

AN INTIMATE HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF LORENZO WILFORD HATCH

by Elmer Kerr as told to him by Lorenzo Wilford Hatch

Lorenzo Wilford Hatch was my wife's grandfather. Wilford's history was written by my father, Elmer Kerr, for Wilford when Wilford was probably in his late 80s. He died at about 91. There may be some typos in the material. Questions can be forwarded to Tom Kerr via the [Hatch Family Association](http://www.hatchfamhx.org/).

CHAPTER 1

Except for the few facts recorded in my father's journal and in some of the writings of Ruth, my sister Addie's daughter, I will have to depend entirely upon my own memory in recalling the experiences of my past life. If, on occasion, I have to slip back in time to recall some half-forgotten events which transpired, please charge it to a faulty memory.

According to Father's record, I was born December 31, 1878, in the old Fort at Woodruff, Arizona, a small Mormon settlement located on the banks of the Little Colorado River. My father, Lorenzo Hill Hatch, and my mother, Catherine Karren Hatch, with the unmarried portion of their large family settled here, some few months before I was born, in response to a call from the Church to help, along with some other twenty or thirty families, to colonize the small valley.

Father had three wives, Sylvia, Catherine, and Alice. I was the eleventh and last child of my mother Catherine and the twenty-fourth and last child of the combined family. At present, I am the only one living of those twenty-four children. I suppose I was just an ordinary baby, as there is no mention of any fuss or excitement being made at my arrival, and I have seen no blue ribbons proclaiming me a winner of any baby beauty contests. My father's Journal does make mention, though, that I was a big husky fellow weighing eight and one-half pounds, which should be an asset to any baby starting life in such a harsh and unfriendly land.

My earliest recollections are of my sister May and I climbing among the branches of the apple trees, or of her pushing me in the swing Father had fastened to a limb of a tall shade tree. Like all kids living on a farm, we had our chores to do, like taking the cows to pasture in the mornings and going for them each night; calves to feed after Father or Hyrum had taught them how to drink. There were chickens to feed, just enough grain to start them scratching. Everybody had a flock of chickens, and they all ran loose. It wasn't much fun being a chicken those days, as they were not cooped and coddled, with nothing to do but eat and sleep, and maybe lay one egg each day. In those old "Woodruff" days, chickens were pioneers, too; they had to scratch for worms and bugs for a living, or chase a pesky grasshopper down if one happened to come around. We had to gather the eggs every evening, searching through the bushes and briar patches, in the tall weeds along the fences, and under the buildings, or any other place we'd think an old biddy might want to steal away and hide her eggs.

The most fun was when each Saturday afternoon Mother would tell us to catch a rooster for Sunday dinner. There would be a dozen or two in the flock, and we'd pick out the biggest and the fattest one, then we'd start chasing him. May was two or three years older than I and could run faster, so she would take the first turn. The trick was not to catch him, but to just keep him running. May would chase him till she was tired, then I would take after him. The poor bewildered rooster would wonder what we were playing. After we'd chased him a couple of turns he'd get awful tired,

then he'd pick his feet up higher and higher and go slower and slower, and he'd look kind of like an old man running to get out of a rainstorm. Pretty soon he would be so tired he couldn't run any more, then he'd slip into some corner by the fence or manger or some place, squat down close to the ground and hide his head behind a post or board and lie there as still as a mouse, no doubt thinking because he couldn't see us, we couldn't see him. Then all we had to do was go and pick him up. Sometimes we'd hold him and stroke his head and feathers till he had a good rest, then we'd turn him loose and chase him all over again.

There was always a pony to ride and calves in the meadow to chase and try to lasso while playing cowboy. The most fun of all, though, was right after a summer rainstorm, when we'd slide down the steep soapy-slick bank to the river bed thirty or forty feet below. If it happened to be a cloudburst shower like we sometimes had, we wouldn't dare slide down; because from every gulley, ditch, and hollow, oceans of dirty, roily water would be pouring into the river bed, and the river, which just a few moments before was little more than a lazy summer brooklet, would now be a raging torrent burying the whole river bed from one steep bank to the other, with uprooted trees and other debris riding on the rushing current. If one should slip into that raging stream, he'd be swept over rocks and falls into the Big Colorado, where he'd never be seen again.

It's funny, but in a place where people are poor and it's hard to find enough to eat, there are always a lot of kids. Just like Nature knew that when spring would come and we'd grown tired of rancid pork and tasteless beans, the kids could scout the fields for dandelions and pig weeds; so Mother could cook them into greens. We'd search the hills for sego lily bulbs, and they'd help to stave away the hunger, too. Woodruff had its full share of kids, too, and there was always someone around to think of something to do that shouldn't be done. Like the time the big Smith kid tied the rolled up paper to the cat's tail, then set fire to the paper. The cat glanced back at its fiery tail, then, wild-eyed, it gave three or four bounds and was under the house. We all stood rooted in fear with visions of Mom's cat and the whole fort going up in flames. Luckily the fire went out before it harmed the cat or burned the Fort down.

There were other escapades, too, like the time we found old Charley's (the hired man) sack of Bull Durham, and we all went behind the cow barn to have our first smoke. We got them all rolled, after a fashion. No one had a match, but I had a bulls-eye from Father's old broken lantern globe, and with the hot Arizona sunshine, that was as good as any match. We were soon puffing vigorously on old Charley's Bull Durham, and it looked for a little time that the cow shed might be on fire, but not for long. Pretty soon the trees, the cow barn, the sky, and everything else began spinning like a giant merry-go-round. As we lay on our backs watching everything whirl around, we were the sickest bunch of kids Woodruff had ever produced. After we'd thrown up everything we could get up, we felt a little better, and made our separate ways home. Mother was shocked, thinking I must surely have the bubonic plague, or something equally as bad, until by continued and persistent questioning, she learned the truth, which I'm sure she already suspected. That experience and Mother's following lecture cured me completely of any desire to become a future Bull Durham smoker.

Woodruff had its holidays. May Day was fun with the girls dressed in their best showy dresses, dancing around the big Christmas tree, winding and unwinding, then winding again the pretty colored ribbons around and around its white bark-peeled trunk.

It was fun, too, on the Fourth of July to watch Brother Owens make a cannon out of his two anvils, by putting one on top of the other, with gun powder under the top one. When he touched it off with a red hot iron fastened to a long stick, it would let out with a loud "boom" you could hear all over the valley. Then Father would insist that we all go to the meeting and hear someone read the Declaration of Independence, which was too long, then someone would preach which was longer than ever; and we'd be glad when it was over so we could have our picnic lunch.

The Twenty-fourth was the best, with the play Indians stealing the pioneer kids and the pioneers shooting the Indians to get the kids back, and the Indians burning the pioneer houses down and everything. It was pretty exciting. Sometimes, too, we'd have two whole nickels to spend, one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon.

Christmas was never much in Woodruff, though; it never looked like any pictures of Christmas, because there was never any snow for Santa's sleigh or reindeer. There was seldom any money to buy store things, and if we bothered

to hang our stocking up, about all we could expect to find in it would be a pair of black woolen mittens Mother had knitted, and maybe a few little cookies with colored frosting on top. They were nice, but gee, nothing like the pictures of toys and things in the catalogues. It was a common thing for the kids to say, "Santa Claus comes to every place in the world, except to Woodruff." For us kids, Christmas time was the only time we seemed to know that we were poor. I suppose because on that day we realized there were so many things we didn't have.

In my tender years, I was too young to know the importance of the Dam which straddled the river a short distance above the Fort. I wondered why the town people talked and worried so much about it. I was coming seven now and old enough to understand its value. I had seen the crops fail a time or two when there was no water to fill the ditches; I realized that the water running between the banks of the little river was the lifeblood of the valley, that without it the dry desert soil would yield nothing. Six times already the Dam had washed away and while the farmers had labored to rebuild it, their crops had burned and wasted away. It was no wonder that most every prayer in Woodruff ended with the plea "... and dear Lord, please protect the Dam."

For more than half a dozen years, Mother had withstood the rigors, hardships, and deprivations of this cruel land, and three years before that she had spent in the hot, wind-swept desert land of New Mexico. The merciless heat and the winds and the ceaseless toil were taking their toll of her health. At mid life she was old; her once black hair was almost white, and the face peering from beneath the pioneer sun bonnet was furrowed and wrinkled. Lines and crows feet circled her eyes; her once shapely hands were brown and sunburned; the palms rough and calloused from daily contact with shovel and hoe; and the merciless heat gave her painful throbbing headaches.

Hoping to ease the headaches and improve her health, Father had Hyrum, my brother, take her and five of us children over that long, long road in a covered wagon to Franklin, Idaho. And Aunt Alice, who had for some time been living at Taylor, another little Mormon settlement located some twenty miles from Woodruff, became Father's homemaker and companion. Aunt Sylvia, who had been living in the Rock House at Franklin, moved to a home in Logan, Utah, which her son Hesikiah had bought for her; and Mother, with her brood, moved into the Rock House.

My half brother Hesikiah (Hezzy for short) was a very interesting Person and a helpful member of the family. When he was quite young, Father considered him too frail and delicate to engage in out-of-door farm work, so he was sent to school to gain an education. He finished High School, then graduated from the B.Y. College at Logan, qualifying in bookkeeping and business. He obtained a job in the Thatcher Brothers Bank, later marrying the banker's daughter. In time he became manager of the bank and later acquired controlling interest in the Thatcher Grain and Milling Company. At times I have almost wished that I had been frail and delicate and could have married a banker's daughter. Hezzy was free with his money. In his Journal, Father calls him the "Joseph," of the family and speaks often of him sending money to help with the family finances.

The rock house could not be well heated with the small kitchen cook stove and the Poorly constructed fireplace in Mother's bedroom which smoked whenever the wind blew just right. In wintertime it always seemed damp and cold; and perhaps, because of the coldness, Mother's headaches became worse. Often, thinking she was about to die, I would rush, only half dressed, through the snow and cold to the neighbor's house a block away and ask him to come and administer to her, before she died. Dear, Patient Brother Jolley. He never complained or refused to come no matter how cold the night or how badly it stormed.

During the next four or five years, while we were there, was the only time I had access to school and education. Because of the short school seasons and Mother's sickness, I missed a lot of school time, but I did manage to get through the fourth reader. In those days each class was furnished a reader, and one had to master everything in each reader before he could pass to a higher one, which sometimes because of irregular attendance required two or three years. Quite often, when one passed from the fourth or fifth reader, he was old enough to be married. A story was told of one rather slow learning fellow who was late for his "fourth reader passing party," because he could not find his razor.

During the summers I'd work at anything I could find to do, sometimes working on Father's old farm close to town, and sometimes going logging with Hyrum in Franklin Bas in.

May and I were happy there in Cache Valley. Mother would have been, too, if she didn't have those awful headaches. Everything here was better and nicer than things at Woodruff, and almost every day we'd wish that Father would move here and we'd stay. When, without a word of warning, we learned that Aunt Alice had died, we hoped he would come, as Mother tried her best to persuade him to leave that unfriendly land. He was nearing seventy and had earned a rest. Father was willing and asked for a release from his mission. All our hopes were shattered; however, when the Church Authorities wrote a letter to Father and he forwarded it to Mother. They advised or rather insisted that Father remain where he was, and that he send for one of his wives to go at once to Woodruff and join him. As soon as Mother read the letter, she without a murmur or word of complaint, began preparing to go.

CHAPTER 2

Before Mother, May, and I begin that long journey back to Woodruff, slip back with me in memory to a time when I was only five years old, and we were living in the old Fort, when a tiny speck of romance touched my life. I had heard Mother say that Brother Owens had built a new house on his little farm, and the house had smooth, white pine floors and glass windows. How I did want to go and see those glass windows. For floors our house had slabs nailed flat side up to poles lying on the ground, and our windows were just holes cut in the walls, with a screen tacked over them in summertime to keep out the flies and a canvas or blanket in winter to keep out the cold. Father was the best, or, at least, one of the best carpenters in the valley, but he was very much like the shoemaker who could never find time to mend his own kids' shoes.

