

TAPESTRY

A Webster History

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William Moorhouse & Katie Fredrickson
Webster

their children and parents

B

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Printed by Stevenson's, Provo, Utah

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The children of William and Katie Webster are not included in this book in their birth order. Each chapter includes a table of contents, a family group sheet and a written autobiography or biography. Each chapter has pictures at the end of the text.

Introduction

The idea for the title of this book began with Aunt Alice (Muir). She was interested in the Webster genealogy and planned to write a biography of her father, William Moorhouse Webster. She made a list of things she wanted to write about him, included in her notes was the origin of the name “Webster.” It was intriguing to learn that the name came from weaver. When William’s father came to the United States he was involved in the weaving industry; so were many of his relatives including his wife and his son. Their ancestors were also weavers.

As I thought about weavers and weaving fabric, into my mind came the most beautiful pieces of fabric I have seen, tapestry. When we think about weaving we think of machines, but the original weavers were people working at small looms. The most skilled weavers, called master weavers, were those who made tapestry, fabric pictures. Tapestries were hung on the walls of castles and manor houses by the wealthy for decoration, color, warmth and art. A tapestry was not a piece of fabric. It was, and still remains, a work of art because each piece was woven by hand and showed the creativity and skill of the man who made the pattern, “a cartoon,” and the man or woman who wove the picture. Each tapestry was unique and was not a duplicate of any another tapestry. The weaver worked at the back of the tapestry and made the picture by weaving one section of color at a time instead of throwing a shuttle back and forth through the warp¹.

When I learned more about the making of a tapestry I felt that parents meet all the qualifications of “master-weavers.” They take the materials they are given, a new baby and time which only comes in daily sections, and work one minute at a time to make a family tapestry. But the picture is not seen until years later when the children look back and find the precious pictures woven by love into their lives. Each family is unique. William and Katie Webster took threads from their parents and wove together a family. Since the Webster name means weaver, the title of this book reflects their work and their family.

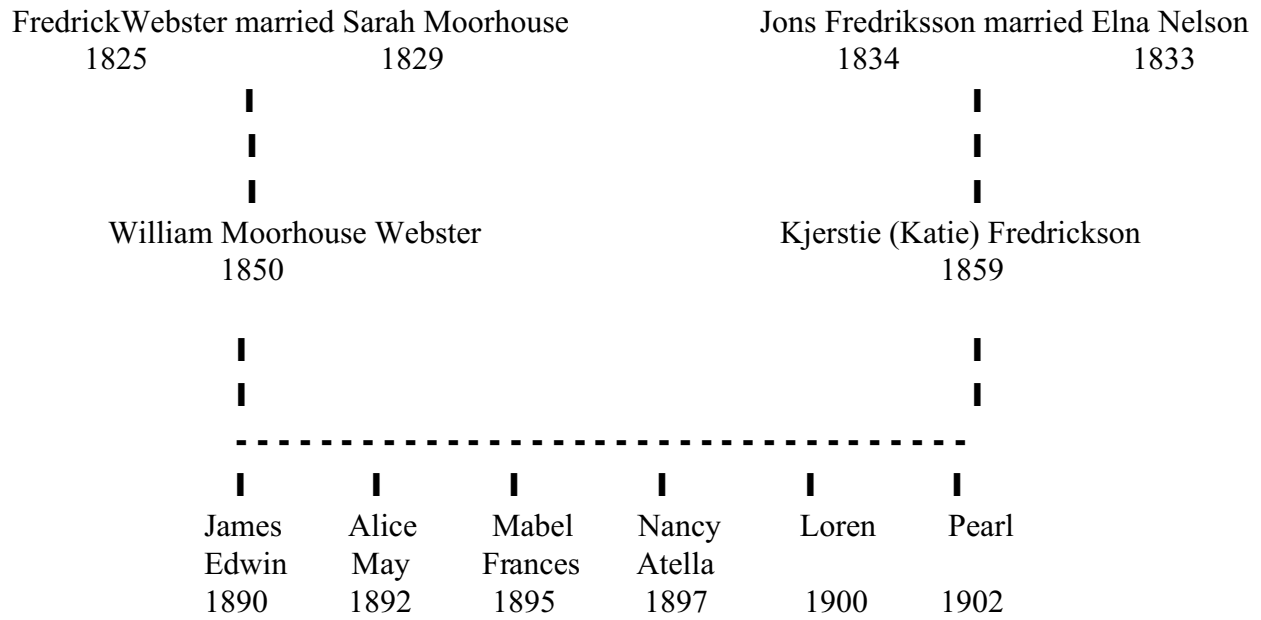
The title page shows small pictures which symbolize each person in the book. I could tell you which person each picture represents, but I will let you find a story to match each picture.

Since becoming involved in the writing of family histories I no longer skip over the introduction written by the author of a book. I know when they write a long list of thanks to people who have helped them they do it with a heart full of gratitude. I too have many people to thank, many who are not listed. It was a joy to sit with Uncle Loren (Webster) and listen to him talk about his family. A visit to our home from Aunt Alice when I was young was special because our family felt she brought us a piece of Grandfather, James Edwin Webster, whom we never knew. Many people shared pictures and told stories. As the end of this project finally came in sight I started asking family members to please help me get this finished. They were afraid to even talk to me because I might give them another assignment. My husband took over and scanned the pictures, taking hours to make them look “picture perfect.” My brother, Bill, drew the farm equipment and ran around Utah finding documents. My sister, Deanna, shared original pictures and many encouraging words. And thanks to two friends who proof read and corrected the text.

And last a quote from Phillip R. Adams: “Centennial celebrations are probably good things; they fix a point from which to untangle the skein of the past, to look at it freshly, and to wonder how it may thread through the present.” I hope this book does that for you. –H. Cobia

¹ Warp thread is put onto the loom first to make the skeleton of the fabric. Weft or filler thread is woven over and under the warp thread.

Descendency Chart





Facts about Sweden

There are almost 100,000 lakes in Sweden. In the coastal areas in the south, the weather is mild. Spring may arrive in the southern province of Skåne in February.

In the 19th Century, 90% of its population depended on agriculture.

Between 1866 and 1914 more than 1 million Swedes, about one-fifth of the population, left the country.

Sweden has a constitutional monarchy.

Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, a French marshal, was crowned in 1818 and his descendants continue to reign.

The flag has a gold cross on sky blue.

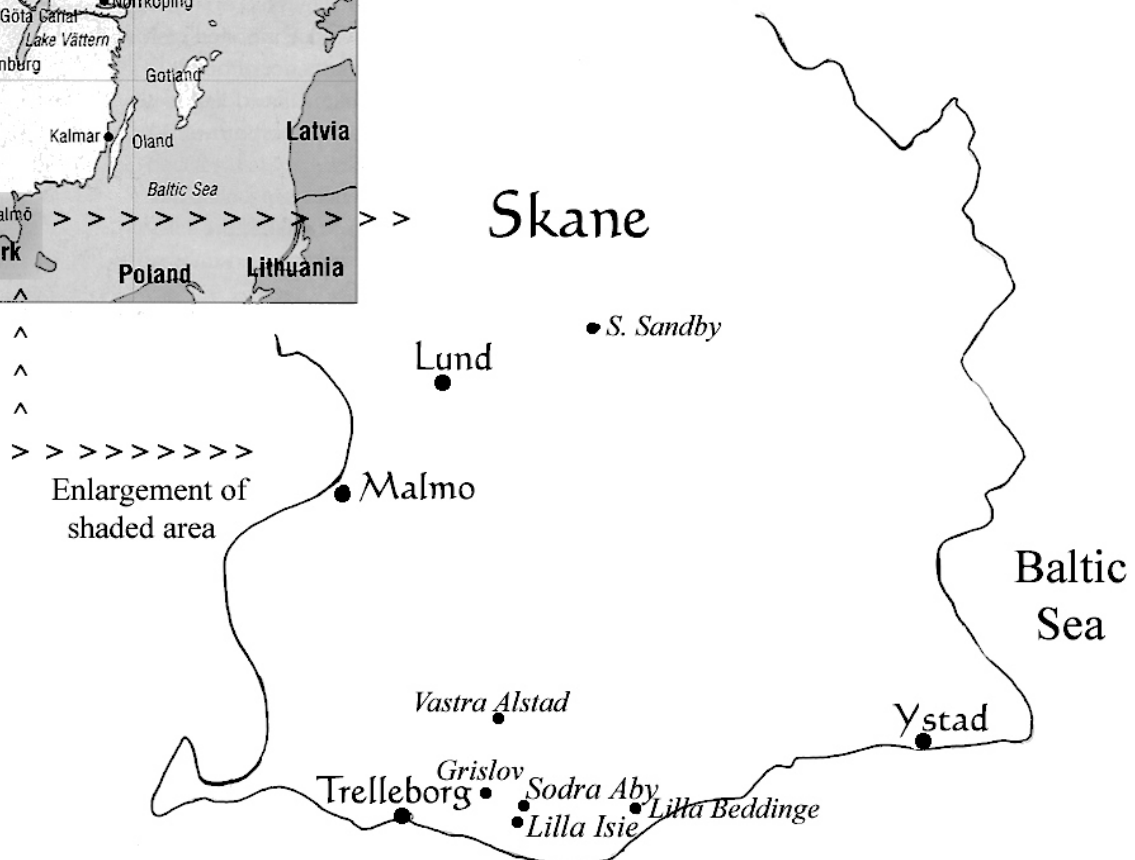
Most people belong to the Lutheran Church.

There is no law of trespass. "Everyman's

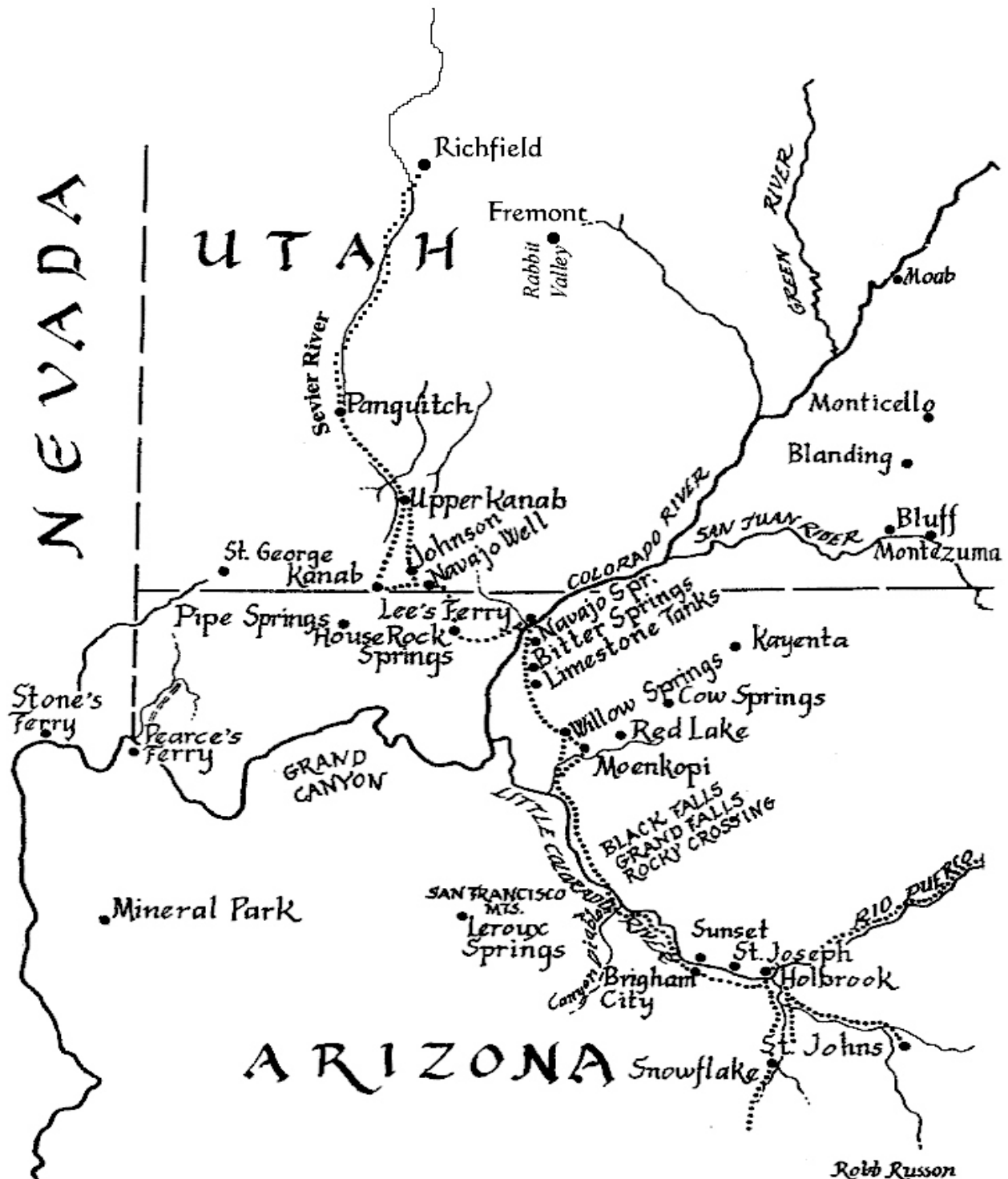
Right" or *Allemansrätt*, is an ancient tradition which allows anyone to use any wood or field, regardless of ownership.

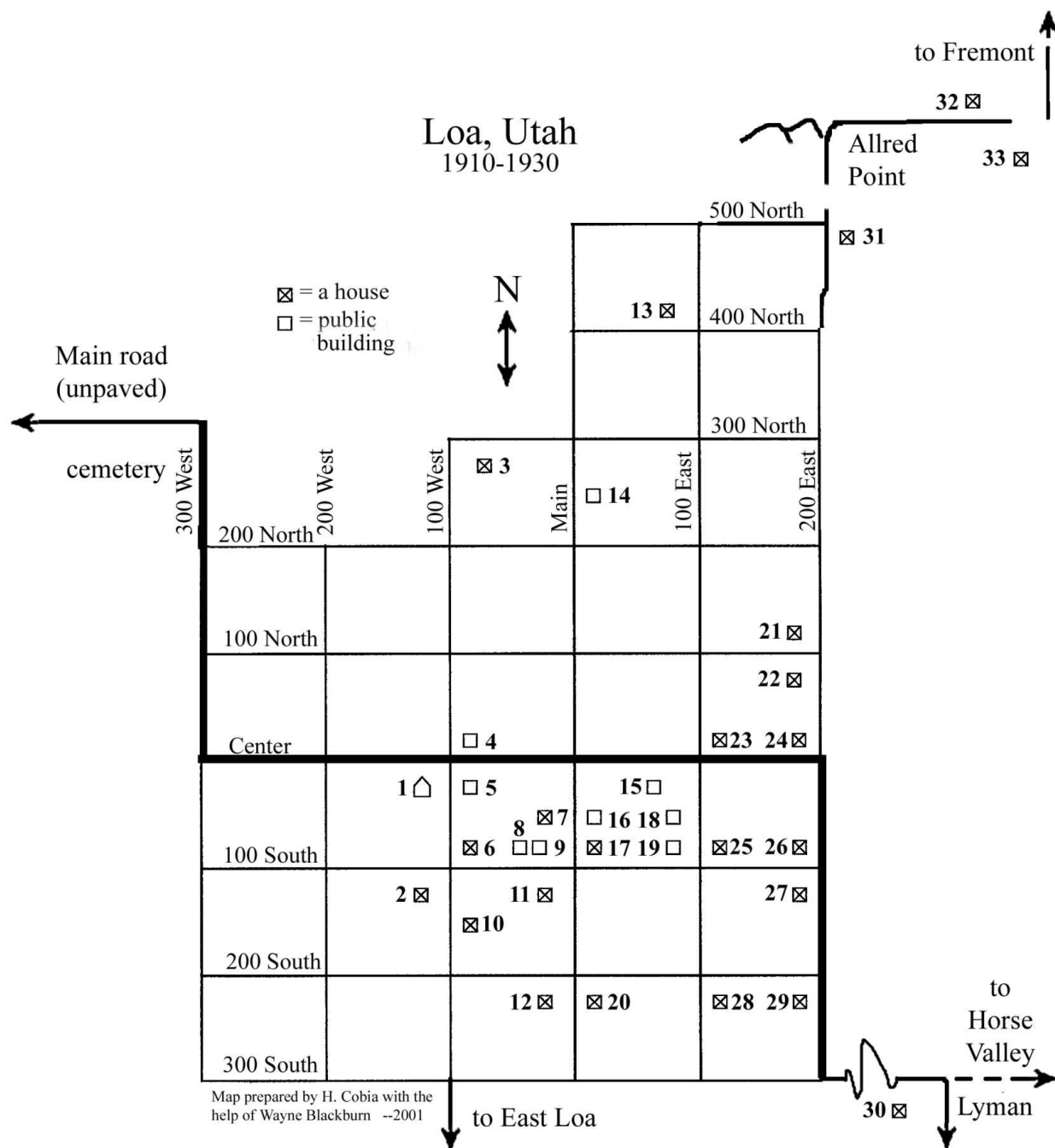
Berry and mushroom picking is popular.

Facts from Sweden by Delice Gan



Route to Arizona





- | | | | |
|---|-----------------------------|---|---|
| 1. Tabernacle - Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints | 9. Loa Co-op Store | 19. Bank & courthouse | 26. Sadie & Isaac Blackburn/ Doctor Nelson/ Mabel & Les Morrell |
| 2. Mae P. Webster | 10. Brown's | 20. Jim & Mae Webster | 27. Blacksmith |
| 3. Warren & Mealie Taylor | 11. Parley & Vinnie Reese | 21. Ada & Harve Taylor, Mae's sister | 28. Loren & Fontella Webster |
| 4. Relief Society - L.D.S. women's organization | 12. Fred & Deanie Webster | 22. Howard Blackburn | 29. William & Katie Webster |
| 5. Stake President - L.D.S. | 13. Ephraim & Sarah Taylor | 23. Wiff Pace/ Mabel & Les Morrell | 30. William & Maggie Webster Webster Farm |
| 6. Tom Reese | 14. Wasatch Service Station | 24. Elijah Blackburn | 31. Kingstrup |
| 7. Terza Hansen/Post office | 15. Rock school | 25. "Gramma" Pace/ Wayne & Ione Blackburn | 32. Lars Nelson |
| 8. Fremont Irrigation Co. | 16. Garage | | 33. Elna Fredrickson |
| | 17. Nick Sheffield | | |
| | 18. First school/church | | |
- (Not all houses shown. In several houses along 200 East there were Blackburn families.)

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HUSBAND Jöns FREDRIKSSON

Born 13 May 1834 Place Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmshaus, Sweden
 Chr. 14 May 1834 Place Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmshaus, Sweden
 Marr. 6 Nov 1858 Place Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmshaus, Sweden
 Died 22 May 1871 Place Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmshaus, Sweden
 Bur. 26 May 1871 Place Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmshaus, Sweden
 HUSBAND'S FATHER Pehrsson FREDRIKSSON (Fredric PEHRSSON) HUSBAND'S MOTHER Helena GUSTAFSSON
 HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES

Husband

Wife

☐ **OPTION 1 — FAMILY FILE** Send all names to my family file at the Temple. I will provide proxies for:
☐ Baptism ☐ Endowment ☐ Sealing.
☐ **OPTION 2 — TEMPLE FILE**
☐ **OPTION 3 — ANCESTRAL FILE**

Your name

Address

Phone ()

Date prepared

Your relationship to the husband and wife on this form

Husband

Wife

LDS ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED (Date) ENDOWED (Date) SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND

HUSBAND 25 Dec 1877 Manti 16 Oct 1901 Manti 16 Oct 1901
 WIFE 18 Mar 1874 Manti 16 Oct 1901

SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS

SEX M F	CHILDREN List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth Given Names SURNAME	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE		WHEN DIED		
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY	TO WHOM	DAY	MONTH	YEAR	
1		Chr31	May	1859				17 July 1889		8 Mar	1923	
F	Kjerstie (Katie) FREDRIKSSON	30	May	1859	Vastra Torp, Lilla Is.	Malms.	Sweden	William Moorhouse WEBSTER				
2		5	Nov	1863	Vastra Torp. Lilla Is.	Malms.	Sweden	23 Feb 1883		20 Apr	1943	
F	Hilma FREDRIKSSON							William Franklin TAYLOR				
3		27	Feb	1869	Vastra Torp. Lilla Is.	Malms.	Sweden	3 Aug 1888		15 Jan	1928	
F	Hannah FREDRIKSSON							Thomas Alvin TAYLOR				
4												
5	*****											
X	Elna's first son							6 Jul 1886		26 Jun	1936	
M	Lars NELSON	20	Oct	1853	Gislov	Malms.	Sweden	Anna Stina HANSDOTTER/ANDERSON				SLC
7												
8	*****											
X	Elna's son, father Charles	JENSON						25 Nov 1896		17 Sep	1970	
M	William Charles JENSON	10	Nov	1874	Malad	Oneida	Idaho	Josephine Martha ELLETT				Manti 16 Oct 1901
10												
11												

SOURCES OF INFORMATION Research done and compiled by Steven Taylor
 Birth, death & marriage entries in Taylor possession
 Malmshaus Parish extract F Sweden, Mlmhs 4,26915 pt.13,
 Lilla Isle Parish Records F Sweden, Malis 06,20446 pt. 5 microfilm
 Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah

OTHER MARRIAGES

Lars marry #2 Sarah Elizabeth "Libby" MAXFIELD
 4 March 1903

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

Fredriksson changed to Fredrickson
 in the United States
 *William was sealed to Elna & Jons
 Fredrickson

Elna Nilsson Fredrickson and Her Family
by Hildred C. Cobia

It is amazing to me that in the Twenty-First Century I can talk to someone who lived with my great-great grandmother, a woman born in the Nineteenth Century (1833). There are still a few people who personally knew Elna Fredrickson. Of course the people I interviewed were children when Elna was an old woman and only remember that part of her life, but other members of the family wrote about events from her life when she was younger. This is an attempt to tell her story using the things I have collected from many people who willingly shared their memories, papers and pictures .

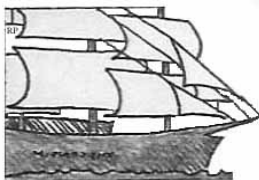
My Webster grandparents, Jim and Mae, named their children after their ancestors. My mother was name Katie after her grandmother Katie Fredrickson Webster. Her sister was named Elna after their great-grandmother, Elna Fredrickson. One of my best friend's mother was named Ellen. What I didn't know then is that my Aunt Elna and her mother were named after the same woman, our great-great-grandmother! In her native language she was Elna. In English her name translated to Ellen. Our family always called her Elna Fredrickson but many of her other descendants called her Ellen which is the name used on United States land records and in the 1880 census.

Elna Pehrsson or Ellen Nilsson was born 31 October 1833 in Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmhaus, Sweden. She was the daughter of Pehr Nilsson and Kjerstie Sorensen. On family group sheets Elna often has two different maiden names, Pehrsson and Nilsson. The use of patronymics, children taking their father's given name as their surname and adding the word "son" or sometimes "dotter," was the tradition in Sweden and other Scandinavian countries. Elna's father was Pehr, so she was Pehr-son. Because her family came to the United States she also adopted the American tradition of using her father's last name, Nilsson. Elna's married name was Fredrickson. Our family always called her Grandma Fredrickson even though she married again after her husband, Jons Fredrickson, died. And if you aren't all ready confused you will notice that there are several ways to spell all of these names!

When Elna was nineteen her first son, Lars

Nelson was born. The name of his father is unknown by the family. In 1992 a descendant of Elna's sister, Johanna, got interested in genealogy and family history and started contacting her distant Nilsson relatives, fourth and fifth cousins. She shared with her distant cousins the stories that had been passed down in her family from her great-great-grandmother Johanna. We may not know everything there is to know about our great-great-grandmother, but her brothers and sisters weren't so reluctant to talk about their sister. The story that had been passed down through Johanna's family for over a hundred years is that the father of Elna's baby was the future King of Sweden. When Elna's parents came to the United States they smuggled Lars out of Sweden. The Lars Nelson family now proudly tells the story that one of their ancestors was the King of Sweden. However Elna wasn't proud of it and the story was never told to any of her descendants.

Elna married Jons Fredrickson on 6 November 1858 in Vastra Torp. She was twenty-five. They had three daughters, Kjersti christened 30 May 1859, Hilma christened 5



November 1863 and Hannah christened 27 February 1869. While Elna learned the lessons of marriage and motherhood her parents were listening to lessons taught by missionaries from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They believed what they learned from the Elders of The Church, were converted, and baptized. Their decision to join The Church was more than just going from one building to another to worship. It was momentous and changed everything for this family. They were willing to sacrifice everything and they did. They gave up their country, their friends, their culture for a new way of life. They had found the truth.

All over Scandinavia Elders from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were teaching people about the Restored Gospel. When the people were baptized and became members the call came for them to gather with the rest of the Latter-day Saints in the Salt Lake Valley, often called Zion. Church leaders under the direction of President Brigham Young wanted new members to come and build up Zion. An organization, the Perpetual Emigrating Fund, was formed to help new converts come to the Valley. The missionaries helped organize new converts into companies called “Conferences” so they could travel to the Utah Territory in a group. The converts sent their money to church agents who sent it along to mission headquarters where one individual acted as the travel agent for the group. He then purchased passage for a group of church members. The money he saved in commissions was used to help converts who couldn’t afford to pay for the journey or for missionaries returning home to Utah. The mission personnel published information on planned departure dates, costs and information about what to bring. They also purchased provisions, cookware and eating utensils for the emigrants while they sailed to the United States.

ship and obtain their berths. Men traveling with the group, usually returning missionaries, were appointed as presidencies for the ship and were responsible for the conduct and moral of the passengers and for holding religious services. Generally the daily routine involved prayer, washing the decks, cooperative cooking arrangements and special meetings to discuss problems that arose. Because the Saints traveled as a church family under Priesthood leadership—and with the assistance of an experienced and well-organized system—LDS emigration impressed nonmember observers as orderly and civilized compared with the tumult generally surrounding emigrant ships. One writer noted: ‘The ordinary emigrant is exposed to all the chances and misadventures of a heterogeneous, childish, mannerless crowd during the voyage, and to the merciless cupidity of land-sharks the moment he has touched the opposite shore. But the Mormon ship is a Family under strong and accepted discipline, with every provision for comfort, decorum, and internal peace. On his arrival in the New World the wanderer is received into a confraternity which speeds him onwards with as little hardship and anxiety as the circumstances permit and he is passed on from friend to friend, till he reaches the promised home.’” [Edinburgh Review, Jan. 1962, p.199]¹

The Nilsson family was among the thousands who emigrated from their homeland to Salt Lake Valley through the church travel program. They left Sweden in 1864 shortly after their conversion. In their group was Pehr, Kjerstie and their children, Soren, Nils, Johanna and their grandson, Lars, Elna’s son.

“In hectic last-minute efforts they helped hundreds of passenger board

¹ Encyclopedia of Mormonism, Ed. Daniel H. Ludlow, Vol. 2, p.675

From the history of Elna's son, Lars Nelson, comes a few details of the beginning of the journey: "[Lars] was eleven years old when he left Sweden. When his grandparents joined the church they wanted to come to America. They owned a large plantation which they sold and prepared to leave Sweden. Part of the money they received from the sale of their plantation they loaned to other converts to help them get to America. Lars's mother was not going to America with her parents, but she let them take Lars. Some of the relatives didn't feel good toward them for joining the church and weren't going to let them take Lars. About two weeks before they were to leave, Lars's Aunt Johanna took him and went to Denmark and waited for the rest of the family who joined them there. (Lars p.3)"

The family traveled with members of the Skane Conference.² Pehr and his family are listed on the manifest of the 'Monarch of the Sea' which sailed 28 April 1864. The sailing ship, "Monarch of the Sea" carried several groups of Latter-day Saints to America, including 995 members, 580 of them from Scandinavia, in 1861.³ The trip made by the Nilssons was documented in the book, History of the Scandinavian Mission:

"On April 10th, at 5 p.m. the Swedish steamer "L. J. Bager" sailed from Copenhagen, carrying 350 emigrants from Sweden and Norway and some from the Fredericia Conference, Denmark, in charge of Johan P. R. Johansen. This company of Saints went by steamer to Lubeck, thence by rail to Hamburg, thence by steamer to Hull, in England, and thence by rail to Liverpool, where the emigrants joined another company of

emigrating Saints which sailed from Copenhagen three days later.On Tuesday, April 26th, the ship 'Monarch of the Sea' cleared for sailing, and on Thursday, April 28th, sailed from Liverpool, England, with 973 souls on board. Patriarch John Smith was chosen president of the company with Elders John D. Chase, Johan P. R. Johansen and Parley P. Pratt, Jun., as his counselors. Elders were also appointed to take charge of the different divisions of the company. During the voyage there was considerable sickness and some deaths, mostly of children. In the morning of June 3rd the 'Monarch of the Sea' arrived at New York where the landing of the emigrants at Castle Garden at once took place. In the evening they boarded a steamer for Albany, N. Y., and from there they traveled by train to St. Joseph, Missouri; thence by steamer up the Missouri River to Wyoming, Neb., from which place most of the Scandinavian Saints were taken to the Valley by Church teams, of which 170 were sent out by the Church that season. Thus about four hundred Scandinavian emigrating Saints crossed the Plains in Capt. Wm. B. Preston's company of about 50 Church teams, that left Wyoming, Neb., in the beginning of June, and arrived in Salt Lake City, Sept, 15, 1864."

The organization Church leaders used to bring immigrants to Utah Territory was the called the Perpetual Emigrating Fund. It served as a credit union and loaned money to members who could not afford to pay for their travel expenses. After 1856 the Perpetual Emigrating Fund had many debts and very little money to loan. The organization was refocused to help the immigrants get overland to Salt Lake Valley after they arrived at the end of the railroad. In

² Skane, the area where they lived in Sweden.

³ Coming to Zion, ed. James B. Allen, BYU Studies, Brigham Young University, Provo, Ut, 1997, p.198

1864 when the Nilssons were emigrating the end of the line was Wyoming, Nebraska, near Omaha. The immigrants paid their way to the end of the railroad line and were transported across the central plains of the United States in wagons. If they couldn't afford to buy their own wagons, oxen and supplies the immigrants received help sent from Utah. The help was wagons and teams with food supplies. They were called "Church trains" or the "Down and Back" trains. The immigrants paid a fee for the wagons to carry their belongings and supply them food, or they received credit from the Perpetual Emigrating Fund if they couldn't pay⁴. The people walked, unless they purchased a horse. It seems the Nilssons needed financial help to emigrate from Sweden since they came with a Church Team.

"During the era of "down and back" Church trains, flour was generally hauled from Salt Lake City—part of it stashed along the trail—and other provisions were purchased by agents near the outfitting point... After 1861, wagon trains sent periodic reports on their progress by telegraph, and when necessary, relief parties met immigrants en route as they neared the end of the journey.

"Immigrant companies were officially welcomed as they arrived at Salt Lake City, where they camped while awaiting assignments."⁵

Elna's brother, Soren, shared stories of the Nilsson's journey to the west. His son recorded some of his father's experiences. "William B. Preston was the captain of the company of saints on their way to the valley. He rode ahead

on a little yellow horse and picked the best road to travel. They could not all ride and my father was one of them who wore the shoes off his feet and then walked barefoot. His feet became very tough... Cousin Lars told me great cracks came on [his], Lars' feet and he sewed them up himself with buckskin.

"They came down Emigration Canyon into the valley 10 a.m. on September 16th. About three p.m. the same day they went up to Ogden and stayed there about a month. Father went to shoemaking. Later he went to Cache Valley.... Later he with his family, his parents, Lars Nelson and probably others of the family went to Malad, [Idaho]... They farmed here. Grandfather Phar Nelson died in Malad and was the first person buried in the St. John Cemetery. Patriarch John Smith dedicated the grave."

Elna's son, William, who was called "Uncle Willie" by those of us who knew him, also heard stories about that trip west and wrote: "Grandfather and Grandmother settled in Malad, Idaho. That was where [Capt. and later Bishop] Preston lived at that time. No doubt but that he had something to do with them settling there."

Research in records of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints shows that Elna did not join The Church when her parents, sister and brothers became members. She and her husband stayed in Sweden. Their third and last child was born in 1869, five years after her parents left Sweden. In 1871 Elna's husband died. She was thirty-seven years old. There is never a good time to bury a husband, but it was a particularly bad time for Elna to be left to support her children. There was a severe depression in Sweden.

"Around 1870, large numbers of Swedes were on the move in search of a livelihood.[The] roads were...crowded with beggars, orphans, and destitute families. Many people

⁴ In 1861 the fee was \$41 for adults and \$20.50 for children under eight. Coming to Zion, ed. James B. Allen, BYU Studies, Brigham Young University, Provo, Ut, 1997, p. 210 In 1868 the charge was \$75. Encyclopedia of Mormonism, Ed. Daniel H. Ludlow, Vol. 2, p.674

⁵ Encyclopedia of Mormonism, p.674-5

migrated north.... Many others moved to the cities, causing great increases in the numbers of urban poor. Still others moved to the United States; the 1870s was one of the peak periods in the immigration of Swedes. ...Eventually, Sweden was to become third in Europe—after Ireland and Norway—in the number of people it delivered to North America in proportion to its population.” (Folk Art)

Elna and her three daughters were part of the flood of Swedish emigrants flowing into the United States. Most immigrants went to the American Midwest where many other Swedes were already living, but Elna’s heart tugged her farther west to Malad, Idaho, where all of her family lived. Elna was not a member of their church, but she did travel with a group of members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It took her two years to settle her affairs and get enough money for her family to leave Sweden. In fact, she did not sell all of her property before she left. Elna and her three daughters Kjersti age 14, Hilma age 9 and Hannah age 4, left Sweden in 1873. They sailed across The Sound, about fifteen miles, from Malmo, Sweden to Copenhagen, Denmark. With a group of Latter-day Saints from the Skane Conference, they boarded the “Pacific” and sailed to Hull, England, leaving on June 27, 1873. From Hull they traveled to Liverpool where they boarded the “Wisconsin” and left on 2 July 1873. Their names can be found on the manifest of both ships.

Willie: “My mother did not join the Mormon Church when the others of the family did. She had married a man by the name of Jons Frederickson and moved to a different locality in Sweden. They had three daughters born to them; Katey [Kjersti], Hilma, and Hannah. It was when he died that she decided to come to Utah where all her relatives lived. She sold what property they had and got ready to emigrate. This was several years after her

father and mother came to the U.S. The railroad had been built and she rode through on the train⁶ and did not have to cross the Plains by Wagon Train as her relatives did when they came. Her voyage over the Ocean was a rough one, and Mother became ill. All of the girls soon were so sea sick they were afraid they were going to die. Mother was too ill to care for them; it was at this stage that my father came in to help mother, and to take care of the girls. He, too, was emigrating to Utah as a Mormon convert and he helped all the way from then on. He was also going to Malad, Idaho where his folks were located.”

What rejoicing there must have been when Elna arrived in Malad and embraced her oldest son, Lars, now a twenty year old man. Or was she first swept into the arms of her sixty-nine year-old mother? Her sister, Johanna, and her brothers, Soren and Nils, came to greet her. All of them were now married and had children. Johanna introduced her husband, Charles DuVander, and their three children, Charles, Charlotte “Lotty” and Emmalisha. Soren wanted her to meet Caroline and his three children, Hammond, Amelia and Albert, and Nils had his arms around his wife, Hannah, and his son, George. Elna wanted to show off her own Hannah who had never seen her Grandmother, Aunt Johanna, or Uncles. And all of them shed tears for family members who were gone. Elna and her mother had buried their husbands. Elna’s father was the first person to be buried in the St. John Cemetery, and in a grave near by was one of Johanna’s daughters. Soren’s first son was also resting in a little grave.

Willie: “Before mother had left Sweden, she had bought each one of her daughters a Bible, so they would not be converted to the Mormon belief. But the Elders took their Bibles and preached the Gospel to them, from their own Bibles. They were all converted and were baptized shortly after arriving at Malad.”

⁶“Sail and Rail” passengers.

Elna was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints on 18 March 1874. Before she joined the Church she accepted a proposal of marriage from the man who helped her through the ocean voyage. Elna married Charles Jenson\Berlin on 3 December 1873 the year she arrived in Idaho.

Willie: "My father and mother were married against the wishes of the daughters. This was only natural that they did not want their mother to marry again, when they were as old as they were. So I guess it was strife all the way, from the day they married until they finally seperated [sic]. From what I learned later on, when I was old enough to understand what they were talking about, mother sometimes told me how difficult it had been for her at times."

Charles and Elna separated when Willie was two years old and never lived together again. She used the Fredrickson name the rest of her life. Elna and Charles Jenson had one child, William "Willie" Charles Jenson. I am sure Uncle Willie had a twinkle in his eye when he wrote about his birth: "[I] Was born the 10th day of November 1874, in Onada [sic] County, Idaho. Was too young at birth to remember very much about it, but was told it was the first snow storm that season so the heavens wept as well as my mother and three big sisters, oh, not for joy but pity and disappointment. My neck was so limber that it could not hold my head, so it flopped around and had to be held in place, so I didn't blame them for feeling sorry and then I was so homely it caused a snow storm."

Before little Willie was two years old Elna moved on to a new adventure. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was sending people to colonize near the Little Colorado River in Arizona. The first group of colonists was sent there in 1873. They went, looked, turned their backs on the desolate place and went home. However, Church leaders had their eyes on the south and sent out other explorers to look at the area. When one of them, James S.

Brown, came back to Utah late in 1875, he gave favorable reports of the Little Colorado area to Church leaders. He also diligently traveled around northern Utah giving lectures extolling the advantage of moving to Arizona. In January of 1876 Church leaders again asked people to go settle Arizona.

When church members were asked by church leaders to go someplace they received a "call." When someone was called, he was a "missionary." The people who went to Arizona were called missionaries, but they were not proselyting or teaching church doctrine. They were called to be settlers but a unique kind of settler. They were called to be members of the "United Order," where everyone worked together as a community. A call for two hundred missionary-settlers and families to settle in Arizona came from Church leaders. Quotas were given to the leaders of the wards and stakes with the largest quota of people to come from northern Utah.⁷

"...most of the missionaries met in Salt Lake City late in January, where they were organized into companies of fifty according to the locality from which they came. They were also briefed as to what they might expect in the Little Colorado country and given some idea of how to prepare for the trip. Haste, they were told, was an imperative. The missionaries who left during those short winter days of 1876 took no more than a month to get under way. Later...it was more customary to give six months or even longer for the missionary to make ready."⁸

Elna's brothers, Soren and Nils were called to go settle Arizona. Soren had a very useful

⁷ All information about the Little Colorado Settlements came from the research of Peterson, Charles S. in Take Up Your Mission: Mormon Colonizing Along the Little Colorado River 1870-1900, the University of Arizona Press, 1973

⁸ *Ibid.*, p.64

skill for a new community, shoemaker. Many young men who heard about the new settlements were excited about going south and volunteered to go. James S. Brown, the enthusiastic explorer of the region recruited about eighty volunteers. Elna's oldest son, twenty-three year olds Lars volunteered to go too. Did he go for the adventure, or the bond of love for his uncles, or the prospect of land? After years of separation from her oldest son Elna decided to go with him or perhaps she was persuaded to come along because she too had a much needed skill and piece of equipment. She could weave and she had a loom. Forty-two year-old Elna, seventeen year-old Kjerstie who was now called Katie, twelve year old Hilma, five year old Hannah and baby Willie completed the family group who left Malad, Idaho.

There are three accounts of the journey to the Little Colorado Settlements, one by Elna's brother, Soren, as recorded by his son; one by her son, Willie; and one compiled by Lars' descendants. Soren's record gives a brief summary of the entire experience. Lars and Willie fill in the details.

Soren: "...in Malad... [my Father] had a call (no doubt from the heads of the Church) to go into the United Order in Arizona. There was quite a number joined from there [Malad] and other places. Some of the family joined and some did not but they went along with them to Arizona. Father took two good teams of horses, wagons loaded with seed grain and farm tools, two yoke of oxen, five or six cows, one set of harness that he made and one that he bought, which was all put into the order and taken all the way from Malad, Idaho to the order in Arizona. Father was nearly drowned fording the Healy River [and] one of his teams was. He went into the order in Lot Smith's company... Uncle Nels and family and Cousin Lars went into the Allen company. These orders were not successful and finally broke up. Father got nothing out of it but a jaded team, but it did not shake my father's faith in the Church one iota.

He was always faithful and devoted to the Church and its principles to his dying day. Most of the ones that emigrated remained faithful and active but some few did not....

"After the Order broke up my father stayed in Arizona and took up land in Pima. Nels, his wife Hanna and only son George settled in St. David, Arizona and all died there."

The Lars Nelson History states: "Lars had accumulated a few cows while working for Bishop Preston. He got an ox team and an outfit together and took his mother, three sisters and little brother and left for Arizona."

Willie: "...the three families yoked up their oxen and started for Arizona, traveling all the way down through Utah till they came to Richfield. Here they found a family they had known in Sweden that had emigrated the same time they had, by the name of Andrew Shields Jenson, which owed them some money he had borrowed to come from Sweden. This money helped my family on their way."

The journey from Idaho to the new land was over seven hundred miles. Each wagon carried about 2,000 pounds. In an article in the "Deseret News," a Salt Lake paper, the advice given was six or seven hundred pounds per animal pulling the wagon. The first five hundred miles were the "easy" miles because the wagons moved south through Utah from settlement to settlement. There were well traveled dirt roads. It was fairly flat country as they wound their way from camp spot to camp spot. Often the travelers stopped and stayed with friends in the towns along the way. Lars and Elna stopped in Richfield in Sevier Valley to visit people from Sweden.

But "easy" is a relative term. They were traveling in winter and it was a particularly snowy cold winter. Uncle Willie wrote that when they left Malad Valley the snow was so deep they could not see the tops of the fence posts. There was no communal cooking arrangements for the wagons traveling together

so the women had to drag grub boxes out of the wagons and cook breakfast and supper over a campfire as the cold assaulted them from all sides.

After the missionaries left Sevier Valley travel got harder. They moved to higher elevations which brought colder temperatures. They had to cross and recross the Sevier River, going in and out of freezing water, often chopping away ice that wasn't thick enough to hold a loaded wagon.

“Possibly no large group had a better opportunity to test these frosty miles than did the missionaries of 1876. Toiling through snow that lay up to eighteen inches on the level, and in temperatures that froze the feet of both livestock and humans, they were well initiated to the rigors of winter travel by the time they reached Panquitch in the south end of the Sevier Valley. But, as many of them feared, the hardest part of the journey lay in the thirty-five-mile mountain stretch from Panquitch to Orderville. After crossing south of Panquitch, they followed the old road up the west branch of the Sevier, a long day's drive to Hatch Ranch. Here they girded themselves for the push on to the timbered rim of the Great Basin, which they reached near present-day Long Valley Junction. Although there were many outfits on the road, the trace through the snow drifted in almost as it was broken, and each new party was forced to break its own way through drifts three or four feet deep. By pushing far into the night, some who were fortunate in the condition of their animals made it up the divide from Hatch to the rim of the basin in one long day. It took others four days, and one unfortunate party floundered in the snows eighteen days in making the sixty miles from Panquitch to Kanab.”⁹

⁹ Take Up Your Mission, p.72

The route Elna and family and the other settlers traveled later became Utah State Highway 89 which is now called the scenic route! Two of the attractions near the highway are Bryce Canyon and Zion's National Park. But they were not on a scenic tour. Across the top of the Great Basin summit they traveled. One of those who traveled the same trying trail wrote back to the Deseret News (April 5, 1876) “going down off the summit was as hard as going up. The steepest roads in northern Utah could not compare. Sometimes three animals were down out of four, and every minute we expected to see an axletree broken.”

The weary travelers pushed on to Kanab. They were now moving out of the snow and cold. The “easy” part of the journey was over. The next three hundred miles were the real test. A major stopping place was Horse Rock Springs in the shelter of steep sandstone cliffs. The spot had water, good grazing and firewood. On they pushed through canyons of fragmented, wind sculptured rocks to Lee's Ferry for the crossing of the Colorado River. Lee's Ferry was named after John D. Lee, the first person to operate the ferry. A hint of what it was like to live at the side of the Colorado River is indicated by the name Mrs. Emma Lee picked for the spot, “Lonely Dell.”

Lars Nelson History: “Uncle Willie said when they crossed the Colorado River they ferried the wagons across and the cows and oxen had to swim. One of the oxen got about in the middle of the river and just quit swimming. The last they saw of it, it was going down the middle of the river. They had to hook up one of the cows with the oxen.”

Those who know animals say it was easier to get horses to swim a river than cattle.

Maybe the oxen weren't the only ones who fearfully crossed the river. The ferry was flat and open and the passengers could look down stream a few hundred yards and see rapids foaming and tossing up white water. The one thing that seemed to give the travelers

confidence on the crossing was the ferry operators. When Elna and her family crossed Mrs. Lee was operating the ferry with help from Warren Marshall Johnson.¹⁰ In 1876 the fee for the ferry crossing was \$1.00 per wagon and 25 cent for each extra animal which was a special half-price rate for missionaries

“...a word should be written about the road out of the river to the south. ...it led up a tilted and precipitate apron of rock since known as Lee’s Backbone but called merely “the mountain” or “the Lee Hill” during years prior to 1880. Complicated by the crazy pitch of the backbone and its scarred and broken rock surface, the climb was perhaps the worst that the pioneers encountered on the Lee’s Ferry route. Teams were doubled and wagons taken singly to the top of the two mile pull. Slowed by such procedures, parties of any size usually took a half-day or more on the up-grade and a like period dropping off the other side where a steep and contorted terrain required that hand wheels be locked and spring seats and other loose equipment tied to the wagons. When extra teams were not available for doubling, it was necessary, as one pioneer laconically noted, to “unload...and pack it upon our backs.”¹¹

On and on Elna and her family traveled. Into a country which one traveler described as: “A strange country of a barren desert of rocks, sand hills, mounds, gravel beds, and many curious rocks....The hills are of thin slate in a decayed state, rocks are in every shape of men, women, children, and palaces. The country is without grass or soil.”¹²

¹⁰ John D. Lee was arrested in 1874 for his participation in the Mountain Meadow Massacre.

¹¹ Take Up Your Mission, p.78-79

¹² Cowley, Matthew; Wilford Woodruff, p.

After Lee’s Backbone the wagons bumped and bounced, crept and crawled along a roadbed created from rocks and sand -- Navajo Springs, Bitter Springs, Limestone Tanks, Willow Springs. They were about a hundred miles past Lee’s Ferry when they came to the banks of the Little Colorado which had the descriptive name of “the bad lands.” And there was still a hundred more miles to the place they would settle. They camped near Black Falls where there was good grazing for the animals, then traveled a half day to Powder Hill which was a good place for “nooning.” (Every noon the travelers stopped to feed and rest their animals.) Their next stop was close to Grand Falls where there was more good grazing ground. Next was Rocky Ford where they crossed from the north to the south side of the Little Colorado River, then past San Francisco Wash (Canyon Diablo), and finally they crossed the Little Colorado again where they saw a broad valley marked with cottonwood trees. They had traversed the trail that became known as the “Mormon Wagon Road” until it was paved and numbered Highway 89. The weary travelers had arrived at their new home.

As would be expected there are some differences in the three narratives told by Soren, Lars and Willie about the Arizona experience. There are several references to the Healy (Gila) River, but they never crossed or reached that river which is much further south than the place they did settle. The major river crossing was over the Colorado River at Lee’s Ferry and the river near their final stopping place was the Little Colorado.

Soren said that Lars, Elna and her family went with Allen Company which was led by William C. Allen and he went with Lot Smith. The other two groups were lead by George Lake and Jesse O. Ballinger. Lot Smith was assigned to be the leader of the entire mission. Lot Smith’s group and Ballinger’s group settled near one another about twenty-five miles down river (northwest), back the way they had come. Allen’s group stayed at the rendezvous site and

Lake's group crossed the river. The Smith company named their settlement, Sunset after the name of the crossing on the Little Colorado River. The Allen company picked the name of Allen's Camp (later St. Joseph and then Joseph City). If Lars and Elna stayed with Allen's group they should have lived at Allen's Camp, but the Lars Nelson History said they were at Sunset.

The missionary-settlers met at a designated spot and were divided into groups of fifty which had been assigned in Salt Lake City at the January meeting. Lot Smith arrived at the meeting place on the Little Colorado on March 23, 1876. Elna and her family must have arrived within a few weeks of that date.

Lars, Elna and her family didn't stay in Arizona very long. It is interesting to note the reason given for the move back to Utah. The Lars Nelson History states, "Lars didn't seem to like the United Order. When the dam on the Gila River went out he decided to go back to Richfield."

Almost the first thing the settlers did after they arrived was begin the work of bringing water to the land for crops. One of the settlers was a surveyor and he started to lay out the ditches. The rest of the men went to work making dams, not across the Gila River, but across the Little Colorado River. They cut down trees and moved them to the river bank. They used grubbing hoes to cut sage brush from the top of the roots and transported them to the river bank. They filled wagons with dirt and rock and moved them to the river bank. Then the dirt, rocks, trees and brush were hauled and dumped in the river bed to make a dam. It was back-breaking work. Lars worked along with all the others.

"The dam at Allen's Camp, which was completed on June 6 after two and a half months, stretched 180 feet across the river and was reported to be sixty feet thick and nine feet high. Although logs had been ripped in and a great

quantity of rock used, the dam held only until July 19 when the first real flood of the year [1876] swept it away."¹³

This may have been the flood that sent Lars back to Utah. But there was more than one flood that washed out the dams the settlers made across the Little Colorado before they made one that stayed. Anyone of them could have been the one that caused Lars to turn his back on Arizona.

There may have been many reasons why Lars left. It must have been discouraging to see months of work swept away by the very water they expected to use for irrigating crops. Perhaps Lars couldn't face building another dam. In his history Willie says it was so extremely hot Elna and Lars decided to leave.

Maybe they didn't like communal living. The first months in the settlements were spent camped in wagon boxes. Because the settlements were organized under the Church's United Order, a religious-communal organization, during the first year everything was done on a communal basis. They ate together. They worked together. They were under one leader who gave the orders.

Perhaps Lars didn't like all those orders! The leader over all the camps and over Sunset (where Elna's family may have been living) was Lot Smith. He was a fiery red-head. Lars was a red-head too, but I don't know if he was fiery! Lot Smith kept strict control over the people in his group. It is reported that he was "over-bearing, intolerant and hot-headed in the extreme. He badgered, threatened, and fumed to make his domination a reality in Sunset."¹⁴

Whatever the reasons, back over the Mormon Wagon Road went Lars, Elna, Katie, Hannah, Hilma and Willie. Soren and Nils and their families stayed. But Lars and Elna were not the only ones who left. Probably 90 percent of those who went to the Little Colorado Settlements didn't stay. Back along the river,

¹³ Take Up Your Mission, 1973 p. 19

¹⁴ *Ibid.* p.114

back through the washes, back to each of the campsites. And all along the way they could read the names of people carved and painted on the sandstone rocks. On they went, back across Lee's Ferry where Willie says they lost an ox, back up the trail. Back to the plateau at Kanab where it had been bitter cold, but now it was dusty and unbearably hot. All the jots and bumps in reverse. Back over the summit of the Great Basin and into Sevier Valley.

Uncle Willie wrote: "We camped south of Richfield for some time near where the town of Monroe is now located, but as winter was coming on we moved in to Richfield and lived with an old man by the name of Wheelmaker. It was while we were living with him that Lars heard about the valley south of Richfield, with plenty of wood, water and grass. My half-brother Lars, decided to come over and look it over. It was here he camped with Jack Allred who was the one family living in the valley at that time. He inquired about land to be filed on and was informed there was a quarter section just north of his, he could get to homestead. This is what he did. He came back to Richfield, got a yoke of oxen, came back and built a log cabin. This was required as a filing on a homestead right on land at that time. The family stayed at Richfield until the next spring before we moved over to what was then called Rabbit Valley. It was while we were living at Richfield that many incidents happened that I can remember. The one I will always remember as long as I live is when the boys came to see my big sisters. They wanted to be good to their little brother and feed me candy. One of them had tobacco in his pocket with the candy he was saving for the little brother of them big girls, so when he gave me the candy that was all smeared with plug tobacco, [sic] I ate it. It wasn't long till the room was going round and round till I was so dizzy I fell off the chair, that was the last I knew till I came too. I was sitting on one vessel and mother was holding my head over another. My, [what] a

show I was putting on for the boys that came to see my big sisters. The old man where we was staying, laughed till he was as bad off as I was, my mother said afterwards.

"In the spring of 1877, we left Richfield and moved over to what was then called Rabbit Valley. There was scarcely [sic] any road at all. I can remember how the wagon bounced from one rock to three or four. In fact it was all bounce. I can remember how glad I was when they would let me ride behind my sister Hannah, who rode an old gray mare to drive cattle. At that time the road or trail to Burrville climbed the hogback, and then near the south end of Fishlake, then over Dogflat and down the hollow at the south end of the flat, down into the valley that is known as the old Fish Lake Road. When we got to the valley we crossed two streams of water, one is known as Spring Creek and the other as the Dirty Devil¹⁵, this one was much the largest and the deepest. When we came the entire Valley was covered with dense sage, rabbit and grease wood brush. It was a desolate and dreary looking valley. Not a fence or road to be seen, only the Indian trail was on the west side of the river full length of the valley. A dense growth of willows grew on both sides of the river but none on Spring Creek where the water was warm and had some minerals in the water therefore the willows and brush did not grow near the stream. The cabin Lars had built was made out of red pine logs and was only about 12 or 14 feet square, with the bark on, this made it easy to plaster. The rough bark helped the plaster stick. How we lived in that little cabin the first winter with a iron stove in one corner. Most of our things were stacked around the house on the out side. Mother's loom was piled at the north end of the cabin with the spinning wheel with it. Yes it was real pioneering.

"In the year 1878 and 1879 settlers came into the valley till all the land was taken up that was near rivers where water could be gotten on

¹⁵ The Fremont River which drains into the Colorado River.

the land handy and not much ditch work to be done. It was later on that the canals were built to cover the remaining land.”

And thus Elna, and her children, Katie, Hilma, Hannah, Lars and Willie came to be among the first settlers in a mountain valley so far away from Sweden.

How long was the family in Arizona? The Nelson History said they were there for two years which makes it 1878 when they left. Uncle Willie wrote they moved to Rabbit Valley in 1877 after spending the winter, 1876-1877 in Richfield which means they only spent a few months in Arizona because they left Idaho in February 1876. Willie was only two years old at the time and he may or may not have remembered the exact dates.

A search was made in the land records owned by Lars and Elna to try and pinpoint the time they arrived in Rabbit Valley. Lars bought 160 acres located between Fremont and Loa, Utah. Bureau of Land Management records show the patent was a cash purchase from the Federal Government. It was not purchased as a homestead. The transaction was dated June 1, 1882, and probably cost \$5.00 an acre.¹⁶ We don't know why Lars bought the land instead of homesteading. If he had obtained the patent on his land through homesteading, which takes four years to prove up before he could get a patent, he would have to have been in the Valley in 1877. There is no document which gives us the exact dates the family arrived. It can only be narrowed down to a three year period, 1877- 1880. We know the family arrived before June 1880 because they are listed in the Federal Census taken that year.

Willie continued: “The next year another

¹⁶ Land record at Wayne County Court house, #2292 and certificate #2226, record filed 24 April 1909. Cash entry on land records, Plat 5 Book S, at the Bureau of Land Management Office, Salt Lake City, Utah. A patent is issued to the first person to own the land, thereafter a deed shows ownership.

cabin was built much larger, with a leantoo [sic] on it so the weaving [loom] and spinning wheel could come inside. These mother and the girls kept going both night and day it seemed to me. It was the last thing I heard at night and the first thing in the morning. Cording, spinning, weaving. I and my youngest sister picked the wool after it was washed, before it was carded. Hilma usually did the carding, Katie the spinning, mother the weaving. Some times they would change each other for a rest.”

In the 1880 Census of Utah Lars Nielson, farmer, age 26, is listed as the head of a household living with his “mother, Ellen Frederickson, a housekeeper who cannot write, age 46; a sister, Katie Frederickson, age 20¹⁷; a sister, Hilma Frederickson age 16, and a half-brother Willie C. Jensen age 5.” It is unknown why Hannah the youngest daughter was not counted with the family.

Hilma was Elna's first child to marry and leave home. She married Frank Taylor in 1883 when she was nineteen. In late 1881 or early 1882 the household increased with the arrival of Lars's Grandmother, Kjerstie Nilsson,

Willie: “It was about the 1880's that mother started weaving rag carpets for the settlers, and also repairing shoes for the people. A trade she had learned from her brother, he being a professional shoe maker. She would take the leather from old worn out shoes and make me shoes to ware [sic]. She made me a good many pair when I was small. The price charged for weaving rag carpets was 10 cents per yard if they furnished the material. Some times she had to take produce, wheat, oats, molasses, or any thing the people had that mother could use. On one occasion she wove a carpet for Johny Buckcanon and she did some other work for them, that he brought house logs to build a house on the land she had home-steaded.

¹⁷ The census was taken on June 22. Katie was 21. Her birthday is May 30.

Those days there was very little money, and it was hard to get, so they helped each other.

“My sisters was really better off than most girls in the Valley. They could weave their woolen dresses. They cut the bark off the Tagalders that grew along the river to color them with, this made a deep wine color, and they were really proud of their new woolen dresses. They did look nice I thought.

“The schools we had in the valley, there were four of them, and they paid them with produce such as the people could raise on the farms there were some that could pay money so they did get along, and they paid according to the number of children they sent to school. As soon as warm weather came in the spring so they could work on the land, school was let out and all began clearing the brush off the land, so there was a job for the entire family. In the evening the entire valley was lighted up with brush fires. It was a great sight to see. They worked by the light of the fires, so did not stop work because of night.

“When I was eleven years of age I began working out to help my widowed mother make a living. That was the end of my schooling.”

A favorite family story told by Uncle Willie was included in a Wayne County History. Willie said, “We had been living [in Rabbit Valley] five or six years when my older

brother Lars went to Richfield and bought for himself a double bitted ax, which he sharpened and stuck in the bottom log on the outside of the granary. That left the other sharp blade sticking out. Along came an old sow that was running out with a litter of little pigs. She came up to the granary and was scratching her side when she struck the sharp blade of the ax, which cut her side open so that the entrails came out.

“When I saw what had happened, I ran and told Mother. She came out, and seeing the condition of the sow, called the girls to come

and help. We got the sow in a corner and caught her but had quite a tussle to get her down. My oldest sister Katie, a big robust girl, sat on the head and shoulders of the sow, while Hilma, the next oldest, sat on the other end, holding to a hind leg so the sow could not get up. My younger sister and I ran the errands.

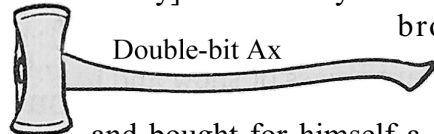
“Mother, being a shoe cobbler and having plenty of linen wax ends, sent me for the needle and thread and Hannah for a bucket of water.

“Then the operation began. Mother held the entrails up for Hannah to pour water on to wash them off, for in the struggle to get the sow down, the entrails had got in the dirt. When they were perfectly clean, Mother poked them all back in the side. Then she began sewing up the cut, using the overhand stitch and drawing the walls of the inside incision very firmly together. But

when she tried to close the outside part of the gash, the hide was so thick the needle wouldn’t go through it, so she sent me for the awl. By the time I got back, the sow was getting nervous, but they held her down. Every time Mother would push the awl through the sow’s side, she would squeal and wring her tail, which made me laugh. For this the girls would scold me and say, ‘How would you like to be served like this and have someone laugh at you?’

“At last the job was finished, and the old sow got up with an expression on her face that said, ‘I think you have been very mean to me.’ She didn’t go far until she was met by her little pigs, which began coaxing for their warm dinner. She lay down very carefully, and when they all began rooting her, she would grunt and whimper as much as to say, ‘Be careful, you little rascals. Don’t you know your mother has just had an operation?’

“The wound healed, and it wasn’t long until nothing showed except a scar about six inches long on the old sow’s side. Since then I have



witnessed several operations but none that I thought was more successful than the one performed by my Mother on the old sow.

"I have told this incident, which is true in every respect, so that Mother's great-great-grandchildren now living may know something of the resourcefulness of their grandmother and other pioneer women who settled in these valleys of the mountains.¹⁸

When Elna and her family left Idaho her sister Johanna and family stayed in St. Johns. Elna's mother, Kjerstie, also stayed behind and lived with Johanna. One of Johanna's daughters told this story about her Grandmother, Kjerstie, to her cousin Willie, "One incident related to me by Lotty Duvander, a grand-daughter of grandmother Nilsson while they were living in Malad: An Old Buck Indian came in to the school house and scared all the wits out of the school Mam and the kids. She ran home, not far from the school house and told grandmother about it. She being the only one home at the time, grandmother grabbed a few cookies, put them in a paper sack, then she walked to the school house, handed the Indian the cookies. She grabbed the Indian by the arm and marched him out of the school house saying, 'Go home!' This was the talk of the town for some time. Lotty said the 'devil' himself could not scare grandmother Nilsson. At that time the Indians were real hostile.

"Grandmother Nilsson lived with Johanna, 'till they decided to leave Malad, then she was brought to my mother to care for. She died in Wayne County and is buried in the Lyman Cemetery."

The next change for Elna came through letters to Sweden. It is recorded in the Lars Nelson History this way, "When [Elna] left Sweden she left some property for the town

officials to dispose of.¹⁹ While corresponding about the property each letter from Sweden would say, 'Don't forget about Anna.' [Someone they knew in Sweden.] Lars's sisters asked him if they could propose to Anna for him. Finally he agreed. They wrote and asked her if she would like to come to America and marry Lars." Anna accepted and came to America. Lars and Anna were married in July of 1886. (Elna's mother, Kjerstina Nilsson, age 82, passed away in November that year.)

Lars was ten years old when he came to America. He didn't see his Mother again for about ten years, yet he took the responsibility to provide for her, three sisters and a brother before he was twenty-three. Lars was the "man of the house" for ten years. When Lars married, his mother moved and set up her own household. At a time when men provided the income and the house was women's work, Elna, age fifty-three, started over. With no assurance of long life or outside help except what Lars could give, if any, Elna went to work. Three of her five children were still living with her, Katie (27), Hannah (17) and Willie (11).

Elna and the three unmarried children moved a short distance, a block or two from Lars and Anna. Their little cabin sat on the foot of a hill. Uncle Willie wrote that Johnny Bucannan got the logs for Elna as trade for the rag carpets she wove for his family. We can guess the men in the valley had a house raising and built it for her. She planted trees which grew into an oasis of shade and a spot of shimmering green in an expanse of desert dominated by faded shades of greys and green.

Elna's days were filled with daily work and Sunday worship. The food her family ate came from their land and their work, only salt and sugar came from a store. Before they could plant a garden they had to clear the land. Not only did brush have to be grubbed out, but black volcanic rocks had to be removed. They

¹⁸ "A PIONEER OPERATION" --Rainbow
Views: A History of Wayne County, Anne Snow, p.
126-128

¹⁹ At the time they were trying to settle this matter Elna and her girls had been in American about ten years. Lars was thirty years old and had not married.

lifted them onto a sledge to move them, but Elna, Willie and the girls didn't dump the rocks in an out-of-the-way place. They used them to make a rock fence around the garden spot. A great-grandson, Alvin Taylor, said the garden was about a half acre. It was completely surrounded by a wall three to four feet high. The remains of the rock wall can still be seen

The family planted berry bushes, rhubarb, onions, carrots, potatoes, anything that would grow fast in cool weather. Rabbit Valley had a short growing season. Everything they planted had to be something which took about three months to grow and produce, and didn't need hot weather. And all of it had to be watered. They learned to irrigate. The water belonged to everyone and they took turns using the water. And after a summer of weeding and watering Elna and the girls picked and preserved and stored what the garden produced.

Elna got a swarm of bees and soon she was tending bee hives and extracting honey. The family fed cows, chickens and pigs. They milked cows. They drank milk from their cows or turned it into butter and cheese. They gathered eggs. Tables scraps were saved and fed to the pigs which were eventually slaughtered for meat. The fat from pork was used for cooking and made into soap. The soap was used to scrub clothes on a scrubbing board by hand.

All the water used for the laundry, drinking, cooking and bathing was brought in barrels from Spring Creek about a mile away. The water was heated on a stove when they wanted it hot for washing. Wood was chopped to make fires. The fires they made heated the house and cooked their food. The floors were warmer because Elna used scraps of cloth and old clothes to weave rag rugs. The beds kept them warm because Elna and the girls made quilts. The clothes they wore were made from cloth they wove and sewed into dresses.

Willie: "When I got home [from herding sheep] my youngest sister [Hannah] had

married and left home, the one that had been my pal for so many years herding cows, fishing, chopping wood and carrying it in. One day I got too close when she was chopping and she caught me under the jaw with the ax. I carried a scar the rest of my life. In the early spring before the worms had come to the top of the ground, I and my sister would drive the calves to a corner of the pen, fasten them in with a pole and pinch the grubs out of their backs and for every grub we could get we could count on two or three fish."

Elna filed on her own 160 acre-homestead.²⁰ Hannah married Thomas A. Taylor when she was nineteen, two years after their move to their own cabin. The next year, 1889, Katie who was thirty married William M. Webster, a widower. Elna and fifteen-year-old Willie were the only ones left to take care of the farm. Most of Elna's homestead was covered by Sage and Rabbit Brush which had to be cleared away before crops could be planted.

Willie: "...William Webster...had a family of small children and I worked for him two summers on the farm grubbing brush and breaking up new ground. Then mother traded 20 acres of land for a team, a wagon and harness. I then came home to work the farm and it had to be fenced and seeded to alfalfa. This took me several years to get posts and poles and build fences. And then work out whenever I could get a chance to make a little money to go on. That was to shear sheep, haul wool and grain to the railroad for 25 to 35 cents a hundred. Salina²¹ was as far south as the railroad came those days so that was where everything was hauled and where they got their goods for stores and themselves. It was here we brought the lumber we had logged for, it took us a week to get a thousand feet of lumber and

²⁰ Patent Homestead Certificate #no. 4530, Instrument Date 12-20-1891, Filing Time 5-19-1893. Courthouse, Loa, Wayne County, Utah.

²¹About sixty miles away over a mountain.

another week to get it to Salina and we sold it for 11 or 12 dollars a thousand, so it took us two weeks to earn \$12.00 with a team – dry pickings.”

And the years, as they do, continued to bring changes. Elna’s grandchildren came for visits. The grandchildren have stories to tell about Grandma Fredrickson.

Alice, Katie’s daughter: “When I was about five years old [1897] I spent the summer with my grandma, [Elna]. She was Swedish and I couldn’t understand her so I would have to just guess at what she told me, sometimes doing just the opposite from what she wanted me to do. She, being very high tempered, would get rather out of sorts and get after me and although I could not understand a word I felt it all very keenly. There was one word which I soon learned, a word that meant to hurry.²² One day after I had been there a short time grandma wanted a small stone, and trying to talk English so I could understand her, she told me to get her a small stäna. I said, ‘What’ until she began to get angry, then thinking that perhaps I understood I went looking along the ground for a stain. There were small rocks all around me, but I told her I couldn’t find any. She called me something which I could not understand, but which caused me to go and sit in a corner and wish I were home, while grandma went and got her small stäna.

“After I had stayed at grandma’s a while and could understand her better we got along very well, until one day while combing my hair with the fine comb I decided that the teeth were too sharp so I cut the points off with the scissors. This was soon discovered and grandma asked me what I *done* it for. I was afraid to tell her so I said ‘I didn’t do it.’ She knew that I *done* it and coaxed me to tell that I did and said she wouldn’t be angry if I’d tell her what I did it for. Then I felt sorry and wished that I had told her, and I know that she knew I

done it because she and I were alone; but after saying that I didn’t do it I wouldn’t say that I did.”

Willie married Josephine Martha Ellett and brought his bride to live in the little cabin he shared with his mother.

Martha, Willie’s daughter: “I was born 18 March 1901, at Fremont, Wayne County Utah, to William C. Jenson and Josephine Martha Ellett. I was very welcome because they had lost a little girl, Mary Ellen, a year before I was born, Charles William being their eldest child, Wayne and Hilma their youngest. I remember the place where I was born. There was a rock wall built around a garden, by my Grandma Fredrickson and my father when he was a little boy. There was a three room log cabin, with a porch and trees and bushes, lots of them... There was an elderberry bush and the luscious pies that used to come from it, and jelly from the red currant bushes. The gooseberries I didn’t like so well, so a bush was always left to ripen and then they were delicious to eat raw. There was the old garden and the new garden or ‘haven’ as Grandma used to call it. She never did learn to speak very good English.

“The old Garden had the rock wall around it. One day my older brother Charles and I were playing around it, and a big blow snake came out of the rocks. Charles killed it by throwing a big rock and hitting it on the head. So my earliest memories are tall trees, grass, and lovely bushes, which gave the people of the valley practically all the fruit they had. They used to come with their containers and pick the fruit.

“Besides selling berries for a living they would weave long strips of carpets and rugs. The loom stood out on the porch in the summer time and was brought in the house in the winter. I was always very interested in this weaving operation and when I was big enough to wind the long strips of rags from the balls on to the shuttles it was pure heaven. Then later I was allowed to help with the weaving. I remember

²² “Fkynda” is Swedish for hurry. “Stäna” means rock or stone.

the great delight and feeling of grandeur when we were fortunate enough to have a new rag carpet for our home. Great pitchforks full of clean straw was brought in from the stack and spread evenly over the floor and then the colorful carpet was stretched tight and tacked down around the edges. With the freshly white washed walls, the new lace curtains because a new carpet always called for new curtains, we really had beauty all around.

"My Aunt Hannah, whose husband had been killed..., came to live with Grandma, so we moved to town and Dad went back and forth to town."

Loren, Katie's son: "I liked to go up to Grandmothers. Grandmother's house was a little log house. She had another log house out to the side, a granary. She lived right agin' the hill and the canal was up there. I never went in the house much. I was out in the berry patch most of the time when I was there! She had them currant bushes and berry bushes up there. She was good to us. I liked to go up there, but I wasn't up there too much.

"I remember her milk cow. I think she only had one milk cow. She'd turn it up on the ditch bank. She had a bell around its neck so she could tell where it was all the time. Every time it moved that bell would ring. It was interesting to me. I can hear that yet.

"Grandmother made Sweet Soup. That was the best stuff I've ever tasted. She'd put in raisins and prunes, anything she had in fruit. She had some jelly and put that in there. It was really good. That was the one thing I really liked that she cooked. Outside of that she didn't cook too much."

Ione, Lars' granddaughter: "When I was a child, Vern²³ and I... went to her old place. It was a little house on the east side. It was a square on all sides. It was as long as it is wide.

²³ Ione's father was Lewis Nelson, a son of Lars Nelson, Elna's oldest son. Lewis bought his father's farm so Ione lived near her Great-Grandmother Fredrickson. Vern was one of her brothers..

The cabin was outside the wall, as I remember. Later Uncle Willie used it for a granary.

"She had a big garden. The garden was between the road and the cabin.... I think the entrance was on the north. There was a little gate. There was trees all the way around the garden. That was a big wall. She put it together with a hard dirt. It was kind of clay. It was white. It was hard. Us kids couldn't dig it. There was lots of clay around that they made stuff out of. They didn't have a lot of cement. There was corrals and things.

"[Gramma] had a lot of currants. She had white currants and black currants and red currants. She used to sell them to people that would come from Richfield to buy them. I remember all those bushes being there...

"Grandma Fredrickson's bushes were really big, I remember that. We used to go up after they'd get ripe and pick the ripe ones and eat the ripe ones. She had some plums up there. I think it was Johnson Plums. They used to make a lot of preserves out of them. Grandma had some Crab Apple trees in there too. They'd take the core out and make Crab Apple Jam. Jelly they used to call it. They used to make lots of jellies. They'd cook them and strain them and take the juice. "Oh-h-h, Grandma had lots of bees. I remember bees, yes. ... She had lots of honey. I think they cooked a lot of the fruit with honey."

Hilma, Willie's daughter: "[Grandma] always had apple trees and she would make apple juice and it would be kind of strong and make them laugh. If they'd get Sister Fredrickson's little bit of wine their cold was over right a way. That was the only medicine they had was Sister Fredrickson's wine. My gosh, it made them feel better. Just a little tiny bit, you musn't take very much, just a little bit."

In 1901 Elna was sixty-eight. Her daughter Hannah had been a widow for ten years. A tragic accident took her husband's life. Thomas Taylor, had been watering at his farm. As he walked across the wet ground carrying a shovel

over his shoulder he was struck by lightning and killed. Hilma and her husband, Frank Taylor, and family had moved to Idaho. Katie, William and their increasing family lived in Loa a few miles south. In 1902 Lars' wife, Anna died. Lars married Libby Maxfield the next year.

Elna's belief and hope in a resurrection and life after death was reaffirmed during this time. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints teaches that not only are we resurrected, but we can be united as families forever. Elna wanted to be with her children and husband forever too. One October day in 1901, with Willie, Hannah and Katie, she traveled over the rutted dirt path, called a road, out of Rabbit Valley, and over the surrounding mountains. They traveled through Salina and past the stubbled fields to Manti. There the four of them entered the temple, dressed in white, and participated in the temple ordinances that united them with each other and Jons Fredrickson. A family unit that will last beyond death. It was a special day.

In 1908 Willie was called to serve a proselyting mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Sweden. What thoughts and feelings were in his Mother's heart as they said good-bye? She was seventy-five. He was thirty-four. What greetings did he tuck securely in his mind and heart and carry across a vast country as he traveled east across the United States of America and then across the Atlantic Ocean. Did he walk the roads she had walked? Did he see where she had lived? Did he meet people she had known? Were there relatives who welcomed him? Did any of them listen to the message he traveled so far to teach?

Martha : "When I was seven my Father was called on a mission to Sweden. He sold his team and wagon and everything else he could, to get the money to go. The people of the town helped both Father and us while he was gone. My mother went to work for Uncle Lars Neilson and Aunt Libbie. There was a big family and lots of work. They lived on a farm

close to Grandma Fredrickson. One day when I was at Grandma's house she sent me to Aunt Libbie's house on an errand. There was lots of tall sage brush between the two houses. I went skipping along playing I was little Red Riding Hood. I turned the corner of the house and the big bad wolf got me, only the wolf was their dog. It was hot weather and he was asleep and me coming around suddenly scared him and he bit me on the leg. It was a bad bite and I got infection in it. Grandma was so mad at the dog, she got her gun and said she would shoot it.

"When winter came Grandma and Aunt Hannah moved to town and I went with them to go to school. Charles stayed with Mother and rode a horse to town along with Uncle Lars' children. I was very homesick that winter.

"It was a great day in the spring when Father phoned from Koosharem and said he was on his way home. Brother Balle told everyone on his way with the message and soon the whole town knew. Uncle Charles came in a white top buggy and got the family and took us out on the mountain to meet him. It was the first time I had been out of the valley and we just went up and up and I thought we were right on top of the world. Then Father looked so wonderful all dressed up and with his black curly hair and mustache. I thought he was the best looking man in the world. When we got back to Dry Valley most of the town's people were there to meet us, and when we got home the Aunts and relatives were there and had a nice supper cooked for us. Money could never buy the happiness we had as a family. Dad bought the farm from Grandma Fredrickson."

