Some people say they “pinch pennies until they squeak.” Mother didn’t do that. She just made sure they didn’t get spent, unless it was absolutely necessary. Her children often heard quotes about thrift and taking care of things.

KATIE: Blain and I always had some savings. We paid our tithing. Blain said, “I never could manage money like you could.” Blain always said I was a good manager of money, so I always managed the money.

Blain worked hard. We was taxed on our land and everything. Then they put on another tax. Taxes on the person that worked. So they took income tax out of that and then you had to file your income tax. I had such a struggle doing that. I had nobody to do it. I didn’t know how to do it. I’d do it the best I could. Then they’d send it back on this and send it back on that and wanted proof of this and wanted proof of that because Blain was farming. I tried to keep us so we could keep going and the government not taking it all. I think the worry was the hardest on me.

BLAIN: Money never did bother me. As long as we had some money things were all right. When we got married, my wife was the money woman, she watched things, so I let her worry about that end of it. I just worked and tried to get some money. I worried about the kids more than anything, I guess. I still do that, what’s happening to them and what’s going to happen to them. If they are minding their business and taking care of themselves and doing what they should do. We’ve been lucky.

We haven’t lost any of them. I don’t know how I’d take it if I lost any of my kids.¹ Lot of people have lost kids. [What] worried me more than most anything else was the way they act. They have done pretty good. I wish Charlie would turn his life just a little. Maybe in time.

I and Katie had a good life anyway. Of course, we’ve had our ups and downs. I guess she had it hard. Raising all the kids that was coming right along. She was a worker.

HOMEMAKING

KATIE: I was a good housekeeper. I kept house and I kept my floors polished and clean and things organized. I knew how.

I washed twice a week. I didn’t have a washing machine when we got married. That was really hard. I had a Number 3 Tub and tried to scrub them clothes out and tried to wring them out by hand. I could wash out the other things and wring them, but not the sheets. That was quite something. So finally I asked Momma if I couldn’t come up to her house until we could afford a washing machine. When Eph wasn’t around she’d let me come up and wash.

There was cold water piped into the Old House, but the only faucet was in the lean-to where the renters lived. They’d allow us to go in and get some water. We’d go around the back and knock on the door and ask if we could fill up our bucket with water and carry it around the front.

I scrubbed on a wash board until about the time that Deanna was borned. We saved our pennies and we got us a conventional washing machine. Oh that was a joy. It could put out

¹ Dad didn’t live long enough to lose a child to death, but Mother did. –HC

seven batches in a day. Uncle Loren got it through the store for us, so it didn't cost us as much. An automatic [washer] rinses and does it all, but a conventional washer takes more work. It was electric. It had an agitator that went back and forth. It had a wringer on it. [The clothes were fed between two rollers which squeezed the water out. The water fell on a metal plate and ran back into the washer and the clothes dropped into a rinse tub.] You had to wring [the clothes] out and rinse them in the two drain tubs, pushing them up and down in each tub and put them through the wringer again. I always washed the white things first, then the colored, then the darks.

I bought me a double tub² with the washer so I could rinse [the clothes] good. It had a cover on it and I could use it for a utility. It was white enamel on the outside. It was set on legs. A lot of times I'd fill that up and bath the kids in that double wash tub. It was up higher and I didn't have to bend over.

I could run the water out of the washing machine with a hose, before that I had to have Blain lift the tubs out or bucket them out. The rinse tubs had to be hooked to the hose too and then drained out. We ran the water out into the garden.

I had to heat the water on the stove. Then [take] it out of the boiler and pour it into the washing machine and the rinse tubs. I moved the water with a bucket. I did have cold water running in the kitchen sink, so I didn't have it like some of them [who] used to have to go outside and haul the water from outside. The sad part was, when Hildred and Deanna were both babies, the water line clogged up so I couldn't get any water in the kitchen. The town water company had a wood pipe and it grew full of roots. There wasn't enough pressure ... to come into our line. The people lower than us had enough pressure. They still had water, but I was the one who didn't have water. Once and

a while, when everybody had their water off, late at night, there was enough pressure, then I could hurry and fill up my stuff. The town had to lay down new pipe and connect people's lines in to it.

I was higher than Gramma Reese [across the street]. She was the first on the line and she could get some water and Nellie [Taylor] could get some over to her house, but we couldn't get any. Gramma Reese had an outside tap. She'd let me come and fill my buckets on the outside of the house so I had to carry the water across the street from Gramma Reese's. I'd let the buckets fill up while I was gone. I carried water all summer. Some days I don't know how I got along. When they put a steel pipe in, they got the water back in the pipe and ... we had water back in the house again.

I called her "Gramma Reese" but she is actually Marie's grandmother.³ She'd say, "...Just think we carried every bit of our water from Spring Creek!" They carried every speck of water until they put the water line in from Road Creek. They'd bucket it into barrels and bring it from Spring Creek.⁴ She'd make me feel pretty good by the time she told me all the things they did and her having fourteen or fifteen children.

And she said, "You've even got a conventional washing machine now to wash your clothes with. Look at that washing machine." She scrubbed every diaper and everything [on a wash board] for all those years and rinsed them by hand and wrung them out by hand. When she got through telling me, I decided I was real lucky that the invention had come and made a washing machine that turned back and forth and cleaned the clothes. So we were a lot better than a lot of people had had it.

I always hung the clothes outside on lines. There weren't any clothes lines, not when I

² A metal rectangle with a divider in the middle. It sat on four legs with caster wheels. Each section, a "tub" had a faucet at the bottom for draining. -HC

³ Marie Sheffield who married Katie's brother Brose Webster.

⁴ Spring Creek was about a half mile from the Chappell and Reese houses.

came there. I put my clothes line out to the south by the tree. First I tied one from the tree to a post on the south side of the house by the little window [in the rock cellar]. I just got a clothes line and tied it from there. Finally Blain put in a real clothes post so they was more lines. We had a line across the back where it was warmer. There was a tree by the back door and the lines were beyond it. I'd hang out the diapers and I'd always fold them and put them in a basket when I took them off the line. When Gramma Reese came over she said, "Oh, look, you've ironed all those diapers."

After Sue, our last baby, came we bought a Maytag automatic, but it was not efficient enough or washed clean enough so I used both washers to get it through. It took all day which seemed just as easy as doing it in dabs every day.

HILDRED: In the later years of her life, when Mother only did washing for one or two people she returned to the way she did washing as a young girl. Even though she had an automatic washer she washed all her clothes in the same water, first the whites, then colored, then the dirtiest ones. Each batch was taken out of the machine and put in a pan or the sink. She would keep turning the dial back to agitate each batch. When everything was washed she let the machine spin out the wash water. Then she used the same rinse water for each batch of clothes. After everything was rinsed she would spin each wet batch in the washing machine. She said taking the clothes out of the water made them whiter rather than let the water spin out of them. She continued to hang her clothes outside in the clean mountain air where a breeze was usually flying around ready to dry them even faster than a clothes dryer.

IRONING

[Every wash day meant a day of ironing. If we wore wrinkled clothes it meant we were slovenly. Letters from Katie reflect what a big job it was.]

"Oct 26, 1959 Dearest Hildred,Deanna and I finally got the 2 weeks ironing done. We even ironed on Sunday between church aren't we "sinners?"

Oct 6, 1960 "....If you haven't an ironing board why don't you buy you one, you'll always need one.... I've washed today so I guess I better go and get my clothes in and get busy. I sure miss you as an ironing pal, but so far I have managed to get it done in time to wash again. Ha Ha"

SOAP MAKING

KATIE: I made my own laundry soap. First I went up to Momma's to make it. I helped her and then she'd give me some. Then ... I made it out under the trees by the garage when we moved down to the new house. You can make soap out of lye and water and grease. I saved all the grease from cooking pork and beef and the cracklings from rendering lard when we killed a pig. I'd put it in a big barrel setting on three rocks with a fire under it out.... Keep it boiling and boiling all day long. I had a stick and I'd stir it and stir it. I had to watch it. I cooked it until the stuff – rinds, dirt, cracklings or flecks of cooked meat – would start settling to the bottom of the barrel. The water would kind of separate it. Then I'd dip the soap off the top. I poured it in white porcelain, enamel pans because you couldn't pour it in aluminum. No tins. It had to be something like that. Momma had some of them. I'd borrow any ones I could. I'd let it set a day or two. Then we'd cut it out. When you cut the soap up, it had some jelly stuff on the bottom. That was from what was left of the meat. We would scrape the jelly off the bottom. I've still got most of the last soap I made.

SEWING

I learned to sew after [I was] married. After I started having people show me how to sew I got to be a fairly good seamstress because I was really anxious to learn. I usually made Hildred and Deanna one 4th of July dress and one

Christmas dress. That was the big events. I made-over clothes and patched and made do. I did everything I could to save money.

I bought my first sewing machine when an old fellow came along and sold it to me. It was a Singer treadle, something like the one Momma had. Wish I'd kept my treadle, but I traded the treadle in when I got an [electric] Pfaff.

I always sewed for my sister Larna and tried to make the clothes for her while in high school. When Larna was little I always done her hair in ringlets every Saturday besides my own and our children's ... in getting ready for Sunday. Mother never did hair. I would do her's too, usually during the week. At times I would go and help mother feed her turkeys or clean her house and paint when she needed me. Mother was always encouraging and taught me her arts in economy.

When Larna planned her marriage to Keith Busenbark, Momma asked if I'd make her wedding dress. It was a real challenge and took many, many hours of fitting. I made a top out of an old sheet ... first to be sure the pattern would fit before cutting it out of the expensive brocade material. It was the only wedding dress I ever made, because our daughters could sew well and [their weddings were] a busy time for me.

It seemed the years flew bye [*sic*] because they was always so much that was needed to keep our six children going.

I fixed three meals a day. I never did any cooking when I was a girl. I watched Mother all the time, but Mother did the cooking. I mopped the floors and things like that. I learned to cook when I worked for other people, especially the Malmquists.She said, "I sure needed your help when you was here."

I said, "I needed to be around you too..... It worked both ways."

She even liked me enough that she came down to see me. She came just after I'd built the new house, you know. She said, "You

surely chose the right person to marry didn't you. One of your own kind in your own hometown."

I said, "Yes. It has been a blessing to be married in the temple."

GARDEN

We didnt [*sic*] buy much from the store. We grew a good garden every year and fed our children. We planted carrots, radishes, lettuce, beans and beets and peas, especially peas. That's the main things. We'd plant a few potatoes. It was more rocky ground on the west side of the Old House so mostly we just planted the garden on the south side.... Momma had berry and gooseberry bushes by the garden, but Blain took them all out except a few plum trees in the corner. Blain didn't like gooseberries anyway.

After we moved to the New House we planted our garden along the west fence back of the Old House. Oh, we had the best garden there. It was an old corral spot. I had a whole row of cabbages. I sent Hildred up there to get some lettuce and I said, "Now be sure you get lettuce" and explained where it was. She came back with a bucket full of cabbage leaves. She'd cut every cabbage off. Oh, I could have just cried my eyes out.

It was quite a chore to get the kids [to help]. Blain was gone so much and the kids was just like kids. They just didn't want to work. I never learned how to get them enthusiastic enough. I said, "Blain, there only one thing that I know would have really worked, if you would have agreed and said, 'You kids mind your Mother while I'm gone or else.'" But... he never did say that. He didn't know that. I don't ever remember of him saying, "You'd better mind your Mother." He just thought the ladies should do everything as far as disciplining and taking care of the children. I guess that was the old way of doing it.

Anyway, that's the way we lived, by the garden, putting [away] what garden stuff we had. Storing potatoes in burlap sacks and

carrots in sand in the coldest part of the basement under the stairs. Of course I bottled all the beans when we grew beans, put up peas and beans and Chili Sauce in the fall. Momma was good to come and help shell peas when I got so busy in in the fall. I put up about 500 bottles [of vegetables and fruit] a year. I was so happy when I got them all filled up. But that is the way we got through.

Peaches and pears and tomatoes and tomato juice, I bottled a lot of tomato juice. I'd buy them by the bushels. We couldn't grow tomatoes in Loa. Sometimes peddlers would come to town with a load of tomatoes. If someone from town was going to go to Provo and buying tomatoes, I'd ask them to bring me two or three bushel. If we went up North we'd stop at one of the fruit stands along Highway 89 in Provo, Springville or Payson and buy tomatoes.

Worthen [Jackson] used to bring the fruit up from Fruita, unless Blain and I went down to get it. If Blain happened to get a day off, then we used that day to go down and get the fruit..., peaches when they were on and pears, too. We'd pick it. We'd bring fruit up to Mother all the time too.

I look back and think of the times I would get in a bind with lots of fruit. Mother would come up and help peel. [She'd say], "You get all ready Katie, when I come up, we can peel and get the fruit in the bottles." She'd usually go around and get Aunt Ada. She'd ask her, "Wouldn't you like to go down to Katie's house?" You can imagine two people peeling. Boy, I'd have the wood in that old stove and the bottles washed. They'd sit and peel and I'd do the rest. They always talked and told stories and laughed. I had lots of fun with Mom and Aunt Ada. Of course, I'd have dinner ready for them. That really helped me when the kids were littler.

Then we'd boil [the bottles of fruit] in a canner on top of the stove, you know. I always borrowed Momma's canner until I bought one of my own. Then I bought me a pressure canner

like hers. Momma got tired of me borrowing hers. I needed it at the same time [she needed it]. But mine wasn't as good as Momma's. Hers would hold the pressure right on fourteen pounds. It was harder to keep mine steady. When she came down she brought hers and I'd have two pressure cookers going. For years I put up 125-150 bottles of peaches.

In one afternoon we'd put up about 75 quarts because we had those two canners going.⁵ When we moved to the New House and I had our little wood stove going, I could take the bottles of peaches down in the basement to heat them. I could put two cookers on at the same time on that stove.

GROWING WHEAT

KATIE: After we bought Eph's farm out to Dry Valley ...Blain tried to get cattle ... and farm and also teach his boys how to farm. That's where they got their experience, Blain teaching them to farm and cut the hay. One year Blain raised some wheat. He had an old combine that he combined this wheat. I think that was the best year we ever had. It seemed like to me Bill was going to Cedar to school, about his first year in Cedar City. Bill was home that summer. He took a whole pick-up load of wheat up to the Lehi Roller Mills and traded it for flour. We had flour to last us for about two years or so. We did anything we could do to save money and get by.

⁵ To bottle fruit and tomatoes, the food had to be cooked for 20 minutes in a Hot Water Bath which seal the lids and prevented spoilage. One batch was seven quarts jars or ten pints. It took at least 15 minutes to bring the water covering the jars to a rolling boil and 25 minutes to cook the fruit. The water had to be cooled down, by dipping out some of the hot water and adding cold water, before putting the next batch of full bottles in the canner. (If the water was too hot it could crack a jar.) Seventy-five quarts of peaches made 10 batches which was more than 7 hours of cooking on the stove. Two canners on the stove at the same time meant Katie was finished working in a hot kitchen in about half the time. The workers who peeled the fruit were finished much sooner because they could fill up all the jars without waiting for the processing to finish! -HC

I remember the kids had too many colds in the winter time.... I was trying to figure out what caused them to have these colds. Some children was having a 100 percent attendance [at school]. I started reading and trying to figure out what to do. It talked about wheat. I got me a wheat grinder and I ground that wheat by hand. We could eat up quite a bit of wheat in a week you know. I could grind it as fine as I wanted to. I noticed the kids didn't have colds the winters I done that. That's why I wanted to make cracked wheat for breakfast. Blain liked a good breakfast you know. That's when he had his best meal. He loved potatoes. When I cooked meat and potatoes and eggs, he had good food to eat. We always had cereal, cracked wheat or rolled oats for breakfast. ...I contributed my kids good health to more nutritious foods.

HILDRED: I had often watched Mother go out in the garage and whip the grinder handle around and around grinding wheat. It sure didn't look hard to me. When I was home the summer after I went to college, she asked me to grind the wheat for breakfast. I walked out to the garage, put some wheat in the grinder and grabbed the handle to whip it around. It didn't even move. I was shocked. I had to grip the handle with two hands and push with all my might to make it rotate, oh so slowly. Mother made it look so easy.

KATIE: When Deanna and Hildred was going to college and Bill went in the mission field, I had wheat stored. I didn't buy things, I used up that wheat.... With that hand grinder I'd grind my breakfast wheat, then I ground the wheat that I put in my whole wheat bread. Most of the time I bought white flour ... and I'd mix whole wheat with it. I think the thing that I noticed most, is when I'd grind my own wheat, every week or two, is the freshness.From what they tell me and from what I've read in the books and going to the 4-H schools and things like that, after you break wheat down, the quicker you eat it, the better off your body is, you get the nutrients out of it better. It

is like the story about the Manna [in the Bible]. They had the manna, when they had the food used it exactly like they told them to use it. If you didn't then it spoils. They told us how to store the wheat and I stored it in them big barrels down where it was cool in the basement. I had two big barrels of wheat that I used up during those years, so we didn't spend the money and save what we had to help the kids where they needed help.

We raised our pork and meat. Blain always had chores to do and animals to feed. We would buy a cow and a pig and raise it. When Deanna got married we had a pig living in the basement. Mathew's sow had a litter of thirteen pigs. She laid on all of them but one, the "titman," the runt. We brought it down to the house to keep it alive and kept it downstairs in the furnace room where it was warm. Soon it was running around downstairs. I was not going to have that pig in the house for Deanna's wedding. We took it back to the corral. The Ranger and his family lived across the street from the corrals. One morning she heard bumping on her front door. When she opened the door a cute, little pig ran in her house and ran around from person to person rubbing up against their legs. She couldn't figure out where he came from and put him outside. I wasn't going to tell her that was our pig. He was used to people and didn't associate with the other pigs. It was a cold winter and he died.

The kids liked little kittens. We never did get some; they just came. They stayed outside. They only got to eat what we threw out to them.⁶

HILDRED: Mother took care of what she had. She sewed strips of flannel on the tops and bottoms of all her quilts to keep the quilts from wearing out. She took the flannel off the quilts when they got dirty from grubby-fingered kids, washed it and stitched it back on, so she did not

⁶ Mother was always willing to bring a calf, piglet or lamb that needed to be bottle fed and kept warm in the house, but the cats and dogs had to stay outside!

have to wash the quilts very often. We polished our leather shoes and wore them until they pinched our feet. Just because school started didn't mean we got new clothes. We got clothes when we grew out of them. Pencils were used, carefully sharpened with a pocket knife and used again, until they got so short it was hard to hold them between our fingers. Mother always patched the holes the boys made in their levis. (We didn't wear Levis. We called all denim jeans "levis.") We made our own clothes and Mother was an expert at remodeling clothes. She made coats for the children using old coats other people didn't want any more.

Mother grew up in a home and era when they lived "recycling" before it was even a word. In the New House she filled a storage room from floor to ceiling with boxes of clothes that were passed from the oldest to the youngest child or to other children she thought needed something to wear. Grandkids and Great-grandchildren have been given clothes their aunts and uncles once wore. Mother could never throw anything away. She knew that someone might need it and she was always looking around for someone who she thought needed it.

Of course we were reminded to "clean your plate" at every meal because Mother never had enough to eat when she was a girl. We always had enough to eat. (All the peelings and scraps of food we didn't eat was fed to the pigs anyway!) There was always a huge garden to plant, weed and harvest. Every pea, bean, carrot or bushel of fruit that came into the house, was cooked and eaten or it went into a bottle or the freezer (when we finally got one) to be eaten later. I honestly thought we were the poorest family in Loa because we seldom bought things at the store. It was only as I started working on this book that I realized we were probably one of the "richer" families in a town full of poor farmers because Dad had a regular salary. The only people who had salaries were school teachers or government

workers who came, worked a few years then moved on.

Dad and Mother spent their money on the necessities and what was important.

KATIE: Blain and I always encouraged our children to go to school and learn. [The three oldest children left home to go to college, Hildred in 1959. Deanna in 1960, Bill in 1962 and then a mission in 1963.] It was a real opportunity to spend time with our children at college, go up to see them, take them, and help them return home, when it was needed.

I remember when Deanna went to Beauty school at Salt Lake and stayed with my sister, Larna and her husband Keith, after 3 weeks she wanted to come home and quit. I said, 'You chose to do this. We've paid good money to get you enrolled so just make up your mind and never quit.' Deanna went back up to Derralls Beauty School and really decided to make the best of it all and learning it all.

When Bill went on a mission to England I think we were sending in \$150 a month. I know we put it in his bank account for him to use. They had it so he could draw it out automatically so it could go overseas. I don't remember just how that worked. The church said he had to have so much money and we had that much money in the bank all the time for him. He was so thrifty, he didn't use it all. There were some people over to Glenwood, their son was in the mission field at the same time as Bill. They wanted us to come and visit them. They said their son was having the worst time. He couldn't manage on that much money. I said, "My son never mentioned he didn't have enough money." Bill was really an influence, I'm sure he was, on the missionaries because he managed his money so well. That is how he hired a woman to make sweaters for everyone in the family, that he brought home. Bill is a good money manager. When he was a young kid, he'd save money. He's always been a saver.

Blain always said, “Our kids are good money managers, everyone of them.”

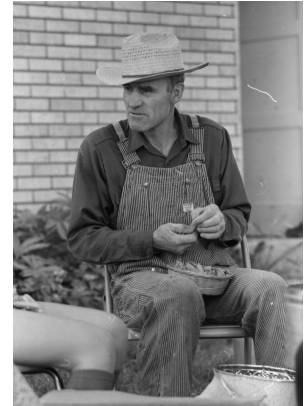
HILDRED: While I was at college Mother’s letters usually had some advice on how to save money and almost every letter asked if I needed money. After the first year Mother started sending signed checks so I would always have enough money. When Deanna and I were at college Mother sent a box of food every time it was our week to cook for roommates. The boxes never arrived through the U.S. mail. That cost too much money. Mother always found someone coming to Provo or Salt Lake and asked them to deliver a box of food to her girls.⁷

BLAIN: We sent Bill and Mathew on their missions. I could have helped them a little more with schooling. They got through. We didn’t give the kids any more than we had to. They skimped when they were going to school. All of them got a little education of some kind or another, a pretty good education.

I guess we grewed up like any other family. It didn’t seem like it took long either. The kids grewed up and was gone. I don’t know how it done it so quick. We were busy with our family. I guess we had a pretty good home life. I don’t know. I didn’t know nothing about kids. I was the baby myself.

We had a good life.

⁷ UPS (United Parcel Service) which was founded in 1908 in Seattle, Washington, didn’t begin carrying commercial and private packages between states until 1975. FedEx was still decades in the future (1997).
Source Wikipedia “United Parcel Service” and “FedEx”



Top: Blain always wore a hat and he always tipped his hat to the ladies to show respect. Blain, Katie, Mae Taylor, Sue & Hildred C. Cobia - Loa, Utah - August 1970

Ctr: Katie got up at dawn and picked several bushel of peas. Next a crew shelled the peas before they were put in bottles and pressured.

Top R: Blain sat down and shelled peas. Everyone threw a handful or two or more into their mouth. Fresh picked peas always tasted best, especially in Loa.

R: Katie. A trunk full of just-picked apples. Circa 1960

Below: Mathew and Katie. In the spring Katie gleaned along the ditch banks and through the orchards for Asparagus which grew wild.

R: Wash day. A Maytag washer with a wringer to squeeze the water out of the clothes. You had to be careful not to get your hand caught. - Katie Chappell



R: Katie and Blain on their 25th wedding anniversary. They celebrated with a family dinner fixed by Katie. The top on the cake is recycled from a wedding cake.
Loa, Utah - 6 March 1965



L: Bill's graduation from Wayne High. 1962
Back: Gramma Mae Taylor, Deanna, Bill, Hildred, Katie & Blain. Front: Charles, Mathew and Sue. All the girls wore flowers.

R: 1964 - Bill's return from a Mission in England (notice an English Lion on his suitcase.)
L-r: Charles, Blain, Elder Chappell, Katie, Sue Salt Lake City, Utah



L: Mathew went on a mission to Sao Paulo, Brazil in 1968. Gramma Mae Taylor, Katie, Mathew and Charles

Chapter 10 - Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel

The world has need of willing men
Who wear the worker's seal.
Come, help the good work move along;
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Then work and watch and fight and pray
With all your might and zeal.
Push every worthy work along;
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

—Will L. Thompson

—Hymns of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, 1985, #252

KATIE: One of the major events in my life was the death of my father, even though I don't remember him. ...That is one of the things that brought me into the church. I think I truly wanted to know more. I think that is probably one of the reasons I was looking for all these good things in a husband that would go to the temple with me. Blain always said he was definitely come from heaven for me.

Blain and I went to church when we were first married. We took Hildred and had her named by the Bishop¹. Blain was always so timid about everything like that. They really didn't used to think that Dads should name their children. They would always have one of the bishops or somebody like that. That was the general trend. But Blain was very bashful. They didn't seem to bring people into the ward that much like they do now. They didn't really asked him to do anything, until Uncle Will [Potter] got in the bishopric and they had him as a Ward Teacher. Then Blain started working [every day] with his milk job.

I took the kids to church all the time. I took them to Primary and to [Sacrament] Meeting. I walked up and took Hildred in a baby buggy

when I'd go to Church on Sunday. When Hildred and Deanna got so they both could walk, then I'd take them up to church and back. I'd take them both by the hands. I was glad I lived a block [from] the church because I could go to Church and take them. I tried to do all I could do just to keep them going and clean and get them ready to go. I'd get one kid ready and by the time I got the other one ready the other one would be out playing in the ditch. I tried to keep them decent and clean when we went to church.

When I was called to work in the Primary as a teacher I gladly accepted the call to serve. After Bill was born, then I was called by Della Brian to work with her in the Primary presidency. Della's other counselor was a new comer, Gay Dolman, a lady that moved in. It seemed like she would never come to meetings. I and Della would meet and she didn't come.

They held Primary then on Wednesday. That's when we was in the downstairs [of the chapel, before they remodeled it into classrooms.] Of course, ... they was a lot of times the teachers didn't show up so we gave the lessons and taught all the kids who didn't have a teacher.

There was 15 to 20 in a class. I think we had 99 kids in Primary and we had 99 percent attendance. Primary was so new to me and [I] tried hard to learn my duties and read the instructions and what and how it should be run.

¹ Willis R. Willardsen, who was Katie's favorite teacher. Blessing certificate gives the date as 1 June 1941. He came to Loa to teach school and married a local girl, Ella Sorenson, a sister to Worth and Jeppie Sorenson. While he was bishop his wife was the ward clerk.

It was a big challenge for me. That was a turning point in my life when my faith began to grow.

[Every year the town had a Christmas Eve activity with dinner and a program and dancing. The Primary Presidency was in charge of the program.] When we'd get those kids together, I thought, "How can we ever, ever put on a Christmas Program with these kids." But when the night come they just settled right down and did it. That's the way it was with Primary programs.

Together Blain and I always encouraged our children to ... plan their life to be worthy of temple marriages [and to] live and learn the gospel of Love.

I worked in Primary while my children were small, also in the Jr. Sunday School....²

I took the children to Primary and Sunday school. Blain very seldom went unless [I] insisted that he go to name our babies or on special events because he worked seven days a week at the Cheese factory. It was real hard to take the children alone and manage to go to church and sit alone without Blain. I tried to encourage him and them to read the Era [a church magazine] and the good books to build all our spirits more together with Love and

² The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has three organization levels: the smallest is a ward led by a bishop, several wards form a stake directed by a Stake President, several stakes form regions and over all is a President and General Authorities. The Church has a worship meeting for all members on Sunday. There are also group meetings: Relief Society for women eighteen and older, Priesthood for men, Primary for children ages 18 months through eleven years of age, Young Women for girls twelve through seventeen, Young Men for boys twelve through seventeen. Boys are also in the Scouting program. When Katie was in Primary it was held on Wednesday afternoons and Mutual was Tuesday evenings. About 1980 the Church discontinued weekly Primary meetings for the children and M.I.A. for the teenagers and had all the meetings on Sunday. At that time, Primary was changed to Junior Sunday School, but it is now called Primary. The teenagers have a Mutual activity during the week again.

unity. The family home evenings were very special helps to ... Love our work more and help each other at home. But I had to learn and earn a testimony of this great true gospel by my study. The magazine the Era so helped me to build up my spirits as I read the articles, then I took the Relief Society Magazine and loved it and the stories in it.

I always seen the kids went to church. I just done the best I could by them, that's all I know. I said I'd could have done better if I could go over again. Since then I've learned I can't do any better than I did. I did the best I could.

I always planned a nice Christmas, Thanksgiving, Mothers Day and Birthday meals and loved to have Momma and Eph and all the family who would come to our house for dinner and a get together.

SCOUTS

I worked in the Guide Patrol with the Boy Scouts two years, you know. Guide Patrol was a Primary calling. It was their Primary class. It seems like when I taught it Charles was in Guide Patrol. I don't remember if I taught it when Bill was or not. I had to do the best I could to learn it. When I'd go to try and get [the former teacher] to help me she wouldn't tell me anything.

I just took the boys out and I taught them how to do First Aid and tie knots and all those things. I just passed them off as they did it. I took the boys and they did their three mile hike. We hiked from Loa clear up around and up by Della [Brian's] and up around to the Fish Hatchery and back down so it was three miles. We went a mile and a half up and a mile and half back. All of them took their lunch.

I got all of my boys ... in Guide Patrol up to Second Class Scouts too. You graduated them out as they got twelve years old and they went into the priesthood. Usually Jean [Taylor] took Guide Patrol, she really acted like she wanted it back so that is why I quit Guide Patrol.

MUTUAL

As the children grew they asked me to work in M.I.A. [Mutual Improvement Association] and every Tuesday I'd be there. I also enjoyed the Stake M.I.A. work and all those I worked with. Blain and I were Dance Directors. I was Magazine Representative and doing the magazines.³ In Genealogy: Helped Hildred, Deanna & Sue get things to compile Blain's Grand Father Chappell's book together, gave money & all I can to help."

"I have worked in the following stake positions: I Loved the Stake Sunday school being Stake S.S. Jr. Coordinator for 5 years. I loved to visit one Ward each month & all those I was assigned to work with. Stake Jr. Sunday school was a constant study, also when I went to the Stake M.I.A. I was Stake Sports Director and the Stake Mutual President. I attended all my meetings & enjoy all the works of Love.

I served in the Mutual more years than any other organization. I worked with Della Brain in the Primary and then I worked with her again in the Loa Ward MIA. She was the President. I was her counselor twice. I just worked when they called me. I worked in all the organizations they called me to do. They called you [when they needed help.]⁴ And all of them I was called to, I went and did it. Each time I had a new experience.

As our children grew through high school I

was asked to help Blain be Ward Dance Directors. We taught the young people to dance and have fun dancing. Often, after they had Mutual classes they'd come to a dance activity. We taught them to Square Dance. We taught them how to do Round Dances, like the Virginia Reel and the Schottische and any ones you can think of. Blain and I did it together, but I had to do the instruction, the talking. He would try to help the boys. Sometimes he could come and sometimes he couldn't.

Newell Harward recently told me I was the one who taught him to dance. When he was a teenager, we had a Ward dance practice on Tuesday night and he said, "I can't dance." He couldn't catch on to it because nobody had taught him to do the two-step or anything.

I said, "They are all going to be dismissed to go home. You stay here and I'll teach you how. I'll put on the music." I learned Newell how to dance alone. Told him how. He said, "You are the one who taught me to dance and to feel like I know how to dance.

Then they had dances they were going to put on for the Gold and Green Ball.⁵ The Stake Dance Directors would teach us the dances what we were supposed to do and we would teach them to the young people in our ward. They had it so they taught dancing and have them halls full. They'd have adults come and dance at the Gold and Green ball too.

We also taught the boys and girls dances so

³ The LDS church published several magazines: The Children's Friend, The Improvement Era for adults, The Instructor for Sunday School leaders and teachers, The Relief Society Magazine for women. The Magazine Director would contact everyone in the ward and ask them if they would like to renew their subscription to any or all of the church magazines and to encourage members to have the magazines in their homes. Since 1971 there are three publications: Ensign for Adults, New Era for teenagers and The Friend Magazine for children.

⁴ A "calling" was an invitation to a church member from a Bishop or Stake President under the direction of revelation, to teach a class or help in one of the organizations.

⁵ The Gold and Green Ball was an annual Stake Mutual event. The church hall was decorated, often with crepe paper. The young people wore formal dress. A King and Queen were chosen. The teenagers from each ward learned a special dance to perform in a "Floor Show." They also learned one dance they all did together at the end of the performance. Refreshments were served. Many of the adults in the Stake came. Everyone danced and people exchanged partners every dance.

The June Festival was a church-wide Mutual Activity, part of June Conference. Thousands of young people learned dances. Wearing matching costumes, they filled the field of the Ute Stadium in Salt Lake City.

they could participate in the June Festival. They had a big program. The kids danced in it and Dad and I danced in it too. We danced in the Square Dances when we went up there too. We made costumes. We all got the material and had the mothers all make them dance dresses the same way. I remember making blue dresses that Hildred and Deanna wore up there. That was the Red, White and Blue Dance. We took some of our boys and girls up to Salt Lake City to dance in that big Ute Stadium while I was in the Stake.

Then I got to be the Stake MIA President. I called Arlene Smith to be with me. I really felt inspired to call her. I didn't even know her name, but I called her. I said, "I want her. I don't know why I want her." She'd come to Loa to teach school, her and Burk [her husband]. She sure proved out to be a good counselor. Arlene was a good worker. She was very well organized. She'd really help plan and do things. We had it all planned. We got along really good.⁶ I told her husband she was picked by inspiration and he said, "Are you sure it wasn't desperation?" (Laugh)

We got along really good. It has been hard to think of her dying long before I ever got to go. We went all over the Stake visiting and go to the classes.... Went over to Hanksville and every place else, Fremont, Loa, Lyman, Bicknell, Torrey and Teasdale. We went all over the Stake visiting the wards. I knew all the girls in the whole stake. We'd go together.

My second counselor that I chose was LaRue Rassmussen. She'd only come part of the time. She just didn't seem to be that active. So we just had to tell her we had meetings when

she wouldn't show up. We'd go out on our Stake Camping, but she wouldn't go with us. We just got along the best we could.

While in the Stake M.I.A. as President many hours was spent to promote the gospel's messages. I had 100% attendance at all meeting, to [be] the example to the young leaders.

Rue Brown was ... my secretary. That's one of the things how she got activated back and did her own [temple] work before she died. It was pretty interesting to me. I and Rue always had a good association and I was surprised that she'd even take the job. But she did and she went with us.She went to Lyman with us one night. She said, "I never knew until tonight, when they gave their talks, that we use certain prayer words." Like "thee," and "thy" and "thou."

I said, "Everything in this Church we have to learn."

Then I got to be her Visiting Teacher. Della Brian was visiting with me. She said, "We'll never get into to Rue."

I said, "Oh yes, we will."

When I'd call her and tell her we'd come, she made time for us. I kept saying, "Rue you can get your temple work done." I encouraged her a lot and give her the lesson.

I'd also go sometimes after Sheryl had that trouble.⁷ That really broke her heart. There was very few people that she could talk with, but she talked to me about that. She was heart broken. I said, "Rue, you know, you've been a good person and you've worked hard. We can't do anything."

She said, "I never taught my kids to break any government laws."

I said, "We have to let them do what they feel like. You can't do anything about it. I think Sheryl is right, but you can't beat up on somebody that's bigger than you."

[Della's husband] Roe wasn't going to

⁶ 1986 April 23 - "Tonight we had a shocker as we were all ask in the ward to fast & pray for Arlen Smith, my dear friend who had a virus nephonia [pneumonia] and while Blain & I was calling to ask people to fast we found out she had just died.... Arlene is only 51 years old. Arlene was one I had chosen to talk at my funeral as she is about 10 yrs younger than I, our wonderful association in the M.I.A. will be held dear now! & forever." -Katie's journal

⁷ Rue's son, Sheryl Brown, protested the Federal Income Tax, was prosecuted and put in prison.

church with Della at the time and ... Della picked Rue up and took her [to church]. Boy, when she'd come, she'd sit right on that front bench so she could listen to every word they said.

Then Rue decided she wanted to slip away and get her [temple] work done. I just seen her progress.... It was a marvelous experience. It was just like a miracle because she...had such feelings about some of the ones that was so active in the Church that wouldn't pay their bills to her in the [grocery] store.

She said, "I can't believe it." I said, "That isn't the Church that teaches that Rue. I've never heard a principle in that Church that wasn't honest and true and [would] better a person." I didn't want to take a lot of credit, but I knew all the things and what we talked and how I even talked to Lynn and Gary, her sons, when they was down there. When the boys would come in to the cheese factory, they always gave me loves and act happy to see me.

So it was me and Arlene and LaRue and Rue in the Stake MIA Presidency and we had a Stake Leader for each one of the classes, the MIA Maids, the Laurels and the First and Second Bee Hives. I had a list of all the Ward Leaders in the towns and all the girls and kept track of them. I wonder how I ever did it. (Laughed) I have no idea now how many Mutual girls there were in the whole stake. Some classes was three and some was four girls and some was more girls. I think Sue's group had ten in it, that came to Camp. When we went out to Camp it was the whole Stake. I imagine we had a hundred and twenty-five or something like that at camp, but not all of the girls came to camp.

The Leaders had to be certified [as Camp Crafters] before we could certify the girls. Arlene Smith & I went up with Sevier Stake to the camp in Manti Mountains in her pickup and camper. When we got up there the girls just couldn't make the fire go. I said, "Let me show

you how." I gathered up dry twigs. I lit one match and made it go!" So they called me the "One-Match-Fire-Starter".

So I and Arlene ... hiked, did all the requirements together and did all of our certification there, [so] we could learn how to bring back the help to Wayne Stake and know the hows of first aid and the out door camp crafters program, to help all our Wayne County girls prepare to be better camp crafters & learn skills. I got my Camp Crafters Certificate. Then we came home and held our camp.... We'd go [set-up camp] and all the wards came ... and we certified the ones that would come and do it and get certified. We showed them Camp Crafter Arts and First Aid, all those things we taught them. We'd say, "Oh, I hurt myself badly. What are you going to do for me?" And have the girls tell us what they'd would do and how they was supposed to keep calm and how they was supposed to think and what they was supposed to do for the person that would be injured.

We took them on hikes, clear up to that one lake and back. We picked up all the cans and had them carry them back down to the camp. We had bags that they gave to us. Each one of them had a bag or two. If they fell down on the job and couldn't carry them, then we'd carry them. We had talked with the Forest Service, so they came up, and we threw all the trash and cans in there. They had a whole load full that we'd picked up all the way to this lake and back. That was our clean-up service. One day we took them up the Wildcat Ranger Station and had lunch. It was just a little place. We had it so they could go out and tell them about the trees.

I think the most, nicest, successful camps we had was when we was up at Single Tree. That's when Sue⁸ got her certification when we was up at Single Tree on Boulder Mountain. There was a big, nice round campfire up to

⁸ Sue was in Mutual from 1966 through 1971.

Single Tree. I liked that the best. One time we went up to a higher up camp, but it wasn't nearly as convenient or as nice as Single Tree. So we got Single Tree the time I was in.

One experience we had with a [group] from Fremont. They wanted to camp where they wanted to camp, way up in the trees away from everybody else. I don't remember who their Leader was but they went up there. In the middle of the night, down they ran to us. They got scared and so did the Leader. They knew they was some bears up in there. "Come and see."

I said, "Oh, there's not any bears. Bears won't bother you. They'll stay away of you as far as they can." So I took the flashlight and went over and flash lighted all up in there. I said, "See, there's no bears around here."

They was talking and hollering at them. I said, "They'll run as fast as they can." I gave them lots of faith that they was safe and they was okey. But I noticed after that night they wanted to move back closer. They moved their tent and moved back into the camp ground we wanted them to move in where they could be around the rest of us.

One time we were up there, some of the girls had told the boys they were going to be up there. So here come the boys! I said, "Arlene, what are we going to do about this? These boys have come to camp." We went over and talked to them and was friends with them, told them what we was doing and told them we was planning on having a campfire and said, "It's just for the ... girls."

Arlene said, "We appreciate you, but why don't you come see them girls another night when they aren't so busy."

They turned around and went back. They went out of camp and didn't bothered us or caused the girls to go be with them.

We had the programs all planned. We had our campfire and testimony bearing round the

campfire and things like that. Our Sue surely was benefitted by the program and enjoyed the out of doors and was prepared better by the helps she received ... from good teachers.

It was quite an experience. I learned a lot of things, safety things.

We had some beautiful Gold and Green Balls at that time. I remember the one when Rue [Brown] wanted to help us decorate. That is when she was the secretary. We decorated for the months of the year. We had George Washington in February. I don't remember them all. They was just pretty things they had in pictures. I didn't think I even took any pictures of it. We worked like little beavers the week before to decorate the hall. It all went off beautiful and they did their dances.

We picked a King and a Queen⁹. We did it by putting all the names in a box and draw them out. We didn't have judges. It was just by picking the names out of a hat because we thought that was too unfair [to have judges.] I think it was usually the seniors that they drawed out of. I don't remember how it come up but some one, the leaders, went and seen a name on top and it came out they wasn't fair with that, so we just put it away. We didn't do that any more. If we found out things weren't fair we dispersed of it.

Then they was Road Shows.

HILDRED: Each ward in the Stake was invited to perform a short one-act play; often someone in the ward wrote the script. The young people in the ward were the actors. On the night of the performance each group loaded their props, actors and helpers in pick-ups and cars and drove from town to town, setting up and performing their play. Sometimes the audience in one place had to wait quite a while before the next group arrived to perform. Eventually all the groups brought their props to

⁹ For the girls is was very important to be Queen of a Gold and Green Ball. It was something to tell your children and include in your autobiography.

the same Church building and each ward performed their play in the same place for the audience of assembled families.

KATIE: They had people in the ward over the Road Show for their ward. Of course, we was still in charge of it. Each Ward did a play, if they would. It involved people. Some people can write, and they'd pick out the people with talents. They put on a show and had people act it out. The [play] was in a story form. Then everybody went down to Bicknell and put them on. Whoever wanted to come and put on a Road Show. Everybody enjoyed them.

I wish I could remember of all them. One time they put on one about the rich man and the greedy man. They had a chest and got some dollars and they'd say, "Oh, my money, my money!"

When I was in the MIA in Loa, we picked the ones who would play the parts in the Road Show. We'd try to pick out and get somebody who would do it. ...One Road Show we put on was about going on a mission. We picked a Torgerson boy. We told him we knew he could do it and he acted so thrilled to think that we would think he could play the part of choosing to be a missionary.... He played the part of the missionary and from then on he came to Church and he went on a mission, from us picking him for that part. It was impressive. They liked that one about the story of the young man and his family and the way they put it on.

I think I was in about five years as a Stake MIA [President]. That's when I got really acquainted with a lot of people in the Stake, like Bliss Brinkerhoff, Meeks Morrell, a lot of the Priesthood Leaders.... They was over the Stake Young Men. I remember Bliss said, "I don't know what I'm doing in this organization." He wasn't active 'til then and they called him to do this, over the Young Men. I said, "Bliss, you'll be just fine. You just learn like the rest of us."

He said, "I always had such respect for you. You was always encouraging and made us think that could do the job that we'd been set to."

I said, "It just takes faith. We do the best we can and that's all we can do."

Stake June Conference 1971 Released from Stake M.I.A. as president. I was consulted by President Tom Chappell over M.I.A. to the one to choose to take my place and I had much thought and prayer to have a wonderful person accept this great work to be put in and he had two names he had been considering and couldnt come to a decision. When he asked me I knew who it would be. It was my counslor Madge Taylor, but I told no one this special priviledge I had to help assist in picking the name as Madge was a special counselor and much love for all young people. Those who pray for inspiration each day and humility to live well or better this day knows there is a God and son Jesus Christ that works in love[Journal, no day or month]

We had Church softball for the girls too. We carried that through the summer too when I and Arlene was in the Stake. We had Stake softball together and the girls played the other towns. We went to those.... We usually went over to Lyman after they got the Lyman Park. We'd have a Sports Director from each town to help the girls practice. Then we'd get them together.

1973 "Loa bishop ask me to take Sports. I took sports of M.I.A. and also Loa Camp director, helped Arlene Smith with Stake Camp preparation. We had Stake and Ward Soft Ball Tournaments went to Hanksville twice with two teams from Loa equally divided by drawing names & Captains out of hat of each age group levels. Enjoyed a good year. Sue was home & helped Soft ball girls." [Journal entry, no day or month]

RELIEF SOCIETY

It was so hard for me to go to Relief Society when I was first married. Blain always came home for lunch at 2:00 and my first responsibility was to my family and my

husband. They had it on Tuesday at 2:00.... With the children and that I couldn't make it. I was too busy with the children. I didn't want to go and disturb the ladies and take my children and have them make a noise. When they first asked me to go as a Visiting Teacher, I said, "I'd like to. When I can dedicate myself to the Relief Society I'll join it." They joined the Relief Society.¹⁰ I never joined until after my kids got older. When all the children got in school and Charles and Sue was small I started to Relief Society and always took all the positions as asked there. I Love Relief Society work as well and all their information.

Aug 3, 1987 Mon - "What a shocker to have our Bishop C. Kay Peterson & counselor Newell Harward come & ask me to be 1st counslor to Nancy Sorensen in the Relief Society Pres. Blain was so relieved that the call was for me & not both of us or him...he gladly did encourage me to accept & said, 'She will do a good job.' I could hardly believe my ears. It will be a very new experience for me as I have never before been ask to be in the Presidency of the R. Society, but have loved going out teaching each months for 30 years and getting a 100% every month at visiting & going early in the month is a big help.... "

Aug 9, 1987 Sun - "I was put in Relief S. as 1st Counslor. Neal & Sue came over to support me & the R. Society Presidency, Nancy Sorenson, the president, I am 1st Counselor, Allie Brown 2nd Counslor & Fawn Rees secetary. It will be a big job & a busy one, but a great oppertunity to do the Lords work..... I

¹⁰ The Relief Society was a independent, self-sustaining organization. You were not automatically a member. Every woman in the Church could belong, but they had to join and pay dues. They supported their service projects and good works with bazaars and other fund-raising activities until 1971 when they became a regular Church Auxiliary. Katie did become a Visiting Teacher and was very faithful for many years. She and her partner went out the first week of every month to teach and visit as many as six women in the Loa ward.

havent slept very well at nights thinking about this R.S. 1st counslor job. Sue is really encourageing and uplifting in my new job & I'll do the best I can."