I wanted Mother to take me to see those glass windows, but she said no, because Sister Owens was in bed with a new baby and couldn't be bothered with company for at least a week. The week finally passed, and I went with Mother to the new house. When we went in, Sister Owens was sitting in a rocking chair holding a tiny baby on her knee. She asked us to come and see the new baby girl and said its name was Adelia.

It was just sitting there sucking its thumb, and it looked no different than any other baby sucking its thumb to me. But that smooth, shiny, white floor; it was almost as slick as the ice pond in the wintertime, and you couldn't even see the nail heads. And those glass windows! Gee! You could see right through them, and you had to stick your hand on them to know there was something there. The mothers visited a while, then Sister Owens asked me if I wanted to hold little Adelia on my knee a little while. I guess I blushed a little when I told her "No." If cupid was there with his bow and arrows and could see ahead down the years, he must have smiled a little as he went about his plans. Now back to Mother and her plans to leave the friendly home in Franklin.

In a very few days Mother had her large steamer trunk and several suitcases packed full of clothes. All the children but we two younger ones had married and would stay in Cache Valley. Hyrum took us to the train and Mother, May, and I were soon rumbling over the rails headed for Woodruff. Father met us at Holbrook with the light wagon. It being late, we stayed with a neighbor that night and drove out to the farm at Woodruff the next day. On the way there Mother said she hoped the place had changed, then added, "If it has, goodness knows, it should be better."

The settlement had changed a little all right. The builders had done a better job, and for the past few years the Dam had held. It was springtime and the meadows and hay fields were beginning to show green; the trees in the orchard had grown larger and much taller. Almost everybody including Father had moved out of the Fort and built a house on their own little farm. Best of all, quite a number of deep wells had been dug, and nobody used the dirty, red, river water any more. But the sun seemed just as hot, and the same blistering wind blew just as hard every afternoon.

For some time Father had been counselor to the Stake President. The Stake was comprised of many settlements scattered over many thousands of desert acres and countless miles of dusty trails. It was Father's duty to visit, with a companion, each of the scattered settlements once or twice each year. Traveling there with horse and buggy, which was always slow, sometimes he'd be gone from home for weeks and weeks at a time. Tom and Hyrum had married and

moved away, too, often leaving just Mother, May, and me to attend to the dozen or more jobs waiting to be done. I was twelve when we returned, and the carefree boyhood life I had always known came to an abrupt end, and from now on I'd have a man's role to play. Willard, Aunt Alice's son, was good and helped us whenever he had time. He owned a six-horse freight outfit and hauled freight from the railroad to the Government Post at Apache on the Indian reservation. To me he had what seemed like the best job in the world, to just sit there holding onto a few lines and let the horses do all the work. Once during that first summer when Pa was home and we had all the jobs caught up, I hitched old Peg and Bess to the light wagon, loaded on a ton of freight, and went with him to the army camp. We were gone eight days, and I made twenty dollars. That was the first, the best, and the biggest twenty dollars I've ever earned. I dreamed of four or six or even an eight horse outfit and wads of money I'd bring from the Army Post. But I had no more time away from the farm that summer. The teams and wagons and the riches would just have to wait.

Life with Father home was sometimes exciting and always interesting. He had an uncanny way of becoming turned around and lost. If he went to the hills for a load of firewood, he would almost invariably become confused and find himself in the wrong canyon. He might run into a rock or stump and breaking his wagon down, he would have to leave his load there and ride one horse home while leading the other. In either case, he would arrive there two or three hours after everybody else was in bed. Even when he was home, he would usually stay out in his workshop making ax handles, plow beams, window sashes, or anything else someone might want to buy. Sometimes he'd have me hold the lantern for him. He'd say, "Hold it so you can see, then I can see, too." Then I'd stand there holding the light at eye level until my arms would ache and I'd sometimes doze off and let the lantern fall. Then Father would grab it before it exploded, hang it on a nail, and tell me to go in to bed before I burned the shop down. It seemed like we'd hardly ever see him at nights, and when he would come from his long trips visiting around the settlements, he would usually manage to arrive unexpected and unannounced after we were all in bed, and surprise us next morning by unexpectedly appearing at the breakfast table like an apparition or one of Hamlet's ghosts. In his journal he comments that he had labored all his life for other people, and most of the work he had done was performed while other people slept. He was never cross or cranky, nor did he ever abuse us in any way. Neither was he very affectionate and he never indulged in any play or roughhouse as other fathers did, but I'm quite sure that in spite of his seemingly somber coolness, he loved his kids. He must have, or he wouldn't have had so many.

During these years, even though the Dam held and the crops grew lush and green, killing frosts would often come and destroy the grain. Almost everybody in the valley was still poor, and to make ends meet, one had to be and do about everything. Every fellow had a horse and saddle, and sometimes he'd hire out as a cowpoke for a week or two and help some rancher round up and brand his unbranded calves. That was fun and exciting. It was during one of these occasions that I met with a near tragedy which killed for good the burning ambition I'd had for a long time to become a professional bronco-buster, like the riders I'd seen at fairs and celebrations. I could ride fairly well if the horse bucked straight ahead, but if it fishtailed one way, I almost always left the saddle and went the other way.

This particular day, I was sitting on my prairie mustang with my booted right foot in the stirrup, the other one dangling loose. As I sat astride my half-asleep pony checking for calves not branded, Slats, as we called him, came riding by, and looking for a little fun and excitement, he struck my dreaming bronco a loud jarring blow across the rump with his big cowboy hat. In a flash, the startled horse bound forward like a frightened deer, while I went over the back of the saddle and landed on my shoulders back of my pony with my right foot still in the stirrup and caught fast. The frightened horse took off through the sagebrush and greasewood bucking and trying to kick me loose, as I was jerked and bounced along behind her. The back of my head was taking an awful beating; and if she reached the rock patch before they got her stopped, my brains would be scrambled like a breakfast egg. If I wanted to stay in one piece or even alive, I'd better turn over and let my arms and stomach take the beating. I gave a mighty swing with my free leg and as I flipped onto my face and arms, somehow my entrapped foot came loose, and the most scaring ride of my life ended with rather light casualties: a few patches of skin off my shoulders and a few bumps and lumps on the back of my head. If we have guardian angels, I hope I can meet mine someday and say, "Thanks, Pal, for your help."

Sometimes we'd become loggers and cut down trees and drag them to the sawmill, or pile the lumber as it came off the saw. That was hard work, and worse yet, we'd almost always have to take lumber for our pay, then hunt around for someone to sell it to. They were the times when Father would spend days and days in his shop making handles for axes and hatchets. When he had a wagon box full, he'd take them out to the Indian Reservation and trade them to the Indians for corn, then haul the corn to Holbrook and trade the corn for wheat to grind into flour for bread.

It was a summer like this when we had to do anything we could find to do that I went with Willard again to the Army Post. Willard had his three-team outfit and I had Peg and Bess hitched to Father's light wagon. When night came, we camped by a little stream of water. After tending to their horses, I gathered up a lot of sagebrush and we soon had a big campfire going. There were other freighters and one or two cowboys on the road. After we had our supper there were soon a half dozen visitors sitting around our fire, I guess because our fire was the only big one. It was interesting to listen to them talk, as each one tried to tell a bigger story than the other. Sometimes one would want to tell a dirty story, but Willard wouldn't allow it. He'd glance at me and say, "Some ears are too young to hear that kind of talk;" and the story teller would clam up right now.

Willard was a good man. I never did hear him say anything dirty or swear very hard. He'd maybe once in a while say "hell" or "damn" or other little swear words like that. Like one time, after I'd noticed that just about everybody we saw on the trail wore a gun strapped to his leg, I asked him why he didn't wear one. He said, "Hell, kid, do you want me to get my head blowed off?" I told him no but it looked like he might, if he didn't wear one like everybody else did. I like Willard; he always tried to explain things to you. He said, "Look, son, (when he called me that, I kind of felt like he liked me, too) if I started down one of those cow-town streets with a gun on me, some half-drunk gun slinger would know in a second that I was no gunman. Then he'd say something, call me something, that would make me have to go for my gun, and before I could even get started, he'd have me full of lead." Then he added; "I'm not exactly a coward, but neither do I want to be a dead hero." I didn't argue with him but I still thought one would have a better chance to stay alive if he had a gun to fight back with. I guess he knew I didn't quite understand, and that maybe I thought he was kind of "chicken." He acted like he was a little mad when he added, "Damn it, kid, half those guys wearing guns use up two or three boxes of shells every day target practicing just to stay good; and guys like you and me wouldn't stand half a chance. And," he continued, "they know, too, if they shot an unarmed man they'd be strung up to a limb on the nearest tree they could find. So for guys who can't shoot very good, their best defense is 'no offense.'" I guessed maybe he was right and I decided not to send for the pearl-handled 38 I had all picked out in the catalogue, and was going to send for as soon as I had saved up enough money.

The trip this time was the most interesting and exciting one I had ever been on. I was thirteen going on fourteen, and maybe Willard thought it would be good for me to learn about the snares and evils of life while he was round to sort of look after me. At any rate, the next night when we stopped we were just outside a tough cow-town which died a long time ago. The ranchers have pulled the buildings down to build chicken coops and pig pens, and the cowpokes and drifters busted up what was left to feed their campfires, and now no one can even remember its name. I had camped there with Willard a time or two before, but we had always stayed at camp, away from the bright lights we could see a couple of city blocks away. This night after we'd tended the horses and had supper, Willard said we'd take a walk and look around the town. I'd heard a lot of talk about those wild towns with their saloons, their lightning-fast gunmen, their dancing girls, and the red-light district with its brazenly painted women. I felt half scared and real excited as we walked up the dusty road, toward the brightly shining lights.

CHAPTER 3

As I said a while ago, I was coming fourteen, and I wasn't entirely dumb and ignorant about the facts of life, as ever since the beginning of time I suppose the older kids have handed down their acquired store of knowledge to the younger ones. I had heard Father preach about the pitfalls and sins of the world, as he stood behind the pulpit in church. He could almost bring tears to your eyes as he pled with the sinner to repent, or with equal eloquence tell of the eternal and fiery place called "Hell" which awaited those who persisted in their evil ways. Yet somehow he could never muster enough courage to talk about the facts of life, privately, with his children. Mother, though, in her homely, simple way had done the job well. She told me that a prophet of the Lord had declared that tea and coffee, tobacco, and all strong drinks were not good for anyone, and might cause one to be weak and sickly. She added that the painted women of the cities and cow-towns and the dancing girls in the saloons were evil, even worse than liquor and tobacco, to cause one to be diseased and sick. In this land of no doctors and few medicines except sage tea to keep the blood stream flowing and senna tea to keep the food tract flushed, I didn't want to be sick. I remembered a boy one time who got the measles; there was no doctor to care for him and the measles settled in his eyes and made them diseased, and they just rotted and wasted away. All he had left for eyes were two vacant, empty holes. Was it any wonder that I feared anything that might cause a disease or make me sick? So maybe out of fear more than piety, I had shunned all those things that Mother had said were not good for me.

When we reached Main Street, the gas lights hanging from poles made it as light as day, and the board sidewalks were crowded with people, mostly men, hurrying from some place to another. I asked Willard if it was some kind of holiday, but he said no, it was just the usual Saturday night crowd. Four or five cowboys came loping up the street on their ponies, shooting their six-shooters in the air and hollering like a bunch of wild Indians. I asked Willard if we shouldn't go back to the wagon and get the rifle. He said no, they were just a bunch of kids from some cattle ranch trying to have a little fun. It was the first time I'd been in a town like this, and it was quite different from Woodruff or any other town I'd ever been in. On the main street there weren't any real houses where people lived; on one side they all seemed to be saloons and pool halls, gambling joints and a place now and again where you could buy something to eat. On the other side were places where they sold furniture, and in others shovels and hoes and plows and wagons, and in still other places suits and clothes and fancy things for girls or women. I asked Willard if the women wouldn't be afraid to come here where there were so many drunks and cowboys shooting their guns off. He said it was probably as quiet as a graveyard in the daytime, and the women were not so fussy here.