What conversations did Elna and Willie have in Swedish when he returned from Sweden? What stories did he tell that made her laugh and smile with remembrance. What things did he talk about that made her weep as she thought of all she had left thirty-five years before?

In 1910 Elna's grandson, David Taylor, married and within a short time he built a house for his mother, Hannah. It was right next to his

house in Fremont. Fremont snuggles against a hill that is topped with a sheer black cliff. From this protected spot the inhabitants can look across Rabbit Valley. There is a beautiful view of Thousand Lake Mountain on the east and Boulder Mountain is a misty blue marking the horizon on the south.

Hannah's new house was west of David's and Annie's house. There were four rooms -- kitchen, living room and two bedrooms. There was a rock cellar north of the house. Hannah did not move into the new house alone. Hannah turned one bedroom into a haven for others. Her Mother, Elna, came and lived there, except when Hannah went to Delta to help her daughter, Margaret, who ran a cleaning business. While Hannah was gone Elna lived in Loa with Katie and her family.²⁴ Then Hannah's Aunt Mina²⁵ was widowed. Hannah took her in, gave her the "extra" bedroom and moved her mother's bed into her room. The three widow women settled comfortably together. A quiet spot at the end of a busy life. They worked together. Swedish echoed through the rooms.

Alvin, Hannah's grandson: "Grandmother Fredrickson had a loom at one time.... I remember that loom, how they used to work it. The loom was in the front room. I remember her sitting at the loom lots of days. They used to mainly make rugs out of rags out of clothes. They tore them up into strips about an inch wide."

²⁴ "Grandma Fredrickson used to live with us so many months and then she'd go to live with Aunt Hanner in Fremont for so long a time. She'd usually come in the summer time. Well, she was in the winter sometimes too because I remember she'd fix up the chicken coop." -Loren Webster, Katie's youngest son

²⁵ Wilhelmina Lundgren, a polygamist wife to Elna's brother Soren Nilsson or Enstrom. He had left Little Colorado Settlements and move to Bountiful, Utah. They had no children. When I heard Elna's grandchildren, who knew Aunt Mina, talk about her they pronounced it "Mee-nah." - H.C.

Ione: "Hannah and Grandma Fredrickson quilted quilts; lots of quilts they made.... A lot [of the quilts] was just square blocks and one [pattern] was long, six inches by two or two and a half. They would take old clothes that was wore out, take the good part of them and that's what they made their quilts out of.... They never wasted anything.... They also made their own carpets. [The loom] wasn't much larger than a small piano."

They were peaceful days for Elna, yet highlighted and sweetened by visits from her great-grandchildren next door, David's children, from her grandchildren down the street, Willie's children, from Katie and her family in the next town, and an occasional visit from Hilma and her family in the next state, Idaho. Katie's daughter, Pearl, said she often stayed with Elna and Hannah in the summer.

Hilma: "Grandma always had a little black 'claven'.²⁶ That is the Swedish name for scarf. That is one thing you've got to remember when you think about our Grandma is that she wore a 'claven'. All it was was a three cornered cloth. Sometimes they'd get a peddler come through and they'd have silk 'clavens.' Three corners was the 'clavens', but they had scarves too. They always tied their head up. No matter how much time you'd spend on your hair you had to put something over it. A woman couldn't go to church without something on her head. She was brazen if she walked around. 'Cause I heard my Aunt Frances on my Mother's side say, 'That brazen sow, come to Church and she never had a thing on her head. She didn't have one thing on her head. She walked right in and sit down.' (laughing) I remember that 'brazen sow' and I shouldn't remember things like that.

"When I think of how lovely those ladies looked when they fixed their hair so nice and

²⁶ Huvudkläde, pronounced "hue-da-**cla**-da." One granddaughter remembers it as "claven" and another as "clatter." -source, Marie Louise Christensen, native of Sweden, 17 April 1999

curled their bangs. They'd hang the curling irons in the lamp chimney. It'd get them hot and then they roll up their bangs and frizz them out. When they got their 'claven' tied every little curl ...would blow in the breeze. I liked to have it blow a little bit so I could watch those curls dance. Of course I'm crazy. The school teachers always said I was 'very observing.'

"Grandma had curly hair and blue eyes that just sparkled. Her little curls would start curling around her forehead when she'd perspire when it was so warm. Her hair was golden, absolutely golden and she would perspire and all them little curls would come down. She had a 'claven' (Now remember 'claven'). She pulled it down and tied it under her chin and that is what she wore all the time. She never went outside unless she had her 'claven.' She hung her 'claven' behind the door. She had a nice white silk one to go to church in.

"She always went to Church.... She walked from where they lived over to the Church. We lived down on the corner where you come to Fremont up the lane, our house sat on the corner. I could see when Grandma got to the corner, looking up toward that old store that is there. Then I'd start to run so I could walk on up with Grandma. Then I'd tell her I had to help her up the steps to the Church.... Of course I was just a nuisance to her trying to get up the steps, but that was my aim in life was to help Grandma get up those steps to Church. She was always there."

Hilma also remembers her Grandmother, Grand Aunt Mina, Aunt Katie and Aunt Hannah at Hannah's house working and talking together: "Everybody would be so serious and [Aunt Katie would] come up with something so funny. (Laugh) You'd about bust your rib laughing. It was just sharp. She'd hand you a phrase that would just kill you. (Laughing) So was Grandma that way. They'd come in with, what I call, sharp remarks. They'd tease each other to have a little fun. They'd all be tired and dirty and everything and then they'd say, "Let's go get cleaned up."

"Well, you won't look any better when you do get cleaned up." (No matter what you do you couldn't look any better than you do now.)

"Grandma had some little way of pushing her bonnet back a little bit when she laughed. I guess she thought she'd laugh so hard she'd smother if she had her bonnet down too far over her head when she was laughing so hard. She'd push her bonnet and you knew she was going to laugh. It was a belly laugh, ho, ho, ho. Her laugh was musical. It was just ab-so-lutely full of fun. Dad had such a loud laugh, HO, HO, HO, but she had a musical laugh.

"Grandma was personable in spirit. She was always happy. She'd clap her hands over everything and say, "We'ska have fisk for dinna. We'ska have fisk." That is, "We'll have fish for dinner." 'Cause I'd take a fish to her that Daddy would catch on the way home from work down on the Fremont River. He liked to bring a fish home for her because she liked fish. They had to live on fish over there in those days. That is one thing that was extra special to them.

"Another thing, [people] talked to one another instead of have the telephone. They talked by what they hung on the clothes line, too. If they was going to go some where, if somebody was sick they'd hang a sheet and a couple of pillowcases and then they'd know Sister whoever it was, was sick or somebody in the family was sick. So they'd go and find out what was wrong. That was their telephone, what they hung on the line. The colors and everything had a meaning. I could interpret it, just like Aunt Hannah. I was always around Aunt Hannah."

Everyone who knew Elna remembered she always spoke Swedish and very little English. Many of her grandchildren learned to talk to her in Swedish and the great-grandchildren learned some Swedish. Even now they still remembered a few Swedish words or a song or how to count to ten.

Loren: "Grandma...would go to the store to buy something and the people couldn't understand her. Oh, she'd get mad at them. (laughs) She'd call them "peeka" that's a girl and a boy was a "poka."²⁷ "Duktee" was good. I learned a few words, but it's been so long. When her friends came to visit her I couldn't understand a word they said, but Mabel, Alice and Jim could tell what they were saying. Mabel could talk Swedish. She could talk to Grandma in Swedish all the time. Mother and Grandma always talked Swedish."

Verda, Hannah's granddaughter: "[Grandma Taylor] and Grandmother would talk Swedish together. They would talk and I couldn't understand a word they were saying. She'd call the boys, "pogens" and the girls was "glatens." We was the "glatens" and the "pogens."

The days glided along for the three women, Hannah, Elna, and Mina, until 1922 when their lives were changed dramatically. Hannah's daughter Margaret Searle died. Her husband couldn't take care of their children. Several people were willing to take one or two children into their homes, but nobody would take seven children, except Grandmother Taylor. Only Hannah was willing to make a home for all of them. Margaret's husband brought the children, Lowell, 13; Verda, 11; Nina, 9; Nelda, 7; Ellen, 5; Lottie, nearly 3 and Thomas (Tom), 6 weeks, to Hannah who was fifty-three. She'd been a widow for thirty years. Elna was in her eighty-eighth year and Mina was close to eighty. The children lived with their Grandmother for six years. During those six years one of the children, Nelda, died because of a ruptured appendix. Hannah's sister Katie died, and Elna died. The children lost their home when Hannah died because of

cancer.

Before we close the chapter on Elna's life, the memories of Hannah's grandchildren open the door of the little house in Fremont where Elna's life ended. Seven children, Hannah, her mother and Aunt Mina in a four room house. The little house was bursting at the seams, ten people and two bedrooms! Aunt Mina gave up her bedroom.

Verda: "They moved a granary up by Grandma's house and they moved Aunt Mina into that granary. They fixed it up so it didn't look too bad inside. But it wasn't anything nice. She lived in there so Grandma would have more room for us kids..... She did her own cooking. She had an old, like a camp stove setting in there that warmed her room up. She could boil water or boil anything on it, but that is the kind of stove she had. Aunt Mina could make cookies. I remember we used to like to go over there because she'd have something good like that to give us.

"It was a log home where we lived, but the logs was trimmed off so they was smooth. They made a nice building. Inside it was plastered. They put calamine on the walls. Grandma would fix that in different colors. She'd put that on her walls inside, but she didn't put anything on the outside. But I remember she had flowers planted in front of her house, any kind of flower that would grow, like Sweet Peas or.... She was a good gardener so she'd know how to plant them and take care of them.."

Tom: "The house was sawed logs. It seemed like on the south there was the front room to the east and her bedroom was to the west. There was a kitchen and pantry on the Northeast. It had kind of a rock cellar on the very north end. She used to do separating and make cheese and stuff like that out in the cellar."

Alvin: "They had two bedrooms.... The two bedrooms were the west, north and south

²⁷ "Piga" is girl and "Paj" is boy in the dialect of southern Sweden where Elna lived. "Flicka" is girl and "Pojka" is boy in the King's Swedish. "Duktig" is praise for doing something good. "Aj aj" means "no, no" that is bad. --information from Marie Louise Christensen, a native of Sweden 5/2/94 -HC

rooms. The living room was the south and east corner of the house. There was a [outside] door on the south side that came into that front room. There was a [outside] door on the east that came into the kitchen.”

Ione: “They didn't have doors [inside]. They put up a piece of material that they'd fixed and draw it back and forth on a wire or a string to separate the rooms for their beds.”

Verda: “[The five girls] all slept in...one room. We had two big beds in there.... Of course Tommy was just a baby. He was always in a bassinet or something. He was right by [Grandma] all the time.”

Tom: “I slept in the same room with Grandma and Great-grandma.... I had a little baby bed. It was made of metal.... It was against the wall. It was fairly good-sized because I slept in that when I was five and six years old.”

Verda: “Grandma had a big bedroom. Grandma Fredrickson had a bed settin' here and Grandma had a bed settin' here [gestures with her hands to show beds at right angles]. They both shared that room together. Grandma had built a clothes closet in her bedroom. She always had her clothes hung up in that closet.

“[Grandma Fredrickson] would go to bed quite early. I remember she had her little potty chair right by her bed. If she had to get up in the night she'd always use that. But other than that she'd always walk up to the toilet. We had an outhouse about a half block from the house, quite a ways from the house.

“Grandma had [the house] fixed nice. She always had a clock on her wall with something for it to set on. It was about this tall (lift hand off her lap about 1 ½ feet). It had a stem in it that would go back and forth. It was one of these old fashioned clocks. It stood up quite high on that shelf. It was nice to look at.

“Grandma done a lot of sewing. She had a sewing machine. I remember her table. I got

that table after she died. It was just a nice table that set in the middle of the floor. She had that sewing machine settin' in there. She just had chairs settin' around. She didn't have no sofa or anything like that.

“In the kitchen [Grandma] had kind of a old fashioned black stove that she'd burn wood in all the time. We'd burn wood in the heater in the front room. There was a kitchen stove and that heater in the front room and we had it quite warm and comfortable. She built a pantry, we called it a pantry where she had her fruit bottles. It was in the kitchen. She'd partitioned it off in the kitchen, so there was a place in there where she kept her fruit and everything like that in that pantry.”

Ione: “In the kitchen they had a cook stove that was heated by wood. They had to haul the wood off the hills and chop it up. They never had any coal then. I don't ever remember of them having any coal. They always had wood. Then they had a wash bench. On the wash bench, as a rule, was a bucket with water in it. They got their water from the ditch because they didn't have any wells. Sometimes in the summer when it would get hot the water would have moss in it. They had to let it settle or strain it. Sometimes if they were a little worried about it they would boil it before they drunk it.”

Alvin: “There was no water in the house. There was a little stream of water that come out of the canal and run down west of the house where the row of trees is. The house was about two rods from that ditch. That is where they got their culinary water, just going out with a bucket and dipped it out of the ditch. Animals and everything up the country run in the ditch, but that is where we got our water, out of that ditch. They drank it too. It was the only water they had. In later years my Dad dug a well, an open well with a frame around it and a pulley and a rope and a bucket. That's where they got their culinary water after that.”

Ione: "There was a table [in the kitchen]. There would be chairs around the table. The table, as a rule, would have a piece of oil cloth on it. Sometimes they had a table cloth they put on but not too much. It was generally a piece of oil cloth. Then they had a cupboard. It wasn't a cupboard like they have now, [built in]. It was a piece of furniture. It had two doors that opened on the top. That is where they put their plates. It had little boards on the back so they could stand the plates up. It had two drawers in the middle that pulled out and that was their silverware and in the bottom was their pans and pots. They had a breadboard in them that they could use. That's what they had. They had dishes. The dishes weren't like we have now. They were more like tin. They had forks and knives and spoons. They had pitchers that they poured water out of.

"By their stove I can still see a lot of pots and pans that hung up. They put them on a nail and hang them by the stove. On these stoves they had a water heater on the back where they put water in and heat it. They always had a coffee pot."

Hilma: "Grandma made 'covvacock.' Now just a minute..., anyway it was partly cake and partly bread. It was a sweet loaf of bread. She'd put sugar and spices and raisins in the bread. 'Covva,' that was coffee. When they had coffee in the afternoon they had 'covva cake.' That was before they said that was agin' the Word of Wisdom. They always had their coffee pot on. It sat on the stove all day. When they had company come in they drank coffee, then it got to be agin' the Word of Wisdom so they all pulled their coffee pot off and hid it until they was alone and then they'd get their coffee down and drink a cup of covva. They were all mischievous."

Alvin: "Oh, I ate with Grandma lots of days. She did drink coffee. They had a hard time getting enough money to buy coffee. She run out of coffee and they got some Postum for her. She made the Postum and then she said, 'Oh my gracious that Postum will surely kill me.'"

Verda: "Grandma Fredrickson was old, really old, when we went there to live with [Grandma Taylor.] She always set in her rocking chair by the coal heater; that's the kind of heat we had then. She'd be settin' there in that chair. We'd go running through the house, like we was use to, like kids will do. I remember she'd always holler, "Don't slam the door! Don't slam the door!" That is what she could say in our language.... I guess we was hard for her to have to live with, but she put up with us. She was a nice old lady."

Tom: "Grandma Fredrickson used to sing to me and rock me in a little cradle. Grandma'd set there and rock it back and forth with her hand or she could put her foot on it if she was sewing or crocheting or something. She could put her foot on there and rock my bed. I guess that is the way they got me to sleep. I imagine they had me pretty badly spoilt from what I went through afterwards. She'd always sing to me in Swedish. I guess she would tend me while Grandma Taylor was doing something. We were close companions. She was pretty much the baby tender. I don't remember what I called her. I might have had a special name for her but I don't remember. I was awful fond of Grandmother Fredrickson. [With much emotion]. There are memories I can't talk about."

Tom's wife: "Hilma Nelson [Willie's daughter] told us that she'd come in there when Tommy was a baby and one or both of the old ladies would rock him and cry. She would wash the tears off the baby's head and they'd cry again on the baby's head. It must have been terrible sad, these two old ladies and all those kids and this tiny baby."

Tom: "I was six weeks when my mother died.... They was the only mothers I ever knew. I thought the world of both of them. Well, I'll tell you, we've often wondered about it. She really didn't have much of an income that we knew anything about."

Alvin: "I can remember my Dad a worrying about food for them to have enough to eat. In them days, we raised everything, our chickens, milk, potatoes. I can remember [Grandmother Taylor] was a hard worker.

"Scott McClellan run a store in Loa. He used to bring his suits up for Grandmother Taylor to clean and press for him, all the time. Scott wore suits all the time when he run the store and she kept those suits pressed and cleaned. By this she made just a little bit of money to help her buy just a few groceries.

"In them days you didn't go to the store and buy all your food. About the only thing you would buy was salt and sugar. The flour was made out of our own wheat we grew. My Dad would take a load of wheat and went down to the old mill down below Bicknell. (That old mill still stands.) He took it down there and had the wheat ground to make flour. He kept flour for Grandma. I remember that. I went with him.

"My Dad furnished the wood, hauled the wood for them. I can remember helping get the wood in. Grandmother Taylor even chopped some of the wood."

Of course there was a garden and berries! Elna grew a vegetable garden and a berry patch by her cabin home and when she and Hannah moved to Fremont the berry bushes came with them.

Alvin: "I was about eight years old ...when [Grandmother Taylor and Grandmother Fredrickson] moved up to the town of Fremont.... They planted gooseberry bushes, currant bushes and I helped my Grandmother set out those bushes.... The berry bushes had to be pulled apart and set with part of the plant. They didn't plant a big bush, they planted small roots bushes about every five feet apart in rows. I can remember they raised lots of berries. They raised gooseberries, red currants, black currants."

Ione: "I remember going up to Hannah's, ...she had great big rows of berries right along

the fence that joins Earl Albrecht's and David Taylor's. She had three great big rows of gooseberries. They were nice big gooseberries too. You know there are two or three kinds of gooseberries. There is the large and small ones. I still have some of the large gooseberries in my garden out here that ...came from her.

"Gooseberries blossom after they get their leaves. The blossom is white. I never noticed a fragrance. Wayne [her husband], do you think there is any smell to the blossoms on gooseberries? I've never noticed it.

Wayne: "No, I don't think so. They are too sour to have a good smell!"

Ione : "Oh-h-h-h, yes. And they attract the bees."

Ione : "It was after the Twenty-fourth of July when we'd start picking gooseberries."

Unripe Gooseberries are a translucent dark green and round, about the size of a blueberry. They look like tiny, green basketballs because they have lines radiating from end to end. The end where the blossom grew has a small star-shaped stem, similar to the end of an apple.

Ione: "A ripe gooseberry is delicious. It gets sweet. Grandma Fredrickson and Aunt Hannah could tell when they were ready for what they wanted to use them for. If they wanted them for fresh fruit they picked them when they weren't dark green. A ripe gooseberry is still green but more a yellowish-green and that is when you'd pick them to make your fresh gooseberries for your pie and fresh gooseberries.... If you wanted to make jam out of them they let them stay a little longer and they got red and the seeds got dark. But if you wanted to put them up fresh for pie or to eat you got them just when they were a light green.

"Gooseberry bushes are loaded with berries. The whole limb from the very end to the bottom, clear into the stem on a gooseberry will be loaded with berries. They have lots of gooseberries on them.You can go right down the limb and pull all those berries right off. You get two or three handfuls on a limb. It all depends too on how big the bush is.... They used to get real [tall.]"

Tom: "I remember them pickin' berries... They had an umbrella affair set up and they'd put me on a blanket. I can remember being on the blanket. I'd stay on the blanket and they was pickin' gooseberries and currants, all kinds of berries. They had quite a big berry patch."

Verda: "In the summertime when the gooseberries come on, Grandma Fredrickson would pick gooseberries. She'd go out there and spend hours, hours at a time a pickin' gooseberries. . I remember she'd set out there for hours and hours pickin' gooseberries. Then Grandma Taylor would bottle them and make jam out of them. So we had everything good that you can make out of gooseberries.

"Grandma had a nice garden. Grandma Fredrickson was able to pick gooseberries and stem them and shell peas and do all kinds of work like that. Work she could sit down and do. Grandma Taylor would do the cooking. I could peel potatoes and do things like that. As far back as I could remember I would help her in the house. Grandma Fredrickson, you would never see her peeling potatoes, but she could shell peas. She could pick the gooseberries and stem them. You know you had to pick the stem off. But that was wonderful for her to do that. Then all Grandma had to do was wash them and cook them."

Alvin : "I remember the berry pies they used to make.

"In the fall of the year when they gathered those berries they sold them for five cents a quart which wasn't very much money, but it was money, at that time."

Verda: "Grandma Taylor...did the garden. Yes, she did. David lived right there by her and he would plow her garden. Other than that Grandma Taylor would do it all. We had a cow and she had a few chickens and a chicken coop. She milked the cow. Grandma had a few cattle."

Alvin: "[Grandmother] raised all types of vegetables. They had a garden separate from my Dad and Mother. There was a big lot there,

north of the house. They raised their own garden and took care of that. They grew mostly carrots and potatoes."

Hilma: "We always thought the potatoes that you could plant in Fremont was the best because that was potato country. The potatoes was so sweet and mealy. Grandma Fredrickson had potatoes on all the time. You ate potatoes when she was your Grandma because they were good for you. They were good. Not only good, but they were good for you. A certain time of the day she would look up at the clock. She'd very quietly get up. She'd take a brush and she'd brush those potatoes and she'd slip them in the oven and that was it. When they got ready for their night meal their dinner was all ready."

Ione: "When we had supper there we had meat. We had potatoes. We had vegetables.... They kept a lot of those things in their potato pit, in their cellars they called them. All of them had a cellar that they put stuff in, a rock cellar a lot of them were.... They really ate good meals. They ate a lot of potatoes and gravy. Another thing they ate, there was a weed called a Pig Weed that made go-o-o-d greens. We had lots of them. That was in the Spring.

"In the wintertime they had beets. They had turnips. They had rutabagas. We had cabbage. We had carrots and potatoes and onions. We raised it and that's what we ate. That's what Grandma had too.

"They had a separator to separate the milk to get the cream out of it. Grandma would make cheese too. When you'd sit down to eat you had a wonderful meal.

"Grandma and Aunt Hannah had a separator in the kitchen. When Grandma lived by herself she had one too. They had a churn that was round with a dasher. I remember those. We had one of those. Grandma had a churn. They made their own cheese presses. They'd take a round thing with a flat board on the bottom and they had poles going up and they push the pole down and press the cheese down. It had to stay

in there so long until it was cured. They cooked it right on the stove, put it in a tub and cooked it and made their own cheese curd.”

Tom: “She’d make cheese and her cheese press was along that row of trees that’s still there today. There is still blemishes in the trees where the cheese press used to be.”

Alvin: “Off to the west of the house, the row of trees, we had a box about four feet square fastened up to a tree and we had some kind of a pan that set on top and burlap that hung down over it. In the summer time they used that for a type of refrigerator. They kept a little milk and butter in.

“Grandma Fredrickson did lots of reading and studying.... They were good members of the L.D.S. gospel.... [She] used to sit and read that Bible a lot. She spent lots of time studying that.”

Verda: “[Grandma Fredrickson] got a magazine once a month from Sweden. That’s where it come from is Sweden. She would look forward to gettin’ that magazine. I think she read every line in it. She had a magnifying glass and she’d hold it over that and read that magazine. That would take a lot of her time, just reading that..... [Aunt Mina would] come and visit Grandma Fredrickson and they could talk Swedish together.”

Ione: “Grandma got to the point that she couldn’t do much. She just lived there with Aunt Hannah. She was quite small. She was just a middle-sized woman... I don’t think Grandma Fredrickson ever quit working until she got right down and couldn’t. She was ninety-three when she died.”

Tom: “I was there when Grandma Fredrickson died. It didn’t seem like she was sick for very long before she died. I don’t remember any thing about her death. I can remember them hauling her ...in a wagon. They hauled the body ... and we walked behind. We walked from the church to the cemetery.

“I was six when Grandma Taylor died. I don’t know what the cause was. The main thing I remember, we was walking from town out to the cemetery. They packed the coffin in a wagon and they let me set in the back of the wagon with the coffin. It is pretty hard for me to even talk about it (said with great emotion). As far as I’m concerned they are two of the most wonderful women in the world.”

—July 2001

Time Line for Elna Fredrickson

1833, 31 Oct. Birth in Lilla Isle, Sweden

1853 Age 19, birth of first son, Lars Nelson

1858 Age 25, marry Jons Fredrickson

1859 Birth of first daughter, Kjerstie

1863 Birth of second daughter, Hilma
30th birthday

1864 Parents, brother and sisters emigrate to
United States with her son Lars, age 10

1869 Birth of third daughter, Hannah

1871 Death of her husband, Jons
Death of her father, Pehr

1873 Emigrate to United States, Idaho
40th birthday
Marry Charles Jensen

1874 Birth of son and last child, William

1876 Move to Arizona, Mormon Colonies with
her five children two brothers & families
Separated from her husband, Charles

1877-1879 Return to Utah, move to Rabbit
Valley, settle near Fremont, Utah

1882 (approx) Her mother comes to live

1883 50th birthday; daughter, Hilma, marries

1886 Her mother, Kjerstie, dies
Her son, Lars, marries a girl from Sweden

1888 Her daughter, Hannah, marries

1889 Her daughter, Kjerstie "Katie," marries

1890 Her daughter Hilma and family move to
Idaho

1893 60th birthday

1896 Her son, William, marries

1901 Temple Ordinances

1903 70th birthday

1908 Her son, William, goes to Sweden on a
mission for the L.D.S. Church

1913 80th birthday

1916 (approx) move to Fremont and live with
her daughter Hannah

1922 Hannah's 6 grandchildren come to live

1923 90th birthday

1926, May 19 - Death at age 92 1/2.

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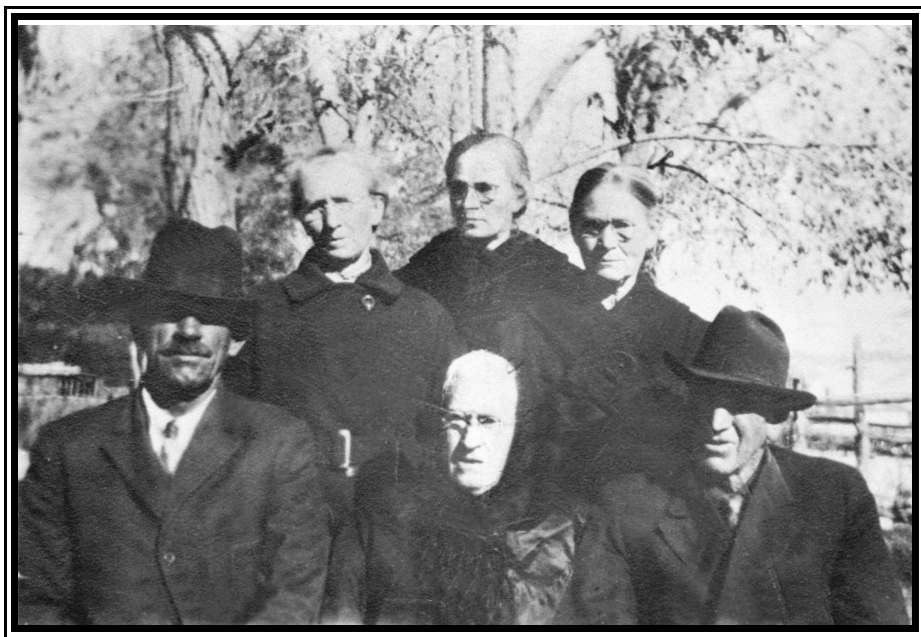
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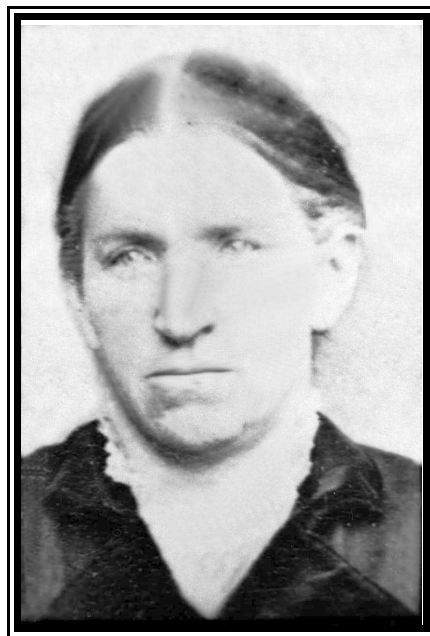
Courtesy of Alvin Taylor & Renon Jensen Wood

Elna Nilsson Fredrickson

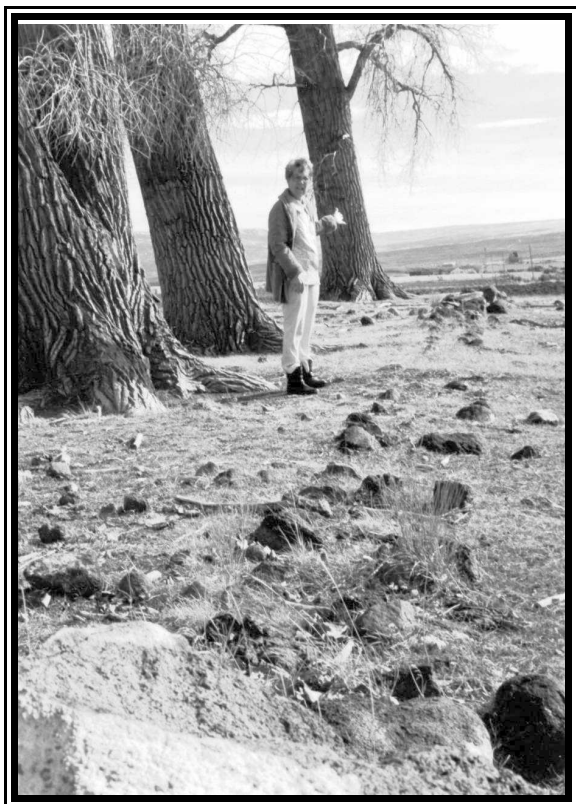


Elna and her children, *circa* 1920s,
 standing: Hilma F. Taylor, Hannah F. Taylor, Katie F. Webster
 seated: Lars Nelson, Elna Nelson Fredrickson, and William C. Jensen..
 (Elna is wearing a “huvudkläde.”)

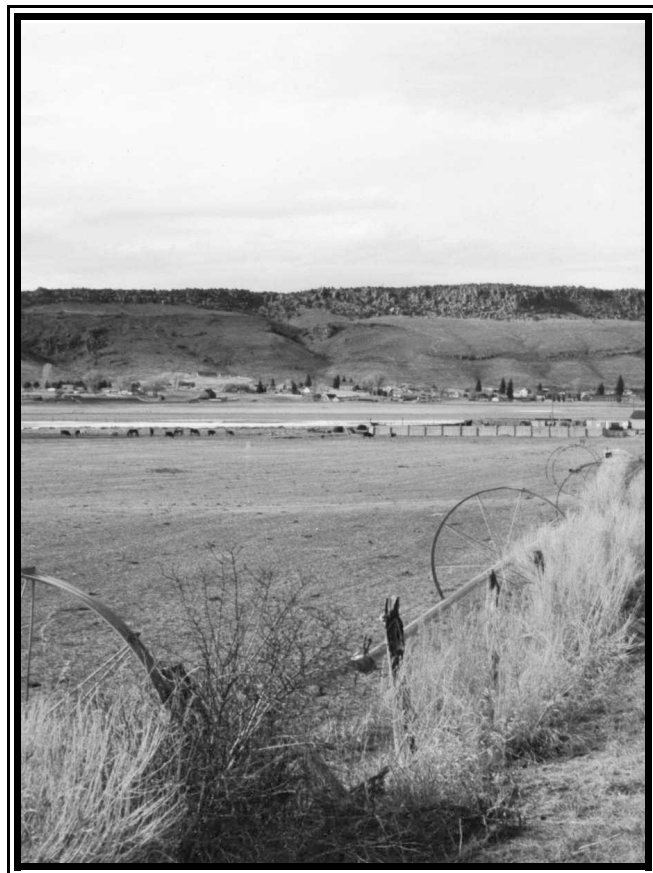
Courtesy of Mae P. Webster Taylor



Elna Fredrickson

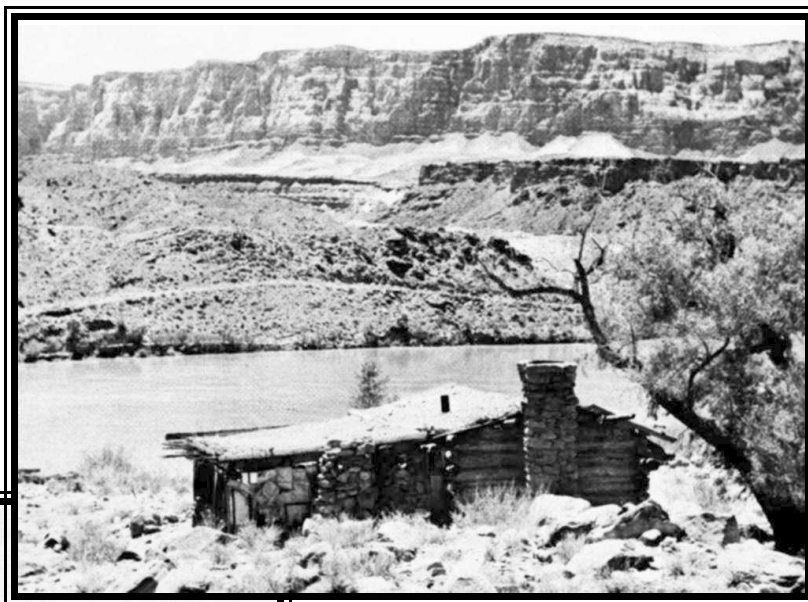


Katie Webster Chappell, standing near trees planted
 by Elna Fredrickson and all that's left of the rock wall
 she made around her garden.
 near Fremont, UT - 11 March 1988

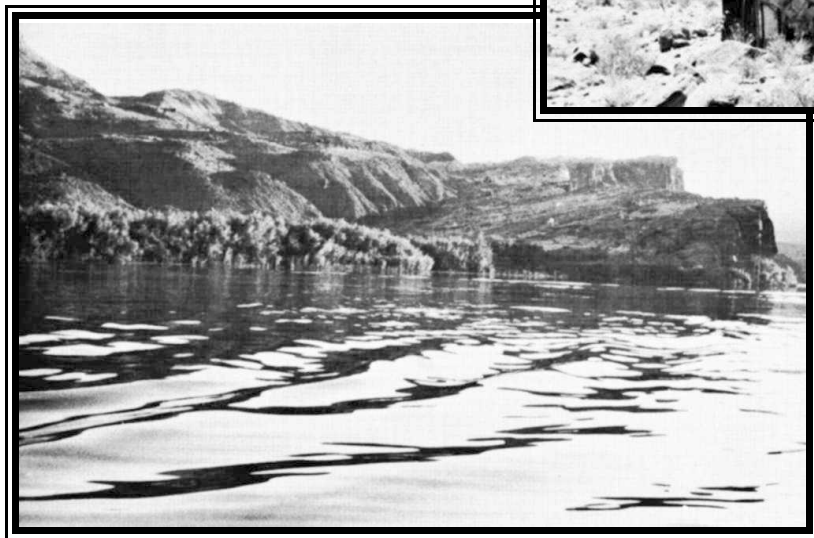


View of Fremont, Utah from Elna Fredrickson's farm.
 11 March 1988

Trip to Arizona



Cabin beside the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry.



Looking from Lee's Ferry across the Colorado River to the south bank and Lee's Hill also called Lee's Backbone.



After crossing the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry, the pioneers faced the difficult climb south over Lee's Hill.

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To those of you who are interested in the genealogy of William M. Webster, don't go searching through the records to find your Turner line. You won't find it. We don't have a Turner line. However, the Turners are very much a part of our Webster history. They are not blood relatives; they are "heart" relatives. They are tied to us through the bonds of love. The Turners are William M. Webster's family. He was their son and brother from the time he was an infant and when he was older he was Uncle to their children and they were Aunts and Uncles to his children. When someone in the Turner family compiled a family group sheet William M. Webster was listed as one of the children. His picture and the pictures of his wives are also included on a family picture page of the David and Rose Turner family. He was also sealed to their family by an L.D.S. temple ordinance. The things the Turners experienced are William Webster's history too. The Turners accepted the Gospel, were converted and committed to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and thus William's testimony and beliefs were learned from his parents and passed on to his descendants. Therefore, their story is included in this book as a thank you to the Turners who took the orphan of a distant cousin and tied him to them with love.

Relationship of Turners and Websters

Parents	Sisters (2 of 9 children)	Mary & Nancy's sons First cousins	Mary & Nancy's grand children Second cousins
John Moorhouse married Sarah Ward	Mary married David Turner Nancy married Robert Webster	David Turner married Rose Collier Fredrick Webster married Sarah Moorhouse (the daughter of Isaac Moorhouse*)	13 children 1 son William Moorhouse Webster

* Family history says Isaac Moorhouse is related to John Moorhouse but it is unknown, at this time, how he is related. There are two Isaac Moorhouses, one born in 1777 and one born in 1800. On 23 August 1834 the manifest of "Ship Carroll" lists as passengers, Isaac Moorehouse 34 Weaver, Nancy 31, Joseph 8, and Sarah 5. More research needs to be done to clarify this relationship. (Note: The family sailed from England to Pennsylvania. The 1850 Census shows that a son was born to them in Pennsylvania before they arrived in New Jersey where they settled. Nancy was probably pregnant during their voyage to the United States.)

HUSBAND David TURNER

Page 1 of 2

Born 3 Jun 1819 Place Pudsey, Yorkshire, England
 Chr. Place
 Marr. 30 Apr 1839 Place
 Died 25 Dec 1887 Place Washington, Washington, Utah
 Bur. Place

HUSBAND'S FATHER David TURNER HUSBAND'S MOTHER Mary MOORHOUSE

HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES #2 Alice ROBINSON widow of John JACKSON: 11 Jan 1877 St. George, Washington, Utah
 one son-David

WIFE Rose COLLIER

Born 16 Jan 1821 Place Leeds, Yorkshire, England
 Chr. Place
 Died 18 Dec 1882 Place Washington, Washington, Utah
 Bur. 21 Dec 1882 Place Washington, Washington, Utah

WIFE'S FATHER Richard COLLIER WIFE'S MOTHER Mary BUTTERFIELD

WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS

SEX M F	CHILDREN List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth Given Names SURNAME	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE		WHEN DIED		
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY	TO WHOM	DAY	MONTH	YEAR	
1 F	Mary TURNER	3	Feb	1840	Leeds	Yorks	Eng	11 Nov 1861	26 Nov 1920			
2 F	Sarah TURNER	27	Sep	1841	Leeds	Yorks	Eng	2) John James ELLETT	died before Aug 1842			
3 F	Martha TURNER	2	Sep	1843	Milltown	Somerset	NJ	28 Jan 1862	23 Apr 1915			
4 M	William TURNER	26	May	1845	Milltown	"	NJ	George LOVELL	20 Oct 1924			
5 F	Susannah TURNER	3	Feb	1847	Milltown	"	NJ	Mary Ann MATHIAS	26 Mar 1864	15 Apr 1938		
6 M	John F. TURNER	9	Jul	1848	Milltown	"	NJ	Benjamin Hancock ROBISON	24 Jul 1874			
7 M	William Moorhouse WEBSTER *	29	Jan	1850	Vanderville	"	NJ	never married	14 May 1876	18 Feb 1914		
8 M	Joseph Henry TURNER	9	Mar	1850	Milltown	"	NJ	1) Margaret MATHIAS	16 Dec 1872	1896		
9 F	Rose Ann TURNER	22	Mar	1852	Milltown	"	NJ	Mary Ellen HEAPS	13 Dec 1869	30 Mar 1916		
10 M	David TURNER	14	Mar	1853	Milltown	"	NJ	James Knox Polk SAMPSON	2 Feb 1879	30 Mar 1926		
11 M	Benjamin Godfrey TURNER	18	Aug	1855	Glenham	Duchess	NY	Mary GILES	25 Sep 1876	21 Apr 1918		
								Susan Oulds				

SOURCES OF INFORMATION "Turner History" by Venise Robison

**William Moorhouse was adopted. He is also sealed to his birth parents. Turners emigrated to USA on "Ship Sea" landed NY 2 Aug 1842

OTHER MARRIAGES

Mary #1 John CLARKSON 4 July 1857

Martha married in Deseret, Utah

William's wife is a sister to W.Webster's wife

Susannah was a plural wife, md. in Endowment House, Salt Lake City, Utah

Husband

Wife

☐ **OPTION 1 - FAMILY FILE** Send all names to my family file at the Temple. I will provide proxies for:
☐ Baptism ☐ Endowment ☐ Sealing.
☐ **OPTION 2 - TEMPLE FILE**
☐ **OPTION 3 - ANCESTRAL FILE**

Your name

Address

Phone ()

Date prepared

Your relationship to the husband and wife on this form

Husband

Wife

LDS ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED (Date)	ENDOWED (Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple)
HUSBAND		
1849	15 Jul 1865	15 Jul 1865
WIFE		
Sep 1859	15 Jul 1865	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND CHILDREN TO PARENTS
Aug 1849	10 Oct 1863	Arizona
child	child	15 Feb 1956
7 Jun 1858	15 Jul 1865	15 Feb 1956
	20 Jan 1881	15 Feb 1956
7 Aug	26 Mar 1864	15 Feb 1956
1856	18 Apr 1879	15 Feb 1956
19 May 1858	19 Jun 1878	St. George *15 Feb 1956
1858	16 Dec 1872	15 Feb 1956
1 May 1862	13 Dec 1869	15 Feb 1956
1 May 1862	23 Oct 1907	15 Feb 1956
1863	25 Sep 1878	15 Feb 1956

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

HUSBAND David TURNER Page 2 of 2

Born _____ Place _____
Chr. _____ Place _____
Marr. _____ Place _____
Died _____ Place _____
Bur. _____ Place _____

HUSBAND'S FATHER _____

HUSBAND'S MOTHER _____

HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES _____

WIFE Rose COLLIER

Born _____ Place _____
Chr. _____ Place _____
Died _____ Place _____
Bur. _____ Place _____

WIFE'S FATHER _____

WIFE'S MOTHER _____

WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS _____

SEX M F	CHILDREN List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth Given Names SURNAME	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE TO WHOM	WHEN DIED			WIFE	BAPTIZED (Date)	ENDOWED (Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND CHILDREN TO PARENTS
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY		DAY	MONTH	YEAR				
X 12	F Sarah Elizabeth TURNER	29	Dec	1859	Glenham	Duchess	NY	-----	19	Nov	1860	child			Arizona 15 Feb 1956
X 13	M Lorenzo TURNER	11	May	1861	Glenham	"	NY	14 Feb 1882	7	Jun	1943	1869	9 Feb 1883		15 Feb 1956
X 14	M James Edward TURNER	18	Oct	1863	Deseret	Millard	Utah	Lydia HALL 1 Nov 1883	9	May	1956		St. George 26 Jun 1879		15 Feb 1956
4								1) Elizabeth PAXMAN or Paxton 14 Apr 1888							
5								2) Mary Elizabeth JACKSON							
6								-----							
7								-----							
8								-----							
9								-----							
10								-----							
11								-----							

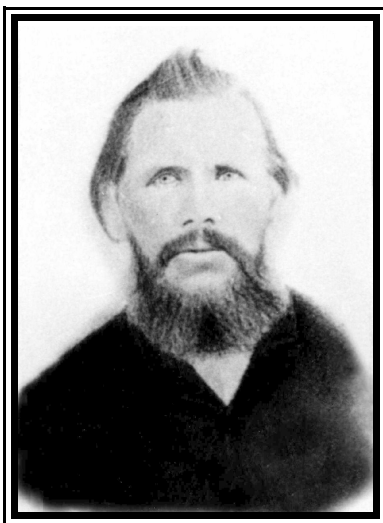
SOURCES OF INFORMATION

OTHER MARRIAGES

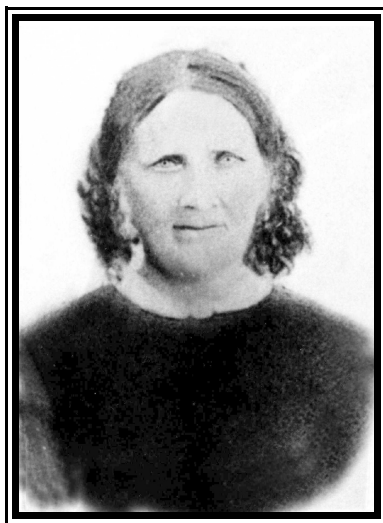
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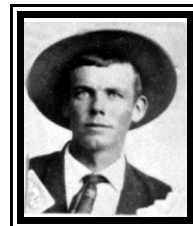
Mary Turner
Ellett



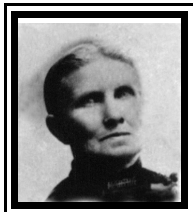
David Turner Jr.



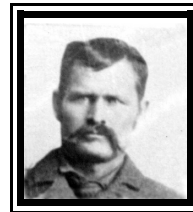
Rose Collier



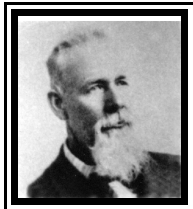
David Jackson Turner
- half brother



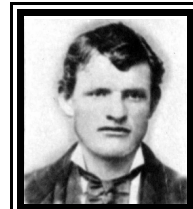
Martha Turner
Lovell



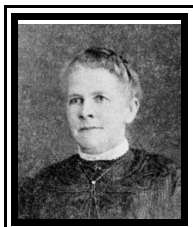
James Edward
Turner



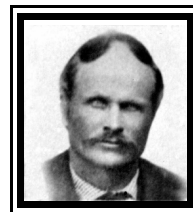
William Turner



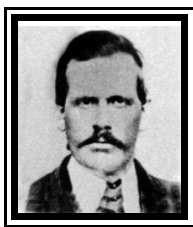
Lorenzo Turner



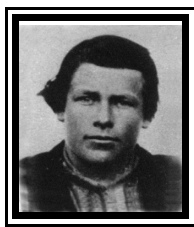
Susannah Turner
Robison



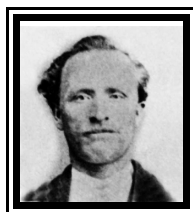
Benjamin
Godfrey Turner



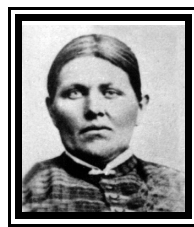
John Turner



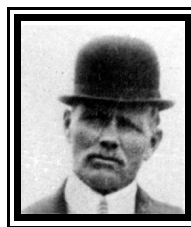
Joseph Henry
Turner



William Webster

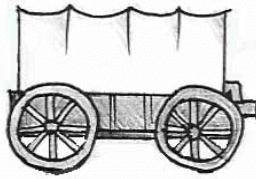


Rose Ann Turner
Sampson



David Turner

History of David and Rose (Collier) Turner
by Venise Robison



David Turner, Jr. was born June 3, 1819 in Pudsey, Yorkshire, England. His parents were David Turner and Mary Moorhouse. The town of Pudsey was a short distance from Leeds. Rose Collier, daughter of Richard Collier and Mary Butterfield, was born in Leeds, Yorkshire, England, January 16, 1821. Both David and Rose worked as weavers in a textile factory at Leeds. In 1839 they were married and remained in that city for the following three years. Two daughters, Mary and Sarah were born to them, Mary 3 February 1840 and Sarah 27 September 1841. Sarah died shortly after her birth and was buried in England.

David's uncle, Isaac Moorhouse, left England to seek a better way of life in the United States. The young couple heard the news of his successes and experiences as an owner of a textile factory in Milltown, New Jersey. These facts must have encouraged David and Rose to emigrate to the United States in 1842 with their two babies, Mary and Sarah. At the time the Turners sailed to America, each passenger was responsible for his own food and supplies for the entire voyage. Half the required amount was needed for each child under 14 years, and over one year of age. The following list was to be supplied by each passenger: 25 pounds of biscuits, 10 pounds of wheaten flour, 20 pounds of rice, 50 pounds of oatmeal, 10 pounds of pork, 5 pounds of sugar, 5 pounds of molasses, 1 1/4 pounds of tea, 3 pounds of butter, 2 pounds of cheese, 1 pint of vinegar, and 3 quarts of pure water for daily use. Each person was to furnish his own bed and bedding as well as his cooking utensils and boxes for his provisions.

On the passenger list of the ship named "Ship Sea" were the name of David Turner age

23, a mechanic; Rose 23; Mary two years and six months; Sarah 8 months, leaving Great Britain, destination United States. "Ship Sea" arrived in New York Harbor August 2, 1842, after a tedious journey of six weeks. Rose later told her children how difficult it was to keep the food fresh and most of it was rancid and unpalatable and the water was stale long before they reached their destination.

After docking in the United States they traveled to Milltown, New Jersey where David's uncle Isaac Moorhouse lived. Both David and Rose were experienced weavers, and besides being an experienced weaver, David was a skilled mechanic. He could assemble and repair any machine used in a woolen factory. They were both placed in a factory in Milltown where they remained for a period of time extending from about 1842 to 1853. The following seven children were born to them in New Jersey: Martha, September 2, 1843; William, May 26, 1845; Susannah, February 3, 1847; John, July 9, 1848; Joseph Henry, March 9, 1850; Rose Ann, March 22, 1852; and David, March 14, 1853. With such a large family it was necessary for each child to work as soon as the child was old enough. Mary started to work in the factory at the age of six and Susannah at seven. So we can assume that the other children would start to work at about the same ages. One of the most difficult tasks that Susannah had to perform was to wake her little brothers up each morning so they would be to work on time in the factory.

Children were hired at a very young age. The hours were long, from sun up to sun down. School was out of the question for these children who would often work from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m. with one half hour off for lunch, but Rose taught all her children to read and write. Mary told her grandchildren that the Bible and dictionary were the two most important books in the home.

In 1850 Rose and David adopted William

Moorhouse Webster, who was born January 29, 1850. At this time they had six children of their own. Mary, the oldest, was just ten years old. William was the son of Frederick Webster and Sarah Moorhouse. Fredrick was the son of Robert Webster and Nancy Moorhouse, a sister of David's mother. Frederick's wife, Sarah Moorhouse, was the daughter of Isaac Moorhouse, the brother of Mary, David's mother. Their son William Moorhouse Webster would be a double cousin to David. William Moorhouse Webster's mother, Sarah, died in 1850 and his father Frederick, on April 27, 1853.

Rose's own son Joseph Henry was two months younger than Billy Webster. Billy's love for Rose was seen in the fact that he named his second daughter, Rose Ellen. His first daughter was named Sarah Ann after his own mother. He was a part of the Turner family all his life and much loved by them.

In the story of his grandfather David Turner, Dr. John Collier Robison wrote: "One day in Milltown, Grandfather's Uncle Isaac remarked, 'David they have killed old Joe Smith, so that will do away with the Mormons.' Grandfather didn't know a thing about the Mormons, but this set him to investigating. It was not long after this that John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff, Mormon Missionaries, visited that part of the country and taught the principles of the gospel."

According to Mary's granddaughter, Martha Jenson Brian²⁸, it was John Sanderson instead of John Taylor who visited the Turner family with Wilford Woodruff. Some of the family were converted to Mormonism in 1849. Mary was baptized by her father and confirmed by John Sanderson. Rose wasn't baptized until 1859. Mary had a great love and respect for Wilford

Woodruff and always kept his picture in her home.

Due to financial difficulties caused by the panic, the textile factory in New Jersey was closed. David was sent to Glenham, Dutchess County, New York to supervise a factory there. He later sent for his family who moved to Glenham. Here three children were born, Benjamin Godfrey, August 18, 1855; Sarah Elizabeth, December 29, 1859; and Lorenzo, May 11, 1861. Sarah Elizabeth died shortly after birth.

Working conditions weren't much better in New York than they had been in New Jersey. After living there for about six years the Turners decided to go to Utah where they could live with the people of their own faith. Their few possessions were sold, and tickets were purchased to travel by train as far as Florence, Nebraska which was the terminal for the railroad west. With eleven children ranging from the ages of twenty-one to a one month old baby, the Turners left Glenham June 11, 1861: Mary 21, Martha 18, William 16, Susannah 14, John 13, William Webster 11, Joseph Henry 11, Rose Ann 9, David 8, Benjamin Godfrey 6, and Lorenzo one month old.²⁹

Rose, with the help of her daughters, made or purchased the clothes the family would need to cross the plains. They sewed and packed their belongings in readiness for their long journey to Utah. The girls objected to such plain durable dresses they would have to wear. Rose promised them that later on they would have pretty clothes after they reached Utah. Rose told her daughters to select one thing, something very small that they would like to take to Utah. Martha decided upon a pair of white gloves and Rose Ann a pretty pink parasol.

They reached Florence, Nebraska only to find that no immediate plans had been made for

²⁸ Martha Jenson Brian's maternal grandmother, Mary Turner Ellett, was William M. Webster's sister and her paternal grandmother, Elna Fredrickson, was Katie Fredrickson Webster's mother. She is the daughter of William Charles Jenson and Josephine Ellett Jenson. (See "Elna Fredrickson and Her Family" in this book.) -H. Cobia

²⁹ Cost of train fare unknown. Cost for wagon train: \$41.00/adult, \$20.50/child under eight. Luggage allowed: 50 pounds/ adult and 25/child (from Coming to Zion). The Turners paid \$491 for eleven adults and two children and were allowed 600 pounds of luggage. -H.C.

traveling. With little money and 11 children David and Rose were forced to camp out of doors until arrangements to travel had been made. Three weeks later they joined a Church company traveling to Great Salt Lake City. On July 4, 1861 they started the long journey across the plains. Susannah who was 14 years old remembered that her sunbonnet was pink. John R. Murdock was the captain of their company, numbering fifty wagons, each drawn by four yoke of oxen. The drivers of the wagons were experienced teamsters sent from Utah to bring the emigrants to Great Salt Lake City. The drivers and their wagons were divided into groups of ten. Each group had a sub-captain who in turn was responsible to the main captain, John R. Murdock. Each group also had a night herder who guarded the cattle at night.

The men, women and children of the caravan numbered five hundred. During the journey west 18 people died. The wagon in which the Turners rode was driven by Orson Holbrook from Fillmore, Utah. The night herder was John James Ellett, also from Fillmore. Certain laws³⁰ were strictly kept. Sunday was a day of rest and no traveling on that day was allowed.

By 1861 the trails or roads to the west were wagon-wheel gutted and dusty, and had been well traveled by thousands of people. Many suffered from the intensive heat and dust while crossing the prairies during the summer months. The Indians were not the problems they formerly had been. Buffalo herds were not seen so frequently but mountain sheep were still seen in the higher elevations. During the summer of 1861 over 3,500 people traveled to Utah over the pioneer trail.

Rose Turner was very ill with what was called mountain fever, but her grandson, Dr. John Collier Robison, always believed that she had typhoid fever. Several days when she was so very ill John R. Murdock stopped the wagons earlier than usual to give her a much needed rest. Her husband and children were grateful to

him for this kindness to their mother. Mary, age 21, a young widow, and the older members of the family walked most of the way across the plains, each taking turns carrying their younger brother Lorenzo. The wagons were mainly used for the older people and the needed supplies. Children and able-bodied adults were expected to walk. One of the night herders, John James Ellett³¹, was much attracted to the pretty young widow, Mary Turner Clarkson. He wanted to help her as much as he could and often he invited Mary to ride his horse when she was tired from carrying baby Lorenzo.

On September 12, 1861 they arrived in Great Salt Lake City. The Turners camped on the site where Hotel Utah now stands. They reported to Brigham Young for their assignment to the place where they were to live. They were sent to Fillmore, Utah. Orson Holbrook and James Ellett were happy about their assignment. After camping two nights in Great Salt Lake City they left for Fillmore where they arrived September 19, 1861. That night Chandler Holbrook, the father of Orson, invited the Turner family to dinner. This was the first meal they had eaten in a house since leaving their home in Glenham, New York.

In 1861, Fillmore was a small settlement of people. A few of the homes were built of the colorful sandstone quarried from the nearby mountains, while others were built with home-made adobe bricks. The first settlers had located in Fillmore in 1850. During the [previous] eleven years the pioneers [had been] learning how to live with the Indians and to accept their new geographic environment.

The children who were old enough to work tried to fit into the community by finding jobs. The only type of work opened to the girls was house work. The boys worked in the fields and with the cattle. Susannah worked in the home of Daniel Thompson for much of the time and in shorter periods in the homes of Mrs. Hawley and Benjamin R. Robison.

³⁰ See "William and Katie" for the trek rules and more details of the journey. -H.C.

³¹ Some young men went with the "Down-and-back" trains so they could meet the single girls first! -H.C.

In 1863 the Turner family was called to settle in the valley of Deseret, located near the Sevier River in west Millard County. The church authorities believed that this valley had great potentials for growing grains.

Benjamin Hancock Robison from Fillmore was called in the autumn of 1863 to be the Presiding Elder of Deseret. He was told to preside over the people and to see that a dam was built on the river and maintained. His wife, Lillas, felt that she couldn't leave her home in Fillmore. President Brigham Young advised Benjamin to marry a second wife and to proceed at once to Deseret. Benjamin H. Robison and Susannah Turner were married in the Endowment House on 26 March 1864 by Heber C. Kimball.

The nearly five years that the Turners lived in Deseret were difficult ones, but on the whole pleasant ones. Rose enjoyed the company of her three married daughters. Mary had married John James Ellett, November 11, 1861 in Fillmore. Martha and George Lovell were married January 28, 1862. They were the first couple in Deseret to be married by the Justice of the Peace, Leigh R. Cropper Sr., who served in that capacity for thirty years. Mary and Martha each had four children born in Deseret. Susannah's first and third children were born while she lived in Deseret. Her second child was born in Fillmore. James Edward, Rose and David's thirteenth child was also born in Deseret 18 October 1863.

Rose and her daughters learned to do all the tasks required in a pioneer home. In describing her home Susannah said, "Our home was similar to other pioneer homes. We sheared the sheep, spun the yarn and wove the cloth. We colored and made all our clothes and stockings as well as the linsey blankets. We milked the cows and made our butter and cheese. We gathered greasewood to burn and saved all the ashes to soften the water to make our soap."

When one of the girls or Rose would bake bread, word would be sent to the others inviting them to come over for a slice of new bread, but to be sure to bring their own butter. A child of

to-day would wonder why they were told to bring their own butter. Butter was used for barter. A pound of butter sold for about 15 cents and if calico cost 5 cents a yard, two pounds of butter would buy enough material to make a dress. Most pioneers would prefer to eat fruit or berries preserved in molasses on their slice of new bread instead of butter. Butter would be used for the needed necessities for their home.

One of the first Charter Oak stoves in Millard County was purchased by Benjamin for his wife Susannah. This stove was in their home in Deseret and later moved to their home in Fillmore. Susannah enjoyed making currant bread with a sugar and cinnamon crust. The bread would be kneaded into three loaves and put into a black bake pan and placed on the floor under the stove to rise. The stove stood up on four legs.

Death was always near the pioneers. Life in the small settlements, dotted throughout the west, offered many anxieties to the people of Deseret. Fear for their lives was constant during this period. Cattle had been stolen by the Pahvant Indians, and an appeal to the government for help brought no satisfaction as the Army was involved with the winding up of the Civil War. A suggestion, however, was given to the people of Deseret that they were capable of solving their own problems. A town meeting was called and the decision to build a fort was approved by the members. Four captains were chosen. All males over sixteen years of age were conscripted to help build the fort.

An area of 550 square feet was designated for this purpose. The walls were to be ten feet high based on a lava rock foundation, tapering from three feet at the base to one and a half foot at the top. At the northeast and southwest corners port-holes would give views on each side of the fort. The walls were to be made of mud and straw mixed together by the feet of the oxen. As the excitement and competition grew, men, women and children helped to mix the mud and straw. One group finished their part of

the walls in nine days, but as a part of the wall fell down, a tie was declared with the other group who finished in 9 1/2 days. Hannah C. Ashby in her poem, "The Old Mud Fort", wrote "Our men but numbered ninety-eight."

The completion of the fort furnished a time for celebration which was held July 25, 1865. Friends from the nearby towns came to Deseret to enjoy the gala occasion. William Dutson brought his juvenile choir from Fillmore to sing for the occasion. Inside the fort a willow bowery was built to shelter the people from the hot July sun. The women of the town had cooked a banquet, and the men barbecued a two year old heifer.

The necessity to use the fort for the protection of the people never occurred. As long as fears of the Indians' depredations were common the fort was used as a corral. It served well in that capacity. It also gave the people a sense of security which was needed at that time.

Simeon Walker listed the names of the men who worked on the Mud Fort. These names were listed from memory. The names which would be of interest to the Turner family were: Benjamin H. Robison, Joseph Lovell, David Turner, John Elliott (Ellett), William Webster, James Polk Sampson, and George Lovell. This shows that the Turners and their sons-in-law were well represented in the building of the fort.

It was impossible to maintain the dam on the Sevier River until further technical knowledge was gained. In fact it wasn't until 1909 that a permanent dam was built on the river at Deseret. Each year the spring rains and the melting snows would destroy the carefully built dams of rocks, limbs and soil. Much of the crops would be damaged and washed away.

This valley could produce grains, sugar cane, potatoes, fruit trees, currant bushes, melons and asparagus. The river itself was a rich source of food with the fish in the stream and many edible berries along the banks. One favorite wild berry, the bull-berry was used by the early pioneers as a substitute for currants. The berries were gathered in the fall and dried for future use.

Benjamin H. Robison was honorable released in 1868 to return to his home in Fillmore where he and Susannah made their permanent home. George and Martha Lovell left Deseret to make their home in Oak City.

David and Rose returned to their home in Holden where they lived until 1870. George Croft of Fillmore brought from the east a carding machine which David operated. David also owned a loom from which he wove blue jeans -- cloth made from cotton and wool. David was called by Apostle Erastus Snow to go on a mission to work in the cotton factory in Washington, near the city of St. George, Utah. Here the Turners stayed for the two years, then returned to their home in Holden where they lived until 1874.

David and Rose's son John Turner was killed in a flash flood in the Eureka canyon area in Nevada July 24, 1874. During that summer he freighted food to the mining camps near and around Eureka. Several men worked with him. On this particular day John was given the money collected by the freighters to take down to Eureka. He left earlier than the others. The suddenness of the flood gave him no warning and he and his team were drowned. William Albert Stevens from Holden with some of his friends went down the canyon to investigate the damage of the flood and found John Turner's body. The money was missing from his pockets. A man from one of the nearby camps told them who had taken it, and the boys were able to recover the money which they used to give John Turner a proper burial. This was to have been John's last freighting trip as he intended to marry Sarah Sabrisk. The older grandchildren remember John with much love and affection. He was kind and gentle with them.

In 1874 David was again called on a permanent mission to work in the cotton factory. From this time on David and Rose made their home in Washington. Lorenzo and James Edward accompanied their parents to their new home. Many of the draperies and tapestries used in the St. George Temple were woven

under the supervision of David. He was recognized as an artisan in the craft of weaving.

The family names given to the Turner children were of interest. David and Rose were so very young when they left their home in England. The names which they gave their children must have given them a feeling of belonging to their respected families. Four names, Mary, Sarah, John and William were common to both families. From David's family were added the names David and Susannah, and from Rose's the names of Rose, Godfrey and James.

The Indian uprising in and around Glenwood, near Richfield, forced the inhabitants to move to different locations. The Isaac Sampsons moved to Holden where James Knox Polk Sampson met Rose Ann Turner and they were married in the Endowment House 13 December 1869 in Salt Lake City. The marriage was preformed by Daniel H. Wells. They lived in Holden for a short time then moved to Glenwood in Sevier County where the Sampsons lived. In 1879, due to the unrest of the Indians, Rose Ann and her husband decided to join Mary, William, Billy Webster, Benjamin Godfrey and Lorenzo to make their home in Rabbit Valley, located in Wayne County, Utah. Later, Rose Ann with her husband Polk Sampson, and Lorenzo and his wife Lydia made their final homes in Delta³², Millard, Utah. Joseph Henry and David Jr. remained in Holden where they reared their families.

Rose was a good neighbor, interested in the welfare of the people of the town of Washington. She would go into the homes where there was illness and offer her help. She was fastidious in her appearance. She always wore a frilly white starched apron. When she was older she wore a lace cap trimmed with a

black velvet bow. Her hair was thin and difficult for her to keep in the way she wanted it.

David had a curl "in the middle of his forehead" which his grandchildren remembered. He was kind to them and when he would visit them he would take some fruit from St. George -- fruit they didn't have where they lived.

David Turner married, in polygamy, 11 January 1877, Alice Robinson, widow of John Jackson, St. George Temple. To them was born a son David.

Rose died on the 18th of December, 1882.

³² James Sampson's name was included in the list of Turner relatives who worked on the mud fort at Deseret. One of his descendants told me he never liked the cold in Lyman and vowed he would move back to the Deseret area if they ever got a dam to stay across the Sevier River. A permanent dam was erected in 1909. -- H.C.

Two letters, found in Susannah's trunk, where she kept her keepsakes, were written to her by father. I would like to quote parts from each of these letters:

Washington
Dec. 21, 1882

My Dear Girl: Susannah Robison,

It is with a painful feeling that I write to tell you that my wife is dead. She died last Monday night at five o'clock. She was taken sick at eleven o'clock p.m., Wednesday. She was sick five days only before she died.

I have got already to bury her, but I am waiting for the Boys to come home before I can take her away.

I am too full to write more.
From your Father in trouble....
I look for Lorenzo and James E. tonight.
Let all my sons and daughter know it.
Write to me soon.

David Turner

Washington

Dec. 29, 1882

My dear Son and Daughter: Benjamin and Susannah Robison.

I am in trouble, but I will tell you about your mother's sickness and death. She went to Brother Sorensen's wife's funeral. I think she caught cold for she went to the grave yard and it was a cold day. ...She began to be sick Wednesday night after she was at the last Temple meeting...

Telegraphed to Holden thinking James E. was there, but he was not... James E. got a horse and rode right home. He got Home at 3 o'clock Friday morning.... Lorenzo got home at 12 o'clock Friday night. He came on horse back too. So you see they were at her funeral. I kept her from Monday night till Saturday at 1 o'clock p.m. and she kept sweet all the time. We took her to the meeting House and our Bishop spoke over her....

I want you Susannah to ask Ben H. Robison if he would try to sell my shares that I have in the Co-op. And get all he can for me as I have got in debt for Mother's funeral

From your Father in Tears,
God bless you and yours.
Write soon,
D. Turner

When Susannah received these letters, her husband Benjamin had died on 24th December 1882 also from pneumonia. He was buried the 25th of December 1882. On the 26th of December Susannah's 10th child, Lorenzo was born. Five years later on Christmas day, Susannah received word of her father's death. Both Rose and David, as well as James Edward were buried in the cemetery at Washington, Washington, Utah.

In writing the story of my great-grandparents, I have used incidents and events related to me by my grandmother, Susannah, who was my link to the understanding and appreciation of this sturdy pioneer family. My cousin Rose Afton Hinckley Badger helped me to remember stories concerning our grandparents and great-grandparents. Others who have contributed information for this history are: Martha Jenson Brian, granddaughter of Mary Ellett; Roe Ann Sampson Gooch, granddaughter of Rose Ann Turner Sampson, and Freida Webster Brailsford, granddaughter of Billy Webster. She resides in Bakersfield, California.

Both places in which David and Rose had interest and connection: The Mud Fort in Deseret and the cotton factory in Washington, have recently been listed by the Utah State and the United States National government as places of historical interest.

by Venise Robison, Salt Lake City, Utah

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HUSBAND <u>William Moorhouse WEBSTER</u>		Husband	
Born <u>29 Jan 1850</u>	Place <u>Bridgewater, Somerset, New Jersey</u>	Wife	
Chr. _____	Place _____	☐ OPTION 1 — FAMILY FILE Send all names to my family file at the _____ Temple. I will provide proxies for: ☐ Baptism ☐ Endowment ☐ Sealing.	
Marr. <u>14 May 1876</u>	Place <u>Holden, Millard, Utah</u>	☐ OPTION 2 — TEMPLE FILE ☐ OPTION 3 — ANCESTRAL FILE	
Died <u>18 Feb 1914</u>	Place <u>Loa, Wayne, Utah</u>	Your name _____	
Bur. _____	Place <u>Loa, Wayne, Utah</u>	Address _____	
HUSBAND'S FATHER <u>Fredrick WEBSTER</u>	HUSBAND'S MOTHER <u>Sarah MOOHOUSE</u>	Phone _____ Date prepared _____	
HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES <u>#2 Kierstie "Katie" FREDRICKSON</u>	Your relationship to the husband and wife on this form _____		

WIFE <u>Margaret MATHIAS or MATHEWS</u>		Wife	
Born <u>19 April 1858</u>	Place <u>Cae Garw Lanwonna, Wales (Mountain Ash, Glamorganshire, S. Wales)</u>	☐ OPTION 1 — FAMILY FILE Send all names to my family file at the _____ Temple. I will provide proxies for: ☐ Baptism ☐ Endowment ☐ Sealing.	
Chr. _____	Place _____	☐ OPTION 2 — TEMPLE FILE ☐ OPTION 3 — ANCESTRAL FILE	
Died <u>7 Nov 1888</u>	Place <u>Fish Lake, Sevier, Utah</u>	Your name _____	
Bur. <u>8 Nov 1888</u>	Place <u>Loa, Wayne, Utah</u>	Address _____	
WIFE'S FATHER <u>John MATHIAS or MATHEWS</u>	WIFE'S MOTHER <u>Ann EVANS</u>	Phone _____ Date prepared _____	
WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS _____	Your relationship to the husband and wife on this form _____		

WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS										HUSBAND		WIFE		SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS	
SEX M F	CHILDREN		WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE		WHEN DIED			SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS	
	List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth Given Names	SURNAME	DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY	TO WHOM	DAY	MONTH	YEAR			
1	"Sadie"		8	Feb	1877	Holden			30 Nov 1894	29 May 1957					
2	F	Sarah Ann WEBSTER					Millard	UT	1) Isaac Platt BLACKBURN						
2	F	Rose Ellen WEBSTER	11	Dec	1878	Holden		Millard	UT	29 Dec 1904	9 Oct 1970				
3	M	"Fred" WEBSTER							James Sylvester BERRY						
3	M	William Fredrick	3	Oct	1881	Loa		Piute	UT	23 Jun 1906	20 Oct 1968				
4	M	"Lizzie" Margaret							Amy Cedenia "Dena" CARRELL						
4	F	Elizabeth WEBSTER	11	Feb	1884	Loa		Piute	UT	9 Aug 1904	18 Oct 1947				
5	M	"Dan"							Elijah "Lige" MAXFIELD						
5	M	Daniel Rosco WEBSTER	3	Dec	1886	Loa		Piute	UT	30 Dec 1914	21 Sep 1967				
6									Hulda Almeda POLLACK						
6															
7															
8															
9															
10															
11															

SOURCES OF INFORMATION <u>Research of Freeda Webster Brailsford daughter of Fred.</u> <u>Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints --</u> <u>Loa Ward Records microfilm #0026114</u>		OTHER MARRIAGES <u>#1 Sadie md Joel Robinson</u>	NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS
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HUSBAND William Moorhouse WEBSTER						Husband																																																																																																																																																																			
Born 29 Jan 1850		Place Bridgewater, Somerset, New Jersey		Wife																																																																																																																																																																					
Chr. 17 July 1889		Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah		☐ OPTION 1 — FAMILY FILE Send all names to my family file at the _____ Temple. I will provide proxies for: ☐ Baptism ☐ Endowment ☐ Sealing.		Your name _____																																																																																																																																																																			
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SOURCES OF INFORMATION (See Documentation) Family and Church records show William M. Webster's birth place as Vanderville Mills. There is no town by that name in New Jersey. There was a crossroads called "VanDerveer's Mills." The mill has burned down. Research by Melinda Muir Uipi						OTHER MARRIAGES #6 Pearl md. Edmund M. Stefan 6 June 1936 md. Francis Edmonds 12 Dec 1966																																																																																																																																																																			
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Documentation for William and Margaret family group sheet

William: **br:** Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
m: p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
d: Death Certificate, State of Utah #2 (123)
Baptism: Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ
endowment: files of Freeda Webster Brailsford
ss: files of Freeda Webster Brailsford

Margaret: **br:** p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
d: p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
bp: files of Freeda Webster Brailsford
end: files of Freeda Webster Brailsford

Sadie: **br:** p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
m: p.4 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
d: buried at Rockland, California - files of Freeda Webster Brailsford
bp: by J. F. Darton, confirmed by John James Ellett
p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
end: files of Freeda Webster Brailsford
sp: files of Freeda Webster Brailsford

Rose: **br:** p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
m: at Loa, Wayne, Utah, sealed to husband 4 Oct 1965 - Salt Lake City, Utah
Microfilm #0026114, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
d: at Grand Junction, Mesa, Colorado, buried 13 Oct 1970 at Grand Junction, CO
files of Freeda Webster Brailsford
bp: Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
end: files of Freeda Webster Brailsford

Fred: **br:** p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
m: at Loa, Wayne, Utah; sealed 31 Oct 1912, files of Freeda Webster Brailsford
d: at Las Vegas, Clark, Nevada; buried 24 Oct 1968, Wasatch Memorial Cemetery
Salt Lake City, Utah files of Freeda Webster Brailsford
bp: by A. Kingstrup, confirmed by A. Kinstrup
Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
end: files of Freeda Webster Brailsford

Lizzie: **br:** p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
m: files of Freeda Webster Brailsford
d: at Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah; buried Loa, Wayne, Utah
files of Freeda Webster Brailsford
bp: files of Freeda Webster Brailsford
end: files of Freeda Webster Brailsford

Dan: **br:** p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
m: record of Daniel R. Webster
d: at Salt Lake City, UT, buried at Wasatch Memorial Cemetery, Freeda Brailsford
bp: p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
end: record of Daniel R. Webster

Documentation for William and Katie family group sheet

Katie: **br:** Mlms Parish extract F Sweden: Mlms 426915, pt. 13; Lilla Isle Parish records Malis 06,20446, pt 5 Microfilm at Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah
m: Microfilm #0026114, Loa Ward Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS - 1914
d: Microfilm #0026114, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS - 1923
bp: rebaptized 18 Aug 1883
Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
end: family records
ss: family records

James **br:** p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
m: Microfilm #0026114, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS - 1914
Loa, Wayne County, Utah Marriage Book A, p. 172
d: Utah Death Certificate #22 (123) in possession of H. Cobia buried: Loa, Wayne, Utah
bp: p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
end: Manti Temple Records #717, book J-Z, p.26

Alice: **br:** p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
m: records of James Muir, her son
d: buried at Oakland, Alameda, California records of James Muir, her son
bp: p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
end: Manti Temple Records #587, book D- lvg p.33

Mabel: **br:** p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
m: records of Mabel W. Morrell
d: family records
bp: p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
end: San Diego Temple records, proxy was Deanna Chappell Maxfield

Tella: **br:** p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
m: Utah Marriage Certificate, David County, #2994
d: buried at Hartley Cemetery, Lakeport, California - funeral memorial
bp: Microfilm #0026114, Loa Ward Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
end: Manti Temple records, proxy was Katie Webster Chappell

Loren: **br:** Microfilm #0026114, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS- Form E Reports
m: Loa, Wayne County marriage records, Book A, p.270
d: buried at Loa, Utah - Funeral memorial
bp: Microfilm #0026114, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
end: Manti Temple records

Pearl: **br:** p.2 Microfilm #0026113, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS
m: record from Pearl W. Stefan
d: Funeral Memorial
bp: Microfilm #0026114, Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS-Form E
end: Manti Temple records, proxy was Faye Webster Hatch

“The Weavers”

Glimpses of William Moorhouse Webster and his wife, Katie Fredrickson Webster
as told by their children and grandchildren

Children of William and Maggie: Sadie, Rose, Fred, Lizzie, Dan

Children of William and Katie: Jim, Alice, Mabel, Atella, Loren, Pearl

The information in this history has been gleaned from people who knew William and Katie Webster. William's daughter, Alice, intended to write a biography about her Father. She left several handwritten pages of notes containing sketches of events and one line sentences as memory joggers. The one sentence reminders are often cryptic and made me hunger for more information. An example of the one-liners "Choice piece of land, just below hill. Brother jumped claim." Alice didn't finish the project, but I am thankful for the things she did write down as well as for everyone else who talked and wrote about William and Katie.