Aug 10 - "Nancy & I visit a lot about the R.S. We all meet as a R.S. Presidency and Bonnie Brown helped me & showed me my duties as R.S. 1st Counslor."

Sept 17, 1987 - "Nancy left to go up to the Dr. We sure hope she will get the good help she needs & be able to return back to her job as the President of Relief society as its a big job and needs us all doing the work & together, It makes the job a very worry some one to not have her doing her job & her sick."

[Between Katie's journal pages was a typed letter dated September 18, 1987 from Nancy to Katie telling her about her health problems and when she would be back to Loa, some Relief Society business and "Katie, you probably wonder what you have gotten yourself into. I feel bad that so much of this has been dumped on you. However, the doctor assures me that I will get over this and I really think I will be okay; it will just take a little time. I love and appreciate you. Love, Nancy"]

[Soon after] I was called as the first Counselor to the Relief Society President, Nancy got sick. Like she said, I carried the burden all the time until she got out at Christmas time. Allie was in the school. It kind of seem like I was in between a rock and a hard spot, not knowing how much responsibility Allie would take. We got by. Then they selected Donna Harward to be the president. She said she was too old, but she still did it.

Oct 20, 1987 - "The Reliefsociety work and all has kept me with a greater challenge." Last Sunday Nancy Sorenson released as president. Donna Harward is new president. Set apart by Newell Harward as 1st Counselor. Allie Brown 2nd counselor and Fawn Reese secretary. Nancy is still very ill and will be there at her daughters ...until she gets better..."

1987 Nov 23, 1987 - *"Lula Taylors funeral. ...I arose & was hurring to make my bed & I put my back out of place. I had Blain help me up as I fell to my knees but went on any-way to help with the funeral and all. Considering Lula being 105 yrs old I was suprised to see so many there.... We feed about 160 people for the dinner."*

1987 Nov 25, 1987 - *Another funeral service, infant Grandson of Lamont & Karen Ellett, Scott's boy born dead. Held in R.S. room "and family came to it." Fed 60 people. A cold day.*

Dec 26, 1987 - *"In R.S. I conducted this month... I enjoy the months most in R.S. when I am not the one to conduct meeting."*

May 20, 1988 - *Dalton Okerlunds funeral today. Fed 80 for lunch.*

May 23, 1988 - *Nita Taylor's funeral today. We fed 160.*

It was so amazing. Allie broke her leg ... and came with a walking cast on her leg and foot. The next week I was hurrying ... to get to Relief Society. My shoe had a narrow heel. As I went my foot turned. That foot hadn't been as good as the other foot of course because I broke it when Charles was a baby. It flipped and broke again. I heard it pop. I went to Gunnison and had a cast put on it.¹¹ I called Donna and I said, "I broke my foot." She thought I was just kidding.

Dec 10, 1989 *Sun Released from R.S. presidency. My last day to take charge of R.S. There is a time & season & Im glad to have the younger new Sister take over. Pres. Collen Bagley, Francine Hallows, Margene Traveler.*

In all my many opportunities in the Church my testimony grew. It took study and hours [of] work and service in no thoughts of returns. It was always plenty of work & planning to go to all the camps, etc. I could do a lot better if I'd been assigned now.... I always felt so

pressed. I wondered how it would ever go through, but it did.

That's what the [Church] teaches is to be with your families and do all you can. We tried to have Family Home Evening as good as we could when Blain would come home so we could have them. It wasn't easy to have them, you know. I'd prepare a lesson. We had ordinary problems that families have getting them together, I guess.

4-H

It was a great opportunity to take and make the time to work in the church and also the 4-H clubs as they asked me to do so and [I] learned much more than those I taught. I started in 4-H when Hildred got old enough to be in 4-H. I think she started [a cooking class] when she was about eight. Then she wanted to take sewing when she was ten. They asked me to teach 4-H with Reta Tanner and that's how I started out. We took that little sewing class and taught them how. And I taught Deanna. I felt like it was such a good thing.

The Extension People come down from Utah State University¹² and talked about the 4-H and encouraged people to teach the 4-H. They had pamphlets they'd give out. I had a bunch of those instructions, [including] sewing instructions, and they'd tell you just how to do it. What to do and how to start the children sewing without any thread in the needle and everything like that. In fact that's they way I learned better how to handle a machine is with them sewing machine classes.

The girls could pick what they wanted to make, a hot pad or a little apron or what ever. [We'd put their sewing project in the county fair] and they'd judge their work [and give a 1st place - blue, 2nd place - red or 3rd place - white

¹¹ Katie broke her foot September 26, 1989. Cast removed Nov 13.

¹² 4-H was for young people in agricultural areas throughout the United States. It was a part of the Cooperative Extension Service of the US Department of Agriculture through each State University. All the people on the local level were volunteers.

ribbon.] When some parent's kids got a lesser ribbon then they didn't want to be in 4-H any more.they wasn't trying to teach children to think they could be perfect in their sewing, their kids were learning to sew. I don't know whether any of them learned to be seamstresses or not, but I know that my kids learned how to sew.

I took sewing machine classes from the people from Utah State in order to teach the children, you know. They'd have these seminars when them teachers from the college would come down. I'd go to these classes in the afternoon. I wanted to learn how to do better.

I taught a safety automotive class to Mathew and his group.... Then I taught a Photography Class.... I helped Blain and we taught livestock when Bill had an animal and showed it in the fair. Just a lot of different things that came up that they wanted to take and start up a class. It seemed like it was really hard though to get the kids to come. Some of them wouldn't come to the classes like they should and you couldn't make kids do something they wouldn't do.

I taught outdoor cooking and I taught gardening. I tried to help the young people to do it. It seemed like the most we fell down on, we did the work but we had trouble keeping their books up. Some of them did, of course. In the summers it was hard to finish them up. If I'd have done what I knew now I would have started them early in January, then they would have been through by summer time. So they could have finished up their books and everything to be ready for the fair. The purpose of the whole thing is competing with yourself and learning.

...The whole purpose of the 4-H was to teach the children the importance of doing the things they did do. That's what I did through the years, give [my children] a choice of what

they wanted to take in the 4-H. It seemed like that was more or less the purpose of [4-H] was to get the parents of the children growing up..., to come into the 4-H, so that they would take them and teach them in their home.

I was also an officer in the county 4-H to try to stimulate more interest in things like that. I took all the active part I could in it. I went up to Utah State with their extension classes that they gave.... I didn't feel like I could take all of them. Other people went too you know... I made a gray suit. I think I've still got it. I still wear it. It was quite an undertaking, making the suit and doing it the way you are supposed to do it and put all the lining and hooking it down like you should. It was an undertaking. You made your own pads and everything and lined them. I just made it to learn. I had to finish it in a week.

One year someone came from Logan and I took upholstery too. We tore old stuff of and made it like new. Another time I refinished that claw-foot, drop-leaf dining room table I had setting in there for a long time.

One year¹³ I went to Cedar City for a seminar. That's the only one I remember going to Cedar. We usually went up to Logan. I and Katie VanDyke... went down. We got a motel and stayed over night and went to the college down there. She made it so fun and we had such a good visit and learned so much. We went to classes on everything. We went to one in Protection and Safety and had a Policeman come in and tell us what to do, in case somebody came up to your car. One of the things he said that impressed me, is he said always have a hat pin handy in your car or something like a corsage pin. He said if you rolled down your window and they started attacking you, grab that and stick them in the face and they'll leave you alone. That's what he said. That's one of the best way when a woman is attacked, just take that hat pin and

¹³ March 20 to 22, 1963

stick them in the face. He said that'll hurt them so bad they'll leave you alone right now. That's what they said.

I took Bill up to a Farming Class because his Dad would let him drive the tractor. I went up with him. Of course the men leaders took care of the men, but I still went to the classes. They gave one on how to properly dress for things. I remember Bill taking that one and how to coordinate your clothes together and things like that, that was good.

We'd go on Monday and come back on Friday. I remember we took one just as Television was coming out and they talked about the television and being able to master that Television. Once the kids got on it they really wanted to stay on it and watch it. I think that if I'd never had one in the house I'd have been better off. Charles and Sue would have been. One summer I learned how and I dislocated that television and said that television went off because I made it go off!

Gary Brown talked us into just letting them put one in ... and it never got out because Blain said we needed it. He wanted it. Rue [Brown] sold them through her store.... The summer that I didn't have the television running, it was sure was easier to get the kids out to do something besides watch that "Idiot Box." That's what I called it. I hated all the advertisements. Of course, it was black and white. The good thing about it is that you could watch [General] Conference. That was really a high light in my life to be able to watch and hear the prophet's Conference talks on that TV.

They also had 4-H Camps. I've seen a lot of camps with the 4-H, you know. We went up on Thousand Lake. I took a group up to Fish

Lake too and it rained us out. Oh my stars. The 4-H Camp was ... two nights and three days. They'd have the activities all planned. We had sawing contests and stuff, ... activities for the kids to enjoy. They was a lot of crafts, like "boondoggle." They did their own camping and cooked their own meals and put up their own camps and learned how to do that. I just learned to do those things because I thought that that was really important that young people learned to do that. A lot of people wouldn't go you know. They wanted their children taught but they didn't want to be any part of it. Some days it was a challenge for me. Try to get everything ready at home, so I could leave home and have food for my husband and kids. And try to arrange things to keep going. It was a big challenge. Then when my kids got gone, they didn't ask me to be a teacher any more.

Because my family was in the classes of 4-H and church they all learned a lot of good things and now, I realize how much I learned by being willing to go help and teach and ... desire to learn to do better.... It was a great opportunity to learn & be a 4-H Leader. I taught classes in 4-H and learned and taught for over twenty years of service and received a 21 year pin in 4-H, a Service award with a pearl in it.

HILDRED: In 1962 Blain and Katie welcomed into their home, a young man from Switzerland. He was an exchange student through the 4-H and International Farmers. He spent two week working with Blain. He left a Swiss flag, a small edelweiss pin carved from ivory and special memories of him. Jakob Schlatter took with him deep admiration and respect for Blain and a great love for the family.



Katie W. Chappell (1958) and Blain M. Chappell



L: Katie at left with a group of 4-H girls
Below: Charles, Scout, Mathew,
Explorer Scout, and Katie in front of
Loa Court House. Loa, Utah -circa 1965



L-r: back row: Indian Placement student (IP), Katie Chappell, IP student, Steve Sorenson, Karl Taylor,
Bob New, IP student, Shirley Oldroyd, George Blackburn, Stanley Rees.
Front: Harry Brian, Stephen Reese, Lorrie Batty, Bill Chappell, Junior Johanson, Eddie Oldroyd, LeRon
Taylor. Scouts -circa 1955



Wayne County 4-H Club Leaders and County Agent who attended 4-H Leadership School at Logan, February 16 to 20, are left to right, Jay M. Hall, County Agent, Audrey DeLeeuw, Eris Rees, Katie Chappell and Eva Peterson.

National 4-H Week Noted In Wayne County Activity

LOA — The Wayne County 4-H'ers are in the midst of celebrating National 4-H Club Week, which started February 28th and ends Saturday.

Monday the Clever 4-H Girls, of Bicknell, told about National 4-H Club Week over Richfield Station KSVC at 11:55 a.m. This club includes Gaylene Moosman, Candice Hunt, Alta DeLeeuw, LaRayne Rasmussen, Barbara Brinkerhoff and Margie Giles. The club is led by Audrey DeLeeuw. This club has completed four years of 4-H club work with projects in clothing and foods.

To advertise 4-H Club Week, 4-H posters have been placed in each town and clubs have decorated store windows in the different towns.

The big event of the week is the Fun Fest Party which will be Thursday, (tonight) at the Loa Ward recreation hall. This party will be for all 4-H club members attending Bicknell and Loa Elementary schools. This Fun Fest is un-

der the direction of the Wayne County 4-H Advisory Council, with Katie Chappell as president. The following committees assisting Mrs. Chappell with this program are Jay M. Hall, Marilyn Brian, Sherrie Durfey and Audrey DeLeeuw. Games, Eris Rees, Della Brian, Remola Woolsey and Thora Jackson, refreshments. The advertising committees are the Have Fun With 4-H'ers Club, Loa and the Bicknell Livestock Club, Bicknell.

L: Celebrating National 4-H Week 1959 - Katie Chappell is President of the Wayne County 4-H Advisory Board Below: Katie Chappell, Alta DeLeeuw, Myrle Taylor, Evelyn Ellett Front: Bill Chappell, Junior Johansen, Stephen Reese - 1960 in Logan, Utah There were meetings and competitions. Bill excelled in tractor skills & driving.

Below: Jakob Schlatter, an International Farm Youth Exchange through the 4-H, from Switzerland. -1962 (See his letters in Appendix.) Katie's 4-H certificate with stickers for 1953-1964. She served 20 years in 4-H.



Utah 4-H Club Leaders Certificate of Achievement

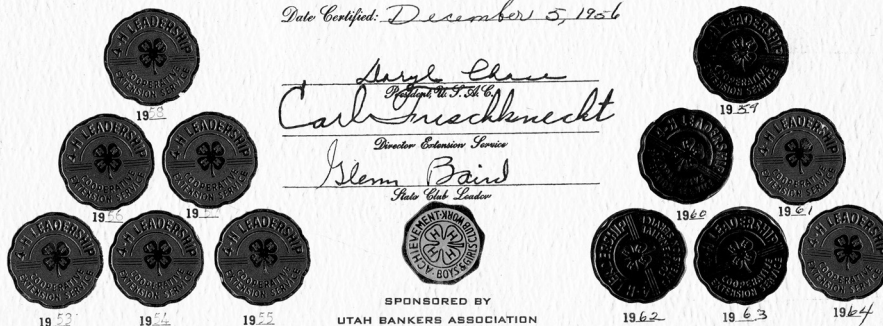


Issued by Utah State Agricultural College Extension Service

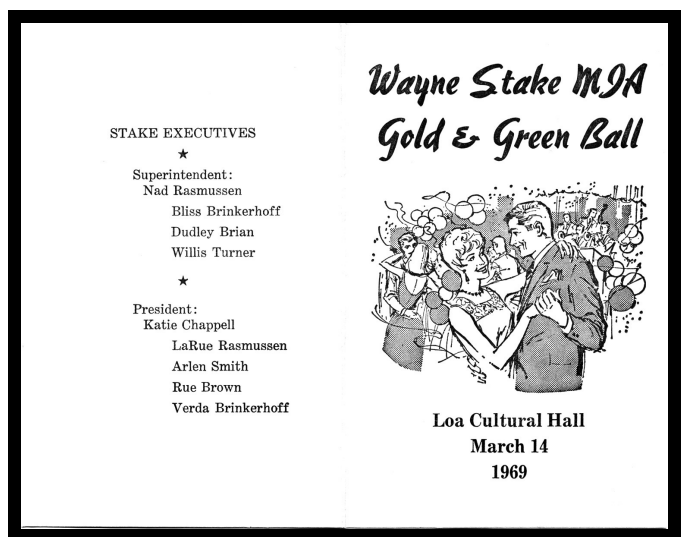
This is to Certify That Katie Chappell of Loa Utah, has satisfactorily completed work as a Local Leader in the State and National Boys and Girls 4-H Club Program and therefore is entitled to this Certificate.

Date Certified: December 5, 1964

Carl Trueschnecht
Director Extension Service
Glen Baird
State Club Leader



SPONSORED BY
UTAH BANKERS ASSOCIATION
Completed 12 years



L: The only picture of Katie and Blain dancing.
 Above: A spring green dance card for a Gold & Green Ball while Katie was Stake Mutual President.
 Ctr: An article about the MIA girls picking up litter .
 (see p.211)

Littering Turns Tables; Wayne Girls Win Awards

TEASDALE — While littering will probably never be condoned as doing good to anyone, a group of girls from Wayne LDS Stake's MIA program have been able to earn conservation requirements because of the inconsiderate littering of fishermen.

Fourteen girls attending Wayne Stake MIA Camp on Dixie National Forest, and their instructor, Kathie Chappell, accompanied Teasdale District Forest Ranger Ted Knowles on a cleanup of Oak Creek Reservoir on Boulder Mountain.

The girls, each armed with a

plastic bag the size of a bushel sack, walked a mile to the reservoir from the end of the road. A short search soon filled all bags to overflowing. After several stops to repair the broken, over-full bags, the group deposited about 500 pounds of cans, bottles and other litter in the truck they had brought for the project.

"The effort was part of the campaign to clean up and keep clean the high elevation lakes of the Boulder Mountain, Knowles said. "If fishermen would pack out what they carry in, the litter problem around these beautiful lakes would be eliminated."

Below: The Relief Presidency with two broken legs! (See page 215)
 L-r: Allie Brown, Katie Chappell counselors, Donna Harward President, Fawn Reese Secretary. Loa, Utah - October 1989



Chapter 11 - Curds, Whey and Hay

“Make hay while the sunshines.” --English Proverb

HILDRED: It was only when I started to write about Dad’s job at the Cheese Plant¹ that I understood how hard he worked. As a teenager I saw him suddenly fall to the living room floor after a day of work because something was wrong with his back. I knew he worked hard, but I did not understand how much manual labor he did. When he drove the milk truck around Fremont, Loa and Lyman, every time he stopped at someone’s driveway, he picked up and “threw” a five or ten gallon can, on the back of the truck. Every full ten gallon can weighed 108 pounds. When he arrived at the dock at the old rock cheese plant he again lifted every can and carried it into the building and helped dumped the milk into a vat. He carried the empty cans back to the truck bed, drove around to the east side of the plant and filled many of them with whey. Again he drove his milk route and lifted those same cans (many of them full of whey) off the truck and set them on the ground for the farmer. Every day of the week, he lifted all the milk that filled a vat with 8,000 pounds of milk which is about 96 full 10-gallons cans of milk. (Ten pounds of milk makes about 1 pound of cheese.) There would be more milk in the summer.

Cheesemaking was a physically demanding job. As you read my Dad’s description of making cheese, notice how many times he lifts cans of milk. He also stirred the vats of milk by hand. (Later motorized paddles were installed above the vats and eliminated continuous hand stirring.) At the new plant, he began each morning by shoveling about 500 pounds of coal into a stoker which kept the furnace going. (It also had to be refilled during the day.) And the clinkers had to be shoveled

from the furnace. Notice how often he lifted the cheese during one day. Every full ten gallon can of milk weighed 108 pounds, every slab of cheese weight 10-20 pounds, a full hoop was 42 pounds of cheese and 20 pounds of metal, every long horn turned over was 13 pounds, every loaf turned over was 5 pounds, every cardboard box of cheese lifted and weighed and hefted into a truck to ship was 53 pounds. He repeated every process over and over and over until between 800 to 1600 pounds milk solids (less in the winter and more in the summer) was made into cheese and ready to ship. Think how many times he repeated each process. Think how many pounds he lifted in a day’s work, and try to imagine doing it again and again and again for almost thirty years and he didn’t always get a day off every week. Remember he wasn’t doing all this weight lifting to develop his muscles, he did it to feed his family, the muscles came with the job.

KATIE: Nelson-Ricks² decided to put a cheese plant in Loa and asked Royal [Harward] to run it. He was working in Aurora in their cheese plant. They asked him if he would come over and start the plant in Loa. He was the manager.... Royal changed [a] grist mill into the cheese plant. Nelson-Ricks ... put in the equipment. Donna and Royal moved over ... from Aurora and lived up in the top of the mill for a while. They had the main floor with vats that they made cheese in. The way I remember, they had to stir the milk back and forth by hand. I don’t remember them having any overhead stirrers. I know they cut it by hand. They had to turn the [curd] mill by hand.

Reed [Maxfield] was working with Royal for a while. Blain had come in there in the

¹ When I was young we always said Dad worked at the Creamery. Nelson-Ricks began their business by buying cream from farmers in the states of Idaho and Utah, so they did have Creameries. As a teenager we said Dad worked at the Cheese Factory. Eventually we called it the Cheese Plant. --HC

² Nelson-Ricks had a network of cheese plants in Utah: Aurora, Elsinore, Loa and Salt Lake with others in Idaho. They had been collecting cream in Wayne County for about ten years.

afternoons and worked with Royal. When Reed wouldn't show up, Royal would say, "Blain can you come in?" When he got through with the milk truck it made a long day. I think [Royal] paid him \$2.50 for a half day when he'd come in the afternoon to help him finish up. That's the way Blain learned to make cheese, with Royal first. So that's the way he got into doing the cheese business, just going and helping when they needed him.

BLAIN: [About 1943] I started driving the milk truck for Ivan [Moore]. Royal [Harward] was running the cheese plant for Nelson-Ricks and Ivan was hauling the milk. I drove the milk truck for them maybe a year or so. Then Royal quit.... I quit driving the milk truck and I started working in the plant, the old rock building, the grist mill originally.

KATIE: Royal decided he'd go into the store business.... He quit. It left them without a manager. Reed [Maxfield] started working in there after Royal Harward quit. After Blain got through with the milk route, Reed said, "Come and help me ." Reed would just tell him things to do and he'd go bumming around, expect Blain to know what to do with the cheese. The first while when he'd go and help..., they didn't pay him. Blain said, "I've got to have some money for my time."

Ivan [Moore's] brother came and started running the milk truck so Blain went on making the cheese. Reed thought he could run it, but Reed ... had a drinking problem. That made it bad.[Nelson-Ricks] let Reed go because he wasn't making the kind of cheese they expected. Then they got Bob Winn to come over.

When Blain started working in the creamery that was a seven day a week job... [and] he got \$5.00 a day. I remember Bash Reese said, "I wouldn't work for \$5.00 a day."

I said, "I want you to know, we're mighty glad to get \$5.00 day and get a job to keep our little kids and keep us alive."

BLAIN: I worked with Reed Maxfield³. He took over when [Royal] Harward left. Reed didn't get along well with Nelson-Rick so they let him go and I quit too then. When they canned Reed I didn't work for them for about three days! Bob Winn come and he didn't have nobody to help him. They come and got me to help him. That was about a year or year and a half after Harward quit. Bob was a good cheese maker. I worked with Bob Winn then I worked with Ernest [Jackson].

We worked in that old plant. We used to fire the old boiler by hand with big lumps of coal. Then they stuck a stoker on it and used ground up slack and we'd throw it in the stoker. Once the slack pile got on fire. It's like a coal fire. It didn't blaze. It would smolder and smolder. I thought it would burn the whole works down. We finally got the thing out; turned the hydrant on it. We wet it down; let the water run on it at night and we dug into some parts of it. It took a week or two to get the smoldering fire out in the slack.

Bob was a great fisher. We'd go fishing. One night we put the cheese in [the press] and we were going to come back and cut them up and wrap them into loaf. We went to Round Lake and went fishing. When we started to come home his car wouldn't pull out of there. Oh boy, we had to walk home. We walked plumb to Fremont and it was about one or two o'clock. Some of the guys were up there ... sporting the girls, we caught them and got a ride from Fremont on into Loa. We had to go up to the creamery and cut our cheese and press it in the middle of the night so we could make some more cheese the next day. Man!

³ Blain's brother-in-law. Bob Winn is Robert Lafel Winn (1923-2008) who, apparently, was the manager between Reed Maxfield and Ernest Jackson. In Rainbow Views: A History of Wayne County, Snow, p. 31 - 1953, it says, "Royal Harward operated the plant from 1937 to 1947. He was followed by Reed Maxfield, Ernest Jackson, and Ivan Moore, each of whom had charge of it for short periods. Blain Chappell took over the management in November, 1949 and still operates it."

About a week later we tried it again only we didn't [drive] down in. We left the car setting up on top. We walked down in about a half mile and fished. We come back up and low and behold the darn car wouldn't start. We told Katie and Lenna where we'd be and if we weren't home at a certain time to come and get us. (By then we had a car.) We started walking down the road. We were half way down that mountain and met them. We were mighty glad to see them girls. But we'd finished our cheese that time before we left. So I quit going fishing with Bob.

Bob quit the plant shortly after that. Then Ernest Jackson came. He'd worked in there before. He had worked with Royal quite a bit before I worked there. Ernest Jackson took over the top job there and I worked with him. Ivan Moore took over and made [a] new plant. Ernest Jackson didn't get along with Ivan too well so when we moved down to the new plant Ernest didn't go down there. He come down a couple of days and quit. Ivan was supposed to be helping me, but he was building the place. He'd come in once and a while. I was working alone. I got mad at that and I told him I was going to quit or he had to get some help. I believe he got Leland Oyler to come in then. I took over making the cheese [manager] when we moved down to the new plant.⁴ Leland worked there for a while. I don't know how many worked there after that. I had a lot of guys work for me after that. I was the head cheese maker from 1946 until Mathew took over, about 1974. I worked there thirty years.

Cheese making was an everyday job for years. The only way we got a day off was to ask Ernest to come and take our place. After a year or two it seems like we started taking a day off. For two years or so I worked almost every day. I didn't have much time off from the plant.

Nelson-Ricks had two or three more plants over the hill so they got a man to go around to each plant to give everybody a regular day off. He'd come two days to each plant and give the two men each a day off. That went on for a long while.

I always [worked for] Nelson-Ricks while I was making cheese.... They tried to make the job into an eight hour day. We got in there at a pretty good time. We started around seven o'clock. The milk would come in early. We tried to get the cheese out of the press before a lot of milk came in. We had two milk trucks coming in. We had a truck around Loa and we had a truck down in the lower part of the valley. We had to get things ready for the milk. We tried to make it out of the plant in seven or eight hours. If something went wrong some days it could be a long old day. If we had a break down, we had to get the cheese done regardless of what happened. Someone had to be working in the plant all of the time; we took turns going to dinner.

KATIE: When somebody didn't show up [I] had to be the relief man and come and help Blain. I'd turn the [washing] washer off when he had to have help and go down. He was supposed to have days off, but if he didn't get them, he just didn't get them. If the man didn't show up then Blain just didn't get days off. They'd usually say they'd send a man over. Very seldom they'd come and Blain didn't get the days off. That's why he worked straight through for so many years.He was the manager, [he] had to be sure that cheese was made every day.

I wouldn't let him go without his lunch.If he couldn't come home, if he had to work right through, I'd go down and take his lunch to him. I'd have him eat. I'd say, "You eat your lunch and I'll turn the cheese. I'll do what ever you do. I'll set up the hoops while you eat your lunch." So he'd eat his lunch. I knew he couldn't work like that without some good meals. He always had good breakfasts.

⁴ From: – Rainbow Views: A History of Wayne County, Anne Snow, p.30, 1953 "Since the [old rock mill] housing the plant was not satisfactory, Ivan and Avagail More built a new one, finishing it in 1948 at a cost of \$16,500."

BLAIN: When I was manager I'd go down to the plant at 6:00 in the morning. I got the fire going and cleaned out the boiler, fill it up full of coal. I shoveled coal every morning.⁵ The hopper must hold five or six hundred pounds. By the time I got everything stoked up and started pulling the cheese out [of the press] it was time for the help to come. I tried to come home to eat breakfast about 7:30.

KATIE: A lot of time he wouldn't come home till eight or nine o'clock [at night]. He worked long hours. Lot of days he worked twelve, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen hours, especially when he had to do his own testing. We worked hard. Worked hard to pay for what we got.[Blain] worked on Sunday when he had to.That's the way it was. The cows didn't stayed milked and the creamery had to go every day. They had to make cheese every day, until they got the cooling system in there, the tanks to hold [the milk], that the milk trucks still brought every day.

BLAIN: When we moved into the new plant, it seemed like people got to milking more and some of them kept dropping out. It was bigger [herds] and fewer of them. It went like that for years and then we quit the ten gallon cans and went into a milk tank. (Which I didn't do when I hauled the milk).... They picked it up in a bulk tank. That was the late fifties or sixties when they started doing that. The milk went into the vat after it came into the plant. They used to make cheese out of raw milk. Then they got a pasteurizer and they stated running the milk through the pasteurizer, then into the vat. To heat up the milk we had steam

pipes that run under the vats. The pipes let the steam out in a hollow jacket under and around the vat. We started to cooking it, bring it up to about 88 degrees, and we'd stir it.

I enjoyed making cheese.

Up in that old creamery it was a challenge.... Instead of having an agitator to stir the milk we had a wooden fork and we stirred the vats of milk by hand. It took about forty-five minutes to cook it up so we stirred for forty-five minutes. After that we'd stir every few minutes so the milk wouldn't set on you. That was about an hour and a half. The new plant was better because it had an agitator⁶ and it would do the stirring for us.

[Then we'd] put the "starter"⁷ in and the coloring.

BILL: When Dad made cheddar cheese he knew the bacteria growth had to be controlled. As the fresh milk entered the cheese plant it went through the pasteurizer to sterilize the milk from all the different forms of bacteria that it picked up along the way. A starter culture that Dad had made that morning or night before was poured into the pasteurized vat of milk.

I remember Dad kept this special culture blank in the cool room in dry ice. There was a 200 gallon stainless steel tank at the back of the office where the culture and water was added to the tank then cooked and cooled to have starter for the day. Dad would fog the room with an antibacterial mix the night before to reduce the

⁵ First Dad pulled about 100-200 pounds of clinkers (lumps) out of the fire box and scrapped the ash out onto a table in front of the boiler. He put it into a wheelbarrow and pushed it outside and dumped it in a pile. He filled the stoker using a 7 pound metal shovel carrying 20-25 pounds of coal. He made at least 20 trips back and forth to the coal room. A ten foot walk when the room was full and forty when the room was getting empty. Dad kept things clean. When he was finished he always squirted down the floor to remove dust or ash. Bill said one of his first jobs at the Factory was shoveling the furnace debris into a wagon and taking it to the dump. --Bill Chappell 2/24/2012

⁶ The "agitator" had a motor which was suspended over the vat on two tracks with a trailing electric cable. The motor moved back and forth the length of the vat. Two huge metal paddles with open slots were hooked onto the motor and they rotated around and around stirring the vat of milk or curds and whey. --HC

⁷ Sometime in the early 1960's, a man at Nelson-Ricks headquarters, Reed Ferris whom Blain knew and respected, developed a method that allowed "Starter" to be produced in a lab, frozen and shipped to the plant managers. Managers no longer had to make Starter. The lab was a control environment, only those who worked in the lab could go in it, and it was meticulously cleaned. If a manager had a dead vat, samples were checked to determine if the starter was still active or the problem originated in the Plant. -- Source: Myron Walker Interview

possibility of contamination getting into his batch of starter. There were times when we saw what happened to the cheese when the starter didn't work or the bacteria had been compromised. The cheese would start growing after a couple of days and would expand in the storage container to the point that cardboard boxes were round or the cheese extruded from the cracks of the wooden shipping containers.

BLAIN: ...In about forty-five minutes we'd put the rennet in it and coagulate it. The starter is a bacterial culture and it started to ferment, breaking it down. The rennet would coagulate it and set it up in a jelly form.

BILL: It didn't take very much rennet to coagulate the milk, just a couple of ounces per thousand pounds of milk. The rennet was poured in the vat of milk and stirred with paddles to mix it throughout the milk then left to set for 20 minutes. Dad would check to see if it

had set to the right hardness by inserting his middle finger in the milk with his palm up, a 30 degree angle just barely breaking the tension of the milk with the thumb to see if the coagulated milk would split with a nice clean straight break. When it would break evenly along his finger it was time to cut with the curd knives.

The curd "knife" was a metal stainless steel frame 3 feet by 3.5 feet square wrapped with stainless steel wire strung across the frame. They had one curd knife strung horizontally and another one strung vertically. A man on each side of the vat would drag the curd knife down the vat and it would cut the coagulated milk into quarter inch squares. One side would be cut horizontal and the other side would be cut vertical. They switched sides at the bottom and returned to the starting point. Then back down the vat one more time to make a crosscut with the horizontal knife.

After these cuts the coagulated milk was reduced into quarter inch cubes which made the best whey drainage separation away from the curd. The curd was still very fragile after cutting it, so you started the paddles turning slowly at first while cooking. There was a track and carriage above the vat that held a motor and

gear box to run the paddles. This stage took 30-40 minutes and brought the temperature of the curd up to 102 degrees. As you cooked it, the stirring kept the curd from settling to the bottom and knitting together. The curd cooked to set it and drive off more and more whey from the curds. After it got to the right acidity, the whey was drained off. They quit stirring and let the curd settle to the bottom of the vat. An oversized metal rake would be used to push the curd to each side forming a ditch in the middle of the vat. The whey drained off, ran to the end of the vat where it was pumped to the holding tank to have the remaining cream separated out. Then whey was pumped outside to the whey tank for the farmer to use. All that was left sitting in the bottom of the vat was the curd.

BLAIN: We'd push the solids toward the edges and let it settle. We'd part it in the middle and drain the whey off. It went into another tank and we ran it through the separator. After you drained the whey off the solids, you'd let it mat good and you'd start to cheddar it.... You'd cut it in slabs.

BILL: The next step after the curd settled was to cut each island in half with an 18 inch long knife. The curd was now four long ribbons in the bottom of the vat. Next, each ribbon was crosscut and stacked two high on each other. The cheddaring process continued until the stacks of cheese were five high and all on one side of the vat. The shape and texture of the blocks of cheese kept changing as the weight flattened them. All the time bacteria was growing and the acid count increased until the blocks were firm and smooth. The slabs could weight from 15 to 30 pounds.

BLAIN: We'd turn it over so the outside got slick. We'd lean over the waist high side of the vats and turn the solids over and over and piling it higher and higher until it was matted together good and a smooth cheese. That would take another hour and a half or two hours. I'd turn it, and in about another eight minutes I'd do it again. I could be setting the hoops up and getting them ready in between the turning.

After you got the cheese matted good you ran it through a mill, a curd machine. It had

blades on it similar to a old lawn mower. It cut up the cheese and kicked it out behind. We had to crank it by hands for years and then we got an electric motor to put on it. It would cut the cheese into chunks, curds,⁸ about two or three inches long and 3/4 of an inch square. It seemed like the more machines and electric motors we got, [the] longer it took us to make cheese and more work. Maybe we just got more milk!

Then we salted it down.⁹ Put one and one half percent salt on it. Stirred the salt in good with a [wooden] fork. Then we pushed the curds to one side of the vat, set the hoops [metal boxes or cylinders] we'd washed earlier in the day, in the empty side of the vat and shoveled the curds in the hoops. There was either a twenty pound loaf or a round Long Horn. That's the only kind we ever made then.

We'd lift the metal boxes, hoops, out of the vat and put them in a press about twenty minutes while we washed up the vats and broke down the equipment to wash. Then the cheese would be pressed enough to take back out.

We made a five pound loaf. We had a frame we hooked around a twenty pound block. The frame had slots in it and we pushed a knife in the slots in three places and we had four 5-pound loaves. The first time we put the curds in a hoop we just filled the hoop without any cloth on the cheese. In fifteen minutes we had to take them back out and put the cloth on it. We used to wrap them separately and put them back in. Then we got to using dividers with clothes on them to put between them and wrap four of them in a big cloth and put them back in the hoop. At first we were wrapping each five pound loaf in a cloth and putting dividers

between them. Then we sewed the cloth right on the divider and put the divider between them and one big cloth around it which made it a lot faster.

After wrapping it we put the cheese back into the hoops and into the press over night. (Then we were through for the day, after we got the floor mopped down.) They would press up in about two or three hours. Of course we wouldn't take them out until the next morning.

Instead of having water pressure, at the old mill we had an old press. We had one end down and it would push back against the cheese and the weight of the cheese would press itself. We'd block one end and jack it up as tight as we could. The cheese was laying sideways in the press. We'd crank it down so the hoops would keep sliding down all night. That would get the whey out of it and get the curds pressed back together.

The next morning we'd raise the press back up and get the board. We had a battering board. We'd shake the cheese out on the board, unwrapped them and trimmed them. Then we'd take them and put them on a drying rack and let them dry for about two days. Let them dry one day and turn them over on the other side the next day. Then sometime the next day you turned them over on another side so you get them all dry.

Next we'd wax them. There was a rack above the wax vat. We could put about twelve cheeses on it. We'd dip them down in the hot wax, eight or ten seconds, pull them back out. Box them up, seal the box, weigh the box, write the weigh on it, stack it up and once a week we shipped it out. We had to load the boxes onto a truck. Charles Taylor used to haul the cheese into Salt Lake for years and years until he moved away.

⁸ All the kids in town would come into the plant to get some curd. They would get a paper towel and Dad would put a handful of curd in it and send them on down the road. And they was "happy campers." Dad would never charge them for curd. --Bill Chappell

⁹ There were a couple of reasons for salting. One of them is taste. The other one is to help break down the whey that is still in it. It would draw more whey out and it would help also in the aging process. --Bill

CHEESE PLANT HELPERS

HILDRED: There was one lesson all of the children learned from Mom and Dad. All of us have said many times, "I learned how to work." Our first job was working at the Cheese Factory.

BILL: I started helping Dad when I was quite young. I started wrapping and waxing cheese around the age of ten and felt it helped my self-esteem to be capable of any task. The waxing operation was performed in the storage room where a double wall steel wax tank was located. The tank was heated with steam and was turned on and off as needed. The waxing was a good part time job for his children because it could be done during summer months, weekends and after school. The wrapping and boxing of cheese had to be done in the mornings and during the day when the cheese was being pulled from the press.

Before waxing the cheese the steam was turned on ahead of time so the wax was nice and hot when the help came. The 12.5 lb. long horn and the 5 lb. loaf were the shapes of cheese that were waxed. They had to be dried in the cool room for 5-6 days. When the cheese was ready for waxing we moved the carts of dried cheese into the wax room next to the wax tank then loaded 10 long horn or 20 loafs on the dipping rack. The rack was lowered in and out of the wax by a rope pulley system. The pulley system made it possible for a 70 lb. kid to dip 120 lbs. of cheese. The cheese was dipped several time to build up a thicker protective coat. After each dip into the wax there was a 30 sec. pause for drying. The last dip was after the cheese had been turned over so the bottom would be coated. As they were pulled from the rack we'd inspect for pin holes or breaks in the wax coat before putting the cheese in shipping boxes and stacking them in the cool storage room. Each week the cheese was shipped to Salt Lake and as the boys got older they helped with the loading of 5 tons of cheese into the semi-truck.

MATHEW: Now there were many jobs that could be completed by us [kids] at the cheese plant, but I remember quite well ... washing ...

the test bottles. [Every patron's] milk was sampled [every day].... A small sample was put in a pint-sized bottle with a rubber stopper in the top and a number written on the top of it for the milk patron that it represented. A tablet, that was poisonous, was put in the bottle to prevent the milk from going sour or an accurate test for the butterfat could not be completed. [After two weeks the milk was tested for butterfat.] After this test was completed the bottle needed to be cleaned well and dried. Then the two poisonous pills were put in the bottle to have it ready for its next trip of sampling.

There were two sets of racks of bottles and one would be in the testing and cleaning phase while the others were being used. The same milk patron's milk would come in on the same truck day after day so there was a rack for each truck. In order to make it easier, the bottles were lined up in numerical order and this would also help to not have any mistakes, as a sample in the wrong bottle could make the man's test on his milk inaccurate. It was fine if it was a little higher than normal, but if the milk patron thought it was lower than it should be, the complaint showed up really fast. Dad would complete the tests. It was a good thing he had a reputation for being a really honest man or life in regards to the butterfat tests would have been a really bad experience. Even then the milk butter fats had a tendency to drop in the spring as the cow's milk production went up and some of the farmer turned their cows out onto the fresh green grass.... Every spring Dad would have some milk patrons unhappy about their milk test and he certainly heard about it. Quite the opposite when they got a higher than expected test result and that usually happened in the fall. Never a word then.

HILDRED: How well I remember washing the test bottles with Deanna. We had to pull the rubber stopper out of each glass bottle and empty the pink milk down the drain. Then we filled a big metal tub with water, added soap, and immersed the bottles. We'd pick a bottle out of the water and grab a brush. (Everything in the cheese plant was scrubbed with a brush.)

We'd push the brush into the bottle and twist it around and around until the residue was gone. Then we'd pull the brush out of the bottle and plunge it into the water. I really hated that job because the bristles from the brush would flip the water containing some of the pink solution on my arms up to my elbows which made my arms itch. Finally Dad showed us how to hold the bottle under the water when we pulled out the brush. No more splatters and no more itching arms.

My first paying job was doing the Resazurin Test. I had no idea what I was testing, but I did learn how to measure with a pipette, determine the color of the milk solution and write down the results. And I actually got a paycheck from Nelson-Ricks Creamery. My first check was \$4.77.

BLUE RIBBON CHEESE

BLAIN: There were two people working in the old plant. When I started working we usually had two vats in the summer. They were about 8,000 pound vats. Maybe we'd get up to 15 or 16,000 pounds of milk. In the winter we had one vat, about 8,000 pounds. If you got a good yield you could get 800 or 900 pounds of cheese. You tried to go for an 11% yield if you could get it. Sometimes you wouldn't even get 10%. Sometimes it depends on the milk and how you made it. When we reached our peak in cheese production at the new plant, I think we'd make about 2,600 pounds a day.

You could lose a lot of cheese the way you handled it when you were making it. When you first set it up and used the wire "knives" to cut it up, if you don't get a smooth cut it leaves a lot of rough ends. You had to have a good knife and you had to make a clean cut. If you had a knife that had a lot of wires broke out it would leave bigger pieces of milk solids and when you started stirring it they would break up. You could tell whether you'd done a good job when you started to pull the whey off. You'd look in the bottom of the vat at the "cheese dust." If you had a lot of cheese dust you knew you'd broke your cheese up bad and you'd really knock your yield down. After you

cut the coagulated milk, if you didn't let it set a while and cure and seal the jagged edges, you lost some of the milk solids.

If you stepped in there and throwed the heat to it and put too much heat to it too fast, you'd cook around the outside of the curd and [trap a lot of moisture inside.] You couldn't get it away and you had a high yield, but you'd have a soft, high-moisture cheese which wasn't desirable. The same thing when you are salting it. You had to be careful or you got the butter fat coming out of it. The butter fat would run and that raised heck with your yield. When you salted it you made two different applications and not stir too hard. You took forks and stirred. It couldn't be too warm or stirred too rough or you'd get the butter fat to moving and running and then you had a low fat-cheese. You can separate the cheese and the butter fat. You get a lot of extra butter-fat, but you raised heck with your cheese. You had to handle cheese carefully and get things about right.

Making cheese was a pretty good job when I first started because it paid good for them years. I worked on a commission. [The higher the cheese was graded the larger the commission.] If I made good cheese and got a lot of milk in there I could make four or five hundred a month which was good wages. It was six or seven sometimes. That's how we built our new house. Then things got worse.Everybody else started making more money and more money, inflation, and it wasn't long until everybody caught up to what I was making and passed. It seemed like when I quit there I was still making five or six hundred dollars a month. It didn't go far.

It was good life. I raised my family on it and I did make a quite a lot of money down there and I appreciated the job. I got some awards for being a good cheese maker.

HILDRED: What Dad did not know is that his ability to consistently make award-winning cheese saved his job and the Loa Cheese Plant. About 1960 Nelson-Ricks was planning to close the operation. When I interviewed Myron Walker, Vice-President and General Manager at the time, he said: "[The owner] felt that the Loa

Plant was not producing sufficient *quantity*. The product from the Loa Plant was so good that I didn't see any reason to close it. It was infrequent that they ever got graded down. I thought that was really a significant part of Nelson-Ricks' *quality....*" (Italics added) Plants in Elsinore and Spanish Fork were closed down.

"[Blain Chappell] was an extremely hard working person. I had great respect and admiration for him. I ... went, at least every other month, to each plant. He had boots in a closet that he would insist that I put on. It was felt that contamination often was responsible for bringing virus into the plant. Virus was responsible for attacking the bacteria in the Starter and causing "dead" vats of cheese which was very costly.... It was a lot of work wasted.... I just felt [Blain] was one of the hardest-working persons I have ever met. Cheese making is a very hard working profession. I thought [he] was a little harder working and more diligent. He wanted his product the best it could be."

BLAIN: We went on conventions and went up to the Cheese Makers "short course" about every year at Logan. The cheese makers and some of their bosses got together up there and put the cheese on the table, checked the cheese out and graded them. They used to give prizes for the best cheese, but they got so they wouldn't do that no more. They just started grading it so nobody would feel like they had been slighted.... We'd go up there when our cheese was graded. We done good from this plant. We took quite a few first places. It seemed like we had a little better flavor down here. I don't know if it was milk at a higher altitude or what. We done good up there.

We met at one of the dining rooms or halls there on the Utah State University campus. It was nice to go up there. Most of the time just the men went. We got acquainted. Professor Morris was an outstanding man. Reed Ferris used to go. Ferris was our boss, the quality man

from Nelson-Ricks. He was like me. He didn't like to talk very long either. He was one of the supervisors for the plant. He checked out the plant. He came down here about every month when he was over that particular work. Then he went into quality.

It was fun. Sometimes I took my wife with me. They'd have lectures, of course, and smorgasbords and a program in the evenings. Get together and forget about the cheese and enjoy our nights together. Old man, Professor Morris¹⁰ ... was the head of it. He was great for smorgasbords and get-togethers.