When we got about halfway up the street we ran out of furniture and other stores like that, then there wasn't anything for a ways until we came to a high board fence. From there on, there was a string of little shabby houses built close together, set back quite a ways from the sidewalk, and running in a row parallel with the street. Willard said that was the red-light district. I didn't know why it should be called that. All the lights looked the same to me. When we got even with the houses, we could see women sitting by the windows or standing in the doorways. They all had fancy looking earrings, bracelets, and things like that on, and were all wearing the same kind of dress, which looked like a big loose Mother Hubbard with a ribbon tied around the waist. The red paint on their faces looked so thick, like someone had put it on with a paddle, like you do when you grease a wheel on a wagon. They kept up a steady barrage of vulgar talk with some of the men on the street. I knew without Willard telling me, that they were the "scarlet women of sin," whom the preachers preached about. As if the very air was diseased and sick on that side of the street, I crowded as closely as I could to the saloons on the other side.

Willard seemed to know where he was going, so I just followed along with him and didn't ask any questions. Pretty soon we came to a place with a sign above the door which said: "A Program of Music and Singing Every Hour." There was a picture of eight or ten awful pretty girls dressed in their very skimpy dancing suits. I told Willard they could sure make sin look sweet and tempting. He said, yeah, the pictures were pretty all right, but they were just there for a "come-on gimmick." He said they had outlawed girl entertainers in saloons, because they caused so much

quarreling and shooting and killing. I told him we should go in and see, maybe they'd brought the girls back; so he pushed the door open and we walked in.

It was the first time I'd ever been in a saloon; I was too young and I wondered if someone would throw me out; but I was pretty big for my age and I guess they thought as long as I was with Willard it was all right. Anyway, nobody seemed to notice me or say anything. We walked over by the potbellied stove, which felt pretty nice because it was late in the fall and was quite chilly outside. In a while I saw the barkeeper coming toward us and I thought he was going to throw me out for sure. He looked at Willard and asked, "Is this kid with you?" Willard told him yes, that I was his brother. The barkeeper nodded his OK. I guess he didn't like us to just be standing there using up his heat and not spending any money, 'cause he asked, kind of cranky-like, if we wanted anything or did we just want to soak up some warm air. I saw Willard getting kind of mad, but he just said "Both," and to bring us a bottle of gingerale and one of lemonade. The barkeeper looked at us like he thought we were kind of cheap skates but he didn't say anymore. Pretty soon he came with our drinks and said they cost thirty cents. Willard gave him the thirty cents, then asked how much we owed him for his hot air. That made the barkeeper kind of mad and he looked at Willard like he was going to say something mean, but he didn't; he just said, "Forget it," then walked back to the bar. Willard could look pretty tough sometimes, even if he didn't wear a gun.

We went down toward the front and sat down by an empty table. I had stopped worrying about being thrown out and felt at ease enough to look around. It was quite a big place and there must have been a hundred or more rough-looking cowboys and freights, some drifters, and card gamblers. The gamblers for some reason wore green-colored eye shades fastened on their foreheads, and there were a few who looked like just plain bums and drunks. The card players were sitting at tables with stacks of chips piled in front of them, just like you see in the movies now. Others were crowded almost elbow touching along the front of the bar, and were keeping the two barkeepers as busy as a one-eyed house cat trying to catch sparrows. In one end of the long room, close to where we were sitting, there was a small stand or stage; I guess that was where the dancing girls used to perform before they made them stay away. On the floor by one corner of the stage stood a high old-fashioned piano and beside it a big base fiddle was leaning against the wall.

We had our gingerale and lemonade about half drunk when a baldheaded guy walked down by the piano, reached on top and got a derby hat. He put it on his bald head, then sat down on the piano stool. I couldn't figure why he needed the derby hat as there weren't any mosquitoes flying around and there wasn't any sun shining. Anyway he struck the keys a couple of loud bangs so everybody would stop talking, then he said it was time to start the program. They all stopped talking and edged up toward the front so they could hear better. Another guy went down by the piano, took a bow off its top, then pulled the bass fiddle around so he could get at it, then he and the piano fellow started to play a lively tune. When they stopped someone told them to play, "She'll be Coming Around the Mountain When She Comes." They did. It was the first time I'd ever heard a bass fiddle, and sometimes the deep base sounds made little chills run up and down my backbone.

While they were playing, a big rawboned guy with a stubble of grey whiskers and a long walrus mustache came striding down to the front and sat down in a chair. Willard said he was the town marshal, and that he kept a pretty close watch on the saloons so there wouldn't be any shooting trouble, and to see that they didn't slip a girl or two in once in a while to help out with their program. The marshal sat there taking it all in while he chewed on a good-sized cud of tobacco, now and again scoring a bull's-eye as he spat a stream of tobacco juice into a spiten can eight or ten feet away. Willard said it was called a spittoon, not a spiten can.

When they'd finished playing about the girl coming around the mountain, the piano guy banged the keys again and said we'd now be favored with a song by our own "Singing Cowboy, the greatest singer of cowboy songs in the West." A young fellow came on the stage and after the music played awhile, he started to sing something about burying a cowboy on a lonely prairie. I thought it sounded pretty good, but I guess the card players and the whisky drinkers didn't like it, because they started booing and hollering, "Where's your girls: Bring on your girls." The music played louder and the singer sang louder, trying to drown them out, but they kept yelling, "Bring out the girls, bring out the girls." I guess

they were mad because they had those pictures hanging outside. It looked like maybe they were going to bust up the piano and the big fiddle and everything. I guess while this was going on, the marshal got a little scared and forgot to spit, because when he stood up he let go with about three spits all at once. It was so big he missed and it made a big splatter in the sawdust. He hollered at them to pipe down but they couldn't hear him or anyway they didn't pay him any attention. Then he pulled his six-shooter out and I thought, boy, here goes; he'll shoot everybody in the saloon! But he didn't; he shot a hole up through the ceiling. That shut everybody up in a hurry. He told them it was against the law now to have dancing girls in saloons, and told them if they made one more disturbance, he'd jail the whole bunch. The program was over and the card players went back to their cards and the drinkers back to their drinks. We had all our gingerale and lemonade drunk, and Willard said it was time to go because we had to get to bed so we could get up early the next morning. I kind of hated to go. I wanted to hear the big bass fiddle again and I was sort of hoping that a couple of gun slingers would get into a shooting scrape, but I guess there wasn't much chance of that with the marshal hanging around. Willard got up and started for the door, and there was nothing for me to do but follow him out.

The night had gotten pretty chilly, and there were not so many on the sidewalks. It was quiet on the other side of the street, too. I guessed it was just too cold for those "women of sin" to stand in the doorways or sit by the windows. We had gone about halfway down the block when we saw a girl walking toward us. She was all dolled up and pretty as a picture. When she was about even with us, her purse slipped off her arm and fell pretty close to Willard's feet. He picked it up and gave it to her; then she gave Willard the sweetest smile, and stood there for a second or two, like she was waiting for him to say something, but he didn't say one word. Even when she said "Thank you:" so nice like, Willard just tipped his hat a little and walked on down the sidewalk. I told him that was a heck-of-a-trick to treat a pretty little girl like that; maybe she was in trouble and needed help. I asked him if he didn't think she was awful pretty. He looked like he was kind of disgusted with me and asked me if I was just plain dumb and stupid. He said that what I thought was prettiness was just paint. He said she had more coats of paint on her face than grandma's old rocking chair, and added that if you scraped them all off, she'd look just as old, too. I asked him why he picked up her purse for her when it slipped off her arm if he felt that way about her; then he looked at me kind of funny again and said that was one of the oldest tricks in the world, and that she had dropped her purse on purpose to see if he'd "pick her up." Then he added there was no reason why one shouldn't be decent and polite with everybody. I didn't understand all that he said, but I told him I still thought she was young and pretty, and that he was getting old and had lost all his spunk and romance. That made him a little sore and he swore again when he said, "Hell, kid, when you get as old as she is, you'll need a pair of crutches to hobble around on." I didn't say anymore. I knew enough to keep still when Willard started getting mad.

We were soon at the camp and had our bedrolls made down, and all we took off before crawling into them was our boots; our hats would help to keep our heads warm. I lay there for a long time thinking about that big bass fiddle, and how it seemed to make everything sort of shake and quiver. I thought about the girl and wondered if she did drop her purse on purpose like Willard said she did.

The next thing I knew I was having the darndest fool dream; I was dreaming that Willard was holding her while I was scraping the three or four coats of paint off her face, and before I'd finished, Willard was shaking me awake and saying it was time to get up. I soon had my boots on, and before the sun was up we had our breakfast eaten, the horses harnessed and hitched to the wagons and were on our way.

CHAPTER 4

It was while coming back from this trip that Willard and I had our first and last quarrel. The horses were jogging along a road that was a little bit downhill, and I was traveling pretty close behind Willard. The dust isn't so bad sometimes if you stay close; you're over it before it has time to rise up in the air and float around and all over you. It was hot and I was about half asleep, when I saw a tire from somebody, s wagon wheel come rolling along the side of the road. It went past my wagon and horses headed straight for Willard. I should have known that it was off my wagon; because ours were the only wagons on the road for maybe forty or fifty miles, but I just didn't think or I would have stopped right now. Instead, I hollered at Willard to look out, there was a wagon tire going to run over him! Then he hollered "Whoa!" so loud I'll bet every rabbit on the desert heard him.

He jumped off his wagon and boy was he mad. He came rolling the tire back where I was waiting, and did he bawl me out; he had no business talking like he did. He said I should have had brains enough to stop when a tire came off before I hit a rock and busted the whole wheel down, and we'd be left out there a hundred miles from home with only three wheels on my wagon. When I told him I didn't think about it being my tire, he said, "Where the hell did you think it came from; did you think it was raining wagon wheels?" Then he told me I was nothing but a no-good bum and I'd never be anything else. He told me I just as well put some stuff in a bundle, tie it to a stick, put it over my shoulder, and take off right now, and he'd take my wagon home because he could do it better without me. Then he told me again that I'd never have anything, or be anything but a bum, and that made me mad and I sure told him off. I told him we'd both see the day when I could buy him out lock, stock, and barrel. He kind of shut up when I talked back to him but we didn't do too much talking to each other while we made a fire and wedged the tire back on. I don't think he and I ever had another quarrel. He is dead now and we never did figure out who had the most money. I know that neither of us got very rich, and if there was any difference it would only be a few dollars and cents. Willard was a good brother, and in a year or two I would own my own freighting outfit, and he and I would make many more trips together.

It was about this time that I had another little experience which I think, as later events seemed to prove, might have been engineered again by Cupid. Father had sent me with a piece of work for Brother Owens to do and while I was busy pumping his long-handled bellows to keep the fire going in his forge, a little girl about eleven or twelve years old came hurrying into the shop carrying a dinner pail in one hand. Surprised at seeing me there, she gave me a hard quick glance, placed the pail on a bench, then without saying a word turned and hurried out. Brother Owens said, "That's my little girl, Adelia; she's the best and sweetest little girl in the world."

I thought, "Ah, buttermilk! You just think that because she's your little girl." I did notice, though, that she was real pretty, with black eyes and dark hair, and when she saw me her cheeks had blushed like red roses. I wonder if Cupid smiled again.

It wasn't all bad there in Woodruff even though the hot sun still shone and the blistering desert winds still blew, and the crops were never bounteous, because even when the Dam held there was never quite enough water. But if we just had half a crop, it was better than none at all. The chickens and the eggs and the milk and the butter and the money from the freighting trips all helped. There was a store in town now and they would buy anything we had to sell. Mother and May could have a new dress once in a while, and me a Sunday suit when I needed one. We had our games we'd play, too, like on moonlight nights we'd play pomp, run sheep run, prisoner's base, or hide and seek. That was a good one when we got old enough to do a little harmless spooning and sparring. We'd pick the girl we liked the best, then find a good place to hide; and while they hunted all over the place for us, we'd sit in some high patch of weeds or some other good place holding hands and making love until they'd find us.