William Moorhouse Webster is the only child of Fredrick Webster and Sarah Moorhouse. His Father was twenty-five, his mother twenty-one, when William was born. His father seems to be the only member of his family who emigrated from England. Sarah was born in England and came to the United States with her family when she was five years old. Sarah died the year William was born. Frederick and Sarah had only been married two years. William never knew his parents. It is believed his father died when he was three years old.



Alice, a daughter: Fredrick Webster was the fifth child and eldest son of Robert Webster and Nancy Moorhouse. They had chosen a certain young lady for him they wished him to marry. This was the custom of the time, but he refused and came to America. He was still rather young because he married at 23. Nancy Moorhouse had an Uncle Isaac Moorhouse living at Vanderville Mills, New Jersey. The natural thing to do was call on his mother's uncle who had a daughter Sarah. They fell in love and were married in 1848. They were first cousins, once removed, so father was double relation to the Moorhouse people. John Moorhouse and Sarah Muff are his mother's grandparents on his mother's side and his father's great-grandparents.³³

Before his marriage Fredrick Webster, my grandfather, was a resident of Glenham, Duchess Co, New York. His wife, Sarah

Moorhouse, was born in 1829 at Vanderville Mills, New Jersey.

My father, William Moorhouse Webster, was born at Vanderville Mills, N.J., January 29, 1850. His Mother died when he was six weeks or six months old. His father died when he was three years old. Before he died, he asked his cousin, David Turner, to care for his son. David Turner's mother was Mary Moorhouse so he was double relation to Father. David Turner and wife, Rose Collier, had a large family, about 10 or 12 children. They were kind and loved and cared for him as their own.

The Turner family loved William. When David and Rose's descendants compiled a Family History with stories, family group sheets and pictures of David, Rose and their children, William is included as part of the family. They called him "Billy." David and Rose also had a son named William. When David and Rose's children had their own children they called William Webster, "Uncle Billy" and his children called them Uncle and Aunt. William's descendants share common ancestors with the Turners, but Billy's ties to the family

³³ See Moorhouse Relationship Chart.

are love ties, Gospel ties and temple ties.

Billy was part of the Turner family by the time he was six months old. The 1850 US Census of Bridgewater, Somerset, New Jersey taken on 2 August 1850 shows William Webster as a member of the Turner household. In the Turner history there is an implication that Rose nursed Billy when he was a baby. Her seventh child was born about five weeks after Billy. The same Census shows Sarah as a member of her father's house hold. Isaac Moorhouse's family and David Turner's family lived near each other because they appear on the same census page, Isaac is Household #274 and David is #278. Fredrick Webster does not appear in the New Jersey Census. Which leaves us wishing we knew more, much more, about this family.

Loren, son: Dad's Mother died when he was born and his Dad died a short time after. #2-5 He had no brothers or sisters. #8-3 Then the Turners took him and raised him. He said the Turners were good to him. They seemed like his family to him. He figured them as brothers and sisters. They was always good friends. There was Wren [Lorenzo] and Ben and Mary. She married an Ellett. Whenever he went to Fremont he had to go see Aunt Mary Ellett because she was a sister to him. They got along really good. They raised him like one of their kids. [The children] were second cousins to him. They wasn't much relation.

When dad was a kid, him and Wren and Ben and some of them was sleeping downstairs. They were hungry. There was a basket of eggs and they said, "They'll never miss one egg." So they cooked one egg and et it. "They'll never miss one egg." So they took another egg out. They just kept taking one more because "they'd never miss one egg." The next morning when Mother came down she missed the eggs all right! (laughs) #2-5

Atella, daughter: All the children had to go to work early in those days and father went to work in a factory when he was eight years old,

sat on the floor behind the machine turning the treadle. On his way home one night from work some older boys were throwing rocks and one hit father and cut his forehead open, wide, it left a large deep scar in his forehead that he had all his life.

Alice: Father had very little formal schooling. He told of working in the textile mills when very young. At times he worked until after dark. He got so tired and sleepy he would sit and doze. The man who worked near him would kick him on the shins to wake him up. His legs got black and blue and so sore he could hardly walk. Finally his Father saw his legs bruised and sore and became very angry when he heard the story. He said, "Why didn't you tell me?" Father told him he was afraid he wouldn't like it because he fell asleep. (I don't know just how young he started working in the mills, but he was only eleven when he emigrated to Utah with the rest of the family.)

He had to walk part of the way home alone after dark. On the way he had to pass an old mill that had been burned and was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of the watchman who died in the fire. All the way home he worried about passing the old mill. When he came near he would go on tip-toe until he got even with the mill then he would run fast as he could. In the winter time the snow would creak under his feet and make all sorts of weird noises.

From Billy sister, Mary's biography: Mary started working in a cotton factory at the age of six "tending spools," cleaning the lint off of them. Most of her childhood was spent in this factory owned by the Harrisons. Her workday was from 5:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. with half an hour off for each meal.

Susannah, sister: Milltown was the scene of my early childhood. Unlike the children of today, schooling and luxuries were not to be had and from very early life I had responsibilities. My father, being a mechanic

by trade, had ready employment and it seems that we children had our part to play at the same work. We too were provided with work to do in the factory where our father was supervisor. Hence, very little schooling was had by us children. Just a few weeks in all.

At the age of seven years I was taken to the factory and was so apt in the threading of shuttles that I became very popular. There I worked most of my time until I was fourteen years old. In 1856 elders John Taylor³⁴ and Wilford Woodruff found our family and for the first time we heard the gospel and received it at once. Father said they were men of God sent to us by Him. This was what they had been longing and waiting for. It seemed, after receiving this new message, that we had entered into a new world and it was our ambition to get means and join the Saints in the land of Zion. Utah was our first and only object.

There was a financial depression or panic in New Jersey where we lived. Our factory was closed and father was sent to Glenham, New York, to supervise another factory. Later he moved the family there. This move seemed to hasten the immigration. The family was large, but each of us, having the same thought in view, toiled and saved for the same purpose until it was accomplished.

On June 11, 1861, after selling everything we possessed except our clothing, we were ready for our journey. Train fare was purchased to Florence, now known as Omaha, Nebraska, where we would join the immigrant company. On arriving there, the company was not fully organized and a wait of three weeks was necessary. We camped out under very poor circumstances. My mother, not physically strong and with a three-weeks-old baby, suffered during our waiting.

³⁴ The oldest Turner daughter was Mary. One of Mary's granddaughters Martha Jensen Brian did a lot of genealogy. According to her information, Elder John Sanderson was a companion to Elder Wilford Woodruff, not John Taylor. (See Turner History) Mary said the family joined the Church in 1848 or early 1849 (Mary's biography). Martha's father, William is Katie's brother.

The Turners were a part of the gathering of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The leadership of the Church encouraged the members to come to Salt Lake Valley as soon as they found refuge there in 1847 and invited everyone to come to Zion. But not everyone could afford to make the trip. The leaders set up an organization to loan money to church emigrants, the Perpetual Emigrating Fund or PEF, and they agreed to repay the money after they arrived in Utah. The fund eventually had more outgo than income. Along with loans of money the Church tried other methods to cut the cost of immigration for people coming to Zion. In the 1850's there were eleven handcart companies who walked across the plains pushing and pulling carts loaded with a few possession. This was successful except for two companies which left Florence (Winter Quarters) too late in the season and were trapped without shelter by early snows in the mountains. In 1861 Billy and his family were part of a new program implemented by the Church to bring the members to Zion -- the 'Down and Back' Plan.

The plan was to send Church wagons and teams from Utah to pick up passengers and freight, the "down," and bring them "back" to Salt Lake City. In 1860 President Brigham Young sent his nephew, Joseph W. Young, as the leader of a wagon train for a trial to determine if the plan would work. Joseph reported a total success and the new plan was put into place in 1861.

"In the new plan, down-and-back wagons would be provided at practically no cash cost to the Church. Wards in Utah would raise the outfits--wagons, teamsters and their provisions, yokes, oxen, chains--and "loan" them to the Church for a down-and-back trip to Florence. In return, wards would receive tithing labor credits of about \$450 per outfit. The wagons would not travel "down" empty; instead, they

would haul sacks of flour to be deposited at storage cabins along the way down and then picked up on the return journey to feed the immigrants. The flour, too, would be donated by Utah wards in return for tithing credits. To balance out the loss of tithing revenue thus credited, poor immigrants would be charged a small fee for the trip to Utah, on credit as a loan from the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company.³⁵

“By April 16, ward teams began to arrive in Salt Lake City.... On April 21...Brigham [Young] instructed local bishops to send repair crews into Parley’s Canyon to improve the road for the ox trains.On April 23, the Presidency [Brigham Young and two counselors] visited the encampment, installing four wagon train captains: Joseph W. Young, Joseph Horne, Ira Eldredge, and John R. Murdock.The four trains began their trek ‘down’ to Florence that afternoon.

“After the outfitting dust settled, the First Presidency received the following figures concerning the four trains: the...four companies included 183 public (Church) and 20 private wagons, 1,575 public and 124 private oxen, 194 public and 23 private teamsters, 16 guards, 136,000 pounds of flour for deposit along the trails and 34, 348 pounds of flour for expenses or sale.

“The first Presidency gave the four captains letters of instructions which set rules for their companies. Swearing, drunkenness, gambling, contention, and unreasonable whipping or abuse of cattle were not to be allowed. Troublemakers should be “turned out of the company.” Guards should be provided with sleeping facilities in wagons during the day, and their riding

animals should not be ridden during the daytime except for “necessity.” The four companies should stay within a few hours’ distance for mutual security. At Florence the companies should camp on high ground three or four miles above the Missouri River and near good running water.”³⁶

Even though David and Rose and many of their children were working in the mills apparently they could not save enough money to take their family to Utah. They traveled with the Church Down-and-Back Teams. Church members who could afford to pay their own way became part of “independent” trains. As the Turners prepared to leave Glenham, New York, others were busy in Florence, Nebraska, preparing for their arrival as well as for the other nearly 4,000 emigrants who went to Utah in 1861. Jacob Gates was sent to Florence with the assignment to supply the provisions needed by the emigrants. He and his clerks kept detailed records of all the transactions. There were also travel agents in New York making group travel arrangements with the railroads and river boats. Other agents made arrangements for groups of members who came even further, from England and Scandinavia.

There was a large group of Church members who left the eastern United States in 1861. Many of them felt they were witnesses to the fulfillment of prophecy. Their first prophet Joseph Smith told of a war to begin in South Carolina³⁷. After the firing on Fort Sumter in South Carolina, April 15, 1861, people read daily newspaper reports about the Civil War.

“During the winter of 1860-61, Elders Erastus Snow and Orson Pratt of the Quorum of the Twelve labored in the eastern United States.... The

³⁵ Coming to Zion, ed. James B. Allen & John W. Welch, BYU Studies, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah 1997, p.193

³⁶ *Ibid*, p.196, 197

³⁷ Doctrine & Covenants, Section 45, verses 62-63, and Section 87 which was given December 25, 1832.

apostles instructed eastern Saints to join into one emigration company. On June 11³⁸, a rainy day, about sixty Boston Saints reached Manhattan and spent the day crossing the Hudson River on steam tugs. New York Saints also ferried over to the Jersey City depot of the New York and Erie Railroad. About 10:00 p.m. nearly seven hundred eastern Saints began their ten-day train trip toward Florence.”³⁹

One of the Turner's fellow travelers, Thomas Griggs, an England-born teenager from Boston kept a diary of their trip to Florence. William Hartley wrote an article about the 1861 movement to Salt Lake. He summarized Thomas Griggs account of the New York Saints trip. He wrote:

“[Thomas Griggs] described well both the inconveniences of the travels and the evidences of war which the train travelers found. During the first night, he wrote, friction caused wheels on the fast-rolling train to catch fire, and several fires were bucketed out. The next night, near Hornellville, New York, a Brother Slack from Boston wrestled with a man disturbing Sister Slack, and both men fell from the train. Brother Slack later died from head injuries. At Dunkirk, near Cleveland, Ohio, the Eastern Company split up. One group loaded into fifteen cars and left. The other group waited overnight for another train. Both groups reunited at Toledo and headed for Chicago on a train of two engines, eight freight cars, and twenty passenger cars. At Chicago they put their luggage in a large warehouse during a short layover. In the Illinois countryside, the company's travel stopped suddenly for a while when the

train engine malfunctioned. The next day, at Quincy, Illinois, the train tracks ended, stopped by the broad Mississippi River. [The] travelers boarded the river steamer *Black Hawk* and floated twenty miles down and across to Hannibal, Missouri.

“While waiting for a Missouri train, the company rested, bathed, and straightened out ticket and money problems. Some passengers, short of funds, received loans from Church agents. Missouri was a war zone, and in Hannibal young Griggs saw home guards protecting a cannon captured from local secessionists....

“Despite war dangers, the company boarded a train and rolled due west for St. Joseph, on Missouri's west border. Griggs said they passed many towns, nearly all guarded.The Missouri ride, Griggs reported, was ‘over one of the roughest railroads I believe in existence. The jolting almost caused some to strike their heads against the roof of the cars, and causing the boxes to move around in the liveliest manner imaginable.’ At St. Joseph, the Eastern Company transferred to the river wharf and saw the Missouri River, ‘a large deep dirty swift running stream carrying along a great number of old trees, logs and brush!’ In St. Joseph, ‘the spirit of secession was prevalent, and a great spirit of distress, suspicion and antagonism seemed uppermost.’ Secessionist and American flags, Griggs said, took turns going up and down a flagpole there.

“From St. Joseph, the Mormons journeyed for two days and two night up the Missouri River on the *Omaha*, one of the few boats still running despite the war dangers. ‘The boat was densely crowded and every available spot was occupied by men, women, children and

³⁸ The date Susannah Turner says her family left.

³⁹ *Coming to Zion*, ed. Allen, p. 199-200

baggage.’ One evening a storm forced them to tie up to the shore. On Friday, June 21, the *Omaha*’s paddles churned to a halt at Florence, and the weary eastern Saints looked for places to lodge for a few days in the busy emigrant wagon-and tent village.’⁴⁰

Apparently there were a number of vacant buildings, many with broken windows, in Florence where the immigrants could camp. All this may have been a trying experience for Billy’s mother and father with a large family and a new baby, but what an adventure for an eleven-year old boy—bouncing around on trains and gliding along on river boats, watching soldiers with guns preparing for war, continually moving past new things and places. They arrived on June 20th which is also the day the Church Teams started to come into camp near Florence.

“Captain Joseph W. Young rode into the Florence camp from Utah on June 16, several days ahead of the down-and-back wagons. With his arrival, the outfitting work mushroomed in size and complexity. Elder [Jacob] Gates continued to supervise the outfittings of the independent wagon companies and passengers, and Captain Young took charge of the ‘poor Saints’ camped at Florence, preparing them for the Utah wagons. Wanting the four Utah trains to spend a minimum of time in Florence before heading back, he labored hard to have provisions and passengers ready for them. Apparently, he quickly realized that emigrant numbers were higher than had been expected. He therefore required that people intending to travel in Church teams donate all their cash to the general fund.Nearly daily from June 16 until early July, Young’s staff issued ...commodities on credit...

[One large family received] seventy pounds of flour, fifteen pounds of bacon, seven pounds of sugar, two pounds of coffee, one pound of tea, and four pounds of apples, for \$6.07sugar at ten cents per pound, ...coffee at twenty cents per pound, ...apples at eight cents per pound.’⁴¹

The immigrants were organized into groups and their luggage was packed into wagons for the trip west. First, the immigrants:

“received wagon assignments—a half dozen people to a wagon. As much as possible, the outfitters tried to group nationalities in the same trains and in shared wagons. Then, people took their baggage to the bowery, where a “weighing machine” told them how much extra baggage they had. Costs for the overage, at twenty cents per pound, were added to their PEF loan accounts. Fares for the Utah trip, also charged, were \$41 for adults and \$20.50 for children under eight. Adults could take fifty pounds of baggage free and children half that.

“Following weigh-in, the Utah boys brought company wagons from the camps outside Florence into town so that assigned passengers could load their baggage. “Loading wagons efficiently,” an expert has explained, “demanded both experience and patience. Everything had to be packed tightly and secured to minimize jostling and breakage on the trail. A carelessly packed, top-heavy wagon was particularly dangerous. [One New York immigrant] described how her wagon was loaded. Items not used daily, she wrote, ‘were stacked up in the middle of a wagon, as high as the bows. They made two departments in the wagons.’ Two families were assigned to the front

⁴⁰ *Ibid*, p.200-201

⁴¹ *Ibid*, p. 205, 206

of her wagon and two to the back' 'One tent for two wagons,' she continued, and 'the necessary camp kettles were tied under the wagons.'

"Once the baggage was loaded, teamsters drove passengers and packed wagons back to the company camps outside of Florence. There the emigrants received 'their first lessons in camp life, such as getting water, fuel, and cooking with camp fires.' They also became accustomed to nature's whims. July heat and Missouri River Valley humidity generated three consecutive evening thunderstorms which proved that tents were not 'hurricane' or water proof.⁴²

"By mid-July the Church team trains had started on the 'back' trip to Utah. Murdock's company started on July 8 or 9....Church trains could have started sooner, but they lacked some cooking utensils. [Joseph] Young's PEF ledgers show as last transactions in Florence the assigning of kettles to the four trains. Eldredge received twenty-seven, Murdock twenty-eight, and Young twenty-one. Captain Horne's order included twenty camp kettles, a dozen frying pans, and ten- and six-quart pans, as well as a dozen cups, six coffee pots, eighteen dozen plates, eighteen dozen spoons, one chamber pot, one scoop, one skillet, one wash pan, and a set of knives and forks.

"There were 63 wagons in Captain Murdock's train with approximately 460 passengers many of them from Europe who sailed across the ocean on the *Monarch of the Sea*. The train departed July 8, made the journey in sixty-six days and arrived in Salt Lake City on September 12, 1861."⁴³

The purpose of the wagons was to carry the supplies and baggage, only the drivers and the sick rode, everyone else walked. Susannah continues the story of the family's journey:

On July 4, 1861, all was ready for the journey with John R. Murdock, who was captain of the company. With delighted feelings we welcomed the oxteam and wagon which was ours to enjoy during our trip across the plains. Little did we realize the joy or sadness that might come to us. We left with our souls full of joy for the success we had had thus far. All seemed to go well for a short time, then my mother contracted mountain fever and was very ill. All thought she could not live and that we would have to bury her by the roadside as they had done with many others. But as mother says the Lord was good to us and answered our prayers in her behalf and she was spared. Oh! how good Brother Murdock was to her and all of the family. Mary and myself took turns walking and carrying the baby brother most of the way. Truly we could say and realize the full meaning of this, "being foot sore and ill." A good many times when we removed our shoes the skin would come off with them.

The amusements and entertainments that were participated in by the Saints in the evenings after the day's journey, were not realized to the fullest extent on account of the illness in our family. The journey was long and tedious, but we had faith, and our prayers were answered. Mother was gradually growing stronger and after thirteen weeks of hardships, we arrived in Salt Lake City on September 19, 1861. We camped here a short time, then President Brigham Young sent our family south to Fillmore, where I got employment. On arriving, Brother Chandler Holbrook invited our family to their home and here we ate the first meal in a house since leaving our home in New York.

Our family soon obtained a small house and were again at home although we were destitute as far as this world's goods were concerned. Everything we had saved was spent for

⁴² *Ibid*, p.210

⁴³ *Ibid*, p.212-3, 215

immigration. We knew and fully realized that we had been exceedingly blessed on our journey to Zion and that these blessings would still follow if we remained true and faithful. In a very short time we all had employment....

Alice: Father⁴⁴ was eleven when they emigrated to Utah. They came with the John Murdock Company and arrived in Utah, September 12, 1861. They settled first in Deseret, Millard County. Then they went to Holden, 1868. He did freighting from Salt Lake. He worked in the mines in Nevada and gave his wages to his parents.

He became engaged to a beautiful girl and went away to work to make a wedding stake. While he was away, she thought it would be a joke to write and tell him she had married another fellow. Father was very deeply hurt and couldn't take it as a joke. So that was the end of that romance.

After that he worked away from home a great deal. During this time his Father came to him and talked to him and told him he wanted him to marry and have a family, otherwise his name would die out in the world. Later his Father and Mother came to him. (p.1)

Loren: When Father was younger he lived kind of a rough life. He was out in the mines and the railroad and he done a lot of freighting. He didn't think of getting married. He said that one time his Father came to him. Dad was the only child. And his Dad was an only child.⁴⁵ His Father came to him and said to him, "I want you to get married and have some children because if you don't the name is gone. That is the only chance there is for our name to go on."

His Dad talked to him and he said, "Okey."

But he still was kind of rough and didn't pay any attention to girls and he didn't want to get

⁴⁴ Billy was included in Frank Esshom's book Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah, p.1235-6, picture p.522

⁴⁵ Frederick had three sisters and a brother, David. David's sons all died as children except one who lived to be 25 years old. It is unknown if he had any children.

married so he didn't do anything about it. It went on for six months or a year. Finally his Dad came to him again and Father said he was pretty mad this time because he said, "You have not done what you promised you'd do. I want you to get married and have some children to carry the name on."

Dad said, "All right, I will."

He did get married and had four boys but his name has not been carried very far yet. Dan had one boy and he never got married. Fred didn't have any boys. Jim had two boys, Brose and Bill. Brose had one boy and he never got married. Bill had two boys and one got married and had a girl, divorced and never got married again. And John is married but he's never got a boy yet.⁴⁶ I had one boy, Jim, and he's got two boys. The name is having a terrible time making a living. We don't spread very much. Lot of families that is this old, their name has gone far and scattered all over the world. When people ask if we are related this Webster or that Webster we say, "No, we haven't got any relation."

Alice: [Father] married Margaret Mathias, a little girl from Wales, on May 14, 1876... [the year] the Saint George Temple was dedicated.

Margaret was called "Maggie" by those who knew her. Her sister, Mary Ann, was married to Billy's brother, William Turner. Two children were born to Billy and Maggie when they lived in Holden, Utah. Their first child, born February 8, 1877, was named Sarah after Billy's mother and called "Sadie." Before the birth of their second child they made a trip to Saint George to be sealed together as a couple in the Saint George Temple. Sadie was sealed to them also. Billy's parents, David and Rose Turner, were living in St. George by then. Billy and Maggie's second baby, Rose Ellen, arrived on December 11, 1878. What a lovely tribute to Rose Turner. Two daughter and each named after Billy's mothers.

⁴⁶ Fred had two sons, one died at birth and another choked to death in infancy. John Webster had a son in 1998.

Before the birth of their next three children William made a decision that redirected the path of his family. In October 1879⁴⁷ they moved from Holden to an unsettled mountain valley many miles away. The new adventure began with James Knox Polk Sampson, a brother-in-law. He married Billy's sister, Rose Ann Turner, in 1869. The Sampson family had been forced to move from Glenwood, Utah, because of Indian trouble. (V. Robison, p.5) Before the move James worked with a group of surveyors who went through Rabbit Valley in 1874. (Snow, p.210) In 1879 when conflicts with the Indians spread to Holden James remembered the quiet little valley tucked away in the mountains he had seen five years earlier. Six of David and Rose Turner's children moved to Rabbit Valley. The family had all ready been separated by a call from the Prophet Brigham Young. In 1874 David and Rose had been "called on a permanent mission" (Robison p.5) in Saint George so he could use his expertise in the fledgling cotton industry, particularly the cotton factory.

The six families may not have all traveled to Rabbit Valley at the same time, but some of them did. Those who moved were Billy and Maggie with their children Sadie and Rose; his sister Mary and John James Ellett, his sister Rose Ann and James Sampson, and three brothers, William and Mary Ann, Ben and Susan Turner; and Wren (Lorenzo) Turner who was single. Before Billy took his family to pioneer a new community Maggie and her sister, Mary Ann, decided they wanted a family picture taken before they left for a pioneer community. Their families dressed in their very best, including leaf decorations on their dresses and hair. The picture became a family treasure which as been passed down to each generation.

Mabel, daughter: [Father and Maggie] with some of the Turner family, decided to go to Wayne County and homestead. So Father had

one horse and Ben Turner had one horse and they made a team of it and moved their families. Father took up his homestead between Loa and Lyman and Ben Turner went on to Lyman and homesteaded.

Alice: [Father] with two other young couples, a foster brother and sister and companions got together a team and wagon, one outfit between them and made the trip. Father always said if he had had an outfit of his own, he would have turned around and gone back the next morning. But he was stuck. Not much he could do except make the best of things.

Rabbit Valley, which is now part of Wayne County, lies along the western foot of Thousand Lake Mountain. The mountain defines the eastern edge of a wide flat plateau once the home of thousands of rabbits, hence the name, Rabbit Valley. The farmers struggled to clear the land of wild brush. They didn't realize they were also removing the rabbit's food supply. The rabbits didn't go hungry they just ate the luscious plants the farmers raised. However, the farmers didn't want them eating the crops they worked so hard to raise. The early settlers organized teams and had contests to see which team could shoot the most rabbits. They also hunted them for food.

Three villages Fremont, Loa, and Lyman struggled for existence and won the battle with the help of a powerful captured ally, water. Fremont River, Spring Creek and canals feed water into irrigation ditches across Rabbit Valley. The water is tamed and divided into hundreds of small streamlets which flow along the ground leaving behind green fields. Then it is free again and washes down many tortuous desert miles gathering bits of sand and dirt until it becomes a river of sand, the "Dirty Devil." Someone described it as moving sand paper. The muddy mixture merges with the Colorado River which later feeds into the Gulf of California.

⁴⁷ Biography of Mary Turner Ellett.

Thousand Lake Mountain gives a clue to what lies beyond it's eastern slope. The flat top mirrors the desert mesas nearby. Indeed Thousand Lake is the barrier between mountain plateau and desert. East of Thousand Lake the desert stretches further than eye can see. There is nothing green to be seen; anything green has been baked by the sun into shades of grey. But there is a myriad of other colors, all sun-bleached -- reds, yellows and golds, faded oranges, blue-grays, grey-greens, beige, browns, all baked into the land and cut into washes, canyons, gullies, buttes and mesas, part of the Great American desert.

The families spread across the valley. Billy picked out land about half way between the spots that became Loa and Lyman. John James and Mary Ellett went north and settled near a few other cabins that became Fremont. (Snow, p.177, 178) Ben and Susan went to East Loa and were in the group of faithful Saints who loaded their houses on wheels and moved to a new place they named Lyman when an Apostle, Elder Francis M. Lyman, told the community to move to a site with a better water supply. (Snow, p.216). Polk Sampson also settled near Lyman. He became the Presiding Elder of the Fremont Valley Ward which covered all of the valley at the time. (Snow, p.210) Later he⁴⁸ and Rose Ann, Lorenzo and his wife, Lydia, left the area and settled in Delta, but Mary and John James, William and Maggie, Ben and Susan stayed. Their descendants still live in the valley they chose to pioneer.

Alice: Being among the first settlers, [Father] chose a choice piece of land. He built a cabin a bit bigger and better than the average. He was ambitious, proud and put forth every effort for the betterment of his family. He helped organize the first Irrigation Company and

⁴⁸ One of J. K. P. Sampson's granddaughters said he never liked the cold in Lyman and vowed he would move back to Deseret Valley if they ever got a dam to stay on the Sevier River. A permanent dam was finally made in 1909. (See Turner history).

make canals, put in weirs⁴⁹ to regulate the amount of water to the people. He was official water master for years.

Loren: When my father arrived in the valley it was known as Rabbit Valley. The grass was up to the horses belly and there was more water than they knew what to do with.

The early settlers settled along the creek. They had to start building canals, roads, ditches and bridges. Later on they built three canals on the east side of the valley that run parallel to each other, the Blackburn ditch, the Center canal and the Thurber canal. In later years the Center canal and the Thurber canal were combined and called the Highline. On the west side of the valley the water that was used for gardens and farms come from the town ditch. My father was water master for many years. It was a job that required his attention daily. He had to regulate the water so each stock holder would get his share.

The road between Loa and Lyman caused the early settlers a lot of trouble. It was clay ground and the road was not graded up. When the frost came out of the ground in the spring of the year it was wet and sticky and would not hold the weight of the wagons up. It was not unusual for wagons to be stuck in the Lyman-Loa lane.⁵⁰

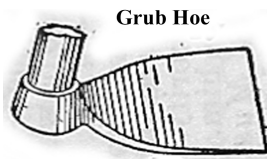
When Dad came to Wayne County he bought a farm between Loa and Lyman and the place in Loa from Burns. (That's the Burns that live to Salina, Salina Saddle Company.) Burns must have owned quite a lot of property there because he owned the place Dad got and he owned one Reeses had across north and he owned the Warren Taylor place we got down by the [Lyman] Cemetery. I know them three was Burns and he had the lots in Loa. The place

⁴⁹ weir: A dam in a river to stop and raise the water, as for the purpose of conducting it to a mill.
Webster's Dictionary

⁵⁰ The people in Lyman call it the "Loa Lane" and the people in Loa call it the "Lyman Lane!"

Dad owned was the property I had later.

My father was a hard worker. The one hundred and sixty acre farm he bought was covered with brush with a ditch running through it. There was very little ground under cultivation. He grubbed the brush by hand with a grubbing hoe. Our field wasn't [sic] fenced at the time he bought it so in the fall when the cattle came off from the range they would eat the crops if we did not have them harvested. As soon as father could, he fenced the entire field with a barb wire fence. #8-3



Grub Hoe

Dad cleared his field [of sage brush] with a grubbing hoe. It is like a hoe only longer and thinner, about three inches wide. A longer handle than an ax handle. You push the brush over to one side with your body so you can see where the root is. You had to hit until you found the root. Their roots are tougher than heck. They are hard to cut. Then cut them off with the grubbing hoe. It seemed to me [they] should have been able to use the plow and a team and plow them under.

So many did it by hand. Dad grubbed, grubbed, grubbed. The pasture was loaded with brush, the field was loaded with brush. He just farmed the top [north] two tiers for a long while. Then he kept coming down a tier as he got them grubbed. There was five tiers in the whole field. There was some land cleared when he bought it. I don't know how much. He started raising a crop. #3-8,9

As Billy struggled to tame the land, Maggie worked just as hard creating a home, caring for Sadie and Rose and adding three more children to the family, William Fredrick "Fred," Margaret Elizabeth "Lizzie" and Daniel Rosco "Dan." Before they could celebrate ten years of marriage in their cabin home, Maggie died.

Loren's wife, Fontella: I'll tell you about when [Maggie] died. The story was told to me

by Rose. The summer her mother died there was a doctor at Fish Lake. She had been sick all summer and she was pregnant. She was up there all summer. She had Rose and Lizzie and Dan and Fred and Sadie, all little tiny kids. It snowed earlier than they thought it would. The doctor left and took all his help with him. He left her up there with five little kids. It snowed hard that night. Rose said she could remember it. The Indians rode around their little cabin and yelled and screamed. When one of the kids would go out to get wood to put on the fire the Indians would chase them back in. Rose said her mother got sick.

Loren's Dad came just as quick as he could, but he couldn't leave until dark that night because he tried to get his grain in. He knew he needed to be up with her. As soon as he got his grain he left with his hired man. They got half way to Fish Lake but it was such a terrible blizzard they had to drive off the side of the road with their team and stay all night because they couldn't see. When he got up to Fish Lake his wife had died. She was laying on the floor. She'd had a miscarriage. The floor was covered with blood and the little kids running around, screaming and crying. That's how he found her. Rose said she could remember it. #2-6

Mabel: Sadie told me that our father was working in the timber on the south of Fish Lake when someone came to tell him his wife, Margaret, was ill. When he got there she was having or just had a miscarriage. He quickly made a bed in the bottom of his wagon, put his wife in it, got the children in the wagon and drove from Fish Lake to Loa as fast as he could get the horses to go. Margaret died from hemorrhaging on the way. 1984

As stories are told and retold the details may change as they did in the accounts of Maggie's death, but the basic fact did not change, Billy's wife died and five children were left without a mother.

Loren: Mother lived with her Mother on [a] little farm near Fremont. Dad had to have somebody take care of the kids. He couldn't take care of them kids very well. We went and visited her.

Mother had been going with another fellow from Fremont. The fact is they had started to the temple and was going to get married. Then she decided she didn't want to get married and backed out and come home. Her [other boy friend] said, "Billy will never get Katie because she turned me down. She wouldn't marry me and she won't marry him." But she did marry him!

I've heard her tell the story that before she married Dad, she said she didn't know whether she should marry him or whether she shouldn't. He had five little kids. She knew he needed somebody all right, but she didn't know whether she should marry him or not. She knelt down and prayed and asked the Lord if she should marry my Dad. She said He didn't really tell her only she had the feeling when she got through that she was to marry him. She felt like she had been answered. She did marry him. #2,6

Martha, niece: Katie was going to marry a man in the Logan Temple. She was baptized there 14 June 1887 then had her own endowments 15 June 1887. She was impressed not to marry the man and live with him in polygamy, but waited, and two years later married William Moorhouse Webster.

Katie Fredrickson was just six weeks from her thirtieth birthday when she married Billy Webster. If people didn't call her an "old maid" they surely must have thought of her as an "old maid." Her sister Hilma had been married for six years. She was twenty at her wedding. Their youngest sister, Hannah, was ten years younger than Katie and she had been married a year.

Katie, a pioneer woman living in a log cabin surrounded by sage brush, was a long way from

her place of birth. In her youth she had been Kjerstie a child of southern Sweden. Her grandparents joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1864. Her grandparents emigrated to Idaho in 1864 as part of the gathering of Latter-day Saints to Zion. They settled in the Malad Idaho area. Kjerstie, who was nearly five when they left, may have remembered the departure of her grandparents and her brother, Lars Nelson. When she was twelve her father died. When she was fourteen she left Sweden with her Mother and two sisters. Katie's children don't remember her talking about her childhood. One son, Loren, did remember her family had cows and she herded them "out in a place all covered with dew. The grass was so pretty," she said. #2,4

Katie, her mother and sisters came to America with a group of members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from the "Skane Conference." Skane Province is the southern tip of Sweden. The group sailed on the "Pacific" from Copenhagen on June 27, 1873 to Hull, England. The ship's manifest reads, "Frederiksen, Elna, 42, (widow); Kirsti Frederiksen, 14; Helena Frederiksen, 10; Hanna, 4.

From the research notes of Buddy Qualls, "Ellen, Kirsti, Helna (Hilma), and Hannah J. Fredrikson are listed in the Skane Conference records of emigrants on page 53. They sailed from [England] on 2 Jul 1873 on the ship 'Wisconsin.' Ellna is listed as passenger number 75, age 42. Kirsti passenger number 76, age 14. Helna, or Hilma, passenger number 77, age 10. Hannah as passenger number 78, age 4. Ellna's occupation is listed as 'Widow'. The ships manifesto lists several columns such as 'Drafts', 'Immigration Fund', 'Spare Fund', and 'Contents'. The 'Contents' column contains the figures 400#. In a bracket beside the column is the following weights. Passenger number 75, 148# passenger number 76, 148#; passenger number 77, 74#; passenger number

78, 30# It is believed this is the body weight [and added to] personal belongings...this would allow the Captain to calculate his gross weight and allow him to trim the ship with ballast in preparation for sailing. It is believed this family brought very little possessions other than their clothes. The trip...usually took about 19 days.”

Katie's mother moved the family after people went West by wagon train. They were the "sail and rail" immigrants. They crossed the United States by railroad trains. Katie's mother made their first home in Malad, Idaho area, near the family who left Sweden before them: Katie's grandmother, her aunt and two uncles. About two years later her mother and brother decided to go to Arizona and the rest of the family went too. They were there for a short time, then came back to Utah and settled in Rabbit Valley. The four women and a younger brother homesteaded a piece of land adjacent to the homestead of Katie's older brother, Lars Nelson. A log cabin was built. The story has been passed down through the family for generations that the women wrested the boulders out of the ground to make a garden and built them into a protecting wall. The Mother, daughters and young son eked out a living.

Mabel: Uncle Lars built himself a house on his property and was very busy clearing it. So grandma and her girls built their own three room log house. Her land was very rocky so she cleared that land by hand and built a rock wall.... Also had a rock corral. My mother worked so hard she broke down her health. They had a big berry patch and sold berries and also had bees and sold honey. [They] also had a few sheep and used the wool to spin wool cloth for dresses. (1980)

Hilma, her niece, when asked, “Do you remember much about your Aunt Katie?”

replied: Aunt Katie! I should say I do. You write my Aunt Katie up, but put nice things about her. She was so sweet. She wasn't a very affectionate person. She didn't do a lot of kissin' and huggin', but she didn't ever loose her temper. She was always kind. She was a kind person. Are you kind? She was kind. She didn't quarrel with anybody. She'd just keep still when there was an argument. She said, “Well, you all might be right in a way.” She didn't hold feelings. “You've got your right to feel the way you do” She'd smooth it over. She never, never screamed or yelled or hollered or got mad There is one thing I want you to mention. You never seen her mad. Never.

She was beautiful. I see Aunt Katie in my mind's eye. She wasn't any bigger than I am, I don't think.

Oh, the women weren't as big, neither was the men, they didn't have that much to eat. People have got bigger. My goodness you don't know how good her dinners tasted when we were invited down to Aunt Kate's for dinner. She'd have potatoes and gravy and sausage meat. The meat was so dam tough in those days that you had to grind it. You was supposed to eat it and be thankful and say a prayer over it. Be grateful and we were. But I always wanted to pray first before I started eating it. I shouldn't say things like that, but they just pop out! Your Grandmother [Katie] used to say, “That's all right Hilma if they just pop out. That is just fine. You just let it pop out.”

[When it was time to leave] I'd wait a minute by Dad and he said, “Okey, run and kiss her.” I had to hug and I had to hug and I had to hug her. And I had to kiss her about three times before I'd leave her. She'd stoop over. I always knew that wart was right here behind her ear, just like this one, (points to wart) just a little wart down there. I had this wart when I was born. It was there so that was all right. Aunt Katie had one just like it.

Loren: I remember my Mother as a beautiful woman with a disposition that matched her looks. #8,6 She was a good-sized woman. She was dark-complected, dark brown eyes and dark brown hair. Her hair was long and came clear down to her waist. She'd comb it with a fine-tooth comb. It had fine teeth on both sides. I've seen her comb her long hair for hours at a time. She loved to comb her hair. She'd twist it and rolled it in a braid at the back and tucked it under with a hairpin. That is the way she'd put it up. #2,7 She always took pride in her shining hair. #8,6

Most of her kids were a little dark, but not any of them was as dark as she was, maybe Alice was as dark, well, not quite. Dad didn't have any hair, but his hair would have been light. He was light-complected and she was dark-complected. He had blue eyes. He had two different colored eyes, one eye was darker than the other. Mother's eyes were brown. Pearl was the only one that had blue eyes in our family, the rest of us had brown eyes. All of kids was blond when we were young but as we got older our hair got darker. They called us tow-heads. Pearl's hair never did go dark. Her hair was blond all her life and blue eyed.

Mother was about Mabel's height. She was built a lot like Mabel and about that size. She had quite big hands. That's where I got my hands from. She was maybe you'd call it, raw-boned. #2, 7-8

Alice: [Father had a] small frame, though well built, strong and muscular. Many of the Turner boys [were] large towering, strapping, young, handsome fellows. To us, of course, Father was the best looking man in the world. He lost his hair when young. Had only a fringe of light brown hair. Was a tow head as a child. Hazel eyes. His good looks was mostly his fine character shining through. He picked beautiful women for wives. His love of the good and beautiful things of life.

[We lived] on a farm about a mile from town. Ours was the house by the side of the

road, where travelers stayed, free meals, lodging and feed [for horses]. Spent evening in exciting tales of pioneering and [illegible]. This would go on far into the night. Always were reluctant to retire and afraid of the dark.

Mabel: We moved to Loa and lived in a three room house until father built our home. It was a big undertaking for him to build a six room home in those days. He built it himself. We were so happy to move in that house. It seemed a palace to us although it was just sawed logs with plaster between. But it had nice doors and windows and a fireplace.

Father worked hard.He worked on the farm every day. A lot of times he walked from town over there and worked all day and walked back at night. (1980)

Pearl, daughter: I remember [Father] putting me up on his shoulders and carrying me into the house and carrying me around out in the yard. I think he made quite a fuss over me and he probably spoiled me to a certain extent because I was the last one, the last of the whole bunch. I was just crazy about him. I wanted to be with him every minute. A very nice man.

Alice: [Father was] kind to the Indians. They said, "Billy Webster heap good man." [He] stored sacks of weed seeds they gathered for food for long periods.

Characteristics: Proud, worked hard to give his family the greatest advantages he was capable of. His family was his whole life, meant all that was important to him. Though he gave all the honor and appreciation that one usually gives his parents and said he was treated as their own. He showed by his extreme appreciation of his own family that possibly he had at times felt sort of alone. Always striving for the better things of life. His whole life was wrapped up in his home and family.

One sister had a habit of singing from morning till night. It sort of irritated Mother at times as she wasn't in good health. Father

would always say, "I'd rather hear her sing than cry."

Mabel: We had a nice family life. Our Father and Mother were so kind. I don't remember of them ever quarreling and there was never any swearing or bad language of any kind.

The Webster children who wrote or talked about their father remember the evenings he spent with them in the kitchen.

Rose, daughter: One outstanding picture in my mind that never dims is that of Father sitting in his big arm chair, with a book or a newspaper in his hands trying to read - with just as many youngsters stacked upon his lap as could hang on and so many heads bobbing between him and his reading that he would put it first to one side and then to another -- then upward, trying to keep out of range of someone's head. He would go right on reading, concentrate and get everything there was to be learned, never losing his patience, no matter how tired he was -- even after following a hand plow all day.

Mabel: Father was a very well read man. He read every thing he could find. Books were scarce in those days. He sat around the table with the family every night to help us what he could with our lessons. He only went to the fourth grade in school, but was self-educated and wanted us all to do well in school.(1980)

Alice: During school, after supper every evening, [Father] sat patiently helping us with our lessons. The well prepared lessons of the Webster youngsters were largely due to the diligent tutoring of father. Though he had little formal education, he was self-educated through reading and study. He had a natural keen intellect. He read everything of a cultural nature he could get his hands on. He was well versed in all the scriptures of the Church. He was an ardent student of the Bible. He supplemented this with Josephus's A History of the Jews. He

used it as a sort of commentary to the Bible and shared with the family many interesting high lights. Literature, ancient and modern, history, geography. Often in the summer when we were free from lessons, we took turns reading aloud some good book. Any question that came up in school or Church, we would ask Father. He usually had the answer or knew where to find it.

Rose: No matter how hard [Father] had worked, he read every evening until twelve or one o'clock.

Alice: [Father] and I were called the night hawks of the family. Often, after the others retired, we'd put another stick of wood in the fireplace and sit and ... read on.

There didn't seem to be any "half-brother or "half-sister" labels among Billy's children. They always said, "my brother" or "my sister" whether talking about their mother's children or the children of the other wife. Woven in the biographies of Billy and Katie's younger children are stories about all their brother and sisters. All of Billy Webster's daughters, except one, moved to California and all his sons remained in Utah. In California his daughters visited together and had family get-togethers.

Rose: [A] teaching that helped to form the strong links of the family chain and the strong and lasting ties, was 'each for the other and all for God.' This teaching caused [Father's] family to really share the lives of each other and gave wonderful family ties that are still manifest.

Mabel: [We were] very close. We were sisters and brothers. They never did call us half-sisters. We had such a good feeling. I think it was our Mother. She never said anything against the older children, like they caused her trouble or they were mean or they did things they shouldn't. She never found fault with them. You know how teenagers are and

trying to bring up kids, most people has little troubles. I know she was aggravated, but she never did tell us about it. We were one big happy family, brothers and sisters.

Our oldest sister lived in Sacramento. We all loved her so much. For years and years (and we lived all over California) we'd all go up there when it was her birthday. Her son from Fresno would come up, Pearl would come from Garberville for her birthday every year. We were just the same and have been all our lives and I give my Mother credit for that.

The family ties formed by half-brothers and sisters, father and step-mother must have been painfully stretched for Billy and Maggie's oldest daughter, Sadie. Sadie married Issac Blackburn in 1894 when she was seventeen. At that time her father and Katie had two children. Katie had a third baby in 1896. Sadie had her first baby in 1896. Katie had a fourth baby in 1897 and Sadie had her second baby six months later. Sadie's baby died when she was two months old. Sadie had a third baby in 1898 and he died a month later. Katie had a fifth baby in September 1900 and Sadie had a fourth baby in October 1900. He died four and a half months later. Sadie had her fifth baby in 1901 and Katie had her last baby one year later. Sadie had a sixth child in 1904 and was widowed two years later.⁵¹ And her parents opened their arms and their door and made room for her and her small children to live with them. Did bearing children and raising them at the same time bring Katie and her step-daughter closer together or did it drive them further apart? What emotions poured through Billy as he held a new baby in his arms and saw the empty arms and tears trickling down the cheeks of his daughter?

Billy's children not only talked about strong family ties, they talk about their Father's strong

⁵¹ Sadie's last two children died before their twentieth birthdays. The oldest child, Lurene, was a good friend with her Aunt Tella. Sadie remarried Joel W. Robinson five years later. They had four children. Sadie had 10 children, 4 lived to be adults.

faith and testimony of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. His parents conviction that its teachings were the truth moved them across the United States to Utah Territory. Their conviction was the guide for the choices they made for the rest of their lives. Billy Webster saw the faith of his Turner parents and gained his own strong conviction of the truth of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It was the Gospel as taught by Jesus Christ and restored again to the earth. Alice wrote in her notes that her father was: "called for a mission." He didn't serve as a missionary, but he was asked to do it.

It is hard to know a man's feelings unless he writes them down. There is no record of Billy Webster's feelings about his religion, but his children saw it in his life.

Rose: I am very much impressed with the implicit faith [Father] had in the Gospel and in his Maker, and in his unusual ability to inculcate his faith, and the things that he felt of importance into the minds of his children.He taught his family to keep the commandments of God and to love one another and to let our love pass beyond the borderlines of our own homes.... May we be like him, live equal to the problems ahead of us, stand stalwart, keep the faith as he would have us do. He was a great father and a great person as well.

Alice's notes: [If asked] to perform any [time] at Church, never refuse, always do it to the best of your ability. Paid tithing. "If you pay your tithing, you'll never leave the Church."

Loren: When I was growing up we had very little money but I think we had as much as the average family. We had plenty of wood to keep us warm and plenty of food on the table. For the necessary things we needed to buy from the store like flour, sugar, salt, coal oil, matches and tea, father made arrangements with Scott McClellan who owned the Loa Co-op for us to charge from one fall to the next as we only had

one pay day. When he sold his grain he would pay the bill, which was about fifty dollars. I have heard my Father say, "We owe fifty dollars, how in the world are we going to pay it?" but he always paid his debts. My father was very honest and always kept his word and he expected his family to do the same. #8-5

My father and mother were home people. They were religious people but did not attend church regular, but we always circled around the table on our knees ever morning and family prayer was said. We were never allowed to eat a meal without the blessing on the food. Father always paid his tithing. It had to be in before January First. If he didn't have the money at that time he would go to the Bishop and make arrangements to have his name on the record as having paid his tithing and he would pay as soon as he had the money to pay. My father was an honest man and trusted by all that knew him. #8-3

Mother was converted to the Church. I don't know when or why, but she was religious. She liked to go to Church and she liked to hear the sermons and read them over and over in the paper. She always tried to pay their tithing. She believed in the Religion. Mother always wanted us to go to Sunday School. She wasn't very well and didn't go very often.

Father and Mother usually went to conference. Father used to be quite religious. Father used to go a lot when he was younger. Father got put out about some things and kind of mad about some of the people in the Church and the Bishops and the head of it, so he didn't go much after that, so Conference was about all the meetings they went too. He believed in religion. He was religious and he knew the Gospel. He knew anything you'd ask him about the Book of Mormon. He'd read it. He read a lot. #2-4

Loren: My Dad was always healthy and I think he would of lived to a ripe old age if he hadn't had an accident. At age sixty-one he was loading straw on the wagon to take out in the field to feed the cattle. The loose horses came in the stack yard. He had trouble getting the

horses out of the yard. They would circle around the wagon and would not go out of the yard. As he went around the opposite direction the horses turned and he touched one of them with a pitch fork. The horse jumped and kicked the pitch fork which came back and hit him in the stomach which ruptured some thing in side of him. #8-5 He got on the wagon and got home someway. He made it home from the field and then he couldn't get off the wagon when he got home. Had to carry him in the house. He was ruptured. They didn't have any doctor there. Doc Weaver was down to Teasdale. They got him to come, but he couldn't do anything. We had a doctor come from Salina, but it had been too many days and the doctor said he couldn't do anything. He said he'll live to nine days and that's all he did and then died. #3-12

On the death certificate, Doctor James Weaver gave the cause of death as: "Injuries. Contusion of heart, stomach and right side of bladder, also of lower vertebra, caused from a kick of a horse. Mortification set in before they called surgical assistance. H.H. Steiner were also summoned. Prognosis fatal. Mr. Webster was in a feeble condition before accident."

Rose: When [Father] was told by the Doctor that he couldn't live, he said, "If I live or if I die, I don't want my son [Fred] called home from his mission. I want him to stay and finish his mission, and if I don't see him anymore in this life, I will meet him on the other side." He did not see his son again.

Within the last few hours he had remaining before his passing, as I sat at his bedside, he said to me, "I would like to remain awhile longer with my family and take care of them, at least until the other two are grown (meaning Loren and Pearl). The doctor says I cannot live but doctors don't know it all. If the Lord wants me to remain awhile longer, He can heal me; but if my time has come the Lord is calling me home, I am not afraid to go -- my conscience is

clear. I am not afraid to meet my Maker.” These remarks impressed me very much.

Mabel: Mother lived ten years after father passed away. I lived with her most of the time the last years of her life as Les [her husband] was away herding sheep most of the time. We enjoyed each others company. I just had Maxine and Webster [her children] then.

Maxine, grand daughter: I remember my Grandmother very slightly. It seemed like to me that she held herself very straight. She had sparkling black eyes. She had her hair pulled back in a bun. She was rather stern. That's all I remember about her, but they told me I was a very mischievous child, maybe that's why. The thing I remember most ... was the kitchen. It was a big kitchen and it had big cupboards that went up to the ceiling. That's about all I can remember about it.

Brose, grandson: I knew Grandma Webster. I used to go and visit her all the time. When I was little maybe three or four, just big enough to walk over there. We lived just two blocks away you know. I was always going over there with Mother. She'd make Graham Bread. It was more like stone ground whole wheat. That's what it tasted more like to me than anything. She called it Graham Bread and it was the best bread I ever tasted in my life. It was just like cake, to put butter on that and eat it. It tasted so good to me. I can remember asking Grandma, “Have you got any Graham bread?” She had an old closet..... She had to open it up back in the house. That's where she had her bread and flour and stuff. It was kind of a big closet. It had a big door about three feet high. She'd open that door up and that's where she had her flour. She had a bread box and she kept it right there by the stove. It was really good ... She must have been a good cook.

Grandma Webster...was quite tall. She was different than her mother. She was tall and kind of on the skinny side. She was kind of big

boned, but she was quite tall. She seemed awful tall to me. It seemed to me that she was taller than the rest of the ladies. She was more likely 5' 8" or 5' 9", something like that. She didn't have a Swedish accent. I could understand her real well anyway.

Katie seems to have struggled with poor health for many years. Some of her children felt the manual labor she did with her Mother on their homestead building rock fences and working outdoors broke her physical strength.

Mabel: Mother hurt herself doing that heavy lifting and wasn't very well all her life on that account

Loren: Mother was never too healthy but that never stopped her from keeping a good clean house and cooking three hot meals a day. She was a good manager to be able to do the things she done inside the home and out side. #8-6

As long as I can remember Mother wasn't well. I don't know what her trouble was. She just wasn't well. She had a lot of kids. She couldn't walk very far. She couldn't do much, but she always worked around the house, but she went slow. She got tired.

Loren's wife, Fontella: Reba Turner Stewart⁵² told me there would be times she'd look up that way and Katie would be sitting on the sunny side of the hay stack. #2,8

Loren: My Mother didn't scrub the clothes so much. We had lots of big girls, Mabel, Tella, Pearl and Alice all scrubbed. #1-3 Mother wasn't very well. She was quite sickly. There was a lot of work she couldn't do, but she did...work. #1-3,4

[Mother] had to have an operation, a gall operation. She got better from that and then she had to have another operation. #6-11

When she got sick I brought her to Salt Lake. We went to Salina in an old Ford. (Jim and I had bought a Ford car, a Model-T. They

⁵² Mrs. Turner, a neighbor, lived a block away.

used it up to Horse Valley during the summer.) I come to Salina and brought Mother and Dan and Nettie Brian. [Their son], Dow, and Heb Reese and a bunch was going to school in Salina. We stayed at Robinson's Hotel. The next morning we got on the train and come to Salt Lake. We took her right up to the L.D.S. Hospital.

Mother was pretty sick. The next day or so after she got in there they operated on her. I don't know what was in her. They didn't know. The doctor said she had a hard lump in her stomach. He asked me if it was all right if they take that out and exam it. But we were clear from home and I said, "No. I didn't think so." So we didn't let them do it. He said he didn't know what it was. She had a growth. She was in the hospital just a few days, maybe a week, and she died there. She didn't get out of the hospital.

After surgery she talked to us. We didn't think she was going to die that quick. The medical people didn't think so either. They said they'd let us know if she wasn't all right, but they didn't let us know.

Nobody was with her when she died. We went home the night before and told the nurses that if anything happened to call us. We give her Alice's phone number and Tella's phone number. About five o'clock in the morning they called Alice and said she had passed away.

* * * * *

Every family seems to have important or wealthy ancestors. No matter how poor we are now, we all seem to have a wealthy ancestor who would have passed the riches on to us, IF... Webster descendants you too could have been wealthy BUT...

Alice notes: Grandfather was Fredrick Webster, born 1825 Pudsey, York, England. His father was Robert Webster; mother Nancy Moorhouse. Websters worked in textile mills in Pudsey. Moorhouse owned the mill, owned a whole township and all the homes and property. Were very wealthy.

Mabel: William M. Webster was heir to a grandfather who owned a mill town where wool was woven into cloth. They tried to find him but no one in New Jersey knew where he had gone with the Turners. He learned of it through Arson and Eliza Bean, relatives. When Arson Bean, who was a lawyer, went on a mission to England he tried to get W. M. Webster's inheritance. One night he had a dream and saw the money which the wind blew away. He took this as a sign that this would take the Websters away from the Church and stopped trying to get the money. (Notes)

Another version of the story was told by Atella: "My father was about fifty years old when he found out he had a large inheritance from his grandparents in England. He didn't know about it until a cousin Liza Bean located him. She was at a church meeting in Provo where she lived and inquired if anyone knew father. Leah Blackburn from Loa happened to be in Provo and in church at that time and that's how Liza found father. She corresponded with father and they got to know each other. I was pretty young but seem to remember Liza coming to see father. Father could not go back to England to see about his inheritance as he had a big family and no money. Liza Bean had a brother Isaac who was going back to England on a Mormon Mission and was going to try and get this inheritance for father. While he was on his mission he had a dream that he had all of this money in his hands for father and was out in this terrible storm, the wind blew so hard, it blew all the money away. Isaac thought it was a warning that he was not to get the inheritance for father, so father's inheritance ended with Isaac's dream. When we were kids we were always joking about our fortune in England and all we were going to do with it.

—H. Cobia, 2001

Letter return address: Alice Muir,
471 N. Main St.
Salt Lake City,

Post mark: Salt Lake City, Utah
Mar 6 1923
9 AM

Addressed to: Mr. James Webster
Loa
Utah

My Dear Son James and Loren and family I was very glad to get your letter and to hear that you had raised such good crops it sure sounded good to me well Attella is a working and I am taking care of the kids thats is one reasin I staid this winter because she wanted to work this is a good warm house to live in and I like it allright but it is suit up for me I cant run out every little while when I do go out have to dress up

well I don't know whether my health is much better or not it makes me feel discouraged to think we have paid out so much mony and not feel enny better then I do

when I was to the Docter last time I told him I was discouraded he said you cant expect to be cured in a few weeks when you have been sick for years he told me to be sure and come back in 3 weeks don't know whether I will go or not I have spent all the money I had if Doctor (corner torn off)

I wish you could send me about \$10 dolars and nabey that will be enough well Mae I hope you are feeling better I would like to see you all I guess you have lots of work to do try and not work too hard make yourselves as comfortable as you can please excuse this poor letter the kids lost my pencil and I can't hardly make out so will close

with much love

from Mother (Katie Fredrickson Webster)

My Dear Son James and
Loren and family I was very ^{glad}
to get your letter and to hear
that you had raised such good
crops it sure sounded good to me
well Attella is a working and I am
taking care of the kids that is one
reason I staid this winter because
~~she~~ wanted to work ~~and~~ This is a good
warm house to live in and I like it
allright but it is ~~shit up~~ for me
I ^{can't} run out every little while when
I do go ^{out} have to dress up
well I don't know whether ~~my~~ health
is much better or not it makes
me feel discouraged to think we have
paid out so much money and not
feel any better then I do
~~when I was to the Doctor last~~ I told
him I was discouraged he said you
cant expect to be cured in a few
weeks ~~what~~ when you have been
sick for years he told me to be
sure and come back in 3 weeks dont
know whether I will go or not
I have spent all the money
I have if Doctor ~~may~~

I wish you could send me about
\$10 dollars and maybe that will
be enough well that I hope you
are feeling better I would like
to see you all I guess you have lots
of work to do try and not work
to hard make yourselves as com-
fortable as you can please
excuse this poor letter the
kids lost my pencil and I cant
hardly make out so will close
with much love

from Mother

Alice Muir
472 No. Main St.
Salt Lake City.



Mr. James Webster
Loa
Utah

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Back: (?) Turner, (?) Turner, Mary Ann Mathias Turner;
 Seated: (?) Turner, William Turner, Margaret Mathias Webster, William Morehouse Webster - holding
 Rose Ellen Webster, Sarah Ann "Sadie" Webster. (William Turner & William Webster married sisters)
circa 1880



"Billy" William Moorhouse Webster

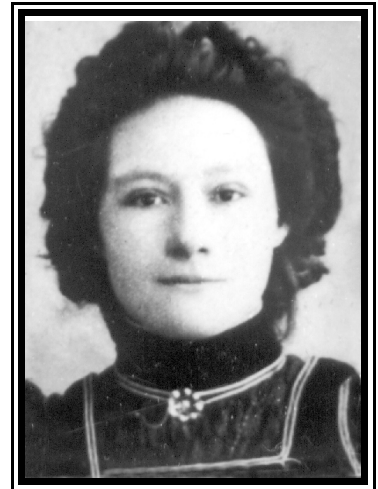


Courtesy of Fern W. Shurtliff
 Margaret Mathias Webster

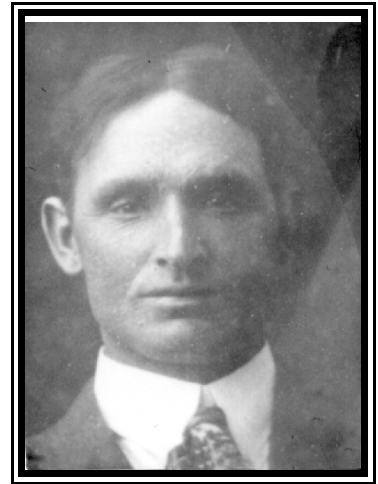
Children of Wm & Margaret



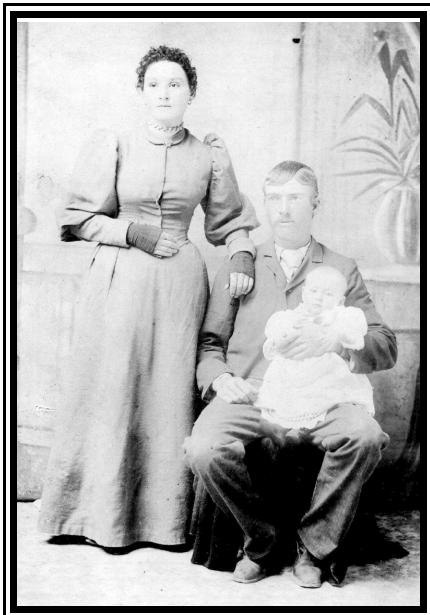
Rose, Dan, William Webster, Fred & Sadie, seated: Lizzie



"Lizzie" Elizabeth Webster



"Dan" Daniel Webster



"Sadie" Sarah Ann Webster Blackburn
& her husband, Isaac; & first child,
Lurene *circa* 1896



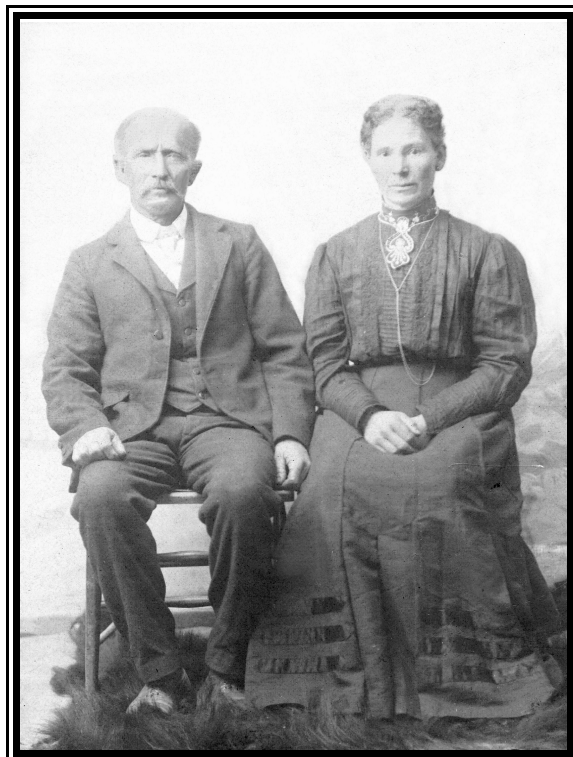
Rose & her Husband Jim Berry



Fred & "Dena" Cordella Webster



Kjerstie "Katie" Fredrickson



courtesy of Loren Webster

William & Katie Webster



Courtesy of Loren Webster

L-R Loren Webster, Atella W. Evans, Mabel W. Morrell, Alice W. Muir, Daniel Webster, Fred Webster, Rose W. Berry, Sadie W. Robinson, Sacramento, Calif *circa* 1937
William and Katie - 86



Courtesy: Mae P. Webster Taylor

l-r: Mabel W. Morrell, Atella W. Evans, Pearl W. Stefan, Fred Webster,
Dan & Hulda Webster, Sadie W. & Joel Robinson *circa* 1930



Back l-r: Alice W. Muir, Mabel W. Morrell, Tella W. Evans
Front: Sadie W. Robinson, Fred Webster, Rose W. Berry

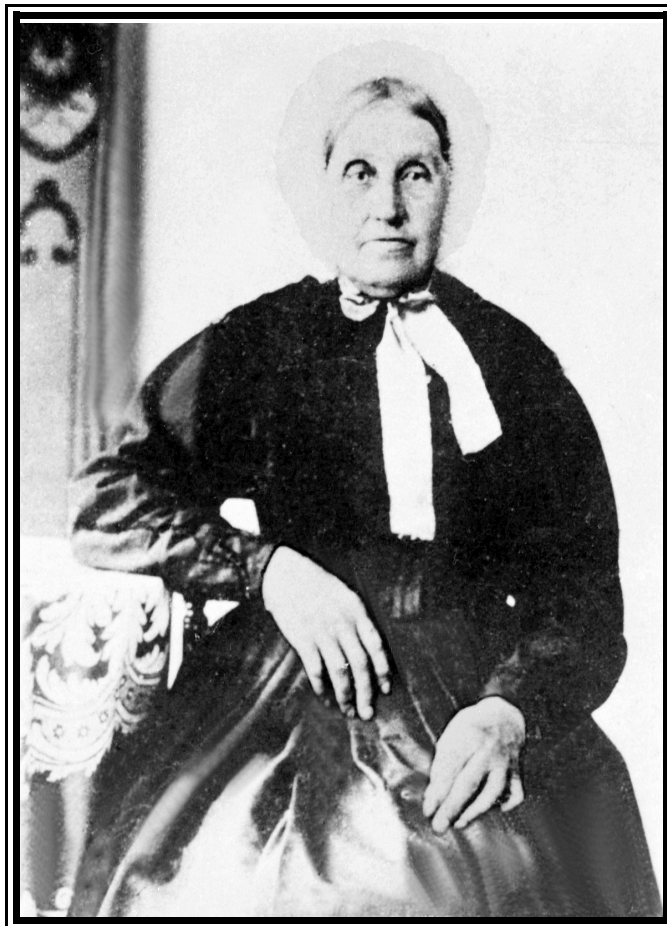


Tella W. Evans, Pearl W. Stefan, Mabel W. Morrell,
Oakland, Calif., April 1984
William and Katie - 87



Courtesy of Jim Muir

Back l-r: Tella W. Evans, Mabel W. Morrell, Pearl W. Stefan, Front: Sadie W. Robinson & Alice Muir



Courtesy of Fern W. Shurtliff

Nancy Moorhouse Webster, grandmother of
William M. Webster, 1797-1892

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HUSBAND James Edwin WEBSTER

Born 11 Aug 1890 Place Loa, Piute, Utah

Chr. Place

Marr. 29 Apr 1914 Place Loa, Wayne, Utah

Died 14 Mar 1925 Place Salina, Sevier, Utah

Bur. Place Loa, Wayne, Utah

HUSBAND'S FATHER William Moorhouse WEBSTER

HUSBAND'S MOTHER Kjersite (Katie) FREDRICKSON

HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES

WIFE Mae Alberta POTTER

Born 10 Oct 1891 Place Loa, Piute, Utah

Chr. Place

Died 11 Dec 1980 Place Loa, Wayne, Utah

Bur. 15 Dec 1980 Place Loa, Wayne, Utah

WIFE'S FATHER William Columbus POTTER

WIFE'S MOTHER Alberta Rosetta VAUGHN

WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS 2) Ephraim Austin TAYLOR 11 Dec 1929 Manti, Utah

SEX M F	CHILDREN List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth Given Names SURNAME	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE		WHEN DIED		
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY	TO WHOM	DAY	MONTH	YEAR	
1	F	Eula Mae WEBSTER	28	Sep	1914	Loa	Wayne	Utah	28 Dec 1936			
2	M	James Brose WEBSTER	6	Feb	1916	Loa	Wayne	Utah	25 Sep 1941			
3	F	Elna Fredrickson WEBSTER	8	Jul	1918	Loa	Wayne	Utah	1 Jun 1939			
4	M	William Roe WEBSTER	14	Aug	1920	Loa	Wayne	Utah	13 Mar 1945	13 Oct 1969		
5	F	Katie Fearl WEBSTER	17	Jun	1922	Loa	Wayne	Utah	6 Mar 1940			
6	F	Mona Faye WEBSTER	30	Aug	1924	Loa	Wayne	Utah	29 Mar 1946			
7												
8												
9												
10												
11												

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

OTHER MARRIAGES

Mona Faye md. #2 Harold "Hal" Taylor

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

Wayne County was formed from Piute County about 1892

Husband

Wife

☐ OPTION 1 — FAMILY FILE Send all names to my family file at the Temple. I will provide proxies for:
☐ Baptism ☐ Endowment ☐ Sealing.
☐ OPTION 2 — TEMPLE FILE
☐ OPTION 3 — ANCESTRAL FILE

Your name

Address

Phone ()

Date prepared

Your relationship to the husband and wife on this form

Husband

Wife

LDS ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED (Date)	ENDOWED (Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
HUSBAND 7 Sep 1902	Manti 11 Dec 1929	Manti 11 Dec 1929
WIFE 2 Sep 1900	Manti 11 Dec 1929	SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS

26 Aug 1923 Manti 11 Dec 1929

8 Jul 1926 11 Dec 1929

8 Jul 1926 Provo 21 Jun 1973 11 Dec 1929

10 Dec 1929 11 Dec 1929

4 Mar 1940 SLC 6 Mar 1940 11 Dec 1929

17 Jul 1933 Manti 27 Feb 1963 11 Dec 1929

Documentation for Jim and Mae Webster family group sheet

James: **br:** p. 2 Microfilm #0026113 Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS

m: Loa, Wayne County, Utah Marriage Book A, p. 172

d: Death Certificate State of Utah #22 (123)

baptism: p. 2 Microfilm #0026113 Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS

endow: Manti Temple Records #717, Book J-Z, p.26

ss: Manti Temple Records, Book D-2, p. 446, line 10948

sp: BIC

Mae: **br:** p. 25 Microfilm #0026113 Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS

m: to E. Taylor, Loa, Wayne County, Utah Marriage Record, Book A, p. 286

d: Funeral Memorial

bp: by Axel Nielson, confirmed by W. C. Potter (her father)

p. 25 Microfilm #0026113 Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS

end: Manti Temple Records

Eula Mae: **br:** Loa Ward, microfilm#0026114

m: record of E. Mae W. Westenskow

d:

bp: by Wm. Henry Callahan

confirmed by George W. Okerlund

Loa Ward 1923, microfilm#0026114

end:

sp: Manti Temple Records

ss:

William: **br:** Loa Ward microfilm#0026114

m: record from W. R. Webster

d:

bp: by Isaac H. Taylor (uncle)

Loa Ward 1929, microfilm#0026114

end:

sp: Manti Temple Records

ss:

J. Brose: **br:** Loa Ward, microfilm#0026114

m: record from Brose Webster

d:

bp: by Clare Okerlund

confirmed by Wm. Fredrick Webster

Loa Ward 1926 microfilm#0026114

end:

sp: Manti Temple Records

ss:

Katie: **br:** Birth Certificate State of Utah #45

m: Marriage certificate, Salt Lake County,
State of Utah

d:

bp: date is correct, an earlier baptism may
have been done at the Manti Temple before
Katie was proxy for other baptisms.

end: Salt Lake Temple Records

sp: Manti Temple Records

ss: Salt Temple Records

Elna: **br:** Loa Ward, microfilm#0026114

m: record of Elna W. Denny

d: record of Jeanne Denny Brockbank

bp: by Geo. W. Okerlund

confirmed by Geo. W. Okerlund

Loa Ward 1926 microfilm#0026114

end: proxy Jeanne Denny Brockbank

sp: Manti Temple Records

ss:

M. Faye: **br:** Loa Ward 1927 microfilm
#0026114

m: record of M. Faye W. Hatch Taylor

d:

bp: by Soren O. Sorensen

Loa Ward 1933, microfilm#0026114

end: Manti Temple Records

sp: Manti Temple Records

ss: Manti Temple Records

“The Farmer”
James Edwin Webster

The Valley



For five seasons Jim marked the land in the valley with plow and shovel. And forever after the land left an indelible mark on his family. The land he walked and plowed and dug was Horse Valley.

Horse Valley lies cradled on the western foot of Thousand Lake Mountain. Before farmers cut the land with plows, wild grasses flourished in the valley watered by rain showers, natural springs and melted snow running off the mountain. It is reported that the early settlers used it as a place to pasture their horses, hence the name.⁽²³⁾⁵³ You cannot see another house or town from Horse Valley even though Lyman is only two miles away. The Valley is walled in by foothills on the west and tucked against the side of Thousand Lake Mountain on the east. The rolling foothills obscure the view into Rabbit Valley, the wide valley below. The foothills are covered with sage brush and an occasional Juniper. When standing on the porch of the house on the south of Horse Valley, you can look north and west for miles and miles across the tops of mountains. It seems to be the only place in the world that does not rise and touch the sky or fall away into blue shadow. A man doing early morning chores can see sun-washed mountain tops a long time before sunbeams flow in to bathe the Valley with light and warmth. In the evening, when the Valley is blanketed with shadows from the western foothills, the mountain tops in the west beyond are crowned with light. Horse Valley is a place of solitude. Anyone living there feels like a pioneer, the first man on earth or perhaps the last.

You cannot see Horse Valley from Fremont, Loa or Lyman, the nearby villages. And you cannot see Thousand Lake Mountain from

Horse Valley. It is like standing with your nose on a wall. You only see the few inches in front of your eyes but you know there is much more above, to the right and to the left. In Horse Valley you are too close to see most of the mountain. The mountain wall bears cedar trees. The trees seem to pin the dirt in place rather than clothe the mountain. You catch glimpses of the dirt beneath and a white slash where a ridge slipped, tumbling cedars into a canyon. Farther north a bulge of weathered orange-red stone juts forward out of the mountain wall. It flames against the somber evergreens and dull brown soil. Wind and water have shaped the red stone into ridges and curves, a crude carving of three massive watchmen. Looking at the red ridge from the south of Horse Valley the stone sculpture juts into the sky, but as you travel north it flattens back into the mountain like a splash of paint. That flaming patch of rock marks the north end of Horse Valley. The two-room cabin Jim and Mae and their four children lived in sat below that bright mark of color.

The move to Horse Valley began with a knock on the Webster cabin door in Loa. Jim's wife, Mae, wrote "I remember Frank Neff coming and wanted us to go work and live at Horse Valley. [He] offered Jim such a good lay out we decided to go to Horse Valley to work and let Loren run the [Webster] farm. We had four children Eula, Brose, Billy and Elna."⁵⁴ That was the first time we went to Horse Valley."

"I remember when we moved to Horse Valley," said Brose, their son. "I guess, I was about 4 or 5 years old. We took the furniture

⁵³ The source number, found in the bibliography .

⁵⁴ Mae wrote they were in Horse Valley five years. She also wrote they had four children. It is assumed they moved there in the spring when new crops begin to grow. If they were there five years the first year was 1920. However, their fourth child, Billy, was born in late summer of 1920 which may indicate they moved to Horse Valley the next spring, 1921 and only lived there four years. Brose was four in 1920.

up. We was on an old wagon. It was towards evening and the coyotes was running along, just a little ways from us, not over a hundred yards. Four or five of them following us right along just a howling, you know. I can remember my Dad said, 'I wish I had my twenty-two. I'd sure put 'em on their way.' That was the first time I'd ever been to Horse Valley. I didn't know what Horse Valley was but we got over there and we stayed, I think it was three years there to the North Place. They used to call it the old Reese Place because Grandpa Reese⁵⁵ used to own it years ago, half of Horse Valley, the north half. But Frank Neff had the whole thing." (13 p.6-7)

When Jim drove his family over the last steep hill and into Horse Valley they saw before them about 1200 acres of land.(23) It was divided into The North Place and The South Place which lay side by side. The road entered the valley in the south and passed the buildings of The South Place. There was a house with a porch across the front sitting on a slope. Just ten feet East of the house, a rock cellar crouched near the kitchen door. Beyond that corrals and a shed sheltered farm equipment. The wagon track passed The South Place and wound across the fields between the rolling hills to The North Place. The two-room log cabin on The North Place nestled in the sage brush at the edge of the field. A gully cut between the house and corrals.