KATIE: One year at Christmastime Banquet Better Foods invited all the employees to come up to a Christmas party in Salt Lake. Blain decided he'd take me up. He arranged to go. They had this motel all reserved for their employees. It was one of the nice new motels up there and they gave Blain and I the Bridal Suite. It was a beautiful Bridal Suite all decorated in red and gold. Blain and I really enjoyed it. It was one of the most elegant places that we'd ever stayed in. We had a lovely night. We went to the party. We had a wonderful Christmas party with the employees of Banquet Better Foods. We really had a wonderful time up there.

They gave Blain an outstanding award for his Cheese making.

REMEMBER WHEN...

HILDRED: Dad said he enjoyed the creamery work for years. And so did the family.

We had some unique decorations sitting in our bedrooms and around our house. It was an assortment of sickly yellow or blood red hands

¹⁰ Myron Walker said, "[Professor Morris] ... was wonderful. I don't know of any other word to describe him. He used to do seminars and our managers would go to at least part of those. He would talk specifically about problems unique to cheese making. He was "Mr. Cheese Maker." His specialty was cheese. He was expert in cheese judging. I think it was he who sometimes judged at the State Fair." (Professor Morris would grade the cheese from the different plants and give awards.)

of different shapes and sizes. The size depend on who made the hand. The hands were made out of wax. The shape was determined by how good you were at wiggling your curved finger and hand out of the wax shell without breaking it.

BILL: When the wax we used to wax cheese cooled down we'd put our hand in the wax. We'd dip it over and over until the coat was strong enough for us to wiggle our hand out of the wax without breaking the shape. The Harwards, neighbors, often remind us of how many wax hands they had made too. Dad would let the kids in Loa made wax hands and feed them fresh soft curd out of the vat. Dad had a soft spot for the kids. [Wouldn't the health department have a fit now if kids did that! They'd shut down the plant.]

DEANNA: I also remember fun play times. I'd start on the outside of the Cheese Factory, hop on the metal roller [conveyer] that moved the milk cans into the plant, crouched down on my honchos, pushed thru the metal doors on the outside wall to the inside, moved along from the second floor to the first floor pushing or pulling at times to keep up the speed or slow down, and then jumped off just before ending up in the milk vat ... A child's delight

HILDRED: Our family often told the story about the day we lost Charles. He had gone to the Cheese Plant with the family. No one noticed when he disappeared, but we sure couldn't find him when it was time to leave. All of us walked through the plant searching, the office, the receiving room with the pasteurizer, into the make room, back to the furnace room and the restroom. No Charles. Then we searched the other side of the building, through the wax room and in to the cold storage. No Charles. We went outside and hollered. We walked through the plant again calling his name. No Charles. Finally as Mother walked from the office into the wax room she heard a small noise behind the door. She looked behind the door. No Charles. Then she stepped over and looked into the barrel of powder milk. Charles, stripped down to his underwear, was sitting in the half empty barrel.

He was covered with white powdered milk from head to toe. He looked very ghostly, except for the white line around his red lips where he had eaten and licked the powered milk away.

BLAIN: I enjoyed the creamery work for years, but the last part of it. Nelson-Ricks didn't keep the plant up. The last few years I worked down there it was terrible. We had a big nice chimney on there and it broke. They stuck a little dinky thing on there that wouldn't draw. Man, that was terrible from there on in. The chimney smoked. The boiler was new and it really worked nice for years until the chimney fell down. The boiler would get full of ash and soot and smoke. Smoke in the building. The plant got filthy dirty. We couldn't keep it clean. It wasn't a very pleasant situation the last three years. I quit. [1974] Mathew took it over. I was so glad to get out of there. I worked for them for thirty years. That was enough at any job I think. They just started a retirement program before I quit. I got a little money when I quit. I cashed it in.

DAIRY

After we moved to the new plant the milk started building up and we stuck in bigger vats. The milk kept growing and we had to stick in two bigger vats, a ten and eighteen thousand pound. The milk kept building up. The [government] changed the law where you couldn't use the ten gallon cans and everybody had to have a bulk tank. Then things really went to pot. [All the farmers] wanted to quit. A few of them tried to stay in and started getting tanks. That's when we built our dairy. We built our dairy in 1971.

MATHEW: About 1970, the laws and standards for milk production in the State of Utah ... started to change. It started to push people toward bigger dairies because they had to make a ... investment in the facility to milk a cow. [Dad] could see that the little guys were [dropping out] ... and there wasn't going to be any milk to go into the plant. Previously every body had one, two or three cows. [The milk truck] would pick up a half of a can here and a

half there. All those people ... couldn't meet the criteria and they weren't going to buy cooling equipment for their milk. To them there wasn't that much in it. Most of ... them had their wife or kids milk the cow. They just did it because they needed milk on the table to feed their families and it gave them a little spending money and a ... regular check. But none of them wanted to be dairy men.... Spencer Reese was ... a serious dairy farmer. He had twenty or thirty cows in town. So all those little one-and-two-cow places were disappearing, so where was [Dad] going to get his milk? He had to get somebody in the dairy business big enough to have a barn and afford the cost of a barn.

I think the Nelson-Ricks person who came [to Loa]...was Dee Jackman. [He] was the hands-on guy. I am sure he relayed to Dad that if they didn't have enough milk to go through the plant it wouldn't be there. I'm sure there was some discussion and in their discussions they opened the door to, "Let see what we can do" and "Bring the Extension Service down."

In those days three or four hundred head dairy was considered a big dairy, at least in the State of Utah.... Nobody had the resources or capital in Wayne County to do that type of thing so they started to look at co-ops.... The Extension Service from Utah State [University] came down and did the presentations and they showed how [farmers] could make money if they pooled their efforts together and made a barn and went with a lot of cows. In Wayne County ... nine different people had an interest in forming a cooperative effort, making a dairy with a goal of milking 450 cows. [Dad] looked at it and thought it was a good idea and also a show of strength. I was at BYU studying Ag Econ ... and I had an interest in that, so he called me and asked me if I wanted to go in with him in this co-op, so I got involved in the meetings with him and the other people that were interested.

That co-op was to be the basis of the milk to keep that plant in existence.... After that milk barn was made Dad only had about 10 producers and the bulk of that milk was coming

from that barn. Over the years when [others] saw that barn was going good, ... then we started to see a barn crop up here and there and some other people came in.

We formed the co-operative called Valley High Dairy. There were nine members: Dad and myself and Welby VanDyke and Farrell Chappell and George Morrell and Bruce Taylor and Dr. Hebilous (who was the only person in the co-op who was out of the Wayne County area and he was from Ephraim. He was a state veterinarian.) and Kirk Nelson and Spencer Reese....

We borrowed [about] \$120,000. To borrow a \$120,000 for a milk barn! That was just mind blowing. Who could afford a \$120,000? ...I think one of the people in the co-op had a net worth that they figured was \$250,000. We thought, "Wow! Wow!" To be worth \$250,000, my goodness sakes, that's quite a feat. We pooled the resources and decided we could make our own corrals and got plans from the University. We hired somebody else to come in and lay the brick and make the barn.... But on all of the corrals we actually mixed the concrete ourselves. We bought a mixer that we put on the back end of a tractor. Somebody donated their tractor with a loader. Somebody else hauled the gravel and we were mixing the concrete ourselves. We didn't hire our concrete to come in. It was all hand labor from the get-go. We had a crew that was bending the pipe. It was a co-operative effort. Everyone in the co-op was putting in labor ... or they had to put in extra cash. Welby VanDyke did a lot in organizing the crews on the work force. He seemed to be the one in charge and had meetings quite frequently. I came down every weekend and I spent most of the summer down there. I think I took that summer off from school. [Dad] would come out after he worked at the Plant. He was trying to farm too.

We started building in the spring or summer. We put in a milking system and cows went in sometime that fall. During that summer Dad and I bought some cows and some of those cows started to calve early. The barn wasn't done so we ... worked out an arrangement with

Arvel Taylor to milk those cows that had calved through his facility until our facility was done. Arvel was milking them and we gave him the milk from our cows.

After we moved into our barn, it wasn't too long before there were some problems. We couldn't get the [milk] production up and there was a high amount of mastitis in the cows. We later learned that [milking] system hadn't been sized properly so it had a tendency for cows that milked fast, to gave them mastitis. It took a couple of years to figure that out, but by the time that had been figured out, it ... had tore the co-op apart.

We hired a manager to come in and manage it.... Then they had another fellow by the name of Dr. Andrus and then I managed for about six months. During the time I managed I could see the system was under-sized and it was just not working. I made a recommendation that they go and invest more money in it. They were pretty frustrated by then. They didn't want to invest the money so they released me as manager. At that time I went down to the Cheese Plant with Dad and started working with him.

Shortly after that, the vote was taken that everybody take care of their own cows and just share the barn. I think at that point in time we up-graded the equipment which helped some. Everybody had a turn milking in the barn. To schedule that many people through a barn was pretty difficult. At that point in time Kennard [Chappell] come in and bought out most of the guys and we bought out Welby's shares. That's how we ended up in the milk business.

[Dad] didn't get into the dairy business because he loved cows. He got into the dairy business because he was trying to save the [Cheese] Plant in the valley. That was Dad's primary interest.

FARMING

HILDRED: Even though Dad worked at the Cheese Plant. He always had a "miniature" farm on the block of land Mother owned in town. It was small enough that the irrigating, spreading manure, plowing, mowing, and hay

hauling could be done in a few hours or a day, not the weeks that it takes on a farm. When my brothers got to be teenagers Dad got a real farm.

KATIE: Blain made cheese for Nelson-Ricks Creamery (Banquet Better Foods) [but] his first love was farming.Right after the War, about 1946, Blain stopped farming when my brother sold the Webster farm to Uncle Loren Webster. After his Dad died he bought his Dad's lot in 1954, about 7 acres of cleared land east of their old house. Lloyd Chappell talked him into selling it to him for \$2500.

When Mom and Eph were settling up their property to divide it up so it wouldn't cause trouble with his kids and her kids, we bought Eph's 40 acre farm in Dry Valley. I remember the day Momma came and ask Blain to buy the Dry Valley farm... Eph wanted his boys to take their pick of the farms. [Eph had two farms in Dry Valley.] One was a lot worse farm at the time. It was hard to get water up on it. It was hilly.... Blain took that farm. [Eph's] boys took the [other] forty acres across the highway.

So the Thousand dollars was paid down, out of Blain's hard earned, a-bit-at-a-time savings. At the time, our family was growing up and took so much for education. I knew at this time that farming did not pay off and Blain had enough long hours of work at creamery but Mother wanted us to take the farm and knew she could depend on Blain and I and the children to do as she asked....

CHARLES: Dad bought his next 40 acres from Clell Duncan which was on the north side of his first 40 acres.¹¹ Dad loved farming and he worked hard to get what he had. He paid an honest price for everything. There was only fifteen acres cultivated on that piece of ground. Sixty percent of the rest of it was Sage Brush and the rest was salt grass pasture. Dad had to work hard to clear it. I can remember when he

¹¹ Clint Tanner offered to sell Blain his 80 acres located east of the Dry Valley farm which doubled the size of Blain's farm. There wasn't any farm ground in the one section of it, just pasture. Blain totally opened that ground up and put a sprinkler line down in it..
-Mathew Chappell

set the sage brush on fire. It made a huge fire. It was amazing to see the rabbits come out. There was a six to seven foot deep wash that ran east and west down the middle of that farm. We used the rocks from the farm to fill it in. Clint Tanner was mad when Dad got that wash filled up and leveled. The flash flood from the surrounding hills didn't come down the wash any more. The wash was full of compost and rabbit droppings. When the flood water hit the edge of Clint's field it spread over his fields and fertilize them. Clint had to start doing his own fertilizing.

We hauled a lot of rocks off Dry Valley. The frost action, freezing and thawing in the ground, pushes rocks up, especially in plowed ground. We'd go out to the town dump, west of town and take the hood and trunk off an old car and take it to the field to use for a slip-n-slide. We'd turn them over, put a chain on the bent end and throw rocks off the field into them. When it was loaded we'd stack the rocks along the fence line or drag the slip-n-slide up the hill and dump it in the wash. We got more than one old hood off a car because the metal would wear out with all the weight and dragging through the dirt and rocks.

When Dad was plowing the sage brush roots out of his new ground he dug up a badger. That badger was madder than a wet hen. Dad thought he was going to kick that badger out of the field, but the badger about drove Dad out of the field. Badgers don't "shoo." It came at Dad with such ferocity that Dad climbed on the hood of the tractor to escape the claws. Dad was patient. Finally the badger wandered off.

Dad planted barley the first year he cleared the ground he bought from Clell Duncan. It was virgin ground and the barley grew over six feet tall. We made a path through the barley to pack the sprinkler pipes until it got too tall and Dad had to stop watering it. He couldn't run a thresher through it. He had to cut it and bail it. It was weird. That was the only year it happened.

WATER

The water coming to the Dry Valley Farm had to come a long ways. It came from two sources. Dad had a share in Road Creek which was south-west of the farm and came through a ditch under the highway. His other shares of water were in the High Line Canal which was diverted into the Fremont-Loa town ditch. The water to Dry Valley was split off on the hill above the Fish Hatchery, came over the hill and along the edge of Dry Valley on the North side. It was a long way. Clint Tanner owned all the land from the Fish Hatchery to Dad's field and he got his water from the same ditch. When you own shares of water you have to "work", take care of, the ditch. The bank had to be repaired when it broke or got flooded. The weeds, patches of growing grass and rocks had to be plowed out. Tumbleweeds removed, anything that interfered with the flow of the water had to be removed or fixed.

BILL: [The water from Road Creek] came from an artesian spring on the west side of Road Creek valley 1.5 miles south west of the Dry Valley farm. To channel the water that distance, ditches were laid out and dug by horse and skid. To cross Riley Canyon, a pipe line made from old steel scraped water heaters welded together to span the 900 foot canyon. It took two and half hours to bring the water from the spring to the field.¹² Each spring the head ditches would be cleaned out by walking the length with shovel in hand cutting out grass that had grown in and shoveling out rocks.

Dad used to work up to Horse Valley and he knew how to dig a ditch and how to use a shovel. He taught us how to irrigate. In the spring he'd make furrows¹³ and make all his

¹² Bill said when he had to take a water turn late at night after a date he would lay in the ditch at the head of the field and sleep. He woke up when the cool, wet water washed over him. -HC

¹³ "Furrow irrigation is done by creating small parallel channels along the length of the field in the direction of the predominant slope. Water is applied to the top end of each furrow and flows down the field under the influence of gravity. Water is supplied to each furrow using head ditches. In the spring the head

head ditches and main ditches and clean the ditches.

The crop is planted before the furrows, small parallel channels, are made by a horse or tractor drawn marker that made 4 to 5 rows at a time. The spacing between adjacent furrows is governed by the crop species, common spacings typically range from 10 to 16 inches for alfalfa and barley. Dry Valley water turns were 5 to 6 days straight then off 10 days. Water turns would be taken according to the shares of water you had in the system. Dry Valley farm water changes would take 6 to 12 hours between changes. When it was our turn to water we would live with it during that time, changing each section as soon as it had soaked to the end of the furrows. The water can take a considerable period of time to reach the end of the row.... Dry Valley farm was not level and had many little hills. It was hard to get water to run to a higher point. There were ditches running many different directions along the highest contour of the field to get the water to the furrow head ditches. Fifteen acres of farm could not be farmed because the water would not run up hill. But that all changed when sprinklers came to the area.

HILDRED: You can't farm without water. In Utah, getting water to a farm is a major part of farming. The farmers cannot count on rain to supply the water. From the time the settlers walked into Salt Lake Valley in 1847, Utah farmers irrigated. To irrigate, farmers used one piece of equipment – a shovel. When Blain was a boy they irrigated. As a newly married man, he irrigated. When he bought his first piece of land, Dry Valley Farm, Dad and Bill irrigated. Irrigating meant “tending water” because water could go so many places you didn't want it to go. Then Dad had a well dug and hung up his shovel. He put a sprinkling system on the farm after he got his own source of water.

ditches were dug by hand to each of the furrows in preparation for watering. The speed of water movement is determined by ... slope, surface roughness and furrow shape but most importantly by the inflow rate and soil infiltration rate.” Bill Chappell

DRILL A WELL

KATIE:¹⁴ April 1, 1962 “They are starting to drill the well out to the field today, however they were out there at noon today, so I surely hope we hit a good flow of water & can water both 40 acres with it, then we can sell the other well water & pay for the well drilling & most of the sprinkling system.”

May 5 “We are having the well test pumped today and if it will pump enough water I guess the driller will pull out anyway they've hit such hard lava he'll have to get different equipment & come back again in the fall if it isn't enough water now.”

May 6 “I walked across the field to see the well since the welders left and the water sits right up to top of the ground. Daddy thinks he will have all the water he wants to pump out so he seems to be quite satisfied & happy at the result of drilling. He feels we will have a lot more water now than if we'd tried to buy it from some one.”

May 16 “This farming is surely taking a lot of money borrowing for the sprinkling system, but we will sell the other water off the one 40 acres to pay for it all (We hope.) Anyway mabe someday Daddy will get the place built up so he can quit that Sunday job and we can go to church together and he won't have to work so hard, much less all the worry of the cheese making etc.”

CHARLES: About 1961, Dad drilled the well for the farm. [Mother's] Aunt Lela [Potter] witched the well. She walked across the field with a dowsing stick she picked up. When it pointed down she told Dad to drill there. The drillers hit water about 40 to 60 feet, but Dad had them drill deeper. He was hoping for an artesian well, but they hit bed rock, broke the drill and quit. An artesian well has enough pressure to push the water without a pump. Dad's well does flow, but there isn't enough pressure to push the water down the pipes to sprinkle the fields.

MATHEW: The well made a big difference in the farm. The water from Road Creek

¹⁴ Letters to Hildred.

flowed down an old gravelly ditch and [Dad] was losing a lot of his water. He was the guy on the tail-end of the ditch. Whenever anything broke, it was too bad and somebody else just used the water.... Of course, he didn't have the time to go out there and tend it all the time. He was at a definite disadvantage. He didn't get water very good and he didn't have time to tend the water because he was working night and morning [at the Cheese Plant].

When Dad dug the well Mother had a pretty heavy influence in it because they had that water witched. I don't think Dad would have done that. Mother got Aunt Lela [Potter]... [She] came and witched it...

I think Dad had the Wells boy from out of Hanksville come up and drill it. I think that well is down 205 feet if I remember right. At first we just dropped a pump in it from the tractor and started pumping water out of the hole. We've always pumped it, but we've never seen the level of water ever drop.... We haven't had to lift it 200 feet out of the ground. We can draw down to eight or ten feet when we're using all the lines, but we don't draw down any more than that. It has always been virtually within a inch of where that line is, over the last forty years that we've used the water. So it has been a stable water source. We haven't had to lift it out of the hole, virtually, we are pressurizing it.

SPRINKLING SYSTEM

Dad couldn't get water to those hills, until he put that sprinkler system in.... I think I was twelve years old when he drilled that well and hit water over on the north side of that field. We run some pipe that he strung there and tried it out one summer with just a tractor running the pump to supply water. The next year he put an electric pump down that well and run the power line across.

CHARLES: Glade Taylor dug the trenches for the pipes using the city grader¹⁵ and Clell Duncan welded all the risers¹⁶ on the pipe.

MATHEW: They laid the line down the center and covered it over.... Once he put that pipe in it was all sprinklers. I was packing sprinkler pipe when I was thirteen and fourteen. I remember doing that all my high school years. I am sure Bill did too and I am sure Charlie did too.

...During the irrigation season..., I had a knock on my door at a quarter to five.... If I didn't wake up to that then [Dad would] come and grab a hold of my toe.... He'd say, "Mathew" and shake my toe until I woke up. We would leave at a quarter to five and go out [to the field.] The main line went down the center of field [north to south].... Our field was on a little slope, sloping from west to east. We would turn the water off. We had to keep one line going, but we could turn up to three off. We had to keep one going because the pump was going all the time.... [The lines] had to drain out. If you tried to pick one of those pipes up full of water, it was heavy. I could pick it up with water in it when I was at my best, but Dad was smarter than me. I was a young kid, trying to prove I was a hero and I got so I could pick up a pipe full of water. I suspect a pipe full of water was about 250 pounds. My goal as a kid was to outdo Dad. He was pretty quick. I was running and somehow how he would still be done about as fast as I was. I don't know how he did it, but he did. (Laugh)

When it was empty a pipe would weigh about 60 pounds. And that wasn't so bad, except when the wind was blowing.... and it come along, hit one end of the pipe, if you was

¹⁵ Charles said, "That was back when the city would do private contracts for people." Charles would know because he is now the person who runs the city equipment and does all the work to maintain the town. Charles also drew a diagram of the sprinkler system so I could understand it. --HC

¹⁶ A sprinkling system has a main pipe running the length of the field. Risers are the vertical pipes where the pipe lines with sprinklers can be attached. The lines run the width of the field. --H. Cobia

going into it, it would twist you one way or another. When it was blowing up against your back it helped move you along to the next place. When the wind was blowing it was harder to get them in and positioned right.

When the hay was up so [high] it was harder to find the pipe and get it put in the hole right. You had to put [each pipe] in [the end of the last pipe] and turn [it] because there was a latch on them to connect the pipe up.... You could tell if it was [connected.] You'd twist it and pull it forward. Obviously, if you didn't have it in right it would pull back out again. There was a little notch where the hook from the other pipe would drop in to and you would have to get those lined up. If you didn't get those lined up just right, you'd turn the water on and your pipe would pull apart. Then...you would have to [walk] back up the eighth of a mile and reset all those pipes again. So you wanted to make sure your latches were hooked. After so many pipes you'd get pretty proficient at that.... [Also when we turned the water back into the line] if all the seals were working good you didn't get wet. If the seals were worn then you'd get a blast of cold water in your face.

We would usually have a clamp that would clamp around the center of the pipes. Sometimes we had clamps and sometimes we couldn't find the clamps. The clamps were real helpful. If you tried to do it with just your hands you'd better have a pretty good strong grip. You'd clamp around the center of the pipe and the other hand would center it. [We carried the 20 foot pipe in the center and connected them standing in the middle of the pipe.] You didn't walk up to the end of each pipe to connect them. It took too much time to walk up to the end of each pipe. You learned how to do it so you could do it from the center of the pipe....

The taller the Lucerne¹⁷ got the wetter you

got, but luckily in the Spring it's not very tall. Dad had a nice little plastic apron that he wore.... Dad had a pair of rubber over-alls that he'd wear.... I didn't like them because they were bulky, but they kept you a lot drier..... It would only take a summer to wear through them, for some reason. But they did keep you drier. The water [didn't] go down your boots as the hay got a little higher.

It was pretty frosty in the Spring. You'd normally have ice around those sprinklers in the spring and in the fall. Of course, we usually only changed them once a day in the fall. The other times of the year we'd change them morning and night....

DEANNA: Sue and I went to 'the' field (Dry Valley) changing sprinklers...again. Before we left Dad warned us that he had moved the electrical fence to the bottom of the field so the horses would have a different grazing area and we should watch for it. The sprinklers were harder to change, as the hay had grown tall and was just about ready to be cut. Following Dad's on-going counsel, we were carefully trying to not stomp the hay down any more than necessary. The longer we worked, the wetter we became so we were both happy to get the job done. Seeing the horses we decided to walk down to pet them...big mistake. We are walking along...carefree and visiting...when all of a sudden we didn't know what had hit us! We got knocked back and fell into the hay. Rubbing the top of our legs and crying, we remembered (too late) the last thing Dad had cautioned. That electrical fence had really zapped us. We had been chatting and did not see the fence for the tall hay. It goes without saying that we immediately forgot all about petting the horses, but we definitely would never forget when Dad gave us future warnings about 'the' fence.

CHARLES: The pipe with the risers went down through the middle of the field, north to

¹⁷ Hay or Alfalfa. It was called Lucerne by the early Rabbit Valley farmers which is what it is called in Scandinavia! Wikipedia "Alfalfa" says: "Alfalfa produces a good crop, but over time the plants thin out and the soil loses some nutrients. Every six years the field is plowed and planted with a different crop.

(Blain rotated his Lucerne with barley.) Lucerne grows about three feet tall and is grown as food for cattle. It has the highest food value of all common hay crops and also has a high yield. It is an ideal feed for dairy cows because of its high protein content and a highly digestible fiber."

south. The risers were 40 feet apart. Dad had four lines of pipe, with eight pipes in each line. Dad never put two lines on one riser at the same time. He always had one line on a riser and the next line on the next riser. Dad always had four lines of sprinklers going on eighty acres. Two in the North Forty and two in the South Forty. Sue and I helped change (move) the sprinklers. When we first started, it took both of us to move one pipe, Sue on one end and me on the other. The sprinkler pipes were 20 feet long and weighed 60 pounds. We carried every pipe forty feet to the next riser and then walked back again for the next pipe, thirty-two times. When we got stronger and bigger we could empty the water and carry one pipe in the middle, so we got the work done twice as fast.

We changed the sprinklers on the Lucerne every 24 hours, if it was an established field. Lucerne had to be rotated every five to seven years or the soil would get too poor. Lucerne needs a neutral soil. When Dad plowed up the Lucerne he'd plant barley.¹⁸ We changed sprinklers on the grain, every twelve hours, morning and night. When you walked across the field you'd sink in the mud which about pulled your boots off. When the plants got higher than your boot tops Dad would wear a rubber apron and boots. When Sue and I left home [1972] Dad didn't pack sprinkler pipes any more. He bought a new sprinkling system, one with wheels that rolled the sprinklers across the field!

MATHEW: When Dad went to the [Wheelmove Sprinklers, a main line] would go all across the whole 40 acres. The motor was in the center [and the pipes extended left and right across the field.] We'd go out and shut the line down and let the water out of it. We had to wait until the water got out of the line.... If we tried to [roll it with water in] it, it had a tendency to switch the angle of the pipe in the

field because the weight in one end would skew it. ...It would end up going off in the wrong direction and we'd have to go and re-line those pipes which would take more time than changing it by hand.

During the time the water was draining we'd go check the motor out a little bit, make sure it had gas in it and make sure it was running all right. When the water was out, we'd start the motor up and push it in gear and let it roll. We'd roll it sixty feet.¹⁹ We'd line it up and tried to roll it so the heads were on top so they were sprinkling the best. We'd hook the pipe back up to the main line and turn it back on. [The wheel mounted sprinklers took] all the packing of the pipe ... out of it. So it was a matter of just doing the job, rather than all the walking.

"The line had to be moved twice a day, morning and night. I think it took us 14 days to water over the field. We'd water it over in the Spring and then we'd have a break. The end of May and June, it seemed like, we were on continuously. In August we would water it twice ... in between [the first and] second cutting. Then we'd water it over again at the end of the year. So we'd water over the whole field five times in a year. Sometimes, ... if Dad was trying to start some new alfalfa [he watered more often]. I remember changing it every three or four hours. We'd try to change it in the middle of the night, early in the morning, in the middle of the day and in night again, to get over it quick enough so we could come back so we could get the alfalfa to sprout like it should."

MATHEW: [The cycle of farming begins and ends in the corrals where the dairy cows or beef cattle spend the winter.] The first thing

¹⁸ "The first year a field was planted or replanted with Lucerne Dad always planted barley in the field too. Lucerne would only get about four inches high the first year. You could thresh the barley without disturbing the hay." —Charles Chappell

¹⁹ Three revolutions of a 7-foot wheel moved a line 60 feet. It took 20-30 minutes to move the line. In Loa you need 26.4 inches of water per season for alfalfa. To produce 1 pound of alfalfa hay it takes 560 pounds of water (about 70 gallons). Source: extension.usu.edu "Publications" *Wheelmove Sprinkler Irrigation Operation and Management, Maintenance of Wheelmove Irrigation Systems and Sprinklers, Crop Water Use & Irrigation Time - Wayne County* by Robert W. Hill

we did in the Spring and Fall was haul manure. We tried to clean out the corrals in the fall to get it through the winter. Then we was hauling manure as soon as we could get on the fields in the spring.

[At first Dad would use a shovel to throw the manure into a manure spreader.] By the time we got the dairy cows we had a loader that we put on the front end of one of his tractors to load the manure spreader. The manure spreader was a wagon with rotating bed and a rotor on the back that flipped the manure onto the ground. We were about two miles away from Dad's farm so it was a long trip with a tractor pulling a wagon. Dad figured out how to put a spreader box on a old truck. There is a chain on both sides of the bed with bars across every five feet that slide over the surface of the floor that helped pull the manure toward the back and the rotors. You don't leave manure in overnight on a cold night because it would freeze the manure and you are going to be breaking gears the next day when you try to start it up... That is "the voice of experience" from multiple experiences. Not only mine but Dad's! (Laugh)

You asked about what it takes to farm. In the spring you'd put the manure on. Then you plow that land. It turns the soil over. Then you are going to take a harrow to knock the clods down. Then you're going to level the ground with a big level that flattens it out good. Then if you are going to plant alfalfa you take a roller so it compresses the ground. You don't want alfalfa planted very deep. So you take a roller and level it out and compress the ground. Then you plant the seed in it after that. In the '60's Dad was broadcasting his alfalfa seed by hand. Dad used to throw it on top.... In the '70's he got a little device that he held over his shoulder and he cranked it as he walked along. Like we see on our little lawn fertilizers, he had something that would broadcast that seed. He'd run the crank. He'd line himself up and he'd spread that across the ground as he went. Once he did that, then he would come back with the harrow. He didn't dig down in with the harrow. He just barely raised the teeth so they just stir

the ground a little bit to cover it. In the '80's we got a drill to plant the seed.

HAYING

BILL: After we'd got the crops growing ... Mathew and I would cut hay. We used to use a tractor to pull the old horse drawn mower to cut the hay at first. So it would take two of us. He'd be on the mower and I'd be driving the tractor. The mower was the hardest job because you had all the smoke coming in your face from the exhaust. So I made sure Mathew was always on the mower! He had to lift the cutter bar at the end of each row when we turned around.

CHARLES: In 1958, when ... Dad bought his first 40-acre farm, ...he didn't have any farm equipment. Eph had equipment all right, but he was "old school." He was still using horses; big Belgian draft horses that pulled the machine with a tongue between the horses attached to a single tree and double trees. He used a single plow. All his equipment was wheel driven. Wheel driven machinery meant the turning of the wheels made the moving parts of the machine move and all the levers were operated by hand. Now days a tractor has a PTO (Power Take Off) which runs the moving parts of farm equipment from the motor on the tractor. Dad bought some equipment, a side rake, a dump rake and a six-foot-cut mower and his first tractor which came with a double plow (two plow shears).

When Dad started farming again he didn't bale his hay. He cut it with a mower and raked it into rows with a Side-rake. Then he drove through the field again using a Dump Rake to gather the hay into small piles all over the field. After it dried he'd use the tractor to pull a wagon from pile to pile and [Bill and Mathew] would fling the piles of hay into the wagon while Sue and I stomped up and down on it. When the wagon was full they'd take it to the stack yard and make a great big stack of hay.

DEANNA: When it was haying time Dad would hook up the old wood hay wagon to the horse (or the tractor in later years), and the boys would use pitch forks to toss the cut dried

(alfalfa) hay onto the wagon. When the hay on the wagon started to become a good sized pile it was then my job to walk around on it to “tromp it” so it would stay on the wagon. This also allowed us to could get more hay onto the wagon before transporting it to the corrals for storage.

...As a youngster, one outside job I did not like one bit was tromping hay. Tromping was a hot, dry, dusty and dirty job. As each boy or man would toss the hay up on each side of the wagon the tromper then had to jump up and down...running from one end of the wagon to the other while trying to maintain their balance. All this while the driver slowly drove the rig up and down the hay rows which had been previously cut, raked and dried. I would try to keep the hay on the wagon while at the same time trying to avoid getting hit with the pitch fork ...which normally worked well until the stacked hay become very high. The high, loose hay made one's balance very unstable, and also the person tossing the hay could not see the tromper (not a good situation). I would complain to Dad trying to explain that I was sure I had hay fever. I would do my best to emphasize that the hay made me sneeze...I could not breath very well... my eyes would run. Didn't work! ... Dad would tell me it was all 'in my head' (which actually was a true statement - and it about drove me crazy). But, we had work to do so I endured, and got on with the job. However, that job of tromper was soon over for me...one summer day I was sneezing and couldn't see well. I'm not sure if Bill didn't see me or if I just accidentally ran into his pitch fork, but it hit me in the head and off I went from the large stack of hay, wagon and all! By the grace of God I wasn't badly hurt, but of course I blamed Bill for hitting me. Every situation has a silver lining (if you look hard enough) and, as it turned out, I never had to tromp any more hay -- “GOODY” !!!

CHARLES: Our hay stomping days ended when Dad bought an old bailer which was almost worn out. It didn't always tie the strings on the bales. Mathew and I sat on top of the

string holders, one on each side where the bale of hay came out and tied knots in the strings on the bales²⁰ when the machine didn't make a tie. We had a pocket full of short strings. We tied a loose granny knot in the end of the string on the bale and pushed our short string through the granny knot. We'd pull the knot tight and make a granny knot in the end of the string. We'd thread the other loose end of the string on the bale through that knot and tighten it which tied up the bale of hay.

Hildred: Weren't you afraid you might get hurt in the machinery?

Charles: We didn't think about things like that back then. One year Dad was farming his Dad's field. He had it plowed and was leveling it. A leveler smoothed the bumps and dips in a field. Dad made a two-foot by 20 foot wood frame with a parallel board in the middle of the rectangle. Behind the leveler was a slip-n-slide. Someone walked inside the leveler. If a rock got caught inside the leveler, the person walking along would pick it up and toss it into the slip-n-slide. I was walking along in the leveler and wasn't paying attention. My foot caught under the edge of the box and I went down and the leveler went over me. The ground was soft.

MATHEW: When Bill was in his teenage years, I'd usually drive and Bill would grab one of his buddies and they would [throw the bales on the wagon.] When I got a little older so I could buck the bales Bill would throw them up. We'd let the tractor go down the row without a driver on it. Just set it in a direction and throw on bales. I was supposed to be stacking them on the outfit as Bill was throwing them up to me. Bill would get them across the hay stack and I was supposed be making a hay stack. I'm not the best hay stack maker in the world....

²⁰ The bales were about 18 inches wide, 18 inches deep and 4 feet long. There are two strings around each bale of hay to keep it together. The strings wrapped around the length of each bale because the dry hay is packed with the stems going across the width of the bale. Throwing the bales onto a wagon by hand is called “hay bucking.” –HC

When I was in my upper teens I can remember throwing a fair amount of bales and having Charlie help.

Dad would come out in the evening.

[Bill and Mathew also helped on the farm when they became adults.] Mathew said that during the late 1970's, "After [Dad baled] the hay, I would always go out and help him haul it. (I got someone to take over for me at the plant.) For a couple of years Mother was the driver and Dad and I rotated between throwing the bales on and stacking them. We tried to keep bales 75 to 80 pounds. We run into some that were a 100. I can remember quite vividly the last year ... Dad and I ... [moved] bales by hand. That summer, we hauled 25,000 bales ... for our cow herd. He wasn't there with me on all of them, but the majority of them he was there side by side. I have no idea how he did that.I think part of those last two years he had a hernia that he was dealing with that I didn't know about until way after that or I wouldn't have let him haul hay with me.

"After that summer I think Dad visited with Bill and they found an old hay hauler. ...Bill did some work on getting that hay hauler going. Then we hauled the hay with the old "Iron Horse." It would pick [the bales] up and stack [them]. Then we'd mechanically unload it in the stack yard. We'd come back and the hay stack would be falling over so you'd have to go stack it up again by hand. (Laugh) By the time we got that hay hauler in '82. Dad was sixty-four. He was hauling hay up 'til then. We tried to slow Dad down after he started having nose bleeds." 1986]

CHARLES: Dad wore out three bailers. He always bought used ones. They were expensive. He couldn't afford a new one. He bought one and had two other balers for parts.

Sept 30th 1985 Monday²¹ - Blain & I went up to see & check on a Massey Ferguson bailer that Alta Albrecht wants to sell, and Blain decided to buy it so they could have two bailers

& get the hay done up faster next year. I went out to field while he fixed fences to put the cattle in field from the pasture soon as he gets it all watered over & in 3 or 4 days more of changeing sprinklers. I picked up rocks from off the field & hauled them off so to keep the rocks from breaking the mower blades when cutting field.

TRACTORS

MATHEW: If you ever wanted to see Dad smile, get him a new tractor. He really enjoyed his tractors, you could just feel his delight and anticipation of how much more work this new tractor would do. Your first love is always remembered with a special little place in your memories and so it is with tractors, for someone who is a farmer at heart. Dad's first tractor was a grey and red Ford.... When Mom and Dad bought that first tractor we now really became farmers. Didn't matter how much land we had, we had this nice little tractor that would assist in plowing, harrowing, leveling, planting, manure spreading, hauling hay, baling hay.

It was a treat to ride with Dad on the little gray tractor, but we got a scary lesson early on. Charles was riding with Dad one day plowing and he fell off into the plowed furrow and the tractor ran right over him. He seemed not to be hurt too badly. Mom said she thought it was because he had a heavy coat on to keep him warm, and that he fell ... into the softer freshly plowed soil.

[Later] when we were farming about 800 acres in the early 1990's I remember a conversation where Dad and I were chatting about all the land that we were farming and the 1200 head of animals that we had. He made the comment, "And to think that little gray and red Ford tractor got us into all of this. I might not have bought it had I known it would get us into this much trouble." We both laughed at that.

Dad ...kept his equipment in good shape. He was careful with his equipment, with his cars and his pick-ups. If kids didn't wreck them, he could keep a pick-up a long time.

²¹ All journal entries are from Katie W. Chappell's journals, unless otherwise noted.

The little “Blue Ox,” that was the term Dad gave to his next tractor. It was an all blue diesel tractor.... It was the same size as the other tractor, but it had quite a bit more horse power. “ It sure turned that ground over nice.” That was one of Dad’s comments I remember in the spring when it was used for plowing. It would pull a two-bottom plow quite a bit faster than the little gray tractor would. The little gray Ford had been a used tractor when it was purchased; I think that the little Blue ox²² was a new Fordson Tractor.

The tractor that he really liked, the favorite of all, other than his first tractor (well he liked that little Blue Ox quite a bit too) was the tractor I saw him coming out smiling on, day after day from the first month he was in it, the ... Ford 8000. This was the Big Blue Ox. It was the first tractor he ever had [with] a cab on it. The cab had air filters for cleaning all the dusty air blowing around in the spring when he was working the ground. Farming in Wayne County in the spring [means] the dust [is always] blowing.... But he had that Ford and it had a heater and A/C Unit and a padded seat with a back on it. It even had a radio. He could just sit in that all day long and drive that around. He wasn’t too anxious to quit. In the middle of the night when he was baling hay he didn’t freeze to death. It had big lights.... He was quite excited when he got that tractor. Bill was the one that made the purchase of that tractor happen. Christmas had finally come for Dad. This was his tractor and we didn’t let the hired help use this tractor.... Dad was pretty happy with that tractor.

1983 – Apr 3 Sun- General Conference. Deanna called. Everyone left by evening. Bad storm up north. Called Bill and he got home OK. Blain got new Ford Tractor. He loves it. We all had a ride in it. Nice cab will keep Blain

out of diesel smoke and cold weather & all. Cost \$15,029. We was able to pay the ...cash for it.

BILL: Dad loved to farm.... He turned Dry Valley into a nice farm. And he raised some good hay. Probably the best product that he ever raised was boys. Dad was busy in the cheese factory so it did become a play ground for his boys. They learned to farm and they learn to play and they learned to hunt and they learned to track gophers. [What more could you ask from a farm?]

HILDRED: Dad not only loved to farm; the farm was his “home,” the place he loved, where he was renewed in body and soul. It was the place his children identified with him. It epitomized what he was, the salt of the earth, consistent and patient. No one told it better than Deanna.

DEANNA: Dry Valley was my ‘sanity’ saver and safe haven. Many times I walked (ran) to the field when Mother and myself didn’t see eye to eye, or when I’d done something which upset her. She would talk to me with the intent to teach me a lesson. I would try to be respectful and not talk (which had a wrong effect) and she would then be all the more determined that I would reply to her. ‘Big Mistake !’ My parents demanded respect, especially Mother so to not reply was seen, by her, as disrespect. As one thing would lead to another and became worse, the only way I could cope was to run out of the door and to the field. As it turns out, by the time I got to the field I would be plenty tired...sit on the rail fence watching the cows... and thinking about how I could get over the mountains and away from the valley. Unfortunately, Loa was a no-man’s land with little coming in or going out...mainly local residents. ...Where would I go? What would I do?

As I would sit thinking about my dilemma I would spot Dad’s pick-up truck slowly

²² “Dad’s next tractor was the blue English Ford Dexta, E. There were two sizes; the big one was the Major. Dad called it the “Blue Ox.” – Charles Chappell

coming across the field. His hard day of working in the cheese factory would be over and he would be coming to feed the animals... before going home for the night. He would drive up, get out of the truck and try to act surprised, while declaring “Why, hi Annie!!!” I would just look at him and he wouldn’t (or didn’t need to), say another word. We had that kind of an unspoken bond. He would start giving hay to the cows then, after awhile say “How ‘bout you helping me here, would you like too ???” My Dad treated me, and everyone, with great respect. He was a “true gentleman”. ...Of course I’d help him since I never wanted him to think badly of me. After getting the feeding done we’d go back to the truck, and he would ask “..would you like to tell me about your day...?” My Father knew me so well and, after quietly listening, would council me “Deanna, your Mother is a good woman and she is doing the best she knows how with you children”. Then he would ask “Don’t you think you’d would like to come on home with me and we can get a bit to eat?” The teen years were not the easiest for me and I ended up visiting the farm many times and, by the Grace of God, Dad would always show up and knew exactly the right thing to say or do. While the farm was my ‘safe haven,’ Dad was my ‘Savior’ ... “God Bless Him !!! “

My memory brings back one lovely summer day going with Dad and ‘the’ boys to mend and build corrals for the calves. It was a bright sunny day, and I’m sure I played more than worked...just being out in the quiet fields near the mountains brought a lot of excitement. There would always be different animals running around...deer, rabbit, ground hog, mice...or? Sometimes there would be a nest of babies from one of the animals or birds, or some other unexpected event, so the days always went quickly as I explored. It was a grand place to grow up...being free...and learning about the good earth. And we loved it

when Dad would tell us some stories about his childhood or some event of his life. One particular day I was having such a good time when Dad suddenly announced “it’s time for us to go home, Mother will have dinner ready and we mustn’t be late” (we always ate our main meal in the middle of the day). We questioned Dad “how do you know what time it is ??? since you don’t have a watch?” Dad replied “...look in the sky at the sun and you’ll know what time it is” and continued “it’s around one thirty in the afternoon.” When I got to the house I rushed in to see the clock and, sure enough, Dad was right! But then, Dad was always right. That lesson and the many other lessons he taught me have held true throughout my life.

HILDRED: When I asked my Dad to tell me about farming, he exclaimed, “Hildred, you already know about farming.” This is what I know about farming. Dad hauled manure and plowed in the spring. He did a lot of “watering” (irrigation). And along about the end of July they would cut the Lucerne, run it through a baler and haul it in. I am sad to say that I don’t have any personal farming experiences, so I don’t know what it is to farm. I am sorry I didn’t persist and get Dad to tell his experiences.

I do know that Dad loved the farm and farming. As a teenager I thought the greatest thing in the world would be to sleep most of the morning. When I expressed that wish to Dad one morning he exclaimed, “You’re missing the best part of the day.” Later when I was an adult I stood with him one summer morning just as the sun was rising over Thousand Lake Mountain. Straight lines of wheel-driven sprinklers marked off the valley from Loa to Lyman. As Dad looked across those fields and saw the sunlight sparkle through the water spraying across the Lucerne he said, “That is the most beautiful sight in the world.”



Cheese Making

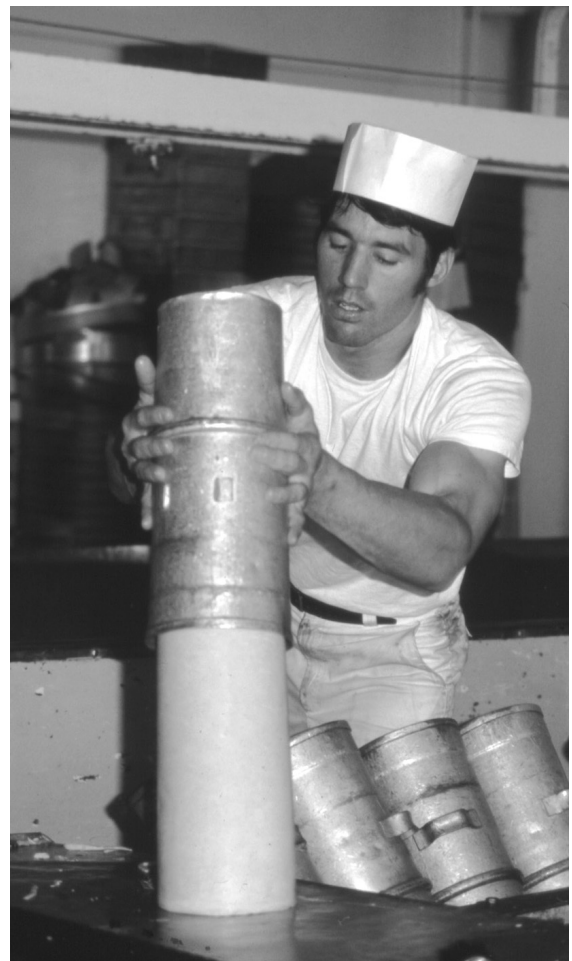
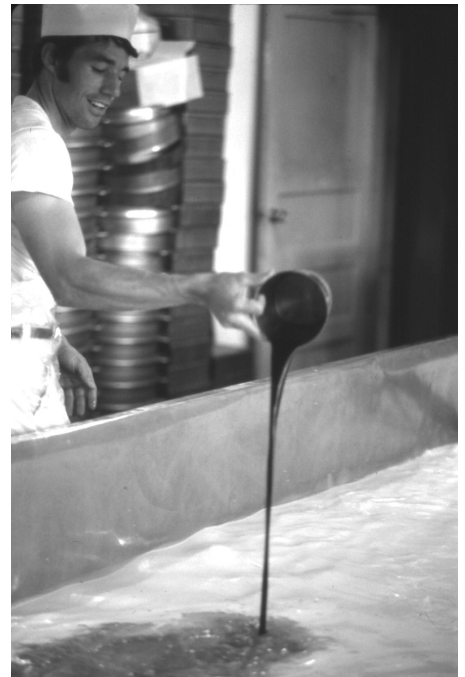
L: Mathew setting the paddle to stir the milk while it heats.