Woodruff had its fair share of pretty girls. Once in a while during the summertime I'd put three or four spring seats across the light wagon bed, hitch old Peg and Bess to the wagon, and three or four couples of us would leave early in the morning and drive out to the petrified forest some twelve or thirteen miles away. There was shade out there and a spring of clear cold water. There was a small forest of trees there, too, which water or mineral of some kind had a long,

long time ago turned to stone. There were picnic tables, and after we'd eaten our lunch, we would sit in the shade and talk about everything and nothing in particular. Maybe we'd walk among the rock-like trees which stood still and silent, paying no heed to the storms or winds. One wondered how many lifetimes they had been standing there, like sentinels, guarding the forests. Sometimes one standing off to itself, so somber and silent, would make one think of the story in the Bible of how Lot's wife, because she looked back at her burning home, was turned to a pillar of salt.

Woodruff Valley was ringed with Buttes, and when the sun would dip close to the one in the West, we'd hitch Peg and Bass to the wagon and head for home. It would soon be dark; and as the horses jogged along, we'd all join in singing songs like "Two Little Girls in Blue," "Tenting tonight on the Old Camp Ground," "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?" or maybe one or two Sunday School songs. Often a band or two of howling, yodeling, and lonesome coyotes, a mile or so away, would join in the chorus.

In wintertime there were parties and dances and play acting. At the parties we'd play the games that kids have played since games were invented; Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?, Post Office, Old Bloody Tom, Blindman's Buff, and a dozen others. It was too warm to dance in the summertime, only maybe on the Fourth or Twenty-fourth, when we'd sometimes dance on the grass in the shade of the trees; but in the wintertime, that was our favorite recreation. We would dance on the upstairs floor of the old Co-op Store building, which had been turned over to the town by its owners when the store was moved to Holbrook shortly after the arrival of the railroad there. The bottom floor was reserved for Sunday meetings, school, and all other public gatherings that might be necessary. We had a lot of fun there upstairs, and it was there the girls went to waylay and snare their beaux with their smiles and pretty dresses.

When a girl became sixteen she was considered old enough to go to dances, start sparking with the fellows, and look for a beau. It was then her mother decreed it was time to dress her up for parties and dances, with clothes enough to break a clotheshorse down. Along with her buttoned shoes and knitted woolen stockings, she would wear an assortment of brightly colored petticoats, two skirts, and a pair of pantaloons. For the upper half, there would be a pantywaist, a tight-fitting corset, one chemise to cover the corset, a brassiere, and, if necessary, a built-up bosom to improve the front, and a saucy ruffled bustle at the back, to give her an hourglass figure. Her most eye-catching adornment would be the top one of her two waists, with its lace-trimmed front and chin-high collar, edged with ruffling, and the long tight sleeves with their dainty ruffles reaching past the wrists.

There were no beauty parlors, no hair wave sets, no eyebrow pencils, no rouge, no powder, nor paint. Her hair was curled or waved with curling irons, heated from the flame of a coal oil lamp. It was then rolled high over a half-circled pad called a "rat"; the long braided ends were coiled into a circular bun on top of her head and all this was held in place by a half-circle jewel-studded comb and two legged hairpins. Or, maybe the long tight curls would be stretched into ringlets and allowed to hang freely over the neck and shoulders. Added roses were given to the cheeks from the coloring of red ripened, wild bear berries, which were gathered in the autumn and hoarded through the winter. The charred end of a half-burned match was used to shade the eyes or to darken the brows. To complete the grooming, a small flower-designed watch or brooch was pinned to the dress near the left shoulder, and often a silken or cashmere sash would be knotted a round the waist, the long ends of the bow reaching to near the knees. When this weekly ritual was finished, the lady became an object of beauty and wonder. She was beautiful to behold, and one wondered how a girl so small could support so many clothes, and have the patience to spend so much time preparing for one little dance.

The mothers always chaperoned their daughters at the dances, and when the young beauties would spin and pivot while doing a dance their many colored petticoats would swell and billow out like oversized mushrooms, displaying all the colors of the rainbow. Sometimes a shapely ankle would show or a lace-edged leg of her pantaloons, then the anxious mothers would "tish, tish" and shake their heads. It seemed they thought they could protect their daughter's morals and virtue with the sheer weight of cotton and calico. I don't know how the moral conduct of the young in those multiskirt days compared with the same morals of the young in the present mini-skirt times. I imagine the record is about the same; a few went wrong then, a few go wrong now. The present generation of young and older women alike do have a couple of things in their favor; time and freedom of movement. The young woman of today can

bathe, slip into a pair of slippers and slacks, don a shirt, skip down to the store a block or so away, do her shopping, visit with a friend or two, and be back home before her great-grandma had gotten into her last petticoat.

The dance floor in the old store was quite rough and uneven, but it wasn't too bad for the square dances, the Virginia reel, the Scottish, the plain Quadrille, and a few others whose names, if they had one, I've forgotten. Dances then were conducted under similar rules which govern basketball playing today; absolutely no bodily contact. We could hold hands or link arms when necessary, but nothing more daring than that. The seductive waltz, the two-step, or any other dance which afforded a romantic young swain an opportunity to hold his sweetheart in his arms while gliding dreamily about the floor was prohibited, and the mothers helped to see that this ruling was strictly adhered to. If a boy should place his arm around his partner's shoulders or waist to help make a turn or pivot, and if the floor manager or some keenly observant mother saw the felony committed, the orchestra was stopped and the guilty party warned. If a second warning was issued, the culprit was ordered off the floor and could spend the rest of the evening as a spectator or go home. Any action of intimacy was considered vulgar, brazen, and dangerous and could easily lead to worse things. It seemed that the mothers were determined that if their daughters went wrong, it would not be on the dance floor.

In a place as small as Woodruff, everybody knows everybody. I had noticed Adelia slowly growing up; she didn't seem to grow leggy and awkward like the other girls, but stayed small and dainty, and seemed younger than she really was. She would come to the dances and sit by her mother and watch the older folks dance. While she listened to the music, her little feet would tap, tap on the rough floor in time with the music like they could hardly wait to be old enough to dance, too. I couldn't help but notice that she was growing

prettier all the time, and when I'd see her sitting there by her mother I'd want to ask her to dance with me. She had gotten over being so bashful, like she was when she came to her daddy's shop when I was there. Now whenever I'd get a chance, I'd say, "Hello, Adelia," and she'd say, "Hello, Wilford." But I couldn't take her out on the floor to dance with me. She was only a child, only fifteen, and I was twenty. If I danced with her just once some of the fussy mothers never would stop talking.

There were other pretty girls in Woodruff, but somehow I couldn't get much interested in them. For some reason I could only think of Adelia, and I knew I was in love with her, even if I was five years older than she. Father was ten years older than Mother and ten years older than Aunt Alice, too, but they were his second and third wives; and I wasn't about to marry two or three women. I was having a hard enough time to buy feed for my saddle horse and the half dozen sheep I owned, without trying to care for two or three women. I couldn't do it anyway; they'd put me in jail if I tried it.

Time goes slowly when you're waiting for someone to grow up, and so it was while I waited for Adelia to grow from fifteen to seventeen. She still wasn't very large, and I guess she would always be quite small and dainty, but she wasn't a child anymore. She was a woman now, with all the beauty and charms of a woman-plump and full-breasted, the same soft pansy dark eyes and black hair-and I was surely in love with her. Mothers seem to somehow know everything, and Mom knew that I was sweet on Adelia, though I hadn't told her so, I guess maybe because I thought she'd laugh at me and tell me to go and pick on someone my own size, or at least one a little older.

She didn't though. Instead, I think she tried to push the match along when she thought I was too slow and backward. When she would come from visiting Sister Owens, she'd say, "That little Adelia can make bread every bit as good as her mother can," or "Adelia is going to make someone a mighty fine wife; my goodness, she can keep house just as good as a woman ten years older than she is and she is pretty, too."

CHAPTER 5

One day during the winter that Adelia was seventeen, I went to Holbrook and while I was in the store I saw a pretty red silken sash. My heart gave a little jump as I told myself I was going to take it home and give it to Adelia! I bought it, and took it home, but I was afraid to take it over to the Owens house. I was afraid Adelia would tell me she didn't want me buying her gifts because I was too old. I showed it to Mother and I guess I stammered and stuttered a little when I told her I thought it would look real pretty on Adelia's new dress. I wonder how many millions of problems mother have solved for lovesick bashful sons, like my mother solved mine. She said she thought it would go real nice with the new dress, then added that she had to go and see Sister Owens about something right away; if I wanted her to, she would take the sash over and give it to Adelia, then she could wear it to the dance that night. I told her that would be fine as I was pretty busy; it would save me a trip over there.

I was about the first one to arrive at the dance hall that evening. I got there a few moments before the orchestra made their appearance; they had hired a guy from Holbrook to come with his bass fiddle so we'd have a three-piece orchestra; the bass fiddle, the accordion, and the violin. It should be a real good dance, if Adelia would just come and be wearing the red sash I'd bought for her! We'd been quite friendly since winter came a month or so ago, but I had never asked her for a date or even asked her to dance with me, fearing, I guess, that she might turn me down. It's funny how a little five-foot-two, one hundred and ten pound girl can keep a one hundred and seventy pound six-foot guy on pins and half scared.

The orchestra had come and were tuning up their instruments; about half the crowd was there, too, but Adelia hadn't come yet. I got in a good place, about halfway down the hall, where I could keep an eye on the door, watching and hoping that she would be wearing the sash when she came. I was beginning to fear that my gall had made her angry and she was too mad to come. I stood with one eye on the door and wondered if I should go over to her house and apologize, then coax her to come, then I saw her and her mother come through the door. Adelia was wearing a long coat and I couldn't see her dress or anything. I stood there pretending I was watching the dancers dance, at the same time, out of the corner of my eye I followed her as she walked over to the coat rack. She removed a scarf from her head, then began to unbutton her coat. Would she be wearing the new sash? She got the coat off and hung it on a hook, but I couldn't see enough to know until she stepped back a little, and then, she was wearing the new sash! Gee, she was pretty. I was so happy that for a second or two I thought I was going to cry.

While pretending I wasn't watching, I saw her walking slowly down the floor toward me. When she got fairly close, in a light fluffy way like I'd just noticed that she was there, I said, "Oh, hello, Adelia; I was wondering where you were." She didn't even answer me; she looked so serious, and her big black eyes looked so shiny, like maybe she wanted to cry a little, too. She stood close by me as she fondled the pretty bow at her waist and said in a voice so full of tenderness and tears that I could hardly hear her, "Thanks for the sash, Wilford; it's awful pretty." I stood, it seemed, for a long time in awkward silence, then a whole heart full of joy and elation blurted out, as I said, "Gee, I'm glad you like it, Adelia; I was afraid you might send it back with Mom the next time she would go to your place." Somehow our hands kind of came together and we were holding hands. She seemed so happy, too, that she almost giggled, as she answered in a voice that seemed to put at rest all my doubts and fears, "Ah, Wilford," as she squeezed my hand, "you know I'd never do a thing like that." Looking back over those almost seventy years, I think that moment in that little old dance hall when Adelia told me, in her simple way, that she loved me was the very happiest moment of my life.

Folks close around were watching and amused at our lovemaking, but we were so happy we didn't care. We couldn't just stand there all night though, so I asked if we should sit down and talk. Adelia said if I didn't mind, she would like to dance. They were pairing off to dance a Virginia Reel, so we joined a set and danced. We danced together two or three times more before the dance was over, then I walked home with her and her mother. She was a wise mother and knew we'd want to be alone to say goodnight. When we reached the gate, she cautioned Adelia not to stay out too late and catch cold, then she thanked me for seeing them home. The ice-cold hinges on the little gate gave out with a

loud protesting squeak as I pushed the gate open, and Mother Owens walked through and was soon in the house. Adelia and I stood by the gate and talked about the dance and how much fun it was, and we made a few plans for the coming week. Then she said she'd better be going in or her room would be calling to her. She stretched upward on her tiptoes for a second while she brushed my cheek with a little kiss and said, "Goodnight, Wilford, and thanks for so much fun." Then the hinges squeaked again as she pushed through the gate and hurried up the path to the house. I waited till she was safely in, then I started for home dreaming such wonderful dreams. I wasn't sure how, but somehow, I was going to make a million dollars and build Adelia the biggest and prettiest house in the world.