Mae wrote, "We went over to the north place and lived..... We cleaned the two room log cabin and got along with it. We hired Wallace Blackburn and Jess Tanner to work for us. The men slept out in the granary when they didn't go home to Fremont and Lyman. I remember we had a wonderful crop [and garden p.11] and a happy summer. We went back the next year and had a lovely crop. Then the third year, Mr. Brown moved to Lyman and Mr. Vick Mumford moved to Salt Lake, Mr. Frank Neff had us move to the South Place and [Jim]

⁵⁵ Brose married Marie Sheffield; her mother was Rachel Reese Sheffield.

run all of Horse Valley. (11 p.11-13)

Jim's family remembers the five years in Horse Valley as the Golden Years. They remember daily work, going with Dad, play, laughter, love and life with father and mother.

"We had a lot of snow that first year we were there. I can remember a lot of snow up there, two foot of snow," reminisced Brose, the oldest son. (13 p.1-3) "It was in the early spring. I think it was the 10th of June one time,there was fourteen or fifteen inches of snow. (13a p.4) We used to have to haul our drinking water from the South Place over to the North Place in an old water tank we had that they used on the threshing machine. My Dad would go over, oh, maybe once a week ... for drinking water they used at the house. We'd use the ditch that come down into the Horse Valley just off the house a little way, we'd use that water [for washing.] My Dad went over to get the water once, I remember. It was snowin' when he left. When he come back he only got it about half way across the farm, half way across Horse Valley. He had four horses on it and he couldn't pull it. He had to leave it out in the middle of the field. We went down the next day with a barrel and got fifty gallon and pulled it back on a clip. We didn't have any pipe water. But over to the South Place we had good pipe water there. It comes of out of the spring right above the house. They had a nice spring on the South Place. They had real good water."(13 p.1-3)

A boy can follow along behind his Dad when they live on a farm in a mountain valley. Brose said, "I always wanted to be with my Dad any time he went to the corral. I remember running calves when I was a little kid. Trying to help him with the calves. I'd bawl if my Dad didn't take me. I remember Mother taking me half way across an old wash [gully] we had to cross from the house to the corral. She'd grab me by the hand and take me across this wash and say, 'Well, go on to the corral if you're

goin' to bawl.' I usually wanted to be with Dad most of the time, I guess.(13 p.8-9) I was with him all the time. Wherever he went I was usually there, unless I was in school." (13 p.1)

"I used to follow my Dad irrigating. I remember one time we went down in the field and they hadn't taken the plow out of the dirt and it had been raining. My Dad got out to scrape the plow. I was on an old grey horse. When my Dad started scraping the plow it made a squeak and the horse turned and away it went up toward the house. I was about five years old. I got him stopped before he got to the house and turned him around... and went back down by my Dad. Dad was walking my way." (13a p.2)

Jim's sister, Alice, noticed that, "Little Bill used to follow him all over. Jim would have really enjoyed his grandchildren, because he loved his family so much." (8)

"I always remember watching for my Dad to come home," said Eula, Jim's oldest child. "He would hold out his arms for us to run to him. He would carry us, as many as possible, give us a big kiss, then our Dear Mother would stop whatever she was doing for her big hug and kiss, no matter how dirty Dad was. We were his life. He loved my Mother and his children dearly. We all knew it. We loved him. He will never be forgotten." (19 p.3)

"I remember," Brose related, "the first time I went up there, we went to the reservoir. There were fish in there about as long as your arm, just below the reservoir. Dad would go up and shut the reservoir off when he wanted fish. It was full of fish and [so was the ditch] just below the reservoir. Dad would shut the reservoir down with the wheel. It was only about ... a foot pipe going through there. He had the lock, the chain. He'd undo the lock, turn the wheel down and shut the reservoir off, keep the water from going down. Then the water'd drain down and there would just be fish in little holes down in the ditch. He got down in them holes. He'd throw 'em out and have me put them in a gunny sack. We'd pick up

what we wanted and go back and turn the reservoir on again, turn the water loose to [go] down to the ranch. We had a great big gunny sack full of fish when we went home. He tied it on his saddle, about all he could carry. He carried them down to the ranch and we ate fish every morning. He used to do that every once and a while. Go up and shut the reservoir off. It was agin the law, you know. There was a game warden around somewhere but I don't remember who it was, maybe Guyman." (13 p.1-3)

Eula, Jim's oldest child recalled, "Dad used to take Brose and I on the mountains with him. I always loved to go. We would pick pine nuts. Mother roasted them. We also hunted pine gum and berries. Mother would fix us a lunch. There was a large red canyon and Dad rolled large rocks down it. We would listen until we couldn't hear it any more. He told us there was probably no bottom to it so we never got near the edge. Dad was always looking for streams so he could get more water on the ranch." (19 p.2)

Jim had daily chores to do. There were horses to feed and cows to milk. Brose said, "We had chickens, even when we got to the South Place. We had some turkeys out there too. We had a few turkeys and lots of pigeons! They were wild. They'd just be out in the corrals and the sheds. There was always a great, big bunch of pigeons there. We'd shoot them. You bet. Mother made pigeon pie, she called it. M-m-m, it was really good. Boy, I'll say that was good, that Pigeon Pie. We even shot Jack Rabbits. That was the days before they ever had rabbit disease. I remember my Dad would take a twenty-two out there and shoot Jack Rabbits all around the ranch. There was lots of them around there. Mother would cook them. They were really good. Cottontails and Jack Rabbits. We thought that was really great, Jack Rabbits. All the kids liked rabbit meat."(13a p.4)

Mae wrote, "We raised some turkeys up there. We started to raise a whole lot of little

pigs and the ditch broke over and run down through the pen and killed two-thirds of them. So that's the way life was.”(12 p.7)

Occasionally the family drove down to Loa to visit family and friends and get supplies. Brose said, “...we used to come down to the valley in an old wagon. We'd go up and see Grandma Potter. We'd drop by and see them on a Sunday maybe. Then my Dad got an old model-T Ford about [1923]. Then we didn't have to go in the wagon any more. We had this old Ford. When we'd get to one steep place just before you got to Horse Valley he'd turn it around and back it up cause it wouldn't pull it forward. It wouldn't suck the gas up into the motor. So the gas tank would be higher when he'd back up. It would back up but it wouldn't go forward. It would conk out. I can remember he used to crank this old Ford up and then he would run around and climb on the running board and climb over. There wasn't a door on his side. There was only a door on the passenger side. He always had to climb over that old thing.” (13 p.9)

Mae told Deanna, a grand daughter, “We had many pleasant memories there. It was lots of fun and hard work, but we enjoyed every minute of it. Sunday was our day of rest. Jim and I would take walks, enjoying the country and thanking our Maker for being so good to us.” (9)

Eula felt that, “The Neff ranch was a special place for our family. We all loved to live there. Once Brose and I were left alone for a few hours. Brose was inquisitive about guns. He knew Dad kept his gun on top of a very tall cupboard. It was usually loaded in case coyotes came close to our corrals to kill our sheep or calves. Brose knew Dad would shoot to scare them. I never remember Dad shooting any. Brose climbed up and got the gun, which he was told many times not to touch. He held it toward me and said kiddingly, ‘I'm going to shoot you.’ I pushed the gun away from my head. At that time it went off and really scared both of us. Brose then put it back up. It had

shot through the table into the floor. We opened doors so the smell would go out; hoping our parents wouldn't know. I don't know which one of us told, but I know Mother discovered the holes in the table and floor. Dad never left the gun loaded again.” (19 p.5)

Some of life's milestones marked the years at Neff Ranch too. In August 1920, just three days after his father's birthday, Billy was born⁵⁶. Eula was six, Brose was four and Elna was two. Five of the Webster children were given family names. Eula Mae was named after her mother. James Brose got his father's name. Elna Fredrickson is Jim's Swedish grandmother's name. Billy was named William after his Webster and Potter grandfathers. Katie is the Americanization of Kjerstie, Jim's mother's Swedish name. Katie was born in 1922. Mae said, “...I come down town to Grandma Websters and had my baby and went back up to Horse Valley.” (12 p.7) And there she took care of a new baby, the four older children and cooked for the hired hands and the extra crew during the harvest!

In 1924 Mae also went back to Loa for the birth of their sixth child. She remembered, “[Jim] was working up there when [Faye] was born. Brose got on his horse and went up there and said I was sick and Jim was to come right down. Brose went up there all alone, the little feller. He wasn't only nine years old. He knowed where to go. [Jim] came down and [Faye] was born. Then he went back and worked a couple of weeks then it was fall.” (12 p. 7)

Brose told about the August day when his mother sent him off as messenger. “I guess I must have been seven or eight years old⁵⁷. My Dad was working up on the mountain above Horse Valley on those ditches up by Neff's Reservoir. I can remember Mother coming out

⁵⁶ See Footnote 1

⁵⁷ Brose was eight. Mona Faye was born August 30, 1924. Ward and Roland “Rollie” Taylor are cousins. Their Mother, Ada, is a sister to Mae.

and telling me, “Why don’t you go get Ward or Rollie to go up to get your Dad because I’m going to have the baby. Tell him I’m going to have the baby and he’d better get down here. So I got on my horse. Ward said he went with me but I can’t remember which one. And we went up and told Dad. Boy, he jumped on his old work horse just as quick as we told him and took off down to the ranch. Then I think he had an old model T-Ford down to the ranch that he got in and come on home. But I know I and Ward, we stopped and rolled rocks up at Red Canyon before we come home. We had to go from Loa clear up to the top of the mountain and back that day. It was a pretty good little trip. It’s an all day trip anyway.” (13 p.7)

As Jim cradled the baby girl in his arms, Eula remembered, “Dad saying Faye was so beautiful. ‘I think we should have a dozen; all our children are beautiful,’ my father said.” (19 p.3-5)

In early March of 1923 Jim received word that his Mother died after an operation in a Salt Lake hospital. Before his brother and sister brought her body home for a funeral and burial Jim had to finish the job at hand. He had just slaughtered several pigs. Mae wrote, “I remember we had killed some fat pigs so Tobe⁵⁸ came with his lard press and helped Jim cut up the pigs and salt them. Hayne Sorenson came and helped me render the lard and grind the sausage and got it all took care of before any of the family come, as they brung Grandma Webster the next day. (11 p.12-13) Jim’s brother Loren said, “When we got to Loa Jim and Mae had just killed a bunch of pigs. They had a whole bunch of ribs in the oven cooking. Jim Muir, Alice and me were hungrier than heck. I remember how good them ribs tasted.” (15 p. 11-12)

Mae continued, “...after the funeral Alice

and Jim Muir⁵⁹ and Loren wanted to come back and run the [Webster] farm, so we decided to go up to Horse Valley and run the north part.” (11 p.12-13)

Loren said, “When mother died and we took her home, they come home with me. Jim Muir ... got a job from Jim, my brother, to work up to Horse Valley. He worked up to Horse Valley and Alice lived down in the home with me. We lived together that summer and Jim Muir worked up there with Jim and Mae.” (14 p.3-4)

Water

Family activities and events were woven into the cycles of farming. Jim spent most of his time outside working on the land. Jim’s farming in Horse Valley began not in the valley but on the mountain. Jim could only farm the land he could irrigate. A farmer in the Great American Desert cannot farm unless he understands water, and water is stored in snow and lakes on mountains. Jim went to the mountain to get water. He checked the snow pack during the winter. A skillful pioneer farmer could look at the snow pack and determine how much water it contained. (23) When the snow started to melt in the spring there was a basin waiting to catch it, Neff’s Reservoir. What had been a swampy place and a deep gully was dammed and two small lakes were created. Jim tended his source of water, Neff’s Reservoir. He kept the dam and ditch repaired, all three miles of it. He watched for breaks in the ditch banks. The water in the ditches had been won through hard work and he didn’t want to lose any of it. He also watched the snow run-off. Not all the water found its way to the reservoir. Any water trickling away from the reservoir and farm was lost. All the water from creeks and springs on the west of the valley rushed down hill to other places. Jim couldn’t run that water back up hill. So Jim climbed the steep slopes of Thousand Lake

⁵⁸ “Tobe” Earnest McClellan was married to Mae’s sister, Fanny.

⁵⁹ There are several James’, called Jim, in the Webster Family. Alice, was married to James Muir and they named their son, James. His brother, Loren, also named his son James. Rose married Jim Berry.

Mountain watching where the water flowed. He watched and planned and dug ditches by himself and with his hired men. A neighbor, Carl Mathis said, "Up on the mountain he built a lot of little ditches to head off water that was getting away."

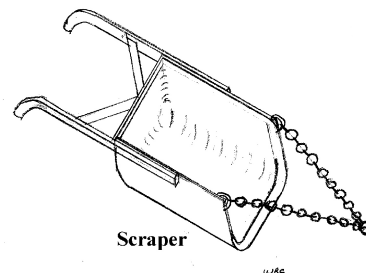
Eula, his daughter, said, "Dad was always looking for streams so he could get more water on the ranch." (19 p.2) Brose remembered, "Dad got more water. He'd go up to Neff's reservoir and dig ditches, everything to dig ditches. Instead of going down into Red Canyon he'd dig the ditches where they'd come back and slope into [a] ditch going down into the ranch so he could have more water for his ground. I remember he used to go up there. I had a little old pony he let me have. I'd go up there and stay a day or two with them. I'd watch them dig ditches and make dikes. There was Clausie DeLeeuw and Rulon Okerlund and usually some of the Chappells⁶⁰ ...Some of the Whites. More people from Lyman than anywhere else, worked there. My Dad worked up there on that mountain for about two summers in his spare time. A week or two at a time trying to get more water down to the ranch." (13 p.1-3)

Jim knew that water is the lifeblood of farming. And it was all carried by ditches. Ditches crossed the fields in Horse Valley. Ditches crossed the wide valley below and all of them made for moving water. Furrows, shallow, narrow ditches only a few inches wide, reached like fingers across every field sustaining the thirsty plants. Wider, deeper ditches that fed the furrows marked the top of every field and climbed up the side of the hills to bigger ditches, canals. And the canal reached farther back and up toward the source of water, a reservoir or lake. All those ditches brought water to the dry land to make crops grow. Without irrigation the land is a desert.

Ditches are not holes; ditches are channels

⁶⁰ Charles Sperry Chappell, father of Blain M. Chappell who married Jim's daughter Katie, was one of the Chappell's who worked at Horse Valley.

cut into the land. Ditches are not rivers which meander around finding the easiest path. Ditches are straight. Obstacles are removed, if possible. Crops won't grow in Utah without ditches. Farmers search for water running freely and direct it, control it, guide it to the fields. Land is useless without water. Water must be the farmer's ally or the farmer loses his family's livelihood.



B e f o r e tractors and mechanical back hoes, a man with a horse and scraper made ditches. Jim did not use a plow to make

ditches. Plows were used to turn the soil over. To make a ditch Jim had to remove the soil with a scraper. A scraper resembled a wheelbarrow with a hole in the front and a blade across the bottom of the hole. The scraper blade cut into the soil when pulled by a horse with a man walking behind gripping the handles, tilting it down into the soil to make a channel. When the scraper bed was full of dirt and small rocks the man lifted one handle to dump the soil over the side of the ditch.

But where horse and scraper could not dig, a shovel in the hand of a man made ditches.. The power to drive the shovel into the root tangled, rock infested ground came from a strong-booted foot driven by a man's leg. The lift to throw the dirt and rocks was supplied by shoulder and back muscles. The rhythm of push, lift, throw was interrupted by rocks and there were many rocks on Thousand Lake Mountain.⁶¹ Lifting and moving rocks meant

⁶¹ Natives of Wayne County like to say the map maker put the wrong name on the mountain. The mountain to the south is called Boulder Mountain and it has many lakes. Thousand Lake Mountain has a massive rock slide down its side, some rocks are so huge they can be seen across the valley. However,

probing for the edges with short jabs of the shovel blade until the blade could slide down and under to lift them out of the ground; larger stones were pried from the earth they had rested in so long. Boulders that cannot be wrenched out by muscle and lever were extracted with chains. But the ditch went around giant rocks that could not be moved.

Ditches melted back to the land without the bite of a shovel in the hands of a man. The flowing water washed the soft dirt with it and the dirt settled to the bottom of the ditch. It got shallower and shallower. Ditches were perfect places for things to grow because they supplied water, soft earth, protection from cool breezes and captured warmth from the sun. Every spring the ditches had to be cleaned, silt removed, every obstacle to moving water shoveled away and every break in the bank filled—by hands gripping a shovel.

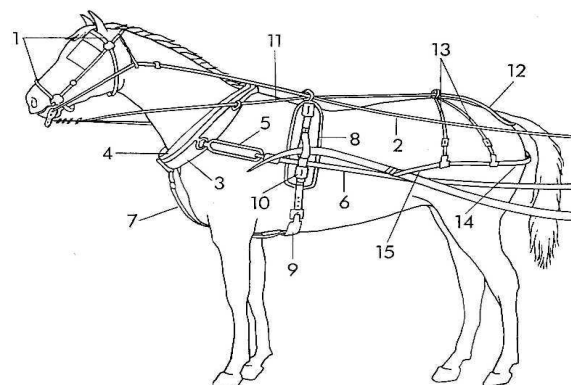
Jim's hands were callused from using a shovel. He earned his nickname with his shovel. His friends called him "Jim Diggy." Sometimes with a crew of two or three men, but often alone, he worked on the side of the rugged mountain. He moved clay soil, shovel full by shovel full making paths toward the North Place in Horse Valley. Jim kept digging and searching for more water. For five years he watched the flow of water on the mountain and dug ditches to capture it and direct it down to Horse Valley.

Horses

Before Jim could use the water he had to prepare the ground and plant the seeds. Farmers work outdoors in fields most of the year, and spring is the season of moving over the field, back and forth, back and forth, behind horses. Carl Mathis, a neighbor, talked about Jim's horses. "He had the first Belgian draft horse. That was the main thing, to have horses to do our farming with. He had four or five of

both mountains have lakes and rocks. Boulder Mountain has more lakes because it is three times bigger than Thousand Lake.

them. I guess he raised them when he went to Horse Valley. Big beautiful horses. That's what helped to get [the work] done. They had such a hard time tilling the ground with horse power. They couldn't get enough of it done in a short season." The maximum growing season



- | | | |
|-------------|----------------|--------------------|
| 1. Bridle | 6. Trace | 11. Side check |
| 2. Rein | 7. Breastplate | 12. Crupper |
| 3. Collar | 8. Backband | 13. Hip straps |
| 4. Hame | 9. Girth | 14. Breeching |
| 5. Hame tug | 10. Shaft tug | 15. Holdback strap |

was 90 days, just long enough to get two cuttings of hay if everything went well.

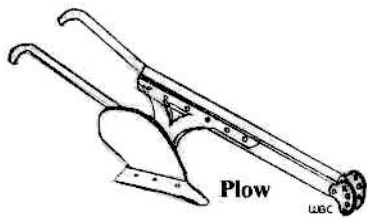
One of Jim's horses was a colt from Old Maud, a horse that belonged to his Father. Jim's brother, Loren, said, Old Maud was a pretty good mare. [Dad] raised quite a few colts from her. I know Jim got one of her colts and broke it and took it to Horse Valley and used her.... He named her Net after Nettie Brian. She was a sorrel and had red hair like Nettie Brian.⁶² (14 p.10) Eula remembered, "One man, Claude Blackburn, beat Dad's horses so he fired the man. Dad loved animals." (17 p.2)

Brose said, "I remember Queen and Net, two old sorrel mares. About every year he'd raise a colt out of those mares. [And] my Dad had an old stallion for quite a few years. His name was Bob because he had a bobtail. The

⁶² As Loren told the story he laughed. It was common in Wayne County for men to name horses after the women. Nettie was a sister to Jim's friend, Vern Pace. She married Dan Brian. Jim's father-in-law had twin fillies and he named them Luva and Lola after twin girls in Loa.

stallion was a Percheron work horse. [Dad] had him for quite a few years. The first time I can ever remember my Dad, he'd work him. He worked him a lot. I remember he used to even haul wood with him. He was a good horse to work.⁶³ I can't remember when he died, but I remember after so long a time he wasn't up to Horse Valley any more." (13a p.3)

Jim began each day in the corral feeding his horses. He knew all of them. Each one had its own name and characteristics. These animals provided horse-power, the strength he needed to prepare the ground for planting and harvesting crops. A well-trained horse pulled a plow, scraper, harrow, level, or marker and walked a



straight line down the field. A good horse ignored the clatter of the m o w e r following

along behind. Horses pulled rakes and wagons and moved mounds of hay during the harvest. The two hour noon break wasn't as much for the farmer as it was for his horses. They needed the rest

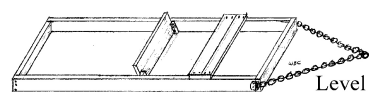
Spring and Summer

Spring planting began with a horse in harness pulling a plow and Jim gripping the plow handles. Horse, plow and man moving in line. Jim and horse connected through the reins at the horse's mouth which passed over the rump and extended back to tie over Jim's shoulder. He needed both hands for the plow. The horse pulled the plow which turned the

⁶³ Belgian and Percheron are draft or work horses. They are descendants of the great war horses ridden by knights. Belgians and Percherons look much alike. Belgians are the gentlest and strongest horses. They have chestnut or bay-colored coats. Riding horses are 14-15 hands high, a Belgian is 16-19 hands and a Percheron is 15 to 17 hands. They weigh between 1,600 to 2,200 pounds. Percherons are grey or black with dark mottled grey patterns on the rump. -- World Book Encyclopedia H, 1985, p.309, 312

earth over but Jim was the driver. He not only guided the plow, he determined the depth of the cut in the soil. By lifting up on the handles he made the plowshare, the cutting edge attached to the mold board, cut deeper into the soil. By pushing down on the handles he lifted the plow up a little to keep it from cutting too deep. From early dawn to twilight Jim moved with horse and plow walking back and forth across the field turning over the soil. He only stopped for noon break and a quick bite of supper. Jim knew the work must be done as fast as possible; the growing season at Horse Valley was much too short. Spring is a windy season in Wayne County. The dirt swirled around Jim and his hired men, but they kept walking⁶⁴ until the fields were plowed.

After plowing, rocks must be removed and the land made as level as possible. A skid, a

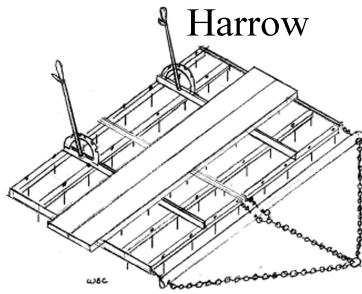


w o o d e n platform on runners, was pulled over the

ground with Jim walking alongside bending over, lifting and tossing rocks onto the skid sliding over the ground. Then he crossed the field to the edge where he once again lifted the rocks and tossed them out of the way. Back and forth the horses and farmer walked. And it began all over again with the Level. This time Jim rode as the horses pulled. He stood on the Level using his weight to keep the tool running smoothly across the land. The Level cut away the tops of small mounds of dirt and pushed it into holes. Jim wanted to make the ground as flat as possible so water wouldn't puddle in one spot and run off others.

Next, Jim hitched his horse to two harrows placed side by side. A harrow is a wooden platform with alternating rows of seven inch spikes protruding from the bottom. It acts like

⁶⁴ A farmer walks approximately 200 miles to plow 40 acres of ground. #23 If he could plow 3 miles in an hour and works 12 hours a day he can get the job done in a week and this is just the first time he crosses the field!



Harrow

a giant garden rake, breaking up the clods, aerating and loosening the soil enough to receive the seeds. Back and forth, back and forth again behind the horses, but this time Jim stood on a board bridging the two harrows. His weight kept the spikes in the ground.

After plowing, picking up rocks, leveling and harrowing Jim walked the field once more, this time alone, throwing out seeds. Not dropping seeds, but sowing. A consistent wave of the hand back and forth, scattering a film of seeds to thinly blanket the ground. Then once again with horse and harrow, Jim moved back and forth across the field again and again. Using the harrow, the spikes now turned at an angle, the machine he rode covered the seeds with a fine layer of dirt. He did not want to bury them.

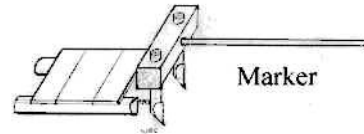
Seeds sprouting under too much soil can't push through a heavy blanket of ground and without enough soil they can't germinate and sprout.

After planting, the final crossings over the field were to make furrows, pathways for water. Furrows were made by a Marker, which looked like a wooden sled with two short vertical posts, markers, attached at the front. The posts and runners pushed the dirt away and slid across the plowed field packing it down. Again Jim rode, adding weight to do the job.

As man and horse moved up and down, up and down making two rows of indentations, shallow straight channels fell behind them. The high ground between each furrow is a row. There is a furrow on each side of a row and each furrow brings water to the row on each side. The first time down the field with the marker was critical. It was the guide for the rest of the rows. A well-trained horse would

walk a straight line and an experienced farmer knew he had to look across the field, find a landmark or object and drive straight toward it. The first two furrows and one row were just the beginning of the job.

Each passage across the field was important. Jim had to make straight lines and rows every time. He watched the



Marker

furrow on one side of the Marker and guided his horse to make the row between the next two furrows the same width as the one made by the runners of the Marker. If Jim ran the marker along a previous marked furrow it would be deeper than the ones which were only gouged out once. He had to make all the rows about the same width and all the furrows the same depth or the seeds wouldn't get the same amount of water because some of them would be farther from the source of water than others or carry more water. So Jim watched the ground as the horse walked up and back, up and back marking paths of life in the soil.

Not all of the fields had to be plowed, harrowed, leveled and planted each year. Jim's major crop was lucerne.⁶⁵ After a field was planted with lucerne it did not have to be replanted the next year. Lucerne is a perennial. To prepare a field of lucerne in the spring, Jim ran the marker through the fields to clean out the furrows. However, lucerne was not an eternal plant that grew forever. After lucerne grew in a field for five to seven years (23) the plants were scraggly and sparse in growth. The field was planted with a different crop. Jim rotated lucerne with grain, oats or barley. Every year Jim planted some fields in grain and that meant miles of walking for him and the

⁶⁵ Lucerne is the European name for Alfalfa.

In Wayne County the European name was the common name. In England Alfalfa is called *Purple Medic*.

Lucerne can also be spelled lucern.

hired men as they plowed, leveled, moved stones that were pushed up through the soil, marked furrows and planted seeds.

Irrigation

With plowing, harrowing, leveling, planting, and marking completed, Jim now turned his attention back to water. He picked up his shovel again. A shovel in his hand was the magic wand which turned a field from brown dirt to living plants. The first task was extending the furrows at the top of the field to the feeder ditches. When the furrows were made the marker pivoted at the top and bottom of the field. Each turn left semi-circles. Every furrow had to be straightened with a shovel and connected to the feeder ditch at the top of the field. After Jim had the water courses connected from source to field, he used his shovel to direct water.

Wayne County farmers didn't irrigate, they "watered." Watering was not just turning water down a ditch. Watering was a job that required a watchful eye. Jim couldn't turn the water down the furrows and leave. Oh, no, water had to be tended! A farmer leaning on a shovel in a field was tending water. When the water came down the main ditch at the head⁶⁶ of the field the farmer turned it with a dam into feeder ditches, which are parallel with the main ditch. The feeder ditches were short ditches which directed the water to the furrows that extend like fingers away from the feeder ditch. The main ditch extended the entire length of the field. The length of a feeder ditch varied with each field.

The farmer decided the length of the feeder ditch by the kind of soil he had to water. Clay soil took longer to soak up water and needed a slow stream of water. Sandy soil absorbed water faster, and the farmer had to make the water run faster. Different mixtures of clay and

sand make new variables.⁶⁷ The length of the feeder ditch is also determined by the amount of water available and the length of the field. After the farmer turned the water into the feeder ditch it moved down that section of furrows. He kept enough water going down the furrows to soak into the soil, but not wash away seeds or tiny plants. He watched for puddles and dry ground. Puddles aren't good, precious water is wasted and the plants drown! Dry spots aren't good either, nothing grows.

A good farmer knew how to control the water flowing from the feeder ditch. Moving and pushing rocks or mud, he blocked and opened paths for water. If too much water was pouring into a furrow the farmer used his shovel to push a small rock into the head of the furrow to block part of the flowing stream. If there wasn't enough flow he pushed a rock into the feeder stream to direct more water down that furrow. If there weren't small rocks available the farmer used his shovel to pick up dirt and made small dams which directed or blocked the water, as needed, to each furrow. An experienced farmer directed the water so it soaked the land in one section without any standing puddles in the field or at the bottom. He controlled the flow of water so only a small amount of the water got to the end of the rows and all the water in all the furrows arrived there about the same time!

There wasn't always an unobstructed path down the furrow. When a furrow was blocked the farmer had to remove the obstruction. Jim's shovel was wielded all across the field. His shovel pushed clogs--twigs, clods of dirt, pebbles, debris--out of the path of the water as it ran down furrows. The first time the water came down the furrows were the hours and days Jim and his hired men rushed all over the field. Debris blocking the water could happen in any

⁶⁶ There really is a top and bottom, or head and foot in a field. Water runs down hill. Fields had to be laid out so the water runs down the furrows.--#23

⁶⁷ It took about 6 hours to water a section of sandy soil, but clay took twelve to twenty-four hours per section. Horse Valley soil has a high percentage of clay.--#23

spot in a furrow. After the water passed through the furrows once, it left a hardened trail which water followed for the rest of the year, then the men weren't as busy.

When a section of the field had been watered, the dam in the main ditch was shoveled into the opening of that feeder ditch and the water flowed along the main ditch to the next openings for the next feeder ditches where the farmer made a dam to stop the water and directed it into those feeder ditches. Usually two feeder ditches at a time are moving water. Again and again the Jim's shovel made small dams and removed small dams until the field had been watered. And then it began again. Day and night water is tended. Jim knew how to water and his hired men knew how to water.⁶⁸ One of the best waterers was Clausie DeLeeuw. (17) With the help of Clausie and other hired men, Jim watered the valley.

Jim's son, Brose, told about watering Horse Valley. "They had to change water from one place to another. Dad had a stream of water in the South End that come from them springs up there and there was a good stream of water in those days. The water on the north was the one that come from Neff's Reservoir. Then they had the stream they called the Clay Stream. It come down about in the middle of the ranch. It wasn't a very big stream, but it was enough that they had to tend it all the time. ...We called it the Clay Stream. There were springs up on Thousand Lake that come down through some clay and that made it look like it was muddy, white looking. That's why they called it the Clay Stream. They had three different streams of water most all the time to take care of."⁶⁹ (13a p.3)

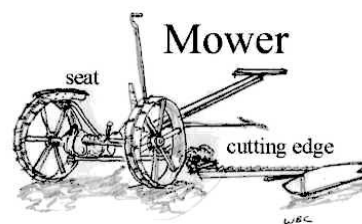
⁶⁸ If you visit Horse Valley or Loa, Utah, Jim's birth place, now, you will see a different method of watering the fields. Jets of water droplets arch across the field projected by sprinkling systems.

⁶⁹ Horse Valley is about 1,200 acres. Jim may have been able to irrigate about 400 acres. Now 650-700 acres of land can be farmed with sprinkling systems and machines, but some of the land cannot be

All spring and into the summer Jim and the hired men walked their way across the fields tending the water, always watching the sky hoping and praying for favorable weather. And under their watchful eye the lucerne and grain sprouted and inched up and up until the plants waved in the breezes, a sea of green, undulating and moving, a constant changing pattern under the brush of the wind. Jim needed forty-five good days for growing hay. Then he started watching the plants for signs to begin the harvest. Jim was watching for the lucerne to sprout buds. The best hay is cut when there are a few buds on each plant but no flowers. A hay field with waves of purple flowers is beautiful but not the best feed for cattle. Farmers want to feed their cattle hay with protein.⁷⁰ When lucerne starts to flower the protein percentage drops.

Harvest

When Jim determined the hay was ready to cut, the harvest marathon began. Men and horses worked from dawn to dusk or longer if needed, trying to stay ahead of plants ready to burst into flowers. They wanted to cut the hay as fast as possible, keeping the nutrients at their peak to provide the best winter feed for animals. The horses pulled the mower with a man sitting in the metal seat bouncing over and along furrows. Some men put a small pillow on that seat for a bit of padding. Jim's well trained horses knew how to walk in straight lines, pulling the mower through the plants. The mower thrust



cultivated, even if there is enough water. -#23

⁷⁰ Currently there are tests to determine protein levels in hay. Jim could only look at his Lucerne to determine when to cut it. A protein count of 22% is very good now, but Jim was lucky to get 12 to 16% protein in his hay. -#23

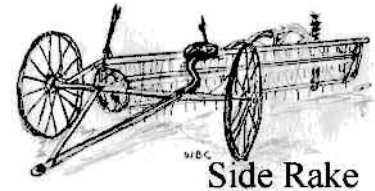
one row of giant, triangle teeth into the lucerne. Pointed guards, attached to a sickle bar, guided the stalks of lucerne into pointed sections, teeth, called a reciprocating knife which slid back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, through the guards, cutting the stocks off like scissors,. There was an emerald green carpet before the mower and a fallen trail of hay behind.

Just a tug on the reins turned the horses around, but the farmer was always thinking where he was going. He didn't walk the horses through the lucerne. Mower blades extended only to the right of the wheels. Trampled plants won't comb into the blades so the farmer always walked the horses along a path where the plants have already been cut. If the farmer circled around the outside of the field and continued to cut around and around he made tighter and tighter circles. If he cut a swathe down the center and worked outward from that path, the distance between the two cutting edges got farther and farther apart. The farmer had to decide how to move the horses up and down the field while cutting the most hay with the fewest possible turns for horses and machine and still keep the mower cutting plants. Many turns and short swathes wasted time and horse power. Back and forth across the fields the horses pulled man and mower. The aroma of fresh cut hay drifted across the sun lit valley, one of the unforgettable smells of summer.

Every farmer knew that the haying process could come to a stand still at any time if a piece of machinery broke down. Blades on the mower break, chains separate, parts and pieces wear out. Jim needed to keep his equipment repaired, greased and working. He may have been a farmer, but he also knew how to fix things. A farmer joke is that anything can be fixed with baling wire, and often it was.

While the hay lay in the field Jim watched the sky hoping rain wouldn't come. Now was the time for drying. If it rained the hay got

moldy. Cattle won't eat moldy hay. While men and horses traversed another field cutting more hay, the fallen hay dried. In two days the men returned with horses pulling a rake, the Side Rake, which swept up a swath of hay and tumbled it into rows. Most of the moisture in the hay had evaporated, but not enough. It lay in rows across the field drying, slowly dying, looking less like a green plant and more like hay.

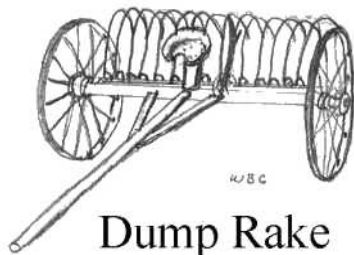


Only experience helped Jim now. He had to decide when the hay was dry enough, but not too dry. If it was too wet when it was stacked, it molded then rotted, destroying a year of work and reducing the amount of winter feed for the cattle. Feed was the only purpose of all the work. If the hay was too dry the leaves fell off and most of the nutrients are in the leaves. After two more days of drying Jim walked into the field reached into the center of a row of hay pulled out stems and bundled them together in his fist. He collected enough stems to make about one inch diameter of hay. He bent the bundle of stems watching for them to break. If they didn't break they were too moist. He could also tell the amount of moisture by sucking on a broken stem. Two to four days for drying, but never an exact number of days because there were so many factors that affected the drying. If the ground was dry, the hay dried faster; if the air was humid, it took longer to dry; if there were a lot of plants it took longer to dry; if it was a poor year for growing and the plants were sparse, they dried faster. If a summer shower swept across the field; more time was needed to dry the hay. Jim went out every day to test the drying hay.⁷¹ The piles

⁷¹ A farmer doesn't have to rely on his own observations now. There are moisture testing instruments. 21% moisture is too high and 8% is too low. -#23

baked under the sun until it was dry, but not too dry. But even after the lucerne was dried, it was not ready to be hauled away.

Again Jim, the teams and hired men went out into the field with rakes. This time they used the Dump Rake with its big, round, iron tines gathering and tumbling the hay into



Dump Rake

bundles. Jim rhythmically pulled the lever at his side which lifted the tines of the rake, dumping a bundle to the ground. He quickly pushed the level and dropped the rake to gather more hay into another bundle, moved forward about twenty feet, scooped the hay into a bundle and dropped it with the push and pull of a lever. Over and over he gathered hay and dropped small piles across the field of stubble.

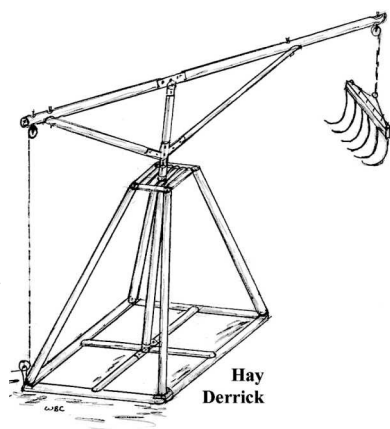
When the fields were dotted with piles of dried hay, it was time to haul hay. Jim needed even more hired help. Mae, Jim's wife told their daughter, "Here's a few of the boys' names that worked for us, Jess Tanner, Wallace Blackburn, Rulon Okerland, Clausie DeLeeuw, George Jackman, Henry White, a Woods boy, Claude Blackburn, Vaughn Taylor, Welby Vandyke, Donald Torgeson and others I forgot (9)... Quincy Maxfield also worked on the ranch for us." (11 p.12-13) Wallace Blackburn and Rulie [Rulon] Okerlund and Jess Tanner was our main workers there for five years." (12 p.7)

Brose who followed his Dad around the farm remembers the busy days of hauling hay. "They cut about the Fourth of July, [the] first cutting, and the last cutting was around the first of September. They only got two cuttings I know. They [had] two mowers, one going over to the South Place and one going at the North Place. During the hay time [Dad] had

sometimes five or six guys helping. They cut it.They'd pile it.Then they'd dry it. It would set around for three or four days to dry, then they haul it in".

Before the sun peeked over the mountain Jim came to the field with a team of horses pulling a wagon and a group of men carrying pitch forks. Brose talked about the work the men did, "Pitch it on the wagon. You had to have guys to load it and have somebody up on the stack to tromp it down.They always throwed it on with pitch forks, one guy on each side to throw it on. They'd stop to go to the next couple of piles and throw it on. Then the guy would say 'git-up' and the horse would 'git-up' then you holler 'whoa' and it would stop. They would keep going until they had a big load, then they would take it into the stack and roll it off or derrick it off. They had an old derrick up

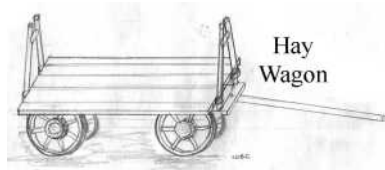
there. They had a derrick two different places. At the South Place they had a derrick and in the middle of the farm they had a derrick, but they didn't have one [at the



North Place]. My Dad would roll it over in the North Place. They had a [rope] V on a wagon and just roll it right up the stack. They had two ropes on each side of the wagon and you'd have a V and a rope up the stack. You'd throw a cable over the hay and hook on the V cable. They had a team pulling and when they'd pull you'd just roll it right up to the end of the stack for the guy to stack it. There was always a guy or two up on the stack to move it around and level it out for the next load. I remember [Dad] had a whole bunch of stacks. He had four or

five stacks in the south end of the ranch and five or six stacks in the middle of the ranch. He didn't have as much to the north end, as he did the others." (13a p.5-6)

The gathering went slowly forward as the wagons crept across the fields; the horses ambled forward then stopped to wait patiently for the call to move; men danced alongside, waving a pitchfork, bending, stepping near and throwing. The dump rake didn't leave neat piles to be gathered. Tufts of hay, the ends, poked out of the pile. The worker used the pitch fork and quickly flipped the ends onto the pile. The movements he repeated over and over—flip the ends, slide the tines of the fork under the pile, balance the weight, lift and throw onto the wagon at his side. Hay forks



had longer handles allowing the men to throw the hay higher onto the wagon,

making taller loads and fewer trips from the field to the hay stacks. Often a young man with his pant legs tied at the ankles "tromped" the hay. As the others pitched it onto the wagon, he walked around on the hay packing it down. His job was to tromp the hay. The job of the pitchers was to keep the sides built up and not just tossed into the middle. Dry hay was slick and the tromper slid off the wagon if the pitchers didn't keep the sides even with the center.

Farming before the harvest was hard work, but during the harvest the farmer became the servant of his fields. When the hay was ready to cut, he cut it, and raked and pitched and hauled. When the grain was ready, he harvested it, no matter how tired, no matter how many hours it required of the day and night. As the men toiled in the field, sweat soaked their shirts. But they weren't the only ones toiling and sweating in the heat. Inside the two-room

cabin a young hired girl worked with thirty-year-old Mae at the hot, wood burning cook stove. They prepared dinner, meat and potatoes and vegetables and bread and pies. Pies were Mae's speciality. One of her hired girls was her sister, Mildred Potter, who wrote to Mae's grand daughter, "I went and helped them in the summers. Jim would always make sure I had a couple of new dresses and always got my teeth fixed before I went to school." (4 p.23-24)

After haying was finished it was time to cut the grain. Grain was cut by a reaping machine with its big gapping mouth gobbling through the grain and throwing it back again into the field in windrows. The men then gathered it into bundles and placed it in shocks before it could be threshed. Brose said, "Then the threshing machine would come and pull in. They had a big steam engine there and a big thresher and a big separator. My Dad...had Alf Jackson run the old steam engine threshing machine and the other guys would do the pitching [of] the bundles. That was the days [when] most everybody stacked their grain.... Then they'd throw [the grain] from stacks into the separator. The grain would come down the tube and there was a splitter at the end. There was a guy right there. He'd turn it one way when he'd get one sack about full, then he'd turn it and put another sack up there. He'd fill one sack and turn the splitter and fill another sack.

"They'd sack it right at the threshing machine. They didn't even close [the sacks]. They didn't leave it in the sacks. They'd set them up in the wagon, take the sacks and go dump them in the bins in the granary. They'd bring the sacks back and give them to the threshing machine crew. They had to have a hundred sacks on the threshing machine. When my Dad was gone [to the granary], if they didn't have two wagons a running, he'd come back and the sacks would be setting there. He'd have to pull them up in the wagon box. One

guy would throw them up and the other guy would pull them back. Then away they'd go and take them and dump them in the bins and go back and drop their [empty] sacks off and get some more, throw some more [full ones] in the wagon.

"[Dad could do] everything, but he was usually hauling the grain in the wagon box with a team. He'd get a wagon box full of grain and he'd take it in and dump it in the granary bins. Then he'd come back and get another wagon box full. He was busy all the time hauling the grain, up on the ranch. He usually had a red handkerchief around his nose because the dust from the threshing machine would bother him. In fact he had eczema so bad Uncle Fred said they didn't think he was going to live. He said his whole hide [skin] was a solid scar when he was a little boy about two years old. I guess he out grewed it so that he got better. But it always bothered him.

"I remember when he'd be out in the granary sacking grain to take it somewhere to the field [to feed cattle] he'd always have a handkerchief around his nose so he wouldn't get too much dust from the grain. It give him an allergy. Then his nose would run and his eyes would run. He had eczema until he died. When he'd get around the threshing machine, so much dust, then it would cause him to have eczema. I remember he had it behind his legs right under here . [Brose motioned behind his knees.] The back of his legs would break out there. I remember Mother putting some kind of salve under his legs back here at nights because eczema would break out on him.

"[Dad would] wear an old cowboy hat, a Stetson hat. He'd wear lace shoes about up to here, [ankle length]. He wore overalls all the time. I can't remember him ever wearing levis. He always wore overalls. It seemed like his shirts were just an old blue shirt about the color of levis only a little lighter. He always wore long sleeves." (13a p.4-5)

Mae said, "We had such a wonderful crop, the granaries and cellars and everything else up

there were full. We had so much grain, Jim did. We sometimes had eight or ten men there working for us. (9) Some time when the grain was ready they would cut grain all night with team and horses, then they would change horses and another man would go until noon. Then some more would take a team and go until night. It was all ready at once you see. It kept me cooking and getting meals ready when they would come off work. We hired help and I would cook for five to twenty men when it was [a] busy time...."(12 p.7)

The year 1924 was a golden harvest for Jim. A young sheep herder, Carl Mathis, said, "I was foreman over the sheep and I remember going through [Horse Valley] when they were threshing. They'd thresh and they got all the bins full and everything full and they'd stop a while. They fed [the steam engine] up and threshed again. [Jim] was really a good farmer. They farmed every inch of Horse Valley. They raised more crops that year than they had ever raised. They couldn't even thresh it all. They'd thresh a while and fill all the bins and stop. You've never seen anything like it. They had a good water year. They was wishing they had more ground." (6 p.1)

Threshing the grain was not the end of the work marathon. It continued with more watering in the lucerne and another cutting of hay. A second cutting depended on the weather of course. It might freeze and kill the plants before they were high enough to cut again. But finally the work was done. Stacks of hay stood as monuments to the work of spring and summer, and bins full of grain were the evidence of a golden harvest.

Fall and Winter

In the Fall the family moved to Loa and Jim stayed in Horse Valley. "Mother would have to come home early in September so we could start to go to school," Brose said. "Dad would stay up there until a lot later, maybe November. We'd come down and stay at Grandma Webster's old place...." (13 p.1-3) Mae

confirmed, “We’d come down [to Loa] and live in the winter. I’d have to send the children to school. And [Jim] went up on Thousand Lake Mountain and put water in the reservoir so we’d have plenty and made a great big tunnel round the mountain.”(8, 12 p.7)

When Jim and Mae moved to Horse Valley they closed the door on their first home, a little, two-room cabin surrounded by cottonwood trees. They never came back. “We sold the house in Loa and moved to Horse Valley,” said Mae. (8) They sold the house to Jim’s sister, Lizzy and her husband Lige Maxfield. (11 p.11-12) Horse Valley was their summer home. Winters in town they snuggled into Jim’s childhood home, which is remembered by the children as “Grandma Webster’s House.” In the 1920’s it was more than Grandma’s House it was “The Webster House” where several family members lived off and on. Grandma Webster, Katie, was there when she wasn’t staying in Salt Lake hoping to find a doctor who could cure her stomach pains. Jim’s brother, Loren was there when he farmed⁷² in the summer, but he found jobs in Salt Lake the rest of the year. Jim and his family were there in the winter.

“In the wintertime,” Brose continued, “[Dad] fed cattle. He had quite a lot of cattle. Him and Uncle Loren together had quite a lot of cattle over on the Webster farm. He just stayed around home. I know he made trips to Horse Valley in the wintertime to see how the things were going up there. Frank Neff usually had a bunch of sheep up around that way or feeding cattle up there. I know he used to go to Horse Valley to feed cattle every once and a while too. But I can’t remember if they were his cattle or Frank Neff’s cattle. Dad and Loren had a bunch of cattle. Whether he took them up there and fed them up there half the winter I can’t remember.” (13 p.6-7) All the work to plow, plant, water and harvest to produce grain

⁷² When Jim’s father died the children inherited the farm. Loren and Jim paid the other children for their share of the land.

and hay was just a means to an end. Hay and grain were not sold; it was used. As Brose said, “Most all their hay and all the grain was used right there on the ranch for the cattle and the sheep.” (13a p.6-7) The profit came when the cattle and sheep were sold.

All winter Jim rode back and forth to Horse Valley to feed sheep and cattle and keep an eye on what was happening. And until the cold of winter froze the ground, Jim worked to bring more water into Horse Valley, making plans for next year, which meant bigger crops, more feed for more cattle and sheep, more money for Frank Neff and more money for Jim’s family.

In 1924 at age thirty-four, Jim was at the peak of manhood. His five years of labor in Horse Valley brought more than just wheat and hay or food and clothing and shelter for his family. Mr. Neff, the owner of the land, saw the results of Jim’s ditch digging. All that shoveling brought more land into production. Mr. Neff saw the determination, planning and work Jim brought to farming. “Frank Neff thought a lot of Jim. ...Frank was ready to sell them Horse Valley,” said Loren. (14 p.1) A valley to farm and a better life for his family. Jim’s work-callused hands had secured a future without poverty for his wife and children.

Early Childhood

There weren’t many material benefits for Jim and his brothers and sisters as children. His father, William, was a pioneer, one of the first settlers in Rabbit Valley. He told his children when he saw the desolate valley he wanted to leave. Only lack of transportation, he didn’t have his own outfit; and family loyalty, he came with family members,⁷³ kept him there. William worked hard to tame a land dotted with sage and rabbit brush, spotted with alkali, and thirsty for water. William learned to farm. He kept his family fed. It was not easy; he was a child of the Industrial Revolution and worked as a child laborer in textile mills. His family

⁷³ See William and Katie Webster’s History for William’s move to Rabbit Valley.

operated mechanical looms where miles of thread fed a hungry shuttle, where warp and weft joined and yard after yard of cloth poured forth. There was noise and fine lint in the air and small children crawling under the looms tying broken threads or running around on errands. They worked twelve hours a day. William was one of the children scuttling around the mill. He was eleven years old when his family was swept into the Gospel net. They left the lush Atlantic coast and gathered with the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the desert of Utah. (Matt. 13:47)

Jim was born to farm. He grew up with horses and plows and shovels. He listened and watched and learned from his father and the neighbors. He never knew anything else. He never saw the lush green of the east where nature watered the land. He never walked inside a factory. His sister Alice said, "Jim was always good to help Father; in fact, he was Father's right-hand man. Jim was a wonderful worker. He had a good head for planning work." (8)

William needed a right-hand man. He needed his boys' help to keep the farm going. When he was fifty-two his eleventh child was born and only one of those children was married. William had two wives. He married Katie Fredrickson after the death of his first wife.⁷⁴ When William and Katie's first son, "Jim," was born,⁷⁵ the five older children were Sadie, age thirteen; Rose, eleven; Fred, eight; Lizzie, six and Dan three and a half. As Jim grew older, more children came to the family. Before he was two there was another baby, Alice. When he was five the new baby was Mabel. When he was seven his new sister was Atella. A month after he turned ten the new baby was a boy named Loren. By 1920 there were eleven children, four boys and seven girls. Jim was twelve, Pearl was the new baby and

⁷⁴ "Maggie" Margaret Mathais

⁷⁵ 11 August 1890; Loa, Piute now Wayne County, Utah

last child. The other children were: Sadie, twenty-five and the only one married; Rose twenty-three, Fred twenty-one, Lizzie eighteen, Dan fifteen, Alice ten, Mabel seven, Tella five and Loren two. Many of the older children were working other places but came home between jobs to help in the house or on the farm.

Jim was born in a two-room log cabin sitting on the corner of the Webster farm about half way between Loa and Lyman. On a warm August day (it never gets hot in that high mountain valley), Katie left the busy work of summer to have her first baby. She was thirty-one.

Jim grew up surrounded by farm sounds and smells. Indoors he heard the rustle of skirts as his Mother and sisters worked in the kitchen, the crackle and pop of burning wood, a whistling tea kettle, clanking dishes being washed and dried after meals, water sloshing in buckets. He knew the astringent odor of lye soap on wash day, the aroma of milk slowly congealing into curds and whey for cheese. He smelled milk warm from the cow, cheese ageing, yeast working in dough, bread baking, meat sizzling, wood smoke. Out doors he learned the smell of newly turned earth, rain-washed sage brush, manure in corrals, fresh cut lucerne, hay drying in the hot sun, dusty hay tossed to cattle on a winter morning. He knew the sound of cows lowing, horses whinnying, hens clucking, turkeys gobbling, an ax cutting into wood, leather harnesses creaking, milk squirting into a metal bucket, and wind ruffling through lucerne. And as he grew he added his own sounds to those of the farm, but they were not pleasant sounds. He cried.

Jim had eczema as an infant. One medical book describes eczema, "The term ... is derived from a Greek word meaning 'to boil over,' quite descriptive of inflamed and sometimes weepy skin. Itching is without question the predominant symptom of [eczema]. Other symptoms are redness, swelling, and sensations of heat." (21) In later years his wife said, "Jim was very healthy until about one year of age

when he developed eczema all over his head. A dear Sister Eckersley washed his head in a mixture of herbs that cleared up this problem by the time he was two.” (10) His sister, Mabel wrote, “My mother told me he was quite ill for several months and was broke out very badly from head to toe with eczema. They despaired of saving his life. They had no doctor and didn’t know what to do. Grandma Fredrickson came down to help. They boiled bran and wrung cloths of bran water and wrapped him in [them]. (7) His sister Alice remembered, “When Jim was a baby he had eczema which made him really sick, but Mother always said, ‘Where there’s life there’s hope.’ Every night old Mr. Kingstrup would walk from the other side of town (Loa) to administer to Jim. Jim got better and was quite healthy after that.(8) Maybe Katie tried all three treatments and many others to sooth and cure her sobbing child. Even today there are no effective treatments for eczema. The most successful method of treatment is steroid drugs or taking the child to a different environment.

Bread, meat and potatoes were the staples for the family meals. The monotony was broken with jam or molasses on a slice of bread or a treat from Dad. Once a year when William made his annual trip over the mountain to take grain and exchange it for flour, he always brought them a treat, candy. The children waited anxiously for his return from that five-day journey. Jim loved the candy his Father brought home. It just didn’t happened often enough.

Alice said, “In those days we didn’t have much fruit or jam, because we had to get our fruit from Fruita. Jim got a bottle of jam and hid it in a pile of cedar posts. He didn’t let the other kids have any. Every once and a while he would go out and get some. One night he went out after dark to take a taste. He put some in his mouth and chewed on it expecting a pleasant taste. Instead it was crunchy and nasty. He spit it out on a log. The next morning he went to see what he had eaten.

Imagine his surprise to find he’d bitten into a Stinkbug!” (8)

The Webster farm was between two towns. Down the lane about two miles east was Lyman. Down the Lane in the opposite direction about a mile was Loa. Often the lane was a quagmire. Spring Creek made the dirt road muddy and when it rained wagons got stuck. Some people in the county thought it would be a good idea to move the main road further south to go to Thurber and skip Lyman. The people of Lyman didn’t want to be skipped. Men from Loa and Lyman finally got together and built the road several feet above the swamp.

School

When Jim was old enough he trudged off to school along that road, following Fred, Lizzie and Dan to Loa. School began after the boys were no longer needed to work on the farm. It lasted about five months. Walking to school in the early morning was never warm. From mid-October to the end of March the morning walk was cold and as the weeks passed it grew even colder. The mile walk must have felt like several miles. Jim’s older sisters complained for years about that l-o-n-g walk. They begged their Dad to move to town. They stayed on the farm. They walked to town for school and church and dances. Sadie married. Rose graduated from eighth grade, then Lizzie graduated. The family stayed on the farm. Jim kept walking to school. Dan and Jim were joined on the walk to school by Alice and Mabel. ‘Tella watched them bundle up for that long cold walk. They were still on the farm. ‘Tella started pleading for a move into town. William finally gave in and moved to town, but Jim was eleven by then and nearly finished with school. For the rest of his life William was the one making the trip out to the farm every day and often Jim was at his side

Jim’s favorite school subjects and abilities are unknown, except that he loved to read and he liked school. At recess he was one of the boys crouched on the ground gripping a marble

between thumb and finger shooting it at other marbles placed in a circle marked in the dust. If he shot a marble out of the circle it was his to keep. He played "Spats and Spurs" and "Foot and A Half. He teased the girls by pulling the string off the end of their braids. He made a life long friend, Vern Pace.⁷⁶

One of Jim's friends had a sister, Clieve, who remembered, "We used to have a barber shop down on main street. They had boxing gloves there. My brother and Jim, the one of them that got there first and seen the other coming would have the gloves on. They'd stage a boxing contest. They'd really fight too." (6 p.6)

When Jim was twelve, school began October 20, 1902, and ended March 27, 1903. It was three short blocks from the house in town to school. Mary Forsyth, the teacher, gave each of her forty-one students a souvenir program that year. Jim's ten-year-old sister Alice was one of his classmates, but seven-year-old Mabel wasn't listed as a student. Two other class mates were Mae and Will Potter. Mae was one of the girls he teased. Jim was one of the boys she sprinkled with sand as they played near the construction site of the new rock school house. (12 p.4) The first year classes were held in the new school instead of the hand-hewn log cabin which had been church, school and social hall since the founding of Loa, was 1903.

Jim studied his school lessons seated at the family's rectangle kitchen table. Bathed in the warmth of the fire and the glow of the coal oil lamp and encircled with his father and siblings at the table, he absorbed the knowledge of the 19th Century. Night after night he watched his father interrupt his own reading of newspaper and book to answer the children's questions, then settle back to become absorbed again in his own reading.

Jim, too, relished reading. His younger brother, Loren, said, "One year Jim chopped

wood for a woman that lived right across the street from us... He chopped her woodpile up for a bunch of books. I don't know how many days he was over there chopping, I imagine a week's time. He chopped up all that wood and she paid him off in books. I suppose they read all them books. I know they was reading books all the time. Jim liked to read. Dad read a lot." (14 p.2)

Jim finished grade school, but he longed for more education. Mabel wrote, "Dan and Fred would leave and go away to work but Jim stayed home and helped father. But he always hungered for more learning. So Jim, Alice and I went to Cedar City to school one year. Father mortgaged some water to Albert Stevens for \$50. That was all we had to last us the year. We took some food with us and lived in part of our sister Rose's house." (7 1980)

Jim had one precious year of high school and he left school early to go home and help his father with spring planting. He longed for more schooling, but he never could go back. His father and mother needed him. He helped with the farm. He took jobs around town. When the Loa Co-op building burnt down on Dec 14, 1911, Jim was one of the laborers who raised the new walls, red brick by red brick. He worked wherever he could get a job to make money. Apparently he "worked out to Delta." His sister, Mabel, said, "One of the Turners brought Jim home with a bed in a wagon because he was so sick with scarlet fever. He was working in Delta, Utah." (7 1984)

Adulthood

Jim slipped from right-hand man to co-worker with his Father. Then one February day in 1914 at the edge of his father's grave, he stepped to his Mother's side as man of the family. He was twenty-three. He took over the farm. All the older brothers and sisters were married and had their own families, except Dan who sought his fortune in Salt Lake City far away from the farm. Twenty-one year old Alice stood with Jim and their Mother ready to

⁷⁶ His sister was Nettie Pace who married Dan Brian. Jim named a horse after her!

contribute money from her teaching salary. Mabel, eighteen, was working. Tella was sixteen and spent one more summer at home before she left for more schooling, never to return except for short visits. Loren was thirteen and Pearl was eleven. They desperately missed their father. Jim tried to fill that empty spot. Loren said, "Jim was one of the best guys I ever knew. I know he was the best fellow to me that could possibly be. He was just like a Dad to me when Dad died, even before he died. He just took me over. He was good to all of us." (14 p.1) Jim's wife said, "As the oldest of his Mother's family, six children--four sisters and one brother--he was always willing to help them and was a peace maker. He was a hard worker." (10)

When his sisters looked back at their childhood, Jim was the adored older brother. Pearl exclaimed, "I just loved him dearly. He was so kind. He always paid a lot of attention to me and petted me and patted me." (8a p.2) Tella said, "My oldest brother was named James. Oh, he was so wonderful. I think we all idolized him. I don't know why because he was just another boy and another man but we did. We had one other brother. My other brother was much younger than Jim. But Jim, we thought he was just beautiful and marvelous and all the wonderful things we could think of. He was kind to us. (2 p.3) One night stands out in my mind. I remember Jim and his friend Vern Pace coming home and setting before our fireplace with a big fire and singing songs. I did not want it to end it all sounded so beautiful. We all looked up to him and could see all the good in him, as we did Alice." (2 p.2)

Jim's sisters and brother remember the good things he did for them. After their year in Cedar City, Mabel recalled, "Jim was so kind and good to Alice and I. He took us to dances and introduced us to his friends. But he had to leave early in the spring to help father on the farm. He was a man of great loyalty and honesty. I don't remember of even having a

quarrel with him. He was so even tempered." (7 1980) Alice commented, "You could always depend on Jim whenever you needed him. When I worked at Boulder I got a chance to come as far as Torrey toward home. I sent word home and the next morning Jim came with a horse to get me." (8)

Jim's younger brother Loren watched him from a ten-year distance in age. He wanted to be with his dad and brother. He went to the field with them no matter how cold, windy or dusty and watched them labor. He snuggled on his dad's lap and watched them reading. He shyly watched from the protection of an overall covered leg when the men stood around and talked. He said, "My dad was a great talker.... Dad was an interesting talker and Jim was an interesting talker. He could keep anybody interested, any time.... All my life I didn't have anything to say. Anytime out in a crowd of boys or anywhere I never talked. Jim was a great talker. He kept them all laughing. Him and Vern Pace would get together and they could draw a crowd around them and have them laughing all the time. They were just interesting talkers. They had all kinds of stories. Jim and Vern were great pals and they had lots of fun. Vern thought Jim was the only guy there was. I was with Jim a lot and lots of things happened. He was big-hearted. He'd do any thing for anybody. He was a joker. He'd tell jokes and laugh. He was interesting to listen to." (14 p.1)

"Jim was liked by men, women and children. He needed fifty dollars and he went up to How'd [Howard] Blackburn and asked him if he could let him have fifty dollars. How'd said, 'Sure, I'll let you have fifty dollars.' And he handed it out to him. How'd told my Dad, 'When Jim was born, they broke the mold.' They never had any more like him. He was the only one. (14 p.2-3)

Marriage

The death of his father was an ending, but 1914 also brought a beginning. On April 29 he

married Mae Alberta Potter so they could make a home for the baby that was born later that year. He became the bread-winner for two families, as a son and as a husband and father.

Of their courtship and marriage, Mae said, "I knew ... [Jim] when we was at school. He used to pull the ribbon or string off my hair. ... When we'd go to the dances as kids, some of the time, he'd come and dance, but not any more than any other boy until he went to school at Cedar and I was grown, you know." (12 p.4)

[Mae] and [Jim] did attend school together but their interest in each other began at Mutual.⁷⁷ One night he walked her home after the weekly meeting. (10) When he returned from a year of school at Cedar City, Jim dated Mae and he got more than interested. He decided Mae Potter was the girl for him. She wasn't so sure. Her interest was elsewhere. She was writing to a young man serving a mission for the L.D.S. Church and she really liked George.⁷⁸ Mae was working as the hired girl for Grandma Pace whose son, Vern, was Jim's best friend. The Paces welcomed Jim into their home to court the hired girl. Through the long cold winter of 1913-14 Jim was there courting her. Mae said, "I became well acquainted with him." (9) Finally she agreed to marry him. Mabel, Jim's sister, offered to sew Mae's wedding dress. They went to Scott McClellan's store, Loa Co-op, and picked out blue taffeta and chiffon. Mabel made a gathered skirt with a chiffon over-layer, puffed sleeves and a round neck. (7)

"We were married in the clerk's office by Brother Eckersley," said Mae. "He was

⁷⁷ Mutual Improvement Association, a church organization for young men and young women.

⁷⁸ Historical note: George C. Brinkerhoff served a mission in the Eastern United States. While there he met a man, Thomas Bicknell, who wanted to give a town 1,000 books for a library *if* they would name the town after him. George presented the idea to the people in his hometown, Thurber, named after an L.D.S. Church leader. In April 1916 the people of Thurber officially renamed the town Bicknell. 22, p.236

President of the Stake at the time. [The building] is right straight across [east] from the tabernacle. They've got it now for the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. Fred and Deanie⁷⁹ were the witnesses. Father and Mother didn't come to the wedding. Father didn't want me to marry [Jim] you see. Then we had a big dance that night. They didn't bring any gifts then. The dance was down in the bottom of the tabernacle. Mildred had a time a crying and yowling to get to come to the wedding dance, her and Burl. We had a nice big dance. I was twenty-two when I got married. I could cook. I had worked for Paces for five to seven years before I ever married.... [Jim] was twenty-two when we were married." (12 p.7)

A close-knit community feels the vibrations of each family's problems along the strings that tie them together. The Loa town-folk knew Jim was not welcomed with open arms by his in-laws. Loren said, "When he married Mae, her parents weren't too happy about the marriage. They wouldn't speak to them for years. Finally Grandmother Potter come first, and finally he come. When they started coming they were good friends. When Fannie married Tobe McClellan, that just tickled them to death." (14 p.1) Tobe's father owned the local store, Loa Co-op.

Jim's friends chided him. Years later Jim and Mae's son heard the story too. "Did you ever hear about the story that Grandpa Potter told about Mother and Aunt Ade and Aunt Fan.⁸⁰ He said, 'Aunt Ader she married Ha'vey Taylor which is a real nice man and got quite a lot of money.' He says, 'You know, Fanny she married Tobe McClellan. They've got a nice place and he's up and going, but Mae, she marries this guy they call Jim Diggy.' I can remember old Vern Pace telling me about that. They didn't act like they liked my Dad very well but he turned out real well. After they were married I think he liked my Dad as well as

⁷⁹ Jim's brother and his wife

⁸⁰ Two of Mae's sisters, Ada and Fanny

he did Uncle Tobe or Uncle Harv, either one.” (13 p.5)

Jim and Mae set up house two blocks west of his Mother’s house. They bought a log cabin sheltered on the north and west by Cottonwood trees. Jim’s brother, Fred and his wife, Deanie lived west across the street. One of the young women in town, Clieve Sorenson said that Jim and Mae lived in “a very small house. I used to go up to Mae’s. There was a lot of bushes along that lot.... I’d sneak up there and go up and talk to...[Mae]. She’d tell me a lot of things and we’d laugh and have a lot of fun.” (6 p.1-2) The house was small to Clieve, but not to Mae. She said, “We had a nice big room with a nice big rug on it. Then we had a round [oak] table. Then we had a kitchen cabinet and a nice couch that some of the kids slept on and then we had our bed. (12 p.6) We was so proud of that home anyway.” (11 p.11-12)

In late September as the golden leaves of the surrounding Cottonwood trees dropped onto the cabin roof Jim became a father. Mae and Jim had a brown-eyed baby they named Eula Mae. Their first son, Brose, was born sixteen months later. Brose’s earliest memory of his Father happened in November of 1918 when Brose was four months away from his third birthday. A steam engine whistle shrieked through town and people ran from house to house with the news, “The Old Kaiser give up.” “The Old Kaiser give up.” Later the town celebrated the end of “The Great War.

“I remember my Dad walking between Parley’s⁸¹ [house] and the Loa Co-op store, up the sidewalk on the south...and up to Grant Browns. There must have been a couple of hundred people there. [The men] went out in the hills and got two great, big loads of wood. They had a great big pile there. [It] seemed like half the town was there. They had an old dummy stuffed with straw on top of the wood and they set it on fire. They were burning old Kaiser Bill, ... the old German Kaiser. He was supposed to [have] started the war and all that

stuff. He was the big shot, like Hitler was in Germany. But Kaiser was the big shot. I can remember my Dad had me on his neck. I was riding up on top of my Dad’s neck, my legs straddle of his neck to see Kaiser Bill. That’s about the first I remember my Dad. I was about two years old.” (13 p.1)

One of Eula’s earliest memories was a train ride with her father. When she was five, she went with him from Richfield to Salt Lake where they stayed with Atella and Pearl. They were there for surgery. Both of them had their tonsils out. Eula said, “I got along fine. They gave me a lot of ice cream. I loved it. My Dear Dad was real sick for about a week. On the way home I lost a hankie Grandmother Webster had give me. I cried for an hour.” (#19 p. 2)

Jim did many different things to provide for his family. He farmed his father’s land for his mother. Mae wrote, “Jim and Loren bought the Webster farm permit and cattle and he run the farm for a few years as Loren went up north [Salt Lake City] and worked and married Stella Robinson.” (11 p.11-12) A neighbor, Carl Mathis, said, “Your Grandfather James, that was his life, farming. They farmed over here by the river, that first place they had.... Farming in them days was a lot different than it is now, getting on a tractor and doing things the easy way. They used to work their horses eight to ten hours a day until they had to feed them, then they’d take a shovel or go work single handed. Most of them put in about eighteen hours a day farming.” (6 p.1)

Farming was only a means to the end. The crops were used to feed cattle, so Jim tried raising cattle. Carl related, “I can remember [Jim] as long as I can remember anybody. He was just the age of my brother, older than me. They were pretty good pals. We sold [Jim] our cows and permit in Seven-Mile, \$24.00 a head. Now I think it is seven or eight hundred [dollars]. He didn’t keep them long. I think Loren got them. [Jim] wasn’t a cow man or a stock man, he was a farmer.” (6 p.1)

⁸¹ Parley Reese

Sheep

Farming his father's land didn't provide enough money to feed and clothe his family and help his mother, Loren and Pearl too. And he wanted a little extra money so Loren could go to high school in Salt Lake . If he couldn't finish high school at least he wanted his brother to finish. And every two years another baby was born, one more to person who needed his help. James Brose was born in February 1916, Elna Fredrickson July 1918, and William Roe August 1920. Six of them living in a one room log cabin. He got jobs herding sheep after the farm crops were in.

Mae said, "Jim went out to the sheep herd." (8) The first year he tended sheep in Horse Valley. Two years later in the winter of 1916-17 he was herding sheep down in the desert many, many miles from home. Jim's only means of communication home were letters delivered by hand when someone brought supplies. Mae saved two of the letters Jim sent her while sheep herding in the desert. Both of them express love for his family, plans for the future, instructions about the farm and getting out of debt.⁸²

Jim also herded sheep just outside town. Brose said, "While sheep herding [Dad] didn't sit on a horse and count sheep. My Dad used to herd sheep out here from Brians [on] the west hills. [While] he herded sheep out there ... he'd pile up wood. Then when he would come in, when he wasn't herding sheep, he knew where he'd piled it and we'd go get ... the wood. Sometimes we'd go out and get two loads in a day just out in those hills off from Dolan Brians. It used to be the Lazenby place.... [Dad had the wood] all in a pile. That's all he had to do when he had time out there with the sheep, he'd pile up wood [and we'd] haul our winter wood in. That's when we lived down across from Uncle Fred's." (13 p.2)

⁸² A copy of the letters are included at the end of the biography.

Freighting

Farming and sheep herding didn't provide for his family the way Jim hoped it would. "In time Jim gave up sheep herding" said Mae, "and hauled freight for the people of the county. This was back and forth from Loa to Sigurd.... [When] Jim did irrigating and farming for Mr. Frank Neff he also hauled freight to Sigurd, Utah, about forty-five miles, alternating trips with his half-brother, Fred. (10, 9) They hauled eggs, cream and other freight and brung all kinds of stuff for the county. They also hauled wool for the sheepmen from down below." (11 p.11-12)

"Daddy freighted for years," said Faye, Jim's youngest daughter. "In fact, Merl Robinson [who] lives in Salina ... said he knew Daddy. The first time I ever saw him, he said, 'Why Jim Webster, I'd know you anyplace.'

"And I thought, 'Who are you?'

"He said, 'You look so much like your Dad. I would have said that you are the spittin' image of your father.' I had no idea who he was. Daddy used to freight over [to Salina] and stay in the old Robinson Hotel." (4 p.23)

A granddaughter⁸³ heard Mae tell about one of Jim's trips. "Grandma told me how he went over [the hill] one time and how they got the sugar too close to the wheel. It put a little hole in the sacks. He had quite a few things of sugar and when he got back the bottom was completely gone!" (4 p.23)

"Uncle Fred told me they was freighting," remembers Brose, "and they got up in Bear Valley in a blizzard in the wintertime. They was hauling stuff, around Christmas time, for the Loa Co-op. They had two wagons. They got the freight in Sigurd. They had a piano on my Dad's wagon. It was all in a box. The road went from Burrville right straight north to what they called Bear Valley. They was going along and it was such a blizzard they couldn't even see. The horses went off the side of the road. The wagon tipped over and dumped the freight. They tried to get it on but it was so cold and

⁸³ Deanna Chappell Maxfield

windy. It was about five or six miles to Burrville, so they unhooked the horses, got on the horses and rode on into Burrville and stayed that night. The next day the storm was over and they went back. They tipped the wagon back up and had to load the piano back on the wagon. They said they rolled it back up and got it on the wagon. [They] loaded their freight back up and went to Burrville and stayed that night. Then they went from Burrville the next day on over to Loa.

“Uncle Fred told me he was freighting at Polk’s No Sacks they used to call it. It is over the top of the mountain and down about half way.... He stopped there for noon and lightning killed two of his horses. He had four horses and lightning hit while he was noonin’ and killed both of his horses. I don’t know whether my Dad was with him or not. He didn’t say.” (13a p.9-10)

Every freighting trip began with a climb up a steep dugway out of the valley on a wagon track which meandered out across a high plateau nearly 9,000 feet above sea level. On a clear day Jim would see Mount Nebo a hundred miles away before he plunged down the mountain into Koosharem Valley for an over night stop at Burrville, a welcome oasis after the miles of rabbit brush and sage brush. The next day he wound his way through more brush, down King’s Canyon on past cream, rust and peach colored hills to Sigurd. Sometimes he went on to the next town, Salina.⁸⁴ Before he started the two or three day trip back to Loa, did he tuck a few pieces of candy in his pocket for the little “kiddies” waiting back home?

Visiting

Farming, freighting, family and friends filled Jim’s life. Brose remembers visits to family members. “I know [Dad] liked to go visit because he took us in the wagon to Fremont two or three time to see Grandma Fredrickson and Aunt Hanner Taylor and there

was another girl of Grandma Fredrickson’s, Aunt Hilma Taylor. We used to go up there every once and a while. I remember we took a trip clear to Bicknell to see one of the Ellett’s who he called his Aunt ... (I can’t remember her name.) Anyway an Ellett lady, way down by Bicknell Bottoms. He was kind of a relation to them through Grandpa Webster. Maybe Grandpa was kind of related to the Turners and some of them married an Ellett. See the Turners raised Grandpa [Webster] and maybe the lady he called his aunt, an Ellett lady down there to Bicknell, was some relation to the Turners.”⁸⁵ (13 p.5-7)

Brose also tells about his dad’s friends, “[Dad] laughed more and had more friends around him than Uncle Loren. A lot of guys used to come and visit him when we lived [in the house] where I was born.... I know...George Keller used to come and see him and Vern Pace and Ot Pace, Vern’s brother. It seems like there was somebody in and out of there all the time, when my Dad was out around the corral. They’d come out and talk with him and josh with him.... [Dad] laughed a lot you know. Laughed at jokes that guys would tell.” (13 p.6)

Jim worked hard and he enjoyed a get-together with his friends, but there were a few times when it upset his wife. Eula May said, “My father and mother worked hard, always seemed to be very much in love, always hello and goodbye kisses, very few quarrels or arguments. Once I remember my father going to town with his friend, Vern Pace, and they drank a few beers. My mother felt very bad. She took a long ladder, put it by the side of the house, climbed in the attic with quilts, food, and water. Then she took my brother, Brose, and I up there. We were warm and had plenty to eat. I’m sure my father was worried when he couldn’t find us. I just barely remember it, but don’t remember of hearing any harsh or loud voices. (I’m sure they made up soon). I was

⁸⁴ Both towns had train depots.