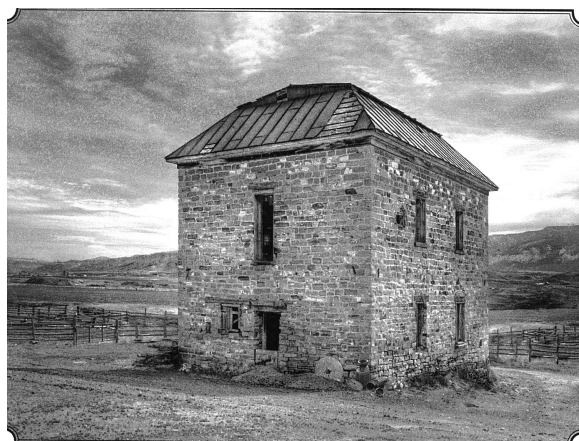
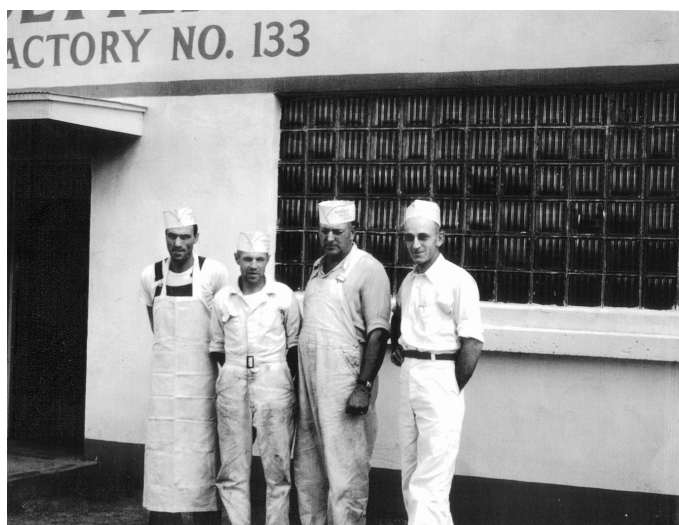
R: Adding the food coloring to make the cheese orange.

Ctr: Blain cutting the matted curds into slabs.

Bottom L: The Cheddaring Process. Mathew turning the slabs.

Bottom R: Pounding the Long Horn out of the hoop. Bricks are made in a square hoop.



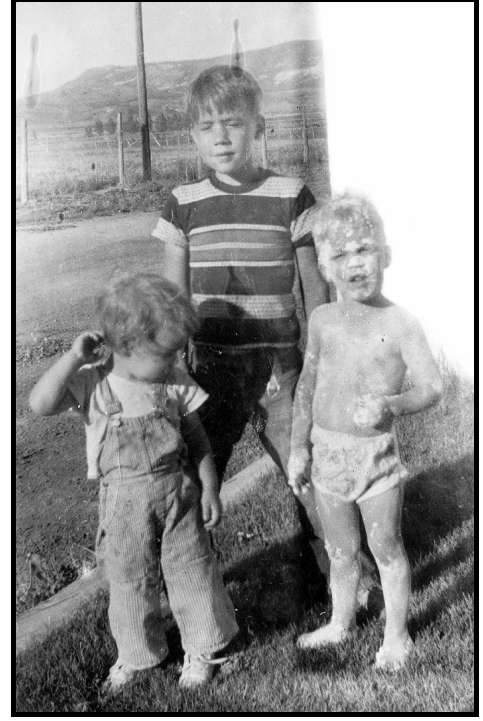
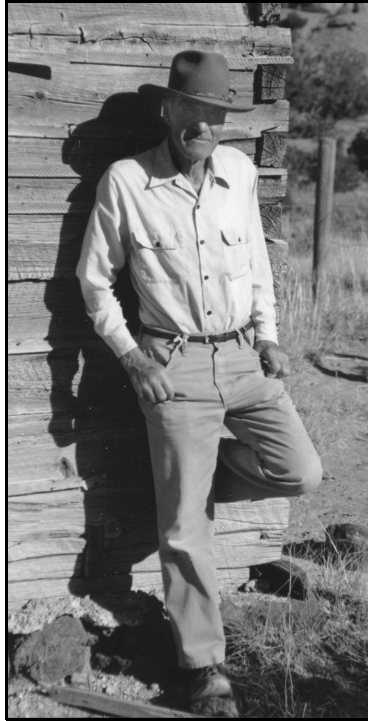
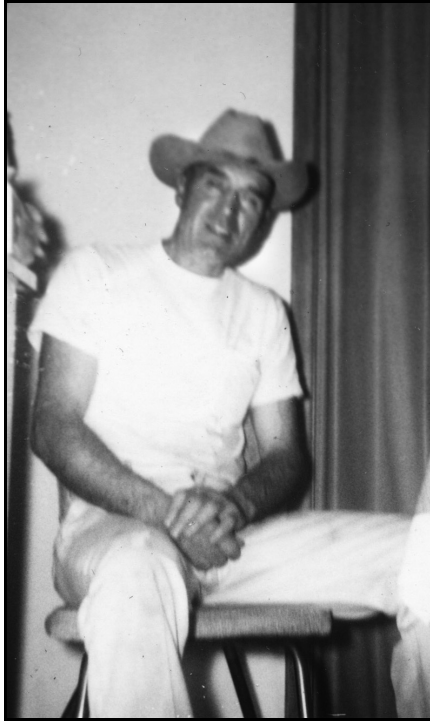


L: Blain Chappell, unknown, Harold Christiansen and Reed Ferris. Above: First Creamery -Courtesy F. Maxfield
Ctr: Blain was the manager at this Plant #133-Loa, Utah



Cheese Makers Convention – Blain was a Blue Ribbon Cheesemaker Back l-r: Blain Chappell #4, Reed Ferris #6, Harold Christiansen #11 Front: President of Nelson-Ricks, Cal Nelson #2, Professor Morris #4



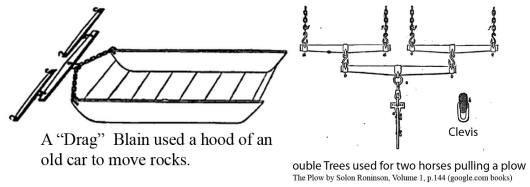


L: Blain, from white clothes to farming. Above: Charles was lost and found in the powdered milk barrel.
A puzzled Sue, Mathew and Charles. *Circa 1956*

Below: A slide take by Ron Cobia. L-r: Charles, Blain, Bill and Mathew - 1970, Loa, Utah
Charles said the title was: "Mr. Dirty, Mr. Okay, Mr. Perfect and Mr. Clean."



Farming



Above-L: Blain - Mending Fences courtesy of Bill Chappell R: Blain on his Case tractor.
 Ctr: Bill's drawing of a drag. Double trees for horse-drawn equipment.
 Blain kept his equipment in good repair and his garage organized. Double trees hanging on the wall.
 Below: The tractor that made Blain smile. Blain and granddaughter Christine Maxfield, -1983



Farming



Above: Blain Chappell

Below: Blain testing the hay to determine if it is dry enough to bale.

R: Changing the sprinklers -1969 - Loa, Utah





The Farmer and his family standing at Dry Valley farm.
Blain, Katie, Granddaughter Christine Maxfield, Neal and Sue C. Olcott -circa 1974



R: Katie. Sometimes it was lonely at home when Blain worked long days on the farm.
L: Katie went out to the farm to be with Blain. She was the “on-call” helper. She milked cows, fed calves, drove tractor, picked up rocks on plowed fields and anything else that needed to be done.

Chapter 12 - The Years Fly By

“Years fly by, but the heart stays in the same place.” Harlan Coben, *Promise Me*

“You ask yourself: where are your dreams now? And you shake your head and say how swiftly the years fly by! And you ask yourself again: what have you done with your best years, then? Where have you buried the best days of your life? Have you lived or not? Fyodor Dostoyevsky

HILDRED: Dad and Mom spent thirty-one busy years raising their children. Sue, the youngest child, left for college in 1972. Without the children there was a big void in Mother’s life. Even though the children were adults, no matter how old we got to be, we were always children to Mother. She reminded us often, “Just remember who is the parent and who is the child.” She wrote, “My biggest disappointment has been to not have any of my daughters live close to me.... Hildred and LeRon moved to Michigan and Deanna and Frank to California. [Sue and Neal lived sixty-five miles away in Joseph.] I was wanting them close to share our time more together, like I see some [mothers and daughters] do ...”¹

“I love all our family dearly. At 63 yrs old I find out that those who have daughters who live close to them has more to look forward to and get up & be needed for than any money could ever stack up or work ever save.”

HARD WORK BRINGS...

All the boys came back.

Mathew was the first one to return home.

When Blain became involved in the Mountain High Dairy Co-op, Mathew, who was in college, also bought shares. He came home on weekends and during the summer to help with the building. In December of 1972 he moved his wife and son to Loa and started working full-time in the Cheese Plant with his Dad. The co-op dairy did produce the milk needed to keep the Cheese Plant in business, but it only lasted two years. There were

problems with the milking system in the barn. The co-op members could or would not agree on how to run the business. An outsider, Kennard Chappell, started buying shares from co-op members. Katie wrote that it was a violation of the co-op rules. Blain could see the dairy was going under and decided to keep his shares in the dairy barn and the cows they purchased.

*November 8, 1972, Wednesday - Called Mother. Helped Blain in Creamery. Made bread, washed. Went with Blain, found cow no. 80 calved. Twin calves had died, problems never end. We must press forward & make this barn succeed, for our community & people.*²

Mathew remembered, “Dad wanted to buy Welby [VanDyke’s] share of that dairy out. I didn’t particularly want to do that. My inclination was, ‘No, I’ve had enough.... I’ll just make cheese.’”

“He said, ‘You know, Mat, it would probably be to our best interests to buy him out. It looks like Kennard is buying the balance of those out. Just think about it and see if we ought to buy Welby’s. I’ve talked with him and he said he’d sell his shares for a reasonable amount.’”

“Then we talked about it and that’s how we made the decision. I come around to his way of thinking on that. There were nine guys in the co-op. Three hundred fifty milking cows was the total of that barn. We first come in with a subscription of 50 cows and Welby had a

¹ From Grammar’s Book, written in 2000 by Katie W. Chappell & 1985 Journal, August 30

² Note: All entries in italics are from Katie’s journals, unless otherwise footnoted. --HC

subscription of 50 cows. Kennard bought 260. He had two and a half times of what we did is what that ended up as.

“As we went through that whole process of ... the dairy breaking up. I never heard Dad rail against any of the other members.”³

In order to protect the investment of time and money they had made, Blain and Mathew started their own dairy under the name CII, C-Double Bar, which was the brand Blain had for his beef cattle. The co-op barn and corrals became the site of two dairies operating independently, CII and a dairy run by Kennard Chappell, Blain’s first cousin. Blain said, “When we broke up the co-op one of us had to quit [the Cheese Plant] to take care of our cows, so I decided it better be me. I started taking care of the dairy and Mathew helped me. (Maybe he done most of the work and still is!)”⁴

When Blain had dreamed about retirement, he planned to go back to farming. He knew that he couldn’t make very much money selling hay and barley, but he could make money if he had a herd of beef cattle. Before Blain retired from the Cheese Plant he started buying Hereford cattle to fatten and sell. Soon a small herd of rich-brown cattle with white faces grazed in his pasture. The decision he had made to keep the Cheese Plant going by setting up a Co-op Dairy was not just a decision to bring some new industry into Loa, it was a life changing event for Blain and his family. His retirement did not go as planned. Instead of the leisurely life he envisioned as a “Happy Farmer” making good money by selling beef cattle, he sold his herd of Herefords to buy dairy cows. There was no

turning back, Blain was drawn into an occupation that was just as demanding and stressful as the one he left.

For many years Blain, and Mathew, with some help from Katie, milked cows morning and night. Blain had spent almost thirty years of his life at hard labor lifting hundreds of pounds of cheese every day. He had gotten up early so he could be in the Cheese Plant at 6:00 a.m. to shovel coal, clean up and have everything ready so the work of making cheese could begin at 8:00. Now he was getting up at 4:30, so he could be at the dairy barn getting ready to milk thirty-five cows (which grew to one hundred cows), and have the place cleaned up and tidy before 5:30. (The more cows they got the earlier he got up.) And twelve hours after he walked into the dairy in the morning, he walked back in again in the late afternoon to milk the cows again.

Cows have to be milked every day, twice a day. If cows don’t get milked every day at the same time they don’t produce as much milk because they go into “dry-up” mode. The goal is to have them produce as much milk as possible as long as possible. Mathew said, “When Kennard bought in and we’d bought in, we’d milk our cows [first] and Kennard would milk his and we had a set time. It seemed like a line drawn in the sand. We had to have our cows milked and be out by 5:30 in the morning and 6:30 at night. That caused a little friction at times if we got up late or we had a little problem with a cow. We went on like that for ten years with them owning part and us owning part of [that dairy barn.]”

As a young boy Blain had milked cows by hand. But things had changed. Now there were milking machines to do the job. The cows were lead from the feeding corral between the steel fences to a holding pen. From inside the barn the milker could pull a gate open and seven cows would walk into the barn and file into seven stalls on one side of the building. Every warm udder had to be sprayed with water and

³ The co-op was a sub-S Cooperation. Everybody owned their own cows, and everyone owned shares in the facilities. After the co-op ended CII had the Rights to keep and milk 50 cows in the corrals and barn. Kennard bought the Rights for 250 cows to use the facility. CII bought Welby VanDyke’s Rights in the co-op for 50 cows which allowed CII to milk 100 cows in the dairy, but they did not buy Welby’s cows.

⁴ From November 27, 1987 interview.

dried with a clean towel. The milking machine, four cups lined with rubber, were held under each cow's teats. A vacuum sucked the teats into the cups where the pulse of the rubber insert massaged and squeezed the milk from the teats. Every cow was fitted with a milker and the milk flowed through transparent, plastic hoses to a holding tank. While the soft *swosh, swosh, swosh* of the machines did the work of milking, the people, who stood in a pit so they didn't have to stoop over to prepare the cows for milking, turned around, opened the door and seven more cows walked into stalls on the other side of the pit and they got them ready for milking. They also kept an eye on the plastic lines running from each milking cow so they could take the milkers off when the cow's udder was empty. The fresh smell of milk, accented with manure, wafted through the barn while the sound of a pump throbbed in the background.

Mathew said, "I liked milking with Dad. If I had him milk for more than about four days ... he'd open the doors and talk to those cows and they'd come trottin' in. I never had anybody else who could do that. ... I had a guy that was pretty good with cows, but Dad could talk to those cows. ... We wouldn't go out in the holding pen at all when he was there. In the spring and the summer or good weather, he'd leave the door partially open. They'd crowd up there hanging their heads in the door. He'd sit there and talk to them while they was looking in the door, tell them they'd get a turn in a little while. He'd say he was glad to see them, how was they and how was life treating them, so forth and so on. He'd open the door, "Ya, come on in." If he milked with me for more than a week he virtually opened the door and talked them all in.

"When cows are calm you don't have any manure in the barn. You know how nervous they are by how much manure you have splattered all over when you'd get done. When Dad was there, for 90 percent of the time, there was hardly a drop.

"Dad [and I] ... milked and sprayed down the barn. I'd go to the Cheese Plant and he'd feed the cows, tend the calves, and then he'd go to the farm."⁵

To have a dairy that produces milk, cows had to have calves. Some farmers sold their calves and bought cows when they needed replacements for those that no longer produced enough milk, but CII kept their calves. Somebody had to feed the cows and somebody had to take care of the calves. For years Blain was involved in feeding the cows. Even when they hired someone to milk and feed cows, he continued tending the calves, until his grandsons got old enough and responsible enough to do it.

Mathew explained, "Dad put a lot of work into feeding the calves. He was out there each morning and each night. We had a row of pens built out of wood. From day to day he would go in and put fresh straw in the pen for the calf, so it always had a nice little fresh clean place to lay and it could get out of the water and damp. Dad regularly cleaned the pens. When you cleaned those pens you could pick them up with a backhoe ... and move them back the length of the pen, then you could take the loader and clean that space. Of course, in the winter months you had to keep the new calves warm. Dad set up a lighting system with heat lamps that would keep them warm....

"Part of the thing involved in raising a calf would be collecting the milk from the new mother, the colostrum, and making sure that calf got fed that milk within the first half hour of its life. Making sure the navel was dipped with iodine and making sure the calf got its shots ... as it went along. In the feeding department, making sure your equipment is clean and the calves don't get too much food or not enough food. It took time for Dad to take care of the calves. He had between 15-30 calves to feed. There was eight months there

⁵ See Chapter 11 for Blain's Farming experiences.

that he didn't lose a calf. We didn't have a calf die in his care. He of course would feed them in the morning and feed them at night which would take probably 45 minutes in the morning and 45 minutes at night.

"For the first two weeks calves had to be fed with bottles. We had a bunch of bottles. By the time they were two or three weeks old Dad had them weaned off the bottle and trained to drink. We bought a bunch of old army helmets. He poured the milk in the helmets and the calves drank out of the army helmets. [He trained them to drink by putting his finger in their mouths and pulling their mouth into the milk in the small trough.]

"We had them on milk for the first two to two and a half months. At the end of two months Dad started to wean them off onto a solid ration. Then we had them grouped [together in pens] for about a four month period of time on a ration that was higher in protein and not as much fiber. After six months to a year, we had another ration for them. Then we could change their diet. When the heifers were about 600 pounds Dad would take them the pasture to graze. When they were 800 pounds we'd run a bull with them. They continued to graze once they were safely with calf, when they were ready to calf we brought them back to the corrals at the dairy barn. [After a cow's first calf was born they were artificially inseminated. Dad also raised the steers, fattened them up and sold them at auction.]

Because Katie had always been the spouse who took care of the money and had been able to build up a saving account, she always worried about the debts that were incurred for the dairy and the farms. She wrote on the front endsheet of her 1977 journal, *"We traded all our Hereford herd to put into buying Dairy Cattle from Idaho & fed them all our hay we had stacked up. We let Mathew take Creamery building to secure a loan to buy the equipment & turn it into Chappell Cheese Co. for Mathew*

to manage. ...Blain & I Borrowed from our Savings etc. put up money to buy Tanner pasture & place, to help make CII Dairy go & keep creamery here."

Mathew said, "In 1975, after Dad had [been out of the cheese factory] for a year, ... Nelson-Ricks came down and told me they was closing the plant. I bought that [business] in April 1, 1976. They sold me their equipment....They still bought the cheese. (Of course, Dad owned the building....)"⁶

"When I first bought the cheese plant and Nelson-Ricks bought the cheese, I was making really good money in the plant. When the milk price went up we were making money at the dairy and on the cows. We was doing our own labor. We paid ourselves the normal price on the farms for our hay and bought a little hay along with that. Hay was cheap enough that we was making really good money on the dairies.⁷ We was making pretty good money back then.

[More cows meant more hay and more hay meant buy more or put more land under cultivation.] "A little farm would come up and we bought a farm or two. Dad told me there was 40 acres that the government would sell.

⁶ Katie said, "When Ivan Moore decided to sell the cheese factory he built in Loa, Blain and I had most of the money saved up and borrowed a little to buy it from Ivan & Avagail... Nelson-Ricks wouldn't buy it for \$13,000. Ivan told us we could buy it for ten thousand if we'd get the money. So we bought the building and rented it to Nelson-Ricks."

⁷ Mathew said, "Dairying was really good during the last '70's and the early '80's. The [Federal] government subsidized milk.... When we first started milking cows, ... the price of milk was about \$4.00 or \$4.25 [a hundred weight]. ... Just after I bought that plant in '76, it went up to \$6.00. In the late '70's the price of milk doubled. It went from \$6.00 a hundred weight up to about \$12.00 a hundred weight. During those years ...[if] you had your own hay and you raised part of your own grain, all of a sudden, that was the most lucrative business in agriculture in Utah. It was a wind-fall."

So Dad and I bought that 40 acres. (We eventually put the new cheese plant there, up on the hill.) The next parcel of ground that come up was the Zurrell Potter property, a 160 acres that CII bought. Then a 220-acre piece of property we call the Road Creek farm come up for sale about a year after that and we bought that. Then we looked at some other parcels and leased some land. We bought the farms to support the dairy.⁸ You have to have a place to go with the manure and you've got grazing. You've got to have land for your animals. The farm was Dad's primary interest. He didn't get into the dairy business 'cause he loved cows. He got into the dairy business because he was trying to save the [Cheese] Plant in the valley. His first love was to be a farmer.

"Those first few years that we was in the dairy Dad was doing the majority of the farming. He would do all the plowing and putting the crops in the spring and the majority of the watering.

"Dad loved farming."

Bill came back to live in Loa.

BILL: I came into the dairy about 1978. I put up money and bought some shares from Dad. I'd come down on weekends and work. I'd help with the farms and I worked at the dairy building ... fixing corrals, doing construction and maintenance, cleaning corrals and hauling manure. I helped with the cattle, doctoring, branding, de-horning. Instead of money for my work, I took some shares. That's when I fixed up the "Old House" so we had a place to stay when we came down from Salt Lake.

⁸ There were four separate enterprises. 1) Mathew owned the Cheese Plant. From February 1978 thru December 1980 Ron Cobia was a General Partner. Bill became a partner later. 2) CII - Blain and Mathew. Bill bought shares later. Blain was the major share holder. 3) The Pig Farm was a partnership with Mathew, Bill and Kell Coleman. 4) Blain & Katie owned the Dry Valley 80 acre farm. It is part of their Trust.

Jan 29 - 1978 Bill, Susan, Shay and Tyson came home this week end to get the taxes etc in shape to have Bill do them. Bill, Mathew & Blain have spent most the time figuring out how to have Bill come back and live home and make the farm, Dairy and factory run and our boys seem to have the get up and work attitude to want to keep it all going now! Bill & Susan will build a new home here and live in the old home until its all finished so they say if they decide to come here.

BILL: It took me three years to finally decide to move to Loa. I came down in 1983. The state Inspector was going to shut down the Cheese Plant, unless they built a new facility. Mathew and Dad had been asking me for three years to come down. There were lots of conflicts involved. Mathew wanted me to come down and help him out, or he would have lost the plant. I moved to Loa specifically to get the new plant built. It took about six months to get the building done. We started in July 1984.

1981 - Aug 28 4:30 AM call from Mathew to Blain, trouble with furnace at cheese factory, so down he went... "my greatest wish is to build a new cheese factory here. Any way I can dream about the someday & encourage Blain & Mathew to always make plans & they work well together....."

1981 --Sep 2 "Each day Dad & I talk about creamery & our hopes to build a new cheese factory out of town & on the hill by the farm, my up-most hopes is that we can all have & keep unity & Love in our familys and to see how great a tribute this can be a monument to Blain's life of service & work & and Love to all our family Let us be a family together & all Love & unit is a eternal principal....."

1981 - Sep 18 Love to sell cheese and help at factory. My & Dads up-most hopes are ... "build new cheese factory out on the hill by the field Mathew has just bought for \$11,000"

1984 - Sept 26, Wed-Went to auction with truck load of cattle. "I hope Bill will be able to

stand up under all the pressures in this new cheese factory building & we pray for him & Mathew to be able to stand all the pressure & work they are under today? The pig business for Bill is such a challenge.”

1984 - Oct 6, Sat- Wayne & Leah came. Drove out to new Cheese factory site and to Torrey to pick apples.

1984 - Oct 12, Fri- Painted 8 hrs at new cheese factory. Bonita Taylor [a cousin] worked 6 hrs with me.

1984 - Nov 27, Tues - Washed and put things away. “To me it’s a drag to get house work kept caught up and in its place & work alone & be alone, I have enjoyed going to the cheese factory and helping Bill and hope I’ve been worth the time he has spent with me to show me and has given I & Bonita words of encouragement on how much he appreciated our help there. I am glad to be able to be a part of this great undertaking in Bill building a cheese factory there. Bill has saved the cost of it being at least 3 or 4 hundred thousand dollars. Bill has been the soul contractor and done as much of the work and construction that has lessened the great debt they will have to pay off for many years to come. I hope each of our family will be appreciative of all the work, worry Bill has done to make this new cheese plant and honor it and come & Love this hallowed spot and look over the farm with Love & renewed togetherness....”

1984 - Nov 28, Wed- “Each day brings the great careing dream to finish the new cheese factory & to move into it When I see the many things that has been so stressful to Bill and such a challenge, I hope I can say something to encourage & help ... him see today how appreciative we are of him as well as Mathew that has his nose so hooked to that great work of the cheese making.... I hope they will always know our love and that we know that each is not above or below each other, they are all so special

1984 - Dec 4, Wed- Sore throat today. “I

have worked every extra hour I could to help [at the plant] and have over 120 hrs. work there since I started to work & paint there & we mopped the big cooler twice once to clean it & then soda water to try & get out the floor refinishing smell so it won’t effect the cheese they are going to put into it today. We also put down the final strips of rubber base board in sales room & scrubbed sills & cleaned windows in the cutting room, I also painted the window frames, that I’d forgotten to do along with the many touch-up jobs that workers had hit & scarred up while working. Bill has worked so hard all night & looked so weary. We do pray for our family.

Dec 6, Thur - “The big day has arrived to try and make the first vat of cheese in the dream of the new cheese factory. But couldent make cheese today. They have been so many extra problems & some workers from out of here smoke too much and talk too much, one surely is a vulgar talker and I told Bill I’m sure grateful for you and glad that person isn’t our son I wouldent trade you for any-one of these (supposed to be ... workers). Bill & Mathew worked all night and had many problems & so much stuff to get hooked up.”

Don’t feel well. Try and drink 16 glasses of water and “wash out my ills.”

Dec 7 - “Dad did chores.... We went to see new cheese plant Mathew & Bill had worked there all night and was just going to get the first milk into the big new vat there. We were thrilled to watch the first new milk finally run into the vat after all the work that they have done to get it going out there. So much technical stuff to get going & all we can do is pray for their work & success in it all. With so many trying to get it a going I hope Bill can keep up his courage. Even Rulon Chappell came here from back east to help get it a going. There is still lots to get going and fix up more as days go along, words cannot express my concern and care to see this home land be built up and this new cheese factory going, I pray all

the time to Bless them and that people will soften their hearts & see all their hard work and be of concern & care about our little valley and people will support and see its value to our town and for jobs for our young people?"

1984 - Dec 14 - Stopped to see Bill and Susan last night. "Bill looked so wore out & tired.... All of our family is super workers. My husband amazes me at all the daily work he accomplishes & keeps things going so well, It would not go so well with out him always working and filling in for those who fail to do the work." Worry about those who handle cheese factory money.

1984 - Dec 15, Sat- "Plan with Bonita to do the Grand opening tours & cheese favors."

1984 - Dec 19, Wed - Neal got in new cabinets. Worked at Cheese factory all day. Wrote addresses for cheese boxes to send on time. Cleaning for opening.

Dec 20, Thur - Bonita & I did the final clean up for Grand Opening today! "What a special day it is. They had the ribbon cut by Delna, Betty Chappell Sawyer daughter who is the last special Dairy Princess from Wayne & State Attendant. Bill & Mathew did really well with their speeches & 2 Wayne County Commissioners (Farrell Chappell & Meeks Morrell) came to make a special occasion. It was very well done and Bonita was such a great help to all. I spent 10 hours out there, and I surely enjoy talking to people and was grateful for all those who come out in this snowy day, we had about 6 inches of new snow last night & Neal & Sue left late last night." Neal & Sue brought Xmas tree and put up.

Dec 25, Tues. We all had Christmas dinner at new Cheese factory & Mathew dedicated it, Susan got turkey etc. a nice time.

Katie wrote⁹, "The proudest I ever was is when Bill and Mathew built and dedicated and

finished the new cheese factory and said it started from their Mother's dream of building it."

Bill said he and his family had many good experiences while working in Loa.

MATHEW: When we built that cheese plant, I got the big idea that the marvelous thing to do was to have a pig farm down there and feed the whey to the pigs. All of a sudden that would be a magical enterprise 'cause we was going to cut off so much of the feed cost and make money hand-over-fist. Of course as that went along there was problems evolved. I got told and had the understanding that we could design a system where it wouldn't stink. Dad never liked that from the get-go.

I just didn't catch on to what he said.... He didn't like the pig farm thing from the get-go and he says, 'Mat, do you think that is a good idea?'

I said, "Yes. It's going to make all this money and it's going to get rid of the whey." I had all these great reasons for that.

His comment was, "Are you sure?"

That was his comment and I should have picked up on that. His "Are you sure?" really meant "You idiot."

His comment, "Well, make sure you study it out close." That was his comments on that. When it didn't turn out he¹⁰ didn't come back and say, 'See I told you so.'

The following excerpts from Katie's journals give us glimpses of the hard work, the problems and the worry of running the farms and keeping the dairy going.

⁹ "Gramma Was Quite a Girl," written by Grandma Herself, 1984 (booklet of questions with space to fill in the blanks) in possession of Deanna Chappell Maxfield.

¹⁰ Blain did not become a partner in the Pig Farm which was in business about two years. Bill said he was saddled with the Pig Farm. His comments about it were, "That was a bad, bad experience. Not a lot of thought went into doing that. We hauled feed from Nebraska because we don't raise much corn in Wayne County and sold the pigs in California."

Apr 28 1980 "this week has been a very troublesome week because Mathew hasent been able to get his money from Logan where they cut his cheese & all he has got is promises for past two weeks, It sure been a terrible hassle, we took out all our savings and put in to keep his checks paid, & pray that money will come before another week or they'll go bankrupt, seems they won't listen & go see about that money.

Apr 29 1980 "It would be nice to be able to help our family see, that Dad & I could save them from a lot of problems if they'd take advise & ask before they got into money problems but no use if they don't want any advice or take it. We took over ten thousand dollars & put in Chappells Cheese to save them from bankruptcy...."

1981 - May 23 Blain early and late doing chores, helping caring for animals, maintains the equipment that breaks, keep barn and farms running.

1981 - June 8 ...helped put up sprinkler line, Blain working long hours, helping Mathew ... haul manure on Aunt Elna's land, "Blain seems to love farming and all the dirty work & enjoys comming & going when he pleases & wants."

1983 - July 11 Blain is busy as a bee in the hay to get it all bailed up & Mathew hauls it all in the hay hauler.

1984 - May 22, Tues- Bill & Mathew are buying out Kell and Greg [Coleman] & the Pig farm at Dry Valley. I hope they can ever pay it off. Oh! What a deal Kell gave them, he is sure a different man when it comes to the pay back he just turned sour."

1984 May 23 - Bill came in & talked about the building of Cheese factory & the Pig Business etc. and Oh! Such a huge debt to pay off.

1985 - June 1st I have been helping Blain feed at 5:30 AM calves night & morning so he can get out to change the sprinklers & get more work done & fix up the gaskets that is so needed doing on the farm.

1985 [Dec.] It's the closeing of another year. There has been plenty of problems and work to over-come. Blain & I have worked hard & loaned all we had to the Chappell's Cheese, 42 thousand dollars to keep them in bussiness & able to keep working & trying toward success & in building the home-land & family here. Mathew paid back the money loaned Jan 1985 to Chappell's Cheese Co. & we put it on savings.

1987 - May 19 - "Blain had Don Noyes the herdsman at Dairy take over the CII calves to feed & manage. He is rather lost making this change after doing them so many years & wonders about it."

1988 - June 25, Sat - "The rain came down in torrents and flooded the North place [Dry Valley] & what a sad experience it was to see the lovely alfa alfa patch & grain ruined by the flood & junk the flood washed down on the field Blain, Bill & Shay had made such a lovely looking place out of it.

Feb. 20, 1992, Thur. Mathew & Bill are haveing such a time keeping enough money on saveing account to operate in the positive plus side and has talked Dad into putting up all his milking cows to Valley Bank so he can have enough to operate on when they need it in and through out the Incoperated Bussiness. We hope & pray they can keep it all a going Its all such a big job & few care to dedicate their best work to the job & to love work!!

Feb. 28, 1992, Mathew got the (loan) papers all made up for us to sign esp. for Dad as Pres. of C II. Its for the operating loan to be able to borrow to 95 thousand dollars & pay back with sale of cattle etc & to operate on, so we both signed & I as Secetary. We hope they will pay it back and only borrow & have to pay interest at the greatest of needs to be of help to them.

Thursday [Feb 1995] - Dad, Charles and Bill worked on the manure truck all day to get the wheel's back that Dad got stuck in the road creek place bog, and knocked them wheels off

the manure truck. Oh! What a worry it was to him. Yes, it is important Dad work on the farms and keep interested and do all he can to help get them all paid off. Blain loves the farms so dearly and rides out on them while not working and walks on them and is so very pleased and grateful for all the work and progress on them. He hopes that some of the Grands will Love to work on them and live here and have spouses who love it here an have the thrift and taught to be economical to live on small wages.

In 1994 Charles moved back home.

Blain, Mathew and Bill were involved in a huge business operation and most of the work was done by the family. Blain was doing the farming. Mathew was running the Cheese Plant and the Dairy. Bill was trying to keep all of the machines operating, doing maintenance at the Cheese Plant and Dairy and taking care of any other problems that came up. Katie was an on-call milker and a helper at the cheese plant. Mathew's wife Jerri spent a lot of time at the cheese plant. Their children, Blain, Laura and George worked at the plant and in the dairy. Bill's sons, Shay and Tyson, took care of calves. Early in 1978 Hildred, Ron and family moved to Loa. Ron and Mathew were General Partners in the Cheese Plant for two years. Ron Managed the day-to-day operation of the plant for those two years. Mathew managed the money, came in for a couple of hours most days, but concentrated on managing and running the Dairy.

After Blain passed his 70th birthday he was plagued by health problems and couldn't do all of the farming any more. They hired helpers, but no one takes care of a business like the owner. Bill and his sons, Shay and Tyson, started to do more of the farming with Blain as the assistant and expert to go to for advice. There was more work than the three families could do. A call went out to Charles in California. He sold his auto body business and house shaded by Quince trees, packed up his

family and came back to do the maintenance so Bill could farm.

1994 – Oct. 4th Friday – ...Mr. Wray from Torrey finished laying the three carpets in the house. Charles, Cathy and Cabe will be coming home... We wanted it all done before they move in next week. It surely will be a happy day for us to have them here

1994 – Oct. 5 Saturday – Dad and I vacuumed off the new carpet and swept the house and cleaned up stairs so it's ready for Charles to come and to move into it and we'll also get all the old carpet moved and junky dirty old padding from off the porch by Monday. The rooms surely look nicer and we are so glad we have been able to see how much better it looks by cleaning, painting and putting in nice clean new carpet. I'm sure that Charles will be glad we used some of our money from the sale of his house to get the carpet in before he comes this week and we are so happy and excited about it, we can not sleep at nights and hope Charles and Cathy and little Cabe will be happy here and by us. Nothing is nicer than having our family close by to share our time with and see that little Cabe grow and progress here.

1994 – Nov. 9 – “We believe Charles will be a big help to get the work done and things can go much better with his good help.”

KEEP THE HOME FIRE BURNING

While Blain spent his time farming and working with his boys in the dairy and cheese plant, Katie was often called in to help with the “men's work” as she called it. One of the many, many entries in her journal, “Blain needed me to help haul hay all day for the CII ... so I left my chores to go drive the big truck for him. It would really be great if they enjoyed helping me get things done like I love to help them.”¹¹ She often lamented in her journal that

¹¹ September 11, 1976

Blain didn't seem to want to help her in the house. From the beginning Katie had always been the "go-for" when Blain needed someone to do an errand. She spent a lot of time going for a needed piece of equipment or supplies. She drove the tractor. She filled in when there was no one else to help milk the cows or feed the calves. She did the required milk tests for the Cheese Plant. She drove farm equipment. She helped in the front offices selling cheese at the Plant. She packed, addressed and mailed Christmas Cheese Boxes. Wherever there was a need for a good worker Katie filled the spot.

Katie continued to perform the daily tasks of living. In her journal she lamented, "Its hard to keep up this writing in my book of dailys, as I just do the same rituals of house keeping."¹² She always prepared three meals a day for Blain. She bottled fruit and vegetables and stored things in a huge deep freeze. She cleaned the house and did the laundry.

Since Blain had spent most of his time outside and away from home most of the space was used by Katie (and the children while they lived there). The bathroom upstairs was called the "girls" bathroom so Blain and the boys used the bathroom in the basement. When Blain shaved in the mornings he used the utility sink in the laundry room. Now that he was spending more time in the house he had two places that were his. He had a padded rocking chair where he read The Grit "America's Greatest Family Newspaper," The Richfield Reaper, a local paper; Utah Farm Journal, National Geographic and The Reader's Digest. He did have his own room with a desk and chair. On the walls he hung horseshoes his Dad's horses wore, a rack of guns, a picture of St. George where his ancestors settled and a picture of two children dressed in overalls which made us smile. His "room" in the basement was a corner of the room where the furnace and coal stoker were housed!

¹² Journal, Tuesday, Jan 14, 1986

Although Katie lamented that Blain never offered to help her, he did take over the job of washing the dishes. Usually when he was home for very long it meant he was tired or sick and he didn't feel like working.

Katie always managed the money. She often signed the checks for Blain. His signature is mostly on legal documents, signed in front of witnesses. She was always frugal and always managed to save their money. Just because the children were raised, she didn't start spending more money. She was just as economical as she had always been. In 1978 Deanna lived in California and was expecting a new baby. Katie wanted to go down and help Deanna. On May 1st she wrote, " I'm getting ready to go down to California to help Frank & Deanna when they get the new baby & soon I hope. Im going to ride on the Loa Valley Farm meat truck to Riverside; then, they'll either pick me up there or I'll take a bus on to San Diego. Dick Davis is the driver and says he likes to have company going down so I decided to go that way. I have baked about 14 loaves of bread, also 10 chicken pies frozen, and got washing all caught up, cookies & a birthday cake¹³ made now before I go to make it easier on Sue & Dad to get along and have good food in the deep freezer."

In 1980 a shipment of cheese that had been sold to B&T Market was returned to the Cheese Plant because some of the cheese was moldy. The Plant lost a lot of money. Cheese that can't be sold for retail is sold at a bargain basement price to a company that melts it down and makes it into cheese products.¹⁴ Katie saw the

¹³ Sue's birthday was May 5th. Sue was living with her parents after graduating from college. She worked at the Cheese Plant for two years until she got married in December 1978.

¹⁴ Any cheese that does not meet the standard for Cheddar, such as a dead vat or too much moisture, was sold to Shrivens in Logan, Utah. They reprocessed it and sold it as processed cheese, such as Velveeta, or cheese spread. Blain knew what kind of cheese went

boxes and boxes of cheese that had been returned and decided she could salvage the cheese. For six months from November through June she “clean moldy cheese.” If the pieces were coated with a thin layer of mold, she wiped them with a cloth soaked in vinegar.

For others she used a knife and trimmed the mold away. She cut the bricks into smaller pieces, repackaged them, and sold it as aged or sharp cheese. She cleaned between 100 to 200 bricks of cheese (500-1,000 pounds).

1980 Nov 18 Blain went out to get a load of poles all day.¹⁵ I took Mother down to Teasdale to visit her sister, my Aunt Marzel. I went and clean molded cheese for an hour & a half. I enjoy doing it & it helps me to work hard enough to relax and sleep well at nights..

1981 Jan 16 Went to creamery couple hours & helped & sold cheese. I also clean any molded ones in time I have not been selling cheese.

1981 Feb 9 I spend any spare time cleaning the molded cheese....

1981 Apr 27 I cleaned more cheese today that is now good aged sharp cheese & sealed up to sell.

1981 May 1 Oh where has April gone to it has flew bye so fast. I've sure cleaned up a lot of cheese mold

1981 June 23 I spent 10 hours cleaning cheese early & late and it must get done, the cooler on the old truck broke and I loaded it all in & brought it up here & put in the basement & some I won't be able to get anything from (its gone bad through).

1981 June 23 (sic) I clean cheese from daylight until dark and getting as much from it as I possibly can. I never like to see waste & aged cheese is really called for, but no one

into processed cheese. He said, “I won't eat cheese that mold won't grow on!”

¹⁵ Nov 10, 1980 “Blain and Mathew is going out & back by Dog Lake to cut poles for their sheds they plan to build for Dairy.”

like's to see or will have molded cheese. Cheese mold is good for any-one, but we are not educated to like to eat it & rather takes shots of pencillian. Ha, Ha

1981 June 24 Helped at creamery a hour or so & helped sell cheese etc. Then came back to clean more cheese. Im getting the worst done first. I like to do .. the worst jobs first. Blain works early and late and finally has the field...planted.

June 25 My big aim to get all the cheese finished... it is sure not the easy job that others would choose to do, but it is important to not waste good food or our means we have....

June 27 ...spent from early dawn trying to get those boxes of molded cheese out of the basement & spent 10 hours at it today. Called Sue.

June 29 Got up early and worked to get the cheese all finished up.... So glad & happy to get it all finished up today!!

CELEBRATIONS

Katie started writing sporadically in a diary in 1963 and began journal keeping in 1975. She filled every blank space in seven books. Throughout her life, she wrote thousands of letters.¹⁶ Katie never forgot a birthday. She sent out hundred and hundreds of birthday cards to family members, children and their spouses, grand children, sisters and brothers, aunts and uncles, missionaries, special friends and there was always a letter enclosed. Katie thought it was important to celebrate birthdays, especially milestone birthdays and anniversaries. And she also wanted to celebrate her birthdays and

¹⁶ I have 9 two-inch wide binders filled with letters Mother wrote to me from 1959-1962 and 1981 through 2010. I do not have the letters she wrote to me from 1963 through 1977. (We lived in Loa in 1978-1981 so we didn't write letters.) One of the binders has at least 154 sheets of paper filled with writing that covered the pages from side to side, top to bottom. Mother has written me over a 1,000 pages of letters. She also wrote letters to Deanna, Bill, Mathew, Charles and Sue. —H. Cobia

anniversaries. Katie always let the kids know what she wanted to have happen. The children had a big party for Katie and Blain's 50th Wedding Anniversary in 1990. There were decorations and a huge buffet for the crowd. Everyone in Wayne County was invited. Katie and Blain and their children dressed up in suits or best dresses and lined up to greet the guests. Pictures were taken. And of course, there was a dance.

Katie wanted other people to have celebrations too. She wrote, "*September 11, 1976....I realized they wasn't doing anything for Eph's 90th Birthday so I called Avagail [his daughter and] encouraged her to help. It was sad to think that Ephs children would not think enough of him to give him & family a party for his special day. I felt that is the least children can do to show their appreciation for all his work & respect & honor. Many friends came to see him & wish him well. He seemed to enjoy it all & the ones who came to see him.*"

September 12, 1976 – It is Eph's 90th Birthday. I ramrodded Avagail into helping with an open house last night to make a special day for her father.

Faye, Lilian, Ellise came over and we had a birthday dinner for Eph then all the relatives & friends around came to give him birthday wishes, about 70 guests came from 3:30 to 5:30 p.m. I made punch & root beer & we went to store & got cookies to serve.

Over the years Katie became friends with Blain's last living aunt, Elna Chappell. Katie started visiting her, taking her shopping at Richfield, bringing her gifts of food. She always remembered her birthday.

Oct 29, 1993 "...Today I spent a lot of time getting Aunt Elna's party done.

Oct 31, 1993 At 8 [A.M.] I call Sis Faye [in] Salina, Mathew & Betty Sawyer [Elna's daughter] at St. George, to try and get Betty to come up to the party, that is planned for her mother to surprise her. After dinner, I picked up

Bessie & went to Lyman by 3 P.M. & felt Aunt Elna's party was real nice we met in the church in the R.S. room and all her older friends, Chappell neices was invited & joined there to visit & celebrate her Birthday. Betty Jean [Chappell] brought B. D. [Birthday] balloons. I went over & got her & ask her to come with me to celebrate & made it a nice surprise for her."

The next year, 1994, Katie had a different surprise for Elna on her birthday. "*Aunt Elna's 80th Birthday today.... I decided I'd surprise her and dress up in a mask and Blain's first suit for graduation, (...the one he wore for our wedding reception and had his picture taken in this navy blue double breasted pin strip suit.) Aunt Elna was sure surprised and couldn't guess who I was and enjoyed it. ...Coming back home I rang the door bell and Blain couldn't guess me either!*

MAKING DREAMS COME TRUE

Not only did Katie write letters and journals she started writing poetry to celebrate a birthday, a special event and to express what was important to her.

July 8, 1977 journal entry reports, "The past year I have a great Love to try and put my thoughts into rhyme and in poetry to the people (our family) that I love and act like they enjoy my writings & telling me so, encourages me to use my time that way."

Someone made fun of her poetry and the comments came back to Katie. It hurt her deeply. She worked hard to make her poems express the deep feelings of love she felt for the person who got the poem. She didn't write as much poetry after that and only sent her poems to the people she felt loved her.

Katie was very aware that she hadn't finished high school. She and Blain made sure

their children went to college, but she had not been able to even get a basic education. Finally she decided she would also finish school. In 1980 she went back to high school. She passed her English and Math classes, took classes about Money and Finances and Art and other things she was interested in. She passed her tests and got a General Education Degree before she turned sixty years old.