When I reached home mother was sitting by the table, with a shawl over her nightgown, waiting for me. I guess mothers have always done their planning and worrying and wondering when they should be sleeping. Mom had probably slept but little as she lay in bed wondering if Adelia had worn the pretty red sash. She didn't have to ask; I could read the question in her eyes, and when I nodded "yes," she said, "I just knew she would." I guess she could tell by the joy shining in my face that we were both in love. I'll always remember how she placed her small rough hand on mine and said, "Be good to Adelia, Wilford; don't ever do anything that might give her sorrow or cause her shame." And I said, "I won't, Ma."

Adelia was seventeen going on eighteen, and I was twenty-two going on twenty-three and old enough to go on a mission. Father and Brother Smith, the Stake President, thought I should go to a Missionary School at Thatcher for six months or so. I went to Thatcher, but I was there only a couple of months when they must have decided that I already knew enough or couldn't learn anything; at any rate they told me to forget school and go on the mission. I went home and now I faced a problem. Though Adelia and I were in love, we had set no date nor made any promises. One or two other fellows had fallen for her rosy cheeks and black eyes, and she had learned to flirt a little. If I went on a mission now, I'd be twenty-five when I got back, almost an old man; those other fellows were three or four years younger than I. What if Adelia got tired waiting while I was gone and married one of them? I couldn't take a chance. I'd postpone the mission, get a job close by so I could keep an eye on my claim and at the same time earn some money to get married on.

So, during the following summer I worked at Holbrook for the Railroad Company while Adelia and her mother made quilts and sheets, towels, and dishtowels and a dozen or more other things. When the summer was half gone, I asked her if she would marry me when fall came; she said she would, but first I'd have to ask her mother. I didn't mind asking her mother because I liked her and I was pretty sure she liked me. I was sorry her father had died a year or so ago; at the same time I was real glad I didn't have to ask him. I hadn't liked the old man very much for a long time.

It all happened a long time ago when I was about fifteen or sixteen. It was one winter when everybody was talking about John L. Sullivan, the prize-fighter, and of his long fights and victories. Every kid in Woodruff wanted to be a prize fighter, but we had no boxing gloves, and no money to buy a set. We had learned a long time ago that although we couldn't buy everything we wanted, still if we wanted it bad enough, we could with our mother's help make it ourselves. And that is what we did. We found three or four old worn out denim overalls, and Mother found a piece good enough in each pair to make one glove. She used the picture in the catalogue for a pattern and cut out four gloves, two for the right hand and two for the left. She made the backs double so we could pack them with something. We tried sawdust, cotton, feathers, and straw, but none seemed to work; then someone thought of hair, long horse-tail hair. We didn't dare to denude or disfigure the freight teams or the farm work horses, but there were a goodly number of cow-ponies around, so we all took off with a pair of scissors or a pocket knife on a hair raising project. We returned to Mother's kitchen one half hour or so later with enough hair to stuff two or three dozen pairs of boxing gloves; half the cow-ponies in Woodruff would be without their fly swatters. They didn't need them now and next summer when fly time was here, they'd be grown out pretty well again. When we had jammed and packed the backs of the gloves full of hair and Mother had sewed them up, they looked almost like real boxing gloves.

We took them over to old man Owens' blacksmith shop (We called him that when he couldn't hear us; other times it was Brother Owens) that's where all the loafers hung out on winter afternoons. Everybody, even Brother Owens, thought they were pretty good. Brother Owens even said he thought Mother had done a pretty darn good job, but

nobody wanted to put them on. We finally talked a couple of youngsters, about ten years old, into putting them on, and Brother Owens proceeded to coach them in the manly art of self-defense. They mostly shoved and pushed each other around, with the few haymakers they threw missing the target. The bout ended abruptly when a wild swing landed on a tender nose, and the sight of the shedding of innocent blood was just too much. With equal consent they quit.

After considerable coaxing and daring, and with a few hints of being chicken, Frank and I were persuaded to put them on. We sparred around a little, each knowing as little as the other about boxing. Brother Owens was doing his best in telling us how to stand on our toes, heels off the ground, so we could drop back or spring forward, and jab, jab, jab with your left, now throw a right over Wilford's left. You'd think it was the old man himself who had made John L. the champion. Neither of us got hurt very badly until Frank did as the old man told him to do: he threw a right over my left, and it landed with a sickening thud on my delicate nose. That horse-tail-stuffed denim glove was hard and felt like a rock bouncing off my nose.

saw a whole bunch of stars and my eyes filled with tears, distorting my sight till it looked like there were two Franks coming at me, and I had to shut one eye to blot one out.

I guess I figured the best defense was a vigorous offense; and, to the disgust of Brother Owens, I started throwing rights and lefts and haymakers from any and every angle. They weren't doing anybody any harm, but at least they were keeping Frank too busy dodging them to hurt me. Brother Owens was standing on the sidelines out of danger of my flying fists and yelling something, but I was too busy to listen to him. In a few seconds when I slowed up a little, he sprang between us and pinning my arms to my side, he stopped the fight. He was so disgusted that he swore a little as he asked me what in hell I thought I was doing. He said I was swinging and throwing my arms around like an angel flapping his wings. The bunch looking on hah-hahed, and thought it was funny; and for months after, they'd ask me if I still flapped my wings. I never did like the old fellow too much after that. I wasn't exactly glad he was dead, but I was sure glad I didn't have to ask him if I could marry Adelia, because I knew darned well he'd preach me a sermon, then tell me something like: "Don't go through life just flapping your wings, and not getting anyplace."

When I asked Adelia's mother about us getting married when fall came, she said she thought it would be all right if that was what Adelia wanted. I worked all summer for the Railroad Company, and when fall arrived I had a pretty good-sized roll of money; and Adelia and her mother had a lot of quilts and sheets and dishtowels and stuff made.

In the early part of October I got a sixty-day leave and a pass from the Railroad Company to travel by train. Adelia and I boarded the train at Holbrook, rode to Salt Lake City, and were married in the Temple October 9, 1901. So ended the first chapter of that little romance which had its beginning in that little house with the glass windows one and one-half dozen years ago. We were too happy to wonder or worry about the future.

CHAPTER 6

After the wedding ceremony, we went out to Adelia's sister Zina and her brother-in-law John Thurman's place in Lehi. It was late when we got there, and they all seemed glad to see Adelia. When she told them who I was and that we were married, they sized me up while we shook hands. If they had any objections to her choice, they were good enough not to mention them.

Zina made a dozen excuses about having nothing cooked for our supper and wound up giving us just what we had wanted ever since we'd left home: a big bowl of sweet creamy milk and new, fresh, homemade bread with sugared peaches and cream for dessert. After supper we talked about everybody and everything in Lehi and Woodruff until the kids got sleepy and slipped off one by one and went to bed. When it was nearing 11:30, John stretched and yawned about the tenth time, then saying he had to get up early the next morning, he walked over and sat on a chair by the cook stove and whittled some kindling. Then he, too, headed for his bed, leaving only Zina to entertain her company. She and Adelia talked about quilts and dresses, bottling fruit, canning corn, and a few other things, while I had a few naps sitting

in the big rocking chair. Zina mentioned a time or two that if we were tired after such a long and busy day, she would show us to our room, but we both assured her that we were not a bit tired or sleepy. Finally, when the clock on the wall struck midnight, Zina rose from her chair, found a match, and lit a small coal oil lamp sitting on a stand. She blew the match out and tossed the burned stub into the coal bucket. Then carrying the light in one hand, she opened the stairway door; and telling me to bring the suitcases, she started up the stairs at the same time warning us not to break our necks on the steep stairway. We followed her to the top and off to the right into a small bedroom. Zina set the lamp on a dresser standing against one wall. She then walked to the bed, and after turning the covers down, she shook the pillows a couple of times. Placing them neatly across the head of the bed, she said, "Good night," then went out and shut the door, leaving us to solve our own problems.

I had glanced around the room and there wasn't much to see. The floor was covered with a woven warp carpet, and for furniture there was a bed with what looked like two ticks lately filled with fresh clean straw. They were so high one wondered if he would need a chair to get into bed. The ticks were covered with clean white sheets, a woolen blanket, two flower-decorated quilts, and the two white fluffy pillows Zina had shaken up and put in place. Two wooden straight-backed chairs, a dresser, and washstand completed the furniture inventory; a pitcher of water and a glass which Zina had sent up with one of the children earlier were sitting on the stand.

We said good night to Zina, then I set my suitcase at the head of the bed and Adelia's at the foot. She was sitting in one of the wooden chairs against one wall, so I went and sat in the other one by another wall. We had never been called to sleep together before; it was a new experience and we hardly knew how to proceed. We sat there in those high-backed chairs, wondering how and who should make the first move. There was no heat in the room and it was cold. The bed, with its quilts and fluffy sheets, looked cozily warm and inviting, but we shunned it like it was some kind of plague. Adelia stood up long enough to put her coat on, then sat down again; and there we sat naive, green, and stupid, neither of us saying much, but both wondering what to do.

Adelia asked me to go and bring her a glass of water. I reminded her that there was a pitcher of water and a glass sitting on the stand; she said that would be stale and she'd like a fresh drink. Taking the glass from the stand I headed for the kitchen, leaving the door open so I'd be sure to find the right room when I came back. I felt my way down the steep stairway into the kitchen, hoping I wouldn't stumble over a chair and wake everybody in the house up. Lighting the only match I had, I found the washstand with a partly filled bucket of water sitting on top. Filling my glass, I hurried up the stairs before the match went out. I hadn't been gone long, and I was surely surprised to see Adelia's clothes hanging over the back of a chair, and her tucked snugly in bed with just a little piece of her nightgown showing above the quilts. She was lying close to the edge on her side and facing the wall; and when I offered her the glass of water, she said she wasn't thirsty anymore.

I set the glass and water back on the stand, then got my suitcase. Opening it, I ransacked through it a little till I found my night clothes. (Hyrum told a fib about that; it wasn't one of Mom's long flannel nightgowns. It was one of my old work shirts Mom had washed and ironed.) I took my shoes off, then blew the light out. After undressing, I put the old shirt on and it was as good as any nightgown, as it came almost to my knees. I crawled into my side of the bed and lay there facing my wall. There was plenty of room between us for another honeymooning couple to snuggle down and spend the night. I lay there wondering what I should do now and wondering, too, what Adelia was thinking about. Then I heard her snoring a little bit, and I guess I went to sleep, too.

The next thing I knew, a rooster's crowing woke me up. It was almost light and nearly morning. I turned my head and looked at Adelia's side of the bed; she was still there and sound asleep. I slipped out of bed, quiet-like, so I wouldn't wake her up, then I slipped into my clothes and was the first one down in the kitchen. I was sitting by the window where it was light looking at the last night's newspaper when John came in from his bedroom. He looked awful surprised and wanted to know if I had been sitting there all night. I told him no, I'd just got up. He looked at me kind of funny as he sat down on a chair and pulled his shoes on. He didn't say any more, and I didn't either, but I sure would like to have asked him how he and Zina managed their first honeymoon night. He got the grate turner and shook the ashes out of

the cookstove, making enough noise it seemed to wake up everybody in the house, but I guess they were all used to it, 'cause nobody came hurrying out to see what was the matter. He started the fire with the kindling he'd cut the night before, filled the stove with wood and coal, then saying he had a couple of cows to milk, he went out and shut the door.

After ten or fifteen minutes, Zina came to start breakfast. She acted kind of surprised to see me up so early, too, and wanted to know if there was something wrong with the bed so I didn't sleep very well. I told her the bed was fine and I'd slept like a log. Then she wanted to know how Adelia had slept and I told her I thought she had slept like a log, too. She giggled a little about something, and acted like she wanted me to say more, but I didn't. I had a notion to ask her how she and John managed about getting undressed and into bed and everything on their first married night, but I was kind of afraid to.