⁸⁵ See William Webster History for an explanation of relationships.

only four years old and brother Brose was only sixteen months younger than I was.” (17 p.1)

“[Once] we went down to Vern Pace’s to get a bull,” said Brose. “We got down there and those guys was a partyin’ at Vern’s place. He always liked to have fun. He had a bunch of Bicknell kids wrestlin’ out in the corral, wanting me to wrestle one of the Chidester boys. It seems like to me it was Clint Chidester. Old Vern give ‘em all a dollar but he didn’t give me a dollar. I felt bad about it. I can remember that. Because they were wrestlin’ he give ‘em all a dollar. But my Dad give me a couple of fifty cent pieces.... But old Vern give them that dollar. I thought that was really a lot of money, a whole dollar. I hadn’t hardly seen a dollar before.

“Old Vern had some beer on. They got to drinking beer and we never got back home till dark and it was Christmas Eve. My Dad stopped over to the farm to take care of the bull. My Dad told me, ‘Now if nobody is home you get your new overalls on and go to the party.’ And I come home and nobody was home. Mother had the rest of the kids and she’d already gone you see. It more and likely won’t have been only Eula and Elna and Bill.. All I done was just change my shirt and overalls and went up there. My Mother, I remember, was so mad because I come in there and I guess I wasn’t half dressed right. She was up to the Christmas Party, Santy Claus you know that night. She was really mad at my Dad. ...He’d been down there, him and Vern, drinking and partying all day. That’s the only time I remember him ever drinking. I know he used to have a drink with Vern once and a while. [Mother] was really mad I know that. I was about seven years old.” (13 p.6-7)

Religion

The people who lived in Loa came there because they were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. One of the things their first prophet taught was coffee, tea,

alcohol and tobacco were not good for the body. Jim’s mother hated smoking. His brother said, “That is one thing Mother dreaded. Every cigarette [Father] smoked, hurt her awfully bad. She usually spoke up and she was after us kids never to smoke, never to smoke. Jim smoked and Dan smoked and Fred smoked. They didn’t smoke one cigarette after another. They just smoked once and a while. They used to chew tobacco too. Jim used to chew tobacco and Dan used to chew tobacco. I don’t remember if Fred did. It was hard when they quit. I know Jim quit once for a year or two, then he started up again. Then he quit again. They all quit. Fred got religious and Dan got religious and Jim quit quite a few years before he died. Maybe they quit before they got religious. Jim got quite religious before he died. He got working in the Mutual and things. The Church didn’t make a big deal about [smoking and chewing tobacco] then.” (14 p.6)

Brose said, “I remember Dad chewed tobacco for a while and finally he quit. He used to chew a little when he was up to the ranch. Then he quit four or five years before he died. I remember that. I remember Mother said he had a plug of tobacco and after he died it was still up there in the cupboard. Mother said, ‘Well, your Dad had his last chew of tobacco and put the other plug up here and it’s still here.’ It was up in an old cupboard they had at Grandma Websters.” (13a, p.8)

Jim was asked to work in Mutual, a Church organization for the young men and women between twelve and eighteen years old. Perhaps his call came during the time his brother Fred, a returned missionary, was the Mutual Superintendent. The charisma that gathered life long school friends now gathered young men and women to the Gospel lessons and activities. Mae said, “He ... loved the work. This activity brought a testimony of the Gospel. He was loved by his MIA workers and did lots of fun activities with them.” (10) His sister Tella said, “Jim didn’t go the Church very

much when he was young.” His parents had a hard time getting him to go, but when he was asked to help he found a place of love and friendship and he returned it whole-heartedly.

Beyond Horse Valley

In 1920 thirty years of Jim’s life were over. Then he went to farm Horse Valley. In the winter of 1924-25 Mr. Neff asked Jim if he was interested in buying Horse Valley. He took time to make the decision. As winter days shortened, then lengthened, he thought about Horse Valley. A neighbor, Hayne Sorsenson, was very ill. The neighbors were sitting with her during the night. She had helped Mae take care of the pork when Jim’s mother died. Jim took a turn sitting through the night at her bedside. Those who sat with Sister Sorenson knew they might be the one to watch her take her last breath. As Jim sat through the night did he agonize over his decision to buy Horse Valley? An all-night vigil is a good time for thinking about things that are important, especially when staring death in the face. But Death did not find Sister Sorenson that night.

Jim continued to think about buying Horse Valley. Mae told their daughter about that winter of decision. “[Jim] was a hauling manure and getting ready to plant the lot [in Loa.] Frank Neff wanted us to go up to Horse Valley again, but we hadn’t decided whether to go or not because we had quite a family. Jim thought maybe that he would stay and run the farm. He took sick a day or two.... Dr. Nelson said, ‘Well if he is not better I’d take him to the hospital.’” (12)

“The first thing I can remember” said Brose, who was just one month past his ninth birthday, “my Dad had a pain in his stomach ... and he was in bed. I said, ‘What’s the matter with Dad?’ Mother said, ‘He’s got a bad pain in his stomach.’ She said, ‘Well, I guess we’d better call the doctor.’ (We were in Loa down to the old Grandma’s place. I think it was in March. It was early spring.) And Dr. Nelson come and looked at him and poked around his stomach

and said, ‘Well, it’s more and likely he’s got some kind of stomach flu or something.’ It went on a couple of three days. Dad got so much pain he couldn’t hardly stand it. So Dr. Nelson come down. I remember he said. ‘He could have ‘pendicitis. Maybe we’d better take him to Salina. See if you can get a car and take him over to Salina.’” (13)

Eula who was ten and a half at the time, remembered, “Dad had an attack of appendicitis [and] stayed in bed two or three days. Dr. Nelson came to see him twice. The third day he seemed much better and decided to walk out to the corral because we didn’t have inside toilets. Later that afternoon he started to get real sick. Mother sent me after Dr. Nelson. He said Dad had a temperature and would hafta go to Salina to the hospital. He was afraid Dad’s appendix had broken. I think our dear neighbor, Reba Stewart, took them. Every one didn’t have cars in those days. My Aunt Mabel Morrell, Dad’s sister, went with Mother to help take care of Faye as she was only six months old and Mother was nursing her.” (19 p.3-5)

Brose said, ‘I remember they got George Okerlund. He had a big Buick. They loaded my Dad in [the car]. There was another man with him, I can’t remember [who it was]. Mother and Dad went. I don’t know who they left us kids with.’” (13 p.10)

Mae continued, “We took him to Salina to the hospital and Dr. Leo Merrill operated on him. They said he had ruptured appendix and peritonitis and gangrene had already set in.

“I and Mabel and Faye stayed in a house just across the river and railroad tracks. We got a room from Nel Robinson.⁸⁶ Faye was a baby six months old. Mabel stayed with [Jim] until twelve or one o’clock. Then she come down and said, ‘He’s lots better.’

“So I said, ‘I’ll go and stay with him the rest of the night. Faye won’t need to nurse till early in the morning.’

“I went up and just as I went in I kissed him on the forehead. He says, ‘Oh, kiss me on the

⁸⁶ The place Jim stayed when he hauled freight to Salina.

lips Mother, I'm better. I'm going to be all right now.' And that's the last thing he ever said to me.

"When I kissed him his lips had started to get cold. So I says to the nurse, 'His lips are starting to get cold. What's wrong?'"

"She called the doctor. The doctor came and he said, 'He's going just as fast as he kin.' They said they would call down for Mabel. But I couldn't wait. I just run from the hospital and down across the river. I met Wanda Sorenson right on the river bridge. (I never cross that river bridge but what I think about it.) She was out with her boyfriend. She was staying with her mother, Hayne Sorenson. She was sick. [Jim] had stayed with her two days before they took her out [to the hospital.] She died six weeks after [Jim] did. Imagine, he stayed with her all night and sat up with her. He said, 'I'll just be surprised if she lived 'till morning.' But she lived and went to the hospital and lived six weeks longer than he did.

"He died about 2:00 o'clock in the morning." (12 p.8)

Epilogue

For those who want to know what happened next...

Brose said, "After my mother...come back [from Salina, she] said that [Dad] was really sick one day and the next morning [she] went in there to see him and he said that he felt a lot better. He said, 'I just seen Mother. Mother...come through that door just an hour ago.' And he says, 'She come over toward my bed and I tried to get up a little and reach out to kiss her. She put her hand out like that and says, 'Not yet.' He died that afternoon. He claimed [he saw his Mother.] He was more and likely in so much pain or something and delirious, maybe just dreaming it. Maybe he seen his Mother, I don't know. But I know Mother told me the story after he was buried." (13 p.10)

The word that Jim was dead traveled back over the mountain along the dirt wagon path. Eula said, "It all seemed like a bad dream as my

two aunts, Pearl and Atella, gathered our five children together in their loving arms to try to tell us about our Dear Father. I knew what had happened as I was ten years old. I'm sure Brose, eight and a half, did too. I don't think the others realized as they were too young." (19 p.5)

A niece, Maxine Wulfert, Mabel's daughter, said, 'I remember Uncle Jim a little bit. I just remember he was sort of a tiny man. I was down there with Elna when they came and told her that her Father had passed away. We went out in some kind of a shed. We sat out there and Elna cried and cried.'" (20 p.3)

Eula, continued, "It all seemed like a nightmare, bringing Dad home in a casket. They didn't embalm bodies in those days. They kept ice packs by his side and nickels on his eyes at night and kept spraying perfume around him. Even today I get sick when I smell it. I never wanted to know the name." (19 p.5)

Brose, said, "They went and brought him home on an old Loa Co-op truck. He was home for a day or two.... I remember people used to sit up at night. I remember Uncle Harve Taylor, he was one of them that sat up all night. They had him in what we called the parlor, the living room, down to Grandmother Websters. It was really a sad deal because Mother had six kids you know. It come on so quick, she really took it hard. Mother really cried. It was just not then, she cried lots and lots and nights afterward. Years later, two or three years later, she still cried a lot of time at night." (13 p.9-10)

"....Mother always said that Bill was more like Daddy than any of the rest of us" Faye remembered. "She said, even after she was [re]married, 'I would sometimes have to go into the bedroom and cry' because she could see Daddy so much in Bill." (4 p.23-24)

"I can remember Mother telling me," said Katie, "that John Jackson made the casket and she kept the little bits. Linen was the type of thing they'd nailed down and put around the casket. The casket would be a wood box with that over it. If you could see a picture of it, I imagine to us it would be quite a crude way of

burial but that was the best they could do.

"I couldn't understand what was going on at the time [of father's death.] They put him in a red pick-up when he died. I asked Mother about it years later. I said, 'Mother did they take Daddy in an old red pick-up?'

"She said, 'How did you know that?'

"I said, 'That's the only thing I can remember.'

"I kept thinking, 'Why did they take my Father?'

"They put a tarp over the casket to take it out [to the cemetery] because it was so dusty. I was worrying because I thought they were going to smother him. I couldn't figure that out.... They just kind of took us kids away. 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. They didn't seem to let the children go and look at a corpse. I don't ever remember looking at him in the casket." (1 p.5-6)

Eula said, "As they lowered the casket into the grave and started throwing dirt on it, us six little kids held to our mother and screamed till the grave was covered and our aunts dragged us away. I kept thinking I'll wake up soon. It's all a bad dream. I'll wake up soon. But the dream continued. I woke up many nights hearing my Dear Mother crying." (20 p.5)

Mae struggled to keep the family together, clothed, housed and fed. Even the house where they lived didn't belong to them. When Jim's mother died, everyone else was married but Loren. Jim felt strongly his brother needed a place to call home. He persuaded his sisters that Loren should have the family home. Now his wife and children had no place that belonged to them. Mae and the children lived in the house until 1927 when Loren married Fontella Pectol. He wanted to live in the Webster home and farm his half of the Webster farm.

Mae bought a house from Jim's sister Lizzie who was moving away from Loa. (19

p.4) Eula remembers, "Mother [bought a] house in Loa with the money she got from Dad's horses. It sat on one square block of land in town. Mr. Neff ... bought Dad's beautiful team of horses. Dad was real proud of them." (19 p.5) In the 1920's a widow's family survived on the work and thrift of their mother and help from family and neighbors. Many people were good to help Mae and the children.

Mae worked as a mid-wife for a few years helping Dr. Nelson care for new babies. She took care of the animals and a garden with the help of her young sons, Brose and Billy. Eula tried to step into her mother's shoes and take care of the children and the house. She was the one to comb Katie and Faye's hair or tie a shoe. Elna had Scarlet Fever which kept her in bed for a long time. It affected her heart and she was never very strong or healthy again.

On December 11, 1929, Mae married a widower, Ephraim Taylor, who had eight children ranging in age from 21 to 6. They were married nearly fifty years and had one daughter, Larna Dell Taylor.

Mae kept Jim's half of the Webster farm and refused to sell it. It was her children's only inheritance. She kept the land until they became adults. After Mae married Eph Taylor, he farmed the land with the help of her teen-age sons, Brose and Billy.

* * * * *

Horse Valley still lies across the foot of Thousand Lake. There is still a ranch with farming in the Valley. It is still divided into two farms. With sprinkling systems they can water almost twice as much land as Jim could with irrigation. The house at the South Place was torn down and a new one with a porch across the front stands in the same spot just ten feet from the old rock cellar. The corrals and cabin at the east edge of the North Place are gone, but the log granary is still there. The weather has polished it to a silver grey that blends into the surrounding sage brush. But it is easy to find, a blaze of orange-red rock marks the mountain above.

--Hildred C. Cobia, Jan.2001

Time Line for James Edwin Webster

1890, August 11 - born at Loa, Piute (Wayne), Utah
suffered with eczema as an infant

1896, (approximate) age 6, began grade school

1901 - age 11, move from farm to Loa

1912 - age 22, one winter at Branch Normal School
in Cedar City, Utah

1912 or 1913 help build Loa Co-op Store

1914, February 18 - age 23, death of father
April 29 - age 23, married Mae Alberta Potter
September 28 - age 24, birth of Eula Mae

1916, February 6 - age 25, birth of James Brose

1918, July 8 - age 27, birth of Elna Fredrickson
November 11- age 28, end of World War

1919 - age 29, tonsils removed

1920, spring - age 29, begin farming Horse Valley
August 14 - age 30, birth of William Roe

1922, June 17 - age 31, birth of Katie

1923, March 9 - age 32, death of his mother

1924, August 30 - age 34, birth of Mona Faye

1925, March 14 - age 34, death at Salina, Sevier, Utah

Eula married Thurman Westenskow. They made their home in Salt Lake City. They still live there.

Brose fought in World War II. He married Marie Sheffield, a girl from Loa. They lived there for a few years while Brose farmed. Brose sold his dad's part of the Webster farm back to Loren, Jim's brother. He moved his family to Salt Lake City. They still own a house in Salt Lake where they live when they aren't in Arizona for the winter or in Fish Lake, near Loa, for the summer.

Elna married a soldier, Nelson Denney. After he retired they lived in California. She died in 1969 and is buried in Orem, Utah.

Bill fought in World War II. He never lived in Loa again. He married a girl from Illinois, Charlotte Caldwell. They live near Chicago.

Faye married a soldier, Ellis Hatch, when he came back from World War II. They made their home in Salina, Utah.

Katie was the only child who stayed in Loa. She married Blain M. Chappell, a boy who lived down the lane in Lyman. He farmed Jim's land for five years during World War II until Brose returned.

Two Letters from Jim

Transcript of two letters written from Sheep Camp by James E. Webster to his wife, Mae Potter Webster. Spelling has been corrected for easier reading.

Jan. 2, 1917

Mrs. Mae Webster

Dear Mae

I will write you a few lines to let you know that, I am well and hope you and kiddies are the same. Ray is going in to meet the wagon tomorrow and [I] guess he is going home, but I hope he don't get to go, for he and I gets along fine, we have never had a word yet. He thinks old Elison is coming down but I hope he don't come for I don't like him, but if he comes I will haf to make the best out of it.

I have been quite contented with the sheep this time out with them, and think [I] will herd sheep this summer if [I] don't change my mind. Well I am going to order a man to take my place on the 10th of March and will come home and put the crop in. Well Dear it is a long time away from you and the kiddies. I get lonesome to see you and the kiddies but hope to make the best of it.

Tell Lorin to get my three horses up on the first of March and feed them that straw hay of mine and two handfuls of oats twice a day. I hope they are getting along all right and every thing else is going along all right. Tell Lorin and Mother Hello and the rest and that I haven't forgotten them and that I would write but there is nothing to write about down here. We have had some cold weather but nothing like we have up home. It has been nice and warm for a week in the day time but cold as hell at night. Now Mae don't chop wood and raise hell around like that. You will have enough to do if you tend the kiddies without chopping wood. You can get Lorin to chop the wood and I will pay him for it.

Well this is all I can think of now and I will squeeze you once when I get home.

From you Hubbie,

Jim

Jan. 7 1917

Dear Mae and Kiddies

I will write you a few lines to let you know that I am well, and feeling fine. I am getting as fat as a pig, and am enjoying it fine down here in the warm weather. It is nearly as warm as summer here. We are down on the clay paint. Dad or Danl and I get along just fine. We play cards every night till 9 o'clock. We play seven up and big kensene.

Mae I am sending my dirty clothes home with the wagon. I found a little looking glass and I am sending it to Eula. [I] think she will think it nice. It is in my dirty clothes. [I] am going to bull frog today after supplies.

Well, Dear I hope you are getting along all right and every thing is getting along all right, and hope I stay till spring so [I] can get out of debt a little. Tell all hello and kiss the kiddies for me.

Jim

Jan 7/1917,
Dear Mae and kiddies:
I will write you a few
lines to let you know
that I am well and feeling
fine. I am getting ^{as} fat
as a pig, and am enjoying
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summer here. We are
down on the clay paint
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We play seven up and
big Kussene

No 2

Ma I am sending my
dirty cloth home with the
wagon. I found a little
looking glass and am sending
it. I think she will
think it nice, it is ~~my~~
dirty cloth, am going ~~to~~
bull frog to day after
supper. Love

Well Dear I hope you
are getting along alright
and every thing is getting
along alright, and hope
I stay till spring so can
get out of det a little.
tell all hello and kiss
the kiddies for me
Jim

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#18 Westenskow, Eula May Webster, daughter; three letters to her sister, Katie Chappell: May 1981 2-page holograph, 1986 4-page holograph, 1986 5-page holograph in possession of H. Cobia

#19 Westenskow, Eula May Webster, daughter; "Biography" January 1983

#20 Wulfert, Maxine Morrell, niece; taped interview 30 April 1984

References

#21 Better Homes and Gardens Family Medical Guide, Editor Cooley, Donald G.; 1973, pages 185-188

#22 Rainbow Views : A History of Wayne County compiled by Snow, Anne, 1952

#23 Chappell, Blain Mansfield and William Blain, consultants on farming and irrigation techniques



James Edwin Webster, age 22

In the early 1900's people often had a picture taken and made it into a post card. Both of these pictures were post cards.

The postcard at the right was sent to:

“Miss Alice Webster [Jim’s sister]

Ceder City, Iron Co.”

Post mark “Loa, Utah Feb 13, 1912”

It reads: “Dear sister how are you I hope you are Well as this leaves us Well tell Rose and Dan that I will send them a picture I have got some cabnet size but don’t like them as well as these so if they don’t like them I will send one of these I will write you a letter some time ans[wer] soon from Jim”

Post Card at the left sent to:

“Mrs.Wm Webster

Loa Utah

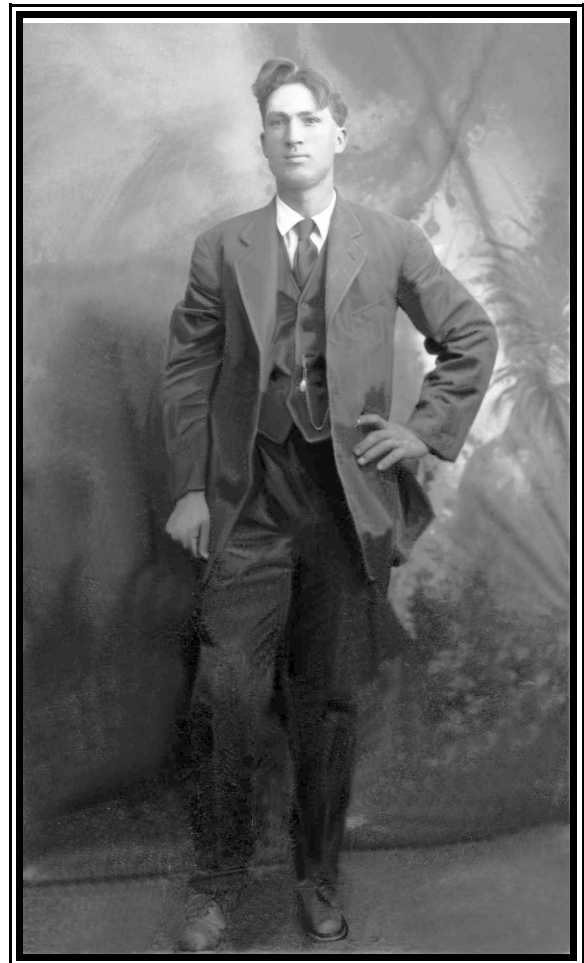
Cedar City 12, 15, 12

Dear Parent I will write you a few lines to let you know that we are all well but Ros[e] She is quite ill. She has been sick for a week,

(Two sentences damaged and unreadable.)

I would like to be home for a few days and see you all agan, but it will’nt be only a few months till I will be there
some of the school kids has youre name now.

Goodby From your loving son James”

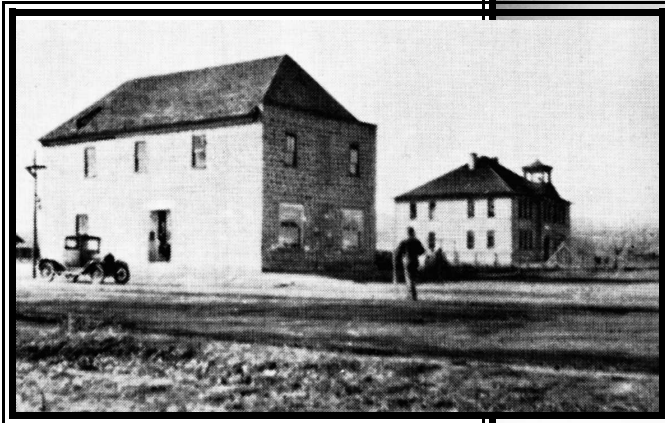


Jim, age about 19 or 20

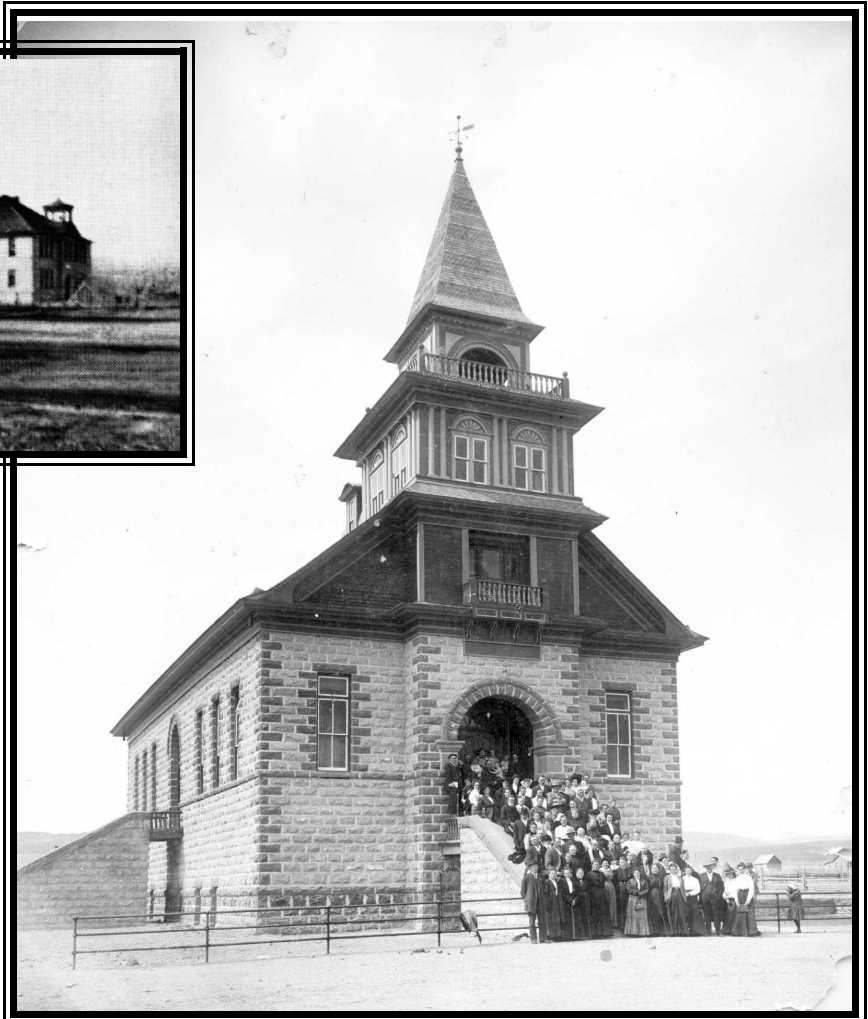


Courtesy Mae P. Webster

Loa Co-op Store. Jim helped build a new store after a fire on December 14, 1911 destroyed the original building.



Court House & Bank; Rock school at right. School constructed 1901/2 demolished 1948. Jim attended this school.



Tabernacle - Loa, Utah. Where the Websters attended church.
The basement was used for dances and group activities

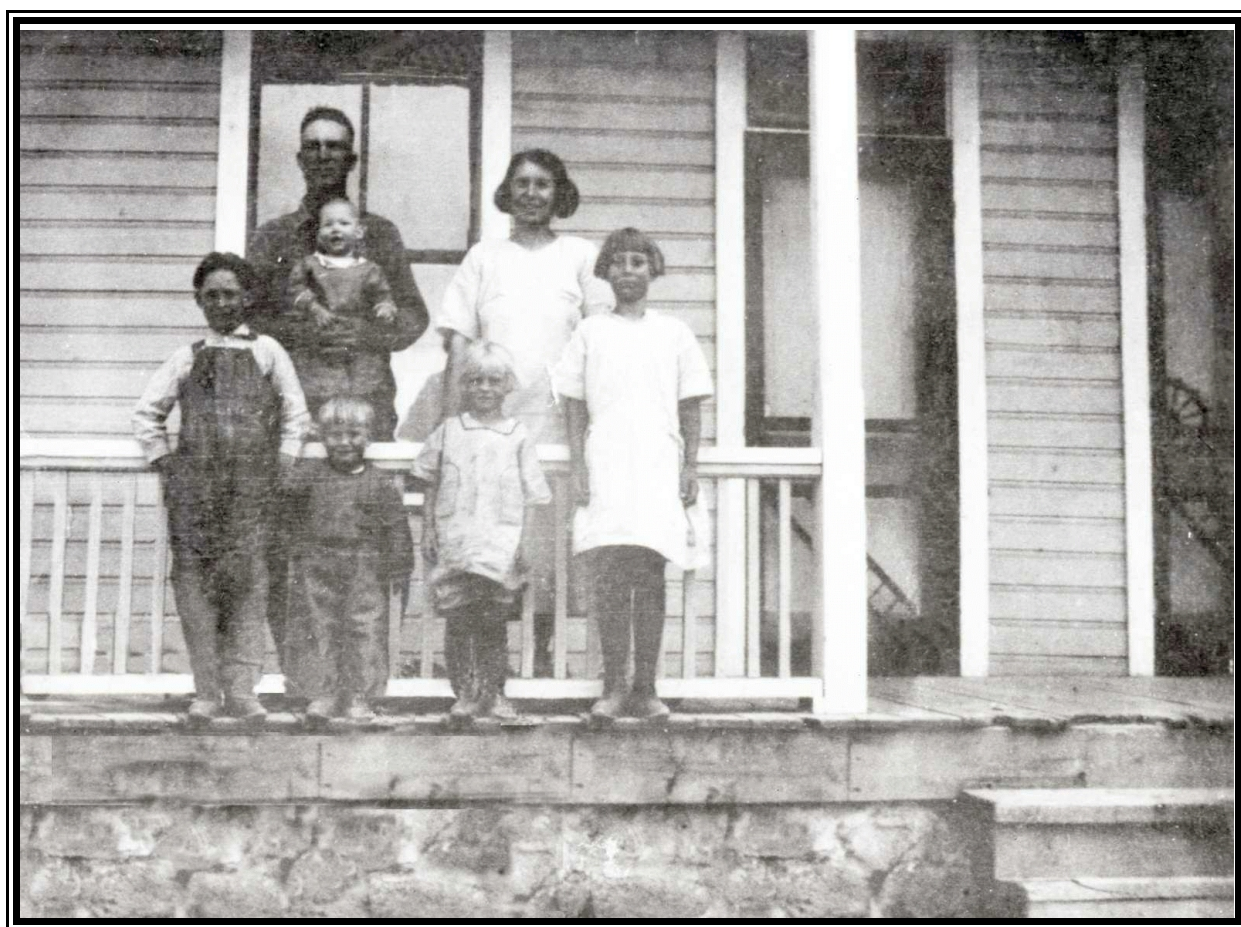


Jim

The picture at the right is a copy of a tintype which has darkened with age. Jim is wearing the watch seen in a picture on a previous page.



Jim



Jim & Mae Webster family on the porch of the South Place in Horse Valley, UT - Spring 1924.

The only known picture of Jim with his family.

back: Jim holding Katie, and Mae; front: Brose, Billy, Elna, & Eula Webster

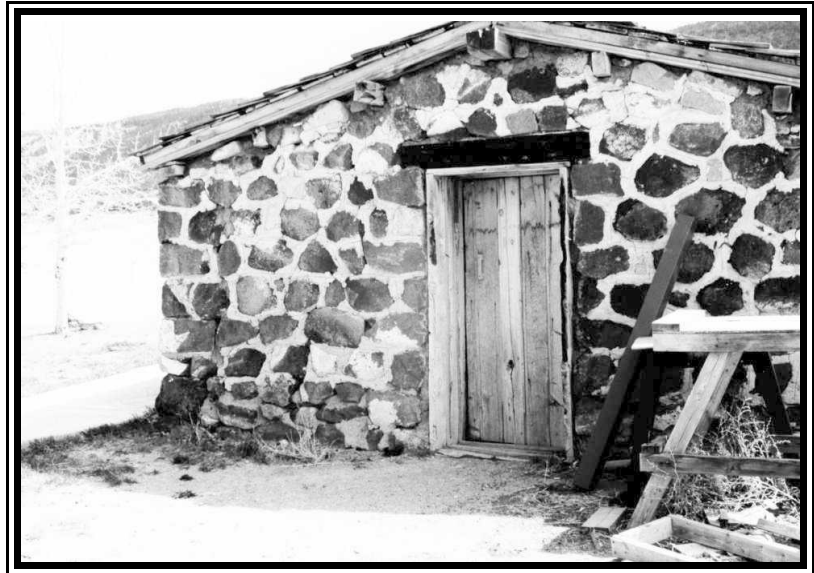
Horse Valley



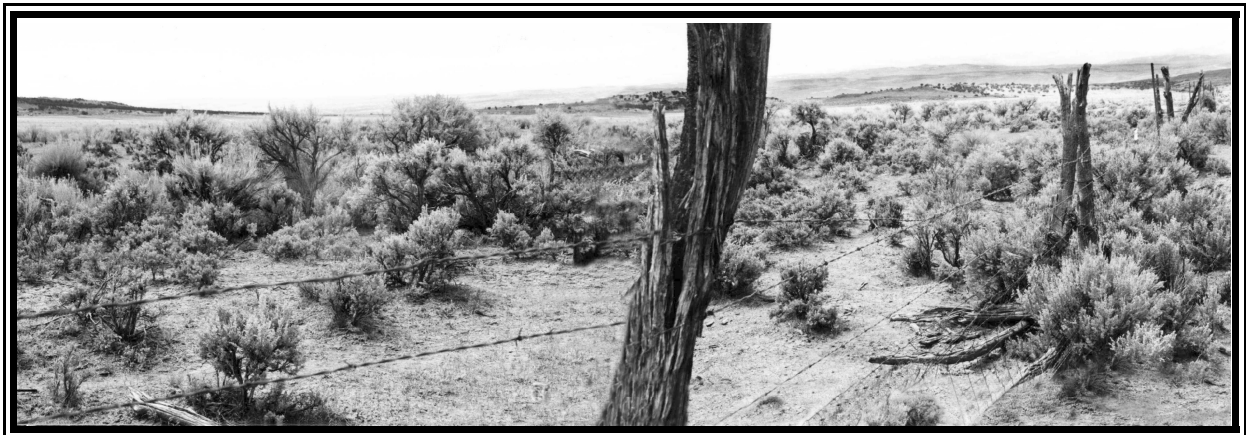
Panorama of Horse Valley looking to the north



Courtesy of Sue C. A. Barnson
Neff's Reservoir. The water runs
into Horse Valley for irrigation.
Also a good fishing spot. July 1982



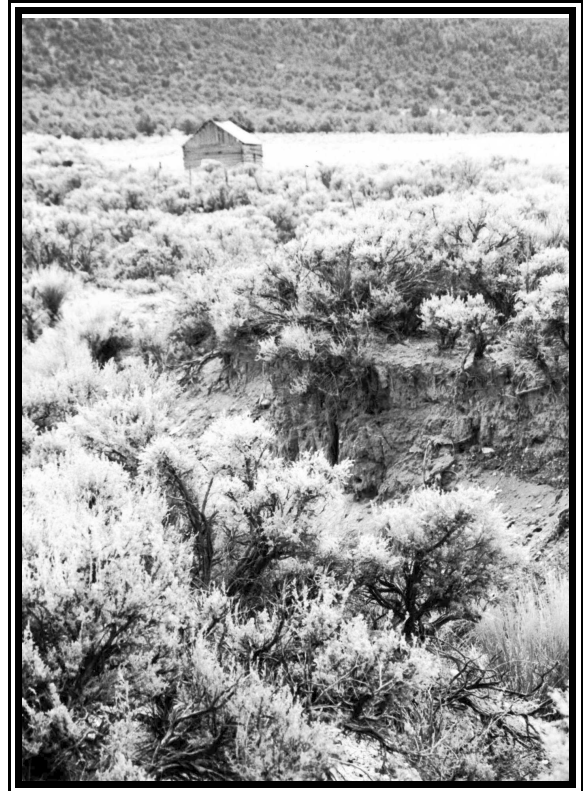
The Rock Cellar near the house on the South Place



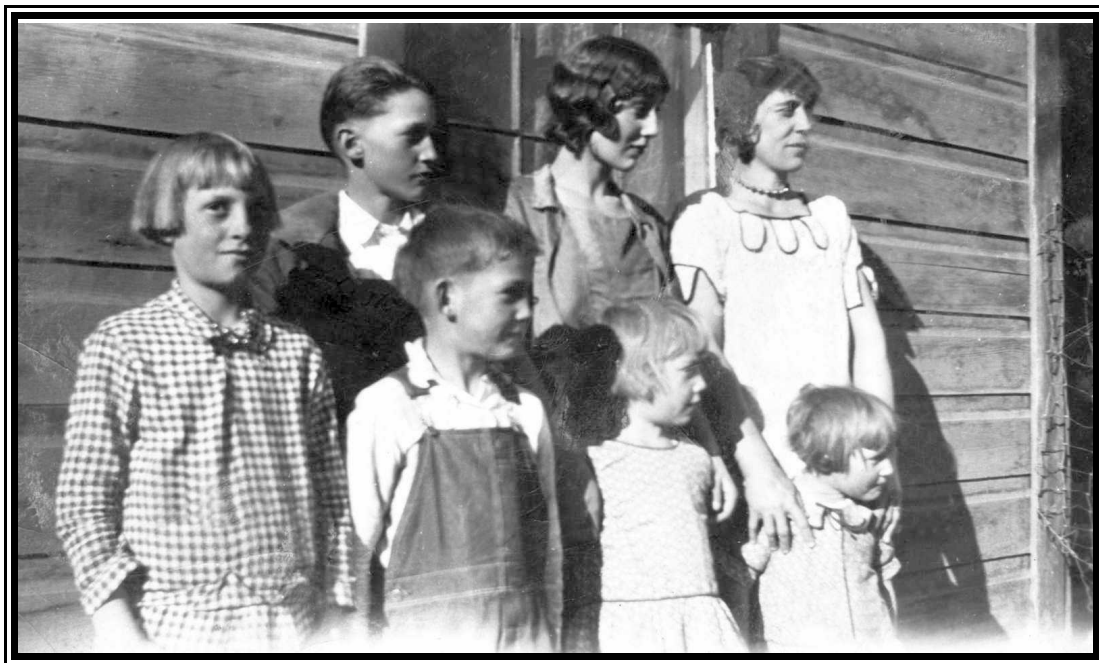
Looking to the West across Horse Valley to the distant mountains 4/30/2000. The fields surround small hills and large boulders. Sage brush pushes in from all sides.



The red sandstone mark on Thousand Lake Mountain. North Place granary still sits on the edge of the field. The only building remaining. 4/30/2000



Granary at North Place. Notice the “wash” (gully) at front of picture. There are several gullies in the area.



Jim's family in front of home Mae bought after Jim died.
back: Brose, Eula, Mae; front: Elna, Billy, Katie, & Fae Webster
Loa, UT, *circa* 1926/27

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HUSBAND <u>James Jennings MUIR</u>					Husband		
Born <u>3 Jun 1894</u> Place <u>Cardirff, Glamorganshire, Wales</u>					Wife		
Chr. _____ Place _____					☐ OPTION 1 — FAMILY FILE Send all names to my family file at the Temple. I will provide proxies for: ☐ Baptism ☐ Endowment ☐ Sealing.		
Marr. <u>10 Jun 1922</u> Place <u>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</u>					Your name _____		
Died <u>2 Apr 1985</u> Place <u>Orem, Utah, Utah</u>					Address _____		
Bur. <u>12 Apr 1985</u> Place <u>Oakland, Alameda, California</u>					☐ OPTION 2 — TEMPLE FILE ☐ OPTION 3 — ANCESTRAL FILE		
HUSBAND'S FATHER <u>Reginald Luckcock MUIR</u> HUSBAND'S MOTHER <u>"Nellie" Jane Ellen Blacket JENNINGS</u>							
HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES _____							
WIFE <u>Alice May WEBSTER</u>					Phone _____ Date prepared _____		
Born <u>19 May 1892</u> Place <u>Loa, Wayne, Utah</u>					Your relationship to the husband and wife on this form _____		
Chr. _____ Place _____					Husband _____ Wife _____		
Died <u>28 Jun 1965</u> Place <u>Oakland, Alameda, California</u>							
Bur. <u>2 Jul 1965</u> Place <u>Evergreen Cemetery, Oakland, Alameda California</u>							
WIFE'S FATHER <u>William Morehouse WEBSTER</u> WIFE'S MOTHER <u>Kjerstie (Katie) Fredrickson</u>							
WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS _____							
LDS ORDINANCE DATA							
					BAPTIZED (Date)	ENDOWED (Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
HUSBAND					7 Mar 1907	16 May 1923	Manti 16 May 1923
WIFE					7 Sep 1902	16 May 1923	SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS
SEX	CHILDREN	WHEN BORN	WHERE BORN		DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE	WHEN DIED	
M F	List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth Given Names SURNAME	DAY MONTH YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY STATE OR COUNTRY	TO WHOM	DAY MONTH YEAR	
1	MUIR				9 Mar 1957		
F	"Gem" Gwendolyn Ellen MUIR	14 Aug 1923	Loa	Wayne Utah	Lemuel Keneikowaioia CUTTER	1 Oct 1932	6 May 1948 BIC
2	MUIR				25 May 1946		
M	"Jim" James Webster MUIR	11 Jan 1925	Loa	Wayne Utah	Beverly Jo SQUIRES	30 Sep 1933	30 May 1946 BIC
3	MUIR				13 Sep 1943		
M	"Bill" William Jennings MUIR	21 Nov 1927	Austin	Lander Nev.		29 Aug 1936	18 Oct 1950 BIC
4	MUIR				6 Jun 1956		
M	"Gene" Eugene Morehouse MUIR	3 Apr 1929	Oakland	Alam. Calif.	Grace Marie KERR	31 Jul 1937	19 Oct 1950 BIC
5					19 Jul 1947	23 Feb 1967	
F	Melba MUIR	29 Dec 1930	Oakland	Alam. Calif.	1) Richard TEGNER (div 1953)	7 Jan 1939	1 Jun 1973 BIC
6							
7							
8							
9							
10							
11							

SOURCES OF INFORMATION Information from Jim and Gem MUIR Jan 13, 1999	OTHER MARRIAGES Melba md. #2 Jack TURRENTINE 25 Nov 1954	NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS
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“The Teacher”
Alice May Webster



In 1979 when Loren, Mabel, Tella and Pearl wrote about their childhood their sister Alice had been dead for nearly fifteen years. Mabel did not want her sister to be forgotten and she wrote, "I thought I would write some about Alice as long as she isn't here to do it herself. She was a lovely sister as well as a wonderful person. I miss her a lot. She only lived about two miles from me."

"Alice May Webster was born May 19, 1892 in a log house on the farm. She was the second child of Katie and William Webster." (1)⁸⁷

Alice enjoyed telling her own story about that log cabin on the farm between Loa and Lyman, Utah. "Although Jim and I were born in the very same house, Jim was born in Piute County and I was born in Wayne County." (3)

Mabel continued with her memories of her sister, "[Alice] walked to school three years from the farm. It was quite a long way to walk especially in the cold snowy weather. There seemed to be more snow then than in later years. She had the older brothers and sister to walk with.

"She always loved school. We all did quite well in school. We would all sit around the table at night and study our lessons. Alice was good in arithmetic and I in spelling. So we helped each one who needed our help. Father was always sitting with us to help what he could. We had a coal oil lamp in the middle of the table and a fire in the fire place. It was so comfortable we hated to leave and go upstairs

when it was bed time as we had no heat up there and it was very cold in the winter. (1)

The long walk from the farm to school ended when the family moved to town. Alice said about that relocation, "When Jim was eleven⁸⁸ we moved to town and lived in the old Guyman place. Father didn't want to move, but Lizzy and Rose talked him into moving because it was mighty cold walking to school in the winter. We moved to the old Potter place across from our new house until it was finished. We would go over in the night and play Hide-and-Go-Seek. (3)

"The new house had two rooms sixteen by sixteen and the kitchen. Because Father believed in doing everything the best he knew how our house was bigger than most pioneer homes. The logs of the house came from the house on the farm since Father had marked the logs to get them in the right order." (3)

Alice said Jim was the one who shared the Big Secret. "Jim was the one that told me who Santa Claus was but, of course, I wasn't to tell anyone. That year Mother told me that Santa couldn't bring much to poor children. I told her I thought Santa ought to bring more to poor kids than to the rich ones." (3)

Alice's family was proud of her for getting more than an eighth grade education. Mabel wrote, "She graduated from the 8th grade and then taught school in Boulder one year. Then they passed a law you had to graduate from high school to be able to teach. So she went to Cedar City and lived with our sister Rose and graduated from high school in three years. She stayed there two years without even coming home. It was quite a long way to come and she had very little money. She borrowed some money for books from Rose. Then paid her back when she taught school." (1)

⁸⁷The number in parenthesis is the Source number.

⁸⁸ Alice was nine.

Mabel recorded her memories of her sister because she did not want her to be forgotten, but Alice had put pen to paper to leave her own early record. While Alice was attending school in Cedar City one of her writing assignments for an English class was an autobiography. This is what she wrote about herself.

"When a child I lived on a farm with my parents and brothers and sisters. My mother was my father's second wife, and was step-mother to five children. I am her second child and oldest daughter. Mother was not strong, her health being broken when she was a girl. She having a great deal more work to do than she could manage, and not feeling well, never left the house except when she had to go to church to get her babies blessed, or when she went to grandma's. Thus I had been in town a very few times before I started to school, and I had no playmates except my own brothers and sisters. But I was free to gather wild flowers, to chase butterflies and June bugs through the pastures, and hunt bird's nests.

When I was about five years old I spent the summer with my grandma. She was Swedish and I couldn't understand her so I would have to just guess at what she told me, sometimes doing just the opposite from what she wanted me to do. She, being very high tempered, would get rather out of sorts and get after me and although I could not understand a word I felt it all very keenly. There was one word which I soon learned, a word that meant to hurry.⁸⁹ One day after I had been there a short time grandma wanted a small stone, and trying to talk English so I could understand her, she told me to get her a small stana. I said, "What?" until she began to get angry, then thinking that perhaps I understood I went looking along the ground for a stain. There were small rocks all around me, but I told her I couldn't find any. She called me something which I could not understand, but which caused me to go and sit in a corner and

wish I were home, while grandma went and got her small stana.

After I had stayed at grandma's a while and could understand her better we got along very well, until one day while combing my hair with the fine comb I decided that the teeth were too sharp so I cut the points off with the scissors. This was soon discovered and grandma asked me what I done it for. I was afraid to tell her so I said "I didn't do it." She knew that I done it and coaxed me to tell that I did and said she wouldn't be angry if I'd tell her what I did it for. Then I felt sorry and wished that I had told her, and I know that she knew I done it because she and I were alone; but after saying that I didn't do it I wouldn't say that I did.

When I went home my brothers and sisters were going to school, and I teased and teased to go with them but I wasn't old enough. The next year I started and I shall never forget how delighted I was when I started off for school the first time, with my big brothers and sisters. I loved my teacher and thought she was almost an angel, and until I was in the fourth grade I thought my teachers were almost supernatural beings. I could hardly believe it when I heard about my teacher being out to parties and balls and having a beau, like other girls.

I loved most of my teachers and never had any serious trouble with any of them, for this reason I was always called one of the teacher's pets. The teacher I had in the fifth grade was very pious, but also very high tempered. In church he was one man, in school he was another. We often wondered how so good a man could talk so mean to the Lord's children. My teacher in the seventh grade was very strict overbearing and sarcastic; he was continually throwing daggers at the students and they all hit the mark with a might force. Most of the students were frightened of him; one crowd of boys he sarcastically called "the brilliant six". I considered myself rather fortunate, until one day he gave me a compliment (?). This was one day when my chum and I had planned a little stroll after school. Before I could go I had

⁸⁹ "Fkynda" is the Swedish for hurry. HC

to commit to memory a portion of the "Deserted Village.". My chum was waiting for me so I studied it just until I thought I could stumble through it some way, anyway, to get through it and go. I finally said all but the last line. This line I shall never forget. I said, "The hollow headed bittern guards its nest."

"Well," said he, sarcastically, "I wonder if everything is hollow headed because you are."

I should have said, "The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest." Yet he smiled and let me go. And I didn't take him too seriously.

In the eighth grade I had what I call a very incompetent teacher, although he was a state graduate. There happened to be a small eighth grade that year, and they all dropped out one by one until I was the only one left. I didn't like him, but I stayed with it, although he sometimes acted as if he didn't like to bother with so small a class. In the spring he gave me an examination on the work I had been over and I passed it with an average of ninety-four percent.

During the following summer I talked of going to Provo to the B.Y.U.⁹⁰ I planned and planned, but all my plans fell through as I was the oldest girl at home by now, I was mother's "stand by" as she always called me. So all I could do was to stay home and take the eighth grade over.

We were all delighted with our teacher and thought he was almost perfect. He was the most enthusiastic and pleasant teacher I ever had; he seemed to be one with us socially as well as educationally. We girls could see only one fault in him and that was his being married. This was the happiest time of my life as I had just started to going to dances, parties and other entertainment and having been in the eighth grade the year before I took delight in displaying my knowledge, and showing the other "kids" how to work problems in arithmetic.

At the close of school we all passed the State examination. The teachers gave us an

elaborate banquet and asked our parents. I being the class president, gave a speech at the graduating exercises.

Mr. Lamb, our teacher, encouraged me to go to Summer School; he was going to teach at Loa again the next winter and he told me that he would see that [I] got a school to teach, if I'd go to Summer school. So I decided to go. Mother was opposed to my going, but finally gave her consent. I borrowed seventy five dollars from one of my brothers, and prepared to go. When the time for departure came it was harder to leave home than I thought it would be. I had the sore throat when I started, but no one knew it but me. It got worse and worse and by the time I got to [the] railroad station I could hardly speak above a whisper, but still I wouldn't give up."

A trip to Salt Lake and extra school was an important event for Alice and her friends. One of the girls who made that journey also wrote about it in her later life. Belle Duncan who later married William G. Taylor recorded, "I graduated from school in 1909 and then attended summer school in Salt Lake City to become a teacher. The requirements in 1909 to become a teacher was ten weeks of summer school studying Arithmetic, English, Physicology [sic] and beginners training. Professor Driggs and Miss Babcock, were my teachers.

In order to get to Salt Lake City, it was necessary to travel over the mountain for sixty miles to Salina, Utah to catch the train. Our mode of transportation in those days were horse and buggy and team of horses and buckboards. My cousin Lettie Morrell, and our friends Alice Webster and Francis Grundy all accompanied me and we were able to catch a ride with a couple of gentlemen that were hauling freight to the train. Well inasmuch, as it is a long and tedious [sic] ride in a wagon for 60 miles, the gentlemen were in the first wagon blazing the trail and we four girls were in the second wagon

⁹⁰ Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah

and all of a sudden we made a sharp turn and the wagon turned over – scattering eggs all over the area. We were all so frightened – however, the horses were rearing and bucking and they broke loose and started to run away, we all jumped up to make sure that we were not hurt and started to gather up the things that were not broke. Mr. Ellett⁹¹ and Mr. Webster caught the horses and we were soon on our way again. To this day whenever I see my friends we have a good old chuckle over this incident. “ (5)

Belle says her friends were accompanying her, but she was really going along with Alice’s father and uncle who were freighting things over the mountain. Alice continues the story, “When we reached Salt Lake we stayed at a friend's place. (I had forgotten to mention before that two friends of mine were going with me and we were going to room together.) The lady at this place said that I had symptoms of typhoid fever, this made me very homesick. She gave me some medicine which seemed to have magic effect for my throat was very much better the next morning, and the next morning after that I went up to the University and registered.

While there at school I found that Mr. Lamb did not intend to keep the promise he made me; I found him to be false and insincere. This made me lose faith in humanity; as I had thought him to be almost perfect, this was a very disagreeable shock to me.

According to the State laws there was no chance for me to teach. How I was going to pay the money back I did not know. I grew discouraged and homesick, but stayed with school until it was out. Shortly after I reached home I began clerking in a store, this I liked very much.

Later in October Mr. Haws one of the trustees from Boulder came to Loa in search of a school teacher, one of the trustees of Loa

recommended me. Mr. Lamb happened to be there and offered to go with Mr. Haws to see me. I told Mr. Haws that I was not a regular teacher, but that if we could make satisfactory agreements I would go. Mr. Lamb promised to get me a permit to teach, but I had no faith in his promises, and was not deceived this time. However, we made arrangements and I was to be in Boulder within a certain time. After a most terrible shaking up I reached my destination. The name of the place is very suggestive and appropriate.

In my school I had twenty students, fifteen boys and five girls, some of the boys were grown, large strapping cowboys, older than I. (I was only sixteen.) This was [a] wonderful experience, especially for one so young, yet I got along very nicely, and the large boys caused me the least trouble. I liked teaching better than anything I had ever done, except going to school.

I wanted to go [to] high school, but didn't have money enough to go on. To my delight my sister at Cedar City wrote to me and told me that I could come and stay with her and work for my board and she would lend me money to go to school on. My parents were not very enthusiastic about it, and in fact tried to discourage me not because they were not interested in my welfare, but because they thought that I would be just as well off with out an education; then mother hated to have me leave her again. This I also felt very keenly, I also felt sad to think of leaving my dear father and to be gone so long, but still I couldn't be contented, without putting forth effort to get an education.

I reached Cedar City about November 1st 1910. I took mostly first year, but I didn't want to be called a "freshy" so I registered as a special. Not wanting the students to know that I knew nothing about the school I would never ask them about anything, but learned everything by keeping eyes and ears open. When I came I knew nobody and nobody knew me, but most of

⁹¹ William’s sister, Mary Turner, married John James Ellett.

the students seemed very sociable, and I fell in love with my school work thus I had so much to think about I didn't have time to get homesick.

My first year I thought would be my only year at the Branch Normal School, but after having one year I was determined to go another year thinking again it would be my last year. I took mostly third and fourth year subjects and registered as a third year. These two years I worked for my board and all my expenses during these two years at school amounted to only one hundred dollars.

As the end of the second year began to draw nigh I began to entertain the fond hopes of attending the Normal another year.

I spent a delightful summer at home. My brother said he would see me through school, thus I feel grateful to him for his kindness, but intend to pay for my own schooling in the near future. I am making a stagger toward graduation with the 1913 class." (4)

The teacher's comment on Alice's paper was "Very Good." Alice saved this paper and carried it from place to place throughout her life. It is now a precious possession for her children.

Although Alice was sorely missed while she pursued an education she was aware that her parents wanted her and her siblings to have more than they did. Alice heard her father tell about his journey to Rabbit Valley where she was born and she wrote, "There were three families that came to this Valley (Wayne County), Ben Turner⁹², Polk Sampson, and Father with one team between them. They arrived in the night, and the next morning when Father got up he felt like turning around and going back. He didn't have a team to do this because of the dire circumstance he and his

⁹² Her father, William Moorhouse Webster was adopted by the Turner family. Ben was one of his brothers and Polk Sampson was married to one of his sister.

parents lived in, and he gave them all the money he earned.

"This may have been one of the reasons Father wanted to give all of us a good start in life. To do this he would give us a calf on our twelfth birthday. When Rose was twelve she said she would wait and get her cow when she was married. She married Jim Barry and got her cow, but Father died before the rest of us girls were married and the older ones wouldn't give us a cow! (3)

Alice's "staggering" and struggling toward graduation were successful. She completed her college requirements and graduated. Alice then taught school for several years. Mabel wrote about those years, "Her first year of teaching was in Lyman. She borrowed \$50 from Amasa Blackburn and bought a one horse buggy and drove back and forth. She left the horse at Uncle Ben Turner's while she was in school and he fed it for her. She then taught in Loa, Nephi, Brigham City, Garfield, Duchesne and other places. She signed up for Red Cross Nursing in World War I but the war was over before she was called in." (1)

Alice's story is continued by her son.

"Alice was born and raised in Loa, Wayne County, Utah. She was born on May 19, 1892, to parents William Morehouse Webster and Kjeste (Katie) Fredrickson Webster. Alice was their second child and their oldest girl. She had an older brother, Jim, and her younger sisters and brother were Mabel, Tella, Loren, and Pearl. In addition Alice had five older half brothers and sisters, Sadie, Fred, Lizzie, Dan, and Rose. Her father's first wife had died, and her father married Katie, who was a Swedish immigrant and was living in the area with her mother and sisters.

Alice talked of when she was very young, of staying with her Swedish grandmother, (who spoke little or no English), and of the difficult times she had in understanding what her

grandmother wanted her to do. Her grandmother taught her several Swedish songs which Alice taught to her own children. The words I still remember as "hada sit, hada sit, hada sit in greta, ya ya ha, ya ya ha,,----- that is all I can remember.

Alice was given much responsibility in helping with the younger children in the family. Her mother relied on her for many chores and for supervision of the younger ones. Alice was referred to by her mother as her "stand by".

Alice did not speak favorably of the Loa climate. She said that winter seemed to be six or seven months long, with two to three weeks of spring, three months of summer, and maybe three weeks of fall. She said that they should have given the land back to the Indians.

She had to go away from home to obtain her high school and normal school education. By completing normal school, one would qualify to teach school. She missed her family while being away from home, but she was very strongly motivated to be a teacher. Alice taught in several Utah towns. She was teaching in Duchesne when she met Jim Muir in 1919. He had just been discharged from the U.S. Army after World War I, and was visiting with his mother and his sister and her husband who lived in Duchesne. Jim Muir went to work on a cattle ranch in Wyoming, and they corresponded for over a year. Alice was teaching in Salt Lake City when Jim came to Salt Lake City. They were married in Salt Lake City on June 10, 1922.

That winter Alice's mother was quite ill so Alice and Jim went to Loa to be near her mother. Her mother died on March 23, 1923.(2)

Alice's two brothers are Jim and Loren. Jim was married to Mae. Mae and Loren add some information about this time in Alice's life. Mae wrote, "...after the funeral Alice and Jim Muir and Loren wanted to come back and run the farm, so we decided to go up to Horse Valley and run the north part.(7) Loren said,

"Alice was up here [Salt Lake City] when Mother died. Her and Jim had got married. Jim was working here. When Mother died and we took her home, they come home with me. Jim Muir come down to Loa and got a job from Jim, my brother, to work up to Horse Valley. He worked up to Horse Valley and Alice lived down in the home with me. We lived together that summer and Jim Muir worked up there with Jim and Mae. Then he got a job at the Loa Co-op and worked there a few years. Then they moved to Nevada and then to California."(8)

Alice's brother was Jim, her husband was Jim and her son was named Jim. Her son Jim continues his account of her life.

"Alice and Jim stayed on in Loa for over two years. During this time they were sealed in the Manti Temple on May 11, 1923. Gwendolyn Ellen was born on Aug. 14, 1923, and James Webster was born on Jan. 11, 1925. While living in Loa, Jim was able to obtain a job with the US Forest Service, and so they moved to Nevada, living in Potts, for a short time, then moving to Reese River which was a Forest Service station. The closest neighbor was about a mile away, and the next neighbor was about five miles away, a very isolated and desolate area. Austin was the closest town and was probably forty miles away on a gravel road. Most travel was by horse. There were few cars seen. While living here their third child, William Jennings, was born on Nov 21, 1927. Alice had moved into Austin with her two kids during the last two weeks of her pregnancy to be close to the doctor, and immediately after the birth the family resumed their Reese River residence. There were few visitors. The house had no indoor plumbing, with a hand-pumped well about fifteen feet from the house. The well would sometimes freeze in the winter and at other times of the year would lose its prime and so one could not draw water. Of course we had an out-door toilet (an out-house).

When Alice was pregnant in 1928, it was decided that she and the kids would travel to

Oakland, California, and stay with her sister Tella for the birth of her fourth child and also get away from the cold, cruel winter of Nevada. In January of 1929 Alice, Gwen (Gem) five and half years old, Jr. (Jim) four years old, and Bill fourteen months old, boarded a train in Austin, Nev. and travelled to Oakland, Calif. Jim, her husband, was staying in Reese River, doing his forestry work, and the family would be re-joining him after the worst of the winter was over. Less than a month later, who should appear in Oakland, but Alice's husband Jim. He was lonely for his family, and he had gotten into a argument with his supervisor at work so he quit his job and took the train to Oakland. He walked into the house surprising everyone. The entire family stayed with Tella and her family, (which included Tella, Floyd her husband and their two children, Coy and Bill, who were both in elementary school). Also Pearl, the youngest Webster sister, and her husband Rex were staying there. A total of eleven people were staying in this three bedroom house for several months. On April 3, 1929, Eugene Morehouse was born. He was their fourth child.

The second day after he arrived, Jim found a job. Soon after Gene was born, the family soon moved into a rental. The family moved three or four times in the next three years, all in rentals. The economic times were not good, as the great depression was taking place. After about two years in California, Jim lost his first job when there was a merger of two companies; he lacked seniority to be retained. Jim turned to selling life insurance. He was having only mediocre success, and the income was not steady. He would sometimes supplement his income by doing manual labor jobs, but the family never was hungry. During this time their fifth and final child, Melba was born on Dec. 29, 1931.

During this time, of moving about once a year for about three or four years, Jim got a steady job, working nights for Safeway Stores in their produce warehouse. Each of the homes

we lived in were in the east Oakland neighborhood, all within three miles of one another. In the summer of 1933 our family purchased a home on 73rd Avenue. This was the first home they owned. The home was a two bedroom home with a single car garage, not a very big home, but there was a detached building in the back of the house that had been built as a mother-in-law unit. This unit had three rooms so the three boys used one of the rooms for their bedroom. The rooms were finished except there was no plumbing or electric wiring. The other two rooms were used by the family for storage. Alice was a collector and seldom threw any thing away. She would say that one never knew when one might need that item. We lived in this house for the next seven and a half years. My dad was still working nights at the produce warehouse.

Alice took a strong interest in each of her children's activities especially encouraging to them to be good students. It was shortly after we moved into the house at 73rd Avenue that Mom got the family active in church. She started by taking us to Primary which was held on Saturday mornings. My dad had picked up the smoking habit when they lived in Nevada where there was no church to attend. Dad still attended church with us, even though it was about four years before he would be able to give up smoking. Mom was the leader in getting the family active in church. She held many callings in the church. She was a very conscientious person, very dependable. Whatever she said she would do, one could depend upon her to do it. She was a little reserved and on the shy side, especially with strangers. One of the positions that she held in the church was jr. sunday school teacher. The superintendent of the sunday school repeatedly referred to her as the most outstanding teacher in the sunday school. She was a counselor in the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association for a year or so. This was not one of her favorite callings. She was Relief Society president twice, each time for several years.

She was also in a Stake Relief Society Presidency. Some of her other callings will be discussed later.

The family lived on the 73rd Avenue home for the next seven or eight years. Then the family traded homes with Tella Evans, Alice's younger sister. This occurred in the spring of 1941. The Muir's two bedroom home was traded for Tella's three bedroom home on 106th Avenue. This trade was made because all of Tella's family were gone, and there was only Maxine Morrell, her niece, living with her. They did not need a three bedroom home, so Tella traded down to the Muir's two bedroom home. This house on 106th Avenue was Alice and Jim's family home for the next 17 years. This was the final home where the entire family was together. The family enjoyed this home. Its setting was on a rolling hill with an open field behind the property which extended for over a mile. Many memories were associated with living in this house, most of which were quite pleasant. The State of California needed the property for a freeway which would run through the hills of Oakland (Hwy 580). Alice and Jim moved to Hayward - a move of about seven miles south. This home was Alice's final home.

Alice encouraged her children to do well in school, and all were good students. This encouragement toward school excellence was undoubtedly related to Alice being a school teacher herself. Gwen, the oldest, graduated from the University of California with a Bachelor of Science in Nursing and went on to obtain her public health certificate in nursing. Jim graduated from the Univ. of Calif. where he played football for three years. While in high school Jim was student body president as well as doing very well in sports. Bill, her second son, died from polio during his first year in high school. He was sick only three days before he died. This was a real shock and tragedy to Alice as well as to the rest of the family. The day after the funeral the youngest son, Gene, came down with a high temperature and was

taken to the isolation ward at the hospital. The doctors said that there was a 99% chance that Gene had polio. Five days later Gene's temperature was normal, and he was sent home. The fact that Gene was OK really lifted Alice's spirits, being thankful that she did not lose two sons to polio. Bill, the son who died, was the most outstanding athlete of the family, was an excellent student, and was president of his class at the time of his death. Gene graduated from college at UC Santa Barbara, was the student president of his high school, and did well in sports in high school and college. Melba the youngest child was a good student, but she got married while she was still in high school.⁹³

During the time her children were growing up, Alice encouraged each of them to make their own decisions and use their own judgment. She had great confidence in her kids to do the right thing and expected them to do well. She once said that she raised us to do what is right and not what is wrong. She had much patience with her children as well as with her husband. Her husband was a good man, had many outstanding qualities, but Alice had to put up with his occasional quirks of being the "big-shot", the know-it-all, and of being over-bearing. Alice would handle these situations or demonstrations with dignity, replying with a remark such as "Oh it is?" or "Is that so". In her husband's autobiography, written by him while in his seventies, he writes the following: "As a single young man I left Utah to work on a ranch in Wyoming. While there I picked up a few bad habits of smoking, gambling, and using bad language, and it continued while I was in the Army. But after meeting Alice Webster, I decided that I had better stop. With her help I cleaned up my act so I could be worthy to take her to the temple."

Alice was very health conscious, passing on to the family all she could learn about health and nutrition. Even back in the 1930's only one

⁹³ Mabel added a sad footnote when she wrote about Alice. The year after Alice's death "her youngest daughter Melba died of leukemia leaving four children." (1)

hundred percent whole wheat bread was kept in the house. She would save and use the water in which vegetables were cooked so as to be sure all the vitamins were utilized. Vegetables and some fruits were washed but never peeled in order to save all the food value. In her clothes selection Alice did not go with the fashion trends but maintained a modest, simple standard of dress. She was always neat and clean in her grooming. She was a collector - clothes, printed articles of interest in magazines and newspapers, etc., were not thrown away. The house had some storage boxes in several of the rooms. There was no room for the car in the garage as it was too full of boxes of saved items. She had a difficult time throwing anything away which might have a possible future use. One would say she kept the house very clean but cluttered. As a person Alice would be described as being rather easy going. She did not generally move quickly, but she tended to be very deliberate in her actions. Alice would never raise her voice and was very even tempered. She was a strong willed person. She would definitely show her indignation and disapproval if something was unfair or morally wrong. Alice was a very caring and loving person. She was very loyal, supportive, and true to her family, friends, and to the church. Her strongest interests were the welfare of her children and husband, having her children obtain a good education, and having a testimony of the church. The church was always important in Alice's life, and this church association that Alice's children received a had strong influence in their lives. Both Gwen and Gene served full time missions for the church, and Jim, her son, was bishop on two different occasions." (2)

In looking back at her Mother's life, Alice's daughter wrote: "My Mother ... was one of the greatest persons I have ever known. One of my favorite sayings is that wisdom is the beneficent application of knowledge. This, in my opinion, is an apt description of my Mom.

She was kind, fair, and understanding. She said her mother taught her and her brothers and sisters to think of the other person and never hurt anyone. She tried very hard not to hurt anyone's feelings or offend in anyway. Mother in turn tried to instill this in her own children. At times individuals would try to take advantage of her, but if they did it to any extent, she would very graciously put them in their place. A certain look from her was all that was necessary. Mother was not one to ring her own bell, but she would speak up when she thought it was indicated.

She tried to ingrain in her children the qualities of honesty, truthfulness, and industriousness, and when we strayed, she dealt with us in a firm and loving manner. We had guide lines and rules by which to live, but as she said, there may be times when a rule should be adjusted or waived. She used her organizational skills to plan a "block" system of household chores. We would be responsible for a "block" for one week and then we would rotate to the next "block" of chores. We did not complain or bicker, as we knew this division of labors was very fair.

When we were children we spent many evenings listening to stories she told of her childhood, and of some of the interesting experiences she had as a school teacher; we loved to listen to her stories. She had a great sense of humor.

She was frugal. She taught me to sew on the sewing machine when I was eight years of age. I learned to make aprons out of the backs of men's shirts and to patch jeans. We continued to sew and recycle material; we made clothes for the girls from adult clothes. At one time we made a lovely coat for my younger sister by using the wrong side of an adult coat. She wore the coat for several years. In going through things after Mom died, I found an article of clothing on which she had patched a patch. Things were sometimes tight, particularly after my father lost his job when two companies merged and he was let go

because he did not have seniority. Mother, however, was able to manage. She never lost sight of the goal she had set for her children, namely to be strong in the Church, and to obtain an adequate education that would enable them to care for themselves and their families.

Mother took the opportunity to further her own education; when she taught school she attended the University of Utah in the summer time. When she married she was short one semester from finishing. Although she never finished, she continued to take different classes in child development, psychology, and other fields of interest in intervals throughout her life. She enjoyed attending several summer seminars at BYU, Provo. I was with her when she first received information that the Normal School had been made the southern campus of Utah State, Cedar City, and she was listed as an alumnus. I was very impressed that the college officials had gone back into the records and acknowledged a student who was in her late sixties.

Mom was able to care for and rear us five children with very little outside help. There were just over seven years between the oldest and the youngest child. This was not easy task for a woman who was thirty one years of age when her first child was born. After the children were finished with school, the financial picture improved and the folks were able to enjoy their lovely comfortable home in Hayward, take trips and continue to do church work.” (6)

Alice’s son, Jim wrote about those last, full years, “Jim retired at age sixty-five in 1959. At this time the church called them on a two year mission to England. They served for over two and a half years. They were in the Birmingham and Bristol districts. Alice was the district Relief Society President. At the end of their mission they visited Scotland, Denmark, and Sweden. Alice spent a week or so in Sweden searching for genealogical records of her mother's family, but was not very successful.

They returned to the USA by ship on the oceanliner the Queen Elizabeth.

After their mission they returned to their Hayward home. Gwen, their oldest daughter, and her family had been staying in their home while they had been on their mission. Within a week after returning home they were called to work in the Los Angeles Temple. This calling was to prepare them to help in the opening of the Oakland Temple. They worked in the Los Angeles Temple until June of 1964, almost two years. They came back to Hayward, and that fall they helped in the opening of the Oakland Temple. Alice and Jim were both supervisors at the temple and helped train the temple workers.

Alice had not been feeling well for some time but kept working at the temple as long as she could. Finally she had to go to the hospital for an operation. Alice had cancer. In June 1965 Jim, her husband, phoned their oldest son, also Jim, who lived in Scotts Valley (which is about an hour and a half drive away) and told him that his mother was quite ill. He told his son that he should come up to see his mother. The next day Jim spent the day at his parents' home visiting his mother. Jim, the father, was at the temple that morning and early afternoon. Alice was up much of the day during her sons visit, taking a short rest in the late morning and in the mid afternoon. She appeared quite normal in her appearance and actions. The father told his son "You can't imagine the change in her. She has just braced herself for your visit." Within a week of her sons visit, Alice died on June 28th 1965. The funeral was held in the Hayward Chapel. She was buried next to her son, Bill, in the Evergreen Cemetery in Oakland. Alice Webster Muir's strong but gentle influence has been greatly missed by her family and many friends.” (2)

Time Line for Alice Webster Muir

1892	Birth on farm between Loa and Lyman, Utah	1941	Move to 106th Avenue, Oakland, Calif. United States enter World War II
1907	Graduate from Eighth Grade, age 15 Teach school in Boulder, Utah	1942	Age 50
1910	First year as student at Branch Normal School, Cedar City, Utah	1943	Death of son, Gene
1913	Graduate from Branch Normal School	1958	Move to Hayward, Calif.
1913	Teach school in Lyman, Utah, age 21	1959	Mission to England, age 67
1914	Father's death - February 18	1962	Return from England, begin working at Los Angeles Temple
1917	Volunteer for nursing, World War I	1964	Work with initial group to open Oakland Temple
1922, June 10	Marriage to James Muir, age 30 Move to Loa, Utah	1965	Death - June 28 - age 73
1923, March 9	Mother's death		
	May 11, Sealed to husband in Manti Temple		
	Aug. 14, Birth of first child, Gwendolyn		
1925, Jan. 11	Birth of second child, James (Jim) Move to Nevada		
1927, Nov. 21	Birth of third child, William (Bill)		
1929	Move to Oakland, Calif. April 3, Birth of fourth child, Eugene-Gene		
1931, Dec. 29	Birth of fifth child, Melba Great Depression		
1932	Age 40		
1933	Purchase house on 73rd Avenue, Oakland, Calif.		

Sources

1. --Morrell, Mabel Webster; "Alice Webster Muir" 4 page holography enclose with letter dated October 3, 1981
2. --Muir, James Webster; "Biography of My Mother, Alice May Webster Muir" written about 1993, 5 page typescript
3. -- Muir, Alice Webster; "My Brother, James Edwin Webster" as told to Hildred Chappell 2 page typescript, 1959
4. --Webster, Alice; "Autobiography" College English Theme 13, written about 1912, 11 page holograph in possession of James Muir
5. --Autobiography of Belle Taylor, Fremont Utah, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Wayne County, Collection of Autobiographies, copied from the files of Pearl and Alvin Taylor; Fremont, Utah
6. --Cutter, "Gem" Gwendolyn Ellen Muir; "Memories of Mother" December 1998, 1 page typescript
7. --May Potter Taylor, holograph; p.12 -13, original spelling corrected, written between 10 Nov.1977 and 27 Dec. 1977, copy in possession of Hildred C. Cobia
8. --Loren B. Webster Transcript #3, Interviewed by Hildred C. Cobia, 9 Nov 1988, p.3-4



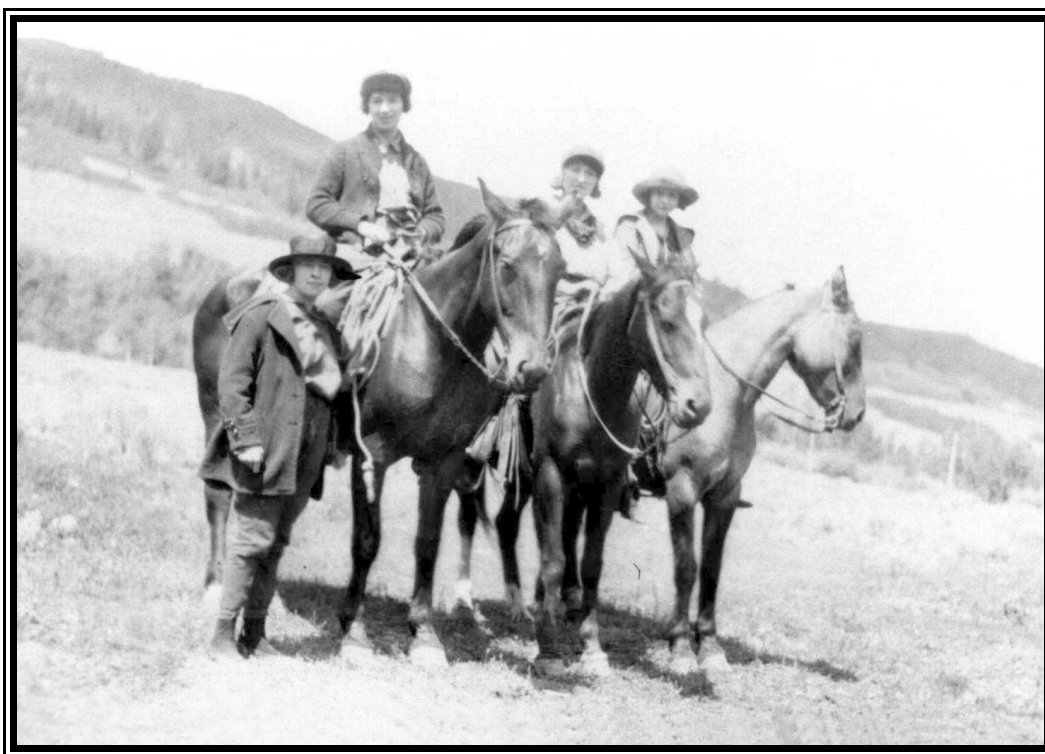
Alice Webster



Alice and James Muir, *circa* 1959



Back: Melba, Gene, Bill & Jim Jr. Front: Gwen, James & Alice W. Muir, *circa* 1947



"I spent a delightful summer at home." Alice Webster 1st horse on the left, *circa* 1912



Alice Webster far left, back, *circa* 1909



Alice Webster, fourth from left. She taught in several Utah towns, including Boulder, Lyman, Loa, Nephi, Brigham City, and Vernal Utah.
circa 1914



The Teachers - Alice Webster back row 2nd from left

“I liked teaching better than anything I had ever done, except going to school.”