In 1981 Katie got one week of her desired "sharing time" with her daughters. She arranged for her and the girls to make a special trip to California. Katie, Sue and Hildred drove and Deanna flew to Oakland where they spent three days visiting with Katie's aunts, her father's sisters. Everyone stayed with Katie's cousin, Maxine Wolfert's in her home in Oakland, near the LDS Temple. Aunt Tella, Aunt Pearl and Aunt Mabel shared their memories of their father and mother and their brother Jim, the father Katie couldn't remember. It was a special bonding time across the generations.

1982 - May 10-11, "A dream I made come true," organized & got pine trees from forest service and planted them on north & west side of our Loa Cemetary.... I'll now keep them watered & hope & pray they'll grow."

WHEN YOU'RE HELPING...

1982 - May 17 "Today was a blue Monday & the day seemed to really depress me, when the lone liness & depression floute [flood] my life, I get out the house and go help some-one."

Over and over again there are journal entries about going to help someone.

Katie helped many people sew quilts - Nina Tanner, Shirley Oldroyd, Berneal Hatch, Madge Taylor, Nancy Sorenson to name a few. "1-20-78 Nancy Sorenson had on a king size quilt 102" x 108" for daughter and wanted to get it off so I quilted about six hours after Blain finally got in to breakfast at 9:30 and I done up the dishes etc. I enjoy the rest the day with her

and the friends who came to quilt." And those friends helped her quilt the quilts and "quillows"¹⁷ she made for her family and grandchildren.

There were older women in Loa that Katie visited regularly. The one she mentions most often was Lola Anderson. For years she went to Sister Anderson's house and put her hair up every week.

1984 Aug 26, Sun- I Love the Sabbath. Visit Lola Anderson, took loaf of bread. Water sod and trees.

1987 - Lola Anderson ... calls when she wants me to come & cut her toe nails & rub her feet with Vit E oil & lotion to take away the dryness & it has taken all her corns away & helped her so very much, she ... has a great spirit to care for herself & stay at home & I hope & pray I can help these older people & visit them & more often. "

Aug 4 - Called Lola Anderson. "She is so glad to be back in her own home & has refused to go back with Elmon (her son).... These older people are my special [friends] & I need to visit & help them out more and ask them where they need and want help & be encouraging to them....."

Of course, the person that received the most help was her Mother. As her Mother grew older Katie often felt torn because she was helping milk at the dairy, working in the store at the Cheese Plant and tending children for Jerri and Mathew but she wanted to be there to give her Mother much needed help.

May 1st to 5th [1979] I can see how bloated Ephs legs are and how much care Mother gives him. I asked Mother to ask him if he would like LeRon and Mathew to come up and give him a special blessing and she asked

¹⁷ A "quillow" was a quilt that could be folded into a pocket on the quilt which made it the size of a pillow. An attached handle made it easy to carry.

him. He said yes! And they did go up on Sunday evening and gave him a blessing, which I'm sure helped him.... Ephs steps became slower & slower.... The past two weeks Avagail came to help Mother put him to bed, Im so thankful for that and either his son Pratt or Orval helped get him up, as Larna asked them to.

May 6th 1979 Sunday Today my step Father Ephraim Taylor passed (quietly) away, at 8:30 P.M. - he died at home at the age of 91 years old, I felt impressed to go up and see how he was. Mother and his daughter Avagail was putting him to bed and he just toppled dead over on the bed as I got up there.... I called our road cop (Steve Brown) and he called the sheriff and also after pronouncing him dead, Steve called the mortitian to come from Richfield, Ut. for his body and got the Bishop and every-one was so good and helpful. I called Faye & Larna, and all I could think of and asked them to notify their families.

....After all left I was chosen to stay alone with Mother & neither of us got any sleep, Mother asked me to come lay by her as we got into bed late and tried to sleep, I prayed and patted her as she cried and moaned, and once in a while she dozed off to sleep at times, (Its so hard for her now! To be alone at her age and make the change necessary.) Blain was so wonderful and came right up to console Mother and gave her his Love & stayed until she insisted he go home & rest.

After the funeral Katie's Mother went to California to visit her daughter Larna. While there she had a stroke. Faye and Deanna helped Larna care for her. Mae worked hard to learn to walk because she knew she wouldn't be able to go home unless she did. She came home a month later. Plans were made for her to live with Blain and Katie, but Mae didn't want to leave her own home.

July 13 - 1979 Even though Faye is here taking care of Mother, I'll always feel the

responsibility to go up every day or twice a day to encourage her and try to help her to have enough faith to want to walk without the walker. Since shes been sick she has seemed to come home to act exactly like Eph did & want to sit & do nothing, but I ignore it and tell her all the things she can do & give her lots of attention in how well she's getting & strive to return the spark to live & do thing.

July 22 - 1979 Sunday: Mother was used to bathing on Sunday morning but I helped her bath & do it on Saturday evening.... Mother was real good and cooperative on makeing it easier for us to arrange time to suit us both, Faye called on Sat. to ask how Mother was doing & all was going.

July 23 - 1979 Mother didnt call by eight oclock, so I hurried to see if she'd over-slept or what and she suprised me by being all dressed except her socks & said I decided I can try doing it this morning & not call you, but I stayed & got breakfast, Blain hauled off all the trash & trash cans & put the chair out to replace that old one Eph sat in.... Today Mother was walking without her cane and when she seen me she said, "Where is my cane I've lost it some-place. I said, "Oh forget it, you don't need it any-way."

July 25th [1979]Went up to Mom's to get letters & mail them for her I go up three or four times a day (four today) some times more if needed & she wants things. I got the swallows net [nest] down & cleaned up.... I feel it a special calling to help Mother & do it gratefully today. I take her out for a ride every day if she wants to go and take Aunt Mabel too if she feels she'd like to go along to.

Jan 1 to 31, 1980 I call Mother two to 6 times a day and go up to do everything she needs.

Feb 1, 1980 I secretly started to send Mother the school lunches last week they come 3 times a week, to see how she enjoys them this month and she likes them but curious to find out who is paying for them, I wont let Gaylene

Peterson tell her that it is me & keep her excited & trying to find out. Ha Ha ...

May 2 1980 I enjoy Life and writing or visiting our families & keeping my Mother's spirits built up really takes some positive doing & to keep her from thinking she isn't any good as she says so much & now days are up hill for her and depression work really hard at her & us all as we get older, its harder to endure & over-come them all. But only way one can is to keep active, to love life & service for each day if we can live it to the fullest & helping others. ...So Glad mother is well enough to care for her personal needs now.

Aug 4, 1980 – I have a problem with being on edge for fear I'll be the one who goes up and finds Mother gone & If I can keep my calmness at the time she goes. Glad Blain let me spend so much time with Mom.

1980 Oct 1-16 My sister Lorna flew in to SLC. This month is a important month. It's my mothers birthday for I always plan a family party for those who come, Its her 89 year old and a party at the Loa Park is planned also to get her a new T.V. ... to get the nice entertainment she can choose with a good T.V. progam in her now alone days, all lonely.

It was a lovely Birthday for my Mother & her wish was, ["May you all be here next year; if I am!"]¹⁸

Nov. 6, 1980 I've put on a baby quilt.... Mother came and tried to help on the outside but said she knew her stitches wasn't very good and even but Im glad for her company & what she will try to do.

Nov 9, 1980 Took Mom to field & for a ride.

Nov 26, 1980 Mother made 5 squash pies for our Thanks giving dinner. I think, isn't that a answer to prayers for her to be that well at 89 years, I pray always today for her and all our family.

Dec 9, 1980 Tuesday Its Royal [Harward's] funeral & Mother is anxious to go and see Royals body & pay her last respect to Donna & family so she got ready herself and called me and we went about eleven so to get there before the rush.... It was harder now for her to climb the steps as I helped her up & then took her home & came back for Blain & I to go again together.

Dec 10 Today I planned to go get Sue.¹⁹ Mother was so anxious to have her come, and to bring her Xmas cards she had ordered and see her..., but Blain felt best go tomorrow... It seemed such a lovely sunny day I decided to go up to Mothers and put up her outside Christmas lights and take the dinner up there so Blain and I could eat with her, when he came near 2:30 p.m. Blain cut off the Christmas tree just the size she wanted him ... to put the tree right [in] the window. I went home after dark and cleaning up the mess & vacuming and shaking rugs... told her I'd see her tomorrow.

Dec 11, 1980 - Thursday I had greatest of shock... Today my Mother died.

A few months later, Katie told her daughter, Deanna.²⁰

"That morning Mother said, "Are you going out to get Sue."

I said, "Well, I'll ask Blain."

She said, "I wish you would."

I said, "Okey."

I went by and got the mail for her. I said, "Let's take the mail down to Mother." I could see that she had a letter from Larna and a card for her anniversary."

I went in just as cheerful. She said, "Now hurry back because I want to see Sue."

I said, "Okay, Mother."

She gave me a list of what she wanted me to get [in Richfield, Utah].

I gave her a kiss goodbye and said, "Okay,

¹⁸ What May said is a quote from Hildred C. Cobia's journal, 10/10/80 - Friday,

¹⁹ Sue and her husband Neal lived in Monroe, Utah.

²⁰ Interview with Deanna Maxfield, 21 May 1981

honey, I've got to go." And I smiled at her and the way I went.

[Later Kathryn and Ben²¹] went in to take her this piece of [his birthday] cake.... We'd just got back [from Richfield] and got our things in the house. Kathryn called us just as we was going out the door.

Kathryn said, "Aunt Sue." (She was talking real quiet.)

Sue said, "This is Sue. I can't hardly hear you, Kathryn."

Kathryn said, "Well, Grandma is on the floor and I can't get her up."

Sue repeated the message to me. We went right up.

My heart went about sixty.

I said, "Just tell her we will be right up."

Mother had gone.

I'll always be thankful [Sue] was with me that day. It gave me the support that I needed.... She was a wonderful Mother.... I realized that more every day that I live.

Dec 15 Mother's funeral, people have been wonderful. "I knew how [Mother] hated to see things die & waste so I gathered some [of] the flowers off her grave and gave them to the dear older people in her memory, for Maud Pace, Luva Okerlund, Grace Potter, for her goodness, Lula Taylor, they loved the flowers.

DANCE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

Katie's journals were more than a book about her and her family, they are a record of the events in the community, especially those who died and those who got married. It was a tradition to celebrate a wedding with a dance. Katie and Blain had taught many of the young men and women to dance. And as the time flew by, soon they were dancing to celebrate the weddings of all those young people. Katie still loved to dance.

In the early 1960's Blain and Katie and a group of their friends started the Buckhorn

Dance Club. The group Square Danced almost every week. As they did an "Allemande left" or a "doe-see-doe," Katie wore the red plain dress and Blain wore the long-sleeved, matching plaid shirt she made for them. The dances were held in the cultural hall at the church. They danced and had supper with their friends. In 1972 Blain was the president of the club.

When Katie and Blain were young there was a dance almost every weekend and always on holidays, but there were no longer community dances on holidays. However, there was one big dance every year in October, the Deer Hunters Ball the night before the deer hunt began.

"October 21, 1976 – Blain and I attended the deer hunters ball at Bicknell. We picked up Don & Betty Jean Chappell at Lyman. It was nice to dance to the music and look forward to some of our family coming home to be with their Father and me on the deer hunt get together. We do look forward to their visits & Love our family more dearly than anything we have in this world.

A HUNTING WE WILL GO

"October 22, 1976 – This has been a busy day preparing for the boys to be home. Charles and Nola got here about 5 o'clock with the children Travis & Marissa. It was wonderful to see them again and the baby is so big & Sweet & Travis can really talk well. They went down to her folks for them all to say hello too & see them. Bill got here bring Sue from S.L.C about 7:30. It worked out for Sue to get from Brigham City & Logan. Susan & the Boys visited Elaine.

"October 23, 1976 – (Opening of deer hunt) Blain, Bill, Mathew got up real early & done Dairy and chores while I fixed the breakfast & lunch to take upon North Mountain to meet Wayne & Leah. I got to go with them this year. We all had prayers and breakfast together. Charles got up & got ready with us. It was a

²¹ Katie and Blain's grandchildren, Kathryn and Ben Cobia

lovely day of sunshine, as we meet there at noon Richard [Maxfield]²² & son, Clyde [Konold] & son, meet at Waynes & Leahs camper & had lunch & a good visit & target shooting with Charles pistols. It was a nice get together but shot no deer."

Charles always came for the Deer Hunt until he moved to Loa. Blain's brother, Wayne and his family always came and parked his motor home in Loa. Katie always spent a lot of time fixing food and Blain always went hunting with them to be with his boys and his brother.

CHARLES: "Dad was the only man I know who could shoot a gun off the side of his horse. Shy would stand still and not move. Dad got a four-point buck with that shot. Dad could out walk the rest of us young guys down the hill. We went hunting on North Mountain which is north of Fremont. You can get there from Fish Lake road or Mill Meadows road. You turn off on the Miatoegee Road sign. Dad always brought his lunch, a loaf of bread, salad dressing and a bottle of deer meat. Dad didn't like soggy sandwiches so he made them at camp. Boy, those sandwiches sure tasted good. When Dad got a deer we'd hang it in the garage and cut the meat off fresh for winter eating. When there wasn't much left of it Mother would cut off the scraps, put it in bottles, process it and put in the basement and Dad would bring a bottle for the next hunt.

"Dad never stayed overnight at the camp. He'd drive up on opening morning. One year it snowed during the night and left the ground covered. It was cold and slick. Dad drove his old two-wheel brown pick-up into our camp at dawn and woke us up because we were still sleeping after our night of celebrating the Deer Hunt.

Dad got so he let the young "bucks" do the walking. He would walk down off the top into

a big ravine on North Mountain, sit down and wait. He had two places he liked to sit. One year a big 2-point deer walked right by him. He was so big Dad thought it was an Elk so he didn't even lift his gun. After it passed he realized it was a deer, but he couldn't get a good shot. The deer went on up the ravine, got spooked, turned around and came by again. This time Dad let him have it. When we hung it in the garage it made my 4-point look like a goat.

"During another hunt on North Mountain we'd gathered back at camp after a morning of walking and hunting. Dad had gone along Miatoegee Ridge. I noticed the magazine on his gun was bent and there was a long scratch on the stock.

"What happened to your gun, Dad."

"He said he had been walking along the edge of that black lava rocky ridge. He slipped and went over the side. His gun caught between the rocks. He was dangling over a 30 foot ravine hanging on to the barrel of his gun. He was able to find a toe hold in the rock wall and pushed and pulled himself back on top."

VISITING THE KIDS

Blain loved to be out in the mountains, he didn't care if he shot a deer. He didn't want to travel across the United States or take a trip to Europe or a cruise to Mexico, but he did like to go walk through the trees on the near-by mountains and dip a fish hook in a one of the many nearby lakes. He also enjoyed wind-sculptured rocks and the watered carved canyons of the desert. He often hooked their little trailer to his pickup and took Katie on a trip to Thousand Lake Mountain where they watched sunrises, fried a fish over a camp fire, and sat quietly breathing in the perfume of a pine forest. Or he would drive the pickup down through Capital Reef and out into the desert where he always found an interesting rock

²² Richard is the son of Blain's sister, Aurilla C. Maxfield and Clyde is her son-in-law, married to her daughter, Maxine. Wayne is Blain's brother.

which he would toss in his “rig” and bring it home and add it to his pile of rocks at the side of the garage.

Katie wrote: *June 23, 1992, Tues. We got ready & took our trailer to Thousand Lake Mountain to spend some time together and get away & use the trailer as we have talked of for so many years. Blain parked trailer and we went to Round Lake to fish in afternoon.*

June 24, 1992 Blain & I... had lunch in one camp spot we picked for our family reunion then went on to another that Dad had in mind near top and camped there & we went to Round Lake to fish, a man gave us 5 fish.

We enjoyed our trailer and stay over-night on top of the Mt. where the sun came up. We could look down over the desert & far out, we felt this could be a choice spot for our August family reunion and Blain wanted to go back to Round Lake this morning to take our salt to the man who gave us some fish & he fished but never caught any-more. It looked cloudy by noon so we left and got off the mountain as it started to rain & I do not like to get stuck in the stick & storm on mountain. We came to Mill Meadow where we ate our lunch, then he went up the creek where Forsyth came in and I really got fearful when it got sundown & he wasn't back I was about to leave & come to town to get Bill & Mathew to go look for him when ... saw him coming back & all my awful fear left me, I was about sick with worry & what to do. I was ready to go home & sleep in my own bed. We got back about dark & I unloaded the trailer, while he changed lot sprinklers & happy to be home to rest again.”

If Katie and Blain went very far it was to visit their children. Katie remembered her first plane trip “was by jet airplane to Lansing Michigan to visit Hildred and LeRon ... They went there for employment after his graduation from BYU ... I loved that trip and it was my dream as a child to fly up into the sky like a

bird, this was a great thrill and dream come true...”

DEANNA: Frank graduated from Brigham Young University in May 1967, we country kids made our big move to La Mesa, California for Frank’s new job at General Dynamics... ...Mother and Dad said they would come and see us the next summer ... Mark would be over a year old and walking ... The excitement built the closer it got to the date. There was excitement and nervousness raging for both of us. This is the first time Dad and Mother would be driving to such a big city alone. So, Frank wrote up and sent them blow by blow details on how to get to our home ... He even told them different land marks to look for so they would not get lost ...

Dad did the driving, and Mother gave the directions. All was going along well as they had traveled to Las Vegas a few times, and it was fine across the Mojave desert ... But, then they drove on into California and its traffic, many off ramps and the road divided and then there were more lanes of traffic and the tensions grew ... Frank’s directions were to take the off ramp East 8, El Central ...”You will be on a tall over pass and will exit and go left up the canyon ... “ He may not have told them specifically to follow the sign on the right hand exit then go LEFT. But, Mother told Dad to stay in the left hand lane (which is the fast lane) the cars were setting on Dad’s bumper or screaming past him... Mother repeatedly told Dad to say in the left hand lane, when it came to the off-ramp there was No getting off ... So, like a river running fast, they found themselves in the heart of down town San Diego in five o’ clock PM rush hour traffic . (and note -- in those days there were no cell phones - help !)

Dad finally pulled into a service station and ask the station attendant which way back to the East 8 freeway ... That nice service station attendant told Dad, “Go right back the way you came and you will see it ...”

SO, Dad turned and drove right back up the street he had just came down - the exciting part was that street was a one-way street and Dad was going the wrong way ... When they finally arrived at our home, and Dad told us about their adventure (and we all know what a good story teller Dad was)... we did smile when he said, ‘People were honking and waving their arms, and I could see their lips moving -- I do not know ‘if’ they were praying for me or cussing the hell out of me ...’

Dad so enjoyed our orange trees where he could go out and pick an orange and peel and eat it right then and there ... We took them to see the sights of San Diego... We had a Chuck Wagon, Smorgasbord close by our home where Frank really liked going there to eat. One could go back and get as many plates of food as they wanted for one flat price ... Now, in them days we couldn’t fill Frank up, and he could eat, eat, eat and never gain an ounce ... The night we took Dad and Mother, Frank kept going back for more plates of food, he would say “Blain, come on, you ready to hit the food again ? Dad was so polite he would just follow Frank, finally after Frank had gone back three or four time, Dad said to Frank “You are on your own, I’m about sick” ... Frank and I taught Mother and Dad to play ‘Canasta’ ... We were trying to think of everything to keep Dad busy so he would not think of going home... I believe it was coming on a week of their stay and things were getting pretty tense as Dad said it was time to get on home, but he was really not ready to take on that drive back home to Loa ...

And it seemed like the next morning the phone rang early. Frank answered the phone; he was dazed when he got off the phone, his family had called stating his grandmother Maxfield that he had lived with every summer in Lyman had passed away and could he come and sing in the funeral services ... Why! that was an answer to pray for Dad ... Dad told Frank I’m so sorry for you, but so happy for me ... Frank drove Mother and Dad back to Loa

from California ... And that is the first and last time my parents took on an adventure like that ... Their visits were far and few between, and they were always passengers ... Dad and Mom came eight more times to visit us in So. California, and we lived there thirty five years ... Dad would tell me when I would ask ‘if’ he would come and see me – ‘I didn’t move you did, so you know where I live.’”

Hildred and Ron lived in Michigan for twelve years and always went “home” for a vacation. When Hildred asked her Dad to come visit her in Michigan, he replied, “You are the one who moved away.” But they did journey to Michigan for a visit, once.

“September 1974 – We started out for Michigan and the Gold Terino car blew a rod in it out in Wyoming crossing the desert so Deanna & I hitched a ride to a telephone after a prayer in the car together to ask our Father in heaven to guide & help us to know what to do. Some nice people from Salt Lake picked us up and we got to a small café and called Charles to come after us & after 3 hours he got there & pulled us back to where we loaded it into a U-Haul and brought it to Salt Lake. Bill, Deanna came back to Loa & got Deannas Van to go to Michigan in. We stopped at Oaklawn Ill. to see my brother Bill, his wife Charlotte, Bob & John who live there. They took us into Chicago to see it. While in Michigan we went to see Ford Company & Kellog Co. & an old restored places.

Twenty years later they went to visit Deanna and Frank in Louisiana.

April 7th [1995] - Started on our trip and left for Las Vegas to go to Louisiana... Deanna called this morning to be sure Dad and I and Bill and Susan was going to come meet them at Louisiana. We got off for Las Vegas about 1:30 PM and got to Susan’s friend’s (Jan and Ken’s [Greene]) place by night and slept their and got

on the plane at 7:30 AM. We done a lot to try to prepare Dad for this first Jet trip and I prayed Blain would not get sick and all will go well.

1995 Saturday April 8 -- Blain's 1st Big Jet Flight.

Susan's friend Jan was so good to take us to the air port and knew her way around so well to get their at 7:30 AM. Thanks to Bill and Deanna they had all the arrangements all made. We were all so concerned how Dad would stand the trip, and his first plane flight. We were Blessed to be put in 1st class along with Bill and Susan across from us. It was a wonderful and beautiful clear day to fly and be able to look out of the air plane window and see so much of the earth below us. It was like setting on top of the earth. The stewardess gave Blain his wings and paid such special attention to him. We had a lovely breakfast on the plane and we chose bran cereal and a fruit dish. We was soon to land at Dallas Texas and Dad said, 'If we can only land safely' and seemed more relaxed to get on the ground. And he liked the next flight on to Baton Rouge better. It was a sight to see the Mississippi River, lakes, and pond's in all different area's below. Landing safely there was the best part of my trip and it was to see Frank, Deanna and Christine awaiting for us and to greet them again and to be with them.

April 9th Sunday -- ...[Went] today to Hammond La. church at 9 AM ...To see what good hard work Frank has done here to build this property was worth the trip. We enjoyed seeing their place and home Frank has built there. Yes, the house and property was amazing.

As Deanna had sent ahead a lovely Easter card and \$ 80.00 for our trip and also Mathew and Pat \$ 50.00. But, we had the money to go and insisted we pay our own trip and gave Bill the \$500.00 check to pay the flight for us and would have never have gone if it wasn't for those who scheduled it and planned and done

so much for us to go. As Dad never said I want to go and made negative remarks to me, but it didn't keep me from telling him I was going and he could decide for himself.

We hit the many places Frank knew how to get to and back and we all road in Deanna's old favorite green van. I was thankful it took us safely to New Orleans and back and ran so well.

We went with Bill and Susan, and seen, all the sights of Louisiana ... We seen plantations, took a tour in a boat back in the bijoux and seen alligators, and was in the hardest rain storm I've been in my life ... [Blain wasn't so sure about eating crawdads.]

April 10 to the 16th, 1995 -- We enjoyed all the next week there

It seemed like we were in the forest all the time, and we seen fire flies. Mathew called us while there to see if we'd got there and all OK and Dad called Mathew and Charles on Saturday. Also, Bill and Frank did grouting of the tile until they ran out, an Susan helped wipe up. Their home is big and lovely and lots of space. I washed windows and mopped the kitchen. and wanted to be helpful.

On Sunday we went to the Easter Program they had at Sacrament Meeting and had Easter lunch then Frank took us all together to the plane to go fly back the same way we came and on to Las Vegas. I spent my extra time studying and reading the book of Mormon and Scriptures for our Cove Fort Mission we are to start to on the 1st week in May.

Sunday night April 16th - We got aboard the plane at 3:30, and we arrived in the smaller plane at Dallas Texas and the weather was cloudy and Blain took the inside and let a younger lady that lived in Dallas Texas have Blain's window seat. This plane had three seats on each side across, and I sat in the middle and had a good visit with her on to Las Vegas. It was good to have Jan meet us and find us just after we got off the air plane about 8:30. Jan and Ken offered us beds but Bill decided to try

to drive home. It started to rain when we left Las Vegas and through the mountain's of St. George and coming to Cedar it was a bad storm . When we got to Cedar, they decided it best we get a motel there and start in the morning to go on home. It was really snowing and such a wet storm there and we were glad to get a bed there.

GRANDKIDS NEXT DOOR

Woven through Katie and Blain's days were the grandchildren who lived on the corner up the street. Mathew and Jerri had one child, Blain, when they moved back to Loa. More children were added to the family, Laura Mae, George, Charles, Cena, Melina, and last of all TeriLyn. Katie and Blain got to watch these precious little ones grow up. Blain who loved to talk came down often and talked to Grandpa Blain who was a listener extraordinaire. Katie helped tend them often. They came to play on the swing set sitting on the grass outside the kitchen window. She bandaged cuts and scrapes and worried about them. She fed them good food and made sure they knew about "garbage" food which wasn't good for them, such as soda pop and candy. She passed along her good advice. She gave them birthday presents and valentines and Halloween treats. There were Family Home Evenings and Sunday dinners together. In the summer they sat on the patio and rocked back and forth in the lawn chairs. Katie had a box of toys in her sewing room and a shelf full of board games to play. Gramma Katie loved to play games and she loved to win.

Katie watched for the grandkids to ride by the house on their bikes when they went to school. She and Blain enjoyed watching them perform in the Elementary Spring Fling. When the grandsons went to high school Grandpa and Grandma Chappell were staunch supporters of the wrestling team and got a special invitation to the Award Banquets. They watched Blain, George, Charles, Shay and Tyson (who now

lived in Loa) win wrestling matches. They watched Laura, Cena, Melina and TeriLyn dance and play ball. And when those grandchildren were grown, it was fun to do it all over again when Charles and Cathy brought Cabe to live in Loa.

Everyone in Loa picked up their mail at the post office. Blain and Katie's mail box was Number 11. Katie liked to ride her bicycle to pick up the mail. When she drove the car the three blocks to get the mail she often had a grandchild riding in the front seat. She liked to tell about the time she took "Little" Charlie with her.

She said, "I took him with me around and when I got out of the Bronco, I forgot to take the keys, he locked all the doors and I sure was in a tizzy. I sent my pleadings how to pull on the handle & unlock the door & he couldnt find the door handle being not 2 yrs. yet. I tried to get him to roll down the window & he couldnt understand how to do it, I then said a secret prayer and said go over there & roll down the window, he went over & stuck his head out of the window. I couldnt see it was rolled down. (Oh what a relief)"²³

THE YEARS FLY BY

Katie wanted to make memories for the grandchildren. She wanted them to know all their cousins not just the ones that lived in Loa. She told her kids they were going to start having Family Reunions; then she assigned the children to take turns planning a reunion. The first Chappell Reunion was in 1977, the second 1979. In 1980 the family had a big 40th wedding anniversary party for their parents. Every two years through 1998 the family gathered someplace and camped. Hildred and Ron came from Michigan. Deanna and Frank, Charles and Nola came from California. Mathew and Jerri, Bill and Susan, Sue and Neal didn't have so far to come.

²³ June 22, 1983

The activities are well documented with hundreds of snapshots. During the first reunion we ran 4th of July races run down the dirt road at Dog Flats on Fish Lake Mountain and hiked to the top of the mountain to look over the lake. Another year we played in the water at Lake Powell. We hiked to Calf Creek near Boulder City the year we camped at Oak Creek on Boulder Mountain. That reunion ended with a tremendous streak of lightening overhead, a boom of thunder and rain pouring down.

The only reunion held out of Wayne County was at Castle Rock Campgrounds south of Joseph, Utah. The family with 10,000 other people, spent one evening at Cove Fort to see the mile long, Utah Centennial Wagon Train

come by. President Gordon B. Hinckley and his wife arrived in a buggy with fringe on the top and he spoke to the assembled crowd. The Chappell family ended the evening touring the Fort with Grandpa Blain.

At every camp we all brought food and took turns cooking. There were always kids running around, playing in the dirt, and riding on motorcycles. We sat around campfires, played group games, sang songs, talked and told stories.

Indeed there were many memories made.

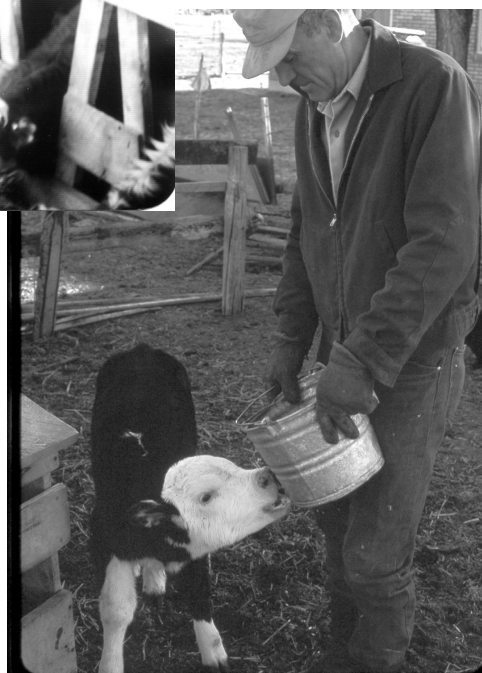
Katie, wrote, "When [Blain] was 79 years old ... He said, 'Honey, where did the years go?'"

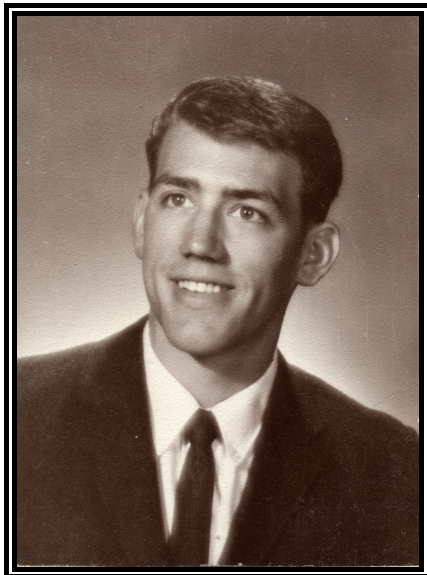


Blain sold his herd of Herefords to buy Holsteins for a dairy. Above: Charles, Katie and Blain *circa 1963*. Ctr: Blain feeding a Holstein calf. They also used bottles.

Below-r: Blain built a lot of fences.

R: Blain and grandson, Mark Maxfield on Nipper. -1969
From Katie's journal, "Blain found our mare (Shy) dead this morning she was bought when William was a young teenager. It isn't easy to have this mare go as she is such a part of our children's growing up & so many happy memories we have had with her & her colt nipper." Apr 5, 1983





High School Graduation

Top-l: Hildred -1959

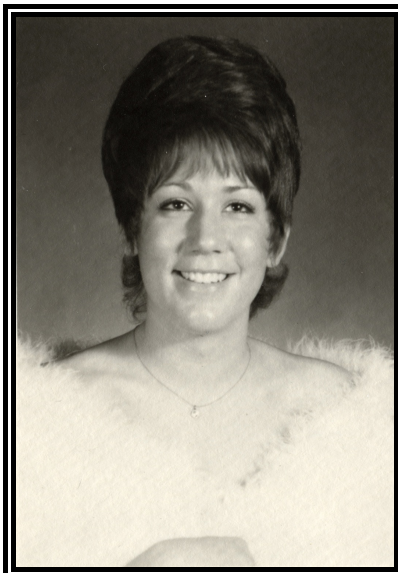
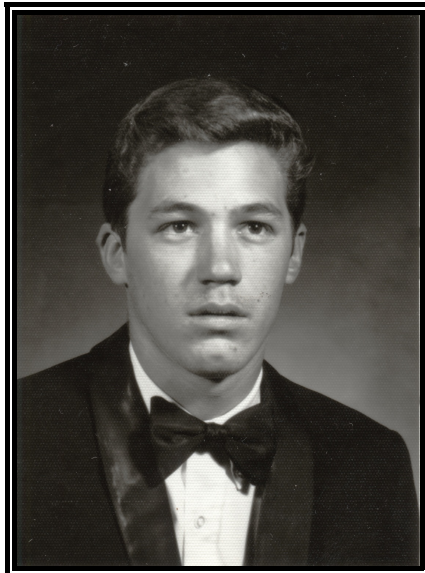
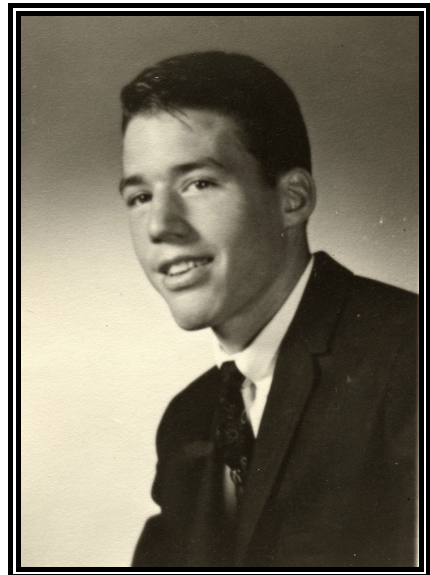
r: Deanna-1960

Ctr-l: "Bill" William
1962

r: Mathew-1966

Below-l: Charles-1971

r: Sue-1972





Katie and Blain Chappell - 1981



**Blain and Katie's Children and
Grandchildren**

L-back: Kathryn and Ben
LeRon, Hildred and Daniel Cobia
Nov. 1989 - Orem, Utah

R: Mark, Christine, Deanna
and Frank Maxfield
1986 - LaMesa, California



L: Tyson, Bill, Susan
and Shay Chappell
Sept. 1982 - Loa, Utah

cont., **Blain and Katie's
Children and Grandchildren**

R-back: George and Laura May
front: Melina, Mathew, TeriLyn,
Teri, Blain and Charles Chappell
Nov. 1989 - Loa, Utah

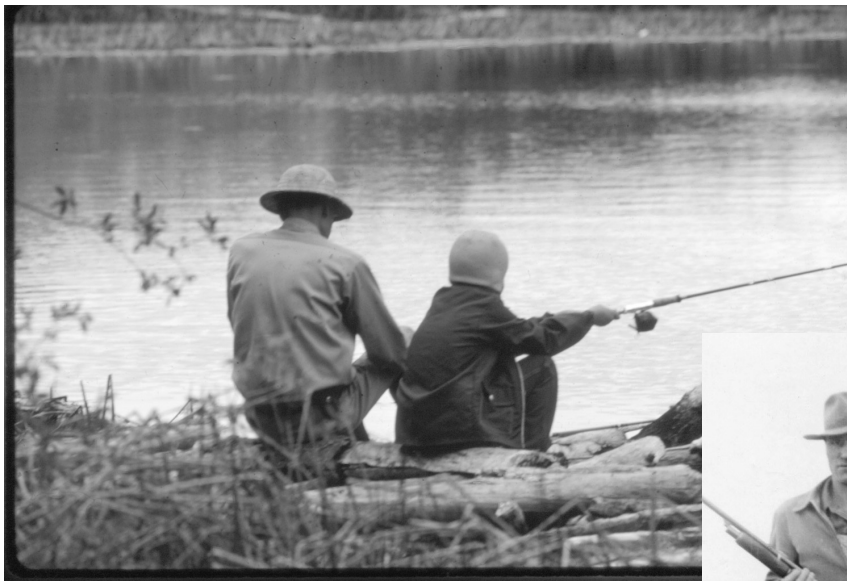


L: Cathy, Cabe, Charles,
Marissa and Travis Chappell
12 June 1999 - Loa, Utah

Below-l: Neal and Sue Olcott
16 Sept. 1984 - Fish Lake, Utah

Below-r: (After Neal's death Sue
married Jay Barnson)
l-r: Jay, Derrick and Sue Barnson
12 June 1999 - Loa, Utah



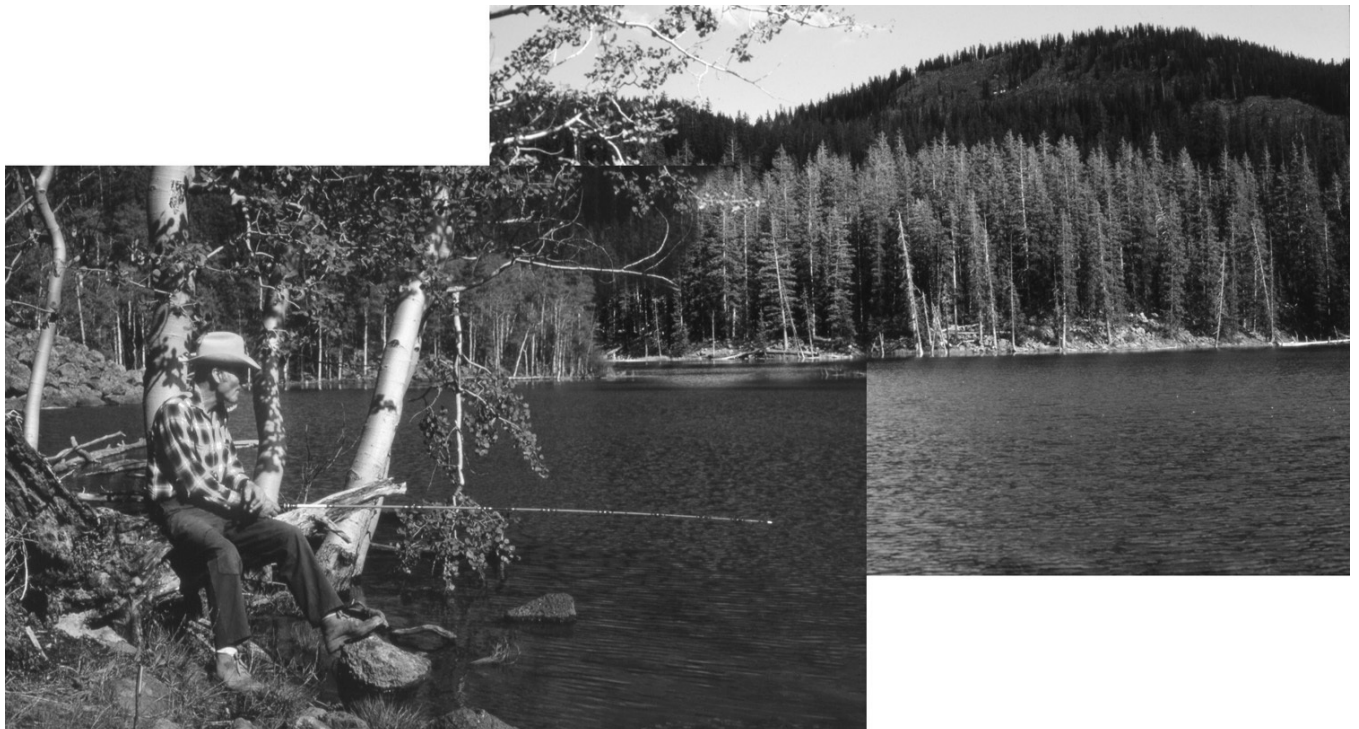


Gone Fishin'
Blain and grandson,
Mark Maxfield
circa 1972



R: Hunting
Blain Chappell and
Roe Brian, (husband of
Katie's friend, Della.)

Below: Blain fishing at
Neff's Reservoir. Sue took
the picture and wrote, "The Mosquitoes
about carried us away."



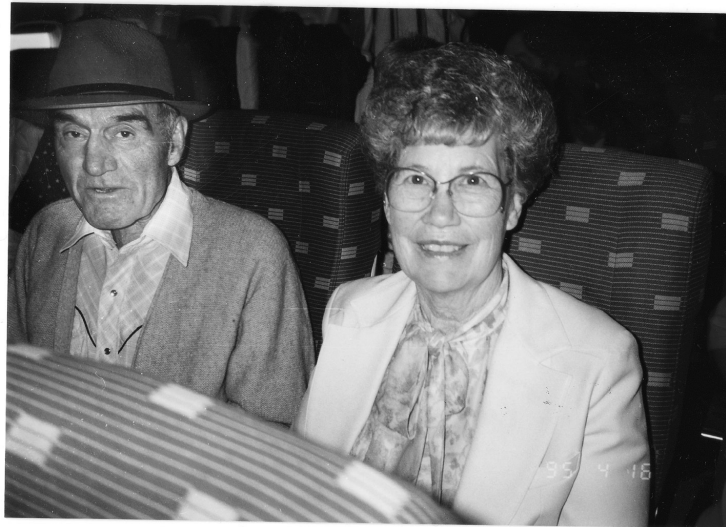


Above: Katie and Blain celebrate a quiet wedding anniversary at home.

L: Katie's Mother, May, and her step-father Ephraim Taylor. Front porch of home in Loa, Utah 1976

Below: Golden Wedding Celebration - 1990
l-r: Bill, Mathew, Charles and Blain, Katie, Hildred C. Cobia, Deanna C. Maxfield and Sue C. Barnson. Everyone in Wayne County invited to a buffet, program and dancing.





1995 Saturday April 8 -- Blain's 1st Big Jet Flight. (From Katie's journal)

"Thanks to Bill and Deanna they had all the arrangements all made. We were all so concerned how Dad would stand the trip, and his first plane flight. We were Blessed to be put in 1st class along with Bill and Susan across from us. It was a wonderful and beautiful clear day to fly and be able to look out of the air plane window and see so much of the earth below us. It was like setting on top of the earth. The stewardess gave Blain his wings and paid such special attention to him. We had a lovely breakfast on the plane and we chose bran cereal and a fruit dish. We was soon to land at Dallas Texas and Dad said, 'If we can only land safely' and seemed more relaxed to get on the ground. And he liked the next flight on to Baton Rouge better. It was a sight to see the Mississippi River, lakes, and ponds in all different areas below. Landing safely there was the best part of my trip and it was to see Frank, Deanna and Christine awaiting for us and to greet them again and to be with them."

Below: Katie and Blain ate crawdads, saw alligators, Frank's work and went to a Plantation. (p. 268)



Chapter 13 - A Good Experience

“This is the day which the Lord hath made;
we will rejoice and be glad in it.” –Bible, Psalms 118:24

The Church was always important to Katie. She faithfully attended Church Meetings. She served in many callings and after she started going to Relief Society, she was always a Visiting Teacher. She always went visiting the first week of every month. For a long time she and her companions would visit six women in Loa Ward. Later they only visited four women. She wrote, “July 1, 1993, Thur. Luana & I went visiting teaching today. R.S. Visiting teaching is the only job I have in the church and I Love to go out as soon as it turns the 1st of the month, It is a oppertunity & joy to do it that way & I call & make a appointment with our ladies. I have always made a 100% that way.”

Blain seldom, if ever, went to church during the years he worked at the Cheese Plant. Katie was so happy when he started going to the meetings with her and always recorded when he did go. It was a blessing to her when they started going to the Manti Temple together.

Though Katie and Blain had given many hours of Church service, for some unknown reason, Blain did not want to be the leader, give a talk, say a prayer, or be the focus of attention in groups of people. Months before Bill was to be baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he asked his Dad, Blain, to perform the ordinance. Blain said he just couldn’t do it. The days passed and Blain still said he would not baptize Bill. When Bill turned eight-years-old his Dad would not do it. Bill said he was not going to get baptized unless his Dad baptized him. The stalemate lasted another month. Blain finally baptized Bill. Even though the family had family prayer around the breakfast table every morning, Hildred was seventeen years old the very first time her father said the prayer. It was a momentous occasion. Later Blain’s son-in-law, Ron Cobia, told a complimentary story about

him in a lesson given at Church. Blain didn’t come back to the High Priest Class again while Ron was teaching the class. Blain preferred a quiet spot in the background. He once said people didn’t warm up to him like they did to his brother.

When Bill was called as the High Priest Group Leader in Loa Ward, he said, “Dad was one of my assistants in the High Priest Quorum Group for approximately two years. I did enjoy watching Dad function in this capacity, especially when he conducted. At first he was very nervous but did get to the point that he looked more at ease towards the end of the last year. This experience and when Mother and Dad were dance directors were the only time I remember Dad teaching or leading out in the public setting.”¹

Then Blain was confronted with an unexpected request. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was not only sending young men and women on missions they started to ask the senior members of the church to go on missions too.

¹ “During that time we met as a Group leadership (with Blain Chappell, Neldon Ellett as my assistants). They were very good in helping organize home teaching, work projects, parties and ideas for quorum teachers. Each one would take turns in conducting the priest quorum meeting but each one would draw the line when it came to teaching the lesson to the quorum class. During that time one of our service projects was the re-shingling of Lawana Turner’s old home roof. At the time and even more now, I thought it was a miracle to have a group of Brethren 50 to 75 years of age on that steep roof finish the project in two weekends and not have anyone fall off the roof. We did have one mishap when Afton Taylor cut his thumb off with the skill saw. By the way it was sewed back on and did work quite well after that.” – Bill Chappell, e-mail 9 Feb. 2012

1981 - Feb 1 Sun- Neal and Sue are here.... Bill, Susan & the boys are up staying at the old home. We all went to church together. After the meetings was over ...Blain & I got the biggest surprise of our life to be asked by the Bishop, Scott Durfey to go and fulfill a mission if we felt we could. My humble prayer is that we will make the right decision to know what is best for us to do? Its up to my dearest husband to take lead on it. Because he knows I'll gladly go with him & try to be the best of helpmate if he decides to go??? I'm sure it would be a great blessing to us both."