After Adelia and all the rest had gotten up and John came back from milking his cows, we had breakfast. When we'd finished eating, Adelia and I visited around the farm with John until train time, then we left for Logan, in Cache Valley, where we were to spend the next month or more on our honeymoon. We would learn, too, that Nature for its own protection, has a way of solving the problems of young married couples even as naive and green as we were. One year later, when I'd be called on a mission, Adelia would give birth to our first child, a boy, and she'd name him Joseph Lorenzo. The train ride to Logan was uneventful, but to me it was exciting because it seemed that I was returning home.

Father had been released from his church duties at Woodruff, and he and Mother had moved to Logan one year earlier. Aunt Sylvia and Hezzy with his family lived there; other relatives lived close by. We could visit with them all, and maybe Adelia wouldn't get homesick too soon to see her own folks.

I soon got tired visiting around and found a job mixing cement. The streets in Logan were unpaved; and in summertime, dust and the dried and powdered offal of horses and other animals would be tossed into the air by the wind to assail one's nostrils and whiten one's suit and shoes with a coat of powder. In fall and spring when the rains would come, this would be changed to black and sticky mud to be carried on one's shoes or boots into stores and banks and other buildings. To lessen this bothersome inconvenience, the Thatcher Brothers were cementing a large area around their bank building. I spent the greater part of my vacation working on this project mixing cement, gravel, and water by hand until it became of the right consistency, then shoveling it into wheelbarrows to be pushed by man power to the desired location. It was a hard backbreaking job, and we worked long hours. They paid two dollars and twenty-five cents for a ten-hour day, which in those days was considered a very good wage.

We lived with Father and Mother while we were on our honeymoon, and had time to visit with Aunt Sylvia and with Hezzy and his family in their modern and beautiful home. Hezzy's money and their nice home had not gone to their heads; they were just plain common folks and often went out of their way to make our visits pleasant. Aunt Sylvia was good, too. She couldn't have treated us better had she been our own mother.

Sometimes during the warm Indian summer days, I'd hitch Hezzy's young high-stepping sorrels to his fancy carriage, and Father and I would drive to the old farm in Franklin. While the horses had a rest and ate a lunch, we would stroll about the fields and through the orchard where we would pick a bushel or so of apples to take back to Logan.

Other times we'd hitch Old Prince to the light one-horse wagon and drive him up to the farm. Old Prince was old, as his name implied, and we'd have to let him poke along at his own gait, and we'd be almost all day getting there. We would stay with Hyrum that night and the next day while prince was resting up, Father and I would pick the apples and store them in a pit. We would have to stay with Hyrum and his wife another night, then leave for home with Old Prince and the wagon and a few bushels of apples and potatoes. We'd have to leave early because the old horse was so slow it would take him a long time to travel the twenty or more miles. A few years later, Father and Hezzy would feel sad and cry a little when they would find the faithful and loveable Old Prince lying dead in his stall. But such is life: the old must yield to the demands of youth.

I loved those rides with Father when he'd tell me of his many thrilling and oftentimes danger-packed adventures, like almost drowning while crossing the Colorado River or the time he, though unarmed, faced and stared down the abusive, drunken gun slinger. He told me of good men and bad men, of honest men and cheats. He never held a grudge

or had a bad word for anyone who had tried to hurt or harm him. His only comment would be: "We'll leave that between him and his Maker." I learned that Father was not only a great man sent here when great men were needed, but underneath that seemingly stern and stolid bearing, he was a good and kind and humble man. I wished many times that I might have learned to really know him sooner.

Life away from the hot winds and burning sun was much nicer for Mother, too. We hoped the better climate would cure her almost constant headaches; but in spite of all the doctors could do, they continued to plague her. The doctors were not sure of their cause, but they had a theory: when Mother was young she had a severe case of measles, which somehow damaged the nerves controlling one of her eyes, drawing it inward and causing it to be quite severely crossed with the other one. The doctors thought that the same injury that caused the eye to be crossed may have caused the headaches, but as yet they had no knowledge of how to effect a cure.

Father had built a picket fence around Aunt Alice's grave in the little cemetery at Woodruff, and she slept there alone in that stubborn land which had given so little in return for so much toil and sweat. Father would sometimes grieve about her being there alone, and he'd say, "I might not get back to Woodruff again in this life, but I'll surely be there on the morning of the resurrection to call Alice from her grave, and I'll take her away from that unfriendly place."

A few years after Father's death, Aunt Alice's remains would be moved from the cemetery at Woodruff and placed in the family plot at Logan where Father and Mother, Aunt Sylvia and little brother Ephraim were already sleeping. But Father will still have to journey to that someplace in Nebraska where they buried Hannah, his first sweetheart and wife. I wonder how he will find her in that unmarked grave, but I guess the angels know where she sleeps.

When our vacation ended, I hitched Old Prince to the buggy; and after bidding farewell to our relatives, Father drove us to the depot at Logan where we boarded the train and headed for Woodruff. Adelia was happy; she had missed her family and was going back home, but going back held no joys for me. It seemed that Cache Valley had become my home, and I hoped that someday, not so far away, we could move back there to stay, away from the desert and the wind and the sun.

One little humorous event happened on our way home which I will recount. We couldn't afford to rent a bed to sleep; and when nighttime came, Adelia was sleepy. I tipped her seat back; and after withdrawing a long pin, she removed her hat, thrust the pin back through the crown, then placed the hat, with its long pin, on her stomach, and lay back on the lowered seat to enjoy a sleep.

She had been lying there only a short time when another fellow passenger in the seat just back of her became sleepy, too. After removing his shoes, he tipped his seat back and stretched out. Then to make himself still more comfortable, he placed his stockinged feet over the back of Adelia's seat and was soon snoring blissfully with his slightly smelling feet dangling close to Adelia's face. She sat up and looked across the aisle and back a few seats to where I was sitting, like she wanted me to do something. He was a big rough bruiser and looked like, if I should wake him, he'd be spoiling for a fight. I didn't want to fight so I motioned for Adelia to jab him with the long hat pin. She got my message; then pulling the pin from the hat, she jabbed it, somewhat harder than necessary, into one of the offending feet. His snoring ended suddenly on a loud snort, as he heaved himself to a sitting position and jerked his offending feet from Adelia's chair. He pulled his sock off and investigated the tiny red mark, while he gazed around at the other passengers trying to find the cause of the stinging surprise. Fully suspicious, he raised up and gazed down at Adelia, but she was lying there sort of cuddled up in her dainty white dress and looked the perfect picture of innocence and sleeping beauty. Failing to find an answer to the mystery, the big burly fellow pulled his sock back on then settled back to have another sleep; but not once did those feet again try to find a resting place on the back of Adelia's seat.

A fellow sitting a few seats away leaned toward me and said it surely tickled him to see my little sister jab that guy in the foot with her hat pin. Adelia was a dainty little thing, hardly more than five feet tall, and could easily pass for fourteen or fifteen. I was a good six feet tall, sort of rawboned and roughshod and no doubt looked twenty years older than she. If I told him she was my wife, he would probably think I had raided a Sunday School nursery or was maybe

kidnapping someone's baby sister. I didn't want him looking at me kind of funny, so I just let him go on thinking she was my cute little sister.

CHAPTER 7

When we reached Woodruff, (I guess I should call it home; except for those few years in Franklin, it was the only home-place I'd known.) it was nearing the middle of December and almost time for another snowless Christmas, which somehow never did seem quite like Christmas. The sun shone Gull and cold through the hazy dust-laden air; the mountain ranges and the prairies were burned crisp and brown. The whole country looked more desolate and dead than ever and seemed to promise no more than it had already given, broken hopes and dreams that never came true. I would go back to my job with the Railroad Company, save my money, and before the next Christmas came, if I could persuade Adelia to leave her folks, we'd move away from here for good and find a home someplace in Cache Valley. It's easy to dream dreams, but somehow dreams have a way of going awry, and so went mine. Before the next summer was quite over, I received another call to go on a mission. Leaving Adelia with her mother where she would make her home for the next two years, I left Woodruff in the latter part of September and went to Cache Valley to visit with my folks. As has already been hinted, Nature did cure Adelia and me of being so naive and shy and on the second of October I received a telegram which said that Adelia had given birth to our first baby, a boy. She named him Joseph Lorenzo. I left Logan headed for my mission field on October 8, lacking just one day of being one year since we were married.

Two years is a long time to stay away when one has a new son he hasn't seen. They finally passed and it was time to return home. Adelia, with a borrowed horse and buggy, met me and the train at Holbrook. She had baby Joseph, and as could be expected, he did not know me. For the next few days it seemed to do very little good to try and explain who I was and what I was doing there. I managed to worm my way into his good graces by bribing him with a few pieces of candy and a pretty red and white colored rubber ball. he agreed to let me stay and soon learned to call me Daddy. Before another year was gone, a second boy was born, and to him we gave the name Ray Clark. I now had one wife, two boys and little else, not even a home of our own. Father had sold the old home and all his property, so there was no land to farm, no horses and wagons to haul freight, but the extended railroads had almost put an end to the freighting job. The Woodruff Valley offered little hope for the future; and worst of all, the Dam had washed out.

The Dam this time had held a long while, considering the many other dams the farmers of Woodruff had built and seen washed away. For the past summer it had been a major worry and had needed constant care. In the middle of one night when an extra surge of water came down the river, it just gave up, and next morning it lay broken and useless, its anchoring bolts and rods torn loose from the rock walls and riverbed. Several of the settlers, like the old dam, gave up, too, and moved away. The more hearty and stubborn were determined to stay and build again, but where? The old dam site was so chewed up and gouged out that it was considered worthless for a new one. After considerable discussion, surveying, arguing, and praying, it was decided to build the new one six miles further up the river at the head of Clear Creek.

It took thirteen years to build the new dam, dig the canal, and lay the large steel flume pipe across box canyons and along steep mountain sides. For thirteen years, the little valley burned and blistered; grain crops were not planted. Lawns, meadows, and hay fields were the first to go, then the currant bushes and the raspberries and gooseberries; next the leaves on the apple and the pear and the plum trees dried up and fell off. Last to go were the deep-rooted shade trees. In time the hot sun dried and blistered, curled and loosened their coats of bark and the winds tore the bark loose and carried it away, leaving the stately old poplars standing there like ghosts, with their bleached and naked bodies, till their roots rotted away and they tumbled with the wind. Nothing green was left in the whole valley. It looked like the toil and tears and efforts of a thousand hands over the years had been wasted. Most of the settlers, discouraged and unwilling to struggle and starve through the long waiting, left their farms and moved to a more promising land. Another younger

group, just as hearty and just as venturesome, bought their farms and took their places. They pulled out the old dead trees and vines and bushes, rebuilt the fences and remodeled the barns and houses. When the Dam was done and the fresh clear water came pushing through the long canals and pipes to the thirsty farms below, the orchards, the vineyards, and the shade trees were replanted. Grain and alfalfa fields became green again; cows and sheep and horses fed again in the meadows. The miracle of water had given Woodruff a new life, but “Woodruff” was never destined to be a busy metropolis. I visited there a few years ago. The orchards and vineyards were laden with fruit; fields and meadows were green; but unless it has another miracle, even greater than the coming of the water, it will always be just a kindly, friendly, country town.

Adelia and I had left there, with our two boys, long before the water came. We rode the train again to Cache Valley and settled into a little rented home in Logan, just a few blocks from where Father and Mother lived. Hezzy gave me a job working at the Flour and Feed Mill. Hezzy was good to me. He wanted me to learn a little arithmetic and bookkeeping, then he would give me a good job managing the flour and feed business, with good pay. I’m sure I could have made out all right; Hezzy would have furnished someone to help me until I learned the business. But Father, Mother, Hyrum, and others kept nagging at me and saying that I should buy Father’s property in Franklin, a small farm which was not large enough to furnish one a decent living. I’ve wished a hundred times that I’d had gumption enough to make my own decisions instead of listening to others.