School Alice Webster is in back row, 3rd woman from left



District Relief Society in England - Alice W. Muir was President. She is in front row far left, *circa* 1961

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SOURCES OF INFORMATION Research by Elna Webster Denny, source Mabel Morrell Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Loa Ward Form microfilm #0026114 for Les & Mabel's marriage, Emma Lou's birth & baptism, Maxine & Harold's baptism. Les' endow. IGI, Mabel endow. from Deanna C. Maxfield who was the proxy.					OTHER MARRIAGES Emma Lou md. #2 Donald MASON (div) #3 Harley SMALL																																																																																																																															
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“The Gardener”
Frances Mabel Webster



The lawn swing moves gently, nudged by the foot of a tall, slender, grey-haired woman. She sits cradling a book with large-print on the pages. The long-fingered, wrinkled hand rests a long time before moving slowly to lift the corner of a page of the book on her lap. She is not a slow reader, although she savors the words. She breaks frequently from her reading, glancing up to look and relish her surroundings, her own back yard. She smells the freshly cut grass, gazes at graceful shrubs and trees and pauses with lingering looks on the splashes of color made by flowers scattered around the yard. She was encircled by a variety of blooms, bright fuchsias, proud hibiscus, impatiens tucked in shady corners, white and yellow daisies nodding to a stately rose bush.

Mabel Morrell was glad to be home after spending a few days with her daughter, Emma, even though she “lives in luxury.” She wrote to a niece, “I am glad to get back to my own little home. I have it very comfortable. A man in the neighborhood cuts the lawn for me. I have quite a large front lawn and extra big lawn in [the] back yard. He does it very reasonable. He only charges \$7.00 for it. Maxine pays three times that much. We have been having such nice weather. It’s around about 75 to 80 every [day]. I enjoy the warm weather. I think anyone who has arthritis feels better when it is warm. I have a nice lawn swing out in [the] back yard. I go out there and read and enjoy my flowers and shrubs.”(11)⁹⁴

The tapestry of Mabel’s life was family, work, sewing and reading and she wove into the background and filled corners and empty spaces with flowers. She outlined borders and edges

with flowering shrubs and trees. She delighted in growing flowers. The background design of her life was a garden.

As Mabel swung and read and looked at her beautiful yard her thoughts may have brought back memories of the first flowers she saw. A small patch of Sweet Williams growing between the doorsteps of a two-story log cabin. The dirt had been turned and prepared and sewn with seeds by her sister Alice. The first flowers to bloom in that yard in a little town located in a high, 7,500 foot, mountain valley. The Sweet Williams planted by an older sister only bloomed one short season, but the inspiration of that beauty went with Mabel throughout her long life.

Mabel always called her birth place, Loa, Utah, home, but she never missed the weather. She once wrote, “I think Loa would be a nice place to live if it wasn’t so cold. [They] have such long cold springs.”(3) When she told about the house she and her husband, Les, bought in Loa she said, “We bought the Wilford Pace Place that had been built many years. It is still standing there. We used to have beautiful flowers, as much as would grow around Loa. It is very hard to raise flowers there. We did a lot of work on that place. I had flower gardens all around. I had a hard time raising flowers because it is so cold there. Everything would freeze in the winter. I only had such a short growing season in the summer but I was a gardener, a flower raiser mostly, more than vegetables.”(8 1-2)

She delighted in sunny California after moving there when she was fifty-two. “We bought a home [in San Lorenzo]. They just had new homes built there. We bought one of the new homes and I have been there ever since, thirty-eight years. I didn’t [leave] it very much down here because I like the climate. I just don’t like a cold climate. I like the climate so

⁹⁴ Source and page number

much and I've always had beautiful flowers and shrubs. They are a little hard for me to take care of now, but my son and my daughters come and help me. I still have quite a few flowers and flowering shrubs around my place. I have an apricot and a loquat tree. I did have other trees but they finally died and I didn't want to bother with them any more. There is a spot in the back where I used to have a vegetable garden. Of course I don't plant vegetables any more."(8, 2)

Even when she could no longer kneel and dig and turn over the dirt to plant a seed or a seedling with tiny new leaves she worried about and planned for her flowers and shrubs. She wrote, "Maxine and Emma were both out yesterday. They planted some new flowers for me. We had such a cold winter quite a few of my plants were killed with the frost. Niel is coming home for a couple of weeks and he will take care of all of that. We finally got a lot of rain this month so we won't have to worry about the drought so much."(6)

Mabel also enjoyed sewing. Her long acquaintance with a sewing machine began at her mother's knee. Katie Webster had a limited amount of physical stamina. One thing she did to save her strength was let her children provide the power to keep the Majestic(7) sewing machine running. Mabel took her turn sitting on the floor at her mother's knee pushing the treadle, a fancy wrought-iron plate attached to a center rod. To keep the needle moving they had to push down on the edge of the treadle at the front near Mother, then push down on the edge of the treadle at the back, front, back, front, back, up and down rocked the treadle. Keep a rhythm so the needle lifted up and down at a constant speed. Stop when Mother called a halt while she prepared two more pieces of fabric for stitching. Start again, push the front, push the back, push the front, push the back. Hope for a halt and a quick rest. Long for your turn to end soon. It was tiring work.

Over their heads moved colorful pieces of fabric that grew with each seam into larger and larger patches, the beginnings of a much needed

quilt. Streamers of long rectangles torn from used and worn out clothing were stitched end to end and eventually covered bare floors for decoration and warmth after many more hours of work weaving them into rag rugs. Clothing for a family passed over them, shirts, dresses, petticoats, underwear. A sure sign of approaching winter were pieces of red flannel being stitched into underwear.

Mabel graduated from treadle-pusher to seamstress when she was ten. Of course she still pushed the treadle with legs and feet but she was the magician who turned a flat piece of fabric into something with shape and form and wearable. She said, "I started sewing when I was about ten. ... My Mother couldn't work too much. She couldn't treadle the machine very good so we all learned to sew. I especially liked it. The other girls didn't like it as much as I did. I took to it. ... I made everything. I made suits, coats.(8 3)

"When I first started [sewing] my Mother had one pattern and we tried to change it. Then they started having patterns when I was about fourteen years old.(8,3) "We didn't wear pants then and we didn't wear long dresses. Our dresses were ... calf length as a general rule. We went right for the style. If they wore it to the calf we wore it, if it went short we wore it. If it went long we wore it. We were stylish. We tried to be. Mother said she thought we were a little bit too much stylish. She said, 'You want to try to follow every style.' I don't know what I would have done if I couldn't sew."(8,6)

Mabel didn't just sew for herself. She became the family seamstress making things for her sisters, Alice, Tella and Pearl. By the time she was eighteen she wasn't just sewing for her sisters and mother, brothers and father, she extended her talent to those joining the family. On one of those cold windy spring days she came to hate so much, she walked the few blocks to main street with Jim's fiancée, Mae Potter, who was twenty-two. They went shopping in Scott McClellan's red sandstone

country store. From the small selection of fabric they picked out blue taffeta, blue chiffon and matching thread. Mabel took it home, spread it out and cut pieces for a skirt, bodice and sleeves. She gathered the taffeta skirt with an overlay of chiffon onto the waist of the round-necked bodice and added puffed sleeves. Mae wore it for her wedding dress on April 29, 1914.⁽⁷⁾ Over the years Jim and Mae brought six children to their family. And Mabel helped Mae sew for her children. She said, "I used to go and sew for ... Mae, because she had all those little children. She'd get her things all ready to make the little boy's shirts and the little girl's petticoats and I'd say, 'I'll come someday and help you sew them all day.' So I'd go early in the morning and we'd cut out and sew all day. I enjoyed being with her. It didn't seem like work to me. It was a joy to me to go up and make clothes for those little children, enjoyable times."^(8,6)

Nieces and nephews weren't the only children who wore her creations. Her own children wore quality home-made clothes. At eighty-eight she was delighted she had made clothing for her daughter, Maxine, until she was about seventy-eight and could still do some sewing for her grand daughters and daughters. She said, with a laugh in her voice, "I made practically all Maxine's clothes, I think, until the last ten years. She liked my clothes. I made better than she could buy. I still do some sewing when they need it. Not very much. If they need their pants shorten I always do it for them even now. When Emma goes and ... buys Gloria Vanderbilt pants that costs \$40.00 she brings them for me to hem. I said, 'I'm almost afraid to cut in these pants.' I hem them for her. I generally fix the kid's zippers.⁹⁵ They break their zippers quite a bit and I still fix zippers in their pants for them."^(8,3)

Mabel's talent and practice sewing fine seams turned her into a fine seamstress whose reputation spread. Soon she was always busy

sewing for someone. "I did a lot of sewing. I sewed for somebody in every town in Wayne County except Teasdale. Different people came. I did a lot of sewing for people in Lyman, some in Bicknell and some in Torrey and Fremont. I did a lot of sewing for a lot of different people.^(8,2) I sewed for people in Loa all the time. When I was in Salina I sewed for people...."^(8,3)

When Mabel and Les moved to California it wasn't long before the word got around that a fine seamstress had moved to San Lorenzo. She said she continued to sew for other people. "Oh, yes, I sewed for a lot of different people. I've made wedding dresses. I've made a lot of formals. I was sewing all the time nearly. I did a lot of sewing. I even done some sewing for one of the senator's wives from Washington D.C. His daughter lived just a few houses up from me.... When Congress was out in Washington D.C. her mother came. I did a lamda coat for her. I worked for a famous person."^(chuckle) ^(8,3)

When Mabel was asked how she decided what to charge for the clothing she made, she replied, "I just charged what I wanted to. (laugh) Everybody seemed to be satisfied with it. I sewed for two ladies for years that worked over in San Francisco. I made all of their clothes. I sewed until I was about seventy-five years old."^(8,3)

The woman who created fashionable clothing for so many began her life in a log cabin on the Webster Farm which was about half way between Loa and Lyman. There were seven older children. Her older brothers and sisters trudged about two miles to school. Before she was old enough to go to school her sister had begged their father to move to town. "It was so hard for the children to walk to school in the cold weather. [We] moved to Loa in two rooms and a lean-to. I was about six when we moved to town. We lived there while father built our own home. It was a great struggle to build a six room home in those days. He did most of the building himself. We were

⁹⁵ Two of Maxine's granddaughters lived with her.

so happy to move in that house. Although it was just made of hewed logs. It had nice windows and doors and a fireplace.”(1,1)

Warmth from the fireplace and its companion, a large cook stove, enfolded the family and helped create some of the choicest memories Mabel and her siblings carried into adulthood. On awaking every morning she rushed from a cold bedroom tantalized by the smell of hot bread. “Mother mixed yeast dough every night so we could have warm yeast biscuits every morning for breakfast. She would be up early in the morning so the biscuits could raise. Then she baked a large pan of biscuits and six loaves of bread every day. I have never tasted any biscuits that were so delicious.”(4)

At night after supper was over the fire in the fireplace spread light and heat over the children and their father seated at the kitchen table. Mabel wrote, “We all did quite well in school. We would all sit around the table at night and study our lessons. Alice was good in arithmetic and I in spelling. So we helped each one who needed our help. Father was always sitting with us to help what he could. We had a coal oil lamp in the middle of the table and a fire in the fire place. It was so comfortable we hated to leave and go upstairs when it was bed time as we had no heat up there and it was very cold in the winter.”(5)

No matter how cold, up stairs Mabel and her sisters rushed carrying stones which they had placed near the fire early in the evening. The stones absorbed so much heat they burned fingers unless they were wrapped in rags. The girls pushed the swaddled stones under the quilts and lunged into bed themselves, eager to snuggle up to each other. Cold feet quickly hunted and found the warm spots made by the stones. The home-made straw tick and mother’s hand-made quilts soon provided an island of warmth in a room of cold air. The next morning they left its warm embrace with reluctance. They postponed the inevitable as long as possible knowing the cold was not going away. When they could no longer delay, they burst out

of bed, grabbed clothes and shoes in passing and dashed on tip-toe down to the kitchen. In the warmth and amid the aroma of baking bread they removed a warm nightgown and put on their home-made dresses.

“We all had our jobs to do. We girls did most of the milking and separating the cream. There were more girls than boys. So the boys worked on the farm and we did the milking. We started to learn to milk at about eight years of age. I think most of us learned on a cow we called “Old Myrt.” She was very easy to milk. When we were teenagers we hated to leave our friends and go home and put our old clothes on and go out to milk the cows. But it had to be done as it was about our only income.”(1,2)) Mabel loved stylish dresses. Was it doubly hard for her to pull some “old” dress over her head and go out to milk the cows?

Mabel took her turn getting water. Water for drinking, washing, bathing, cleaning; buckets and buckets were carried to the house during a week. She made trips across the road swinging empty buckets. Walking back home the handles cut into her hands as she plodded along under the weight, trying not to slop too much water out of the full buckets thus delaying slightly the next trip for more water. Walking with a gliding shuffle kept the water off her skirt, feet and legs when it was cold and didn’t splash them with dirty mud in summer. She washed dishes and helped with cooking. She swept the wooden floor with a broom they made themselves. “No one had any money those days. I remember we cut rabbit brush and tied it together to make a broom.”(1,2)

“After our work was done we would generally have a ball game going. There was enough of us to have quite a game and sometime some of the neighbors joined us. We also played jacks and a game where we got on our knees and shot marbles. We also played hop scotch and jump the rope. So we had a lot of exercise.”(4)

Girls played Jacks a lot. Some of them played the game with marbles and some of them

had six-pointed Jacks. They packed them around in their apron pockets. When they used marbles they just sat down on the ground and got their game going. When using metal jacks you needed a smooth surface, a door step, a window ledge at school, or an out-of-the-way corner on a linoleum floor.

A class mate of Mabel's, Viola Taylor, described the games they played. She said they often mixed jacks and marbles to play the game of Jacks, and she casually mentioned, "We didn't have any ball with the jacks." The listener, a girl of the last half of the Twentieth Century asked a girl from the first half of the century, "How did you play Jacks without a ball?"

"Oh heavens, we just threw up a jack or a marble."(9)

Jacks was a simple game to play. Scatter the jacks (or marbles) on the ground, throw a jack, the "taw," into the air and with the same hand grab one of the jacks on the ground before the air-borne taw fell to the ground. If you couldn't get one jack into your throwing hand in time to catch the jack in the air you lost your turn. Picking up the Jacks one at a time was the first round. If she picked up all the Jacks one at a time she got to move on to round two. After scattering the Jacks the girl threw the Jack into the air and picked up two of the scattered Jacks and so it progressed from "ones" to "twos" to "threes" until she picked up thirteen jacks in one scoop. If she dropped a Jack she lost her turn. If she touched a Jack she wasn't picking up she lost her turn.

"When we got to seven we'd throw jacks up and see how many we could get on the back of our hands. We'd catch the jacks and the marbles with our hands. We used to go clear to thirteens," said Viola.(9)

The girls became experts at Jacks and made up new variations on the game. After going through picking up the Jacks by ones and twos, etc., they played, "Pigs in the Pen." "Pigs would be to throw the ball up in the air, put your hand like a pen and drive the jacks inside for the

pigs while your taw was in the air," Viola explained.(9) And again there was "ones" and "twos" on up through thirteens. There were other variations: catching the jacks on back of their hands, "Sheep Over the Fence" - moving the jacks over their out-stretched hand, "Eggs in the Basket" - placing them in a cupped palm as she rested that hand on the ground. A game of Jacks could fill in a few minutes before a girl had to hurry home to do chores or it could go on and on during a long summer afternoon.

Interwoven among the work and play and family living was school. On school mornings Mabel pushed bare feet into shoes. Her feet were toughened from treading wood floors, plodding through dirt, and grinding over stone and gravel. It felt strange to be so confined. "We all went barefoot only when we were in school."(1,2) With her feet encased in shoe leather, she walked up the road a block then turned left and walked another block to the school yard where the running, playing children enjoying their last moments of freedom before confinement to school's rock walls.

Mabel's class mate, Viola Taylor, described their school day. When the teacher rang a bell "we had to get into a line and march into the building. There must have been four or five lines. We weren't allowed to run into the hall one at a time. We marched into the building in rows. We'd hurry and take our seat.... They always had a prayer and they always had a song. 'America' was one of the main songs. I can remember when they added that third verse to 'America.' 'Let music swell the breeze and sing from all the trees.' I can remember when our teacher said, 'They have added a new verse to 'America' and we are going to learn that this morning.'

"All we had was blackboards and slates. We did our figuring and our arithmetic on slates with chalk. They didn't furnish the slates, but they'd furnish what they called "scratch paper." That was big coarse paper that would do to write on. We didn't have any classy, pretty paper then. We had pencils and paper and

mostly slates to do our work on. Big blackboards [hung on the walls.] I don't even remember a map, there might have been. They didn't have pictures like they do now to bring out things in the lessons. The walls were practically bare. [We] just [had] arithmetic books and history books, reading books and spelling books.”(9)

The school day was broken up with recess and lunch. The children burst from the doors and raced out onto the hard packed earth eager for those moments of freedom from school work, eager to play. Viola Taylor said the school ground was more gravel than packed dirt. “The boys would play ball or marbles. They loved to play marbles. They'd play ball. We used to like to get out and play ball. We'd play with the boys, if they'd let us. Sometimes they were pretty good about it.”(9)

Every little girl carried a handkerchief in her apron pocket. Hankies were nice for blowing your nose or tying over a skinned knee or wiping up a tear or removing dirty spots, but they were best for playing games. The girls played drop-the-handkerchief and ring-around-the-rosies and when it was time for “ashes, ashes” they all fell down in the gravel! Nestled with a hankie in a girl's pocket was marbles or jacks and maybe a treat to share with a best friend. The girls claimed the wide window ledges in the school. A ledge made a perfect spot to sit and play Jacks, talk to your best friend or eat lunch.

“When the snow was on the ground, we'd play Fox and Geese. We had lots of fun,” remembers Viola.(9)

Recess was only a break in the school day for Mabel and her classmates. Class time was filled with reading, writing and arithmetic and spelling. Mabel said she was a good speller and helped her brothers and sisters with spelling. Viola said, “[We] used to have spelling bees and Mabel Webster and I were always at the head of the spelling row. We'd choose up sides for spelling and if one missed they had to go to the foot of the row. Mabel and I could nearly

always stay to the front, the head of the rows of contestants, because we were pretty good spellers.”(9)

Sisters are nice and you love them, but they are not your same age. What a girl longs for is someone her own age and Mabel had that kind of a friend, a bosom friend. She wrote, “My dearest friend was Alta Pace. She was Vern Pace's sister but was raised by her grandmother Okerlund as her mother died when she was born. We were always together where ever we went for many years.”(4)

Mabel progressed through elementary school and finished eighth grade and that was the end of school. There was no high school in Loa. There was no high school in any of the nearby towns. There was no high school in the entire county of Wayne. There was no high school within sixty miles of that mountain valley which could only be reached by dirt roads. Mabel was anxious to continue her education and her twenty year old brother, Jim, hungered for more education, too. Their sister, Alice, had been going to school in Cedar City and lived with their sister Rose. About 1910 or 1911 Rose invited them to come, too. “Alice, Jim and I went down to Cedar to school. We went in a covered wagon. It took us three days from Loa to Cedar City. We lived in one of my sister's rooms and my brother, Jim, slept in my sister's shed a bit and in one of her rooms. We went to school that year. [Father] had to borrow money for us to go to school that long.(8,4) Father mortgaged his water to Albert Stevens and borrowed some money for us. I think it was \$50. That seemed a lot of money in those days. We went in a covered wagon with our provisions, flour, bottled fruit, etc. It took us three days to get there. Dan⁹⁶ was there and took a load of grapes from St. George to Loa to sell. Then father and Dan came down at Christmas a[nd] brought meat, flour, cheese. But [Jim] had to leave in the spring and help father on the farm. Then [he] came back for us in May.”(1,3)

⁹⁶ An older brother

Mabel was a brown-eyed blond. Her hair flowed to her knees when it wasn't pinned up. She began as a blond and over the years it darkened to honey then gradually it went brown. She said about her family, "We all had brown eyes, but Pearl. Eleven in our family and all brown eyes but the last one. We thought she took after Grandma Fredrickson. My father had kind of grey eyes though. It's funny, I guess brown eyes are predominant over the grey. Some [of us] have a lot darker eyes. My eyes aren't as dark as some. They are the lighter brown."(8,5)

Mabel was also tall, five foot eight inches. "Mary Stewart was ... one of my good friends and we were the tallest girls in town. So when we were teenagers we went to a Character Ball as "Two Little Girls in Blue"⁹⁷. We bought material and made blue dresses alike."(4,1)

Dancing was the chief entertainment. A dance was the place where the town's people socialized. A married woman of today says "I met my husband at school or work or church. Back in the early 1900's girls said, "I met my husband at a dance." Mabel wrote "I went to all the dances when I was young. I didn't miss any. Of course the only entertain we had [in Loa] was going to dances. I went to every dance they had.(8,6) We enjoyed ourselves as young people. There was generally a dance almost every Friday night at Loa but sometimes we went to Fremont or Lyman. That was the horse and buggy days and sometimes you got pretty cold when it was snowing or twenty below zero."(4,1)

When Mabel went to school in Cedar City she wrote, "Jim was so good to Alice and I. He knew quite a few boys. He would take us to the dances and dance with us then introduce us to his friends."(3,1)

After her year of school in Cedar and back home again, Mabel went to all the dances in Loa. They were held in the basement of the red sandstone and grey rock Tabernacle. The curtains that divided the large room into

sections for classes during Sunday School were pulled back to the walls, opening up the hall for dancing. People, young and old, came and piled their coats on the wide window ledges and mothers gently lay their sleeping babies on top of the piles. The dance music was played by people from the town. A violin and a piano could set the toes to tapping and the feet to prancing. Men twirled women through the waltz and the schottische, laughter and talk mixing with music.

As Mabel grew into adulthood her father continued to labor on the farm. He didn't enjoy riding horses, so he walked to the farm every day to do his work. No matter how long the hours on the farm or how tiring the walk home, Billy always made time to read in the evenings. Mabel wrote, "Father was a very well read man. He read everything he could find. There wasn't many books in those days.... He only went as far as the fourth grade in school. But was self-educated and wanted us all to do well in school."(1,1)

Mabel remembered the consistency of her parents. She said of them, "Mother and father were both kind and soft spoken. But we had certain jobs to do and we did them."(1,3) She felt that the peace and gentleness originated with her mother. Her mother, Katie, married William "Billy" about two years after he was left a widower with five children. When Mabel was asked about the relationship between the older children (Margaret's five) and the younger children (Katie had six children) she said they were close to all of the brothers and sisters. "We were sisters and brothers. They never did call us half-sisters. We had such a good feeling. I think it was our Mother. She never said anything against the older children, like they caused her trouble or they were mean or they did things they shouldn't. She never found fault with them. You know how teenagers are and trying to bring up kids, most people has little troubles. I know she was aggravated, but she never did tell us about it. We were one big happy family, brothers and sisters.(8,5)

⁹⁷ A popular song.

“Our father and mother set a good example for all of us to follow. Mother was a quiet, serene person who loved to stay in her home. She tried to have a peaceful home and make everyone happy. It gave everyone a peaceful feeling to be around her.(1,3) Mother was very kind and a quiet person. And never lost her temper. She never had anything bad to say about anyone. Always looked for the best in anyone.”(2,1)

Mabel was eighteen when her father died in 1914. Her mother was almost fifty-five and none of her children were married. Jim was the oldest and married within three months. The youngest, Pearl, was eleven. Mabel lived with her mother much of the time after her father's death. Often Grandmother Fredrickson was staying with them too as she took turns living with her daughters, Katie and Hannah.

Mabel met her husband at a dance!(8,1) At one of the many dances Mabel attended she made an impression on a young man from Fremont, Les Morrell. It was not an instant attraction but a stirring of interest and a beginning friendship. She said, “We dated for about four years before we got married. I was twenty-one and he was twenty-two. We got married by the bishop in Loa. We didn't tell anybody we were going to get married until the day before and we went and got married.”(9,1) The woman who made a special wedding dress for her sister-in-law and who liked to be stylish said of her own wedding finery, “I think when I got married I just had a skirt and blouse on. I didn't have anything special. We just went over and got married.(9,1) They had a couple of showers and we had a dance. You always had a wedding dance.(9,1)

“When we were first married we didn't have a car; we had a buggy. When we moved to Delta we moved in a covered wagon. (laugh) We had a lot of second hand furniture from somebody in Loa that was moving. We got David Taylor⁹⁸ to take us to Delta. He hauled

the furniture in a covered wagon. It took us about three days to go from Loa to Delta. The first day we went to Richfield and the second day to Scipio and the next day to Delta.(8,4) We moved to Delta, Utah where [Les's] brother was. There wasn't much work in Loa so we went to Delta. They were building a sugar factory and he worked on the sugar factory about two years. Maxine was born in Delta. Then we moved back to Loa when his work run out.”(9,1)

As a young mother with two children, Mabel was busy. She said, “I had a lot of work to do at home. We only milked three cows. I always made butter and I made our cheese. I always made soap. We always raised our meat. We didn't have to buy very much out of the store. We raised nearly everything we had to eat. I didn't ever go very far away from home. I was too busy to go very far away from home.”(8,2)

Not very far away, only a block or two, from her home was her childhood home and her widow mother. Mabel wrote, “Mother lived ten years after father passed away. I lived with her most of the time the last years of her life as Les was away herding sheep most of the time. We enjoyed each others company. I just had Maxine and Webster then.(2,1)

Often there was a four-generation span of womanhood working and talking in the Webster home, Mabel and her daughter, her mother, Katie, and her grandmother, Elna. Much of their time was spent in the kitchen because that is the only room Maxine remembers, a kitchen with big cupboards up to the ceiling. Maxine remembers her grandmother's carriage and eyes. “It seemed ... to me that she held herself very straight. She had sparkling black eyes. She had her hair pulled back in a bun. She was rather stern. That's all I remember about her, but they told me I was a very mischievous child, maybe that's why.”(10,1)

Katie died two months before her 64th birthday, the age William was when he said his final goodbyes to wife and family. Mabel did

⁹⁸ A cousin, son of her mother's sister, Hannah Fredrickson Taylor.

not talk about her grief. She just remembered the peace she felt with her mother.

Mabel only gives glimpses of her life after her Mother died. "We sold our home in Loa at one time when we were going to build and then the Depression hit and we moved to Salina four years, then we moved back to Loa. We bought a place called Mill Meadows. We moved up there and lived in the summer and in the winter we moved back home to Loa, so the children could go to school. We had a one-room log cabin that had been built there many, many years. We had cows up there that we milked. We'd bring the cream down to Loa and sell it once a week. In the winter we moved down so the kids could go to school in Loa."(8,1)

Mabel and Les had five children. "Maxine was the oldest and Emma Lou was the youngest and there is seventeen years difference in their ages with three boys in between."(8,2) Mabel was reticent to talk about pregnancy and delivering babies. When a niece wrote her about a new grand child expected by her daughter, a first baby after many years of marriage, Mabel who was ninety-five gave this congratulatory reply, "I was pleased to hear of Sue's new expectation."(6)

Maxine remembers her mother "as being very kind. She had lots of patience. ...She taught me to read. I remember at home how we used to sit around the dining room table to do our lessons. She was always there to help us. I remember it as a pleasant time in the evening at home. I thought she was a very special person."(10,1)

Most daughters whose mother's sew are mortified if they have to wear home-made clothes, but Maxine said, "Mother was very talented. She made all our clothes. I was real pleased at the things she made for me."(10,1) Maxine was a rare daughter indeed or perhaps it was Mabel who was a superior seamstress and exceptional mother.

When Mabel was about twenty-six and had a new baby, her third, she cut off her "beautiful long hair, long enough to sit on. It wasn't

stylish to have long hair during the Roaring Twenties." She never grew it long again. Maxine said, "[Mother's] hair was brownish. There was a period there when everybody put henna on their hair and [Mother] had a reddish look, [too]." (10,2) When Mabel was eighty-eight she laughed about her sister who kept coloring her hair. "Tella changes her hair a little bit all the time. She puts the color there. She always has. I asked her if she was going to dye her hair until she got a hundred. She said yes."(8,5)

Mabel was willing to let her teenagers learn from their choices. Maxine went to Wayne High at Bicknell her Sophomore year of school and she tells what happened when she, with fifteen of her friends, sluffed, skipped school. "We all played hooky one afternoon. ...We all got caught. They expelled us and we had to come back with an excuse from our parents. We had to go before the board of supervisors. My mother wouldn't write me a note. That was a day of agony.(10,4) (Although this is Mabel's story, for those of you who want to know what happened to Maxine, here is the end of her story, "I didn't know what to do. All the kids had to line up. We all passed a box and we all put our notes in the box. Either they chose to ignore me or they thought I put it in. I got by I can remember. I don't think I'll ever do that again in my life.)"

Maxine related that not only did her mother always have a yard of exceptional flowers she also had it surrounded with a picket fence, white of course. And of course, "She made us kids paint the white picket fence, every year."(10,2)

Besides the sewing for others Mabel said, "When my brother, Loren, had a store [in Loa] I used to work part-time there. Then I was librarian ... for two or three years, just before I moved to California."(8,2) Maxine remembers the library as a nice, little library. It was one room in the upper story of the school house with shelves of books on the walls. Mabel worked in the evenings from seven to

nine.(10,2) And every evening when she left work to walk home across the road, one of the family cats uncurled herself from the steps where it had been waiting and walked her home.(10,4)

Mabel said, "I spent practically all my life in Loa, only the four years that we were in Salina, until I was fifty-two years old when I moved to California."(8,1) Maxine moved to California in 1936 and said her parents came about 1946 which is about the time Mabel turned fifty-two. They bought a new house in San Lorenzo which was full of new houses. Just an ordinary house, Maxine described it, with "three bedrooms, one bath, a kitchen, dining area and a living room ..., one story."(10,2) It was home for forty-four years. Mabel never moved to another house.

The two youngest children were teenagers when they moved and they finished high school in California. "[Les] had a grocery store for a while. We owned it. He built it himself. He built a building. We had our own grocery store for several years."(8,3) It was located about three miles from their house and Mabel clerked part-time and Harold and Emma Lou worked part-time too.

Mabel loved the climate in California but she was drawn from her mountain valley home by family. The Golden State was golden for her because her oldest daughter had been there ten years and her sisters, Pearl, Tella, Alice and Sadie lived there. "I have four sisters here and a lot of nieces and nephews. I think we had twenty or thirty people within a few miles of us when we first came here."(8,2)

Mabel grew closer to her oldest sister, Sadie, who was eighteen years older than her and had already married before she was born. "Our oldest sister lived in Sacramento. We all loved her so much. We'd all go up there when it was her birthday for years and years and we lived all over California. Her son from Fresno would come up, Pearl would come from Garberville for her birthday every year."(8,5)

When Mabel was asked to write about her life in 1981 the letter not only contained a brief, two page, hand written autobiography but a longer four page biography of Alice. She also told why she had taken the time to write about her sister. "I thought I would write some about Alice as long as she isn't here to do it herself. She was a lovely sister as well as a wonderful person. I miss her a lot. She only lived about two miles from me."⁹⁹

California also had a surprise for Mabel. She never had to have another permanent to make her hair curly. The moisture in the air encouraged her own natural curl. There is a nursery rhyme, "Curly locks, Curly locks, Wilt thou be mine? Thou shalt not wash dishes, Nor feed the swine, But sit on a cushion And sew a fine seam, And feed upon strawberries, Sugar and cream." Mabel didn't mention swine. She was glad she never got too old to wash dishes. There were curly locks and she sewed many, many fine seams including seams in wedding dresses, and eventually there were a few cushions and hopefully strawberries, sugar and cream. She gave up her professional sewing at age seventy-five, but continued to sew for her girls. She did repairs and mending for many years after.

She and Les divorced.

As her body got older, she couldn't take care of her flowers the way she used to do, but her children helped more. In 1984 she said, "I do all the work in the house, the ordinary work. I take care of everything myself. I cook me a good dinner every night. My son comes sometimes and stays two or three months in the winter. He helps me out and he comes every once and a while and trims up the shrubs and takes care of things. I generally have quite a few things for him to do when he comes. My daughters come. Maxine comes once a week at least and buys my groceries and does what I need done and Emma comes once a week and they do my watering. I can't get out and water too much any more. I have a big lawn in the

⁹⁹ Alice died in 1965.

back. I have a big yard, a big lawn and I have quite a good sized lawn in the front. There is quite a bit of watering to do. So I am very well taken care of. My children are all very good to me, wonderful to me. I've had a good life."(8,2)

She didn't lament over her aches and pains or age slowing creeping into her muscles, bones and tissues but failing eyes sight was a tragedy for her. It was slowly taking away one of the things she loved to do, reading. Something she had learned to love sitting in the glow of a coal oil lamp elbow to elbow with her father and siblings at the kitchen table.

She stated, "I can't see very good in the left side of one of my eyes. It's called vascular degeneration, small little veins break in the back of the eye. I didn't know it was going because I could see out of the one eye. As long as I could see out of one eye, I just have to shut one eye. I said, 'Our television is going dark.' I found out my sight was almost gone. I went right to the eye doctor and they tried laser beam treatments but it was too far gone, so I am almost blind in one eye. It makes me feel bad because I was such a great reader. I read two or three books a week for all my life nearly. Now I can't hardly read, only big print. I take the Reader's Digest in big print. You can get books in the library in big print now too. But I only read a certain kind of books. I only read biographies; books about travel or different countries. I never read novels. Maxine gets books for me up here in the library and Niel gets books in San Lorenzo in the library. They [say] it's a little hard to find books that I want to read. (laughs) Novels I just don't care about, just something somebody thought up. I want something that is true. I don't like these made-up stories. I used to read novels many years ago, but its been a great many years since I've read a novel. I still do quite a bit of reading, but it's big print."(8,4)

Eventually she gave up cooking a good meal for herself and received meals-on-wheels. When she was nine-five in 1991 she wrote in her beautiful script which now showed much

shaking of the hands, "I haven't been feeling very well for a long time now. I have gallstone trouble and that makes your stomach so bad I can't eat very many things. I had to quit taking my meals on wheels. The doctors don't want to do surgery on any one my age. So I get along the best I can but I am feeling some better now. I am able to eat a few more things.

"Maxine and Emma want me to come live with them but Maxine has too many steps to climb and Emma works in their business 3 or 4 days a week so I would rather stay in my own home as long as possible. They both come a lot and bring me all kinds of food I can eat."(6)

Mabel told her brother, Loren, "I've lived longer than anybody in my family. I've even lived longer than Grandmother Fredrickson."¹⁰⁰ When almost ninety, Mabel talked about her life on a tape recorder. She said, "I've had a good life." When asked to give advice to grandchildren or others her succinct reply came emphatically and rapidly, "I don't give advice very much. I'd tell them to be truthful and honest that is the best advice I could give them."(8, 6) After answering questions for forty minutes she stopped and said, "I think I've said all I've got to say."

If she could sit in her lawn swing again surrounded by flowers, hopefully this biography is one she could read and enjoy.

-- Hildred Cobia, 1998

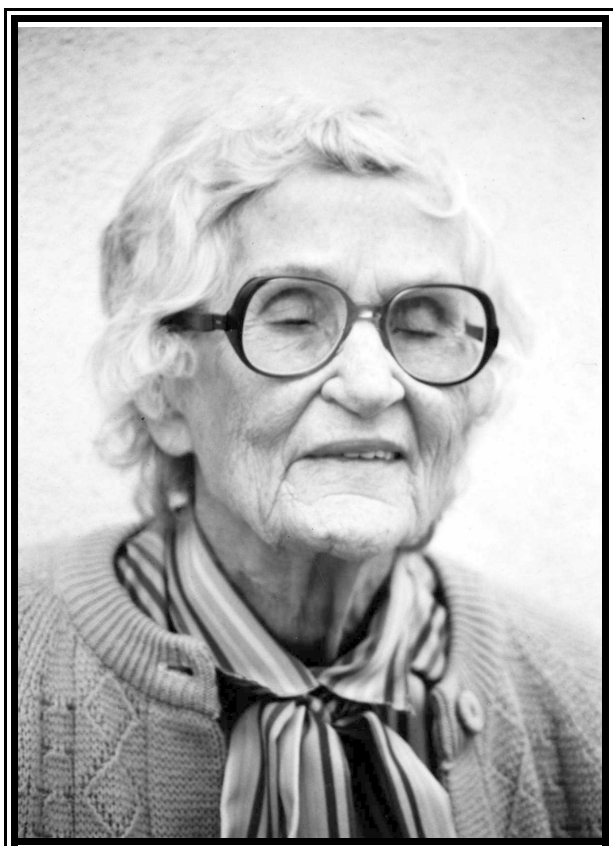
¹⁰⁰ She was ninety-seven and three-quarters at her death.

Sources

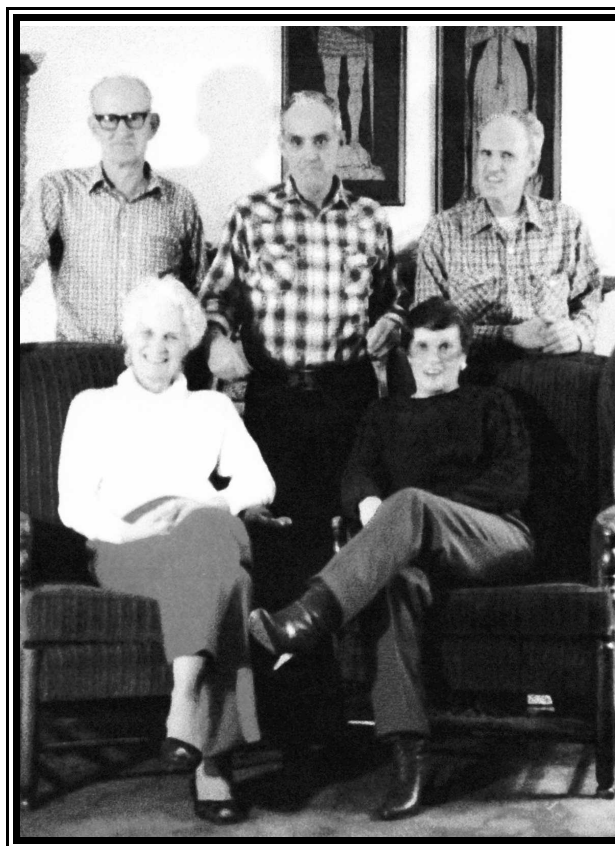
1. Mabel Webster Morrell, 4 page holograph, October 1979
2. Mabel Webster Morrell, 1 page typescript, 1980
3. Mabel Webster Morrell, Letter to niece, Katie Webster Chappell, dated October 3, 1981
4. Mabel Webster Morrell, 2 page holograph, enclosure in letter dated October 3, 1981
5. Mabel Webster Morrell, "Alice Webster Muir," 4 page holograph, enclosure in letter dated 3 October 1981
6. Mabel Webster Morrell, Letter to niece, Katie W. Chappell, April 8, 1991
7. Notes made by Hildred Cobia while listening to Mabel W. Morrell, April 29, 1984; Oakland, California
8. Mabel Webster Morrell, Interview May 1, 1984 in Oakland, California; Interviewer, Deanna Chappell Maxfield, a grand niece
9. Viola Taylor Reese, Interview May 18, 1981; Interviewer, Hildred C. Cobia, Loa, Utah
10. Maxine Morrell Wulfert, Interview 30 April 1984; Oakland, California; Interviewer Hildred C. Cobia,
11. Mabel Webster Morrell, Letter to niece, Katie W. Chappell, June 13, 1985



Les, Maxine, & Mabel Morrell, *circa* 1919



Mabel Webster Morrell, age 88, April 1984
Oakland, CA



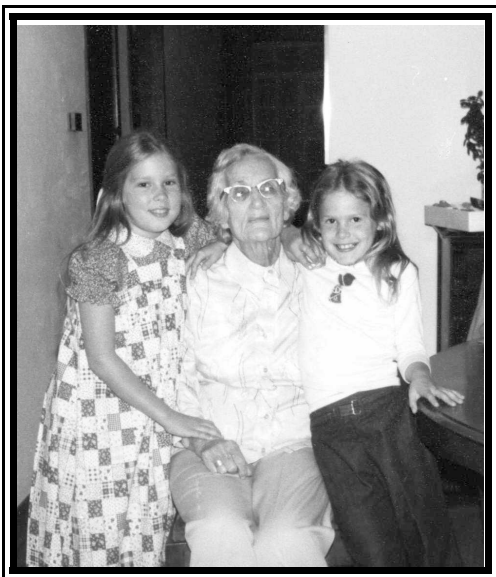
Courtesy of Leslie Wulfert Mulligan
Neil, Harold, & Webster Morrell
Maxine M. Wulfert, & Emma Small
Children of Mabel & Les

Mabel Celebrated 97 Birthdays



Courtesy of Leslie Wulfert Mulligan

Three generations celebrate Mabel's 72nd Birthday
Leslie Wulfert, Maxine M. Wulfert & Mabel



Mabel and two great-grand daughters
on her 82nd birthday, 25 Sept 1977

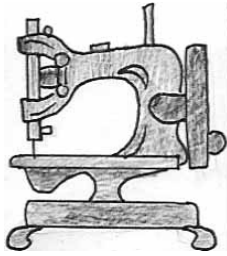


Mabel, age 81, and Shannon Wulfert, a great-grand daughter
born on her birthday, 25 September 1976
Mabel - 167

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“The Giver”
Nancy Atella Webster



In November of 1979 a white, fat, legal-sized envelope with two, colorful stamps affixed, a 15c Will Rogers stamp and a 13c eagle and shield stamp, was delivered to Mr. and Mrs. Loren Webster at 441 No. 200 West #1A, Salt Lake City, Utah 84103.

It's origin was Redway, California and came from Loren's sister Pearl. When Loren tore open the letter he pulled out twelve sheets of paper of various sizes. Most of the sheets were hand written, but there was one typed page. Some of the paper was filled with ink from edge to edge. Some of the writing was guided by faint blue line. It was a priceless treasure, memories of home. Loren had sent his sisters a copy of his memories about his childhood and home in Loa, Utah and asked them to write down their own memories. Each sister wrote a few pages. Mabel and Tella sent their pages on to Pearl. She enclosed all three autobiographies in one white envelope and sent them on to their youngest brother. Tella's cover letter for her autobiography was dated 10-26-79. She wrote:

“Loren & Fontella,

At last I got all I can remember of our history mostly its all what (me I done). You & Mabel did such a good job of the family history I don't think you left anything unsaid. And me with my awful memory have an awful time remembering what happened last week. I had made a lot of notes but nothing done. Coy got on the job and copied it all or I guess it would still be sitting around. I'm sending it as is to Pearl and will you please check it and take out what you think should not be.I'll enclose this and will write you later.

Love Tella”

The following biography is in her own words, but it is not the way Tella wrote it or told it. It is a mixture of everything she wrote and told. I wish Great-Aunt Tella could have read this account, made corrections and given her approval of the way I have combined and arranged her story. I didn't think there was anything that “should not be”; I thought it all “should be”. I found her humor delightful and wish there were more to write.

If you went to the San Francisco Railroad where Tella worked for twenty years or visited the town of Lakeport, California, where she lived and asked to talk to anyone who knew Tella Evans, no one would know her. Or at least, they wouldn't know someone called “Tella.” All her friends, neighbors and co-workers called her Nancy; only her family called her Attella or “Tella.” In this book there is no Nancy, but Tella, a sister and aunt, a member of our family.

B

I was born June 13, 1897, the fourth child, my brother Jim, Alice, Mabel then I, the third girl which must of been a disappointment as boys were needed so badly to work on the farm, but our next one was a boy, Loren, so that helped and last but not least our baby Pearl.(1,1)¹⁰¹ I was named Nancy Attella. Later it got dropped to Tella; I guess it was easier.(2) We had a nice loving family. I don't remember having hardly any conflicts in anyway with my family. We were all congenial and loved each other.(5,12) We weren't great to show our love, but we all knew it was there.(5,14) I guess it was just like all big familys. (sic) We agreed and disagreed and argued and sometimes got in fist fights, but seldom it went that far.(2)

I don't remember much about my older half brothers and sisters living at home. Of course

¹⁰¹ Throughout this chapter, the first number is the source and the second number is the page.

they were mostly grown by then. Later we did spend many pleasant hours in their homes while we were growing. My oldest sister Sadie had a daughter, Lurena, just a little over a year older than I am. (1,1)

My sister Sadie's daughter Lurena and I spent lots of time together doing things we shouldn't. She was always the instigator and I was a willing follower. One day we went over to my brothers on the farm. No one was home so she said you watch and she got a mare and harnessed it up to the buggy. She drove it and we went up to Fremont where some friends of her mothers lived. We stayed all night. The next day we come back home, made it O.K., but the next day the mare had a colt. I don't know whether Lurena got spanked but I did. My brother Jim gave it to me, who I idolized and always had and still did even after the spanking.(1,2)

As far as I was concerned Jim could do no wrong.(1,2) He was named James. Oh, he was so wonderful. I think we all idolized him. I don't know why because he was just another boy and another man but we did. We had one other brother. My other brother was much younger than Jim. But Jim, we thought he was just beautiful and marvelous and all the wonderful things we could think of. He was kind to us.(5,12)

Mother was a wonderful, beautiful woman. She had brown eyes(5,13) and dark hair. Her sisters had light hair. Her skin was a little bit darker. It wasn't quite as fair as her sisters.(5,16) She was a little taller than most of us. I think I was as tall as she was. She was never heavy, but she was not real slim. She was just nice. A nice shape, a nice body. She wore quite a few clothes, lots of petticoats in them days. And she always wore long dresses.(5,15) My Mother was a nice, kind, quiet woman. She took care of us all.(5,12) My mother was such a home body. When we got home from school she was always there. I don't know whatever I would have done if she hadn't been there. (1,1) My Mother was so kind and nice to us.(5,13)

Our parents were the most wonderful people, so good and kind to each other. We never heard a cross word between them or any criticism of each other and very seldom for us children unless we needed it. I know I did need it and got it especially from mother and I deserved it more than I ever got.(1,2) She never got after us unless we needed it really bad. Then we might get a little sticking. But very, very seldom. I really don't know that I can remember once that I had the stick wrapped around me.(5,13)

Mother used to spank me once and a while when I didn't mind. She did all correcting that was done. We just accepted Father for anything he'd say. That was it. He was a good, kind man that we loved very dearly.(5,11) He never, ever struck us. He never criticized us or reprimanded us. He was so good to us.

I think Father had light hair. His hair was grey, the most that I can remember.(8,11) He had what they call hazel eyes. None of us got the hazel eyes. We all got brown, Pearl is a little bit hazel.(5,13)

My father was a hard worker. He worked all the time in the fields. We never had to worry about anything. He always supplied us well with our living and our clothes. We had a nice home and a nice home life. We were a little poor, but father made enough money to take care of us from one year to the next. We never had to worry about clothes. We weren't well-to-do, but we managed very nicely.(5,11)

First I remember we lived in a cabin over on the field. I was very, very young. Then later we moved into town in a rented house. Then my Father, I think I was about five, built a beautiful new home for us. We thought it was beautiful. Father did some of the building but he got a man to help him. He got the man to do the biggest part of it, but he helped and they built the home. We lived there and enjoyed it for many years. It was our home until we all got married and left. I think later it was torn down. We loved that old home of ours.(5,12)

We had six rooms. It was three rooms downstairs and three rooms upstairs. One room upstairs was never finished. He kept it for a store room. We had it to use to put all kinds of stuff in there that we needed, to store stuff. We lived in the other five all the time. Downstairs there was two bedrooms and upstairs was the rest of the bedrooms. Our Mother and Father had a bedroom downstairs. The rest of us, we all slept upstairs. A couple of beds in each room.(5,14)

We had a great big kitchen. We practically lived in our kitchen. When it was nice and warm we were in the other rooms more. We had a big fireplace in the kitchen. Father made big fires in the fireplace. We had the big table where we ate. It would seat us all. We'd sit around there and get our lessons. The fire was right close there. It kept us nice and warm with the great big cook stove on the other side.(5,14) That is where we sat most of the time in the winter.

In the winter, oh, we loved that fireplace. We sat around that a lot at night. Father always sat up and helped us get our lessons. He didn't go to school very long when he was young but he could teach us kids until we got out of eighth grade with our lessons which was amazing. I don't know how he did it because I don't think he really practiced much. He was just that smart. He was self-taught. ...Oh yes, he read all the time. Every night he'd set and read his books and read and read. (5,14)

The teacher that taught us in school got up in school and said, "I went to the Websters the other night. All of the children sat around the table getting their lessons and the father sat there helping them." He said, "That should be an example to you." He talked quite a bit how father helped us with our lessons. We all sat around there until we got our lessons before we went to bed.(5,14)

The fireplace is the only heat we had. We had a warm house. I don't know if he built the house better or whether it was just a warm house. We didn't have any heat upstairs. Of

course we had a cook stove that threw out a lot of heat. I think later we did get a little stove that went in by the living room.(5,14)

One night stands out in my mind. I remember Jim and his friend, Vern Pace, coming home and setting before our fireplace with a big fire and singing songs. I did not want it to end it all sounded so beautiful. We all looked up to him and could see all the good in him as we did Alice.(1,2) He was the one that left us first in the family. He died suddenly after an operation.(3,7)

We didn't do much for Christmas in those days. All we did was hang our stockings up and wait for Santa Claus to come. In the morning we jumped up and went down and got into our socks. There was always candy and some kind of a toy. It was hard candy they bought at the store. We didn't have too many toys but we'd get something.(5,16)

Mother did all the cooking.(5,14) She sure made good bread. She made the best bread. Oh, we just loved the white bread. Once and while somebody would like to come and buy some, but not very often because my Mother didn't want to sell it. I mean it wasn't in that category to sell it. A lot of people loved her bread. It was real good. Everybody said she made the best bread there was in town.(5,17) That's about all Mother made was yeast bread. She didn't do much cooking. We had potatoes to last us the whole year around.(5,17)

Mother usually spent a week every year at Grandma Fredricksons, her mother, and Aunt Hannahs. We were always glad when she got home again. My mother done all the cooking at home. Usually Alice or Mabel was there to do the cooking while she was gone, but this one year Alice and Mabel were away so the cooking was up to me. I got breakfast and when I served the eggs my bother Jim said, "I never knew anyone could ruin eggs just by cooking them." I was sure glad to have mother home again and so was the rest of the family.(1,2)

All the fruit we had was canned. We'd put it in jars and had it for a whole year, nearly. The

peddlers used to come around with the fruit. They'd come from the other end of the county, Fruita. We'd buy the fruit from them and my Mother would can it. We put up quite a bit of fruit to last us through the winter. Then the rest of it we grew a little bit. We had a small garden sometimes. That's what we had. We'd go picking up potatoes. (5,17) We made butter and cheese which helped us in our living a lot.(5,12)

Father didn't raise cattle, he just farmed at the field. He'd sell the crop. We usually went to the store and made an appointment that that is where we'd buy all our groceries and all of the things we needed, that we didn't raise. He didn't pay for his groceries then, he waited until his crop was in the next year. He'd take his crop and take care of it and then he'd go and pay all of the money he owed to the man at the grocery store. That's how we lived. Of course we had cows; we had pigs.(5,12)

The field was almost half way to Lyman, Utah. Usually father had a wagon and a horse to come home on. I saw him a few times, a couple of three times or more, he walked all the way from the field when he was real tired. The field was so far away from where we lived. He really worked hard. I don't know why he had to walk. Evidently he didn't have a horse at the field that time. I know I saw him coming. It seemed like he was so tired. I wanted to go and help him come on home. He worked real hard, made a good living for us. We loved him dearly as we did our mother.(5,12)

Father didn't have to walk a long ways when he got in to town to get to our home. It was just a block away from the edge of town. Sometimes when he had to walk home I'd see him coming a block away. It looked like he was so tired. I'd think, 'Poor father, I wonder if he is going to make it.' But he always did.(5,12)

We had cows. We girls milked the cows because my brother had to help my father. I had sisters, we three sisters milked the cows at night. The separating we did in the morning. We'd go to the pasture and get the cows, but not always because we had a brother there to do that. We

churned and made butter and made cheese, like all country people do I guess. (5,13;15)

We always had a dog and cats. But I can't remember any special ones. They were just dogs and cats. We could ride the horses once and a while to take the cows the pasture. I don't think I did all that much. They were there for the boys, if we needed them. They were Mother's and father's work horses.(5,17)

We worked mostly in the home. Mother did all the cooking. The girls washed the dishes. We scrubbed the floors. For a while we didn't have linoleum. We just had the rough floors, just the boards. We used to get down and scrub a great big floor. They were nice and smooth. It took a while before Mother and Father could get linoleum. It was quite a while before we had linoleum. Then we scrubbed the linoleum. We had a washer and wringer. We didn't at first and washed on the board. But later we got a washer.(5,14)

We didn't have the water in the house. We just had to carry it a little bit from outside. We did have water close where we carried it in. I think that we just got the water out of the river. There was a river across the street from us. That's where we went. We took our buckets and filled the buckets with water and brought it over. We just had to go across the street. I don't think there was any such thing [as boiling the water] in those days. We just took it as is.(5,15)

We didn't have very many diseases. I can't remember of us have anything much. I can't think what we had if we did. Get Mabel to talk; she probably could tell you a lot of diseases.(5,15) Well, both my sister and I think we had polio when we were young. I've got a bad foot and she has a bad..... My sister, who is a half sister, came. Her husband died and she came and lived with us for a while. She brought her children and her one young son had polio. My sister and I, we didn't know at the time that we had it. It must have been a light case. We both think that we evidently got it from my sister's son. We both seem to think we had

polio and the doctor seems to think that's what it was. We weren't so bad that we couldn't live normal lives. Mabel had it and I have it. I've always been able to live with it because it wasn't too bad.(5,13)

We always went to Sunday School. My oldest brother, Jim, didn't go very much. They had a hard time getting him to go. The rest of us went to Church. Every Sunday we was to Sunday School. My Mother stayed home most of the time. She was a good, good woman but she wasn't active in Church. She come from Sweden and I think it was quite a while before she learned to talk good. It seems when she was younger, before she was married she probably attended Church, but after she got having her family she didn't go to Church. She didn't go with us. She was ready to see that she got everyone of us kids ready and there. My father didn't go to Church. He was a good religious man but he didn't go to Church.(5,13)

When Conference¹⁰² was in Loa my mother always went. If I happened to be home alone, I took a bowl and egg beater and went down in the cellar where we kept our perishables and had a feast on whipped cream with sugar and vanilla. It never made me sick. I always washed everything up clean and never got caught.(1,2)

I was always very timid and bashful, would blush red often, if anyone spoke to me, but I guess also very aggressive as I was always ready to fight anyone. I fought mostly with boys no matter how much bigger they were, if they teased or picked on me and it seemed I always come out the winner, so I guess I must of been a bully.(1,2)

When I was younger I spent my summers away from home. There was always someone want[ing] to borrow one of us girls. Mother was always so good, wanted to help everyone and with four girls she could get along without all of

us through the summer months and as long as they needed us, Mother would let us go. I think Mabel went once to our Uncles, but I guess Mother needed Alice and Mabel at home so I usually was the loaner. I really did not want to go, but don't think I complained as I guess that was the way of life. I missed being home. Whenever Mother wanted us to go help out I just went whether I wanted to or not. Most of the places I stayed there were other kids around to play with. I stayed at my brother Fred and Dena's at the farm one summer, but no one to play with so did not like it so well. The next two summers at Grandmas and Aunt Hannahs when they lived on the farm and one summer after they moved to town.(1,2)

I mentioned how timid I was, well Aunt Hannah sent me to call the men in the field to lunch. I wonder if anyone can imagine being so timid as not to be able to raise their voice to call them to lunch. I waited a little, then went back to the house and told them I had called the men. There was a long wait before the men got so hungry they came anyway and said they did not hear me.(1,2)

I stayed more than one summer at my sisters-in-law and brother's ranch (Fred and Dena). Fred was gone much of the time, he was freighting from Salina to Loa. The last summer I spent at Dena's I tended her little baby boy, Carl, alot. Just after I left to go home a terrible thing happened, Carl got a piece of pear caught in his throat which caused his death. It took me a long time to get over his death I loved him so much.(3,6)

Alice spent so many years gaining an education all on her own. My sister Rose helped a lot by having her stay at her home to go to school. She also helped my sister Mabel and Jim the one year they went to Cedar City.

The winter that Jim, Alice and Mabel went away to school that left Father, Mother, Loren, Pearl and I home. It seemed we had lost most of our family. I think I grew up a lot that winter. That was the winter I got my first new coat. We always had hand-me-downs and were happy to

¹⁰² The smallest unit in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is a ward, several wards make up a Stake. Every three months there was a quarterly Stake Conference at the Tabernacle in Loa.

have them, but to have a brand new coat. I thought it was so beautiful. I guess that helped in my growing up.(1,3)

Mother made all our clothing and what she didn't make, she taught us how to make our clothes. When I went and lived in Salt Lake City, I got a job there and I was on a sewing machine there. I knew so well because our mother had taught us how to sew so that I could go right to work on the machine and make myself a living.(5,11)

When I was not quite 15 my sister Sadie wanted me to come and help her. She lived in Bountiful and was expecting a baby. I stayed most of the summer. A young man, a friend of my brother-in-laws, used to come to see them. I thought he was pretty O.K. I guess I had a case on him. I doubt if he knew I was around. One day he was coming for dinner. I had 25 cents. I don't know where I got it, but must have been saving it for a long time. I guess its the one Loren shared with me from Dr. Weaver. Anyway I decided to spend it for some face powder so I could dress up a little and look good for this fellow. I went to the drug store but he did not have any for 25 cents but he had one for 35 cent. He said, "Don't you have another dime." I said, "No," so had to go home with out it. I had an idea, so went to the flour bin and used some flour. I did not think it looked too bad, but my niece, about 12 years old, at the dinner table said, "What have you got flour on your face for." I sure felt silly and was embarrassed. (I still don't know whenever I was able to buy some face powder.) I did not get any attention from the boy after all my planning. I went back home and stayed through the winter.(1,3)

One day my father was over to the field. He went to take care of the horses. One of the them kicked him and he died from that injury. He was about sixty. He was sick for a few days. We sent over to Richfield and got a good doctor for him, but it was too late. The horse kicked him so hard in the body. My father lived about two or three days after that. Then he passed

away.(5,13) The sudden death of father was such a shock to us. He was good and kind and always had time for us. We could hardly figure how we could ever live with out him. He was so wonderful to us. We loved him so much.(5,11) It was good mother had all her family at home, and most of them lived close. We were so fortunate to have such wonderful parents. My mother went on living in the house.

It was after my father died, when I was about fifteen¹⁰³, that I went up to Salt Lake and started to work. My sister Sadie and family had moved back to Salt Lake City and she wrote and asked me if I would like to come and stay with them and to go work. She was a half-sister. My father's first family. There was five people in the first family. They were nearly all married and gone before I can remember. Sadie was very good to me, treated me just like her own daughter and I enjoyed my home with them. My brother-in-law, Joel, was so kind and good to me. I never felt I was in the way, just one of the family.(1,3) My sister and her husband were so kind to me. We never had a cross word to each other. They were real good to me. I was nice to them as near as I knew how to be nice.(5,17) They were just wonderful to me. From then on I did not see much of my family. I lived with them a long while, about three years before I got married.

Sadie knew a lady who worked in the Linen Supply Company and I could get a job there. I thought that would be wonderful so I went to live with them and got the job. We lived about ten blocks from work and those blocks were such long blocks. I think about twice as long as the blocks in Loa. Later my niece went to work there too. In the winter we left home in the dark and got home in the dark. We put in ten hours a day with one hour off for lunch six days a week and made \$7.50 a week. I gave \$3.50 to my sister Sadie and really felt rich and had everything I needed. Later I was given a job on the sewing machine and made \$8.00 a week. I

¹⁰³Tella was sixteen and a half when her Father died.

was lucky getting that job as I had experience. Mother taught us all to sew and we always made our own clothes at home.(1,3) When you ask for a job in those days that is what you got, six days a week from 8 a.m. till 6 p.m. No vacations and on holidays until noon and was happy to get it.(2) My day was done when I got through with my work. We had the rest of the time to do the things we wanted to. I mostly enjoyed living and having a good time. I did go dancing once and a while.(5,11)

I only went through the eighth grade in school. That was as much as they had down there in Loa. My brother and sisters went farther, but I got lazy and went up and started working. Rose offered to help me when I was in Salt Lake City working. She wrote and asked me to come and stay and go to school, but I was having too good a time and I guess lacked the ambition.(1,3) I didn't want to go any farther. I wanted to work and go to the dances and have a good time. I did have a nice time up in Salt Lake.(5,17)

When I was eighteen I met my future husband, Floyd Evans. I was introduced to him by a girl I worked with. He was living with his mother and step-father and planned on going back to Missouri where he was from. He had been living with his grandparents, but eventually he proposed to me and stayed in Salt Lake City. We decided to get married July 10, 1916. We knew a couple that went to Farmington to be married so decided to do that secretly. I left home that morning just as if I was going to work and he did the same. I think this lasted about a month before we told anyone. He had a pretty good job so I put in my resignation and we got a furnished apt. for a while but soon we were able to get furniture and rented a place.(1,3)

We were now expecting our first baby. A lovely baby girl was born to us, Effie Coy Evans, named after Floyd's Mother, Aug. 24, 1917. In June 21, 1919 we were blessed with a son, William Webster Evans. When the children were 4 years old and 6 yrs. old we bought and run a grocery store for 6 years.(1,3)

Floyd and I came from very different backgrounds. He was an only child and raised by his grandparents so was quite spoiled. I was raised in a large family and very stubborn and independent. He thought a lot of all my family and was very happy to have them in our home. Our home was always open to all. He welcomed and enjoyed them all.(1,3)

My mother come up to Salt Lake. She wasn't feeling good. My sister came with her. I think my brother came too. She come up to my place and stayed there. She said, "I'm sick. The doctor is going to send me to the doctor up here." We took her to the hospital. I don't know what they ended up calling it. I don't know what she was operated on for. She didn't seem like she was sick or anything. At the time I was moving. We'd bought a store. We were moving our home down into the store. We had to keep on moving in the store. They operated. But my mother died just about a day after the operation.(5,15)

I don't know quite what she died from. She didn't seem to be sick. Although two years before that she had come up and went to the doctor, but I can't remember her having any real bad sickness. I can't remember what it was. It wasn't anything that we thought could be cured right away. I think maybe the second operation came from the first operation. In those days they didn't know so much. I think it was not necessary that my mother should have died. I think she had good doctors. I don't know. I think she was about sixty-seven or something like that.(5,15)

Mother was such a beautiful, kind person, so unselfish and lived only for her family. She lived nine years after father's death. We were not a demonstrative family but we always knew the caring and love for each other and for our parents and their love for us was always there.(1,3)

We lived in Salt Lake for about ten years then Floyd got a job in Oakland, Calif. My husband and two children and I moved down to

California and I have been in California ever since.(3,7)

You ask to know more about my life after we moved to Calif. I haven't much to write. It was at the time of the Depression. We bought a nice house in Oakland Ca.¹⁰⁴ It took us both to work to pay for it. And I worked all the rest of the time until I was 68 years old. I worked in a Linen Supply Co. for about six years and was sure lucky to get it as jobs were so scarce. Later I got a job in San Francisco at the Southern Pacific Railroad in the office and was lucky to get that too. I worked there until I retired. Floyd was working all the time too.(4) Eventually we got our house paid for. We had a nice happy home.(5,10) Later when my husband and I separated we sold the home. That gave us good amount to live for a long while.(5,11)

I always went by the name Attella until I went to work in San Francisco at the Southern Pacific Railroad. Each time when I told them my name was Attella I had to pronounce it and spell so it was easier to say Nancy. Then I went to a lawyer for some reason and he told me to start using Nancy I don't know just why, so I've been using Nancy ever since for about 30 years except with my folks when it is always Tella.(2) Only my immediate family always call me Attella.(4)

I was never "active" in the Church¹⁰⁵, but I always went. Later when I moved up to Salt Lake City I always went to Church up there. I still go to Church. I've always attended my Church. My husband was never a member. He come from Missouri. He never joined the Church. I always went and my children went with me.(5,13)

After two wonderful children and eighteen stormy years of marriage my husband and I were divorced.(1,3) I never married again. He went back to Missouri where he was from and always

wanted to go back to live. He remarried an old girl friend and he has now passed away.(4)

Coy married in 1937 to a good man. We all love him. They adopted two children a girl Karen and a son Bill.(4)

I got a job over in San Francisco. I worked at Southern Pacific Railroad. I worked there for twenty years. Worked in the office. I retired. Then I moved up to my daughter's place, Lakeport, for a while. Later I stayed with my sister for a while. She needed me. Where ever anybody needed me I stayed there instead of making a place for myself. I stayed with my niece, Maxine [Morrell Wulfert], and took care of her children while she worked. Later I just completely retired. My sister, [Pearl], got sick. I went up to Redway and I took care of her while she was ill.(5,11)

I have one daughter. I had a son but he died. He got sick and went to the hospital. I lived in San Francisco then. I went home one night, I believe I'd been up to Coy's and they called me on the phone and told me that Bill was in the hospital. So it was dark and late at night. I got on the bus and I went to find the hospital. I went in. He was out. He didn't know me. I don't think I can even talk about it now. It upsets me. I never got to talk to him. He lived that night and the next day and the next night he died. The doctor said he had something. I don't know what it was. Some kind of a disease. We didn't quite seem to ever know exactly what it was. It wasn't anything bad.(5,17) Bill was about thirty-four then. My dear son passed away in October 1960. He didn't suffer long, thank goodness. It was such a shock to us all. We missed him so much.(4)

Bill and I lived together a lot of the time. He didn't get married. He had a good job. Him and I lived together over in San Francisco, but then we didn't keep on. He wanted to go his own way. He was really a good kind sweet thing to me. He lived in San Francisco. Then I got a job over there so then I lived there, but we didn't live together. He already had his own place. Him and another fellow bought them an

¹⁰⁴ Tella traded houses with her sister Alice in 1941, so Alice could have a bigger house. (Alice p142)

¹⁰⁵ The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

apartment over there, but I seen him quite often. He used to come once and a while for dinner. He was buddy-buddy with me. It was a nice companionship.(5,17)

I never did remarry. My daughter is now in her sixties, sixty-three. I have a granddaughter who is thirty-two or three. I'll be eighty-six soon, in June. We were a very happy family. I lived with my daughter for many years. But now my sister, Pearl, and I are living by ourselves in a nice, little home in Lakeport. We have a nice home together. We get along very well. We love each other very much. Things are very nice for us. We just now bought our home.(5,10) We are close to my daughter's where we can visit with her, enjoy her company. (This was recorded 29 April 1984. In 1981 she was living with Coy.)

Coy and her husband adopted two children, a girl Karen and a son Bill. Bill never married but Karen is married and has two children Stacey and Mark. We get so much joy from them. Stacey is seven and Mark five.(4) My granddaughter is very good and kind, helps us out a lot. We have a real nice family life. Everything is very good for us now at this time.(5,10)

—H. Cobia, 2000

* * * * *

Jan 3, [1985]

Dear Katie¹⁰⁶ and family,

I guess you dont know my dear sister Tella passed away Christmas day.

She had not been sick, but not up to par for some time. So it was a great shock to all of us. She was such a sweet dear person. I will miss her terribly. I have lived most of my life with Tella, and never a cross word.

She and I bot a nice home here in Lakeport, and were so happy and satisfied here near Coy.

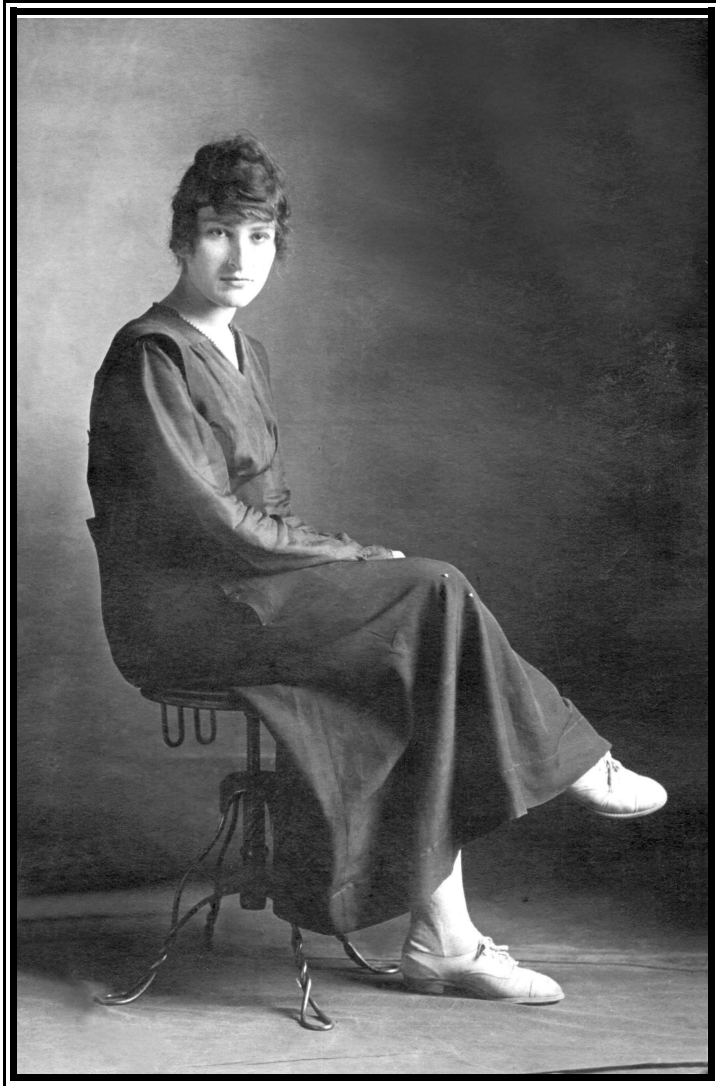
Hope you all have a nice New Year

Love, Pearl (6)

¹⁰⁶ Her niece, Jim's daughter

Bibliography

1. Nancy Attella Webster Evans, 10 page holograph accompanying a letter to Loren and Fontella Webster, dated 26 October 1979
2. Nancy Attella W. Evans, letter dated 4 February 1981 to Katie Webster Chappell
3. Nancy Attella Webster Evans, four-page holograph, copy sent to Katie Webster Chappell and received 10 September 1981. (This biography is a condensation of the one sent to Loren B. Webster 26 October 1979, #1 above)
4. Nancy Attella W. Evans, letter dated 7 January 1982 to Katie Webster Chappell
5. Nancy Atella W. Evans Interview, 29 April 1984 tape recorded, 9 page transcript; Oakland, California
6. Pearl Webster Stefan, letter dated 3 January 1985 to Katie Webster Chappell



Courtesy of Mae P. Webster

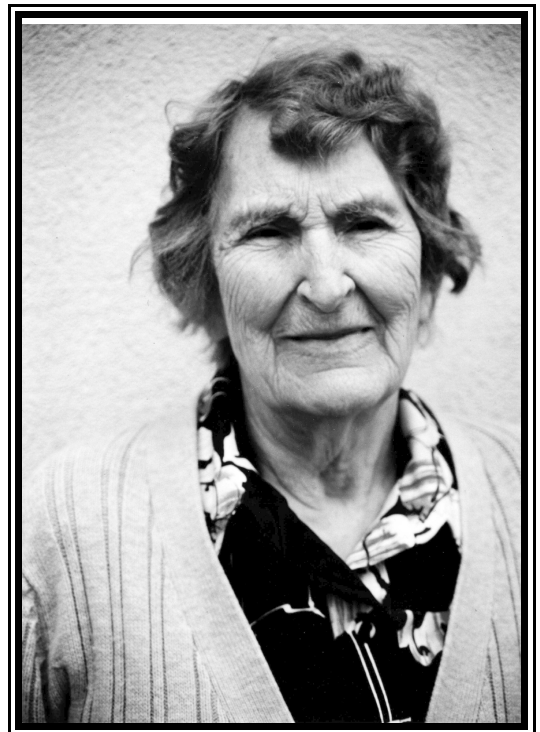
Nancy Atella Webster

The two white dots are not buttons; they are flies!



Courtesy of Mae P. Webster

Tella



Tella W. Evans, age 87
April 1984, Oakland, California



Effie Coy Evans, at 7 months
born August 24, 1917



Courtesy of James Muir

L-R Pearl W. Stefan, William Webster Evans, "Bill",
and his mother Tella W. Evans

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HUSBAND Rex BROWN

Born _____ Place _____
Chr. _____ Place _____
Marr. 6 Oct 1924 _____ Place _____
Died _____ Place _____
Bur. _____ Place _____
HUSBAND'S FATHER _____ HUSBAND'S MOTHER _____
HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES _____

Husband _____
Wife _____
☐ OPTION 1 — FAMILY FILE Send all names to my family file at the _____ Temple. I will provide proxies for:
☐ Baptism ☐ Endowment ☐ Sealing.
☐ OPTION 2 — TEMPLE FILE
☐ OPTION 3 — ANCESTRAL FILE

Your name _____
Address _____
Phone (_____) _____ Date prepared _____
Your relationship to the husband and wife on this form
Husband _____ Wife _____

WIFE Pearl WEBSTER
Born 19 Nov 1902 _____ Place Loa, Wayne, Utah
Chr. _____ Place _____
Died 4 Aug 1986 _____ Place Lakeport, California
Bur. _____ Place Hartley Cemetary, Lakeport, California
WIFE'S FATHER William Moorhouse WEBSTER WIFE'S MOTHER Kjerstie (Katie) FREDRICKSON
WIFE'S OTHER 2) Edmund M. STEFAN 6 Jun 1936 3) William EDMUNDS

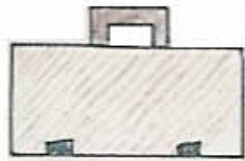
LDS ORDINANCE DATA
BAPTIZED (Date) _____ ENDOWED (Date) _____ SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND _____
HUSBAND _____
WIFE 4 Jun 1911 Manti 12 May 1989 SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS _____

SEX M F	CHILDREN List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth Given Names SURNAME	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE TO WHOM	WHEN DIED		
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY		DAY	MONTH	YEAR
1											
2											
3											
4											
5											
6											
7											
8											
9											
10											
11											

SOURCES OF INFORMATION Research by Elna Fredrickson Webster Denny Funeral Program Memorial
OTHER MARRIAGES _____
NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS _____

“The Traveler”

Pearl Webster



I was born November 19, 1902. The sixth and last child of Katie and William Webster. Most of the family thot.¹⁰⁷ I was spoiled, and maby I was. They all had brown eyes but me, mine are hazel like Fathers.(2)¹⁰⁸ While growing up I had a very happy childhood. I was the last in the family so got lots of attention.(1)

I remember Father putting me up on his shoulders and carrying me into the house and carrying me around out in the yard. I think he made quite a fuss over me and he probably spoiled me to a certain extent because I was the last one, the last of the whole bunch. I was just crazy about him. I wanted to be with him every minute. A very nice man.(4,2)

I don't think I look like my mother or my father. I think I look more like my Grandmother Fredrickson. My father was English and my Mother was Swedish. Mother's hair was sort of light brown and so was my Father's until he was bald. But Grandmother was blond-blond and I was too when I was a kid. I think I took more after her. (4,3) Grandmother wasn't very tall and kind of round with blond hair. She used to wear her long hair in a little bob in back. The last time I saw her, she was pretty old then, and she'd cut her hair like a dutch-cut, like they wore it quite a few years ago. I said, "Oh Grandmother, you've got your hair all cut so pretty." She said, "I'm getting older all the time. (She was way up into her nineties then.) She said, "Nobody is going to comb my hair." She got rheumatism and she couldn't reach back there. So she had it cut and she combed her own hair. She was really something.(4,1)

I think my earliest memory is Grandmother Fredrickson coming to visit us. She always spoke Swedish. The only word I remember

now is, "Duktee, duktee." It means "good, good." She had a scarf. It was a square and she'd double it over and put [tie] it under her chin. [Once on] April Fool's, my two sisters told me to go tell Grandma that Uncle Lars was coming to visit us, as an April Fool. She went in and she gets on her "clatter"¹⁰⁹ (that's the thing she put around her head) and runs out, all excited, "Duktee, duktee". And I said, "April Fool!" She was so angry. I think my Mother gave me a spanking for it, too.(4,1)

Grandmother and Aunt Hannah lived together. My aunt would go to visit her daughter. Her daughter lived in another town, and Grandmother would come and live with us while she was gone.(1,1) She was kind of stern, and yet she made you feel happy that she was there. We all liked her.(4,1) Most summers I would go to Fremont and stay with Grandma Fredrickson and Aunt Hannah. I enjoyed it. I played with Uncle Willy Jensen's children.(2)

Loren is two years older than me. We played together a lot. When I was about nine years I was taller than he. We would both get on an old horse bare back to go and get the cows. My legs hung down farther than his. He didn't like that. But he soon grew much taller than me.(2)

My brother and I used to take turns going out to the cow pasture and bring in the cows. We...fed the chickens and gathered the eggs. We had cows and horses. I always helped milk cows, separate the milk, and churn the butter. Mother did the cooking. We all helped with the house work and washing clothes. We had to carry water from the ditch across the street and heat it in a big boiler. We were so happy when we got a washer and didn't have to use the wash board (2) When we got a washing machine, each kid had to push a handle back

¹⁰⁷ Original spelling retained.