Feb 4 - This anxiety & decisions of whether Blain will accept this mission call sure is rough on me. I'll be so glad when he makes up his mind whether he'll go or not to, I'll help him to work what ever.

Feb 5 - I enjoy writing our missionaries, ...all older, middle aged people are haveing the calls along with our younger ones & I hope we can go & serve the Lord too??

Feb 6 "Oh My dearest Blain, I know its really a hard decision for us both to decided to leave the ones we Love most dearly and spend some time completely away.... "

Feb 8 Sun- "I doubt Blain is going to accept our mission call as he feels his greatest mission is here with his family & to keep the work & unity going & Mathew has more than he can ever manage now!"

Blain and Katie did not go on a mission. He probably breathed a great BIG sigh of relief that he hadn't said yes when some friends were asked to serve a mission in New York City. As the years passed Katie and Blain were asked to serve in the temple. Blain said no. Then another call came to serve as part-time missionaries at Cove Fort taking people on tours through the restored fort. Blain knew that through the years Katie has been eager to serve a mission or be a temple worker and he'd always said no. This time he decided he'd let Katie decide if she really wanted to go work at an old fort. Of course, Katie said yes.

March 26 [1995] - Went to church and after church Pres. Durfey called us in to ask if we would accept a Cove Fort Mission. Blain said he would try it, so we plan to go out two days to serve at Cove Fort this next six months starting about May 1st. I hope and pray we can do the work.

April 25, 1995 -- For us it was a Special night -- Blain and I went up to the Stake Pres. Office together and was set apart for the Cove Fort Mission calling. I was set apart by Pres. Scott Durfey and Blain was set apart by Pres Hilton. Bill and Mathew both came and helped set us both apart. ... We both received Special Blessings and I felt a wonderful spirit and peace that will help me full fill the calling.... Because of our Louisiana trip, we do not start until May 3 rd on our mission at Cove Fort.

May 3 -- Dad and I started our call to go the Cove Fort Mission ... we left at 12:00 noon with another couple, Frank and Maureen Brinkerhoff. Sense they had been out to see it and visit, Dad preferred Frank lead and drive to it. We arrived for the prayer meeting at 1:45 and sang the song of "Come Come Ye Saints", had a prayer and a special lady offered to give us a tour of the Fort and help us to feel welcome their and prepare us to serve. We both as a couple, we each took our own food and things to stay over night. We had our dinner break about 5 PM and our food in Frank's car, it was a cold wind blowing and we were glad we had warm coats and longer skirts and keep us warmer and from being so chilled. We got to Sue's and Jay's after closing time ... We had a nice evening and good night's sleep and was grateful to them for letting us stay there and also the Brinkerhoff's...

May 4, 1995 --We ... got to Cove Fort by 15 to 9 AM for prayer meeting. We were assigned to go to the barn to work there all day and with a experienced couple from Beaver, Mr. and Mrs. Lee. The wind blew and we had on warm clothing. We had three bus loads of school kids and also a number of visitors visited and a BYU

group stopped going on to St. George for a meeting. We stayed until after 3 PM and got home about 5 PM and tired. And we were glad to be back in our own bed again. It is a challenge to do the work, but is a very good experience and service to help all who come to more fully love to live and obey the gospel principles.

Thurs. June 1st -- We got up early and was to the Fort by 8:15 AM. There were very few people came until about 11:00 AM. It was the nicest day we'd had so far.... [Blain] was able to get his field sprinkle's started and is glad for the rain we've had.

July 12th - We got ready and took our car to the Cove Fort ... I'm so thankful we are learning the script and Blain likes it. There is a special spirit there to help all of us and have more gratitude for our lives and [the pioneer's] many sacrifices.

Thursday July 20th - We got up and were to the Fort by 8 Am....We were really busy and had near 600 people go through the Fort this morning by time we left there. They gave us some cabbage from their Fort garden so we took it to Sue's on Wed. night.

July 26 - There was a bad forest fire broke out just North of the Fort.... There surely was a bad wind and the fire was held in the mountains. We stood outside the Fort and saw how fast it burned and lots of fire fighters worked there. I made my very 1st referral² at the Fort.

Aug. 2nd - This call to the Cove Fort Mission has been a challenge, but a Blessing and Learning experience and Blain surely does well as a guide and people love to have him [as a guide] and talk to him there. The time is passing bye. By my study of the script and what they give us we both are learning a lot and

appreciate the great sacrifices all our ancestors have made to get the great wonderful progress and conveniences we have "today".

Aug. 6th [1995]Charles is good to change Dad's sprinklers while we go to the Cove Fort the two days.

Aug. 15th [1995] - Arose early and will write a few lines how I feel about our Cove Fort Mission and you can be sure I have really learned a lot and have prayed a lot that the words and spirit would attend us to friendship and be of service there and to each person I meet and guide there and serve well !!! :-) love it...

Wed. [Sept.] 6th [1995] -Blain and I went to the Fort..... Blain does well at the Fort and they listen to him well.

At the end of six months Katie and Blain were asked to come back in 1996. Many of the people from Loa chose not to go back, but Katie and Blain wanted to go back.

May 13th 1996 "It is a real disappointment to not be able to go and serve and start at the Cove Fort today as we had told them we would do !!!" [Blain just got out of hospital with pneumonia and blood clot on his lungs.]

1996 - 19th of May We went to church and enjoyed it. We were pleased to have Elder and Sister Sherman Hinkley come to visit us an see how we were....

[1996] Sat. May 25th - Blain and I went to the Cove Fort and we went dressed for the cold stormy wet day, we were glad to survive it all and was able to get off early

[1996] Monday June 3rd - We got ready and went to Cove Fort by 9 Am and stopped by at Sue and Jay's to drop off some stuff. We had a nice warm day there and took the visiting people through the Fort. Blain gave the prayer and I gave a spiritual thought today in the prayer meeting we have before we go as missionary guides to work there till 7 PM.

² Cove Fort missionaries did not proselyte, but they did ask people if they would like to know more about The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. If they were interested, they filled out a referral card with their name and address.

June 3, 1996 Mon. Warmer & a Good Day - We are going again this summer to our Cove Fort Mission.We both worked today at the Fort takeing the ones through it that came. Blain enjoys the work there and that helps me like it better. George and Tyson get mission calls.

June 17, 1996 - Its my 74th Birthday - We went out to Cove Fort and served there, & Sue had prepared a dinner for us as we got off about 4:30 to go home early. It was a windy day & it wears me out. We got there at 11 A.M. and are supposed to work until 5:15 P.M.... I like this mid-morning shift best. I enjoy the people that I am able to take through & hope they feel the spirit of the gospel today!

On Monday [June] 24th we all went to the Cove Fort to hear & see Pres. Gordon B. Hinckley and the wagon train came in there about 5 P.M. Blain & I had good reserved³ seating [at] the Family Home Evening held there, for all, & was over twenty thousand people came. Yes! It was a experience of a life time.

July 21, 1996 Sundaywe worked at Cove Fort on Saturdays now! We went twice last week, but we like the Sat. and was kept busy and was able to take more people through the Fort.

Aug 3 It was a real windy day there and blowed as hard as the day when we all went out on 24 June to hear Pres. Hinkley and see the wagon train come in centeniel year. I was able to take members through the Fort, but Blain had 4 from France that spoke a little English & got along well & I'm sure felt his friendship the spirit there.

...That wind really did wear me out & I slept some on the way over the mountain. My feet get so stiff & acke from working out there & the artritus makes my toes crump up esp. the ones by big toes, I try to wear the most soft &

comfortable shoes I can find while walking & guiding the people from 11 AM to leaving at 4 PM.

Aug. 6, 1996 The Cove Fort people called to wish Blain a Happy Birthday

Sept 21, 1996 Sat.we made to the Cove Fort & the prayer meeting by 11 AM. It was a busy day and they had a Wilden family reunion plaque unveiling & dedication and had over 1, 100 people come through the Fort today.

Sept. 28, 1996 Sat.

Went to Cover Fort it was a real busy day there and Katherine Holyoak [niece] & 2 girls stopped bye to see the fort & Blain took them through. It was a nice & good day.My feet were stiff & tired & I went to bed early & awoke again at 12 mid-night so I wrote in this book to try & catch upon the days missed.

My Dear Husband does well at the fort in friend shipping people & looked so neat in his "white" shirt & they are always pressed & starched & so white & I do truely love & enjoy each day with him.

Oct. 12, 1996 We went to Cove Fort.... Elder Sherman Hinkley & his wife have been very special to us & also so any other Elders & Sister who was there. It has really strengthened my testimony to be called to go there the past two years.

From May 3 through October 19 in 1995 and 1996 Katie and Blain went to Cove Fort. In 1995 they were there two days a week. In 1996 they switched to Saturdays. A recurring theme woven through Katie's journal was the weather. The wind blows a lot in Loa, but she and Blain decided it blows even more at Cove Fort. Katie always recorded in her journal when they had good weather, but the wind was mentioned most often.

They often met people they knew, former neighbors, old school friends, adults who had once been boys and girls in Loa and the surrounding towns, relatives, children and grandchildren. On Aug 9th Katie wrote, "We

³ Katie and Blain were serving as missionaries at Cove Fort at this time and the missionaries sat on chairs.

were in Hinkley cabin all afternoon. They was some people from Canada who came and they are Blain's Great Grandfather⁴ half Brother's relatives of Peter Christensen and a daughter Beth Hyde of Alberta Canada. They acted so happy to meet Blain and I."

Blain and Katie developed a great love and admiration for the first president of the Cove Fort Mission, eighty-three year old, Sherman Hinkley and his wife. In the first week of May of 1996 when Blain was sick and unable to make the ninety mile drive to Cove Fort Katie wrote, "We were pleased to have Elder and Sister Sherman Hinkley come to visit us and see how we were. They are such special people...." When the Hinkley's finished their service at Cove Fort in January 1997 Blain and Katie were among the throng of missionaries who went to express their appreciation to them at a Farewell Potluck dinner in Kanosh. Blain and Katie made many friends at Cove Fort. They continued to serve there in 1997 and 1998, but their time was cut short because of Blain's health problems.

Aug 2, 1997 Oh! Happy Day, Cove Fort today - Now! Blain was able to go to serve at the Cove Fort, and we went out and was there from 11 until 3 P.M.

Aug. 9, 1997 We went to Cove Fort and spent the day. Blain could breathe better there and he took a man from Belgim through who was not L.D.S. but seemed intrested & could speak English but wife only spoke French & he felt spiritually impressed with Blain & takeing him through the Fort and said I was a lucky lady to have him for my husband.

I had just finished my tour and had taken a

couple from Colo. and he seemed to have the attitude that Mormons did not live what they believed in & hopefully I bore a strong testimony....& he & his wife seemed to leave happier and glad to come there and thanked me for all my tour & the visit. I bore my testimony to them of gospel truths & mabe some day we'll meet again??!! We stopped over to Sue's & she had us eat a nice fish dinner with them. While there the rain came & poured down.... It rained most way home."

Sept. 6, 1997 Sat. I dressed Blain's leg last night so we could get to the Fort by 10:AM....

Yes! It is good to go to the Fort and so good for Blain, to want to go & serve helps him & he can breathe better & feel better there. The service we do there & spend the day has been a great experience to have. I have friendshiped so many who are not L.D.S & also who needs to become more active. I have given cards, of articles of Faith to those non members who would like one.

Sept. 20, 1997 Blain felt good enough to go serve over at Cove Fort mission and we had a good day working at Fort part time & I took 3 people through the Fort from Norway & they sure acted so happy for my tour & friendship. [The last time they went that year.]

May 14, 1998 Thur. We are supposed to go to Cove Fort on Sat. but Blain isn't able to go and the weather isn't warm enough yet to go & be missionaries there for the year!

The miracle of Blain and Katie's Cove Fort mission was how much he changed. He came to love it and he was no longer afraid to talk to a group of people. He came to enjoy talking to people. Blain would have continued to serve there much longer if it had been possible.

⁴ Blain's Grandfather, George Armstrong Chappell's half brother was Peter Christensen. The two brothers homesteaded land in the area which is now Lyman, Utah. Peter emigrated to Canada. The town of Lyman grew on Peter's land. Years later the people of the town had to find him and his heirs to obtain ownership of the townsite.

BLAIN: "Cove Fort was a good experience.

"We spent three different summers over there. We were going to try and spend this one over there too but it doesn't look like we can.⁵

"We met a lot of interesting people. (As he thought about it he got choked up and said,) 'I don't know how to talk.'

"I was apprehensive when I went there. I wanted to keep my wife from hollering at me so I went there. I thought I'd better make her happy once in my life. (laughs) I guess I learned to like it better than she did.

"You meet a lot of different people out there. Every time you'd talk to somebody you didn't know where they were from. You didn't know if they were a next door neighbor or someone that lived in Holland or Russia. You didn't know what language they were going to talk. It didn't matter what language you talked when you were with each other, after a while you got to understanding each other some way.

"It was a good experience. Yes, I enjoyed that. Cove Fort was really nice.

"Some of them people would come though and were in an awful hurry. We'd start them through and they decided there wasn't such a hurry after all. Then they'd take all the time you wanted after you started showing them through. It was nice to be with the people.

"One old guy from England who came through was a carpenter. He looked at that building and he knowed how they built that. It was probably another old carpenter, maybe from England, helped build it. He had a couple of boys with him, about thirty-five years old, they shot through there like a bullet. He said, 'Oh that's all right. Let them go. I want to see this.' He was about my age. We had a good little chat. He was showing me how it was built. It was well built to the square. All the rooms are just alike, one pattern. That's the

reason they got it built so quick, I guess. It's a good solid building. A lot of people were going through there and they could work there and get credit on their tithing money. That was the way it was built. They took six months to build it. When they redone it; it took them three years to fix it up they way they thought they wanted it. (laughing) Them old timers must have been a lot faster than these modern carpenters.

"It was a good experience.

"A lot of people I took through. A lot of them wanted to talk. So I just let them talk. I learnt more than they did.

"We showed them everything and told them what everything was, which room was what. Six rooms on the south. Six rooms on the north.

".... I liked to work in the Fort. There were some out-buildings and they'd stick us in there, the blacksmith shop, or the bunkhouse or the barn or the Hinckley cabin. A lot of people liked to work in the cabin because you'd just sit there and the people would come to you. I liked to go in the Fort itself and talk to the people.

"....There were quite a few missionaries the first year from around Loa, but Katie and I were the only ones that went back the next two years. Deona and Lester [Oyler] went back. Then Lester got sick and passed away. Then we were the only ones there from over here. We got acquainted with a lot of them fellers over there from Beaver and Fillmore and some from Delta and the towns quite close. There was quite a few from Richfield.

"Then they started getting six months missionaries for the summer.... But they like the people like us better than the missionaries. For some reason they liked us to come. They wanted us to come this year. I'd like to.... I was disappointed we didn't get back. Maybe I'll get back a little while yet. I'm going to try it and see if I can do it here in the next few days and

⁵ Interview 4 July 1998 at Loa, Utah with Hildred Chappell Cobia. Note: Blain had been sick in 1998, but was able to go to Cove Fort for two months.

get our name back on the list. They phoned over here and talked to us two or three times. We told them if we could make it we'd come."

Blain did get to go back to The Fort in 1998. Even though he was on oxygen most of the time he never had to use it while he was there.

Aug. 29, 1998 Sat. Went to Cove Fort to serve.

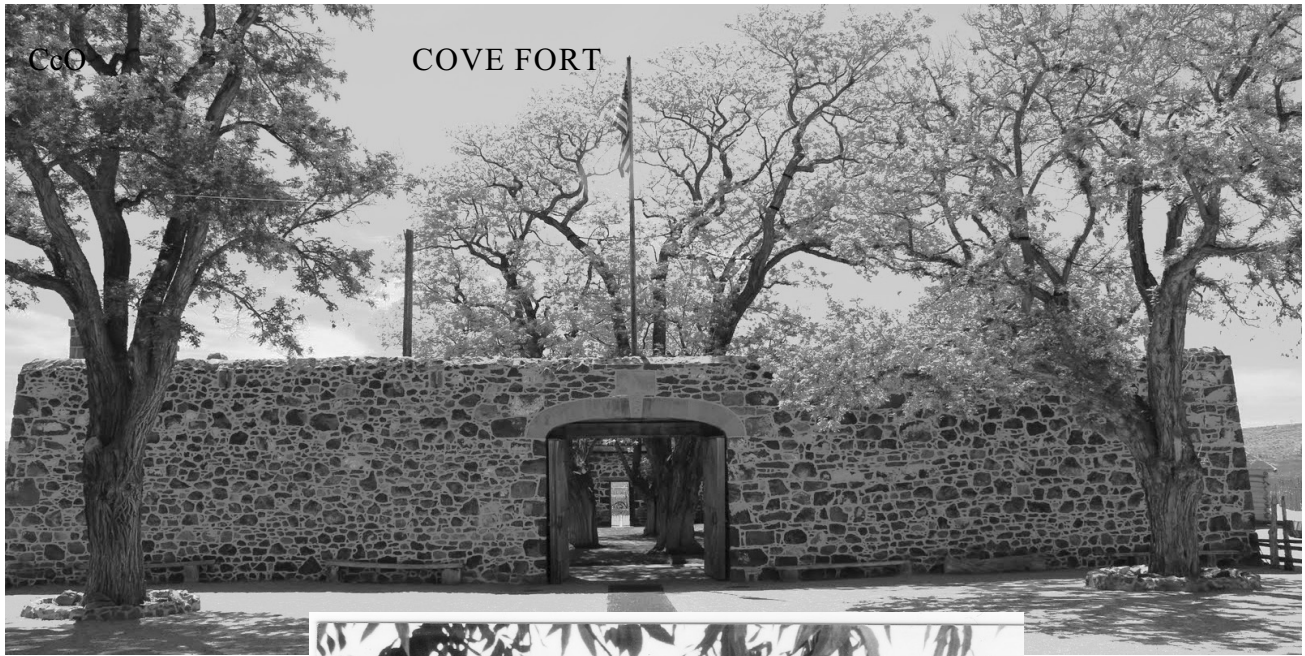
It started out in a real rainy weather but cleaned off by time we got there & was real nice weather while there & we had a good day there & took curd as a treat.... . Today I was able to take about 6 different groups through

the Fort & each seemed so grateful to be there.

We have been so very Blessed to be able to go over to serve as missionaries at Cove Fort for 5 Saturdays & hope & pray we can go again next week for Labor day week end & have health enough to go and work there?

Sept. 5, 1998 - It is the Labor Day week end. We went over to Cove Fort in the stormy rainy mountain but it got all clear and nice when we got out of prayer meeting & sun shone & we were busy taking all who came and stopped at the Fort....

As Blain repeated several times, "It was a good experience."



Ctr: Blain and Katie were missionaries at Cove Fort six months every year 1995-1998.



During the time Katie and Blain were at Cove Fort, Blain had several major health problems. However, he enjoyed being there so much, he would always return when he got better.

Chapter 14 - One More Day

“One more beautiful day to Live.”

KATIE: One year I had virus pneumonia about [1956]. Charles and Sue were little and Hildred hadn't gone off to college. It started out kind of like a flu, just a real flu tiredness, but I just couldn't get over it. I was just so tired and wore out and wanted to sleep all the time. I couldn't hardly move and didn't know what was wrong with me. I went over to Dr. Cluff and I said, “I just don't feel good.”

He took my temperature. I had a 105 temperature. He stuck me right in the Richfield hospital. He said this is really serious. A lot of people died of virus pneumonia. After they put me in that hospital and they started giving me stuff, I could hear voices and I wasn't there. It was like I was looking down at myself. They had these antibiotics they gave me and ... got me well again. I think they had it under control in about three to five day. They got me well enough so I could come home and resume my responsibilities and go to work as well as I could. That's the nearest I ever come to dying.

After we moved to the new house Blain and I thought we'd have a lot more children. I had quite a lot of miscarriages. I'd go about two months and then I'd miscarriage. I carried one baby almost four months. When I miscarried, Blain put it in a little box and buried it... I got along and went on. I had the doctor examine me and I seemed to be okay.

I don't know how many miscarriages I had. I don't even remember. I think that was a lot of just keep working, keep working when at that time you should have taken it easy. I'd just keep lifting and trying to do a man's work. Things I shouldn't have been doing. I'd go down to the creamery and lift the cheese and work like a man and do things like that, especially at the time of a menstrual period.. That's when a woman should really take it easy. When you know you've got problems, you need

to elevate your feet and take care of your body which I didn't realize and I just kept working. I'd work a lot, half the night and do things like having to sew and iron and keep up things that I had to keep up.

BLAIN: I had a bad time with my back. It seems like I couldn't get over that. One day I walked in the house for dinner and fell on the floor. My back let me down. My tonsils were poisoning me. That was terrible. When I'd get a little cold it would settle in my back. I got so I knew how to handle it at the plant. I'd hook my knees up against the vat when I turned that cheese over. I'd hang over the vat when I turned the cheese so I wouldn't bend my back much.

My tonsils were bad. I was thirty-two years old when I had my tonsils out and my back straightened right up and I've not had any more trouble since. It was good not to have a bad back.

When I had my tonsils out, I went over to the Salina Hospital. I was in there long enough to have them out. I come home the same day. They were sore, but I got all right. About week after I had them out I went to Salt Lake. When I got to Provo, then things start to hurt. Holy Cow, I thought I was going to die. We stopped there to Berta and Rex Greenhalgh's¹, and she put me to bed and I was glad to go to bed! I went to sleep for two or three hours. By the time I got up I was feeling pretty good. She got me some soup and I come back to life.

I should have had my tonsils out when I was a kid because they were bad. I had bad tonsils like Charlie did when he was little. Of course he was so little he couldn't run away when we got his out. That's the way I'd do it whenever a doctor would come to town. If I'd hear there

¹ Alberta McClellan Greenhalgh, Katie's first cousin.

was a doctor in town I'd get up early and disappear and Mother wouldn't see me until night. I'd go down in the thick willers, hiding like a coyote and sneaked home at night like a whipped pup. Mother didn't know where I was. She couldn't get me to a doctor. I was always scart of a doctor. I don't know why.

My Mother knowed I had bad tonsils. One time a doctor was going to be in town and I was going to have my tonsils out. They took the kids tonsils out up to the old school house. The doctor went in there and set up shop on a Saturday and run every kid through they could get a hold of, whether they needed them out or whether they didn't, they'd take them. All the kids in town got their tonsils out that day but me. I got my bum paddled that night. That was the only time I remember my Momma spating me and she laid it on to me that night. It didn't help my tonsils a bit. I'd should have went to the doctor. I'd been better off now.

OLD AGE

[How Katie felt about getting older.] "1981 Aug Our house is too large for two of us to keep up now and too small for all our family when they are come."

In 1982 when Katie was sixty she wrote,

"It isn't easy to get older, as I thought it would be when we had all the children raised. It is just a bigger challenge of health and more family ties pull. I realize more fully all the things I (we) should do to gain eternal life and try to help our families see the importance of each to live our Fathers heavenly com man men t's to be able to see our purpose and following a prophets council now!

"I'm Glad for our children always. Sorry my family couldent see how hard (and my Love for truth) that I have tried to follow the gospel & prophets words. Blain & they had a hard time Listening and be obedient to Love my inspiration more. This surely can help home honor, to help them & up lift their spirits by obedience."

Apr 23, 1985 Tues I am chrochyng a afagan for Laura May she is so sweet to drop bye and see me & give me loves & I get so lonesome here all day alone. I don't think I'll be able to stand it if Blain goes first & to live all alone like Luana [Turner]!

Oct. 5, 1993I wrote letters & sent Birthday cards.... My old hands, body is so stiff that its hard to write any more or make it do what I'd like & to do lots more!! To loose part hearing & not see as well Especially to drive at nights is really hard to endure, Blain dosent hear me either & gets only part of what I ask or pay attention when I try to help him see better whats going on to decide.

Dec. 16, 1996 Sunday I ask Blain all day yesterday to help me get down the Xmas tree decorations & set them down as I lifted them from top of hall cabinet "stored." At 9 PM he said, 'Lets get decorations down & do the tree.' I was so tired, but I went and had him set them down and I decorated until about 11 PM Its hard to live with him & people who always puts off doing things when they need doing Now! & waits so late. I guess thats where I'll earn the Golden years more Golden patience. I hope some day those who care enough to read this book [jouarnal] will better understand & be able to read my writings today & know that old age is not for sissies.

BLAIN: We've had an enjoyable forty-eight years. [March 1990] We've had ups and downs and my wife still has hers ups and downs and we've had a little up and down today. I've had my ups and downs too but I try not to let it bother me too much.

Just recently, I was working and Katie wanted to go over and get her hair fixed. We had the other car down getting the brakes fixed. She wondered if she could take the pick-up. I said, "Ya, go ahead and take the pick-up but you'll have to leave me out to the field" I went out to the field and got my tractor.

When she got out there, I thought she was

going to turn around. I should have turned her around. She was at the gate and instead of turning around she went on the low road around the hill. It had just stormed and that is a terrible road after a storm. It splashed mud all over the clean pick-up and on the windshield. You had to stop and get some snow and wash the windshield off. She went over to Peggys. She was a little late. When she drove up the motor killed and she forgot to turn the key off. She went in and got her hair done and come out and the darn car wouldn't start. Peggy was busy with other people, but she got Peggy to help her push it to get it started. Both of them was pushing it and the cotton-picking thing rolled down and hit the fence. That shoved the door in and you couldn't open it. She finally phoned over and got Bill. He come over and got her started. She was gone a long time, about an hour longer than I figured she would be. I thought it was taking a long while. I was beginning to wonder about her. She drove up where I was and stopped, buzzed the car a little and turned it off. I said, "Your hair is pretty." I was still in the garage. I could see she was looking pretty mean. (laughs) I went around to talk to her.

"Well, I've wrecked your car. I've caved in the door." She thought I was really going to scold her, but I didn't. Them things do happen. I said, "I guess we'll just have to take it down to Charlie."

She said, "I don't like cars that don't start."

I said, "It really wasn't the cars fault it wouldn't start when the battery is dead."

You know when a feller does something you get to thinking about it. Thinking about what the other person is going to do. Half the time you build up a great big something that won't even happen. That is the way Katie was. She thought I was going to kill her. These cars, they get banged up and that's that."

Even though Blain was a hard-working, slender man who did not smoke or drink, he

was plagued with High Blood Pressure. When Blain was 60, Katie wrote - *Aug 9, 1982 For me it is hard to keep house work done up. Went to field with Blain, picked up rocks while he changed sprinklers. My dearest husband works too long and too hard of hours, and is putting too much pressure on his system, he is looking too bad again, & each day I try to encourage him to make some changes so he won't have a stroke or something drastic? I have a hard time sleeping well at nights worrying over him.... the last of the hay got bailed tonight & I hope that helps? I cherish every minute I have with my darling man. I read scripture or good articles to him at breakfast.*

Dec 13, 1982 Did creamery testing & more today. Blain is having a bad time with his blood pressure again.... We both feel he can get it down if he will get out of that barn & all the pressure that it is to him??

"1987 - May 22 - Now! This stage of life is a lot's bigger challenge than ever I thought it ever would be when younger & looking to tomorrows & having our six raised. Blain's high blood [pressure] drives us about wild and I can't settle down to any-thing or find peace for fear I'll find him with a stroke, we have no order or time for he will not make a time & comes and goes when & how he wants to do all I can do is be there & go with & to follow him around when asked & he takes every thing now days as a personal offense if I say any truths about our personal matters & all the money goes to pay stuff."

The stress from the dairy and farming did not go away and Blain's blood pressure got worse. It started to cause terrible nose bleeds. In 1986 Katie wrote in her journal, *"Jan 16 - At 5:30 A.M. Blain had a bad nose bleed and I finally got it stopped with cold compress on fore head & back of his neck I messaged up and down neck to head & gave him 2 cayenne capsules & tomato juice, as he packed his nose*

with rolled up tissue. I really prayed silently to be able to keep calm & to get it stopped from the bleeding & know what best to do. It was a terrible day as Blain had Bill take him to Elmo [nurse practitioner at Clinic] and put a inflation in his nose. It didnt really help and he or I didnt get any sleep."

Blain had nose bleeds several times during January. Katie tried all the herbal medications and home remedies she could find in magazines, books or asking friends. One nose bleed was so severe Bill took his Dad to Provo to see a specialist who packed his nose. The doctors prescribed hypertension medication.

Jan 27, 1986 Mon - Blain has flu. It is a big challenge to get him to do anything except go out to do the calves.... He doesn't sleep well and gets up so many times in the night. Its hard for me to get any sleep and keep half awake all night with him up & down.... Blain has been on high Blood pressure pills but it doesn't seem to help him very much & get his pressure down.

1986 Jan 28, Tues - Blain did chores. He still insists on careing for the CII chores even when he is sick. Got up too late to give him his juice. Blain's Nose is bleeding again and what a job it has been to clean up the bloody things and every where he hawks and spits it up so it won't run down his throat. He is like a enraged animal staying & sitting around in the house, and being in puts him under a lot of stress & agravations & Dad is surely building up more stress = ill.

1986 Feb 3, Mon - Charles' Birthday. Blain had nose bleed it is so very frightening to me & to help him try and get it stopped again.... Blain not over flu. Blain's nose seeped blood all night.

1986 Feb 4, Tues - Blain up with another bad nose bleed. I put ice pack on his head & neck & got it stopped and repacked again. Dr Rogers gave him another high blood pressure pill I could see that it was working within a hour and a great peace came into my heart & was like a ton of bricks lifted off my shoulders

as I saw the miraculous healing and help lower his pressure.

1986 Feb 5, Wed - Wrote to Deanna & Charles. That pill has surely been a help to Blain along with all the good foods.... We even went to the junior Ball games.

1986 Feb 11, Tues - Blain saw Dr Rogers at the Clinic. Pill is helping. Its called 'Tenormin.' Blain is able to go out and do chores again now! & he is happy....

1986 March 2, Sun - My Dearest Blain was able to have this morning to sleep in and rest, It seems that this high blood pressure pill makes him more drowsy and also he says short of breath.

1986 March 21, Fri - Caught up on this book [journal]. Washing walls. Blain working too long to get carrels cleaned out & ready for farming by May. He thinks these blood pressure pills has helped him take down his pressure, but I feel they have some side effects and If he would of taken a garlic, enma & did those single exercises & Listened to me & had more faith I could of helped without taking the pills.

Blain's use of medication and seeking medical help was always a source of disagreement between him and Katie. She did not believe in taking medications. She treated her own ill's at home and thought Blain should do the same. She had only been in the hospital four times, twice to have a baby, once when she nearly died with pneumonia and again when she nearly bled to death because of fibroid tumors and had a hysterectomy. She was always sorry she had that operation. After it was over she would not take any hormone replacement medication. It took her body about a year to adjust to the lack of estrogen and caused severe hot flashes and anxiety problems for Katie. She later declared she could have cured herself if she'd just read her health books and not let the doctors cut on her.

Katie often wrote how she felt about doctors and taking drugs.

Dec 6, 1977 I have noticed I can get well real quick by water drinking especially before eating early in the morning two or three hours as I usually arise with Blain at 5 A.M. When I feel a sore throat I gargle with a 1/4 teaspoon cayenne pepper and when I Love it I find it is a great healer and like the scripture says "What thinkest Thou so it is." That cayenne pepper (a herb) can help cure many things like ulcers of stomach, ward off colds I wouldn't have ever believed it can do so many wonderful things if I hadn't studied health & herb books & uses, and know every-one must learn to be self efficient or be charged a big price for doctors to guess what's wrong & cut one's body up. In the Doctor [sic]-in-Covenants², sec. 89 I re-read many times and remind my-self of the great importance & all secrets are in this book for our welfare.

30 July 1978 Since Royal Harward prostate gland operation he has gone from a strong spiritual man into a old helpless man. These drugs the Dr. are giving is sending people into bad mental disable states, I feel I must keep studying the uses (called herbs) and be as self efficient as I can & stay away from those high potent drugs they give to so many these days & Few realize it Now! Faith in a gospel of Love can heal a many of ills & can bless all; if we will use the saviors example & do his will.

[Nov] 13th to 19th [1978] ..They are many people who are so busy going to Doctors and take a lot of drug given by their request to get them well fast & easy with little effort on their part. I'm truly grateful I know the secret of good health is for sure (keeping mentally fit goes with our physically exercises and only good nutritious food (green food = vegetables, fruits eating whole grains, all the wonderful nutritious foods & knowing the plants of our good earth (to study Tis called (wisdom) now & forever, takes Care of body.

² Doctrine and Covenants, a book of scripture of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Sat. March 30th - [1996] I have noticed that the arthritis does cause my fingers and older body to get weaker and am not able to write or think as well as I'd like to do, but, my caring and sharing the many older years with Mother and step Father Eph and to help them endure to the end has taught me much and knowing that the Dr's cannot do any thing to help us with the drugs except drug one's body.

For the rest of his life, Blain's high blood pressure was a constant worry. There were times when he was in the hospital because of it and always he was aware that his wife did not like him to take drugs or be in a hospital. Nose bleeds from high blood pressure was not the only recurring health problem. It also caused poor circulation in Blain's legs. As he worked at the farm he often bumped his legs. Occasionally it would cause a sore on his leg and the ulceration didn't heal for months. Katie wrote many journal entries through the 1980's and 1990's about ulcers on Blain's leg. He struggled with a leg ulcer from January through March in 1988 and again at the end of the year.

Katie wrote, Dec 1, 1988 - Blain went to Dr Stuart & got a una plaster boot on his leg & its so painful & hard for us to sleep at nights etc. High Priest party but we had colds (drippy noses & couldn't go out to it.

Dec 14, 1988 Wed - We went to Salina to get Blain's leg checked, ... una boot did it a lot of harm and it grew big as a dollar. Dr. says to stay off it & come back 28th Dec.

AGAIN in 1990 - Aug. 19 (Sunday clear & colder) - What a joy it is to have Blain's leg getting scabbed over after 3 mo. of dressing it every day & such a worry.

And AGAIN Oct. 31, 1995 - It's Halloween Day and my decorations are up.I'm dressing Blain's leg twice a day, it's so costly.

Saturday Nov. 25th, 1995Blain has a bad ulcerated leg, it's a trial to both of us.

Dec. 1st, 1995Blain's leg is very slowly

healing up and I'm glad it's not getting a bigger ulcer. He has a hard time letting me tell him what would heal it up faster.

Monday Jan. 15, 1996 -(Dad) Blain had been going to the Dr. twice a week for tests hoping to get better and find out his problem of his leg not healing .

March 10th, 1996 - Blain's leg is scabbed over and is lots better.

March 16th, 1996 Sat. - ...As I'm at my wit's end after Blain went to the Dr. Brown and he pulled off the scab on his leg ulcer that was all healed over and made it big again so it probably will take two more months or so to heal up and over again. I told Dad he had faith only in the Dr's, that's why he suffered so much and made such contention for us both as he didn't truly accept me as a help mate and loved to do only what other men told him and gave them our hard earned money instead of listening to the one (me) who loved him and cared most.

April 6 and 7th, 1996 ...I'm thankful that Blain's leg is all well and I'm sure awaiting the happy day the scab comes off and pray he won't bump it or have any more ills.

"IT NEVER RAINS, but what it pours."

1989 was the year when Blain and Katie felt like the Egyptians when Moses called down plagues on them. In January he developed an ulcerated sore on his leg which took three months to heal. He had kidney problems. He had more severe nose bleeds which were, of course, caused by High Blood Pressure. He had two major surgeries. Mathew, who had been through a bitter divorce and lived with them for a year, had an emergency appendectomy. Katie broke her leg. Sue's husband, Neal, was struggling with Type 1 Diabetes. His eye sight was growing dim, his legs were losing their blood circulation and his kidneys were failing.

Aug 4, 1989 Fri - Arose at 6:45 to go to help Sue tie quilt for Mark & Deanna she has

made two of them one for each also go to a dentist appointment at 9 A.M. I was glad I only had 2 fillings. I went on over to Sue's & Dad called & was in pain & kidneys failed to work I rushed home, but Bill had taken him to Gunnison hospital to Dr. & Bill called me from there Blain stayed at hospital & his first stay over night in the hospital & they put a cathater in to his kidneys to keep them draining out & I stayed home& tried to get some rest.

Aug 6 - Blains 71st Birthday Bill & Susan took me to the Gunnison hospital where I spent the day with Blain Neal & Sue came over about 4 PM & I rode back with them to help Sue get Marks and Deannas quilts done My sister FayE came over & surely helped Sue get it off on Fri while I was there & when Blain called me to tell me his bladder had closed off.

Neal is really sick & looks bad with his dietebetes he has.

Aug 7 - I went to Gunnison when Blain called and wants to come home.

Aug 8 - Blain surely has had hassle with this cathater put in his kidneys to keep them going & It has taken all my time washing the bloody cloths and underware as he insists on getting dressed & moving around.

Neal also being in the Utah Medical Center hospital & so sick has been really stressful for him & me. I call there almost every day to see how he is doing & try to cheer Sue. We arent able to go down to Marks³ wedding as we planned to go today. I sent the quilt on U.P.S. I made for Mark & Donna & are really so dissapointed that both Sue & my husband are ill and cant go down to help Deanna more with wedding.

Aug 10 - I called to see how Neal is at hospital Sue surely has been a brick & with faith in all his diebetes & through his ills & we hope she can continue to do so.

Aug 11 - Grandson mark married at L.A Temple.

³ Mark Maxfield, Blain and Katie's oldest grandson.

I took Blain to Gunnison to the specialist & he thought it was his prostate giving him lots of problems & has recommended surgery!!We sat in the Gunnison hospital & they had made Blain so miserable with the catheter pulled out and put back & bleeding looked so bad & coming out into catheter & around his privates. Wow. It was hard for me to be a part of this & drive him back home again & be told to try care for him until Monday.

Aug 12, Sat -It Sure is hard to have Blain sick & awaiting a operation.

Aug 13, Sun - I went to Church but was real uneasy as I left Blain eating breakfast, when I got home he had accidently pulled out his catheter that has drained his bladder & was really up set.Neal & Sue came over & Neal feels terrible & is really a ill man & Sue feels so badly over him being so sick & having the dialysis tubes all in his thin body. They left to go back home about 10:30 PM

Aug 14 - ...As I had a bad back & had Bill take his Dad up to the Dr Pratt at Gunnison to get catheter put back in and decide what to do about his prostate condition.

Aug 15 - Bill took Dad to Salt Lake City to Dr. Richard E Lee for surgery.

Aug 16 - My Dearest Blain was operated on this morning. Bill called about six & he & Hildred were there with him & hasn't recovered from anethesia as yet. Im So glad for our family & all their goodness to their Father to go & be with him.

Aug 17 - I took Bills Birthday present up to him as he got back late last night and Hildred & Sue were there with their Father every day. I have been doing things to relax and get my back in shape to be able to make the trip to Salt Lake City and be able to be with Blain until he can get well and be able to return home again from his surgery on prostate gland and also his bladder stone take out.

[note taped between pages] Dad is at the L.D.S. Hospital Room E 899 Salt Lake City, Utah. Blain's operation Aug 16th 9 A.M. had a

large kidney stone removed from Bladder also a large growth taken out of prostate area.

Yes! It has been like a night mare to go through each day & night with out him. I'm going to try & ride-up with Mathew tomorrow to see him & hope my old back will stand the ride.

Now I have been laying on my back on floor & doing exercise to get it limbered up & also lay on Ice pack has took it away & helped & all that back Dr's has learned me to do & seems to be of some help.

Aug 18, Fri - Mathew Jerri & family took me to L.D.S. hospital so I could stay with Blain & when I got there I was sick when I saw him so ill & sick and doped asleep from pill etc. I ask him if he wanted me to stay & sit with him and he said Yes! Wayne & Leah said I could stay there and Wayne would take me nights to his place to sleep then back early morning then to sit with Blain all day.

Mathew & Jerri left to go back home about 6 P.M. they all came except Blaine Jr & he worked at [Cheese] Factory.

Aug 19 - I sit & read or help Blain to walk or help him move or get him things, today they started to feed him some food. What a night mare it is to me to sit & see him so sick I pray the Lord will Bless him to get well.

Aug 21, Mon - Glad Blain is getting better each day & hoping for all the tubes to be taken out in the morning & see if his kidneys will work again. They took out most of the tubes and Dr. seemed pleased at his progress he has made & I walk him up & down halls in hospital & he is walking alone & better today. Neal & Sue has come each day to see Dad. Neal was ready to go home today but they waited for Dad.

Aug 22, Tues - We got ready to leave this morning but had to wait until Blains Dr. Lee was out of 2 of his surgeries so we left about 2:30 or 3:00 P.M. & Sue drove us in Neals Dads car & we had Mathew pick us up at Salina & he was late. We was glad to get home.

We stopped to FayE & Ellis but they were in Fish Lake in trailer camping there.

Blain was really weary & does need lots of care & help until he get his strength back & he had a rough night & I put plastic guards on his bed side & helped change him as bladder has no controll & runs out.

Aug 23 - Blain needs lots of help and care & I wash every day. His urine does make him sore & I help him stand in tub & bath him every day & wash up often in the day. He has been a really sick man, Im glad he is starting to eat better since I got him home & more settled. He is worrying over the next Hernia operation he must have in Oct & so am I.

Poor Neal is in such pain and they don't seem to be able to help him out none & he is on that dialisus machine & cant work or anything.

Oct 10 - We went into Salt Lake for Blains Dr. Appointment at 10:15 Dr Lee gave him a clean bill of health & we paid \$844.00 to him & over what medicare paid & wasnt half of the bill, but we are glad he is doing so well & his life has been spared.

Dec 11, 1989 Mon - Dad went to Bicknell to Clinic to have them examine him & see if he could stand to keep his app. for his hernia Surgery tomorrow. Dr. Says he thinks all go OK.

Dec 12, Tues - Blain 2nd operation for double hernias and Oh! What a worry to have this operation. Mathew came at 4:30 AM to take his Father to the hospital. Now! I'm sure his Dad feels such security when his boys are with him, and I just didnt feel like going to see them cut into his body & be in the hospital does me in with the worry & know it would be easier to have it done on myself if I so could because of my deep feeling and great Love for him.

Mathew did a good job and helped his Dad in every way and was his nurse & great aid to his recovery after operation went well & better than Dr. Pratt suspected it would & in less time to & Mathew was able to bring him back home tonight & Dad walked in the house on his own

about 9 P.M. & I'll bet he will be sore & feel it all tomorrow. With cuts on both sides of his groin what a tender spot to cut & sew up hernias.

Dec 13, Wed - Dad surely has been in a lot of pain & sore & stayed in bed most the day on pain pills. He did have a little food I brought into his bedside to eat but he didnt feel much like eating.

Dec 14, Thur - These days are going to be hard for Blain & me too and he was kept clear out of reality in the L.D.S. so this one they said would be a snap is lots worse on him he says than the last one was. I'm sure the 8 days there at L.D.S. hospital he had lots of nurses to care for him and he just laid there with tubes in him uncountious for 4 days at L.D.S. It cost one thousand dollars a day for the care at the hospital plus over eight hundred for Dr Lee. We were glad Medicare paid 80% of it and glad Blain's life was saved and hope he can do as well after this surgery.

Dec 14, Thur - [sic] Another painful hard day for my dearest husband to over-come this a very painful operation & he said, "Oh what a mess I choose to get my-self into." All I can do is use all my time helping him and takeing care of him takes every strength I have. I feed him the vegetables & fruits and I see he is a little better each day & can walk to bath room & to meals today.

Dec 16 - Now! Since Neal's death many things has been on my mind and I have wished I had told Neal more, how much Dad & I loved him and all the good times we had together will be our cherished memories, to help Sue go on ward & over-come this grief & changes.

Glad Blain is starting to do better after this hernia operation which is one of great pain & soreness if he had any idea it would been so painful he said, "I wouldnt choose to do it."

1990 Jan 23, Tues -It has been hard on me to do all the home work & care for Blain and care for furnace, taxes & only thing he does now days is tell me to write this & take

care of all his med. bills he has had coming in I have a big envelope full of them as receipts. I hope I can endure all these trails and income taxes & to many decisions. These older years are not the Golden years of harmony & fun I had hoped for. [Emphasis by Katie] I hope I can make this year our more Golden⁴ one useing great patience & encouragement for Blain to get going to temple & more intrest in eternal & spiritual things, can help! I am grateful we can ride our Bikes around together to post office & usually up west the back street a mile or few miles. My bike is sqwaking I must get it fixed or get a new one, I have wanted to get for me.

As time passed Katie came to dread winters. Blain got pneumonia one winter and after that he seemed to get pneumonia almost every winter. The clear mountain air of Rabbit Valley should have been a source of good lungs. When he was farming the air he breathed was crystal clear except when he plowed his field and the ever present spring winds blew the dirt into the air, or when he shoveled dry manure out of corrals, or raked and baled the dry hay. The dust and fine particles from the farm work floated in the air was sucked into Blain's lungs with every breath. Blain's lungs were exposed to clorine and other chemicals at the Cheese Plant as he fogged the inside of the building to keep harmful bacteria away from the cheese. He was careful to keep the building cleaned, but didn't realize the effect on his body.

May 4th [1996] - (Dad) Blain had to go to the hospital, he is not breathing well and not getting air into his lungs. I was thankful Bill was home and able to get his Father to decide to go to which hospital was best and Richfield was decided on by Bill and his Dad. Bill arranged to have him put in and it was a fear of my life as all the hospitals are to me is ill's, sick

and death and make life worse and to pay and cost such big \$\$\$ and leave one with poorer health and also dependent on drugs and pill and etc. Bill and we spent the day there at the hospital. Susan went to Orem to see her Mom. I was really tired and wore out, but had a hard time sleeping or going to sleep this night with Dad over in the hospital. I'm glad that Mathew got Bo. Newell Harward and came to give Blain a Blessing on Thursday night to help him and hopefully give him strengths to endure all and get him all well.