There was the time I was working for the Railroad Company in Holbrook. I became real friendly with a locomotive engineer, and would sometimes ride in the engine with him while he made up the long string of freight cars to be pulled out by other locomotives during the night. He promised he would help me get a job as fireman on a run; then he said in a very short time we’d be able to pull a few strings and get me an engineer’s job, with big wages and a train of my own. It would be nice now if I had a three or four hundred dollar railroad pension check coming each month, instead of the small amount the City and water companies can afford. But I let them talk me out of that, because, they said, trainmen lived such loose and sinful lives. They seemed to think that every workman had an extra woman at the end of every run, and now I had let them talk me out of the mill job, because they thought I should buy the little old farm just to keep it in the family. So, after I’d worked there in the Mill for two years, I quit. While we were still there though Adelia gave birth to another boy; we named him James Alton. That was three boys we had now and no girls; we’d hope our next one would be a girl.

I said good-bye to the mill job, and we said good-bye to our relatives and friends in Logan, then moved into a small frame house located on the little farm a short distance east of Franklin City. Someone has said that life is made up of “hellos” and “Good-byes.” I guess many of our most tender and poignant memories are of times when we’ve had need to say “Hello” or “Good-bye.” But Franklin wasn’t so far away, and soon we’d have automobiles instead of horses to travel back and forth in no time at all. That wouldn’t be until after Father and Mother and Aunt Sylvia had passed away, but Hezzy and his family would still be there.

When we had patched, painted, scrubbed, and redecorated the little old house outside and inside, and Adelia had hung new curtains on the windows, a few pictures on the walls, and I had bought a new cookstove and a few pieces of furniture, the place looked real nice. it was the first home Adelia could really call her own, and oh how proud she was. It seemed she’d never get finished or tired fussing. Everything had to be just right, and it kept her pretty busy picking up after two very active boys.

I bought an additional seven acres adjoining the old farm which gave us sixty-seven acres in all, but that was too small to keep me fully occupied or furnish an adequate income. to supplement our means of livelihood, I worked at other jobs like hauling freight from the Railroad Depot and delivering it to the stores, working at the milk plant west of town or helping other farmers with their farm work. We were not getting rich too fast, but Adelia was careful and saving she always managed to have a little left over each month to put on savings in Hezzy’s bank. Hezzy was now the manager of the bank, and the only moneyed member of the family. I never begrudged him his prosperity, but I must confess that many times I wished that I could have gone to college and gotten an education, too.

It was a short time after we'd moved to the farm that I got acquainted with Dr. Adamson of Richmond. I was busy working in the field one day when a young fellow drove up in a one-horse buggy. After chatting awhile he said he was selling life insurance, and represented the Beneficial Life Insurance Company. When he learned that I had a wife and three children as well as a few debts on the farm and a few other thing, he gave me his well prepared sales pitch. In a very short time he had me almost convinced that Adelia and the three boys might starve to death most any time. When I told him I had no money to buy insurance, he wanted so badly to protect me from any disaster that he agreed to loan me the money to pay the first premium. Pointing to the ax I had in my hand, (I had been cutting brush in the upper end of the field) he painted a gory picture of my missing a stump, cutting my foot, and bleeding to death before they could get me to a doctor. He repeated the offer of loaning me the money for sixty days, and added, without interest. That was a better deal than I could get from Hezzy at the bank.

He gave me a ride to the house in his new buggy and waited outside while I talked to Adelia about it. She said she thought it would be a fine thing if I had any intentions of dying, but she thought it would be a pure waste of money if I didn't die. I went out and told him what Adelia had said, and added that I kind of felt that way about it myself. He gave me another sales talk more grim and gory than the first one, and before he left I had signed on the dotted line. He told me to take the papers to Doctor Adamson at Richmond and he would give me an examination. If I passed the test the Doctor would sign the papers, then I could die any old time and my wife and family would be taken care of. He almost made it sound like it would be a good thing if I died just as soon as I got the Doctor's name on the papers.

I went to Richmond the next morning and met the doctor for the first time. He had me worrying for some time with his "ohing" and "ahing," his tongue clicking and head shaking, as he listened to my heart and thumped me all over. He wrapped a rubber band around my arm and pumped it up, I guess about as high as it would go; then as he hurriedly released it, he said, "Oh, oh. It might have blown the whole place up." He had me hop around the room on one foot and then on the other one; he had me do pushups and I chinned myself in the doorway, with him now and again listening to my heart beat through the stethoscope, continuing all the time with his ohing and ahing, until he had me worrying that I had put the whole deal off too long and I would be lucky to reach home alive. The physical feats completed, he gave me my shirt to put back on, shaking his head in the meantime and saying he hardly thought it would be worth the time and trouble dressing again.

Next I had to answer the questions on the policy. Everything went fine until he asked me when was I born. When I told him December the thirty-first eighteen seventy-eight, he shook his head and folded up the paper and turned to me with a long face like he was about to cry as he said, "I can't do it. I just can't sign this paper." When I asked him why not, he went on with his sad tale. He said, "I've been doctoring for twenty years or more, and in that time I have delivered three or four hundred babies, and not a single one of them that was born on the thirty-first of December ever amounted to a damn." I told him maybe I was an exception. He shook his head and said, "No, you've got the same kind of eyes, same shaped ears, same shaped head and everything: exactly like one of my own boys that was born on December the thirty-first, and the damn kid never amounted to a hill of beans."

I was beginning to be a little vexed at his so freely-given insults, and all the fun he was having at my expense. I was about ready to lose my temper, when he smiled a little, picked up his pen again, and as a parting shot said, "I guess for the sake of your wife and kids, though, I'd better sign it." He dipped his pen in the ink bottle then wrote his name on the bottom of the policy, folded it up, and handed it to me. Grinning a little, he said, "Here you are; everything is O.K. I was just having a little fun. If someone doesn't shoot you, you should live until you're ninety." When I asked him how much I owed him, he waved my question away and said, "Come in sometime when you've got the bellyache or a broken leg or something and I'll get even with you." That was the beginning of a strong friendship which lasted until the good old fellow died. While he lived, if we ever needed a doctor, he was the first one we thought of. Maybe I've spent too much time talking about the doctor, but he was such a kindly "Old Man."

It was about that time that I became associated with the "Franklin Home Dramatic Club." Frank Shrives, who later moved to Weston, was the manager, director, producer, and in a pinch an actor. I learned later that he was staging

a melodrama which called for an exceptionally mean, hateful, and obnoxious villain. Frank had scoured the town and could find no one who looked mean and obnoxious enough. They say he had about given up until one morning he saw me in the old Co-op Store. I had never met the man until he walked over and introduced himself. He asked me if I'd had any experience acting on stage. I told him I'd been in one or two town plays when I lived at Woodruff. He said that was fine, as they were looking for someone to take the part of a villain, and he was sure I was just the one for the part, as I was tall and dark and could fit the character to a "T."

I told him I was too busy making a living. He said it being wintertime, I wouldn't be too busy. Then he bribed me by offering to pay me five or six dollars every time we'd play away from home which could be ten or a dozen times during the winter. Five or six times ten or twelve could be fifty or sixty dollars. Adelia and I could surely use the money, so I told him I'd talk to my wife about it and let him know. He said they were ready to start rehearsals, so to let him know as soon as possible. I talked to Adelia about it, and she was rather cool about the whole thing, but she warmed up a little, too, when I mentioned the five or six dollars. So, while I spent night after night in town rehearsing lines, Adelia stayed home alone with the three boys. We had to learn three or four plays, so we could have a change once in awhile, and that took a lot of rehearsing and staying away from home. Adelia never complained, and she was always pleased when I'd now and again give her the five or six dollars Frank had promised. I'd tell her it was hers; she'd earned it tending babies. She called that her "funny money" because with it she would buy funny, dainty little trinkets to put on her "what-not" shelf.

When we performed at home, I'd hitch the horses to the sleigh, then we'd wrap the kids in blankets and take them all to see the show. Adelia was my fairest and most severe critic. She had a keen mind and good judgment, and could tell in a second if someone stepped out of character or overplayed his part. I always knew if I could please her, the others of the audience would be satisfied.

In those early days, home entertainment was all we had; and when we'd have a show, every family would come and bring all their kids. The young fry would crowd onto the front seats closest to the stage to clap and stomp and cheer for the hero and hiss and boo at the villain. There were two or three plays which were favorites and they always brought me an oversupply of heckles and boos from the kids on the front row. They were "East Lynn." In this play, I, being the villain, caused the father to drive his daughter away from home in a terrible snowstorm. Another one was "Ten Nights in a Ear Room." I was the drunkard, and my wife and four or five kids almost starved to death because I spent all our money for booze. My little daughter, dressed in rags and freezing, would come to the bar (saloon) every night and beg me to come home. The one that really got the kids, though, was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I was Simon Legree, the taskmaster and slave whipper. I had a long black snake whip, which would pop like a rifle when I snapped it. I would always whip the slaves behind the back curtain. When the young ones would hear the whip pop and the play-Negroes cry and yell out in pain, they would think I was giving those poor Negroes an awful licking. When I'd come back on stage every kid in the house hated me. There were other scenes we had to play behind the curtain, too, like where Eliza crosses the river on the floating ice blocks with the bloodhounds chasing her. It was fun and very interesting, even though I never did get the girl; and all the kids hated me.

CHAPTER 8

In May of 1909, Adelia gave birth to another baby, and it was a girl this time. She (Adelia) showed great consideration and good judgment by having the baby in late May, the 21st, so it would not interfere with our wintertime dramatics. We were proud and happy that we had finally gotten a baby girl. She was a cute little thing and gave promise of being a real beauty, with black eyes and dark hair like her mother. We all went to church on a fast day, and I was so happy and proud to hold her in my arms, in front of everyone, and give her a name. We named her Thora Lucretia, later to become just Thora when she expressed dislike for the latter half. She was our only girl and last child and the pet and

idol of her three brothers, but she was no frail sissy. She learned to play their games and could hold her own at most anything. When her brothers would tease her about being the baby and the only girl, she would tell them that it took three boys to be as good as one girl.

Years later, in that long time ahead, she would spend hours and hours and days, like an angel of mercy tending to her sick mother. When her mother is gone and I'm alone and old, she will just as unselfishly care for me. I'm sure the most gracious blessing the Lord can bestow upon a father and mother is a loving daughter.

The house somehow seemed happier and more cheerful with a baby girl around. During the summer we'd find time to go picnicking up the canyon and watch the boys chase the playful chipmunks, or wade in the cold waters of Cub River. Sometimes we'd go down in the bottoms just a short ways from home and we'd sit on the river bank and fish for suckers and lazy carp. A couple of times each summer, we would all go to the circus at Logan. Then for a week or so after, the boys would want to be trapeze performers or maybe stilt walkers. They would learn to walk on sticks four or five feet above the ground or hang head down from trees until their mother feared they'd fall and break their necks.

So the summer would slip by and it would be winter again, always before we were quite ready for it. Now that cold weather was here, the neighbors would help and we'd butcher our hogs and cure and store the meat for winter. We'd pull up the carpets and put new clean straw under them, too, then it was soon time to start learning lines and making ready for some more shows. Frank had a couple of real heavy melodramas lined up; one was called "Blood on the Moon," and the other one, "The Blood Stained Dagger." They were all their names implied and a little bit more. As usual, I was the villain with my black hair and black heavy eyebrows. When Frank put a long black handlebar mustache and added a few lines here and there with a paint pencil, I looked like about the meanest mean guy in the whole country.

Folks said I made a good villain; they said I played the part so convincingly. I was soon to believe them when we played "The Blood Stained Dagger." That was a real violent one, and I had a field day. It looked like before we'd get through, I'd have everybody on the stage and half the audience murdered. The two oldest boys, Joseph and Ray, were old enough to be on the front row with the other kids, and it seemed like they were booing and hissing me louder than any of the others. It was a cruel, mean, hateful part I took. I made it so convincing that on the way home Adelia acted very cool and reserved toward me, and Joseph and Ray wouldn't even speak to me. It was then I decided to switch roles before my family up and left me. I let Frank find a new villain and I changed to comedy parts. Some said I was a good comedian, but a much better villain; they said it just seemed to come natural with me.