¹⁰⁸ Source number and page

¹⁰⁹ *Huvudklade* pronounced "hue-da-**cla**-da". Her cousing, Hilma Jensen remembers it as "claven." (Marie Louise Christensen, native of Sweden 4/17/99)

and forth a hundred times. We were lucky we had a washing machine instead of rub-a-dub-dub.(4,3)

We eventually got water in the house. As I remember it we used to have to go across the street. There was a ditch there. We used to get the water out of that, then they finally got it pumped in.(4,2)

I loved my mother dearly. She was always very kind and nice to all of us. We had our chores to do which we did. If we didn't we got a spanking.(4,1)

I don't remember our house on the farm, but the house in Loa had a kitchen and living room and bedroom downstairs. We had three bedrooms upstairs. We had a big, big fireplace and lots of fires in it in cold weather. We had lamps. It was very comfortable.

We had a big family and we got along together. If we didn't my mother would see to that, believe me. She was very fair about everything. If we got a spanking we deserved it. We didn't squeal on each other very often. We didn't want the other one to get a spanking. We were very close, always have been, still are. We do a lot of laughing and kidding back and forth. My parents weren't that way so much. They were very fair with us. I don't remember so much laughing and kidding going on as we do now. Maybe they were a little more stern in those days, I don't know. But they were nice and very good to us. We never felt that we were abused in any way.(4,2)

We didn't make a big fuss about holidays. On Christmas we just got our stocking full of something.(4,2) Before Easter Loren and I would sneak eggs and hide them to buy goodies. Then all the kids in town would go on a picnic at Easter. One time Tella found our eggs and told Mother. We were really mad at her.(1)

I always enjoyed school. One year I had my sister Alice for a teacher. I was naughty so Alice made me stand with my back to the class. So to get even with her I wrote on the black board, "Earl loves Alice." She was so mad at me she went home and cried and told mother.

Mother scolded me, but did not whip me. So I thot I got off easy.(2)

We walked to school thru the snow. I could hardly wait for the first snow. I would go out a[nd] roll around in it. We would take snow in the house and mix it with sugar and vanilla which was a treat. When we went home for lunch mother would take the big loaves of bread out of the oven. It was delicious.(2) I think she made the best bread in the whole world. She didn't make many cakes or pies or things like that. We ate well. We had a garden.(4,2) She also made her own cheese. I have never bought any that tasted that good.(1)

After we had our dinner at night, we'd all sit around the table. Our father would sit down at the end and we'd get our lessons and ask him anything we wanted to. He always could answer our questions, mathematics or anything. We all got good grades in school.

Father was very smart. I don't think he had a lot of schooling. It seemed like mathematics was just a snap to him. We always got good, good grades in mathematics and the teachers would brag on us and said we had the right name because our last name was Webster. We all did well in school.(4,2)

One of Pearl's classmates, Clieve Mathias, said, "Pearl Webster was a year younger than me. She was one of the smartest girls in that class. I had a hard time with per cents and Pearl would help me. She was a very nice penman."¹¹⁰

After eighth grade in Loa Loren and I went to Salt Lake to L. D. S. High School. We stayed with our sister Attella. She'd been married so we stayed with her. We didn't have much money. So we paid her with hams, cheese and other things to help. She and her husband, Floyd, were very good to us, and made us feel welcome.(2) We went two years each.(4,3)

I went back down to the farm, then I went wandering around in the summertime. After high school I went to Yellowstone Park and

¹¹⁰ Her biography was beautifully handwritten.

worked as a waitress two summers. I enjoyed being in that beautiful country and had lots of fun.(2) While there I met a friend. She and I went to Alaska one summer and worked. (1) That is where I met and married Rex Brown. We were later divorced. [sic] (2) I got the bug of traveling around and I couldn't get it out of my system. I don't know where else I went, I just seemed to wander and then I'd go home sometimes.

Of course, after my mother and father both died I didn't go down home, [Loa], very often. Father died because of an accident. He had a pitchfork in his hand and the fork part was up. A horse kicked it and the tines went through his intestines. He was sick and then he died.

I didn't work when I was married. My husband worked different jobs. Down here he worked at California Packing, it's a big canned fruit deal. I can't remember just what he did. He worked there the years I was married to him.(4,3)

When Attella and husband moved to Oakland I lived with them. I then met and married Edmund Stefan. He was in the Navy during W. W. 2. I never had any children. After he came home we built a nice home in Oakland. In 1947 we traded our home for property in Garberville, Ca. We had 17 acres, a nice home and 3 rentals on the south fork of the Eel river. We loved it up there, and had lots of company. Ed was killed accidentally by a tree falling on a car he was in. I had a very hard time and was unhappy living alone with so many responsibilities.(2) Five years later I met and married Willard Edmonds. We had a happy life for about 5 years. Willard got a heart condition and eventually died from that.(2)

After 12 years I sold my property and I'm now living in a mobile home in Redway, Ca. and am very contented.(2) This is a wonderful and beautiful country.(1) I have lots of friends here. I play bridge 2 or 3 times a week¹¹¹ (2)

I had a home up there in Garberville. It wasn't right in Garberville it was right on the Eel River. I sold it and bought a mobile home

and I decided I was rich, so I started traveling. I've had a lot of fun. I got the bug of traveling around and I couldn't get it out of my system. I have done a lot of traveling which I enjoy, all around the U.S., Canada and many foreign countrys.[sic](2)

A friend of mine, we got together and we got on the bus and went all over the United States. We went to Europe, all over there. We went to Haiti. As soon as I got a little money saved up, got some gal friend to go with me, away I'd go. I've had lots of fun. I'm to the point now where I don't really go; there's no where I want to go. I've seen it all, practically. I don't say I've seen it all, but I've seen all I yearn to see. But maybe I'll think of someplace.

I've been very healthy. I've never been in the hospital 'til last winter.¹¹² I think I've been very lucky. I had a cyst on my lungs. (4,4)

Tella and I just got a new place in September, September fourteenth.... [1983]. Tella's daughter's husband found it for us. I was living up in Redway which is about sixty miles this side [south] of Eureka.

My niece's husband came up and said, "Why don't you sell this place and move down to Lakeport?"

I said, "Oh I've been thinking of it. If I sell it, I'll sell furniture and all."

He said, "Oh don't sell your furniture."

I said, "What am I going to do with it."

He said, "I'll come and get it."

Anyway we bought this place. He came up and took three loads of furniture down. We moved down and we just love it. We found a nice place. We are there where Tella's daughter is and granddaughter. We think it is the nicest place we've ever had. I've had three homes and I like this one the best of all. My sister just loves it too. We don't care whether we go anywhere or not. We just sit there and drool.(4,4)

¹¹¹ Written in 1979

¹¹² Written in 1984

I met Aunt Pearl once. She is really my Great Aunt. My Mother, Katie Webster Chappell, is the daughter of Pearl's oldest brother, James Edwin. Jim's four sisters moved to California and our family neither saw nor spent time with the Webster side of the family. In 1984 Mother decided she was going to have a Mother-Daughters trip to California so she could visit her Aunts. Her cousin, Maxine Morrell Wulfert, invited Katie and her three daughters, Sue Olcott, Deanna Maxfield and me, to stay in her home. Maxine also invited her mother, Mabel Webster Morrell and her two aunts, Tella Webster Evans and Pearl Webster Stefan to stay with her in Oakland. It was a special visit for us. We loved Maxine's newly remodeled home and were treated royally. One afternoon she turned her kitchen over to us and let us cook dinner. She took us to do the tourist attractions in San Francisco. But the thing that made it special was Maxine, her two grand daughters and The Aunts, Mabel, Tella and Pearl. They were 88, 86 and 84 at the time. Not only did we grow to love them, but they shared their memories of our Grandfather, their parents and Grandmother Fredrickson, the people we knew only by name, and made them live for us.

Aunt Mabel was tall and stately with soft white hair. She matched my picture of an aristocrat. Aunt Pearl let Aunt Tella do the talking for her and kept her going by saying, "You're telling this story not me." For example she said, "I had three husbands." Then she paused and waited until Aunt Tella talked about them. Aunt Tella said Pearl and her first husband didn't get along and they divorced. Then she said, "After five years she got this new husband. I don't know what happened to him. They got along all right together." Then she paused and said, "Oh yes, he died." She was so serious but we all exploded in laughter.

We asked each of the aunts to talk about their lives while it was recorded by an audio tape recorder. Aunt Pearl was most reluctant to talk about her life. She answered our questions, but didn't volunteer anything extra. In a letter she told her brother Loren she didn't know how he and Mabel and Tella remembered all the things they wrote about their lives. I don't know if Aunt Pearl really couldn't remember much about her life when she was eight-four years old or if we didn't know the right questions to ask. We were hesitant to pry into her life fearing there were things she didn't want to talk about.

Now that I have combined her writings and her spoken words into the preceding biography, I wish that I could sit down with her and ask more questions, many more questions. What about those three husbands? She was divorced and widowed twice. I am sure she had other jobs besides a waitress in Yellowstone. What were her heartaches? She went all over the Americas and Europe but we don't know any of her adventures while she traveled. I'd love to know what she did in Alaska, what she thought in Austria, and what she saw in Haiti. What did she do when she wasn't traveling? It is too late to get the answers.

This account is just a glimpse of Pearl. She lived many years, but I have only been able to collect a few moments of her life. She is like an iceberg that broke away from a glacier and traveled out to sea. What we see is just a small part of a huge amount hidden by the waters of time and now she has traveled on taking most of her life with her.

--Hildred C. Cobia, 1998

* * * * *

1. --Pearl Webster Stefan, 2 page holograph, accompanying letter dated Nov. 6, 1979
2. --Pearl Webster Stefan, 2 page holograph, accompanying letter to niece, Katie Webster Chappell, dated 2 December 1981
3. --Clieve Mathis, schoolmate, 8, interview 6 May 1981 with Hildred Cobia, Loa, Utah
4. --Pearl Webster Stefan, Interview 28 April 1984, Oakland, California, with Deanna Chappell Maxfield, grand niece



Courtesy Mae P. Webster Taylor

Pearl as a young girl

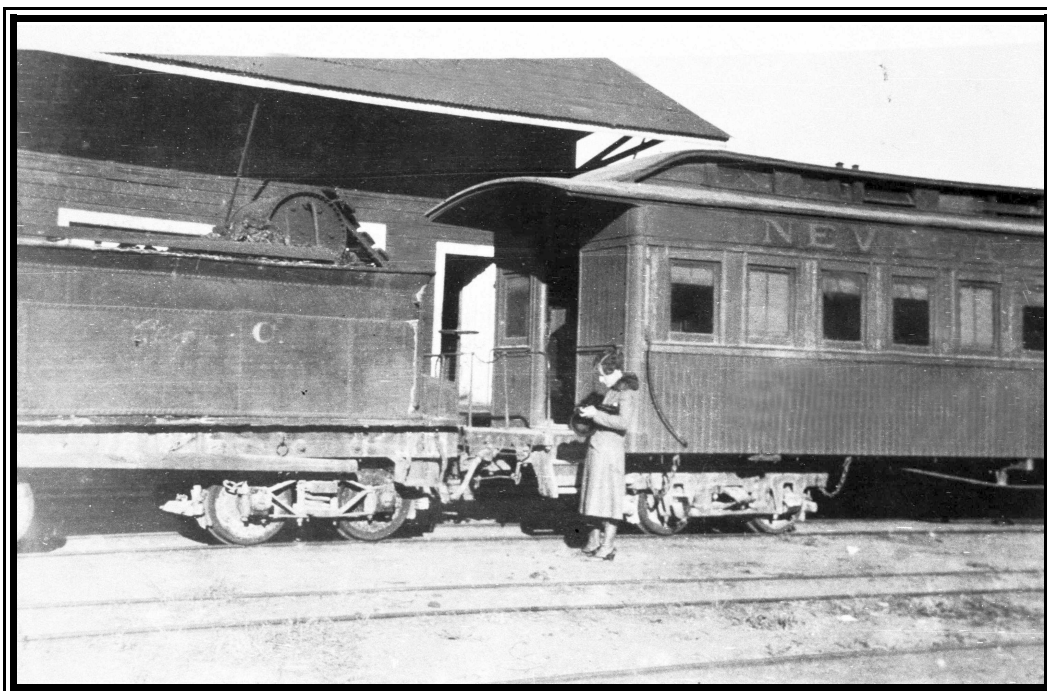


Pearl, age 82, April 1984



Courtesy Jim Muir

friend, Pearl Webster, friend, Alice Webster



Courtesy Jim Muir

Pearl on her way to Austria
Pearl - 189

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HUSBAND Loren Bean WEBSTER

Born 16 Sep 1900 Place Loa, Wayne, Utah
Chr. _____ Place _____
Marr. 10 May 1927 Place Torrey, Wayne, Utah
Died 11 Apr 1993 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
Bur. 14 Apr 1993 Place Loa, Wayne, Utah

HUSBAND'S FATHER William Moorhouse WEBSTER

HUSBAND'S MOTHER Kjerstie (Katie) FREDRICKSON

HUSBAND'S
OTHER WIVES

Husband

Wife

☐ **OPTION 1 — FAMILY FILE** Send all names
to my family file at the _____
Temple. I will provide proxies for:
☐ Baptism ☐ Endowment ☐ Sealing.
☐ **OPTION 2 — TEMPLE FILE**
☐ **OPTION 3 — ANCESTRAL FILE**

Your name

Address

Phone

()

Date prepared

Your relationship to the husband and wife on this form

Husband

Wife

LDS ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED (Date)	ENDOWED (Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
HUSBAND 5 Sep 1909	Manti 3 Jun 1960	Manti 3 Jun 1960
WIFE 21 Jun 1914	Manti 3 Jun 1960	SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS

SEX M F	CHILDREN List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth Given Names SURNAME	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE TO WHOM	WHEN DIED		
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY		DAY	MONTH	YEAR
1											
M	Devon WEBSTER	18	Mar	1927	Loa	Wayne	Utah	-----	stillborn		
2								11 Aug 1947	20 Nov 1977		
F	Elenor Maureen WEBSTER	20	Oct	1931	Loa	Wayne	Utah	Bud Sherman ALBRECHT (div)			
3								23 Apr 1934			
M	Loren Don WEBSTER	23	Apr	1934	Torrey	Wayne	Utah	-----			
4								29 Mar 1967			
M	"Jim" James William WEBSTER	7	Dec	1941	Richfield	Sevier	Utah	Mary JaNeanne ALLEN			
5								-----			
6								-----			
7								-----			
8								-----			
9								-----			
10								-----			
11								-----			

SOURCES OF INFORMATION Research by Elna Webster Denny

Interviews with Loren B. Webster, Daughter of Utah Pioneers, Wayne County "Autobiography of Fontella Pectol" Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Loa Ward microfilm #0026114, phone call to Jim Webster 11/10/2001 for marriage and endowment dates, Funeral Memorial

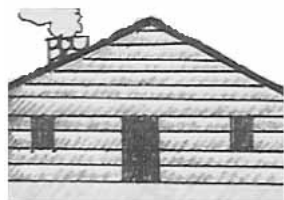
OTHER MARRIAGES

Maureen md. #2 Paul Jensen
#3 Roy Jensen

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

“The Observer”
Loren B. Webster

Dad



My Dad was called Billy. #2-2¹¹³ When I was a kid I didn't like anybody, only my Dad. I hung on to him all the time day and night. #7-6 We always ate our supper after dark so all the family would be together for this meal.

After we were through eating, Pearl, Attella and I would all make a dash for Dad's lap. If I didn't get there first I cried until I got the lap. I thought that there was nobody in the world like my Dad. #8-6

Dad was my whole life and I was never happy unless I was with him. He'd always take me with him. #7-6 It was never too hot or too cold for me to go to the field with him. If he or Jim thought it was too cold for me to go they'd try to get me to stay home. There was a seat on the wagon and I'd crawl under the seat and hide and go to the field with them. Dad use to build fires in the ditch to keep me warm as he worked in the field. #8-6

One day I was over there with Dad and it was cold. The wind was blowing and it was colder than heck and it was about night. I was bawling and wanting to go home.

Dad said, "I want to go a few more rounds here, then we'll go."

He built me a fire in the ditch and I laid down in the ditch by the fire. #3-9 He had a bronco horse that wasent broke to work very good. The horse got excited over some thing. It was hitched with two other horses on a disk harrow which was about eight feet wide. They got to running and Dad fell off in the front of the disk but as luck had it he fell into a ditch and the disk partly missed him. He was hurt but not seriously. #8-6 It cut him, but it could have cut him to pieces. #3-9 The horses ran

into the fence and stopped. #8-6 He couldn't hardly walk. #3-9 About that time Dave Blackburn came by with his team and wagon and helped Dad get the horses hitched on the wagon so he could go home. #8-6 I didn't know it happened. He come after me. He said, "We've got to go home." He could hardly go. I don't know how long he was laid up with it.

I had to follow my Dad. I was right to his coat tails until he died. He liked me with him. No matter where he went I was with him. He was kind. He was good. #3-9

My parents were William Morehouse Webster and Katie Fredrickson Webster. #8-1 Dad's parents came from England but he was born in the United States. #8-3 Dad's Mother died when he was born and his Dad died a short time after. #2-5 He had no brothers or sisters. #8-3 Then the Turners took him and raised him. He said the Turners were good to him. They seemed like his family to him. He figured them as brothers and sisters. They was always good friends. There was Wren and Ben and Mary. She married an Ellett. Whenever he went to Fremont he had to go see Aunt Mary Ellett because she was a sister to him. They got along really good. They raised him like one of their kids. [The children] were second cousins to him. They wasn't much relation.¹¹⁴ #2-5

My father was among the first settlers in Loa. He often told about the first day he arrived in the valley. He was very disappointed in what he saw and wanted to turn around and go back to Sevier County as the climate and soil were better for farming but he had come in with the Turners and they wanted to stay so he stayed with them.¹¹⁵

I know when Dad and Maggie got married and moved to Wayne County [they] lived over on the farm. I understood she was really a good

¹¹³Source and page number. All footnotes, titles and arrangement of text by Hildred Cobia.

¹¹⁴ See Moorhouse Relationship Chart.

¹¹⁵ More stories by Loren found in the chapter about William and Katie.

worker. He was putting up his crop when he went to Fish Lake when his first wife died.

Mother

My father's first wife died leaving him with five small children to raise. They were Fred, Sadie, Rose, Lizzie and Dan. He later married my mother. She was born in Sweden and came to Wayne County when she was about twelve years old. Her older brother, Lars Nelson, had come to the valley some time before the rest of the family, and bought a farm between Loa and Fremont. When Grandma Ellen Fredrickson came from Sweden to Wayne County she bought a farm just east of her son Lars' farm. Her children's names were Lars, Hilma, Katie (my Mother), Hannah and William (Uncle Billie Jensen). #8-1

I remember my mother as a beautiful woman with a disposition that matched her looks. #8-6 Mother was a good-sized woman. She was dark-complected, dark brown eyes and dark brown hair. Her hair was long and come clear down to her waist. She'd comb it with a fine comb. It had fine teeth on both sides. I've seen her comb her long hair for hours at a time. She'd put it over and comb that long hair. She loved to comb her hair. She'd twist it and rolled it in a braid at the back and tucked it under with a hairpin. That is the way she'd put it up. #2-7 She always took pride in her shining hair. #8-6

Most of her kids were a little dark, but not any of them was as dark as she was, maybe Alice was as dark, well, not quite. Dad didn't have any hair, but his hair would have been light. He was light complected and she was dark complected. He had blue eyes. He had two different colored eyes, one eye was darker than the other. Mother's eyes were brown. Pearl was the only one that had blue eyes in our family, the rest of us had brown eyes. All of us kids was blond when we were young but as we got older our hair got darker. They called us tow-heads. Pearl's hair never did go dark. Her hair was blond all her life and blue eyed. Our

Jimmy, when he was a kid was white, now his hair is dark.

Mother was about Mabel's height. She was built a lot like Mabel and about that size. She had quite big hands. That's where I got my hands from. She was, maybe you'd call it, raw-boned. #2-7,8

My Parents

If there was a sick animal mother was always the first to notice it and she would start to doctoring it at once. When we had a cow we needed to break to milk it was always mother who took over the job as she could gentle them easier than any of us. #8-6 She could get up to them and tame them easier than anybody. We didn't have hobbles in them days. I think sometimes we had a rope and tied them with a rope. Later they got metal hobbles which worked much easier. Mother never did hobble a cow, nor tie it up. She was just kind to them. She could break them to milk. She milked a lot of the time. Us kids had to milk.

Dad didn't milk. His hands were always rough and cracked. His hands were stiff, almost as stiff as a board, he couldn't hardly close them. His hands were terrible. #1-4 He was water master for many years. It was a job that required his attention daily. He had to regulate the water so each stock holder would get his share. He never wore gloves in his life and his hands were in the water so much I have seen them cracked and bleeding many times from exposure to the water, heat and cold. #8-3

Dad read a lot. He always took the Deseret News. We got it twice a week, a semi-weekly paper. The paper was the only communication we had with the outside world. #8-2 Dad couldn't hardly wait until the newspaper come. The mail come in of a night after dark and us kids would go up to the office and wait for the mail to come. When the mail and paper would come we'd dash home with it. He liked to read the paper. #2-2

Dad loved to read. Dad never went to bed before twelve o' clock at night. He'd set up and read the paper. He'd read that paper through and through. #1-7 He never missed a line and

could remember everything that he had read. Then he read books. He read every kind of book. He read one book I remember, Josephus. It was a great big book. He read the Bible. He read all religious books.

Mother didn't read much. She read in the newspaper and always read the sermons in it and a few things like that. #2-2 Mother cut all the sermons out of the paper and kept them in a box. #1-7 She made sure they were kept for future reading. #8-2

Mother was the first one up and she'd build a fire in the fireplace. We'd cover the coals of a night, put the ashes over the coals. In the morning you'd just take the ashes off and it would be hot coals. You'd blow on the coals to start a fire. She'd take some of the coals and put in the cook stove and get it a going. Then she'd go outside and milk the cows. Then come and get the breakfast ready and then start hollering at the kids. We was hard to get out of bed. After she got us up we might help a little. #3-2

Dad never went to bed until 12 o'clock at night. He was usually about the last one up. He didn't get up early and he didn't go to bed early. When breakfast was about ready, Mother would say, "Go get your Dad up for breakfast." He'd get up and come in to breakfast. #2-2

Dad hadn't had too many hours sleep. When we kids was getting lessons, he'd help us with arithmetic, he'd help us get stories. I remember I had to get a story for school and I'd set up until twelve with him. I didn't know how to make a story. I said, "I've got to have a story for school."

He went ahead and made me a big story and told it to me and I took it to school the next day. Boy, they thought that was really a good story.

My dad was a great talker. He would talk for hours at a time. Him and Warren Taylor would get together and talk for hours. They were both great talkers. Dad was an interesting talker and Jim was an interesting talker. He could keep anybody interested, any time. I was

just different. All my life I didn't have anything to say. Anytime out in a crowd of boys or anywhere I never talked. #3-2

Mother was shy. She didn't have much to say. #2-7

I never seen mother get mad. I never seen my dad and mother say a cross word to each other. That's a funny thing to say, but that is the truth. They were very good natured people. I never heard dad say a cross word to mother and I never heard her say a cross one to dad. They wasn't lovely-dovey, but they were kind. #2-7 I don't suppose my parents agreed on all things but I never heard them have any arguments. It don't seem possible considering the size of our family. I can't say the same about us kids. We had plenty of knock down and drag outs, but mother and father were always there to sooth things over and make peace. #8-7

I know sometimes there was troubles between the in-laws, but she never could rest as long as there was any feelings, I've heard them say. She would go into a house and she could kind of feel the devil in the house, because they had these feelings. Before she'd leave she had to get everything straightened out and so they had a good feeling. Then she felt all right. She couldn't stand people to have feelings and to quarrel and fight. #2-7

Soon after my father and mother were married they started to raise a second family. The first born was James (Jim) and was followed by Alice, Mabel, Attella, Loren and Pearl. We are all about two years apart, making a total of eleven children for my father to support and my mother to make a home for. They were very good parents. #8-3

I never heard mother say a bad thing about any of them kids. She never talked bad about anybody. I think she had plenty of reason too. Them kids was hard to handle they was high-strung. Most people if they'd raised kids that wasn't their own, they'd have quite a lot of bad things to say about them, but Mother never talked bad about anybody.

Us kids got along pretty good. Of course as I grew up the older ones were gone. Fred was there part of the time, but not a lot. Dan wasn't there a lot. Sadie and Rose and Lizzie was married before I got grewed up. I didn't have too much to do with them, but we all seemed like brothers and sisters. Of course, there was a little difference there. It was just natural. We thought a little different of the older and the younger. #2-8

Birth

I was born September 16, 1900, in a log house that was on my father's farm just east of the Fremont River between Loa and Lyman. #8-1 Being next to the baby and being the baby boy they all told me I was treated as a baby. It wouldn't be fair if I denied it. #8-7

They always told me I was born to the field. The house was setting on the corner just as you'd go in the field, just off the Lane. There was a fence between the pasture and the field and the house was just inside the field. I can't remember the house. I was just a little fellow. #3-8,9

[He was named Loren B. Webster.] Loren's son wrote: "The B in Loren B. Webster stood for Bean, a name which he detested. His mother told him he had rich relatives named Bean¹¹⁶ and in hopes of winning favor with the rich relatives, he was cursed with the name. But the rich relative only gave him the hated name and he never saw any riches. He never remembers meeting the rich uncle, what a disappointment that must have been to his mother.

"One day his heart almost stopped when Vern Pace, the town tease, heard his older sister Mabel call him by his full name. 'Loren Bean' she screamed to get his attention, not knowing or caring that he hated the name. He knew if the name became public knowledge he would

¹¹⁶ Loren father's Aunt Frances married Benjamin Bean. William's father, Fredrick, and Liza's Mother, Frances, are brother and sister. Loren said her daughter, Liza Bean lived in Price, Utah.

be better off dead. His life wouldn't be worth living with all the teasing that would follow. But by sheer luck, the town clown thought she called him "Loren Dean." He never liked the name Dean, but he was so happy not be called Bean, he never attempted to correct it. Only after his marriage, did his wife insist he be called Loren by his friends and to his relief he was no longer called Dean, Gene or Bean any other thing but Loren." #9,1-2]

Our House

[After I was born] we moved over to town. Pearl was two years younger and she was born after we moved. All the other children were born over on the farm and lived on the farm.

[Before we moved into our house in Loa,] we lived across the street in a house that belonged to Potter¹¹⁷. We always called it the Potter lot. We lived in that little house before our house was built. We were there, maybe a year. Dad brought the logs from the house at the farm. When we moved Dad numbered each log before he took them down. When he brought them over to town each log was marked so it could be put up the same way that it was taken down. He put them back in place so the didn't have to do any trimming. When they brought the logs from the farm it was only a one story building. Dad added on enough logs to bring it up to make two stories out of it. There wasn't any upstairs when it was to the farm, so that made six rooms. #6-10 They were all the same size, 6 - 8 by 16 feet. There was three rooms downstairs and three rooms upstairs. The six rooms were all exactly the same size one above the other.

The house was a "T" shape, two rooms side by side and one in the middle. We called one the front room. You could go in either the bedroom or the kitchen from that room. The long part run east and west. A stairway went up to the other three rooms. My parents slept

¹¹⁷ William Columbus Potter. His daughter, Mae, married Jim, Loren's brother.

downstairs. Most of the time they were in one room. In later years they changed it and had the front room as their bedroom. #1-2

The boys [slept] in one bedroom upstairs and the girls in another upstairs. I don't think Dad and Mother had one room alone. There was kids in another bed. Dad and Mother never slept in the same bed as long as I can remember. I slept with Dad. I can't ever remember ever sleeping with anybody but Dad. One of the girls slept with Mother or she might have slept alone. #2-2 Most of the rooms had two double beds, no single beds.

The beds were wooden. They didn't have springs just boards on them. We had home-made mattresses. They were slit across the top and they'd fill them with straw. Them was throwed on the slats and the quilts over that. When the straw got matted down they'd stir it up. When they first put it in, it would stand up about two feet high. We'd run and jump on top of it and thought it was really something. Then it would mat down until it was six or eight inches. Then they'd stir it up and stir it up to make it nice to sleep on. The ticks had a slit in it and they'd reach right in and stir it up. When it got packed so much it was solid, they'd have to change it. It was hard to get straw in the summer time. They'd get it in the fall or the winter. In the summer, sometimes they'd use wild hay. Wild hay was pretty good. It was a wire grass hay. They'd fill the tick every year. My mother and sisters made the quilts for our beds.

We never did sleep in the third room upstairs. That was storage stuff. Mother made cheese in the summer and she put her cheese in that room on shelves. They had to turn it and wax it. She put butter on it at that time to grease it. She had to turn it every day or two so it wouldn't mold. She had them big shelves clear full of cheese. It would last through the winter. In that room we had a big platform hanging from the ceiling and that's where Dad stacked the flour. #1-5

Fontella: "When the mice would get into the flour they couldn't eat it so they'd use the flour with "mouse tracks" for wall paper paste. Oh, that's not very good for a history."

Loren: That is why Dad put the flour on a platform hung with wires so the mice couldn't get to it. That protected it. #2-3

There was no board or sheeting on the inside or the outside of the house, just logs. There was nothing on the floors, only six or seven inch [wide] boards. When they were put in they were green lumber. There was about a fourth inch crack between the boards. If we dropped anything on the floor it would roll down through the crack. We had to be careful if we had a nickel.

The floor boards were thick when we started, but they'd wear down until they'd finally break through and we'd have to replace them. But that would give us a chance to see what was under the house! The house was setting on a 8 - 12 inch high foundation of rock. There was no crawl space under the house. #1-1

When the house was built they left about one and one half inches between the logs. This space or crack was filled with clay. Some times when we killed pigs we would put pig hair in with the clay so it would hold together better, but when it got dry it would crumble and fall out and when it fell out we could see day light between the cracks. The floor boards had shrunk until there was a crack between each one and the cold would come up on our feet. There was no wall paper. We could see the floor joists of the upstairs floor. In the winter that was mighty cold.

It was so cold upstairs we couldn't hardly stand it. Of a night we'd heat rocks and take up to bed with us. We'd heat them on the stove or in the fireplace and wrap a cloth around them so they wouldn't burn us and put them in the bed. They'd warm the bed a little so it wouldn't be so cold you couldn't stand it. The bedroom didn't get any heat at all for years and years. #1-5, #6-10

In the kitchen there was a cook stove on the north wall then the big fireplace then closets filled the rest of that wall. There was one closet we called the wood closet. It was about 4 ½ by 5 feet. We'd fill that up every night. It took a lot of wood for them old fireplaces. That's all we'd have for heat. The old cook stove didn't throw out much heat. We didn't have any heat upstairs or in the bedrooms. In later years we did get a heater in the front room and a heater in the kitchen after quite a few years and it set in the fireplace. With the fireplace it would take half a day to get that room warm. You couldn't heat the other rooms. #1-2

My father hauled enough wood in the fall of the year to keep the fires burning so we could be warm through the cold winters. Our house was never really warm as the cracks let in so much cold air. Our floors were bare wood floors, but finally we put linoleum in the kitchen. #8-4

I remember the winters being much colder than they are now. The snow would drift over the fences and was frozen so hard that we could walk over the drifts. When I went out to do the chores in the early morning the cows and horses would be covered with white frost. As I milked the cows, the milk froze on my hands. We didn't have very good shelter for our animals. It was so cold of a morning when my mother got up to build the fires she held a rag over her nose so it wouldn't freeze. If we left any water in the buckets it would be frozen solid. #8-4

The house was white-washed inside. We used to go up to the Point of the Mountain (We called it "The Point.") to get the white wash. There was white clay in a little creek on Lars Nelson's place. We'd bring the white water down in barrels and use it for white wash. They'd carry it in the house in buckets and then take a big white-wash brush and go over the walls to make them white. #1-1 That's all they had for paint. They couldn't afford paint. I don't know if they could even get it. The white wash was cheap. I remember going with Dad and dipping it out of the creek. I didn't do too

much work, I guess, but I was with him. We brought it back in tubs.

After a while they did put factory (a cloth that was used for dish towels) up on the ceiling along the floor joist. It would sag and stretch down and get dirty and it was hard to do anything with. When Fontella and I moved into the house we put celletex on the ceiling, like plaster board, only it's soft. It came in squares. To nail it up so it would stay we put little pieces of wood about ½ inch by 2 and 1 ½ wide to hold the celletex up in the kitchen.

First the walls were logs. After a while they put on boards, rough lumber, then I guess they put factory over the boards to put wall paper on. I know they put factory on the ceiling but the weight of the wall paper and the stuff would pull the carpet tacks loose then it would fall down. It was papered upstairs after a while and they used factory and it was coming down. They'd send to Sears and Roebuck to get the wall paper. It come in rolls. They made paste out of water and flour. They had to trim every bit of wall paper. I can see them cutting with the scissors. Mabel was the wall paperer. Mother helped paste but she didn't get up and hang it.

They laid the paper out on long boards to put on the paste. They'd pull it over and hold it in rolls, bunches, and then they'd get on a scaffold and start to put it across the ceiling, above their head. They had to keep rubbing and rubbing to get that to stick. They had a cloth in their hand and rub it and rub it and rub it to get all the air out and to get it to stick. It was quite a job.

Fontella: "They'd get it all on and the next morning you'd get up and half of it would be on the floor."

Loren: I don't know if we had any come off. That flour didn't stick too good. But after it was on there for a while it would pull the factory and all would come down and they had to tear it off. The wall paper usually had flowers in it, some had stripes. It was just like now, they had everything. Some of the paper

had things you had to exactly match along the seam or it didn't look right. #2 3,4

In the living room they had a rocking chair and a couch. They had an organ and chairs and a small round table. We didn't spend much time in there. Our time was spent in the kitchen. We'd sit in the kitchen of a night, before we went upstairs to the bedrooms. #1-4

We didn't have much furniture. In the kitchen we had a big oblong table, enough for eleven of us to get around. There was eleven in the family besides Dad and Mother. The table was blue made out of rough lumber. It had been planed. I imagine Ors Blackburn built it. He built the cupboard where we kept the dishes. It was a great big cupboard with glass on the top. We had the cupboard and the table and chairs and the cook stove; that's all we had for years. There was two windows, one on the south and one on the north by the doors. I think there was window blinds. There was the water bench. We had another bench that had a white, enamel wash basin on where we washed our hands. There was a nail in the wall and the towel hung upon the wall by the basin. There was a soap dish and the soap to the side and a looking glass above it.

The #3 tub to bath in was hung outside on the wall. They'd bring that in once a week and we'd all have to take a bath. We'd heat the water on the stove in the boiler. Then they'd pour it into a #3 tub and we'd take a bath, one after the other. Fontella said, "...Saturday night baths were taken every Saturday night whether they needed them or not!"

Mother had a big heavy cast iron tea kettle always sitting on the stove and there was a reservoir on the stove. If the damper was closed the heat would go across the top of the stove and down to heat the reservoir. If you didn't need the reservoir hot and wanted more fire, you left the damper down, and the smoke went straight out and didn't go down and under. The reservoir held about 5 gallon of water. The tea kettle was hot and boiling, but the reservoir was just good and warm. #1-4

In the kitchen there was a little bench for water. We used to carry our water from the ditch of a night. We set the water in the buckets on the water bench and the next morning they'd be froze until the ice would bulge up. We had to break the ice to get a drink of water. We had to thaw the ice out to get cooking and wash water.

We carried our water from the McClellan Ditch, that was across the street, north of the house. There was a bridge over it. We'd take our buckets and go out on the bridge and dip up the buckets. Up the street about two blocks, Blackburns had their corral came right over the ditch. Their cattle came right out and drunk water and walked and messed in the ditch. All the town cattle and horses had to come there for water. Of a morning they'd drive them down to the creek. That's the water we used to drink.

It's funny people could live isn't it? I guess people did get sick. Maybe that's why they had so much typhoid. Heb Blackburn had five or six kids die. My sister, Sadie, had three die and they're out in the Loa Cemetery. #1-3

At times McClellan Ditch would freeze over and we would hafta go to Spring Creek for our water which was about two blocks from our home. Spring Creek never froze over. We were lucky to live so close to a creek. There was one or two wells in town. Willard Pace had a well, but most of the people in town had to haul their water on sleds. The sleds were built big enough for two fifty gallon barrels. They'd bring two barrels on a sleigh with a horse and dip the water up at McClellan Ditch or Spring Creek. After the barrels were filled with water they were covered with tubs so the water would not splash out on the way home. #8-4, 6-10

There was an old pole fence around the place. We didn't have a gate we had a short panel with little poles, about eight feet long. Every time we went out we'd just drop a pole and slipped them back. There was only three of them. We'd just slipped the center one back and crawled through. We never had any gates.

There was one old tree on the property when Dad bought the place. Down on the next corner there was one tree there. Them two trees was there. Up to Grandmother's, she had a lot of big trees. We went up to her place and got limbs off them trees and planted them along the property line. A few died, but most of them lived. Those all grew to big trees.

We had planted trees two or three times before, but they hadn't growed. We got some up to Loadie Brown's one time, but only one or two lived. One time Jim and I went out toward Parker Mountain and got pine trees and brought them and planted a dozen or fifteen, but there wasn't a one of them growed. I don't why. But these we got from Grandmother's most of them growed. They were great big trees, big limbs and had great big, wide leaves, a row of trees a block long. But one tree out in the front of the house had a little, slim long leaf. It was a cottonwood. The others were a different tree.#3,4

Our Food

Mother was never too healthy but that never stopped her from keeping a good clean house and cooking three hot meals a day. She was a good manager to be able to do the things she done inside the home and out side. #8-6

We always had mush for breakfast. It was mostly cracked wheat and some oatmeal and Germaid. Mush with cream and sugar and meat and eggs. We had three hot meals a day. We always figured on that. #3-2

Mother didn't fix Swedish foods. We just had potatoes, gravy and meat. That's about all. We didn't have much fruit. We were kind of poor. I liked fruit so much.

Once mother put up jelly in old pickle jars, square on the bottom and round on top. I wanted some of that jelly so bad. Mabel and Mother were there and finally Mother said, "Go down and get that bottle of jelly and bring it up."

I went down. It was high up on a shelf and I climbed up to get that, I dropped it and broke

that bottle of jelly. Oh-h-h-h I felt so bad. I bawled and bawled. I didn't dare go up and when I did go up I was bawling. Mother said, "What are you bawling for?"

I didn't dare to tell her. I guess I bawled for an hour. I was a great bawler when I was a kid. Finally I had to tell her what had happened. I didn't know what would happen to me. But she was good about it and said, "Well, you can't help it. There is nothing we can do about it."

I ruined that big bottle of jelly. I liked sweets all my life. I liked fruit and jelly. #3-1

Molasses was about all the sweet we had. Once in a while we had a little honey or fruit.#8-2 In the fall of the year Dad would buy 50 gallons of molasses. It had a spigot in the bottom of the barrel so we could get the molasses out. #8-2 When we was in the old Potter house across the street, out in the back there was a back room and in there was a barrel of molasses.#3-1 I remember we'd go out there and turn the spigot and get the molasses out and take it in the house. We'd pour the molasses on our plate, get hot grease from meat or bacon, mix it with the black molasses and spread it on bread. It turned the molasses a light color when we stirred it up.#3-1,2 I remember it was quite bitter to eat, but to mix it with that grease seemed to help it. But it was sweet and we liked it pretty good. #3-1,2

We didn't have much money to buy fruit and we didn't have much fruit. You had to go to Fruita to get it or buy it and we didn't have much money. But we always had eggs and milk and cheese and butter. We raised that our self. We got along good. We had eleven kids in the family and that was quite a few to take care of. #6-11

Every night before my mother went to bed she got out a big bread pan. She always mixed a pan of bread. Then in the morning she was up, just like her mother, at the crack of dawn, building the fires and getting things in order to start the day for her large family. She'd make a big pan of biscuits and six big loaves of bread

every day. We had mashed potatoes, gravy, meat and hot yeast biscuits every morning of the year. #8-2 It was hot biscuits for breakfast until Dad died. I remember after Dad died, Mabel said, "We won't have to cook hot biscuits every morning." (laughs) I remember how bad I felt. That was the last of the hot biscuits. Mabel said, "No more hot biscuits." #1-4

Fontella: "Hildred, I've got to speak up once and a while. Loren's Mother had to be one of the best people in the world. All these lazy men. I can't figure it out. All lay there in bed and let her go out and milk the cows and get the hot breakfast. Then they'd get out of bed. Oh, I get mad every time I think about it. She'd get up of a morning and build a fire and go out and milk the cows and come in. She always had yeast biscuits every morning and put them in the pan and peel potatoes and get a hot breakfast. Then these men, Fred, Jim and Loren and Dan would get out of bed."

Loren: "That's all, four men folks."

Fontella: "That's enough." #1-4

Fontella: "I don't know if anyone told how they made bread. They'd keep a start of yeast in a jar. They added potato water and sugar and make yeast again. Sometimes it would go flat and they'd go to the neighbors to get a start. They had to feed it every few days. Now people go get a packet of yeast. You had to keep it in a cool part of the cupboard, if it got too hot in the summer it would sour and went flat. Sometimes we'd go to the store and buy a yeast cake to make a start, but usually we'd go to the neighbors to borrow a start of yeast and add potato water and sugar to it."

Loren: They had to put new potato water and stuff every day. I think Mother did it every day but she made a big bunch of bread. Mother kept her yeast in a two quart jar on the top [shelf] of the stove. Mother used a quart of it for six loaves of bread. It was rather like the sheepherder's sour dough jug. They had to add flour and water each time and you had to leave enough in there to give it a start. But yeast was

different from sour dough. The sour dough you'd just mix it with your flour. #3-11

Mother wasn't very healthy. She wouldn't eat white bread much. She had Graham bread. She and Grandmother used to make Graham bread and they'd eat it themselves because they figured it was healthier. I didn't like it. I didn't eat it. She liked it. She said it was healthy for you. Mother and Grandmother was the only ones that would eat it in our family.¹¹⁸ Mother kept that on hand all the time. When it first come out of the oven and it was hot and they put butter on it, it wasn't too bad.

They'd buy a sack of graham flour. Graham is not made out of flour; it's made out of shorts. It is out of wheat but it is not the flour part. It was rough. It was the whole part and was ground fine. Graham was on the order of whole wheat, but it was a little bit different. I don't think it was quite as coarse as whole wheat bread.

As long as I can remember Mother wasn't well. I don't know what her trouble was. She just wasn't well. She had a lot of kids. She couldn't walk very far. She couldn't do much, but she always worked around the house, but she went slow. She got tired.

Fontella: "Reba Turner Stewart told me there would be times she's look up that way and Katie would be sitting on the sunny side of the hay stack."

Loren: Mother liked to go outside and take care of the stock and see if they were all well. She was a great hand to take care of the stock and see that they were fed and watered. She always took care of everything. #2-8

We always had a few milk cows. We used to have our cows come from the pasture and the calves would be out in the lot. When the cows would come, here would go the calves running and get the milk. Mother would go out there and chase them calves away and, boy, that would just about kill her. She'd do it to save the milk. #3-1 Mother made a lot of

¹¹⁸ One of her Grandsons, Brose Webster, thought it was the best bread he ever tasted.

cheese...for us to eat. She made butter and cheese to sell from time to time which helped with the family finances. #8-5

We sold milk to Doctor Weaver. He lived about a block from our home. We sold him two quarts of milk a day for five cents. I was the delivery boy. One time we got short of milk. Mother told me to tell the doctor that we could only sell him a quart of milk a day instead of the usual two quarts we had been selling him. I didn't tell him. At the end of the month when he paid his bill he paid the same amount he had been paying. I gave mother her share and I kept the remaining half for my self which I hid in a hole in the hay stack. I did not tell any one I had this money. The fourth of July came along. Alice, Mabel, Attella, and Pearl were all feeling very bad because they had no money to buy the things that the kids usually bought on the fourth of July. I think I had about two dollars saved up so I went out to the hay stack and got some money and gave them each twenty-five cents and I kept the other dollar. They were all excited to have that much money and they all wanted to know where in the world I had got it. I had to think pretty fast so I told them I had been getting Dr Weaver's mail and he had paid me five cents a day. If my parents had of known the truth I would of had to return the money and I would of surely been punished. I never tried that scheme again. #8-5

[Mother] always had enough chickens to supply us with our eggs and some over to trade for groceries. She always had setting hens and raised her own baby chicks. I use to watch the old mother hen with a dozen or so biddies following. She would scratch for food for them then cluck for them to come and eat it. #8-6

Wash Day

On wash day my mother heated the water we carried from the ditch in a copper boiler on the old cast iron stove. The stove lids was an inch thick, big heavy, round ones. There was six lids. The stove was made so they could take the three front lids off and the things that held

the lids in the center. The boiler was set over the fire and the heat could go all under the boiler. #1-4

For many years Mother used a tub and a wash board to clean our clothes. # 8-4 Then we got an old washer that went back and forth, back and forth. We pushed a lever back and forth, back and forth. Later ones went over the top and back. Ours had a big handle that went back and forth. We had to count to a hundred each time and took turns pushing that washer. There was a lot of counting. When we pushed a big round dasher flipped in opposite directions and that washed the clothes. The washer had a big wringer on it. The wringer had to be turned by hand, but that wasn't so hard. We didn't mind that so much. For years and years there wasn't any washer. My Mother didn't scrub the clothes so much. We had lots of big girls, Mabel, Tella, Pearl and Alice all scrubbed.#1-3 Mother wasn't very well. She was quite sickly. There was a lot of work she couldn't do, but she did do a lot of work. #1-3,4

I was a poor one to help around the house. We always had a lot of girls in our house and the girls done all the housework. The boys never done any housework. We never washed dishes. We never swept a floor. We always thought the girls was to take care of the house and the boys took care of the outside. I never did learn to cook and I never was any good around the house and never have been . It ¹¹⁹ is hard after you get alone not to want to cook or do anything or clean up the house.#6-10

Our Clothing

We had home-made shirts. They had collar and cuffs. Mother made all the shirts with a button on the sleeve. A lot of them was made out of grey flannel. We never had a boughten shirt or socks. I never remember a boughten shirt until I was grown. We had knit socks. Grandmother did most of the knitting of the

¹¹⁹ After the death of his wife.

socks. My sisters done a little knitting, but not very much. #2-1

My mother made all of our clothes, even our underwear. It was red flannel. There was great big legs about twelve inches around. (laughs) Big legs so you could jump into them easy. They buttoned down the front and a slit up the back. There was one or two big buttons and long sleeves and long legs. We wore them all winter. We needed them. Flannel was good for winter. We had two pair. When they washed one pair you had another one to put on. #1-8 As I grew older I was sure embarrassed when I had to wear them. I don't know why they made the legs so full. I can still see myself trying to double the big full leg of my underwear around my leg so I could get my socks over them. #8-2

I didn't have a suit. I remember when Ed Ellett come and stayed to our place one winter. He was a little relation someway. He come and he took pictures. He had his tent out on the lawn. He was there for quite a while. He took all our pictures, but I didn't have a suit to have my picture taken. I had to go down to Claude Goff's, he was about my age, and borrow his suit to have my picture. #2-1

Mother wore long, flannel dresses clear to the ground, almost touched the floor. I think she had two or three petticoats on. She had a big pocket and in that pocket she had everything! She had pins, safety pins, a piece of cloth, a pair of scissors. Anything you wanted she had it. I don't think Mother ever had a boughten dress. #3-8

Everybody had a last. We had a last to our house. Mother done half-soling. Us kids learned how to do it. We sat in the middle of the kitchen to work. We'd just put our shoe over the last and nail down through. The tacks would go in and clinch when they hit the iron. Sometimes we'd get nails in our feet. A nail wouldn't get clinched and we'd have to take it to the last and pound it down to clinch it. The tacks was just long enough to go through the leather and that would turn and bend back up.

In the summer time we wouldn't wear shoes for maybe two or three months when it was warm. In the fall our shoes would be too little for us, our feet would grow. If we couldn't get into them, the way Mother would do it, she'd lace the shoes up tight, fill them with wheat and wet the wheat. That would swell and stretch the shoes so we could get them on and wear them. We'd wear them until they wore out. Sometimes they got holes in the toes and our toe would be sticking out the end.

When we went bare footed our feet would get callused and so dirty and chapped and cracked. They'd even bleed sometimes. They'd be so sore. Mother'd make us go wash them in flax and bran and warm water. We'd put that in a bucket and soak our feet. That would soften them up and make them feel better. We'd put a little lard on them. #1-8

Dad's Farming

Dad was a hard worker. He worked late and he worked hard all of his life. #2-2 He plowed the ground with a twelve-inch Oliver Chilled¹²⁰ hand plow. A regular plow was about sixteen. This was a little one. The plow was pulled by two small horses. Father would walk behind the plow in order to hold it in place. I can just see him with the lines tied together and threw over his head around his neck so his hands would be free to hold on to the plow handles. When he came to the end of the row and wanted to turn the team around he would reach up with one hand and pull the one line to turn the horses and hold on to the plow with the other hand. The ground was so sticky he would hafta stop often to clean the mold board with a stick he carried for this purpose. #8-2 The mold board is the part of the plow that turns the soil over. A plow has a sharp point and one side comes straight back, the land side and the mole board was curved. #3-9

They could only plow about a half acre all day long. After I got grown up an acre was a big day plowing with three horses and a bigger

¹²⁰ a company name

plow, a riding plow. But Dad had a hand plow. If it was going too deep you had to push down on the handles and if it wasn't going deep enough you had to raise up. When you raised up that pointed the nose down. When you pushed down it tipped it up. The two handles were just wide enough so you could walk between them.

All Dad's horses had names. One was named Old Mall. He was lucky if he had two horses. One time he had one and he had to borrow one from Fred. His horses weren't very big. He had a little team and traded for Old Maud and another one (I can't remember what her name was.), something had happened to her front leg. It bowed back and never touched the ground. She walked on three feet. He thought he might cure it up, but he couldn't. She was never any good for anything.

Old Maud was a pretty good mare. He raised quite a few colts from her. I know Jim got one of her colts and broke it and took it to Horse Valley and used her and then he traded a team up there for another team. He named her Net after Nettie Brian. She was a sorrel and had red hair like Nettie Brian. (laughs)

Mother never drove the team. #3-9,10

My dad was sixty-four when he died and he'd been an old man for a long while, I thought. People didn't live like we live now. People sixty years old was old people. Dad walked most of the time. He couldn't climb on a horse. He'd rather walk to the field than ride because it was too much trouble to get on a horse. #1-3 When he worked all day he would take his lunch. He had an old tea pot that he would hide under a brush and leave to the field all the time so he could have hot tea with his lunch. I don't think he ever ate breakfast with out his tea. #8-2

Uncle Wren Turner would come and buy Dad's grain. He lived to Hanksville and he'd haul it down there and sell it to sheepherders. He'd come and stay a week. They'd sack up the grain and load it in his wagon. He'd bring his horses and feed them there. He wouldn't

pay anything for feeding his horses and he'd eat more than the horses. They kept him; it was about more than he paid for the grain. The grain froze a lot of the time and it was light. Dad had a pitch fork handle and they'd tamp the grain into the sack so they could get a lot in. They'd tamp every sack then sew it. The sack would be so tight you could lift them straight up. They'd get around a hundred pounds in a sack by tamping it hard. That old pitchfork handle, I can see it now, it wore down on the end until it was just little, it had tamped so much grain. It was big on one end, but little from tamping.

I don't know how long it took them to sack it, one or two days. Dad had some scales with a big ball that went back and forth. He'd pull the ball back and weight it on there. The granary had a rope up in the top that held [the scale] and they'd hook a rope around the sack and hook it up on the scale and pull the big ball back until it weighed so much. That is how they weighed it out. I think Uncle Wren took 20 - 30 sacks at a time. He'd come every two or three weeks in the winter. #1-5,6

The wheat in Loa usually got froze and the bread would be darn-near black and hard, you could hardly eat it. #1-5 In the fall of the year Dad would take a part of the grain he had raised to Salina and trade for our year supply of flour. It took six days to make the one hundred and twenty mile trip. When he would go it would seem like to me that he would never get back. The family all worried about him as there was usually very deep snow, always terrible cold. The roads were slick and rocky. #8-2

I remember one time he didn't get back in the five days. An old guy from Bicknell, Durfey, was with Dad. The snow got so deep coming back they couldn't pull their wagons. They had to put both teams on one wagon and pull it up a hill. Then they'd go back and get the other and pull it up the hill. They was a day late. When they got in that night it was way after dark and we was all worried about him. Old Man Durfey stayed with us that night.

Dad would always bring us some candy, animal candy, like little horses and little Santy Clauses, hard like an all-day sucker. Some was pink and some was yellow. He'd bring one piece for each kid. We couldn't afford much candy. Boy, I'm telling you we was after that candy. That was the first thing we'd think of when Dad got home. We was after our candy.

I went with Dad one time to Salina. We camped right close to the railroad tracks. I'd never seen a train. I'd gone to bed and Dad stayed up until the train come. He come and got me to see the train. It pulled in there and was puffing away. #1-5

Religion

When I was growing up we had very little money but I think we had as much as the average family. We had plenty of wood to keep us warm and plenty of food on the table. For the necessary things we needed to buy from the store like flour, sugar, salt, coal oil, matches and tea, father made arrangements with Scott McClellan who owned the Loa Co-op for us to charge from one fall to the next as we only had one pay day. When he sold his grain he would pay the bill, which was about fifty dollars. I have heard my father say we owe fifty dollars, how in the world are we going to pay it, but he always paid his debts. My father was very honest and always kept his word and he expected his family to do the same. #8-5

My father and mother were home people. Their home and family was their life. They were religious people but did not attend church regular, but we always circled around the table on our knees ever morning and family prayer was said. We were never allowed to eat a meal without the blessing on the food. Father always paid his tithing. It had to be in before January First. If he didn't have the money at that time he would go to the Bishop and make arrangements to have his name on the record as having paid his tithing and he would pay as soon as he had the money to pay. My father

was an honest man and trusted by all that knew him. #8-3

Mother was converted to the Church. I don't know when or why, but she was religious. She liked to go to Church and she like to hear the sermons and read them over and over in the paper. She always tried to pay their tithing. She believed in the Religion. Mother always wanted us to go to Sunday School. She wasn't very well and didn't go very often.

Father and mother usually went to conference. Father used to be quite religious. Father used to go a lot when he was younger. Father got put out about some things and kind of mad about some of the people in the Church and the Bishops and the head of it, so he didn't go much after that, so Conference was about all the meetings they went too. He believed in religion. He was religious and he knew the Gospel. He studied and understood the Bible, Book of Mormon, Pearl of Great Price and the Doctrine and Covenants. He knew anything you'd ask him about the Book of Mormon. He'd read it. He read a lot. #2-4

Mother always tried to get me to go to Sunday School but usually failed. Even with Mabel's help I would cry all the time they were trying to get me ready and then I would slip away and hide. I usually tried to stay to the pasture until it was to late to go, but some times I couldn't make it. One of the reasons that I didn't want to go was because when the sacrament was passed every body had to drink out of the same big cup, and it was hard for me to do it. I remember when it came my turn to drink I would get as close to the handle as possible thinking that no one else had got that close. #8-7

When we went to Sunday School we had a good, clean pair of overalls, that was good enough. No stripes. I never seen stripes until I was grown-up. They was just blue overalls with galluses. #2-1

I don't know where my parents got married, but later they went to the Manti

Temple¹²¹, but that was when I was a baby. All through my life, when I was a kid, if other kids said they'd been somewhere, I'd say, "I've been to Manti!" (laughs) #2-8

As long as he lived dad used to smoke tobacco. He rolled his own cigarettes's on [paper folded like an] accordion, not smooth paper. He blamed it on rough roads. When he was freighting he said it was rough roads. They couldn't just take their paper out and roll a cigarette because it would spill all over. So they'd take their paper and double it over, just little bits of doubles and press that together and put that behind their ear. Then they'd pull the tobacco out and get the paper. With the creases in it, it made it stiff so it would hold up. They'd pour their tobacco in it and roll it. Even until he died he still creased his paper and put it behind his ear. (laughs)

Dad smoked Bull Durham. It cost a nickel a bag. A little bunch of cigarette paper come with each sack of Bull Durham. When he run out of the paper that came with the sack of tobacco he would use newspaper. I have seen him use a knife to scrape the newspaper to make it thin enough to roll his tobacco in. #8-2

For a nickel he could buy a big book of papers. He'd keep the book of papers and it sometimes lasted him for a year for the extra he needed. He smoked until he got sick. Dad didn't smoke in the house much. He might have smoked one cigarette in the house of an evening.

Mother dreaded every cigarette he smoked. It hurt her awfully bad. She usually spoke up and she was after us kids never to smoke, never to smoke. Jim smoked and Dan smoked and smoked. They didn't smoke one cigarette after another. They just smoked once and a while. They all quit. Fred got religious and Dan got religious and Jim quit quite a few years before he died. Maybe they quit before they got religious. Jim got quite religious before he died. He got working in the Mutual and things.

The Church didn't make a big deal about it [smoking] then.

I never did smoke. All the kids my age smoked and said, "Why don't you smoke?"

I said, "I guess it's my mother." It would about killed her if I smoked, I thought.

They used to chew tobacco too. Jim used to chew tobacco and Dan used to chew tobacco. I don't remember if Fred did. #2-6

My Sisters

Tella and I was always good friends. One time we were out in the corral playing Blindman Bluff. They wouldn't know where you was and you'd say, "I'm over here."

Then they'd make a dive for you. If they'd catch you then they'd put the blind fold on you.

We had Tella blind folded.

I said, "I'm over here."

She made a dive for me and run into a shed post and about killed her. It knocked her down.

Before Easter we'd hide eggs and then we'd take them to the store and buy things for Easter. Me and Tella hid our eggs and Mabel found them and took them on us. Boy, we were mad at her, but we got some more, so we had a few Easter eggs. # 3-6

The mail come in of a night after dark and us kids would go up to the office and wait for the mail to come. The Post Office was up to the Hansen house, south of Rue's [Brown] store, the next building. The Post Office was a little lean-to. We walked in there and they reached the mail out to us. Some people had boxes. Some people would have a key and get it out of a box. But we just went and they'd pass it out to us.

We'd go a little early so we could play around. About all the kids in town would be there waiting for the mail to come in. Everybody was waiting for the mail. It would come in with an old team and buggy. It'd take about a half hour after it come in before they'd get the mail sorted. As quick as they opened up the post office we'd run in and get our mail.

¹²¹ Family records show William and Katie were married in the Salt Lake Temple.

Everyday they'd bring the mail from Richfield to Burrville. Dean Poff¹²² was the mail carrier for a long while, he'd bring it from Burrville to Loa. He'd stay there over night and the next morning he'd go back again. One time when he was bringing the mail from over there, he got out behind his buggy, bare-footed, and trailed along behind his buggy, running along. Some people come along later and they thought it was bear tracks. They went down and they gathered all the people they could get in town and went to hunt the bear. (chuckles) Finally they found out it was Dean Poff had been trailing along behind his buggy in the dirt just for exercise. A bear makes a track a lot like a man's foot.

Once when Dean Poff stopped at the Post Office he didn't tie his horses up. He went in the Post Office and his horses got scared of something and run away. They was running up the street by Wiff Paces it was then. There was a high culvert across the street for the ditch. Jim Goff and my brother Jim was on saddle horses there. They took after the mail outfit to stop it from running away. When they come to the high culvert Jim Goff's horse stumbled and fell. It knocked him out. He was unconscious and he only lived a day or two and died. I went down there and he was breathing really hard. I just stayed a few minutes and went home. The next day he died. #2-2

Tella limped. She had something wrong with one foot. One foot was a little short. When we went a trotting she had a little limp. She was a wrestler. Floris Blackburn was about her age and she'd thrown both of us down at the same time. She boasted about that a year or two ago. (laughing)

One time we were going to the field on a horse we called "Old Fly." She was quite a high-strung horse. We were going over to Fred¹²³ and Deannies. They lived on the farm. Tella was on in head and I was behind. Finally

¹²² Dean Poff was married to William C. Potter's sister, Emma.

¹²³ a brother and his wife

the horse got excited and started running. We was over in the lane and she run down through our field and down into Fred's field, and down to his sheds. Back under there it got kind of low. That old mare run right under the shed. We ducked when she went under the shed. She run until she hit a string with her head. We jumped off. We didn't get hurt, but oh-h-h-h-h I remember we was scart. #3-6

One night Pearl was out in the road by the corral with an old dog we called "Sned." The cows was coming home from the pasture. She had a rope tied on Sned. She said, "Sic `em." She didn't really mean it. He made a run and she held on the rope so he couldn't go chase the cows and he pulled her over and broke her collar bone. So we had to take her over to Doc Weaver. He made her lay on a slab; it seemed like a week. He wouldn't let her move. She had to lay straight out until that collar bone kind of knitted.

When Pearl was just a kid, about eight, she was working for Fred and Dena over to the farm one time. They'd just bought a washer. It had gears underneath. The two gears were running together. She was down under there and stuck her finger in there. It took her finger right in between the gears and cut her finger. It sure ground her finger up. They took her over to Doc Weaver and he saved most of that finger. They took off part of the end. It was always a bad looking finger. It had a lot of scars on it. #3-7

Grandmother

I liked to go up to Grandmothers¹²⁴. Grandmother's house was a little log house. She had another log house out to the side, a granary. She lived right agin' the hill and the canal was up there. I never went in the house much. I was out in the berry patch most of the time when I was there! She had them currant bushes and berry bushes up there. She was good to us. I liked to go up there, but I wasn't up there too much. #3-7

¹²⁴ Elna Fredrickson.

There was a big rock fence around her yard. Grandmother built that fence herself. There were big rocks in there. Big rocks a man couldn't lift. I've heard people say they don't know how she ever done it. She got them rocks in there and built a rock fence. #1-7

I remember her milk cow. I think she only had one milk cow. She'd turn it up on the ditch bank. She had a bell around its neck so she could tell where it was all the time. Every time it moved that bell would ring. It was interesting to me. I can hear that yet.

Grandmother made Sweet Soup. That was the best stuff I've ever tasted. She'd put in raisins and prunes, anything she had in fruit. She had some jelly and put that in there. It was really good. That was the one thing I really liked that she cooked. Outside of that she didn't cook too much. #3-7

Grandmother had a lot of berry bushes, gooseberry and currants. She'd raise them and sell them. She made a little wine, too, I guess. She just drunk a little bit, not to get drunk on. She had some current wine left up to the ranch and she was down staying to our place and my brother Jim and Vern Pace went up there, stole it and drunk it and then they laid it onto Dan (another brother) and Dan Ramage. Well, that's what Vern used to tell. #1-7

Grandmother was short and heavy. She stuck way out in front. It is funny how she could be so heavy and fat, but she was a worker. She was always working, all the time. She'd get up early and work all day, out weeding the garden, tending the chickens. She'd go to bed early. #3-8 Grandma used to go to bed about sundown of a night and then she'd get up at five o'clock in the morning. #1-7 She was a goer. #3-8

Her hair was grey when I knew her. Her hair wasn't so long. It seems like her hair was not too thick. #3-7,8 She was short and light-complected. #2-8 Grandmother always wore long, flannel dresses to the ground. #3-7,8

Grandmother came from Sweden. I don't know how old she was. Mother was about 14.

#1-6 Grandmother's son, Uncle Lars Nelson, come first. Then she come after. They moved around two or three places before they got to Loa. They lived in Malad, Idaho, and then they went someplace else. They finally ended up here [Wayne County in Utah] because Lars was here. She had five kids, Mother and Hanner and Hilma and Uncle Lars and Uncle Willie¹²⁵. When Grandma came to Wayne County she bought a farm just east of her son Lars farm, half way between Loa and Fremont.

Grandmother didn't want to join the Church. I heard Mother say Grandmother didn't like the missionaries. She didn't want the missionaries to come. She wouldn't have anything to do with them. Mother, Hanner and Hilma joined the Church and I guess Grandmother did after a while. In the start she wasn't much for it. She came [to the United States] because Lars was here. I don't think he came on account of the Church. He wasn't very religious. I don't know why he come. He was making it pretty good here. #2-4

My grandmother had many talents. She could do anything that was needed to make a living for her family. She was always up before day break and out in the field working. She cleared her farm of rocks and brush. The rock she used to build a fence around her garden and berries for protection from straying animals. I believe she was the first person to raise berries in the valley and I believe she was the first one to have honey bees. I can remember going to visit her in a wagon with my father and mother, brothers and sisters. We all liked to go to Grandma Fredricksons. There was always interesting things going on to her home. Grandma made shoes and moccasins for her family. #8-1

Grandma never learned to speak English. She wouldn't try. #1-6 She always talked in her native Swedish. She'd go to the store to buy something and the people couldn't understand

¹²⁵ The names of Elna (Ellen) Nilson Fredrickson's children were Lars Nelson, Katie, Hilma and Hannah Fredrickson and William C. Jensen.

her. Oh, she'd get mad at them. (laughs) She'd call them "peeka"¹²⁶ that's a girl and a boy was a "poka." "Duktee" was good. I learned a few words, but it's been so long. #1-6,7 When her friends came to visit her I couldn't understand a word they said, but Mabel, Alice and Jim could tell what they were saying. #8-1 Mabel could talk Swedish. She could talk to Grandma in Swedish all the time. Mother and Grandma always talked Swedish.

In later years Grandmother sold her farm to her son William Jensen¹²⁷, after that she lived in Fremont with Aunt Hannah for a few months then she would come to our place for a few months, then back to Aunt Hannahs. #8-1

Pearl would go live with Grandmother and Aunt Hanner¹²⁸ quite a bit. #3-8 Fred and Dad were cutting grain and they broke a part on the binder and they sent me over to the blacksmith shop to get it fixed. I went on an old white horse. I went over there and Mane Grundy wasn't in the shop, nobody in the shop. Sade¹²⁹ lived just across the street and Irene [her daughter] was there. Irene seen me over there and she come over. I said I was hunting Mane Grundy but couldn't find him. I couldn't get anything done.

She said, "Let's go to Fremont. Pearl is up there."

We both got on the white horse and went to Fremont. (laughs) And stayed all day. When I got back, I'll tell you, Fred was mad at me. (laughing) Dad wasn't so mad, but Fred was really mad. Irene talked me into going to Fremont. I guess it wasn't too hard to talk. #3-8

Grandma Fredrickson used to live with us

¹²⁶ "Piga" is girl and "Paj" is boy in the dialect of southern Sweden where Elna lived. "Flicka" is girl and "Poika" is boy in the King's Swedish. "Duktig" is praise for doing something good and "aj aj" means "no, no" that is bad. --information from Marie Louise Christensen, a native of Sweden 5/2/94 -HC

¹²⁷ "Lawrence Duncan later owned the property."

¹²⁸ Hannah's son, David, built her a house right next to his own home.

¹²⁹ a sister, Sarah Ann Webster (Sadie)

so many months and then she'd go to live Aunt Hanner, in Fremont for so long a time. She'd usually come in the summer time. Well, she was in the winter sometimes too because I remember she'd fix up the chicken coop. It was an old log coop. We had chickens that run outside and then they'd go into roost of a night. She'd chink the coop all up and get it warm for the chicken. She'd get them to lay eggs all winter. When she wasn't there the chickens would quit laying. She'd bring in their food, the wheat, and heat it up for the chickens and take it out for them hot. She made them lay all the time. #1-6

In the summer Grandmother was the first one up. She'd get up about 5:00 o'clock every morning. She didn't cook the meals, Mother always done the cooking. #3-8 She'd go out in the garden and hoe and weed. She'd always have a big garden when she was there. When she wasn't there we didn't have too much of a garden. We'd raise potatoes and a few things. She was really a worker. She might have been to our place about the third of the time for the last years of her life. #1-6

Grandma Fredrickson wove carpets for our floors. She done a rug for one room downstairs and one for one upstairs room. She had a carpet loom. She brought it down and put it in the big south room and she built carpets on that. I don't think there was any beds in the room at that time. It took up a lot of the room. She built two or three carpets. That was the first thing we ever had on our floors. The rugs sure made our home easier to heat. Finally we put linoleum in the kitchen. #8-4

I think it took years to gather enough rags for a carpet. Mother and Grandmother had to get all that cloth and it wasn't new cloth. It was just clothes, like a shirt that had a few good pieces that wasn't wore out. First the rags were washed and made clean. Then they were torn into strips about one inch wide. They had to sew them together and then they'd wind them in a ball. They'd get a great big ball, about 8-inch balls. That's a lot of cloth. It took many

of them to do a rug. They had rags and rolls of rags before she made a carpet.

It would take three to six months to build a carpet. She'd string the loom with carpet warp and then the rags string went back and forth across and the loom worked them tight together and make a carpet. It was all colors, black and white, every color went into it. They had to be sixteen foot square. She built them in three or four feet wide strips. Then they'd sew the strips together and that made a carpet. That took a long, long while. They were good carpets. #2-2

Grandma was a cobbler. She built shoes for us kids. She'd half-sole shoes and sew them. She waxed her thread with beeswax so it would last a long time and sewed shoes up with a waxed thread. She had a last and she'd nail shoes and built soles on shoes and everything. Most old people done that. She knew how when she come [to the United States.]

The store used to carry sole leather, about 8 inches wide and twenty-four inches long and a quarter of an inch thick. Some was thicker than others. You could buy the thickness you wanted. The store would buy a full hide or a half a hide and they had a leather cutter. They'd take a strip off the size you wanted. The leather cutter had a gauge on so you could make it an inch wide or two inches wide. So they could make it even. They had saddle leather and sole leather and different thickness. The sole leather was so hard, before you put soles on a shoe you'd have to soak it in warm water to make it soft enough to so you could nail a shoe tack through it. Everybody had a last and they'd half sole their shoes and fix the heels. Grandma would sole them and take a knife and cut that off even all the way around. It looked nice when she got through with it. She made Pearl shoes. I had a pair. She made moccasins to put on of an evening. #1-7

After Mother died Grandmother lived with Aunt Hanner. She didn't come down to Loa any more. It seemed to me she went to Fremont for a few years before Mother died.

Grandmother died there. She just got old. I believe she was 93. I think Mabel said she'd lived older than any of them. She's is 92. #3-8

Christmas

The Fourth and Twenty-Fourth of July and Christmas and New Years was always big days. We didn't have much for Christmas. We usually got a little bit of candy, maybe an orange. We'd hang our stocking on the mantle piece. We never had a Christmas tree, never. We'd just hang our sock on the mantle piece. Then we'd get up early in the morning to see what we had. It was just the kids that got anything. We didn't get much, but they didn't have much money in them days. They didn't give gifts much. Money was a scarce thing. #3-10,11

I remember one Christmas when Grandmother was living to our house, we didn't have very much money to buy presents. As Pearl was the baby, Grandma thought she should have a doll so she whittled her a doll out of wood. She made the head, arms and legs separate and joined them to the body with elastic in order that they could be moved. The rest of the family wasn't expecting anything but somehow they bought me a pocket knife and candy, nuts and oranges for the rest of the family. We were poor but we had parents that loved us very much and done every thing they could for us. #8-1

School

School was not so important in those days. Every one was too busy making a living. When I grew older father needed me on the farm so I only went to school when it was too cold to work. #8-4 ...They only had about five months out of the year of school. When it did get a few months longer, in the fall of the year we'd have to stay and put up the crop. We never did get to go to school when it started. In the spring of the year it was the same thing. As quick as we started the work on the farm we'd stop school. There was one year in particular, I remember I

didn't get promoted at all because I wasn't there to take the final exam and I was held back a year. My sister Pearl was two years younger than I was and when we graduated from school she'd caught up to me. We graduated out of the eighth grade the same year. #6-1

The school house was only about two blocks from our home. #8-4 I started to school when I was six years old but I didn't like to go to school very well. I was bashful and it was hard for me to go. I went a day or two and I come home and I pretended to have a headache. I was sick. I said, "I don't believe I can go to school."

Mother said, "Well, you won't have to go this year." #6-1 Mother told me I didn't hafta go unless I wanted to. All the family kinda babied me. #8-4 That set me back a year. I didn't go the first year. #6-1

When I got a good change I'd lay out of school. About six or seven of us boys would get together. We would go and get grain out of our father's granary and take to the store and trade it for script. (Script was money the stores had that you couldn't cash anyplace else.) We'd take a sack of grain and get about a dollar out of it. Then we'd take the script and go buy sardines and crackers and go over to Hansen's corral and lay out of school. The teachers wasn't too fussy and our parents never did find it out on us. I missed quite a little bit of school that way when I was younger. We didn't get too far in school. It was something we didn't care too much for.

I guess in them days you didn't have to have much school anyway. I don't think any of my brothers ever went further than the eighth grade, only Jim went to one year of high school after district school, but he didn't graduate from eighth grade. In them days you didn't have to have a certificate to go to high school and he went one year to Cedar City. The rest of the boys didn't graduate. I went to the eighth grade and then come a year to Salt Lake to high school. The girls all graduated and Alice was a

teacher. We didn't have too much education. #5-1

My teachers were Jean Blackburn, Mag Blackburn, DeVere Childs, Clem Christensen. I had Fran Grundy. But all these people have been gone so long you can hardly remember them. All the kids I was raised with are gone, Hans Peterson, Dale Peterson, Eldon Morrell, Rufus Tanner, Dolan Brian, Rex Brian, Art Brian, Heber Reese. They were all in school when I was there. #6-1

My father's education was very limited. I think of him as a self educated man. He always helped us children with our lesson. He was a well read man. He was extra good with figures. Arithmetic was always easy for us kids. #8-6

The school usually put on a play at Christmas time. They always had a show at Christmas time, a big program and everybody was out and Santy Claus would come out and give presents to everybody. I was in one of two of them. I wasn't too good at it. I didn't learn my part as good as I should. We put on one show once, that Terza Brown made up and we acted it out on the stage. It was pretty good.