Monday May 6th - I'm at the Richfield Hospital Now ! They are treating Blain for a blood clot in his lungs and hope the thinning of the blood and all they are doing can get it desolved and get him all better ! I arose to get my 2 week washing done up and get my R.S, teaching done, and put the checks in the bank and do all I could get done before going to the hospital and left about 1 PM. I called Aunt Elna Chappell and she decided to go over and wanted me to drive her car so we went together. I was thankful for her and to enjoy her company. As they had taken a lot of tests and Blain (Dad) wasn't in as good as spirits as he was yesterday and hadn't had any rest. I thought he seemed worse and coughing more today. Blain went to sleep so, I took Aunt Elna over to Monroe to see Anna and her grand daughter there and I visited Sue and Jay while she did Anna and then went back to the hospital and go home about 7 PM.

May 7th Tuesday - Arose at 4 Am to write etc. I couldn't sleep but a little last night and my thoughts and prayer was for my husband to get well and come back home quickly and be able to endure his time in the hospital. As I didn't feel like going over to the hospital today. Bill called and told me that Dad was doing better and they are working on his poor circulation of his feet and breathing better etc. I did call tonight and reminded him how much I loved him and to get well soon.

Friday May 10th [1996] - Went to the

⁴ Their 50th Wedding Anniversary, March 6, 1990, is the Golden Anniversary.

hospital by 10 Am and sat there awaiting to get Blain released by 6 PM. We had to tell them we were going out and I hope Dad never goes in again over there. [They were able to go to Cove Fort the rest of the summer.]

Dec. 3, 1996 Blain went into the Hospital & thought he was only going for check. Dr. Collins says he has phemonia so they quickly put him into hospital by 12:30 PM. I drove back home alone. Sue came when Dad needed her to help him get admitted in room #310.

Dec. 7, 1996 Sat. Pat took me & Sue to Laua May shower & to see Blain at hospital. We came back about 3 PM and sat in hospital until about 6:30 & had the same long wait to get Blain released, then to go get medications We finally got home later about 9 PM What a nerve racking deal!!

April 21, 1997 Now Blain isn't breathing well & we're worried.

April 22, 1997 Tues. Blain called Dr Collins at Richfield and got a appointment at 3:30 we went out early & went to see Jay, Sue & Derrick & they haveing colds or algeries, I took over their anniv. card & Sues Birthday gifts to her as we probally wont go over again before it.

The Dr. put Blain in Hospital today and his lungs is filling up & his legs swollen & hopes to help him get over it soon & so I drove back home alone!

I promised to help Dad feed Mathew's steers as he is gone up to Logan for Chappells Cheese to see sales etc. so I feed cattle after I got back from the hospital where Blain will have to stay.

April 26, 1997, Sat. I was surely disappointed today when Dr. didnt let my husband come home & It depressed me more when I heard about Albert Potter, my cousin who had a accident with the tractor and it ran over him breaking ribs etc.

April 28, 1997, I hope Blain will come

home today so I can get my head on straight again!!

He didnt come home & called tonight and said tomorrow he can come home & be released. Oh! Happy Day, to get my husband out of the hospital & have him home to try and take care of better & do things he can do to get him-self in better shape & attitude.

April 29, 1997 Tues. Sue went to the hospital & helped her Father get the oxagen tanks to bring him home & I meet her at the Koosharem resivor & did pick him up there & unload the stuff into our car, luckily Mathew came bye to help us unload the large tank and get all in the house.

May 15, 1997 It has been like a nightmare to keep Blain on oxagen and all seven of the expensive tablets of the past two weeks, Mathew and our family has been such a big help and support system to help us get through & Patricia went with us today to get Blain's check up and talk to Dr Collins who was so busy he just told him to stay on the same thing & come next month! We got the wrong pills bottle scripition & had to send back for right medicine.

In June 1997 Blain went to a pulmonologist and had some lung capacity tests. The doctor told him his lungs looked like he had been smoking all his life. Blain was furious at that doctor because he thought the man said he was lying, even though the doctor was just trying to explain how much damage he had in his lungs. Blain was much happier when another doctor told him he had "farmer's lung." Both doctors were trying to help him understand how poorly his lungs were functioning.

While in Provo Blain also had an angiogram at Utah Valley Regional Medical Center. After the surgery, blood poured out of the incision in his leg for a long time. The staff applied pressure and finally got it down to seeping. Blain had to lay still for a long period of time. After he got home his leg caused him so much pain he ended up in the hospital for a week

because of a blood clot. After a week he came home but was still in so much pain Mathew and Pat took him back to Provo.

June [27], 1997, Friday Mathew & Pat took Dad to hospital at Provo & they did another surgery on him!! To correct the other one. It surely has been hard to keep all the great fear's out and to keep going along & try to do any of all the work, watering & want to eat or keep my-self up & going along & all I can do is pray! for thy spirt for help!!

July 3, 1997. Thursday, Sue & I went to Orem & brought Blain home. So Glad to have Blain home. Mathew & Patricia got back safely they are so good to help take care of Dad & had health care nurse Tana Ellett come & said medicare would pay for her to check & help Blain to get well & take his Blood pressure & oxagen & she is sure a big help to get him to evelate legs etc. It's hard for me to know all the pills to give him properly & keep those breathing aids on him hope to help him.

A week later Blain and Katie went to Cove Fort and served the rest of the summer. When winter and the cold arrived Blain had a hard time breathing in Loa. They decided to see if he could breath easier in St. George. They went down, stayed four days with Katie's sister Faye, decided he couldn't breath any better and went home.

Nov. 7, 1997, Friday Blain & I are so grateful to be home again, & he seems better than yesterday, & so very tired, but walked around out to cryals.

Nov. 8, 1997, Saturday Blain had the oxagen on all night & I didnt sleep very well

Feb. 1, 1998 Sunday We called Deanna at 10 AM & talked to her. Dad had a head acke and said he didnt feel like going to Church so I felt it best I didnt go & stayed home and fasted all day & Thanked the Lord for spareing Deanna's life & getting her through operation so far & doing OK. I feel so sympathy for the sick Esp. my own, I can't stand to go to hospital and I get real sick & down, my-self when I do

so all I can do at this stage is say a lot of prayers for Blain & all those ill or sick. Also I wrote a long letter to Deanna to mail off tomorrow.

June 11, 1998 We went to Wayne Co. Clinic and they said Blains oxagen was so low I and Benjamin got in the Lincoln & drove Blain to Emergency at Richfield and he was put into hospital today.

June 15, 1998 A Happy Day to go and get my husband Blain home and out of the hospital again. They gave him a list of drugs to get and cost over \$200. & I do not believe in these drugs or that they'll help him any but Blain must decide to get off them himself & try to do many good things to help him get better and not worse?? All these pills are just making him worse & killing my husband from what I see & feel & it is really depressing my spirit to see that he wont fast and know the value of washing out the ill's with good old spring water out of tap.

June 18, 1998 Thur. T o d a y m y husband is worse and I feel that all these pills that Dr. gave is killing him and not helping him any as I read the health mag. and books that says these diretics are not the way and natural herbs are the only thing that can get a person better. This I believe and hope & pray that my husband will have the courage to go to a naturalist soon to get help.

We are both wore out to a frazzle. As June has been a worrisome month to wonder if my husband would make it on through each night, as he keeps on the oxagen machine,⁵ Its hard to hear whether he is still breathing, and I'm always so very happy to have him awake each new morning as My fears surely run away with me and its hard to get the decent nights sleep now!

BLAIN: In July 1998 after the hospital stay in June he said, "They treated me so good out there the last time it was kinda hard to leave.

⁵ Blain never got off the oxygen machine again.

(laughs) The other day when I was in there, there weren't very many there. The nurses about loved me to death. Doctor Collins and Jeff [Dr. Chappell] would pop through there quite often. All that happened to me was my oxygen got a little down."

Hildred said, "That wasn't what I heard. I thought it got a lot down."

"W-e-l-l, it got where it shouldn't be to keep good relations with my heart."

Hildred responded, "You aren't supposed to get below 90 and how far beyond were you?"

"Oh, I don't know 50 or 60, just a little. If they'd just throwed me on my oxygen machine up here I'd been all right. I can run it up fast, but it seems like it don't take long to get it down either."

My blood pressure does get high. There was a young boy who was learning how to be a doctor. He read my blood pressure and said, "That can't be right. That can't be right. Let me do it again."

He did it again. "I'll get another machine. That can't be right."

He did it again. He said, "That can't be right or you'd be dead."

I said, "Yah, you're talking to a dead man."

He couldn't believe it. It was high, all right. Right up to the top. He couldn't believe it, but I had seen it before.

When asked, "What part of this is hard for you, Dad?" he said, "I have been used to doing what I doggone pleased, now I can't even get down on my knees anymore. It's hard. Oh, I'm not bad off. I'm all right really. I'd liked to get out and do more. I think I can too."

It's not so bad on the oxygen. I can pick that [tank] up and suck it most every place, even outdoor. I've got a long lead on it. Of course, I get a little longer than what my outfit will go and I take it off and do what I doggone please, then I come back and get on it again. I work out in the garden. W-e-l-l its not the best garden this year but we are going to raise a carrot or something out there. I like it out there.

I should take [the oxygen] with me when I go walk. I take a tank along with me in case. I hate to pull one of them little pups along with me all the time. It might help me which I'm sure it would.

The nurse [Home Heath Care Nurse] finally got disgusted. When she left she said, "Oh take what pills you want." (laugh) She left. I don't know whether she will come back or not. Oh, She'll be showing up in a day or two.

All them cotton-picking pills they stick you on would kill a brown mule. There are all for a purpose, but they could tone them down. I told the doctor, "You could tone these pills down, Doctor."

He said, "Well, we'll see."

I get too many influences here. The doctors have their professional side. Of course my wife has the other side: eating right and drinking water. She talks to all the women who are widowed and they blame it on to them pills, killed their man. Who knows maybe they wouldn't have lived as long as they lived. They mean well. I've got my doctor's prescription and my wife's prescription. I think Katie is more right than she is wrong. She does a good job with me. She takes care of me like I'm a kid again.

I've had some good women in my life. My Mother was the best woman on this earth. Then I had a sister there who tried to take care of me after Mother passed away. She had a hard time. My Grandmother Chappell up [the street] tried to straighten me out when she was around. I got over here and Katie's Mother was good to me too and tried to take care of me. I've got Katie and I've got three good daughters. I've had more influence from the women's side than I have the men's side, during my life which hasn't been bad for me.

I had a good Dad.... He learnt me how to work, to get up and get things done and do it right. He was neat. I wish I was as neat as he was. He always had his shoes and everything just right. You've seen people that put their

clothes on and they look good, that's the way he kept his stuff. His harness, wagon and everything else, he kept it just tip-top shape, beautiful. Every year he'd mend his wagon and grease his harnesses and keep everything ready to go.

Gosh-a-Friday, I wouldn't mind living a few more years; just to see all the Twenty-First Century and what a mess it will be and it will have all the computers confused. Time will just go one; another day. Maybe I'm always trying to live on the outer edge. That's what Mathew accused me of; living on the outer edge, when I'm not doing my oxygen and stuff. Him and Pat get after me and my wife too. I should take better care of myself I guess. I gotta live a few more years. I promised myself I was going to do that, just to see what happens here in a couple of three years.

HILDRED: Dad didn't have any more funny stories to tell about Doctors and Hospitals after that hospital stay. He was able to served 5 Saturdays at Cove Fort in August and September, but he had a three day hospital stay in October.

Nov. 7, 1998 Blain was feeling awful today & Mathew came and took him all afternoon to lower climate and elevation to Canesville & Fruita way Blain wanted me to go along so I did. Blain seemed so much better down there & Mathew talked about getting him to go to St. George area to stay for the colder weather.

A Summary of November - 1998 We went to Washington, Ut. to live in Patricia son Greg's home & thought it would really help Blain to breathe better down there in a lower climate and hoped for a miracle for him there? We had many who told us how much better it was for people with lung problems.... It was really hard for me to be out of our own home and try to keep functioning and take care of Blain as he has no desire to do anything here or to get his machines fixed or cared for. Hal & FayE were good to us & did let us stay there one night while Mathew Pat & the boys were getting the

furniture moved out & in & the house set up ready to live in & it is much nicer stucco home than I thought it would be. We were glad for it. Betty had Aunt Elna there & was good to invite us to Thanksgiving dinner. Blain wouldn't go but I did & seen the family.

The big shock of our lives was to have Sue call us and tell us she had Leukemia and she & Jay must decide what was best for her to do to save her life? She had been feeling bad but thought it was a cold virus & she would get over it. All Dad & I could do to help was to pray for her and this we did & worried a lot about it & her.

Dec. 13 1998 I brought Blain home on a Sunday of the Stake Christmas Music festival and really enjoyed going to it and it filled my heart with the true spirit of Christmas, and Bill, Susan and Mathew were in it which made it more special for me, they sure was suprised to see me there, as I had only decided to make the trip that morning & called Cathy & Charles to have the house warmed up nice. I had hoped we could stay home and not go back but by Tues. Blain said we better get going back down, and he is so very nervous and impatient, it about kills him & me too & so worried of Sue.

Christmas was made with Laura & Patricia putting us up a fake tree and decorating it & the house nice. Keith & Larna came to see us as they are getting ready to try & move to Sun River, south of St. George. It will be all new area and they plan to have their new home built there in 1999.

We enjoyed all the letters and cards from our family and friends and were grateful for them as we read them. As I have tried to make the best of being away from our good warmer home & all the things I'm used to, I will be so glad to return to our home in Loa, Utah & Esp. get a nice drink of water from our tap.... I just tried to encourage & comfort Blain by saying "one more beautiful day to live." I'll do the best I can today.

We decided to go home on Feb. 6th, Sat.

[1999] Greg & Eric were good to come over & load all our things in to bring them back home. I was glad I had the strength to drive us back home & when we arrived about 2 P.M. and our Bill, Cathy & Billie [Charles's friend] unloaded us. We are both so glad to be back at home again and hope that Blain will get better & hold his own here and be able to stay at home.

Feb. 8, 1999 I feel Blain is doing as well home as he did down at Washington & the lower climate. I try to feed him the best of meals and he does eat good but will not do the exercises which could help a lot.

Feb. 9, 1999 Blain was up most the night as he went to bed about 8:30 or 9 PM & woke up at 1:30 & woke me up to do the drops for his nebulizer & insists I get up and do it and don't want to do it for himself or else just don't feel up to doing anything. I got all woke up and couldn't go back to sleep again, so I did the washing up that I brought home from Washington and hung it all up in the basement to dry there on the pull out line in [Recreation] room.

KATIE:⁶ "The last year [1989] we went to Cove Fort, Daddy had to have oxygen all the time. He couldn't breath without his oxygen tank. But the minute we got to the Fort he would say, 'I don't need this oxygen.'" And he wouldn't have any oxygen all the time we were at the Fort, but as soon as we started back home he would have to have oxygen again.

The home health nurse who came to help him, a Redd from Blanding, told me, "It won't be his lungs that will kill him. It will be his heart. You need to prepare for him to go."

So every night I could hardly sleep because I kept wondering, "Will this be the night Blain goes."

On the night he died, he sat up in bed to get his breathing treatment. He sat on the edge of

the bed. I woke up and saw him sitting there with his head on the night stand. The lamp had been pushed over. I never could figure out why the lamp never came on because you turn it on by touching it. There he was sitting on the bed with his head leaning over. I rubbed his back and said, "Blain, are you all right." He didn't say anything. I patted his arm and talked to him again. Then I got up and turned on the light and took his pulse. There was nothing.

I called Bill and his answering machine was on. Then I called Charles and Cathy and Cathy just flew down there. Susan had heard me say, "Bill." She woke up Bill and he came down too. But Daddy was all ready gone, just they way he'd always wanted to go, quietly and in a flash. He always said, "I want to died just like your Mother." And he did.

BLAIN: From seventy on up you're a candidate to kick the bucket. Of course, you're a candidate to kick the bucket the day you're born.

A feller wonders once and a while, but they are some good things about getting older. I think I have settled down and enjoy things. Enjoy the things that have happened and enjoy what my family is doing, what my grandkids is doing. I really get a kick out of them. They are good little kids.

I've done a lot of things that I thought I would do. About the time you get out of high school you build up an idea of what you want to accomplish. I did too. I was going to get married like I thought everybody was supposed to get married. I was going to build me a good house. And we built a good house. I was going to get me a farm. And I got me a farm. I wanted to see my farm go on and it is still going on.

I had a good life.

After Blain's death Katie started saying, "One more beautiful day to Live. One more day closer to home."

⁶ Katie W. Chappell talking to daughter, Deanna C. Maxfield, March 7, 2004, the day after it would have been their 64th wedding anniversary.



Katie and Blain Chappell, *circa 1990's*



Playing at Lake Powell

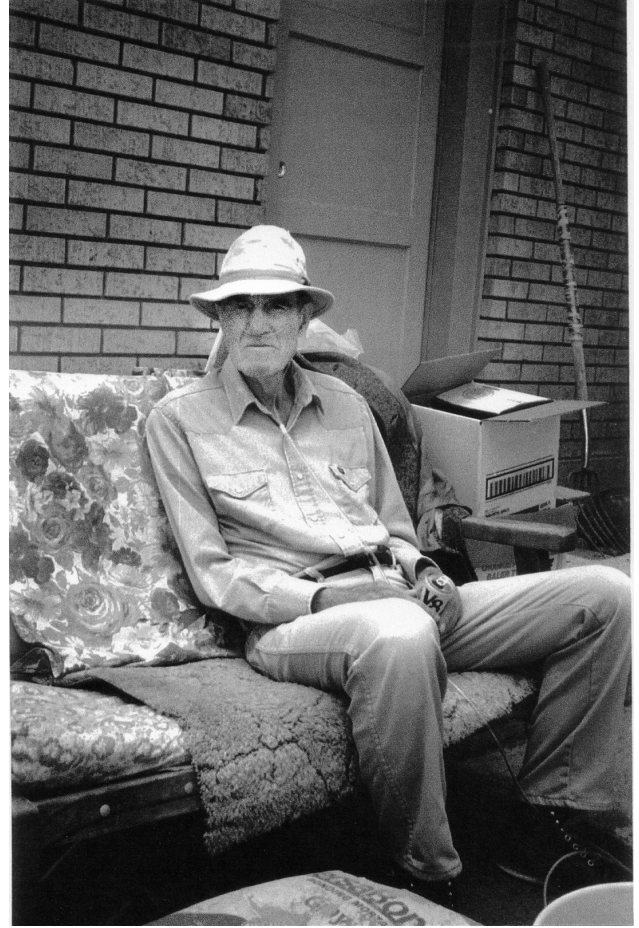
back: Cathy McDade, Sue C. Olcott, Bill, front: Katie & Susan Chappell

Below: Blain fixing a bike tire. Katie still rides her bike.

Ctr: "Yes, I still love you." Katie and Blain - Below: Blain and Brose Webster



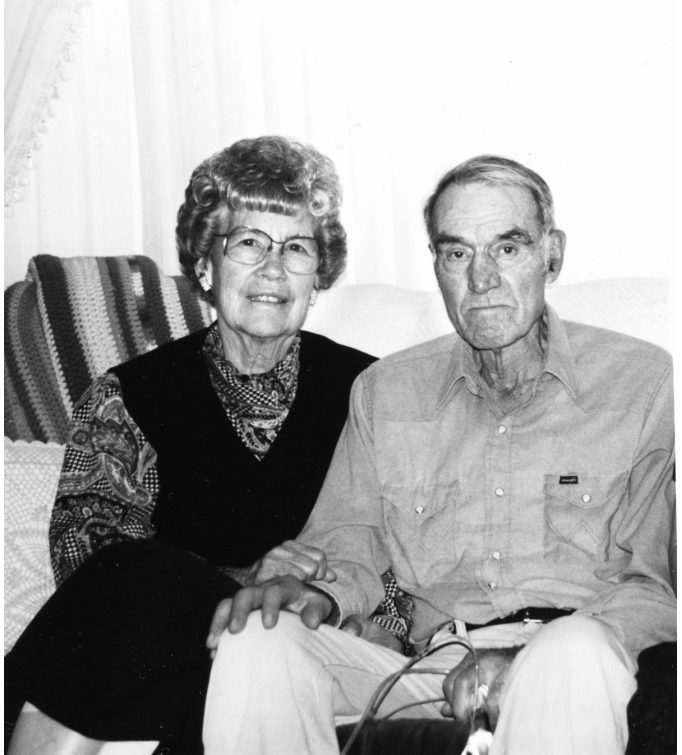
THE LAST...



...birthday celebration. Blain & g. granddaughter Heather Gustaveson. R: ... last summer to sit on patio



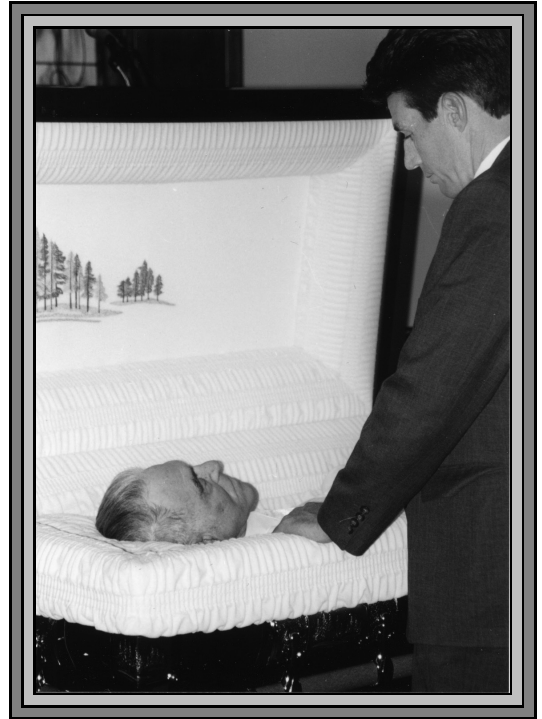
...last Christmas. 1998 R: ...last Valentine Day. 1999



.... THE LAST GOODBYE - 12 June 1999

R: Blain and Mathew Chappell

Below l-r: The family
Deanna C. Maxfield, Mathew Chappell,
Hildred C. Cobia, Charles Chappell,
Katie W. Chappell, Bill Chappell and
Sue C. Barnson - Loa, Utah



Chapter 15 - They Were So Glad to See Me

“Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop:
but a good word maketh it glad.” –Bible, Proverbs 12:25

Katie never again slept in the bed she had shared with Blain. She moved across the hall to the “Girl’s Room.” She wrote, “My biggest fear, I guess because my Dad had died, when I had my family was the fear Blain might die or get hurt someday. I am glad he lived to raise the family. He didn’t live as long as I wanted him to. I wanted him to be the one to be left, not me. But that’s the way the ball bounces.”

Throughout the first year of widowhood Katie’s family and friends tried to help fill some of her lonely hours.

Mathew asked her to work in the Store at the Cheese Plant for a few hours in the morning. She also gave “tours” at the plant. Upstairs there was a room with large windows where people could stand, looked down and watch the workers make cheese. Katie took people up there and explained the cheese-making process to them. She enjoyed giving tours and talking to people from many places.

“Oct 29, 1999 I am getting ready this morning to go out to the cheese factory and go usually from 8 to 10 or 11 AM.... I go out Mon. Through Fri for 2 or 3 hours & it helps me to have something to get up for, but I get tired by 11 AM so usually came home to rest after. I meet and took some people from Alaska has been a good thing especially for me ... and hope it is of some help to all I meet as well as Mathew, Pat & factory to help it survive and be kept in our community...”

Cathy and Cabe came down on Monday evenings and played games with her. It was always a good night when she won. Mathew and Pat invited her to Sunday dinner and sent her home with a plate heaped with food for later. Bill mowed the lawns and kept the sprinkling system going. Charles did repairs around the house and kept the cars going.

Katie started going to the Senior Citizen activities and dinners. Friends took her to the temple with them. Her sisters, Larna and Faye asked her to come visit in St. George. They planned a trip and invited her to go with them to visit Deanna and Frank. Later she wrote, “My most recent trip was with my sister’s, Larna and Faye to Downingtown Pa. to spend two and a half week’s with Deanna, Frank and Christine. It was a trip I’ll always remember and the longest one taken. I believe Deanna tried to show us every thing back East from New York to Washington DC, and down town Philadelphia to see the Liberty Bell ... That was a very special sister trip to remember in March 2000...

She also wrote in a letter to Hildred, “Now I wonder how we & Deanna got through all the many places we went too, and It may be well for you & Sue to take a sisters trip to visit Deanna when [Sue] gets well enough to do it. Anyway mabe thats a good suggeston? Now? At this age & stage It was a great memory and probablly my first & last Sisters trip we’ll take. Im sure the Lord Blessed me to be able to keep going as my back was bad when I left and I surely suffered riding and sitting so much and I didnt make it the fun trip for the others that I would of liked to have had??”

Katie acknowledged that her days were happier because of “all my family who love me and are cheerful and patiently encourage me to feel my life is important to them and that they like to be around me and up build my ‘today’ and come and see me and make me feel needed in esp. these older years, now that my beloved husband is gone...”¹

¹ From “Grandmother’s Memories,” page 305
in possession of Deanna C Maxfield

Katie's friend and neighbor Luana was also a widow. "Luana gets as lonesome as I do ... especially nights and we visit [on the telephone] over news until about 11:30 or 12 midnight so we can sleep on through the night till morning as nights are long."²

Memorial Day has always been an important day for Katie. As a child she knelt with her Mother and put homemade crepe paper flowers on her father's grave. As a young Mother she showed her children how to make crepe paper and Kleenex tissue flowers. Hours were spent making enough for all the family graves in the Loa and Lyman cemeteries. Along with the boxes of hand-made flowers, Katie brought buckets of water filled with flowers. Holes were dug in graves, tins cans were inserted and they were filled with lilacs, the only flower that was blooming in Loa. Relatives who came from other places brought "Flags" (Iris) and Peonies, but Spring was just coming to Rabbit Valley at the end of May and the lilacs were usually the most fragrant on Memorial Day.

In May 2000 there was not one new grave but two to be decorated. Leukemia took Sue's life. The dirt had been shoveled over Sue's casket thirteen days when Katie wrote, "...I hope I can make it through this (sad) next week of going to decorate all the graves. But I'll try to involve Cathy and Cabe to go help me if I possibly can so I won't have to go alone. None of my words can explain my loneliness & grief! Yes! I thought life would get better, but it seems to give just a greater challenge."³

Six months earlier Katie had written in a letter to Hildred, "July 19, 1999 I'm sure by the time you get this letter you will know how very sad and heart broken I am feeling over Sue to go back for more treatments, of which she feels is the only way to go? For all I can say it has to

be her choice, & I surely feel I now could of helped her more than that Kemo & more [than] those Dr's can today?

Katie tried to express her anguish over the death of her youngest child with a poem.

"This Special Sue of Ours"

This special Sue has gone away
Like the light bright of yesterday.
Went into space somewhere they say
This wonderful daughter of ours.

She could sing like a child
A mother's dream, so sweet and mild
Always so firm to Choose the Right
And commune with heaven's light
This wonderful Sue of ours.

Her voice is still like the night
Like rustling wind of angels flight
Taken home to her heavenly sight.
This special Sue of ours.

She now has gone, yes, gone away
Yet will be in our thoughts today
With Love Forever, an eternal day.
This special daughter of ours.
--Katie W. Chappell, June 2000

Letter from Katie to daughter, March 28, 2001 "...I will let you know that I'm going to go put in my papers to go on a mission, as I have had a great desire to go on a full time mission and my neighbor Pres. Newell Harward said he thought it would be a special Blessing and I have talked with a dear old friend Rhea Jackson who wants me for a pardner & she & I will put in our papers to go and share expenses & be Sister missionaries & we hope to leave & go by June?"

When Katie and her missionary companion and family members went to meet with the Stake Presidency to be set apart for their Family

²Letter Jan. 13, 2001 to Hildred Cobia

³ May 22, 2000 Letter to Hildred C. Cobia

History Mission in Salt Lake City, the Stake President invited the family members, Katie and Rhea to bear their testimonies. Hildred recorded in her journal what Sister Jackson said. "[Rhea] wanted to serve another mission and started to pray and ask for the Lord to help her find a companion to go with her. One day mother called her to talk about their childhood. After they ended the conversation and hung up the phone the thought came, "You can ask Katie to be your companion."

Katie and Rhea moved to an apartment in Salt Lake City the last week of May. Katie and her family had cleared out the main floor of her house and stored everything in the basement so a grandson, George, and his family could live there for a year while she was gone.

Katie's comments about her mission from her letters.

Tues, post mark June 13, 2001 SLC "Sister Jackson and I both have to give a talk on Friday July 6th at our 7 P.M. devotional, ugh for me.... Yes? This past week has been a great big challenge, but I'll soon have my 2 weeks training in & hope I can some how apply all the good things they had tried so hard to teach us so much Also have took us the places where this great work is going on & I could never of dreamed all that is taking place in it all."

June 19, 2001 ...I was glad Laura May called and invited me to her home to family home evening and for my Birthday dinner she and Kathryn came up and Melina came and got me on Monday for it and brought me back. It was surely a good time to go see the two families haveing such a good time together and Esp. The children are all such angels and said they loved me and a happy Birthday and sang songs to me, they are all good singers and you can tell they go to primary and have such good parents.

I feel like Noah on the ark, not knowing where I'm going or doing the past two days. I'm trying to learn to run the microfilm

machines..... It is a dark place and not very cheery, but I'll hope to get onto it and run that mashine & without help and Hope & pray to do a good job of it? And not have to do it all over ??"

13 July 2001 post mark SLC "Last week when I have had to do over a bunch of my micro filming pages because of poor lighting and not knowing well enough about the light meter, they wasn't good enough to see print well, I was so tired and depressed I wished I was back home, but now, I sure hope I have learned & about got it re-filmed again. I work at doing better as I am learning how to & watching others to see their secrets about the light monitor.

The missionaries (volunteers) were working with employees of the Church Archive Department. As Katie was learning how to operate the electronic microfilm machine she occasionally got her fingers in the picture of the document she was filming. The young man who was supervising her chastised her. She retorted, "Oh, just cut my pay!"

Sister Chappell and Sister Jackson were busy every weekday helping preserve historical documents by microfilming original documents or reading original journals and papers and indexing them. They filled the rest of their time too. They took computer classes. They went to the Salt Lake Temple every Saturday morning for two sessions. They attended concerts on Temple Square and went to Devotionals for the missionaries. The missionaries were divided into smaller groups which had Family Home Evenings together on Mondays. Katie and Rhea were part of the "Seahorses" and went on temple excursions, picnics, and had special dinners with "The Seahorses."

She wrote on Aug 6 Blain's birthday. *"Aug 2001 Went to Temple to 2 early morning sessions. We stared at 5:45. Now, I never ever dreamed I would get into so many things that I've been going to..."*

Aug 12, 2001 "On Monday they are changing me to a new machine, they say they want me to try to learn on this one, so I'll let you know if I like it better? The past 2 months has been a big challenge, and I felt I was just starting to feel confident about doing it there and from my calculation I have done at least twenty thousand copies of the pages and pages of Journals some in the 1870 and newspapers of Pres. Heber J Grant visiting over sea's...."

5 Aug 2001 e-mail from Rhea Jackson: "Katie has been given a different work assignment at the Archives – still in micrographics, but a machine to use that is not hard on her arms, back and nerves. I can't believe the difference in the energy she has left over now, in the evenings, compared to before! Sometimes I want to borrow some of it! She gets home before I do, since I am taking classes that she isn't, after work, and instead of coming in and finding her asleep, she's busy doing housework or laundry, or writing letters, etc. Before, there were days when she'd even have to stop and rest on the way home! I had begun to wonder and worry about her. Now she has signed up for a basic computer class beginning in September, and is pretty serious about doing a lot of practicing on her own. I love the opportunity that I have quite frequently now, to review old journals and diaries, and make summaries of them for the full time Archivists who are employed here, to read, instead of the whole journals, and know of their contents, and how to categorize them, and whether they should be microfilmed, or put out on the bookshelves, or what.

"I have been intrigued by so many of the younger staff members—(paid employees)—who have attended college and earned degrees in Archival Science, and are now working here, and are so knowledgeable, and efficient in all that they do! And they love it, and make a good salary, too! This is such a great place to work, I can't imagine anyone not liking it here! And

as I've said before, the flowers are just heavenly!

"Each missionary is required to take a basic training course in preparation for our encounters with the huge crowds that will be here during the Olympics, and we had our first one yesterday – a two hour session. It was very lively and interesting, and the main thing is knowing how to answer questions appropriately, that may be asked of us—particularly on how to help them locate the places they want to go to, and of course, being our usual friendly selves, so they will feel welcome. We were given maps of the 35 acres of which Temple Square is a part of, and advised to become familiar with all of the important places to see within that 35 acre area, and directions on how to get there. An easy assignment for some, but harder for those of us who don't do much driving anywhere but to the grocery store! I keep telling myself I have to get brave enough to get into the thick of the traffic, and just go!"

Aug 31, 2001 "....I am surely grateful they put me on this automatic machine, and I do hope I can stay on it as I am learning how to run it better all the time & my trainer says I must do all these boxes over because the film is scratched or defective which is not due to my filming so I wasted about a week doing them. Do hate to redo work. Ha Ha

Blaine & Amy came visited us for couple of hours and put in computer I will start to a class on Tuesday to learn as much as I can how to type on it and run the computer??

Sept 17, 2001 e-mail "My Dear Ones, What a week⁴ this has been, to experience as well have such great heartfelt sympathy for the families of the dead and injured and pray for them who grieve. Sundays is a big challenge for me. Our church starts at 12:00 instead of being in the morning at 10:00, as that is what I

⁴ 9-11-2001 Airplanes take down World Trade Center in New York City.

am used to. I am trying to learn to run this computer and hope that I get the hang of it as I practice it MANY THANKS for each of you and your care. Sending all best wishes, with my Love. Sister katie”

Oct 17, 2001 Now! I have been put on Reading the life histories and reviewing and making written accounts I have enjoyed reading the ones so far and as I read all the many trails of Pioneers and all things they suffered in lack of food and warm clothing etc. It makes me more grateful for all these many modern conveniences that we enjoy today & I do count my many Blessings. I hope I can make a good Review to write one.

Melina went to Loa and was so good to go and pick up some winter coats and boots and clothes for me and bring up stuff Sis Rhea wanted brought up and come on up to bring it & carry it up stairs. It is quite a lug to get things up here to 3rd floor but I do love living up here to look out at the angel [on Salt Lake Temple] and pretty lights, which few have such a view of.’

Katie and Rhea had visits from many family members through the year. Katie’s letters were full of gratitude for the visit and the things they did for them. Her dear friend and sister-in-law, Leah Chappell, came to visit on Weekends bringing fresh vegetables from her garden and Katie and Rhea visited her home in the Millcreek area. Katie phoned her sister May often, spent Christmas with her and was thrilled to be with her when May went to the temple for the first time.

One day while Katie was sitting at her desk in her office, reading pioneer diaries she was startled when the plate glass window at her side cracked and shattered. It flew in all directions and fell in a heap on the floor. Katie jumped up and moved away. She was covered with bits of glass. People kept asking, “Are you all right?” She was. She was able to comb the glass from her hair and shake it from her clothes. She felt greatly blessed and embarrassed at all the

attention. She commented, “I sure got attention and I didn’t even want it!” She just wanted to get back to reading and indexing the record she had been working on. “Dec 11, 2001I am enclosing a bit I copied of the poor pioneer man [Hosea Stout] I am reading and making sketches of the 8 volume reel I have been doing for weeks.”

The flowers on Temple Square and the surrounding area were a feast for the eyes as Katie and Rhea walked the three blocks back and forth from their apartment to the archives. The walk was cold in the winter but the lights on Temple Square were a welcome sight. It was an exciting year to be in Salt Lake. They were there for the Utah 2002 Winter Olympics. They watched as someone ran the torch down the street. They saw the cauldron light up and watched the award ceremony fireworks every night from their apartment window. Katie comment was, “It was all very interesting.”

May 2002 arrived and Katie worried about returning to an empty house, boxes in the basement and furniture in the garage. However, “Bill, Charles & Travis & Susan & Cathy had put things back into my home so I could go and not face a vacated house, and I am very grateful for what they have done, and can just again go on & put things away when I need them.”

It was a “bitter sweet” return. It was bitter because Chappell Cheese, the company Katie and Blain had supported so long with money and work, went out of business and left a lot of legal problems, some of which were directed at her. Mathew and Pat no longer lived in Fremont. They had moved to St. George.

The “sweet” was to be home again and have a family reunion with a Big 80th Birthday celebration in June. Sixty family members came to dinner. And Katie got to end the day dancing. She twirled with all her grandsons and the granddaughters too. The next day there was another family dinner and an open house for everyone in the community. A hundred

people came to wish Katie a welcome home and a big “Happy Birthday.”

There was a program to highlight events in Katie’s life. Each of her children was asked to do a skit about her life. Bill and Susan reminded us how much Mother loves dancing with a Square Dance demonstration. Deanna’s family showed a typical getting-the-children-out of bed-morning. Mathew’s daughter, Laura, turned their skit into a commercial for “Gramma’s Sparkling Water” with “testimonials” from people who only drank “Sparkling Water.” Melina was a girl with beautiful skin because of “Sparkling Water.” Charles was a boy with muscles because of “Sparkling Water.” Laura testified that something was in “Sparkling Water” because she had lots of kids! They passed out “samples” of “Gramma’s Sparkling Water” as everyone smiled, laughed or chuckled.

Through the years Katie told her family that the water in Loa which has no chlorine or chemical treatments and the water from the well at the Dry Valley Farm was “sparkling” water. She hated to see her grandchildren drink soda pop and would have gladly shut down every soft drink manufacturer in the country, if not the world. When her children came to visit she always sent them home with four or five gallons of water. When she came to visit she always brought two or three gallons of water for herself because she would not drink the water out of the taps at our houses. When she was on her mission she had Rhea and others take her to a water faucet on a corner near downtown because the water came from an artesian well. She feels it is important to drink “sparkling water.”

The family’s favorite story about “Sparkling Water” happened to Mathew. Mathew drove a pick-up load of luggage to Salt Lake for Katie and Rhea when they went to Salt Lake on their mission. As Mathew was driving along the road behind some diesel trucks he noticed a strange smell. He had the window in the pick-

up open because it is a very warm day. He thought, “Those diesel trucks are using a different fuel than I’ve ever smelled.” Then he decided it smelled like something was burning. He started checking all the gauges on the pick-up. There were no warning lights. The burning smell got stronger. He looked all around for evidence of fire. As he turned his head to the right he saw a flicker at the corner of his eye. He screeched to a halt at the side of the road. He ran around the pick-up and saw flames consuming a padded office chair and popping pop corn was jumping and flowing out of a burning box. He started throwing boxes off the truck. Then he saw three gallons of water Mother was taking to Salt Lake and poured the water over the fire and put it out. He waited for about 15 minutes and poured more water on the spot. As he waited and got over his fear he realized why there was a fire. Mother’s three gallons of water were in glass jugs on top of the boxes. One of the jugs acted like a magnifying glass and condensed the mid-day sun into a hot spot. So “Sparkling Water” started the fire and the same water put out the fire!”⁵

Katie continues to drink her “Sparkling Water,” eat an apple a day from the tree growing by her garage, read health books and “go for the Betters.” Though her hands are shaky and it is hard to read her writing and her little fingers are bent at ninety degree angles from her hand, those shaky hands have never filled a pill box for herself. Even as she nears 90 years old she does not take any pills! As she wrote in a letter, “I do not see life getting any better for me when I see all these people my age ill and so Doctor-ized, and all they do is run to Dr & get pills, like poor Aunt May. I think I best just take charge of my own health today and keep busy & go on my way and be master of my own health “today.””⁶ And she does.

⁵ Edited Journal entry by Hildred C. Cobia, May 31, 2001

⁶ March 2000 letter to Hildred

While in St. George in December of 2009, Katie slipped and fell on the driveway. She broke her leg and wore a boot for months while it healed. She refused to let a doctor pin the broken bone. She did take pain pills to get through the days and nights of pain. The leg healed.

Katie has not given up on “waste not, want not.” She is thrilled that her fellow citizens have been converted to her motto. Before e-mail she recycled envelopes. She sent letters using the envelopes she got from advertizing. Her kids wondered how she was able to send it back through the mail with an address pasted on top of colorful pictures and slogans, the original stamp and postmark scribbled with black marker, and a “P.S” written on the outside. She goes through brochures and magazines she receives, cuts out the cute pictures and good quotes and and saves them to give to us when we visit. Often she sends us a birthday card with her name written on a post-it so the we can send the card to someone else.

Katie wrote letters until she found e-mail! Mathew showed her how a computer could be used to reach out to her family. At first she wrote the message and he would do all the computer magic to send it and open up the replies. Eventually she learned how to open up the replies. It was not easy for her to write an e-mail because she had to learn to type first. She never took any typing classes, she persisted in learning how to do it. She checks her e-mail daily, is thrilled to get new messages and enjoys the pass-alongs that are waiting for her.

Every Memorial Day, holidays , a birthday or anniversary, Blain and Sue’s graves, her parents and grand parents’ graves, and Blain’s parents and grandparents’ graves are decorated with flowers by Katie. After the holiday is over she returns to the cemetery and gathers up the silk wreaths placed there. She was appalled by the still beautiful, expensive wreaths that were being thrown in the trash after Memorial Day when it was time to mow the cemetery lawn.

Since, her son Charles mows the lawn she always asks when he is going to do the job. She goes out before that date and gathers up the beautiful silk wreaths, takes them home and stores them in her “flower shed.” It is piled high with wreathes for every holiday. She also has wires to hold down the wreaths when the wind blows, a long screw driver to poke holes in the hard dry ground and a hammer to pound in stakes. There are a few people in town who would rather have the wreaths thrown in the garbage instead of decorating Chappell graves another year.

Katie continues to serve others. She made daily late night phone call to her neighbor Luana until her death. She continues to talk often and long to Leah, the last two Chappells. They have lots of memories of the past years to talk about and they encourage each other to “keep going on” and “go for the betters.” Katie helped her friend Della by driving her to the grocery store every time she called and said she needed something. She took Della with her to get their hair done by a special friend, Peggy Taylor. She picked her up for Church and gave her rides around the Valley. Katie was a Temple worker in the Manti Temple and took turns driving to Manti for a few years.

She has been to hundreds of funerals for family, friends, people in Wayne County and those who once lived in Wayne County. Since Blain’s death there seemed to be more and more of them. Often she has been to two or three funerals a week. As she tells her children about each person who died and her visit with the family members at the viewing she says, “They were so glad to see me.”

She started going to St. George each winter for two months to live with Mathew and Pat. Gradually the time in St. George has gotten longer. Now she visits Loa⁷ for a short time in the summer. Her two sisters, Faye and Larna

⁷ Feb 2012

are in St. George and they have a Sister day every Friday and do their hair.

One of the great things about St. George are the weekly dances. Katie was thrilled to go dancing again. For several years she danced twice a week. She found a Dancing Partner, (maybe they found each other) George Anderson, who wanted to be more than a dancing partner, but she was not interested in marriage. After George died dancing wasn't as much fun. Too much sitting on the sidelines watching. She had to stop dancing when she broke her foot. And she got a new "partner," a cane.

Because of an act of kindness Katie found a very good friend. Through the years Bill has had many people rent the "Old House." One of the renters wanted to "fix up" the little bedroom and replace the carpet. When it was pulled up she found a beautifully preserved picture of Katie's second grade class. The picture was scanned and enlarged and Katie took it to a classmate. They identified everyone in the picture. Copies of the picture were made. Katie got addresses and sent a copy to everyone in the picture who was still living. One of them was Lowell Taylor who lived in Henderson, Nevada. He called to tell her "Thank You." They enjoyed talking so much that they continue to exchange long daily phone calls, visit each other and have traveled to Loa for special occasions.

One special friend found her. When she was eighty-seven a young family moved into the house across the street. Their three year old son, Parker Hallows, explored the

neighborhood and came across the street to meet his new neighbor. Parker became Katie's devoted friend and wanted to spend every day at her house and asked if he could sleep there. He'd walk in the door to find her and talk. He'd run over when his Mother didn't even know he was gone so Katie had to tell him he had to ask before he could come over. He told his Mother, "You're just Mom, but she is MY Katie." Katie sends him letters from St. George and makes an occasional phone call to Parker. He always tells her, "Can you come home tomorrow?" When Katie was almost ninety and in St. George, Parker's Grandmother said, "I love you Parker." He said, "And Katie loves me too."⁸

HILDRED: Mother's heart's desire is to have her children know that she loves them, has always wanted to help them, and wants to share her testimony with her family. "In my last stage of my life there is nothing more important to me than to Love the Gospel and Listen and follow the prophet's wise counsel and hoping and always praying all my family will see that the gospel brings peace which comes from the Father In Heaven and his son Jesus Christ."

And Mom still has good advice to give to her children. When I call her and say, "How are you doing today?"

She says, "I'm going for the Betters." When we finish our conversation she says to me, "Go for the Betters. So...children and grandchildren here is another Mom-ism to add to you list of Mom's sayings: Go for the Betters!"

⁸ Parker's Grandmother, Janette Taylor, said it brought tears to her eye. She sent this story via e-mail to Bill's wife Susan who passed it along.

R: Sister Katie W. Chappell - June 2001
Family History Missionary from June 2001-June 2002
Salt Lake City, Utah

Below-l: Katie and her missionary companion,
Rhea Jackson - 16 June 2002
Every day Katie and Rhea walked from their
apartment, past Temple Square, to the Church office
building where they worked with historical documents.