Some people complain about their kids seeing too much violence on TV now days. My goodness, sometimes in those old days when kids would watch one of the more violent melodramas through, they'd see more violence in a couple of hours than they see on TV in one whole week.

I worked with the Dramatics Club each winter for eight or nine years, and enjoyed every minute of it. Adelia had the big job, staying alone so much with the children. She was always pleasant and never complained. Sometimes a nosy visitor would try to raise a complaint by hinting that I spent too much time playing around on the stage. Then Adelia would pause from her crocheting long enough to look her inquisitor in the eyes and innocently remark that she thought it was sinful to loaf around like some people do and not use the talents the Lord has given one. The gossipy neighbor would usually glance down at her own idle hands and soon head for home.

I always gave Adelia the five or six dollars I got when we played away from home, and I learned that a little gift to your wife now and again, even if it's nothing more than a little gift of cold hard cash, will often help to make a good woman a still better one. She sometimes called it her money for "baby sitting" and you could look almost any place in the house and see some pretty and dainty thing she'd bought. It might be a new hat; how she did love hats. I don't think I can remember of her ever leaving home without a hat on. I think if she had to make a choice, she would prefer to go without her shoes rather than go bare-headed. In time, traveling troupers, Graphophones, moving pictures, and Ford cars replaced all homemade entertainment; and "The Franklin Home Dramatic Club" like all others came to an end.

Yes Adelia liked nice things. The furniture, the rugs, the pictures and paintings on the walls, everything in the house showed that it had been chosen for its beauty and charm. She had made out of the little old farm house, a home

fit to welcome royalty. She liked nice clothes, too, with dainty trimmings; a tiny cotton or linen handkerchief, with tiny flowers embroidered in each corner; and in summertime, an elegant fan intricately made of delicate lace or bright-hued feathers. But the crowning piece of adornment was always that little chic hat, sitting so perky above her black playful eyes. To look at her always reminded me, somehow, of that little girl a long, long time ago who had just learned to flirt a little; and it was easy when I closed my eyes to see her wearing that brightly colored sash again.

She was fussy, too. More times than once, while on our way to church or parties, I've turned the horse around and gone back home so she could reset a slightly loose button on her coat or exchange a handkerchief she thought might be a little bit soiled or maybe choose another brooch or pin she thought might better match her suit or dress. She was just as neat and careful with her house and its furnishings, too, especially after we traded the old farm and all its improvements off. We bought and improved, redecorated, and furnished a newer house in the eastern part of town. Adelia brought all the nice things from the old house and they made the new one beautiful. The kitchen was her pride and joy. No dirty dishes filled the sink or pan for long waiting to be washed and put away. She scrubbed and washed and wiped until everything shone like new. She was just as careful and fussy with all the other rooms but one, that one she called the living room. In it the kids could roughhouse, romp, and play to their heart's content. It seemed that nothing was ever in place until the young ones had tired out and gone to bed. Then Adelia would sigh with relief and straighten up the mess. I was always amazed at her calm and patience; she seemed immune to their quarreling, arguing, fighting, and crying, unless it got too extra loud; then she'd just say, "That will do in there." The noise would not exactly stop but just drift back to normal. When I'd become aggravated and ready to use a stick, she'd say, "Ah calm yourself, Wilford. Children have to learn to fight a little and look out for themselves to get along in this rough old world."

Yes, we'd sold the little old farm; and now that it was gone, it seemed dearer than ever. It was there the children were small; it was there we had our happiest Christmas morning when their faith and belief was young and they were happy with anything Santa brought them. In its fields, the boys had learned that one has to work and earn the things he wants. And in the "Old House" Thora had learned to do the many little things that mothers teach their little daughters how to do. We would soon learn that we could be just as happy in the new house, and it was bigger and better and handier, closer to the church, the school, and the store. I wouldn't have to hitch the horse to the buggy or the team to the sleigh except when it was storming rain or snow.

It was about now that we bought our first car, a Model T Ford. It was quite a job converting from horse power to gas power. I guess we had the usual humorous experiences, like yelling "whoa, whoa" when we wanted to stop and had forgotten how, running over the woodpile like my brother did, or leaving someone behind and forgetting to stop till you'd gone half a mile or so up the road.

I remember one time Adelia and I and the family headed for Brigham to get some peaches. When we got to the mouth of Sardine Canyon, one of the rods in the engine came loose and began clattering like someone playing a snare drum. I hurriedly turned the engine off before it flew to pieces, then we had to get it to a garage in Wellsville. Tourists were few and traffic was light those days and we could expect no help. We pushed and cramped and pushed until we got it turned around and headed for town. Then with Adelia steering and the children and I pushing from behind, we pushed it through two or three inches of flour-fine dust and over a few thousand rocks to the Bill Baugh Garage four or five miles away. We waited there three or four hours, hot, hungry, dusty, and uncomfortable until it was fixed.

In spite of its few drawbacks, it was nice though. We could jump in it now and again and drive to Logan in no time and visit with Hezzy and his wife Georgia. Very likely they would come to our place the next week, in their shiny black Buick, and have dinner with us. Hezzy and his wife were good people; their money and fine possessions had not made them one bit proud. They were kind and friendly with everybody and seemed to get joy out of helping others not so fortunate as they.

It seemed before we hardly realized it, our little family had grown up. Adelia was proud of her three boys and one girl. They were so handsome and healthy, but still she felt just a little sad and a little cheated. She had always wanted a large family, as many as Mother had, ten or maybe an even dozen, but shortly after Thora was born, a complication

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set in which required an operation to save the mother's life, and this dispelled all chance of having any more children. Adelia loved babies, and ever since Thora had grown beyond babyhood she had unstintingly poured out her love on other women's children. Whenever she heard of a new baby being born, she could hardly wait to see and fondle it. Now that her own children would soon be marrying and having babies, maybe she would feel a little like her own dreams were coming true.

Joseph Lorenzo was the first to marry; he married Pearl Sharp. Then next, Ray Clark. He married Nellie Hayward. Then Alton married Ruth Beal. And last, our one daughter, Thora, married Roy Geddes. All the wives started right off having babies, and Adelia was busier and happier than a mother chicken. Before she died, she became the grandmother of twenty-three grandchildren and the great-grandmother of fifty-five. I, of course, lay claim to the same posterity and can boast of more, two great-great-grandchildren.

Adelia and I were always proud of our three boys and one girl. We tried to be fair and just with them and to teach them proper standards. We certainly did not spoil them with wealth. They have all grown into honest, sober, and useful citizens and dedicated members of the Church. Joseph works at the "Miller Meat Packing Plant" located in Hyrum, Utah. He and his wife have nine children, seven boys and two girls.

Ray Clark graduated from "George Washington Law School," Washington, DC, and at present is working with the "BYU Extension Service," and is located in Salt Lake City. He and his wife have four children, all girls.

James Alton filled a mission for the Church, spending two years laboring in the Northwestern States, and is now working in the advertising department of the "Deseret News Daily" paper. He and his wife have four children, two boys and two girls.

Thora, the youngest, is a graduate of the "Utah State University" at Logan, Utah. She and her husband have six children, five boys and one girl, and at present is taking care of her family and also teaching school at Franklin, Idaho. She is the only one of my children living close, and when I'm not well, I stay with her and Roy. She fusses and fumes and worries about me, and although I pretend otherwise, I must admit that I kind of like it. I am grateful for her and Roy's kindness.

A strange coincidence has developed over the years in our families. Adelia had three boys and one girl; Thora has five boys and just one girl; Marilyn, a granddaughter, has three boys and one daughter, and Clarice, another granddaughter, has two boys and just one daughter. I'm wondering if it's a habit, or have we gotten into a rut.

Roy owns the land I got when I traded Father's old place away; it has become part of his farm. I still own the home in town, the home which Adelia had made so pleasant and cozy, and where we had enjoyed good health and real happiness for nearly fifty years, until Adelia became sick. Hers was not a sickness of the body, but of the mind, when her memory and thinking became confused, and I was afraid to leave her home alone from fear she might harm herself. In a moment of forgetfulness with the stove or iron, she might burn herself and the house up. There is nothing so heartbreaking and sad as to see someone you love gradually growing strange and indifferent until she fails to recognize you nor seems to care, but merely lives on, seemingly without feelings or emotions, just waiting for death to come. It came to Adelia in the spring of 1967; and although we grieved for the memories of such a loving Mother and companion, yet we felt that death was merciful to her poor tortured mind. The house is often quiet and lonely, yet it is filled with fond memories; and sometimes it seems that Adelia is not so far away. I often wonder if, when it comes my time to return to that place we know so little about, will she be waiting up for me like she did here so many times?

I keep busy. In the summertime I try to keep the lawn clipped and the edges trimmed, but I've sorely neglected Adelia's flowers and shrubs. Flowers used to like to grow for her, and she enjoyed their beauty. Sometimes I just sit and think back over my fairly long life and wonder how I could have lived so long and accomplished so little. I guess we can't all be great men and heroes though, or there wouldn't be anyone left to cheer. I did serve in politics once, in a small way. In the early twenties, I was elected to represent Franklin County for four terms in the State Legislature at Boise, the same calling my father served some thirty years earlier, when he had the distinction of being the first Mormon to be elected to that office at Boise.

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At present I hold the office of Franklin City Clerk, a position I have held for the past twenty-seven consecutive years. I also act as secretary and treasurer for two irrigation companies. These jobs keep me fairly busy. My only regret is that neither the City nor the irrigation companies ever have enough money on hand to make a try at embezzling worthwhile.

I have been fairly active Church-wise, filling a two years' mission in the Southern States, working with the Sunday School and Mutual in my younger days, and later serving as one of the Seven Presidents of the Stake Seventy Quorum.

For a time I was chairman of the "Hatch Family Reunion Committee." With the start Father gave us, our family now must number well into the thousands. I well remember a reunion we held a few years ago, when I was chairman of the party. There were so many who came we had to hold it on the public square; we never did learn exactly how many were there, as darkness came before we had finished counting them all. After the party was over, I called for Lorenzo Hatch to dismiss, and I'll swear if there weren't six men and three boys who got up and started to pray.

I try to keep abreast of the times, and I'd like to stay cheerful and retain a good sense of humor; it would be awful to grow sour on life and carry a grouch for maybe another ten years. Some people think I'm getting old, and almost every day someone asks me how much longer I figure on living. I tell them I don't want to live very far into the next century, because judging from the trend of things, in another generation or sooner, our way of life will be completely reversed. The way girls and women are wearing men's clothes and snatching the jobs and boys are wearing girls' love beads and copying their hair styles, it won't be too long until the women will be wearing the pants and the shirts, running the shops and the factories and bringing home the paycheck, while the men will be wearing high heels, miniskirts, and pantyhose, with their long sparse hair hanging loose over their faces or done up in rollers, and they will be relegated to the kitchen and nursery to cook the meals and tend the family baby. Joking aside, though, I want to live as long as my health stays good and I can be happy to just be alive and with my loved ones.

Saying "Thanks" to my good family and relatives and to my many friends who have helped to share my joys and sorrows, I end the story of my life and experiences, and like Tiny Tim I'll say: "God bless us all, each and everyone."

Lorenzo Wilford Hatch remained healthy and active, kept his sense of humor, and true to his wishes died with his boots on March 25, 1970.

Footnote: Grandpa Hatch, as he was affectionately known, died suddenly and painlessly just two weeks after the above history was written. The great number who called to view his body as it lay peaceful, serene, and beautifully dressed in his temple robes, and the over-flowing crowd which attended the funeral was a testimony of the love and respect which people held for him. The floral offerings were many and beautiful, and the speakers praised him for his long life of service to his family, the Church, and the community wherein he had lived for the past sixty years. His wit and humor, his friendliness and kindness were also not forgotten.

We hope that he and "Adelia," whom he loved so dearly, are united again in that land of happiness we know so little about.

—E.K.—