People got together more in them days than they do now because there wasn't anything else more to do. They didn't have recreation and picture shows. They had to make their own fun. #6-2

Father's Death

My Dad was always healthy and I think he would of lived to a ripe old age if he hadn't had an accident. At age sixty-one he was loading straw on the wagon to take out in the field to feed the cattle. The loose horses came in the stack yard. He had trouble getting the horses out of the yard. They would circle around the wagon and would not go out of the yard. As he went around the opposite direction the horses turned and he touched one of them with a pitch fork. The horse jumped and kicked the pitch fork which came back and hit him in the stomach which ruptured some thing in side of him. #8-5 He got on the wagon and got home someway. He made it home from the

field and then he couldn't get off the wagon when he got home. Had to carry him in the house. He was ruptured. They didn't have any doctor there. Doc Weaver was down to Teasdale. They got him to come, but he couldn't do anything. We had a doctor come from Salina, but it had been too many days and the doctor said he couldn't do anything. He said he'll live to nine days and that's all he did and then died.#3-12

When Dad died and we buried him, we didn't know anybody was there to the house. When we got home Fran Callahan had come and cooked up a big dinner for the whole family. We really appreciated it. It was really nice.

It was hard on Mother, but Mother was a person that didn't never show much feeling. She didn't ever carry on. I don't think she ever cried. I never seen her cry. I think she said once, "I kind of feel ashamed of myself because I can't cry." She never did make a big fuss. It's funny. I can cry easy. #3-12

This was in the spring of 1914. I missed Dad very much as I was always right to his heel. He gave me lots of good advice.#8-5 When Dad died Jim kind of took me over and that helped a lot. #7-6

After Father died Mother, Pearl and I were the only ones at home. I was thirteen years old and she was eleven. I don't know how long Pearl stayed. I know she come up here to go to school. #3-11

Tella

I think Tella left that summer after Dad died. Atella come to Salt Lake to work.. She was sixteen. She worked to the old Murray Laundry for years and years. It was a big laundry. She met Floyd Evans and married him. They had two kids. They lived in Salt Lake City and Pearl come two or three years and went to high school and lived with them and I come up one year and lived with them and went to high school. Sade lived up here, too.

She lived right next house to Atella. Sadie¹³⁰ was just about four feet from her.

Floyd was the best feller you ever saw when he was good, but he had a quick temper. He'd get really mad and holler and yell and run outside. About 20 minutes he'd come back and you'd think he'd never been mad. He was a good worker and could keep a good job. But he had quite a temper.#3-5

Tella was really good natured. She was the best natured of all our family. After she quarreled with Floyd for years and years she said she got so she wasn't very good-natured. When he'd come home he'd be mad, she got so she thought, "I am going to beat him to it." So when he come in she'd start on him. #3-6

Tella and Floyd bought a little store down on Eleventh South. They had that and Floyd worked out to the smelter and Tella run the store. Their house, kitchen and all, was on the end of the store so they just come out of the house and into the store to take care of the store. They had that for quite a few years, then they moved to California.

After they went to California they separated. She had Coy and Billy. Billy has been dead for a long while. He was in the army. Coy never had any children of her own. She adopted a boy and girl.

Tella got a job working for the railroad and she worked for them for years and finally retired. She got along pretty good. #3-6

High School

I did attend school enough to be able to graduate from the eighth grade. #8-4 I must have been fifteen when I graduated out of the eighth grade. I was eighteen years old when I come to high school. Between then I didn't go to school. I did chores in the winter and took care of cattle. Jim, my brother, went to Cedar City one year to high school and he thought I was entitled to one year of high school. That was the reason he had me come to high school. He encouraged me to come.#6-4

¹³⁰ a sister

They didn't have high school in Wayne County at the time. #6-2 In the fall [about 1918] I came to Salt Lake to attend the L.D.S. high school. I am sure that if Pearl had not of been in Salt Lake going to school I never would of come. It was hard for me to mix and make friends but it was always easy for Pearl. I was like my mother in that respect, very bashful.#8-4

My sister, Tella, lived up here and I come and lived with her and went one year to the L.D.S. High School, but I didn't get started until I helped put up the crop. Then in the spring I left before school closed. That's all the schooling I had. I didn't get as much as I should have done.

My sister lived on Fifth South at the time. Fifth South was pretty well out of the city. The L.D.S. High School was just back of the Utah Hotel. I would walk up to high school and back each morning. After school I just went home and read.

The electric street cars run then and they only went to eleventh south and turned around and come back, that was the end of town. We rode for five cents a ticket. We'd get a ticket for a month's ride and it would cost five cents a ride.

There was hardly any cars then. It was horse and wagon. They hauled coal to people's home in wagons and dumped it down in the basement. That's all they used for heat. There was so much smoke from that when you walked up town and back your face would be covered with black specks. The smoke would be so dark a lot of times you could hardly see where you was going.

People would all get up of a morning and start their coal fires burning. We had a coal stove and they'd put kindling in there of a night and then the coal on top and some newspaper and in the morning you'd touch that off. That's all the heat we had. #6-2

I didn't pay Tella board and room. Mother sent meat and eggs from home and helped out like that. We didn't have much money. Money

was a scarce thing. Tella's husband, Floyd, had a job and we live with them. #6-2

Through the Christmas holiday I went out and worked for ten days. Floyd got me a job at the [Garfield] smelter. I didn't have too warm a clothes and there was about a foot of snow. I wasn't used to the cold. It was really hard. In the ten days I made fifty dollars and I really thought I had done something. It was a big booster because money was so scarce. I bought me an overcoat for around thirty dollars. I shopped and shopped and shopped and found one I liked but it was a little small. I took it anyway and wore it¹³¹.

I was on what they called the "Bull Gang." We just worked outside. We'd load metal on the sheet cars. The snow was deep and we had to dig that out and load it on the cars. Sometimes I worked overtime. I worked two shifts one time, a day then a night and back the next day. #6-3,4

Pearl

I always thought Pearl was the best looking one of the bunch of us.#6-4 She never come home much after my Father died in 1914. She come up here soon after and lived with Tella who was married and had two children. Pearl ...went to school for a few years, then come back home for a summer or two. She was here the year I was here [Salt Lake] and the year after and she was a year ahead of me in school. She went for four years and graduated from high school. Her and another girl went to Henegers.¹³² They promised them a job, but when they got through school they never give them a job.

Pearl went up to Alaska and worked in the fish in the summertime for two or three years. That is where she met her first husband, Rex Brown. He was up there working in the fish. She married him and lived with him for two or

¹³¹ His son, Jim, wrote: "[Dad] was naturally shy and never liked to draw attention to himself. He always thought his feet were too big, so he wore shoes that were too small and pinched his feet." #9, 2

¹³² Steven Henegar Business College

three years and they went to California; then they separated. She didn't leave him. He left her. He went to the store to get a loaf of bread and he never did come back.

Then she married another man, Ed Stefan. They traded their home for two or three houses up in the mountain. They had two rental places and lived in one. To get to their house you had to go over a covered bridge. Ed done upholstery on cars. Him and Coy's man worked together for a year or two. Ed got killed riding from there down to the city. A tree fell on him and killed him. The guy with him didn't get hurt.

Pearl married another guy after Ed died. He only lived two or three years and died. I think she retained the Stefan name so she could get a military pension. #3-6,7

Mabel

Mabel married Les Morrell and they moved out to Delta. They stayed a year or two out there and then they come back and he herded sheep for a few years. He saved up a little money and started to buy a few cattle. He got a permit and run his cattle over on the desert, on the east side of Thousand Lake. Later he bought some permits up in U M. He'd run [cattle] up there in the summer and in the desert in the winter. But to start with he didn't have a permit up in Seven-Mile. He'd just run them over in the desert. Then he herded sheep.

Their first house was a log house, a long one, only two rooms. They bought the home Sadie owned, where Maud Pace lives now. When they sold it, Guyman bought it and moved it back. It was too close to the sidewalk. He jacked it up and rolled it back on logs about ten or fifteen feet and built another big room on it. Then he split one of the big rooms and made two rooms out of it. Then years later, Bud and Maureen¹³³ bought that home. They sold it to Maud Pace.

Mabel and Les lived there for years. Then sold it and they went to Salina for a few years. When they come back they bought Wiff Pace's house. Then they moved to California and then they separated after all them years and they raised their family. Mabel is still alive and Les has been dead a few years. They had five kids, three boys and two girls, EmaLou and Maxine; Webster, Neal and Harold. #3-5

My family lived here in Salt Lake for years and years then they all went to California, Alice went, Atella went, Pearl went, Mabel went, Sadie went. I guess Sade went to California first. Then Alice went and Pearl went and Tella went, Mabel went; all to California. I don't know why and never any of them come back after they went down there. We had eleven in the family and Mabel and I are the only two that's left. She is ninety-six years old now. She isn't very healthy, but she still lives alone. She had two boys die of cancer in the last two years. She still has two daughters that live close to her. #6-2,3

Alice

Alice was the smartest one in the bunch. She thought a lot more of education than any of the rest of us did. In them days they didn't go to school much. Fred didn't go. Dan didn't go. I don't think any of them graduated from the eighth grade. Jim didn't. They didn't have to have a diploma then. Alice, Mabel and Jim all went and lived with our sister Rose and went to school in Cedar City.

When Alice graduated form the eighth grade, Mr. Haus come over from Boulder. They wanted somebody to teach school over there. He went to Scott McClellan. (Scott McClellan was in the store business and Haus knew Scott.) He asked Scott, "Who can I get for a school teacher to teach our kids?" (They had four or five or ten families.)

Scott says, "Get Alice Webster."

I remember the night he come down to our place. Dad and Alice was there. He says,

¹³³ His daughter and her husband

“Scott McClellan says to come and get your girl to come and teach school over to Boulder.”

Alice said, “I don’t have a certificate to teach school.”

He said, “That’s all right. Scott says you can do it. If you’ll come, I’ll take you over there.”

They didn’t even have a road in there. They went in on horses. The first houses they built in there, they claimed that they hauled the brick in on mules. They took Alice in there on horse back. She lived with Hauses. She taught all the grades from first to eighth. Alice was about sixteen or seventeen. She taught there one year, but I’m not sure about two.

When she come back she went to summer school. They said if she’d go to summer school she could get a certificate. Her and Fran (Francis) Callahan and Lettie Bastian all went in a wagon over the mountain and they all went to summer school. Alice taught in Brigham City. She taught in Vernal. She taught in Loa. I think she taught when [she] went to California. She taught all over. She got an education. She was great to have an education. She was the only one that ever went too far in the education part of it.

Alice met a guy, Jim Muir, when she was in Vernal and they got married in Salt Lake. They were living up there when Mother died. When Mother died and we took her home, they come home with me. #3-3

After Mother died Alice and Jim moved down to Loa #6-11 Jim Muir got a job from Jim, my brother, to work up to Horse Valley. He worked up to Horse Valley and Alice lived down in the home with me. We lived together that summer and Jim Muir worked up there with Jim and Mae. Then he got a job at the Loa Co-op and worked there a few years. Then they moved to Nevada and then to California. He was a Forest Ranger in Nevada. They had five kids. In California he went to work for Safeways and he worked there until he got retired. He bought the product for Safeway.

They went on a mission for a couple of years and come back. She live maybe six months after that and then she died. He got married again and moved to Provo. He died about a year or so ago.

The one thing about Alice, she was slow, but what she cooked and what she done was done. You didn’t have to go do it over. She was really a good cook. She’d cooked up special dishes. She liked to do that. But it would take her all day to do it. Mabel was fast. She’d do things in a hurry. It would sure aggravate Mabel when they’d have a job to do. Mabel would go do hers and Alice wouldn’t be half through. Yes, she was a good cook. She liked to cook. Alice was really fussy and she done things just exactly right.

Alice liked to do things. She made a flower plot on the east side of the house and planted flowers. The doors come out from each room on the east and there was a porch there. It was just a little porch, just a step and there was one on each door. Between them two steps, with boards she built a V-shape and put dirt in there and put flowers in there. She had Sweet Williams and three or four different kinds. That’s the first time we’d ever had any flowers planted. Alice liked things nice.

When Alice taught school, she made a little money. She helped pay on the organ. We didn’t have much money and when she come home she bought the wire fence to go around the lot. We had an old pole fence around the lot and Alice bought the wire to go around there.

My Brother

Jim was married the same year as father died. I do not know how I would of made it had it not been for my brother Jim who was ten years older than I. He took the place of my father as much as he possibly could. He was a man and I was just a boy. He made me his partner in every way. We worked as partners until he died at the age of thirty five. He left a

wife, Mae, and six children, Eula, Brose, Elna, Bill, Katie and Faye.

Jim taught me how to work and take care of what I worked for. He was the one that taught me not to spend money before I made it. Words can never express the love I feel for my brother. I am at a loss for words when it comes to telling how much he meant to me. He was very proud of his family. Each one had a special place in his heart. I wish he could see them to day and see what they have accomplished in their lives. #8-6

Jim and Mae owned a little house in Loa and a fellow wanted to buy it so they sold it to him. They lived to Horse Valley part of the time, in the summer. They'd come back to Loa and live in the folk's old house. Mother lived with them and part of the time she lived with Mabel. #6-11

Mother's Death

After Pearl and I left, Mother lived in the house with Jim and Mae for some time. I lived with them there part of the time. But Mother was living with Mabel and had been for quite a while before she got sick. #3-11 She had to have an operation, a gall operation. She got better from that and then she had to have another operation. #6-11

When she got sick I brought her to Salt Lake. We went to Salina in an old Ford. (Jim and I had bought a Ford car, a Model-T. They used it up to Horse Valley during the summer.) I come to Salina and brought Mother and Dan and Nettie Brian. Dow [their son] and Heb Reese and a bunch was going to school in Salina. We stayed at Robinson's Hotel. The next morning we got on the train and come to Salt Lake. We took her right up to the L.D.S. Hospital.

Mother was pretty sick. The next day or so after she got in there they operated on her. I don't know what was in her. They didn't know. The doctor said she had a hard lump in her stomach. He asked me if it was all right if they

take that out and exam it. But we were clear from home and I said, "No. I didn't think so." So we didn't let them do it. He said he didn't know what it was. She had a growth. She was in the hospital just a few days, maybe a week, and she died there. She didn't get out of the hospital.

After surgery she talked to us. We didn't think she was going to die that quick. The medical people didn't think so either. They said they'd let us know if she wasn't all right, but they didn't let us know.

Nobody was with her when she died. We went home the night before and told the nurses that if anything happened to call us. We give her Alice's phone number and Tella's phone number. About five o'clock in the morning they called Alice and said she had passed away. Alice went right up. Then Alice called Tella and me and we went right up there.

Jim Muir, Alice's husband, was here. He was good. He took over. He went and call my brother Jim and everybody. He helped me quite a bit. I didn't know what to do.

We had her body loaded on the train. We went down on the train. I had left the old Ford car in a garage there to Salina. It was about night when we got to Salina. I think we had Mother sent to Richfield, but I had to go to Salina to pick up the old car. Alice and Jim got off at Sigurd. I got the car and went down there. Before I got to Sigurd the connecting rod underneath that holds the wheels come loose. The wheels were wobbling. It didn't wreck me. There was an old building and a guy had a garage in there. It was about ten o'clock at night. I went and got him to see if he wouldn't come and fix that for me. He didn't want to go very bad, but he did come. He went out there and we fixed that together. We was about all night out there getting it done. The next day we went home. How did we get Mother home? I don't know.

When we got to Loa Jim and Mae had just killed a bunch of pigs. They had a whole bunch

of ribs in the oven cooking. Jim Muir, Alice and me were hungrier than heck. I remember how good them ribs tasted. #3-11,12

When Father died the home was left to Mother.#6-10 When Mother died they give me the house. Jim told the other kids, he thought I should have the home. They all agreed to it and we made the deed out in my name. Jim always stuck up for me, helped me all the time and we was partners. Jim and I bought the farm from all the other kids. We give each one of the other kids \$500 for their share. Fred took his out in what we had there, a couple of horses and equipment. We got a farm loan and paid the older kids, Dan, Sade, Rose and Lizzie. We told our sisters, if they would wait three years on it, (we didn't have the money and didn't have any way to get it and it was mortgaged to the farm loan then) we'd give them an extra hundred dollars. They all agreed they'd wait three years. That's the way we done. After quite a long a while we got enough so we could pay them off. We still owed some, I think, when Jim died. The last two we owed was Pearl and Alice. So Jim said, "I'll take Alice's and you take Pearl's" and that's what we done. Jim paid Alice off and I paid Pearl. We were quite a while doing it. The farm loan was still on there when Jim died. #4-1

Jobs

I didn't date anybody until I was nineteen or twenty years old. I didn't go with the girls much. I was very bashful and girls¹³⁴ scared me.

I come to Salt Lake and went to the silver mines and worked one winter up to Alta. Me and Bill Potter¹³⁵ and Jess Tanner went to the

¹³⁴ When Loren obtained a marriage license in 1927, his martial status was "divorced." (See Marriage Record Wayne County, Book A, page 270.) He was briefly married, about six months, to Stella Robison. When I asked him about Stella, Aunt Fontella interrupted and would not let Uncle Loren talk about his first marriage. -H.C.

¹³⁵ Jim's wife, Mae's brother

mine to work. We were suppose to catch the mail to go out there. They had a tram way. They'd send their ore down on the tram way and then it would go back empty. We was to catch the mail going up there and that day the mail didn't go so we walked from Murray carrying our suitcases way up the canyon to where the tram-way was. It wasn't running. We put our suitcases on the bucket and we walked on up. There was about a foot and a half of snow. We walked all day long through that. We was really tired when we got up there. In a day or two the tram-way run and our suitcases come up.

That winter I was working in the mine and we had carbide lights on our head. We had to fill them, put the carbide in the light then reach in a bucket and put water in it to make it work. The fellow Bill Potter and I was working with filled his lamp with carbide and laid the container on the can of water. I never noticed it and I reached in and knocked the carbide can in the water. I had a light on my head and it all exploded and shot up in my face and burned my face all over. I had to come back to Salt Lake and go to the doctor. I stayed with Tella for three or four weeks. I got better and went back up there. I just got there a couple of weeks and a snow slide come and took the tram-way out and we had to quit. I come back to Salt Lake and come out to Bingham¹³⁶ to try to get a job, but couldn't get a job. So we went home. I stayed the rest of the year and didn't make any money.

I used to come up and work out to Bingham in the mine. I worked out to Lark in the mine. When I was working in Bingham in the mine it was too damp for me. My feet and legs swelled up and I had to go the hospital and stay there for a couple of weeks. The doctor told me, "You can't go back in the mine again. It's too damp for you."

¹³⁶ Copper Mine

I come back to Salt Lake again and stayed with my sister again. I got jobs around here and there. At that time jobs was mighty scarce. I got laid off from job after job. I worked out to the Garfield smelter to the foundry. I helped carpenter. I worked to the cement plant. I worked to Utah Oil and I got laid off all them jobs. It wasn't just me, a lot of people was getting laid off. You couldn't hardly get a job. I worked to the railroad for a while. #8-4,5

I was working for the railroad when my brother Jim died. I didn't intend to go back to Loa. Him and I had the farm together. He took care of the farm and I'd come up here to work because there wasn't enough for both of us. When he died I left the railroad and went down and run the farm that year. I didn't think I wanted to stay there so I leased my part of the farm and Jim's part to Les Morrell, my brother-in-law, for a year. He took care of it for a year.

Marriage

While I was there that year, I got to going with Fontella [Pectol]. Fontella was a school teacher. She was teaching in Lyman which is three miles from Loa. Just after my brother Jim died I went to Fremont to a dance. He had been dead just a week or so and I wasn't going to dance. The boys come that I used to chase around with and they wanted me to go to the dance. I said I'd go up but I wasn't going to dance. I was standing in the doorway and I seen Fontella dancing in there. I said to Dolan Brian, "Who is that girl?"

He said, "That's Tet Pectol. I'll bring her out and let you meet her."

He brought her out and we went out and sat in the car. That was the first time we'd met each other even though she lived in Torrey and I lived to Loa. We'd been to the same dances, but we didn't know each other. I started going with her. She was teaching school and I'd go over to Lyman to visit her. #6-5

On the Twenty-fourth of July I bought me a new Chevrolet and we went down and

celebrated the Twenty-fourth of July and then I come back and went to work to the railroad again. At Christmastime I went back down and we celebrated through the holidays. Then we got engaged and decided to get married the next spring.

But I decided to come back to Lark and work in the mine until spring. I just got back maybe a month and the mine closed down. I thought, "Well, there is no use staying up here." So I went back home and got ready to farm. We got married May the 10th in 1927. After we started going together, we never went with anybody else. We've lived together sixty-four years. She's been dead a year and a half. It's hard. #6-5

We moved into the folk's old home. The house was better then. They had put boards over the logs on the inside and papered it. Then they put factory (fabric) up on the ceiling and papered on that. The factory would get old and tear loose and come down. We'd have to tear the paper off and start over again. #6-11

Farming and Eggs

From then on I farmed. I leased Jim's farm from his wife for three years and I run the two places. Then she took it back. Her two boys, Brose and Bill, run it from there until they went in the army. I run it while they was gone. They would send their money, what they made in the army, to me and I'd buy cattle for them and take care of them for them on the place. When they come back Brose took the farm back and Bill only come back as far as Chicago and got married and he never did come back any more. He sold his part of the farm to Brose and Brose kept it a few years. It wasn't enough hardly so he decided to come to Salt Lake, so I bought the farm from them. #6-5

I liked farming pretty good. I wasn't crazy about it. When I worked up here I really didn't intend to go back. If Jim hadn't of died, I wouldn't have went back. But after he died I had to go back to take care of it. I stayed there

just one year, then I left again, because I didn't think I wanted to stay there. When Fontella and I decided to get married I had that little start there and I thought that was a good way to start and I went back. #7-3

I was farming during the Depression. We got married in '27, that's when the Depression was just kind of starting, about in '30 was the worst. I bought a new Chevrolet car in '26 and by '28 and '30, along in there, the Depression was so bad that we couldn't even buy gas to run the car. I put it up on blocks. It sat there and sat there. Levi Bullard, down to Torrey, had a Chevrolet and something went wrong with it. He said, "I'll give you twenty dollars for that car." So I took it because I couldn't buy the gas.

In them days we had a farm loan. The payments was \$30.00 and we just couldn't hardly make it. I had a little better luck than most people. The Forest Ranger lived a block from me and he'd give me a job once and a while, but there wasn't any money. There was WPA in there and a lot of people went to work for them and they was tickled to death to work for \$30.00 a month.

My brother, Fred, was over the head of WPA and he wouldn't give me a job because he figured people would think he was giving me preference. I would like to have got on. But I was lucky enough to get on to the forest once and a while. That helped me to pay my taxes.

We always milked a few cows and we'd sell a little bit of cream and get a few dollars that way. #6-8-9.

I candled eggs. I was the only one who candled for quite a while. I worked in a little booth. It was dark in there. You'd take four eggs, two in each hand and set two on a light and you could see right through the egg. A lot of them you'd have to throw away. Some of them would have a cracked shell, some of them were bloody inside and some would be too old. Then you'd flip the two eggs in your hands so the one on the light would go to the back of

your hand. You'd look at one and then the other. It took a while to learn how.

Then you put them in different grades. There are four different grades. You looked for size. You graded them and put them in one of the cases. Large here and small here and the medium and double AA and put them in different cases. Of a night you had to nail all them cases up and get them ready to ship to Salt Lake.

People were paid on the grade. If the eggs weren't clean they wouldn't grade up. You had to tell the people what was the matter with their eggs and what to do and help them get their grades up.

I worked eight hours a day, a lot of times ten or twelve hours, depending on how they came in. I've just forgot how many eggs I could do in a day. It seems like ten or twelve cases. There were 24 dozen in a case. The cases were split in the center with 12 dozen on each side. There were a dozen eggs on a cardboard holder which was one level. We'd nail the cases up after we quit to get them shipped out. The people would bring them in there to us. It would just depend on how many you had. If you had a lot you had to stay later. I stayed till way after dark lots of times. Sometimes Fontella would come up and help nail the cases up.

I candled eggs when the Utah Poultry came into Loa. It was about two years before we went into the store business. Murtis Adams worked for the Utah Poultry. When I was candling eggs I worked for him and it was a good job for that time. I can't remember how much I got paid; it was too long ago. They got so many eggs I couldn't candle them all and we got Charles Taylor to come and help. I kept on candling until we went into the store business.

Store Business

Our store was in the Loa Co-op building. We bought it. It was a bigger store and we partitioned it right down through the center.

We just used half of the old store. They'd had a great big fountain in there and they left that. We had the fountain in there and we sold ice cream. We sold anything anybody wanted. We sold hardware and pipe and appliances; anything anybody wanted we tried to have on hand. It was pretty touch-and-go and everybody charged too. You had to put everything down and keep track of it. Some would pay and some of them didn't pay. You had to charge in order to sell because all the other stores charged. So we about had to charge too. It made it hard when you went to buy more groceries, we didn't have the money. We dealt with Salt Lake Hardware and ZCMI Hardware and Stravell Hardware and one up in Ogden. They were all a big business. All those hardware stores are out of business now. I don't know where people buy their hardware now.

In '39 there was hardly any money, if it hadn't been for the WPA checks I don't know how we would have made it. That was about the only money that come in. We would carry people for a month. When they'd get their check they'd come in and pay us. So we got by pretty good.

We run the store for three years. Riley and Burl Stevenson¹³⁷ had the store business, but Ikey Wax owned the building. Riley and Burl wanted to sell half their business. Fontella went up there one afternoon and talked to them. She come and told me, "They want to sell half their business. What do you think?"

Fontella had been in the store business all her life. She was raised in the store business. Her folks had a store. I said, "I think it would be all right."

We went to talk to them and decided to buy half of the store business. Then Ikey wanted to sell the building. We decided to move down to the co-op building because it was bigger. We went down there for a little while and was

going to work together then my brother Fred said, "I believe I'll buy Riley out if he wants to sell and go in half with you. That would really be good."

He went and bought Riley out.

In the deal Riley wouldn't sell to us unless he was freighting. He had a truck and was freighting and we had to let him haul our freight in order for him to sell out. He hauled our freight for us all the time we was in the business.

Fred bought him out. After a year or so some little hurt feeling come up some way, so he decided he didn't want to be with us any long. He said, "You either buy me out or I'll buy you out."

I didn't have anything to go back too. I'd sold my cattle. I said, "I'll try and buy you out."

He charged me an extra \$500 for his part and the interest on it, the time he'd had his money in. We bought him out and had it the rest of the time ourselves. After a while it got to be quite a business. We'd go up early in the morning and stay late at night. It was hard. There was a balcony in the store. We moved out of the house and up in the balcony. It wasn't very much of a house, but it was a place to sleep. We had an oil stove up there and we'd cook on that stove.

We just left our house. Norman VanDyke come along and wanted to rent it. We rented it to him for \$5.00 a month. The house we left was the one that belonged to my parents. #6-8,9

I worked for George T. Eckersley. He was the one that brought the electricity into the valley. I worked for him a lot. Fact is I was going to go in with him once. He put the power plant into the old grist mill up to Loa. That was just enough for Loa. Then Lyman wanted it, Fremont wanted it. Then he decided to go to Torrey and build a plant down there on the river. I'd been helping him a lot, putting up poles and string wire and everything like that.

¹³⁷ Burl Stephenson is Mae Potter Webster's sister.

He wanted me to go in with him. I decided to go in with him. We canvassed Teasdale and Torrey and got everybody signed up.

We was going to go get a second hand generator. We looked around and looked around, come up all over the country up here. We couldn't find anything, only one old one and it was down to Springville. I was scared of it. It was one they'd used for years. It looked too old to me and I got scared of it and I decided I wouldn't take a chance. He was determined to go into it anyway. So I told him I believe I'd back out. So I backed out. He went some other place and got a pretty good one. He took it down there and put it in. He had to make a ditch for about a mile or two long to take the water out of the river bed. He dropped it down about fifty feet. He had a pretty good outfit. That wasn't enough and then he put a diesel into the side of it.

One night he was down there and something happened, I don't know what, he took a bucket of water and threw it over there and it about killed him. He was knocked out. They had to take him to the hospital and he didn't know anything for a day or two.

He went along and finally sold out to Garkane after a while. I wished I'd of stayed in with him. In that time he got sold out for \$30,000 and that sounded like a lot of money to me. But now it isn't anything.

George Eckersley was just a fellow that didn't have a lot of money [but] he had a lot of ambition. We worked together a lot on the farms. He had a farm and I had a farm. His was just across the street from mine. We used to work together a lot. We got along together really good. #7-4-6

Community Service

When we lived in Loa I was Mayor for a couple of terms.¹³⁸ I was the Mayor when I was

¹³⁸ One term was January 9, 1946, Acting Marshall May 13, 1946 and was released in 1948. --
Loa Town Records

candling eggs. They'd come and get me sometimes to do something. We put in the street lights along main street while I was Mayor. The power company said if we'd put up the lights he wouldn't charge the town for them. We come to Salt Lake and got some lights. We bought the fixtures and strung the lights all down Main Street. They were on a pipe that stuck out about five feet at the top. We got them and put them up on the power poles. They come on at a certain time every night and off at a certain time. The Power Company didn't charge us anything for the electricity. #7-6

We built the first grandstand and chutes, the corrals and the bleachers at the rodeo ground. The Daughter's of the [Utah] Pioneers started out to do it, but they run out of work and money. They turned it over to the town board and we finished it up. We put on a rodeo one year.

I was on the board when the government helped the farmers when they built ditches, or put riff-raff in them to keep them from cutting out or built fences or built dams. I was on that board. I was a member of the Fremont Irrigation Company. I was on the committee for the forest that built ponds on the North Mountain (north of Loa) to collect water for cattle, then we didn't have to haul water in the spring of the year if the snow was gone. I was secretary-treasurer on that for one year. We took care of the permits and hired the rider to ride for the cattle and paid all the bills for the riders and the salt. There were some people from Burrville and Richfield that owned a permit, they'd come over to the meetings. Sometimes they elected the officers every year and sometimes they held them in for years. Dan Brian was president for years and years. The Forest Service men was usually there to tell you what they expected. We was always busy. #5-8

New House & Cattle

We built a new ¹³⁹house in Loa when we was in the store business. We had it built in 1941 and moved in '60. We had the store business for three years, '39, '40 and '41. We thought while we was in the store business, while we could get everything wholesale, lumber and pipe, we'd build a home. Wren Heaps built the home. He was a good carpenter and he done a good job. I helped quite a bit. I hauled the stuff in.

It was a nice home. We got our plan from California. We went to California one winter and went and looked at a bunch of new homes. We brought it to Salt Lake and had a guy draw the plans up and took it down and Wren build it.

After we sold the store business I went back on the farm again. We bought the other two farms after that. When I was in the store I just had my half of the Webster farm. I didn't have Mae's part then. #7-3

Dad bought three lots in Loa and he built a house on one of them. We kept them three lots for a long while. Finally we sold one lot to Goffs. When we left Loa we sold the other two lots and the house. That's where we lived all the time we were in Loa. #1-1

When we went into the store business I had to sell all our cattle to get enough money to go in so I had to start over. While we was in the store business we done pretty good. I'd take a calf in for goods or somebody would want to sell a cow. When we went out of the store business I had a pretty good bunch started back again. Then I bought the place from Fred. It had a farm loan on it and I took the farm loan over so I didn't have to pay him but very little. He bought it and decided to sell it again. I took that from him. Three or four more years after that he sold his place to Leonard Albrecht. Leonard had it a few years and kind of went broke on it and I bought it. So I had three

farms, one touching the other right in a row. Five hundred acres right in a row.

I had a nice set up. By that time I'd built up to a good bunch of cattle. I had a bunch of pure bred cattle, Herefords. I had fifty head of pure-breds. When I sold out and we went to Richfield, counting the calves, I had five hundred head. I had a 75 head summer permit and a whole bunch of pastures on my ground. I'd lease some ground. I had a winter permit. I'd take them down to Henry Mountains in the winter and run them down there in the winter. I had really a nice bunch of cattle. #7-3,4

Children

We had four kids born to us. We've got two baby boys that died. We have Maureen and Jimmy. Maureen is ten years older than Jimmy. She has been dead thirteen years now. Jimmy is fifty-one now. #6-6

Our first son was born dead and the next one just lived a few hours. The doctor, Eddie Brinkerhoff, was a good doctor, but he drunk a lot. He took care of Fontella. When she got sick that evening, they couldn't find him. He was out on a drunk. His wife said she would come. We went down to Fontella's folk's place down to Torrey and she got along. She had the baby all right, but when they tied the cord, they didn't get it tied right. In about an hour or so they put the baby down and when they went back he had bled to death.

Maureen was in between the two boys. Eddie took care of her and she got along good. We had faith in him and he was a good doctor. One boy was born in '29 and the other one was born in '34 and Maureen was born in '31. Maureen was born just okey. She was born in Bicknell. They had a little hospital there. She was always easy to handle. She was kind of a fat little kid when she was a year old. She was chubby. Then she got quite thin. She never did get to be very big, but she could do work. #7-1 Maureen was such a cute kid when she was growing up. She used to like to fish, her and

¹³⁹ When it was finished they burned his parents old home.

Deona [Sorenson]. They'd go fishing up on Spring Creek and come home with fish about 8-10 inches long.

Maureen had a Shetland pony. Her Mother was quite worried about it. She'd get on that pony and away she'd go on the lope. The pony would run out of the gate and stop right quick and over she'd go over his head. Fontella got so scart of it. It got so old it died. I had a little saddle mare I used so I give that to her. It was quite a goer. Fontella was always scared. When she was gone until after dark of a night Fontella would get in the car to see where she was.

I'd says, "Where you going to go? We never know where to go. We can't find her if we go." She'd always go and she usually found her. Maureen was a wonderful girl. #6-13

Jimmy and Maureen were really good kids. We never did have any trouble. They were the best natured kids you ever saw. They never fought. They were extra good kids. Maureen always took care of Jimmy. Maureen went to California one winter to school. (I don't know why. Fontella decided she wanted her to go down there one year to school.) She went and stayed with my sister Pearl all winter. When she come back in the spring she got to going with Bud...

I only remember trying to correct Maureen once. She had been going with Bud and I didn't like him too good. I told her she couldn't go with him. She said she was going with him. She got quite up-strung and run outside. I followed her out. Fontella come and she was aggravated at me and said I shouldn't have told her she couldn't do them things. I thought to myself right then, 'I'll never correct one of my kids again.' And I never did, no matter what. If there was any correcting Fontella had to do it. Until this day I've never corrected them.

Maureen was an ambitious girl. She'd go to the field with me. She'd stay with me all day, drive the tractor, the best help you've ever

seen. Jimmy never did like the farm. He liked to play. He was a good hand if you got him over there. He could do a good job and he would, but if you ever stopped a minute and he had a good chance, he was ready to go home. He was a good worker and he was a good natured kid.

One time we was branding the cattle. The calves had come home and we was branding them and taking care of them. When we got home that night his Mother said, "Jimmy, didn't you enjoy that, working with your Dad."

He said, "Well, I'd rather be the guy that buys them."

After we sold and come up here, he never did want to stay on the farm. I've said to him, "If we'd stayed on the farm, look what we could have had."

He said, "I didn't want to stay there."

He and two or three boys would go out to Big Rocks. I'd let them take my tractor. They had a little buggy. They'd put that behind the tractor and take their supplies out there and stay over night or two and dig in there and dig out old Indian relics. They'd have a big time.

We'd get show calves ready to show. Maureen went to Richfield to the fair and she got the prize. Jimmy got some pretty good ones. Maureen took more of an interest in them. #6-11,12

Fish Lake Cabin

Our cabin in Fish Lake was an important part of our life. When we were in the store business, Murtis Adams and his wife had a cabin to Fish Lake and they come and asked us if we'd like to go up there and spend an afternoon. We said we sure would. We went up with them and we didn't do a thing. I suppose we ate. They had two rooms there. We went and laid down in one room and they laid in the other room and we laid there all afternoon. We just enjoyed it so much we said, "We are going to have a cabin up here."

That was in the middle of summer or a little later, towards fall. We went and seen the Ranger to see where we could get a spot. He took us around. When we went up the hill, Fontella said, "There's the spot I want right there."

He said, "I guess you would. There's a lot of people that want that. That has been gone for years."

It was right where there was opening where you could see out. Such a good spot.

He took us and showed us three or four places and we didn't like any of them too good. He told us we could decide. He wanted us to go over past the Bowery. They were going to build houses over there. There was one house built over there, but I don't think they ever used it. We didn't want to go over there. We was going to go right straight up above where we were. We talked about that a little. I liked it pretty good, but you couldn't see out and that's what worried Fontella. She liked to be where she could see.

We decided to build and we was going to build it that fall. But it got kind of cold. I said, "We'll be right in the middle of winter on this. We'll get it half built and have to quite." So we decided to wait the next spring.

Through the winter we got the spot Fontella wanted. Murtis Adams had a little place. It wasn't very fancy. The Ranger thought we were just going to do the same thing because we run our cattle up there. He thought we would use it for a camping place. Through the winter we drew our plans out like we was going to build our house and the size we was going to build it and all. Maureen helped us. We sent it over to the Ranger. He said, "You know that spot you wanted has been turned back so you can have it." When he seen we was going to build a pretty good place, he was willing for us to have it. He thought we was just going to put a little cabin there and he didn't want it there. He give us that spot. I don't think anybody had ever spoke for it. He

was going to put us where we couldn't be seen much.

When we come up there, he had it [marked] off where we going to be; it was back a ways, maybe twenty feet. Fontella said, "I'd like to move out this way a little further to get kind of out of the trees."

He said, "If anything you're out too far now."

We didn't say any more.

The next day he come up and said, "Oh, if you want to move out there go ahead. You can go out about ten feet."

We went out about twenty feet, just to make things right. We got pretty well out of the trees where we wanted it to be.

At that time they wouldn't let you build a foundation over two feet high. We would rather have built it up a little, but the Ranger wouldn't let us. Later they changed it and the heck, people built up any way they wanted to. The Ranger wouldn't go along with that. On the front it was about two feet high and the back was setting right even with the ground. #5 2-5

I thought we'd built a nice home. Most of the houses up there then was small homes, but now they have mansions up there. #6-6

When we built it, it wasn't too expensive. We got our logs down to the mill in Bicknell. We was going to build a cement floor. The fall we made the plans, I bought a hundred bags of cement and thought that will build the floor. I bought two or three kegs of nails so we were ready to go. We stored that cement all winter and the next summer we decided we didn't want a cement floor. We thought it would be too cold. So we built the floor out of wood.

We got a fellow to build the foundation and the fireplace and he used every bit of that cement, a hundred bags. Fact is, we had to go buy another bag or two. We built the rest of it out of wood. #5 2-5

I hired Fontella's sister's husband to build it for us. I helped a lot. I hauled in the rock and the lumber. He done the carpenter work.

We put our bathroom in and a water heater when we built the place because we knew we would have it, but we couldn't use it for years until we got the water in. Then it was really nice.

We had three beds in one big room and two beds in the other room. We had a great big fireplace. We had big hammocks on the outside and swung in them. The porch was built out of great, big rocks, about six feet by eight feet and eight inches thick. The fireplace was built out of rock along the inside of the building. At the back of the building we hauled in rock and made a driveway, a floor of rock.#6-6,7

Our cabin was 16 by 56 feet. There were two bedrooms and a bath. The living room and the kitchen was combined. We didn't have television then. It was many years before they got television up there. That made it really nice.

When we built there, there wasn't hardly any cabins up there. There wasn't any water to the cabins when we went there. We had to haul our water from a creek about a quarter of a mile away. We didn't have hot water. It was three or four years before we got any water. We had to dig the trench to hitch on to the forest pipe. They was giving the people on the lake shore the water if they'd move back up. Us guys that wasn't down there got to hitch on to their water, but we had to furnish the pipe for all the houses. There was a fellow from Salina, Dan Anderson, in the lumber business and he got us all our pipe and fittings wholesale. We had to dig all the trench and bury the pipe and get it to the houses. It costs us \$500 a piece when we done it. As other people come in that wasn't built, they come in and it amounted to about \$300 when we got through. There was no expense on it from there on out. We never had

to pay anything for water. We used all we wanted.

It was a big job putting it in. We hired some people to dig the trench and they tried it a while, but they give up. It was so rocky. We had a hard time getting it dug. The Forest wouldn't let you use a back-hoe because you'd have to move some trees and they wouldn't let you move any trees. So we had to do it by hand. It was so rocky; we had to blast the rocks out with dynamite. We had three different lines. One on the north, one down through the middle and one went over to our place. We only dug the trench about 18 inches deep. In the winter we had to turn the water out. There could only be water in the summer. If we could have got it buried down deep enough we could have had water all winter. I don't know how we'd got it down that deep. We had a terrible time getting it down what we got it.

If it hadn't been for Dan Anderson I don't know when it would have ever got in. There wasn't too many that wanted to help or do much. Dan was anxious because he had a home there. Four or five homes was all there was there when we started. We done a lot of the work. When I had people helping me on haying, if it was a rainy day, up we'd go and dig trench and cover it up. We got 'er done. We had a good water system. We've never had much trouble.

There was one year, they told us not to use the water on the weekends. We could use it during the week, 'cause a lot of people come on the weekend. But most years we had water all the time.

We didn't put in a sprinkling system. We had sprayers that would do about fifty feet. We had two sprinklers, one on the south and another one on the east and they would water the whole thing. It was better than a sprinkling system because we didn't have any trouble with it and it watered the whole thing.

We built the cabin and we enjoyed it so much. We'd go up there every summer. At

that time the forest price was \$15.00 a year for rent. Now it is \$435.00 a year, but they don't guarantee any price. The price can change anytime they want to. All you have is a permit. We had permit by year, but now they're making twenty year permits.

Every time we went we'd say we need something for Fish Lake. We'd changed the furniture. We changed refrigerators. We got a dish washer. We got a microwave oven. We put in new cabinets. We changed the beds. We always had a big table in the front room. We really enjoyed it, but there a come a time when we couldn't use it anymore.

We built our home in Fish Lake in 1952. We kept it until about 1988. We had it thirty-five years. Jimmy was eleven years old. Jimmy would go up there. He had a lot of musical instruments. One night he took some of his friends up there and they played and had a big time and then they went home. His friends went back and broke a window and stole his stereo and stuff. We had an idea who it was and got after them and they owned up to it. They said they'd pay for the window. We let them pay for the window.

Maureen was married then. Her and Buddy would go up and have a big time. They enjoyed it. They'd take their friends up there. We'd take the Sunday School up there and have parties. We got a lot of enjoyment out of it.

Fontella: "When Loren was in the Sunday School [in Loa] with Duane Hallows and Neldon Ellett, we always had Sunday School parties there. We always had big times up there. We let every organization in Loa go up and have a party." #5 2-5

Loren: During the deer hunt they hunted deer up close to our cabin. There was six guys from California that used to come up. My brother-in-law worked down there and he met them and told them, "Why don't you go up and see Loren. There is good deer hunting up there and he's got a cabin." They called me up and wanted to know about it. I told them to come

on up. They come for years and years. They'd get their deer. They had a pick-up and put the deer out on the pick-up with their heads sticking up. They wanted to show them off.

One was a cook and he'd cook all the meals. They'd bring a lot of stuff to eat. I like grapes awfully well. They'd bring me two crates of grapes every year. They'd bring a lot of wine and we'd have a great big time. We'd sit up of a night and sing and carry on. There was a lot of deer in them days. I have a picture where we hung a pole along the side of the cabin and it was covered with six or eight big deer hanging on it.

We all hunted. We'd take horses up and ride the horses and get the deer and bring them in. They'd always get their deer. If we didn't have some for all of us when they went home, we'd always let them take their deer and we'd stay another day or two and get ours. The government wouldn't let you hunt deer there for years and years. When they opened it up there was so many big deer there, it was easy to get them. We'd hunt from the cabin going out and coming back, but we'd go up in 7-Mile where we done most of our hunting. We'd have our horses and load the deer on the horses and take them down to the truck and bring them in. Some years there would be quite a lot of snow and some years it would be dry.

It was enjoyable and they was good people to be with. They was good sports and always furnished their share of every thing. We had a lot of fun. They finally quit coming. They quit one at a time. They've sent me a few cases of grapes after we quite hunting and they've called me on the phone a time or two. #6, 6-8

We'd go there every summer and stay. We thought at one time, we'll go to Fish Lake in the summer and go to Nevada or somewhere in the winter. But we didn't. After we moved to Richfield we were so busy with the laundry we didn't get up there as much as we'd liked too. After we sold the laundry there was two summers we lived in Fish Lake all summer, the

last two years we lived in Richfield. Then we moved to Salt Lake and only went for short stays.

I think Fish Lake is the best place to be in the summer. The weather is so nice, cool. We could go fishing. We bought us a nice boat and we took that down there. We'd leave the boat down to the dock and go down and go fishing every day or two.... Fontella liked to fish. Brose taught us to fish. We'd have a good time. There is no better place in the summer than Fish Lake. I don't think you could beat it no matter where you'd go.

Brose and Marie¹⁴⁰ lived up there summers too. They liked to fish. We would go out sometimes in his boat and sometimes in ours. Sometimes we'd each take a boat and stay all day. When we'd come home we'd be really tired, but we'd have a big bunch of fish. We'd have a big fish supper and invite the people around there.

My birthday and Ellis Hatch's¹⁴¹ birthday was just a couple of days apart and we'd always have a big birthday party up to Fish Lake. We'd have a big crowd. We have a tape of one night there. We had a fellow there that used to come and sing. He was a good singer. He sang a lot of songs and we've got that on a tape.

When we come to Salt Lake and were working to the apartments we were pretty well tied. Some summers we didn't hardly get down there. Sometimes we'd go for two or three days at a time and get somebody to take care of the apartments. One time while we were at Fish Lake it rained and the water come in and flooded our apartment and two or three other apartments got flooded out. We had a mess. We had to take our carpets up. It was a hardwood floor in foot squares. They were glued down and it loosened the glue and a lot of the wood come loose. They had to get

¹⁴⁰ His nephew, Jim's son, and his wife..

¹⁴¹ Ellis was married to his niece, Faye Webster, Jim's daughter

Jimmy¹⁴² and Janine and they got vacuums and vacuumed the water out. The water wouldn't run out. And we happened to be down to the Lake when it happened.

Fontella got sick and couldn't take that altitude. We tried it one summer and had to come home and we thought the next year, "We'll try it again." We took her oxygen down, but we stayed about a week and she couldn't take it so we come home. The last summer we went down there, we stayed about ten days and Fontella couldn't stand it so we come home. The next year we thought we'd try it again. We stayed about three days. She couldn't take it and we come back. We still hated to give it up. We decided we'd have to sell it. We finally had to sell it because we couldn't use it. We couldn't go down any more. We didn't sell it till last year. We were the only ones in Wayne County that had a cabin up there. I would have like to sold it to somebody from Wayne County.

Leaving Loa

After Fontella and I got married we lived in Loa until I was sixty years old¹⁴³. We had lot of hardship. It was quite a few years to get it going. We went in the store business before we got things going to amount to anything. From there on what we went into we done pretty well at. We done good in the store business and the laundry business. #7-4

We tried everything. We tried the chicken business. We tried the sheep business. We tried the store business. We tried the laundry business. She'd get tired of it and we'd have to change jobs. She never was hardly satisfied.

¹⁴² His son, James Webster and his wife

¹⁴³ "It was while I was teaching school in Lyman that I met Loren. We were married May 10, 1927 at my home in Torrey by my father. Loren has always thought that he done me a big favor when he moved me from Torrey to Loa." --Fontella Pectol Webster, Autobiography written for Daughters of Utah Pioneers p.2, Wayne County

We left the store business because Fontella got kind of tired of the store business. We worked hard. She was the best worker in the world. She didn't know when to quit. But after about three years she would get tired of a job and want to quit.

Before we got married I worked up here in Salt Lake all the time. She wanted to move to Salt Lake. When we got married and I told her I'd leased the rest of the Webster farm¹⁴⁴ for three years, she couldn't believe I'd do that. She thought I was going to move her to Salt Lake. We'd never talked about it. I just figure I had the farm to start on and so I did. But she was never satisfied. She never was all her life. She kept saying, "Why don't we sell out and move."

I'd keep saying, "Okey, we will one of these days." But I kept getting more and more. I started out with my half of the farm, then I got the other half. Then Fred had a farm he bought and I bought that from him. When he sold out, he sold out to another guy and then I got that. I had three farms in Loa and I had cattle and permits. We had the Fish Lake home. I had four tractors. I had half of the oil business (service station). We had everything in the world, but she wasn't satisfied.

One day I come in about noon and she says, "Why don't we sell out and go?"

I said, "Well, we will one of these days.

She said, "You always say that, but you never do it."

So I went and started selling out that day.#7-2 Counting the calves, I had five hundred head. I had really a nice bunch of cattle. It was hard for me to part with it after I'd worked all my life to get what I had. I was out of debt and we had everything we wanted. But Fontella wanted to come to Salt Lake. She said, "I'd like to live in Salt Lake ten years before I die."#7-4

¹⁴⁴ The land originally owned by his father was divided between him and his brother, Jim

I sold out and we moved to Richfield for five years, 1960 - 1965. Maureen's husband, Bud Albrecht, went into the oil business at Richfield and I went in with him. I moved over there and I thought I would work with him, but we didn't get along too good. So I built a self-service laundry. It was a big laundry with thirty-four washers and twelve big dryers and eight dry cleaners. We was really busy, but it was a lot of work and we was getting older and older. We decided to sell it. #6-6

Maureen lived in Richfield. I thought maybe Fontella'd be satisfied over to Richfield, but she wasn't. Then Maureen moved to Salt Lake and we moved to Salt Lake. We talked about buying a home up here quite a few times. I'd go out toward West Valley, because I liked to be out where there's neighbors and where I could visit but that didn't suit her. She wanted to live on main street.

We lived with Maureen a year or two up here. We wasn't getting along as good as we should have been. We rented an apartment. We'd only been in there about a month when a job come up and we went and managed 40-45 apartments up on First West for fifteen years. But Fontella was never really satisfied with them, but we did stay there. When we bought these (270 5th Ave.) we come up here. We was just going to come here and take care of them, but we bought them. We owned them for three years. Somebody come along and wanted to buy them and I thought they wanted to pay more than I figured they was worth so I sold them. But I've lived here for twelve years after we sold them. She wasn't really satisfied here, but we owned these so we stayed here and we were still here when she died. She was the best person and the best worker, best helper, and could do everything in the world. #7, 2-3

Trips

People didn't make many trips in them days.#5-5 We went back to Chicago about 1949 because we ordered a car. We went on

the bus and Jimmy went with us. We went day and night. When we got there we was so tired we could hardly live. Fontella didn't like airplanes. We'd ordered our car and they told us the day it would be ready. We bought a Buick car. I know I wouldn't want to go back now and get a car that way. You saved enough to pay your trip and a little more by going to get it. We made arrangements through the dealers. They used to do that a lot. Then they used to bring out one car and, maybe, tow one, but now they bring a truck full with a dozen cars on it. We could have trailed one if we wanted too.

Fontella: "We went to Nauvoo and stayed one night at the Bureau of Information and went through the Carthage Jail. I took my Sunday School lesson book that I was teaching the kids. It was on the beginning of the Church, about Nauvoo and the Jail. Each time we'd go through we'd read and know where we were at and know what happened there. It made it interesting. We went to all the historical places. All the homes of the leaders and places in Nauvoo."

Loren: We went to Church, Mutual that night. They asked me to get up and dismiss it [pray]. That was the hardest thing I've ever done. I done an awful poor job.

Fontella: "You did a good job." (Loren laughs) #5-6

Loren: We came back to Chicago and visited Bill¹⁴⁵ and stayed to his place one night. We called Bill and he come and got us. They had colored television and we never had it at home then. I wondered how anybody could watch that. It had a shaking with it when they first got it. I thought it would be hard on your eyes.

The night we were staying with Bill is the night Bud¹⁴⁶ called me up from Richfield and said his partner wanted to sell out and wanted to know what about it. I said, "We'll take it

and buy him out." We bought in with Bud then. He run the plant. #5-6

We went to Mexico two or three times and we went to California five or six times. That is about the limit of our travel. #5-5 We are fussy about food. Before we went into Old Mexico we went and bought cheese and canned stuff so we wouldn't have to eat the food because it makes you sick a lot of time. May and LaVar [Brown] would eat anything that come along. They wasn't fussy about it.

We stayed about a week or ten days down there. We really had a good trip. We went in one way, down through California, and back out the other, through Texas. We went to a bull fight and to all the markets. We'd go into the marketplaces and they'd have their meat right out and the flies were on it. I don't know how people eat it.

We took a typewriter to some L.D.S. missionaries from Richfield. (A guy told us his son was down there and wanted a typewriter and we took that to him.) Both of the missionaries had both been sick for a long while there. They finally had to come home. They couldn't get over it. Some people it don't bother. We took some canned stuff for their Christmas. They went with us one day and took us all around there. They had a Mexican there too and he knew about the cemeteries. They bury one on top of another. He showed us the old Churches. It was quite interesting.

I saw people plowing with oxen. Instead of having a yoke they had the rope around their horns. We took some pictures and tried to talk to the farmer. There was a young kid, about twenty years old, who wanted to come out with LaVar and May and they wanted to bring him. I told them if they got caught bringing him they'd really be in trouble. They were going to bring him home and have him help them on the farm. They decided they couldn't bring him. He really wanted to come and he could talk English good. LaVar and May took anybody in their home. They always had a stray with them.

¹⁴⁵ His nephew, William Roe Webster

¹⁴⁶ His daughter's husband, Bud Albrecht

We didn't go to Mexico City. We went to Mazatlan and then on quite a ways until we hit a new road they just built. Boy, that was a steep dugway. It twisted through there. Cliffs, you could look down there hundreds of feet. But it was a good road. #5,5-6

Our Family

When we come up to Salt Lake Maureen didn't have a job and Jimmy didn't have a job. Jimmy went to University about four years. Maureen went into the Real Estate business. It got so bad she had to leave it. Then she got another job. They went into the beauty business with some guys and they turned out to be crooks and moved to California.

When we sold out I give Maureen \$10,000 and I gave Jimmy \$10,000. Maureen put it into the beauty business and they lost about half of it. They was in that a year or two. So they went into an employment agency. They got a building up on Second South between Main and State. They had to work it all over. It was all open and they built some extra rooms. They hired some people to help them. They hired a woman and man who worked for them quite a little while and they thought they were pretty good. Finally they found out they were cheating on them. They were getting the jobs and keeping the money, so that went under and they lost out.

While Maureen was in that business she had an extra room. She rented the room to JaNeane. That's how Jimmy met her. They got married.#7-1,2 Jimmy lives here in town, just a few blocks from me. He has had a struggle through his life. He works hard, but his health is not too good. They've got five children, one is married and has a child. She lives in Seattle. She called me on the other night and told me she was going to night school. #6-6

Real Estate got better again so Maureen went back into it. She was doing really well. She was making good. She had a building

bought and had five or six people working for her. She had two homes. She was really doing good. Robert went down to work with his Dad¹⁴⁷ in the oil business, but they couldn't get along together. Robert was going to come back and work with his Mother. He come and bought a home and took his Real Estate license. Before he got moved up here Maureen died. #6-12

When Maureen and Buddy got married...she was young, about fifteen years old. She had three children, two boys and a girl when she was really young. #6-11 Kaylene has got three girls and Sherman has three boys and Robert has got a boy and a girl. Robert still lives here in Salt Lake. Sherman lives in Las Vegas and Kaylene lives in Orem. We are going to try and get together at Thanksgiving Day. #6-6

Maureen was a fast worker and a good worker and a good house keeper and a good cook and a good mother. She thought a lot of her kids. She had a little trouble with some of them a little bit, some time, but she could handle them pretty good.

When Sherman (he was the oldest one) got old enough, I bought him a Honda motorcycle. He was supposed to share it with the others, but Sherman didn't like to share too much. They didn't get to share too much with him. He was going to show his Mother that he could handle a motorcycle all right. He took her around the block and when they got back he tipped over. (This story was accompanied with a laugh.)

As Robert got old enough he wanted one and his Mother said, "No, you can't. It's too dangerous."

They lived up here¹⁴⁸ then. It was in Richfield when Sherman got his. So Robert called me and told me, "I want a Honda and Mother says I can't have it. It's too dangerous."

"Well, I'll see what I can do," I said.

¹⁴⁷ Buddy and Maureen divorced.

¹⁴⁸ Salt Lake City, Utah

I called her up and said, “Maureen, you know them kids has got to have a Honda. All the kids has Hondas. Any of us might get hurt. He’s got to have a Honda. You tell him he can have it and I’ll go buy it for him.”

She said, “Well, okey, if you say. I’ll let him have it.”

I went and got him and told him, “We’re going to go see about your Honda, Robert.”

When we got there I said, “You’ve got to have a helmet, haven’t you?”

“Maybe I can get one after a while when I get some money,” he said.

I said, “Let’s put the helmet in with it.”

I got him the helmet and the Honda and he was tickled to death. I don’t know what become of either one of them Hondas. They did have a lot of fun with them. After they got so they couldn’t run their Hondas any more, (we had a Buick and we got another car) I gave Sherman the Buick. He kept that a year or so and finally the rear-end went out. I got him another one. Then Robert had to have a car and we got him one, a demonstrator. I’ve always bought all the kids a car when they got old enough to drive. Not a new one, but a car they could use.

When Kaylene got old enough I bought her a Volkswagen. She wrecked that. We had to take it and get it fixed up. That one went bad and we got another car for her and then her and Robert traded cars. She took that one, had a wreck and totaled it out. We didn’t get her a car after that. When her and Fred got ready to get married, Maureen give her the money, what she’d totaled it out for, \$1,000 and she put it in on a home.

Now lately I’ve had to buy Alex a car and Jimmy a car and Hillary a car and Heidi a car. (That’s Jimmy’s kids.) I’ve only got one grand kid left then I’ve bought them all a car. #7-1,2

Looking Back

I didn’t go to Church like I should. I worked in the Sunday School and in the

Mutual. I was a Home Visitor. Fontella’s Dad was a bishop for seventeen years. She was raised in the Church. She worked all the time in the Church, teaching Sunday School or Primary or Relief Society, Daughters of the Pioneers.¹⁴⁹ I didn’t do as much as I should. I always thought I was too busy. I had so many things to do, on Sunday I either had a water turn or... I could have went more than I did, but I didn’t.

Fontella: “Loren...worked in the Sunday School in Loa. He worked in Wayne Stake Mutual. He was in charge of trying to enlist the senior citizens to go to the temple.”

Loren: We went to the temple at Loa. After we come up here we were pretty busy. We couldn’t leave our job over there [at the apartments]. It was all the time. It was hard to get acquainted as old as we was.

Fontella: “We read and we study. We have the Relief Society Teachers and the Home Teachers.” #5-6,7

Loren: I always got along good with people. We was friends with everybody. We had a lot of friends. Everybody knew us and we knew everybody. Fontella had been in the business all her life and she knew everybody. #7-4

I always liked tools. On the farm I used to do a lot of my own work and I’d do some for other people. When I got kind of retired, when ever I’d see a tool that I liked and wanted I’d buy it. I’ve got lots of tools to work with. I build clocks. I don’t know how many clocks I’ve built. We’ve given them all over the country.

When I was working for Farnsworth he built me a shop to store things in and I worked in there. He was glad for me to do it. At one time when we were there, we lined up the clocks and I had eighteen. We give every kid one and everybody you can think of, Teasdale Eckersley, Warren Taylor’s wife, Eva; Bill

¹⁴⁹ Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Daughters of Utah Pioneers is not part of the Church.

[Webster]¹⁵⁰, Glen Webster¹⁵¹. I've give them all around. I have three or four in here I've built. I've made my clocks on a slab of a tree.

Marie [Webster] wanted a little clock and we didn't think it would be very pretty but everybody that seen it wanted a little clock. The reason I made a little one because Marie said it couldn't be over six inches tall because that's all the room she had. When I built that one for her, it looked so cute, Fontella said, "I've got to have one of them." Then she said her sister Devona needed one. So I built one for Devona. Then Heidi come and she wanted one. So I built one for Heidi. Then we've got people we give Christmas presents to, so I built more of them. So I said we'll have one on hand, so this one is for you.

I've made stools for camping. I've built close to a hundred of them and give them away. I've built five or six tables. I've give everything away. I've never charged anybody for anything.

I built things for Jimmy's wife. We built horses and a hundred and twenty Santy Clauses for her and she's sold them all. Now she is going to bring me enough for ninety more. I cut the Santy Clauses out and put a base on them and then put feet and the arms on them and she takes them and finishes them up. I built cats and dogs and ducks. She's building some horses. I built her ten a while back and now I have stuff for twenty out there to build. I've built monkeys that climbs up strings. I've built a lot of things.

I built candle holders and goblets, butterflies. The twisted candle holders with the hole in there is quite a job to build. There's two elephants and a wild boar. I carved them out. The ball and chain, with the ball inside the chain. There's a horse and rooster and road runner in the window. There is so much stuff I can't even think about it.

When I'd build things I'd make quite a few of them and we'd give them away. It's just a hobby that I do. I've learned it by experience. #5-7,8

Fontella: "We've had a good life. How lucky we are. We've lived this long and our minds are both half active! (laughs) We are not worried about where the next meal is coming from." #5-7

Loren: It was a good life. Fontella used to say we had nine good days and maybe one bad one. I guess that's life. You can't have everything you want. #7-4 We had lots of good times, but it wasn't all pleasant, but I don't suppose it is with anybody. But we had a lot of good times. #7-4

Loa was always home to me. I went back this last summer and visited for a couple of days with some of the older people there, but there are not too many left. If I was to move to Loa now, I would be the oldest one in Loa. Nobody living there is older than I am. I think about going back there to live sometime, but when I think about it my old acquaintances are gone and there wouldn't be much to go there for and it is far out for doctors and groceries are higher. I guess I won't never go back. I thought about it a lot and always wanted to go back. #6-2

¹⁵⁰ Nephew, son of James E. Webster

¹⁵¹ His grand-nephew, his brother Jim's grandson

Bibliography

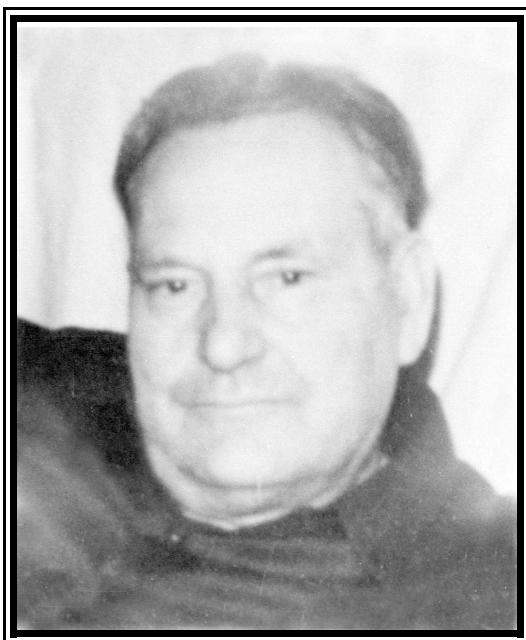
--Webster, Loren Bean; "Taped Interviews" as told to Hildred Cobia, grand niece; Salt Lake City Utah

1. Cassette #1 November 9, 1988 -- 8 page transcript
2. Cassette #2 November 9, 1988 -- 9 page transcript
3. Cassette #3 November 9, 1988 -- 12 page transcript
4. Cassette #4 November 9, 1988 -- 2 page transcript
5. Cassette #5 November 9, 1989 -- 8 page transcript
6. Cassette #6 November 18, 1992 -- 13 page transcript
7. Cassette #7 November 18, 1992 -- 6 page transcript
8. --Webster, Loren Bean; "Autobiography" 7 page typescript, circa 1980
9. --Webster, "Jim" James William Biography, Loren's son 15 page typescript, written summer 2000 for Wayne High School Class of 1960 Reunion



Courtesy Mae P. Webster

Loren B. Webster, *circa* 1920's



Courtesy of Jim Webster

Loren



Courtesy of Jim Webster

Loren - 233 Loren's wife, Fontella Pectol Webster

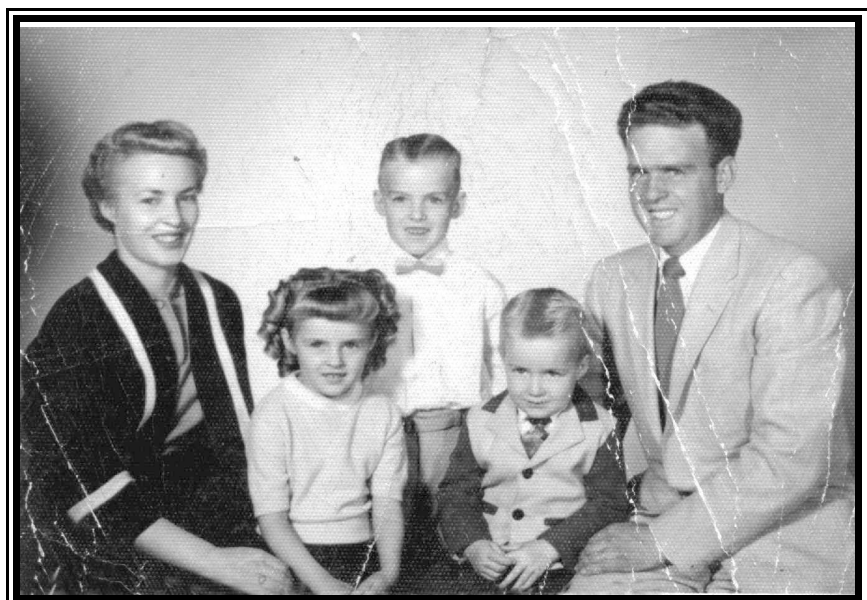


Loren's Family
 Left back: Fontella, Jim,
 Hillary, Loren & Amanda
 front: Jimmy, Alex and
 Heidi Webster

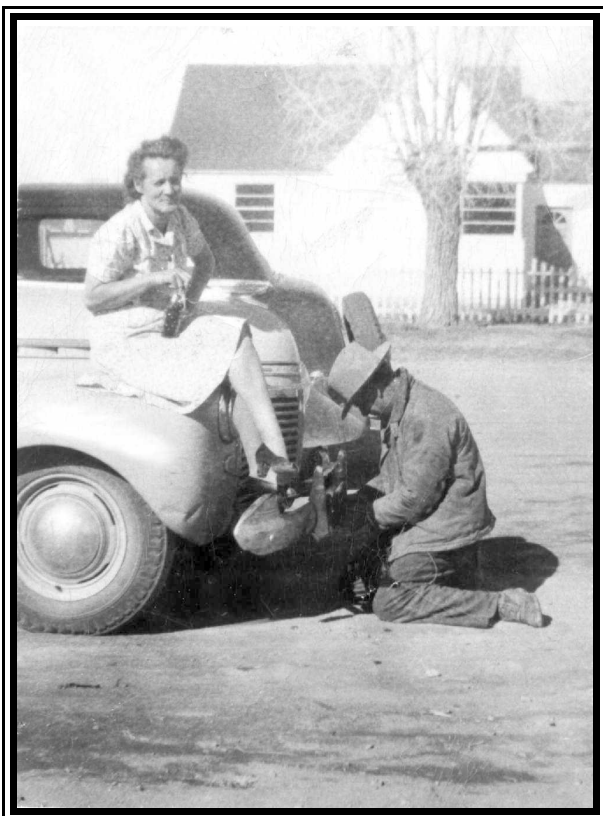
Oval pictures below:
 Maureen - dates unknown
 Jim left: 1949
 Jim right: graduation from
 Wayne High 1960
 Courtesy of Mae P. Taylor

Bottom:
 l-r: Maureen, Kalene,
 Sherman, Robert and
 Buddy Albrecht (Loren
 carried this picture in his
 wallet for many years)

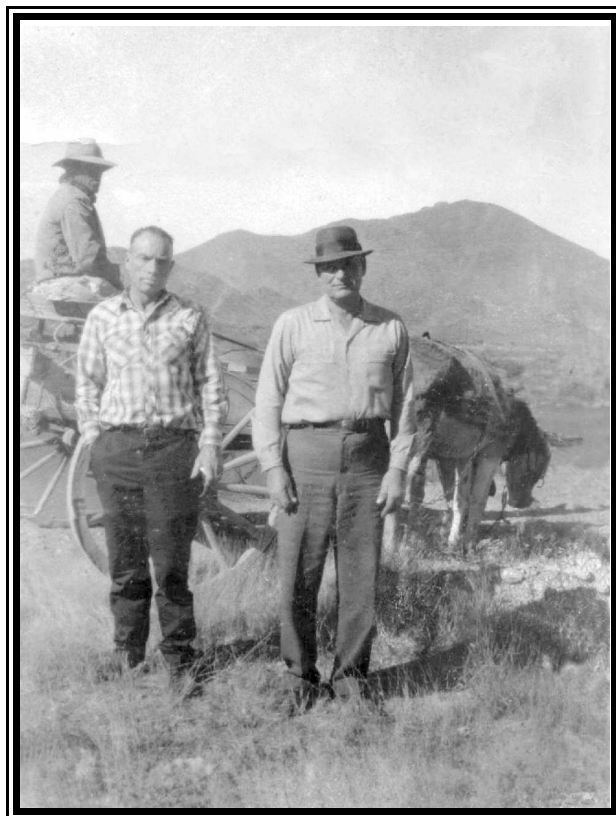
Courtesy of Jim Webster



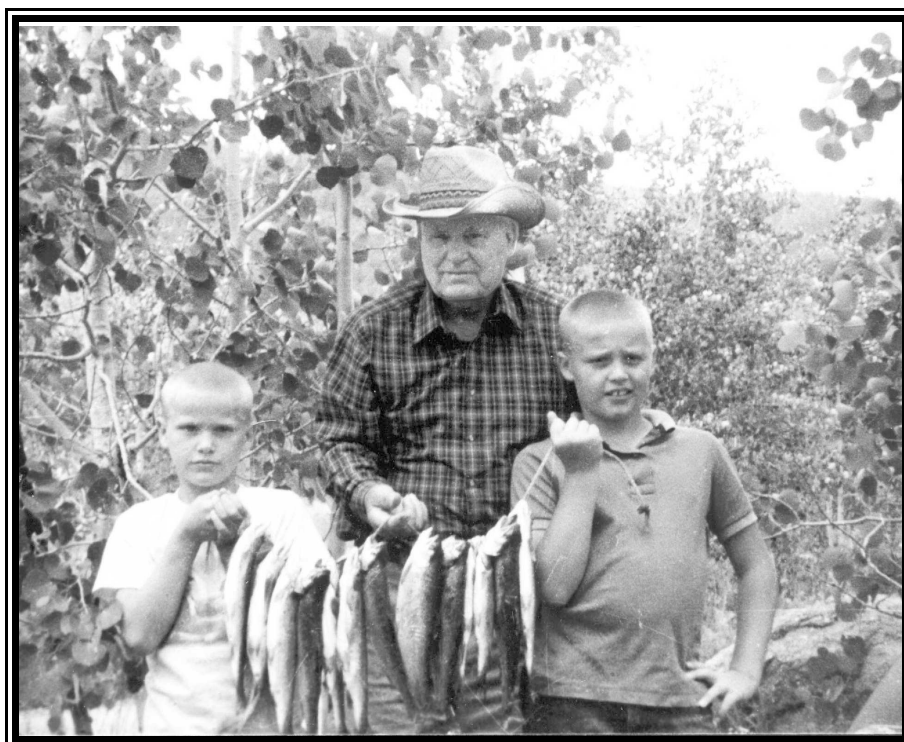
Courtesy of Jim Webster



Fontella and Loren Webster, Loa, UT, *circa* 1950's
In background the house they built in Loa.



At the Farm
L-R unknown, LaVar Brown & Loren Webster



Loren and grandsons, Alex and Jimmy Webster
Loren - 235

Fish Lake



Courtesy of Faye W. Hatch

Celebrating Loren's 84th birthday at Fish Lake 16 Sept. 1984

back: Thruman & May W.(niece) Westenskow; Faye W. (niece) & Ellis Hatch; Loren Webster; Katie W. (niece) & Blain Chappell; front: Brose (nephew) & Marie Webster; Fontella Webster, Vernon & Elaine Crane

"During the deer hunt ... six guys from California used to come up. They'd always get their deer."



Inside Fish Lake Cabin built in 1952. "We had a nice big fireplace. We enjoyed it so much."



Operation Tightened By Utah Cattlemen

By WILBURN G. PICKETT
Deseret News Farm Editor

LOA, Wayne County.—With the gradual loss of grazing on public lands, many relatively old-timers in the state's cattle business are forming tighter, easier to handle cow outfits.

Loren Webster of Loa is one of these cattlemen who is tightening up his operation so that in the possibility of a complete loss of summer graze, he can still make a living from raising beef cattle.

Webster has a 500-acre setup from which he produces hay and grain as feed for his cattle, and the land also provides some spring, summer, fall and winter graze. It is all in piece so it is easy to work, and the entire 500 acres is irrigated from one ditch located on one side of his land.

The Wayne County cattleman considers himself strictly a cow-calf operator, but instead of selling his marketable stock as calves, he holds the steers for a year and markets them as yearlings. With ample cheap feed for the steers in the form of high protein mountain meadow hay, he can economically sell stock as yearlings.

He still holds forest grazing rights on the Seven-Mile District of Fish Lake National Forest, but if his reductions continue to come as regularly in the future as they have in the past, he realizes he will have to produce more on his land to maintain the same number of cattle, or buy additional pasture for summer grazing.

He runs only 84 head of his 200-head cow herd on the Fish Lake, but manages, through careful controlled grazing, to provide summer pasture for the balance of his herd on his meadows near Loa.

Since in normal years he has ample irrigation water, and because his land is highly productive, he is able to raise enough grain and alfalfa hay to feed out about 30 head of steers to market grade.

He is drawing his ranching operation closer together by forming the nucleus of a small registered Hereford herd. He has a small group of registered cows and last fall at the Golden Spike National Livestock Show he bought a bull from Milholm Herefords, Salt Lake City, for \$1,500. It was considered one of the top bulls offered at the Intermountain Hereford Assn. sale.

The Loa rancher wants to build his registered herd up to about 50 cows and thus produce all of his own range bulls, and also have enough left over to sell a few at private treaty.

Webster never has to do much supplemental feeding except when the snows lie heavy and deep in the valley. When the winters gets that way, he will sometimes feed cottonseed cake. Otherwise, he lets the cattle depend on twice a day feedings to grass hay. He explains that during the winter the cattle display a reluctance to eat the cured grass, although there is plenty of it left from summer and fall grazing.

An 85 per cent calf crop is fairly easy for Webster to get each year since he keeps a pretty close watch over his cattle, and he has ample place for the cows to go when the weather gets cold and the winds threaten to freeze the little ones.



WAYNE COWMAN—Loren Webster is known as one of Wayne County's better cattlemen. He has a relatively small, compact commercial operation with a small registered Hereford herd, also.

The cows calve in the meadows if weather permits, but are taken to protective shelter otherwise. He breeds his stock so that his cows calve anytime from January to June.

Webster realizes the importance of keeping his land productive and for that reason he fertilizes heavily. He has used commercial fertilizer on his hay land, and also uses lots of manure. He is now looking



QUALITY PLUS—These cows and heifers on Loren Webster's place in Loa, Wayne County, show the type he is working for in his operation.

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