Below-r: Katie





Above: Katie Chappell

Friends Below-l: LaWana Turner and Katie, Ctr: Donna Harward, Katie and Shirley Oldroyd June 2002
 Below-r: Katie and her second grade classmate and friend, Lowell Taylor - Loa, Utah 2011



Chronological Chart for BLAIN

Age	Date	Events
	1912 Jan 22 Dec 22	Parents marry, Charles Sperry Chappell and Pearl Mansfield Birth of brother, Charles <u>Wayne</u> Chappell
	1915 Oct 15	Birth of sister, Cena <u>Arilla</u> Chappell
***	1922 Aug 6	Birth of Blain Mansfield Chappell, Lyman, Wayne, Utah
8	1926 Sept 5	Baptized
11y 5m	1930 Jan 1	Death of grandfather, George Armstrong Chappell, Lyman, Utah
14	1932 summer Oct 5	Blain and his parents live and work at Horse Valley Sister, Arilla marry Reed Maxfield
16y 11m	1935 June 28	Death of grandmother, Aurilla Sperry Chappell, Lyman, Utah
17	1935 Sept 24	Death of mother, Pearl Mansfield Chappell, Lyman, Utah
19y 9m	1938 May 19	Graduate from Wayne High School, Bicknell, Utah
20	1938	Herd sheep
21	1939 May- 30 Nov	Herd sheep
21y 7m	1940 Mar 6	Marry Katie Webster in Salt Lake Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah

Chronological Chart for KATIE

Age	Date	Events
	1914 Apr 29 Sep 28	Parents marry, James “Jim” Edwin Webster & Mae Alberta Potter Birth of sister, Eula May Webster
	1916 Feb 6	Birth of brother, James <u>Brose</u> Webster
	1918 July 8	Birth of sister, Elna Fredrickson Webster
	1920 Aug 13	Birth of brother, William “Bill” Roe Webster
***	1922 Jun 17	Birth of Katie F. Webster in Loa, Wayne, Utah
2	1924 Aug 30	Birth of sister, Mona <u>Faye</u> Webster
2y 9m	1925 Mar 14	Death of father
4y +	1927 spring	Family move from Webster house to “Old House” purchased by Mae Webster.
5	summer	Katie in Teasdale, Utah, with Aunt, Marzella & Frank Forsyth
7 7y 6m	1929 summer Dec 11	Three months in Bingham Utah, with Aunt, Vange & Art Nielsen Mother marry Ephraim A. Taylor. Temple sealing to Jim.
9	1931- Jun 23 summer	Baptism in Manti Temple, Manti, Utah stay in Payson with Aunt, Vange & Art Nielsen
13	1936 - fall Dec 28	Start dating Blain M. Chappell Sister Eula May marries Thurman Westenskow, live in Salt Lake
14y 8m	1937 Feb 8	Birth of sister, Larna Dell Taylor
16	1938 May 20	Work for summer in Salt Lake City, Utah during this period Mother & Eph move from her house to his house
17	1939 May - Mar 5, 1940 1939 - June 1	Work 9 months in Salt Lake City, Utah Sister, Elna marries Nelson F. Denney, live in Salt Lake City
17y 9m	1940 Mar 6	Marry Blain Mansfield Chappell in Salt Lake Temple, Salt Lake

Chronology for BLAIN and KATIE and Family

Date	Events
1940-Mar 6 Jul 19	Marriage - Katie 17, Blain 21 Live in Loa, Utah in Mother's "Old House." Katie's brother Brose live with Blain and Katie during the summer Blain's brother Wayne marries Leah White
1941-May 5 Aug Nov Dec 7 Dec 25	Birth of 1 st child - Blain 22y 9m, Katie 18y 10m Blain broke leg 23, Katie 19 Move to Logan, Blain take Short Course at Utah State University Bombing of Pearl Harbor, USA enter World War II Christmas with Katie's sister Elna, Katie & Hildred stay in Salt Lake
1942- Jan Mar 31 Sep 10	Blain start work at Hill Air Force Base, commute from Salt Lake Move back to Loa, Utah. Blain farms Webster land Birth of 2 nd child, Deanna - Blain 24, Katie 20 Blain runs the projector at the Loa movie theater
1944-Aug 16	Birth of 3 rd child, William "Bill" Blain Chappell - Blain 26, Katie 22 Blain drives Milk truck for Creamery and farms Blain takes physical for draft
1945 1946	Katie serves two years as counselor to Primary President, Della Brian End of World War II Blain starts to work at Nelson Ricks Creamery -Blain 28, Katie 24
1947 summer	Purchase first car, Chevrolet coupé
1948 Dec Dec 31	Trip to Yellowstone with Deward and Ellen Blackburn Purchase brand-new 1948 Ford -Blain 30, Katie 26 birth of 4 th child, James <u>Mathew</u> Chappell
1951, Sept	Trip to Hoover Dam (called Boulder Dam at that time) - Blain 33, Katie 29
1953 Feb 3 May	Birth of 5 th child, Charles Douglas Chappell - Blain 34 ½, Katie 30 Blain's father, Charles S. Chappell, dies Trip to Northwest with Wayne and Leah Chappell
1954 May 5	Birth of 6 th child, Alberta <u>Sue</u> Chappell - Blain almost 36, Katie nearly 32 Build the "New House"
1957 Feb 3	Katie, Patriarchal Blessing
1958 1958-1970	Katie: Hospitalized with pneumonia. Katie helps in the 4-H program
1959 Sept	Hildred, college at Brigham Young University, Provo -Blain 41, Katie 37
Date	Events

1960 Sept	Deanna, Darrel's Beauty College, Salt Lake City, Utah
1962 June Sept	International Farmer Youth Exchange Student, Jakob Schlatter Bill go to College of Southern Utah, Cedar City, Utah
1963 Aug Nov	Hildred marries LeRon W. Cobia -Blain 45, Katie 41 Bill serves LDS mission in England Katie serving as Ward Councilor M.I.A to Della [Brian], also Charles's Cub Scout leader, 4-H Council Sec. & organizer, Buck Horn Dance Club Lunch Chairman, and Sec. of Chappell Reunion.
1964 Nov	Deanna marries Frank L. Maxfield -Blain 46, Katie 42
1966 Sept Dec	Mathew, Brigham Young University First Granchild, Mark Maxfield, born -Blain 48, Katie 44
1967 June	Katie sustained as Stake MIA President.
1968 Jan 29 June	Mathew serves LDS mission in São Paulo, Brazil -Blain 49 ½, Katie 45 ½ Katie serves a Stake Mutual President Bill marries Susan Murphy
1969 Jun25-28	Blain & Katie attends MIA June Conference which includes the M.I.A. Centinnial Ball, a dance festival and meetings.
1970 Sept 27	Katie, surgery, hysterectomy -Katie 48, Blain 52
1971 May June Sept	Mathew marries Jerri Hunt Katie released as Stake MIA President Charles, Trade Technical Provo, Utah (now Utah Valley University)
1972 Sept	Blain becomes part of co-op dairy - Blain 54, Katie 50 Sue, Snow College, Utah State University, BYU Hawaii one semester
1974 April	Blain retire from Cheese Plant, CII Dairy, farming - Blain 56, Katie 52 Charles married Nola Mae Ortega
1977 July	First Chappell Family Reunion, followed by 1979, 1980, then every 2 years
1978 Dec	Sue marries Neal R. Olcott - Blain 60, Katie 56
1980 Dec	Katie's Mother dies - Blain 62, Katie 58 Charles divorced
1981	Sore on Blain's leg turns into an ulcer, it heals, but gets reopened many times, the rest of his life.
1982	Blain develops high blood pressure, an issue for the rest of his life.
Date	Events
1984	Bill and Mathew build a new Cheese Factory

	Blain working on farm, occasionally feeding calves
1989 Aug Dec	Blain surgery, kidney stone -Blain 68, Katie 64 Mathew emergency appendectomy Sue's husband Neal dies. Blain hernia surgery
1990 June	50 th Wedding Anniversary celebration -Blain almost 72, Katie 68
1991	Mathew divorced, marries Patricia Moats 1992
1995-8 May	Blain and Katie serve mission at Cove Fort -Blain 77, Katie 73
1998 Nov	Sue diagnosed with Leukemia.
1999 June 4	Blain dies, age 80y 10m, Katie almost 77
2000 May 6	Sue dies -Katie almost 78
2001-2002	Katie serves mission at Family History Center, Salt Lake City -Katie 79
2012 June	Katie celebrates 90 th birthday

Patriarchal Blessing
Wayne Stake - Teasdale, Utah
February 3, 1957

A Patriarchal blessing given by Patriarch Ernest Jackson upon the head of Katie Farel [Fearl] Chappell, daughter of James Edwin Webster and May Alberta Potter born June 17th, 1922 at Loa Utah.

Sister Chappell I give unto you your patriarchal blessing by authority of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ. You are a descendant of Ephraim and of the pioneers of modern Zion. This is your priceless heritage and a great blessing. I pray our Father in Heaven that he will bless you with the health and strength and spiritual insight to measure up to the possibilities of your heritage. I confirm upon you your position as a mother in the House of Israel and bless you with all the gifts and graces pertaining to this holy calling and bless you to be able to bind your husband and children unto you through kindness, patience and love unfeigned and your children will grow up to be a comfort to your through life and your influence and theirs will touch the lives of many people for their everlasting benefit and blessing.

I bless you to have the inspiration of the Holy Ghost and to know that your are engaged in the work of the Lord and to be guided by their influence in your family life and in public service. I admonish you to always be prayerful and always live close to the Lord then he will bless and comfort you and give you power over evil and you will live your life in joy and satisfaction and you will never want for friends and you will be able to carry on works of righteousness to the end of your days.

I seal upon you eternal life and to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection to inherit Celestial glory, if you are faithful.

In the name of Jesus Christ,
Amen

POEMS by Katie W. Chappell

Written on the back of birthday card with a picture of yellow roses.
One of Mother's recycled cards. Tucked inside front of her 1977-1979 Journal

Birthday Happiness the whole day through,
Love makes ones joy to radiate forever true.
Now! Every good wish goes & sent for a special day.
Beautiful yellow roses and with Love is sent your way.

In writing these special lines forever to say,
Bless you and help you every single "Today."
"Love" makes one's world go around and abound,
Your kindness, sweet words is forever re-bound.

—Katie W. Chappell 1977

Home a Heaven.

Please oh, Please men, boys and husbands give us a smile,
Loveing words so worth while,
with cheerfulness you can make easy today's mile.
Yes! Some body loves you; forever to be true
Living orderliness can only start with each, "you."
Its only now and in today, the care in the inch.
Give courage and love at home is the only cinch.
In keeping the Sabbath Day Holy a spirit takes flight.
Freedom of choice is to always study the right.
If only one thing I could give you all this day
Is my testimony, my Love is the gospel's "Ray."
Your goodness and Kindness Now is never forgot,
Its forever remembered in words & acts (not bought).
To each and all dear Men in our family's life
Do study scriptures today, care most for home & wife.
Dear men be better with your family. Do pray
Express your heart and needs for this day.
Make all words with much Love & Encouragement true
For the loveing words you give now, Returns to You.
My Loveing heart is with you, Today, and forever
It can radiate my love now by each righteous Endeavor.
Oh involve your today, in the gospel of truth
Each "Father" is the greatest example for todays' youth.
Today—"With Love" your wife & Mother [Journal - 19 Nov 1977]

Oh! Hang It all.

I hang coats on the chairs and jeans on the floors
The sheets on door knobs and more on the doors
I humbly acknowledge it is to do & to see
Now! The only one here with the hang up is me! --1985 Feb. 18, Monday [Journal]

“Desire”¹

Desire comes deep within one’s heart
Today, in loveing and kindness impart.
For the gospel is truth and Light
And a prayer to our Savior above.

Desire takes light with communication today
With understanding, and the kindness we say.
To over-come the temptation of a unkind deed,
For bad habits become a no-good-weed.

Oh, Desire the gospel of Love, our divine light,
It can save one’s self from all evil plight.
Work and happily following its great plan.
Now repeat, “I will always say I can.”

Desire takes lots of up-building thought,
And doing all the good as we’ve been taught!
‘Tis keeping the kind and virtuous in our view,
With Love, Faith Good works, all Heavens hue.
With Much Loveing Heart Katie C.
[inserted between pages of Journal Sept 21, 1979]

Gramma’s Advice

from Gramma Was Quite a Girl - Written by Gramma Herself

Blank lines filled in by Katie W. Chappell 1984, in possession of Deanna C. Maxfield

I Love to do the gospel work,
On Sabbath day go - not shirk.
One’s duty is to go on this day,
Learn and Listen and choose right ways."

Food

Snack on fruits and vegetables this day,
Keep off the supermarket refined food this way
All Home-made and nutritious is the healthy
way,
Let not these worldly things lead you astray.
Love and help your Mother and bake good
things this day!"
Love to grow a garden array, to eat it and
Love the good in today."

Lessons As a Child

Some say I was mean and would fight,
And I grew up wondering if they were right.
But, I kept prodding onward and looked for the
light.

Parents and Brothers shook their heads,
And criticized for no love they shed.
I acted like I didn't mind a bit,
And used those words “spirit and grit."

Love Your Life “To ... all our Family”

Today, always let us Love to work,
Each one’s salvation is to never shirk.
Just walk forward in the inch
When we Love Life's work it’s a cinch."

¹“I misplaced this Journal book, seems time is a pushing me, instead of me pushing it. Its going to hard to catch up on my daily doings, I also misplace my glasses to often. Its so easy to have excuses as I take time out to write my lines of Love in poetry.....” [about Oct. 28, 1980]

Dearest Grand-sons
“Today never let anything get you down
Or depression can throw one around.
Just ‘Listen,’ read the Good Book & find,
It can help you in all gratitude of mind.”

Some Thoughts for Today

We have dreamed lots of dreams
For Our children are our sunbeams
Most dreams have vanished at dawn
But I realized enough of dreams to give “thanks” to go on.
We have trusted many who failed & not been true
To manage & work harder & go on trusting. Be true blue
Always sorting out the eternal things at dawn
Makes one keep trusting a good example to carry on.
We pray many prayers to keep Love and Unity. Keep Peace
That words can be spoken more kindly & Love Increase.
Patience is the master of today to live long
Love & Calmness keeps me humble to always pray on.
We have sown many good seeds that fell by the wayside
For all the idle birds that go along with worldly tide.
But keep holding enough golden sheaves in my hands
To make me keep sowing on with our eternal family band.
We have drained our cups of disappointment with pain
Many days have gone along without song and no gain,
But today I’ve sipped enough nectar with song
To make me Love & give “Thanks” for all to live on.
We both give thanks for your life & care today
May our gospel of Love, with care all your way
“Bless you” and help you in all that’s good we pray on
May they always help to keep Love for each new dawn.

Written with much Love, from your Mom – 3 May 1986 to Hildred

On Your Wedding Day

for Melina Chappell - May 2002 (excerpt)

Thy voices so soft and tender	Be True, good and gentle,
Thy Love is warm and true	And count it not a loss
From every care defend each other	To be a kindly companion,
While each day is spared to you.	To share each daily cross.
Go Forth in life’s stern battle	Then may the passing hours,
With Loving Hearts & brave	Thy love’s young dream define
And with thy every effort,	And strew thy path with flowers
God’s gentle Blessings carve.	Even into life’s decline.

Children Dear

Our Hildred

‘Always faithful’ we love you so
Named after the hills all sturdy grown.
To Blessing others where ever you go.

Our Deanna

Forever loveing, forgiving, caring & kind
Helping others, new friends to find,
Good works is your motto, Precious Child of mine.

Our William

Oh what great joy, to have our first son
A father who loves & dreams in the sun
To carry on his name, a lovelingly life begun.

Our Mathew

To have you alive was our special gift
Our hearts with joy you would lift
One who loved home, careful not to drift.

Our Charles

Precious son whom we love and adore
With Tender Loveing care I walked the floor
Our love is sealed eternally & forever more.

Our Sue

Life is enhanced because of you dear Sue
Always including us in all you do
You are for us always so special & true. [fly leaf, Journal 1984]

Dedicated to Blain Mansfield C.

He shared each harvest of his field
Did work for all in need
He shared the labor of his hands
And did his neighbors many good deeds
Every day hard work to care were his ways
Always to do his very best
For his precious family & his friends
Especially in heartaches or distress

Today its not without some pain

His work he has to do

For there are times he is giving too much

Many times he has suffered too.

Yet at the end of every day

He felt a joyous heart

That all hard work is a gift

Given to those who needs his free.

--Katie W. Chappell, June 1990 after celebration of 50th wedding anniversary

My Friendship with Katie
written by Phyllis Morley Johnson
dated Jan. 29, 1977

I have my sister Nina to thank for Katie's friendship. She was married in Dec. 1931. The following summer she had me come down and stay with her most of the summer. The first thing I did after arriving in the town of Loa, was to walk down the road looking things over. It was early evening and I did not know one person in town. As walking along I came to a corral where there was a lot of activity going on. It was milking time and there was three or four young men milking the cows and laughing a lot. One of them kept squirting milk into a little cat's mouth and all over its face and the little cat loving every minute of it. That cat never missed milking time you can bet. I climbed up on the pole fence to watch the fun. I was about ten years old at the time, about to start a whole new way of life for a little city girl. As I stood watching the first cow I had ever seen milked, and enjoying every minute, unaware that there was anyone but me watching, I was surprised when a little blond headed girl about my same age came up to me and said, hello, what's your name?

That was the beginning of a wonderful friendship, and the most fun I ever had in my life. I would look forward to summer vacation so I could go back to Loa and my friend Katie.

One of the simple pleasures we enjoyed most was getting on one of their horses every evening and riding south of town to go get the cows from the pasture. We had so much fun from doing such a simple thing. There was nothing more peaceful on a quiet evening than just sitting bare back on that horse, just before sundown slowly driving those cows back home. That was the first time I had ridden a horse and I loved it.

I looked forward to that time of day so we could get on that horse and go get the cows. What added to the fun was when we got back we would watch her brothers milk the cows. There was one brother who was really special, Billy, oh how I liked to watch him milk those cows. I don't know if a person can fall in love at ten years old or if it was hero worship, but I swear it was love. He later joined the Marines and I think I have only seen him once since then. He never came back to Loa to live after that.

We used to go to dances, they had an open air dance hall that Jeppie Sorenson made. I learned to dance at those dances and we used to dance every dance with every boy in town.

We used to gather pine nuts and try to roast green pinenuts in a bonfire we would build in some remote spot. Usually all we would wind up with was sticky hands and bitter pine gum tastes in our mouths.

If I should go over to Katie's house early in the day, I would help her do her work before she could go any place. Many times she would be separating the milk and then have to take the separator all apart and wash and scald it after. There was a lot of beds to make too. Then she would have to dust mop the linoleum covered floors.

She had a piano, but all I learned to play on it was chop sticks and peter, peter pumpkin eater, such talent you've never seen before.

They really had good food, her mother would bake her own bread and even made her own cheese from all that good cows milk they had. They had a fruit room I'll never forget, you had to go down a few stairs to the south side of their house and there it was all filled with bottles of food they would grow in their own garden.

One time I was down there [Loa] for some reason during the school season and you had me go

to school with you. I'll never get over how the ceiling looked in that school room. The whole ceiling was covered with wet spit balls that the kids had flipped to the ceiling. I have often wondered if that's how blown on ceilings were invented.

I recall several times while down there when someone would be getting married, we would ride to every house in town and invite everyone in town to the wedding dance, and everyone would come too. You've never seen so many presents in your life.

There is one sad memory that sticks in my mind and that was one our friends by the name of Kathleen died. I don't even remember her last name. That was a mighty sad funeral. I remember someone sang the song "I'll Take You Back Again Kathleen". I can't even remember why she died.

Sometimes I would go with Katie to help tromp hay. That was the hardest work I have ever tried in my life. I would feel like my head was going to explode and my heart would be pounding so hard I thought it was going to explode, but what made it seem O.K. was the fact that Katie's brother Bill was near by either driving the wagon or pitching the hay.

Katie was a real gentle person where animals were concerned, she didn't even like to gallup a horse because she didn't want to make it tired. One time Enoch Sorenson was gathering up calves, horses etc, to have in the 4th of July Rodeo. He went and got one of Katie's folks calves and have it in the rodeo. Well, Katie saw him and went running up to him and I doubt a man has ever been told off like Katie told him off. Needless to say, that calf was never in a rodeo.

One year they build a swimming pool in the north east part of town. We used to really have fun that summer, but when I stop to think about it, we used to have even more fun before that swimming in a stream where we used to go.

I recall at the end of one of those wonderful summers spent down there, riding home to Salt Lake in the back of someones big truck. I cried most of the way home. There was a full moon that night when we drove away from Loa, I looked at that moon all the way home crying off and on all the way. But one thing that consoled me was the fact that at least the same moon I had left with had kept me company all the way home.

Later in life Katie came to S.L. and worked during the summer. She kept house for a wonderful family who lived on 6th SO. and 11th East. I went to see her up there a few times. She really kept a clean house for them, I swear she must have washed the windows twice a week.

I have had other friends both here [Salt Lake] and Loa, but none can compare with Katie. Nor have I ever had more fun with anyone. I have often thought how empty my life would have been if Nina hadn't married Ike and moved to Loa. There would ... have been no Katie, no horses, no dancing, all the most wonderful summers a young girl could dream of.

Your Friend yet,
signed, Phyllis²

² Katie and Phyllis were both born in 1922. Phyllis died 12 May 2001. Katie served a mission in Salt Lake from June 2001 through May 2002. In January she called the Johnson home to talk to Phyllis and was shocked when her husband said she was dead. Katie was also sad that no one had told her about her dear friend's passing. —as told to me by my Mother, H. Cobia

The Young Man from Switzerland

In June 1962 Blain and Katie hosted a young man from Switzerland who was part of the International Farm Youth Exchange (IFYE.) He wrote several letters to Blain which Katie kept along with an ivory Edelweis pin, a Swiss flag, a certificate of participation in the IFYE program and a picture of Jakob. Jakob learned to love the Chappells and invited them to come and visit him in Switzerland but “some day not milk any more in Loa” (see letter of 23 Nov 1962 below) never happened and they never visited Jakob.

Milford, 18 June 1962 (Postmark Jun 20 1962, 6-PM, Milford, Utah)

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Chappell

Yesterday I left from your home in Loa and I feel really very bad. I like to take [thank] you for every things you don for me. I can [not] find the word to say how much I liked to stay with you and now I miss you very much. Every young boy or girl has a picture of his future in his mind. I hope to be some day like you, to have a wife like you and to reas a family like you. That is one target of me witch I hope to attend. I are arrived on this lucky point of live through hard teamwork. I admire you very much. I hope you are able to keep this luck very long. There are a lot of things I liked to tell and to ask you but there was not time. When I left I was not able to say very good think [thank] you. I was to sad and to happy together. Happy because I had [the] possibility to now [know] you and sad because I had to leave you. That whenfor I never forget you agin. I wish you all the best and thank you again very much for your love you give to me. Your Jakob

(Jakob sail home on a Holland-America ship from New York
23 Nov 1962

Dear family Chappel

As I write this letter, the co[a]st of America has all ready disappered in the west. A part of my life is finished. It was a wonderful part. I learned a lot and I hade a lot of tun. One of the biggest experience of this programm was [continuing?] my trip to california, the redwoods and the worlde faire in Seattle.³ In Indiana I liked it very much to but it was not the same. The people were allways so busy and hade not very much time to talk with each other.



Holland-America Line

I can tell you that I been thinking all the time at Loa in the dessert. That was the place witch I enjoyed the most of all. Even if I could stay only 10 days it was wonderful. I allways remember the day when we drove up to tousend [Thousand] lake, where I looked over the desert. I can [not] forget this picture, wonderful, the little green villige in the lovely valley. I always wonder how is everything up there. Was the irrigation working and how is the horse.

My last few days I spend in New York. What for a big differenz. I think I could never leave [live] in such a big town. But I like to stay longer in a villige like Loa where the people work so hard and where they are so friendlly.

I hope that I can be your host to some day in Switzerland. If there is some day not milk any more in Loa you stop making cheese and you take a trip to Switzerland. In Indiana I was with a

³“The Century 21 Exposition (also known as the Seattle World's Fair) was ... held April 21, 1962, to October 21, 1962 in Seattle, Washington. Nearly 10 million people attended the fair.” (The Space Needle was built as part of the fair.) --Source Wikipedia “Century 21 Exposition

man how worked in a Kraft cheese plant. So I know now how to make good cheese. But I don't [illegible] to tell any thing to our Swiss Cheese makers.

I wish you all a very, very happy christmas and a good new new year.

Please let me know what is going on in your home and I hop to keep you in touche with me.

Goodly and think you very much for every things

IFYE [International Farm Youth Exchange] Jacob Schlatter

Dielsdorf, 11 Marz 1963

Dear family Chappel

How are you all? Are you still alive in Loa. I am sure the winter was very cold too. Do you have an off water. I wish I could comme back to built up the farm in the desert. I often show pictures of Loa and the big wid[e] land up there. I never forget the moment when we wher on the mountains and I looked over the desert to the colorado river. It was wonderful to see all this land and to think of all this people witch came across it to the west. They had a lot of corrige and were not afraid to do some hard work.

We had a very very hard and long winter here in Switzerland with lots of snow. I realy wish spring will be her sone. Since I am home I suffered a lot of the cold weather. I work with father in our fam and go to an evening school. I have a lot of work to do with the rural youth organization also. I still drive my old Volkswagon and I often thinking of William witch drive the wonderful culuseic[sic] with 70 miles & over the long streets of Utah.

I realy hope every thing is fine. I think very often at the very nice and short time I hade with you nice people but I hope to see you again some day in Switzerland. Good luck to you and many greetings from Switzerland.

Thank you again good by

Jakob Schlatter



Switzerland, 8 Mai 1963 (Postmark Dielsdorf 18 VI 63)

Dear family Chappel,

How are you all in Loa? It is one year since I came to the little, nice village in the desert, witch I never forget again.



Thank you very much for your letter in March. I am so happy to hear from you. I look very often to the pictures and hope to see you all some day. As I write this letter I think on all the herds, going to the mountains again and the new farm in the little vally wher I help to clear the set broch [sage brush.]

I see you are a very busy family. Everybody is in shool and travel around.

I have not much time to travel. Ther is so much work to do at home. My girlfrind is happy to see me home but now she like to go away for some month to. Well I am still to young to get married, I am not in hurry.

Now we have very warm weather here in Switzer. and every thing is green, quiet different then Loa. I have often visit from U.S.A. here in my home. I liked very much because I like to talk in Amerikan.

I hope Father is not working to hard in his cheese plant. He should go out and raid [ride] the horse some times. Our family is well, busy and noisy. My sister went engaged on Easter with a farmers boy from the villige. Well I hope you going to have a god summer and nice holidays. Thank you again for every thing and good luck to you all.

Much love from Switzerland Jak. Schlatter

“Frohe Weihnachten und ein gutes Neues Jahr”
(Merry Christmas and Happy New Year)

Zürich 12 Dez 1963

Dear family Chappel,

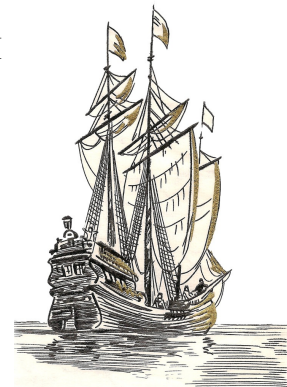
May thanks for your letter. I am happy that you are fine and busy. I wish I could come to visit you again some day to see how things have changed. I was very busy with working on the farm and going to school. Now winter is here again, cold and windy. Sune we are going to ski in the mountain in January. We have a camp with rural Youth.

I had several visitors here from the States this year. I liked them very much, because they allways brought me some freshe IFYE-air from your country. I might go to Nepal next year to lead a developpment project of our government.

Sone christmas is here again and I hope the hole family well be home then.

I wish you all the best and hope to see you some day again.

Your IFYE Jakob



Dhor Patan, 18.2.1965 (return address: Jak. Schlaatter SATA, Jawulakhel, Kathmandu)
(Stamped on the back in red “Loa, Utah Mar 12 1965” the day it arrived in Loa, or maybe Chappell’s had to pay extra postage to get the letter.)



My dear IFYE-frinds,

Thankyou very much for your best wishes witch I like to retorn with this letter. I am so glad that you have not forgotten abaout my. I have you all very god in mind and I would be very glad to see you again some day. I am glad that you are all fine and busy. This is allways a good signe. At the present time I am working in Nepal with the Tibetan witch have been chased out of their country some years ago. We live in a very lonely valley on the foot of the Himalaias.⁴ It is very cold here and we have often snow. Most of the time the soone clean it away very quickly. The ground is not very fertile and we have lots of difficulty to grow somting. We have in mind to give to this people a new home up here, were they can be farmer again like in Tibet. At the present time they are making buissnes on their own. In Summer they will grow patatos and rai [this may be a typing error for rice] up here. We have on experiment with cattle to. In this place never bevor has been cattle in winter time. Now we have cows, horses, buffalo, sheep cots and Yaks. This are the cattle of the Tibetan. They live with very little food but naturaly they don’t produce very much. The best is the meat. They have very long hair and can stay outside all winter.

⁴ Check it out on Google maps. It still looks like a very lonely village! It appears that there isn’t even a road into the village, just walking paths. –HC

On the same time we like to help the local nepali to. They are very poor and very often hungry. Ther is lots of disise to in this aerea and our little hospital is allways overfull. The nurse has to go out in the villages to and trait the people.

This work here is quiet differant from the IFYE Programm. We are no longer guests here, the work is hard, the food is rice, rice and rice again. At the presant time my girl is here for a holiday she will go home again, because some one has to look to the Farm until I will be back. We plan to get married in about one year. I hope you are all fine and please say hallo to every one. I sure never forget my IFYE experience.

Hope to see you again some day. Your IFYE 1962 from Switzerland

Jak. Schlaltter

THIS CERTIFICATE MUST BE FORWARDED BY THE LOCAL REGISTRAR TO THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH, SALT LAKE CITY, ON OR BEFORE THE 5TH OF THE FOLLOWING MONTH, AFTER FIRST HAVING BEEN PROPERLY REGISTERED.

PLACE OF BIRTH		STATE BOARD OF HEALTH FILE NO. 53 140	
County of	Wayne	CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH,	
Precinct of		STATE OF UTAH.	
Town or Village of	Lyman	Street and No.	
City of		If in Hospital or other institution, give its name instead of Street and number.	
FULL NAME OF CHILD		Blaine Mansfield Chappell	
Sex of Child	boy	If child is not yet named, make supplemental report as directed	
Twin, Triplet, or Other?	one	Number in Order of Birth	3k
Legitimate?	yes	Date of Birth	August 6 1918
FULL NAME FATHER		FULL MAIDEN NAME MOTHER	
Charles Sperry Chappell		Pearl Mansfield	
RESIDENCE		RESIDENCE	
Lyman		Lyman	
COLOR	white	AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY	28
BIRTHPLACE		BIRTHPLACE	
Ut.		Ut.	
OCCUPATION		OCCUPATION	
Farmer		Housewife	
Number of Child of this Mother 3		Number of children of this Mother now living 3	

CERTIFICATE OF ATTENDING PHYSICIAN OR MIDWIFE*

I hereby certify that I attended the birth of this child, and that it occurred on August 6 1918 at 5 A.M.

Premature no or Still Birth? no (Yes or No)

*When there was no attending physician or midwife, then the father, householder, etc., should make this return.

(Signature) H. Cassel Nelson

Date Aug 16 1918

(Physician or Midwife)

Given name added from supplemental report

Address of Physician or Midwife

Filed August 6 1918

Registered No 67

Susan Turner Registrar

STATE OF UTAH
DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

THIS CERTIFICATE MUST BE FORWARDED BY THE LOCAL REGISTRAR TO THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH, SALT LAKE CITY, ON OR BEFORE THE 5TH OF THE FOLLOWING MONTH, AFTER FIRST HAVING BEEN PROPERLY REGISTERED.

STATE BOARD OF HEALTH FILE NO. **45 123**

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH
STATE OF UTAH

PLACE OF BIRTH
County of Wayne
Precinct of _____
Town or Village of Loa
City of _____
Street and No. _____
If in Hospital or other institution, give its name instead of Street and number.

FULL NAME OF CHILD Katie Pearl Webster If child is not yet named, make supplemental report as directed

Sex of Child <u>Female</u>	Twin, triplet, or other? _____ (To be answered only in event of plural births)	Number in order of birth _____ (To be answered only in event of plural births)	Legitimate? <u>Yes</u>	Date of Birth <u>June 17</u> 19 <u>22</u> (Month) (Day) (Year)
FATHER FULL NAME <u>James Edwin Webster</u> RESIDENCE <u>Loa</u> COLOR <u>white</u> AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY <u>30</u> (Years) BIRTHPLACE <u>Utah</u> OCCUPATION <u>Farmer</u>		MOTHER FULL MAIDEN NAME <u>Mrs. Alberta Potter</u> RESIDENCE <u>Loa</u> COLOR <u>white</u> AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY <u>24</u> (Years) BIRTHPLACE <u>Utah</u> OCCUPATION <u>Housewife</u>		
Number of children born to this mother, including present birth. <u>5</u>		Number of children of this mother now living. <u>5</u>		

CERTIFICATE OF ATTENDING PHYSICIAN OR MIDWIFE*

I hereby certify that I attended the birth of this child, and that it occurred on June 17 1922 at 2 P.
Premature no or Still Birth? no (Yes or No)
(*When there was no attending physician or midwife, then the father, householder, etc., should make this return.)
(Signature) H. C. Nelson
Date June 21 1922 (Pl. attach as addressee)
Address of Physician or Midwife Loa
Filed June 21 1922 W. W. Taylor Registrar
Registered No. 14

Given name added from supplemental report _____
Registrar _____

This is to certify that this is a true copy of the certificate on file in this office. This certified copy is issued under authority of section 26-2-26 of the Utah Code Annotated, 1953 As Amended.
Date Issued:

DEC 24 1986

John E. Brockert
John E. Brockert
DIRECTOR OF VITAL STATISTICS



S057385

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TEMPLE **STATE** **OF UTAH**

COUNTY OF SALT LAKE

This Certifies that

BLAIN MANSFIELD CHAPPELL of LYMAN in the State of UTAH
 and KATIE PEARL WEBSTER of LOA in the State of UTAH
 were by me joined together in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony, according to the
 Ordinance of God and the Laws of the State of Utah, at the Temple Salt Lake City in said
 County on the SIXTH day of MARCH in the year of Our Lord One Thousand
 Nine Hundred and FORTY In the presence of
 Ephraim Austin Taylor Witness Joseph Christenson
 Foster W Jones Witness
 An Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

License issued by the Clerk of SALT LAKE County 6th MARCH 19 40

Letter written by Blain to Katie, 31 Dec. 1935

Sydney, Utah
Dec 31, 1935.

Dear Katie

My sis put your letter
and for get to give it to me
until to day, when I was up to
her place.

I am sorry for the way
I treated you the other Sunday,
and I wish you would for get a
bath it, will you please?

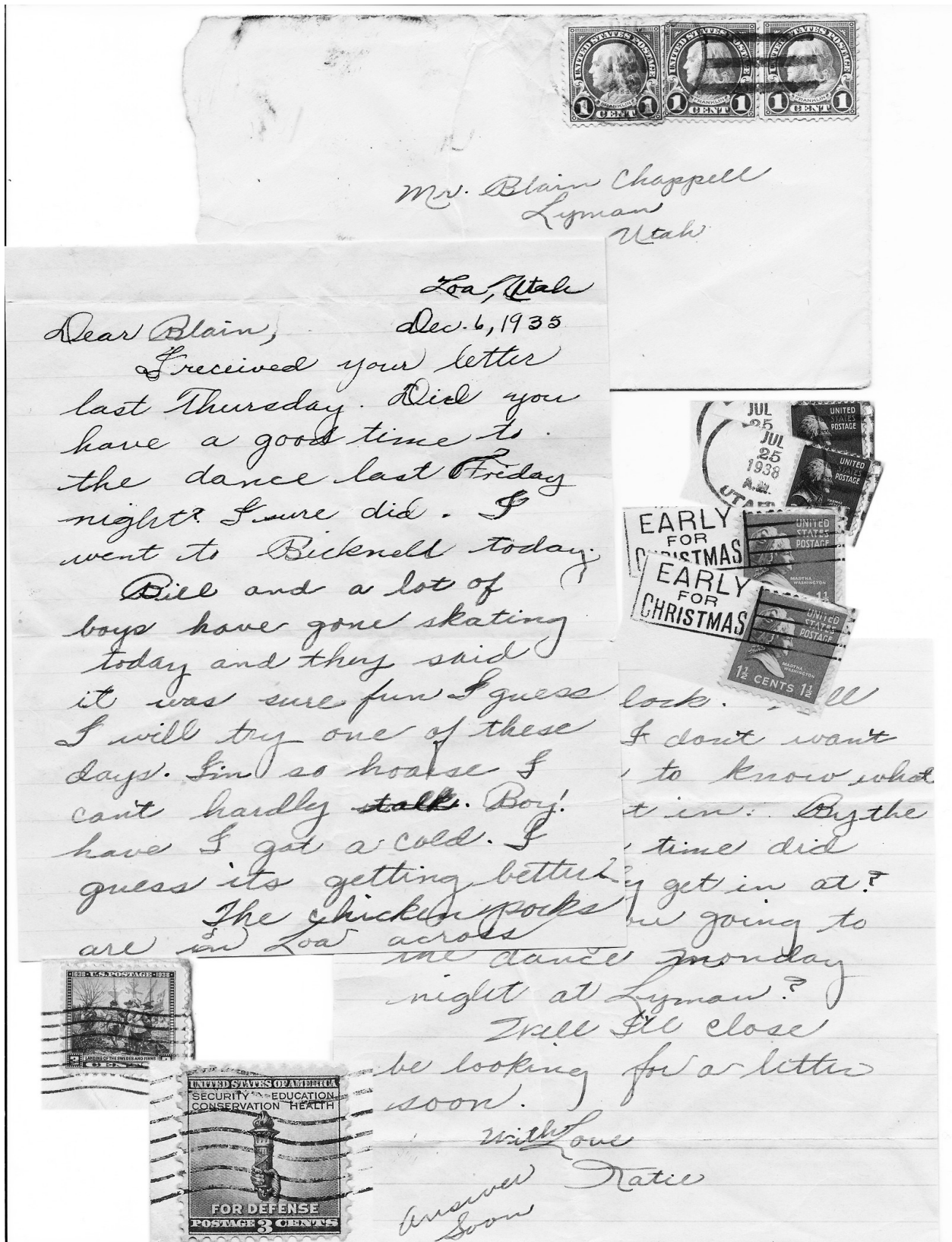
I ~~give~~ you has had a lot of fun
during the holidays, I have not and
school will start Monday. I hope
I can get the Xmas before then and
cumover, but I give you don't.

I am a few spades so you will
have to give it to me and do not
be as long as I was.

Love
Blain



Letter written by Katie to Blain, December 6, 1935



STATE OF UTAH — DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

STATE OF UTAH - DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

LOCAL FILE NUMBER <u>28-09</u>		STATE FILE NUMBER	
1. NAME OF DECEDENT FIRST MIDDLE LAST Blain Mansfield CHAPPELL		2. SEX Male	3a. DATE OF DEATH (Mo. Day, Yr.) June 4, 1999
3b. TIME OF DEATH (24hr. clock) 0310		4. DATE OF BIRTH (Mo. Day, Yr.) Aug 6, 1918	
5. AGE - (Last Birthday) 80		6. BIRTHPLACE (City & State or Foreign Country) Lyman, Utah	
7. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER 528-20-0045		8a. PLACE OF DEATH (Check only one) HOSPITAL: ☐ 1. Inpatient ☐ 2. ER/Outpatient ☐ 3. OOA OTHER: ☐ 4. Nursing Home ☒ 5. Residence ☐ 7. Other	
8b. NAME OF HOSPITAL, NURSING HOME OR OTHER FACILITY (If outside a facility, give street address of location) 182 South 100 West (Residence)		9. SURVIVING SPOUSE (If wife, give maiden name) Katie Webster	
10. WAS DECEDENT EVER IN THE U.S. ARMED FORCES ☐ 1. Yes ☒ 2. No		11. MARITAL STATUS ☐ 1. Never Married ☒ 2. Married ☐ 3. Widowed ☐ 4. Divorced	
12a. DECEDENTS USUAL OCCUPATION (Give kind of work done during most of working life. Do NOT use retired) Owner/Operator Farmer		12b. KIND OF BUSINESS OR INDUSTRY Farming Cheese Factory	
13a. RESIDENCE - STREET AND NUMBER 182 South 100 West		13b. CITY, TOWN OR COMMUNITY Loa	
13c. COUNTY Wayne		13d. STATE Utah	
14. WAS DECEDENT OF HISPANIC ORIGIN? (If yes, Specify) ☐ 1. Yes ☒ 2. No		15. RACE - Black, White, Am. Indian (Tribe may be entered), Japanese, etc. (Specify) white	
16. EDUCATION (Specify only highest grade completed) Elementary or Secondary (0-12) College (13-16 or 17+) 12		17. FATHER'S NAME (First, Middle, Last) Charles S. Chappell	
18. MAIDEN NAME OF MOTHER (First, Middle, Last) Pearl Mansfield		19. NAME, RELATIONSHIP AND MAILING ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Katie W. Chappell (Wife) P.O. Box 11 Loa, UT. 84747 (435) 836-2802	
20. METHOD OF DISPOSITION ☐ 1. Entombment ☐ 2. Donation ☐ 3. Other ☒ 4. Burial ☐ 5. Cremation ☐ 6. Removal		21a. DATE OF DISPOSITION June 12, 1999	
21b. PLACE OF DISPOSITION (Name of cemetery, crematory, or other place) Loa Cemetery		21c. LOCATION - City or Town, State Loa, Utah	
22. SIGNATURE OF FUNERAL SERVICE LICENSEE <i>Anna W. Turner</i>		23. LICENSE NUMBER 114166	
24. FUNERAL HOME (Name, address and license number) Springer Turner Funeral Home #100846 260 North 400 West Richfield, UT. 84701 (435) 896-6333		25. DATE DECEASED WAS LAST ATTENDED BY CERTIFYING PHYSICIAN June 3, 1999	
26. If not certified by medical examiner, was death reported to M.E.? ☐ 1. Yes ☒ 2. No If yes, enter the date and hour reported: M.E. Case No. HOUR MO. DAY YEAR		27a. CERTIFIER ☒ 1. CERTIFYING PHYSICIAN To the best of my knowledge, death occurred at the time, date, and place, and due to the cause(s) and manner as stated. ☐ 2. MEDICAL EXAMINER / LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIAL On the basis of examination and/or investigation, in my opinion, death occurred at the time, date, place, and due to the cause(s) and manner as stated.	
27b. SIGNATURE AND TITLE OF CERTIFIER <i>Barry E. Nangle</i>		27c. LICENSE NUMBER 1050710010	
27d. DATE SIGNED (Mo., Day, Yr.) June 4, 1999		28. NAME AND ADDRESS OF PERSON WHO CERTIFIED THE CAUSE OF DEATH (ITEM 31) (Type/Print) L. Jeffery Chappell M.D. 850 North Main Street Richfield, UT. 84701	
29. REGISTRARS SIGNATURE <i>Robert Remick, M.D., M.P.H.</i>		30a. DATE REGISTRAR NOTIFIED OF DEATH (Mo., Day, Yr.) JUN 07 1999	
31. PART I ENTER THE DISEASES, INJURIES, OR COMPLICATIONS THAT CAUSED THE DEATH. DO NOT ENTER THE MODE OF DYING, SUCH AS CARDIAC OR RESPIRATORY ARREST, SHOCK, OR HEART FAILURE. LIST ONLY ONE CAUSE ON EACH LINE. IMMEDIATE CAUSE (Final disease or condition resulting in death) Acute myocardial infarction DUE TO (OR AS A CONSEQUENCE OF): Hypertensive congestive cardiomyopathy DUE TO (OR AS A CONSEQUENCE OF): 10 years DUE TO (OR AS A CONSEQUENCE OF): 10 years		32. IN YOUR OPINION, TOBACCO USE BY THE DECEDENT ☐ 1. Probably contributed to the cause of death. ☒ 2. Was the underlying cause of death. ☐ 3. Did not contribute to the cause of death. ☐ 4. Is unknown in relation to the cause of death.	
33a. WAS AN AUTOPSY PERFORMED? ☐ 1. Yes ☒ 2. No		33b. WERE AUTOPSY FINDINGS AVAILABLE PRIOR TO COMPLETION OF CAUSE OF DEATH? ☐ 1. Yes ☒ 2. No	
34. MANNER OF DEATH ☒ 1. Natural ☐ 2. Accident ☐ 3. Suicide ☐ 4. Homicide ☐ 5. Undetermined If injured Purposefully or Accidentally		35a. DATE OF INJURY (Mo., Day, Yr.)	
35b. TIME OF INJURY (24 Hour Clock)		35c. INJURY AT WORK? ☐ 1. Yes ☒ 2. No	
35d. PLACE OF INJURY - At home, farm, street, factory, office, building, etc. (Specify)		35f. If motor vehicle accident specify if decedent was driver, passenger or pedestrian.	
35g. DESCRIBE HOW INJURY OCCURRED (Enter sequence of events which resulted in injury. NATURE OF INJURY SHOULD BE ENTERED IN ITEM 31)			

This is to certify that this is a true copy of the certificate on file in this office. This certified copy is issued under authority of section 26-2-22 of the Utah Code Annotated, 1953 As Amended.

JUN 10 1999

Date Issued:

Central Ut Public

Health Dept.

County

Registrar

Barry E Nangle

Barry E. Nangle

DIRECTOR OF VITAL RECORDS

By

LL 555108



* 0 0 5 5 5 1 0 8 *

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