



Mary Ann

Moroni

His father died in 1890 - 2 years after we were married

Lou born 11 Sept 1889

James Welcome born 16 Feb. 1891

Elinor Ruth born 26 Jan 1892

Our little Lou was now 3 once more she was our only child & such a darling. Everywhere I went I had my little Lou by the hand her little soft hand in mine it was such a comfort to have her still with us.

There were bushes & wild grapes & one Spring that ran down & formed a meadow. We called it the big spring. It was such pure good water & was all we needed for a garden. The River ran through the length of the farm & valley. It was good land & when they bought the place there was plenty of water to farm. They took water from the river 2 miles South to water the valley crops but people near the mountain made Reservoirs & took up more land. That & dry years made it so there wasn't enough water for our little valley, but with Cattle we got along. We had a house high above the river with a spring for house use, the house Moroni had built to prove up on his land, but they were in company with Grandfather Richey, Moroni, Benjamin & John Sherwood their sister Ruth's husband. Grandfather & Grandmother Richey had a home in St. Johns our Ward she belonged to. When our first baby Mary Lucinda was born at St. Johns we were so happy. Moroni had always made so much over his Sisters children, being so long without any of his own that his sweet sister Emily told me they will all be jealous of our Lou, as we called her. Our next baby, a fine boy, was born dead. That was a great trial,

Hugh was born April 2, 1896 St. Johns Ariz. We moved to the farm as soon as I was able to have milk because I did not have nurse for him. He grew so fine & was such a lovely baby & we were so happy to have 2 boys that lived, we were so happy to have our babies & welcomed every one & so thankful for them all.

but we still had our little Lou to comfort us. We came to St. Johns from the farm before our babies came, to have the help we needed, renting a house so I could stay until I got strong to move back home. The Flu was causing much sickness, when our little Elinor Ruth was born. She was well until 3 months old then she took Spasms & was very sick. I had to do most of my work with the little darling in my arms or in my lap. Drs didn't know what it was or how to help her. In the spring of 1892 she improved very much & was doing fine but cutting teeth in hot weather weakened her & she died 11 July 1893, 3 months before our Moroni Forest was born. How I missed our little Elinor. She was such a sweet Pretty darling. Oh the heartache. When Forest was a baby we stayed in St. Johns that winter, Uncle Hyrum Chapman stayed with us & worked on the reservoir. His family was the only relatives I had of my fathers people & they came to see us oft times. Years after, I found I had a cousin Pearl Potter & her sisters in Snowflake but we were in different Stakes & did not see much of each other. They were my mother's brother Edwin Potter's girls. She was a comfort & such a help when our Moroni Forest was born 22 Nov 1893, St. Johns Ariz. He was strong & healthy, always smiling,

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happy, so at meetings everyone noticed him. I often wondered how he could be when we buried our little Elinor not long before with such heartache. Before this we had moved over East of the river near Benjamin & Alice, Moroni's sisters Ruth & John Sherwood, also Susie & Arthur Tenney, lived just over the hill from us & a deep wash was between us & Ben's. His sister Scharlotte & William Sherwood lived 3 miles up the valley. We had our S.School & meetings & were a branch of the St.Johns Ward. We often had visitors from St.Johns to our meetings & felt the Spirit of the Lord was with us. While Elinor was sick, Brother C.P. Anderson was a visitor he sent back medicine for her but it was too late. Moroni's sisters & husbands moved away as drought came but we stayed. Our springs helped us to raise gardens but not much crops, but they made early pasture for our horses & cows & a meadow to cut hay. Ben & Moroni made ditches 2 miles east, where the Coyote wash came into the river through Ben's land. The bottom land along the river was rich but the Coyote wash came many miles from the Escadilla Mountain & often brought floods. Moroni would try to get his wheat in on the river bottom land in time to ripen, cut & hauled off the land before the rains brought

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floods. Three different years the rains came early & washed our wheat away when it was ready to cut or when it was in the Shocks. We could hear the floods roar through a canyon 3 miles away & would go out to see the flood. One time we saw the water slowly go through the wheat as it stood ripe almost ready to cut. It stood with the flood running through it until it got up to the heads then it all swept down at once & was covered with mud & trash the flood brought. We had hard struggles some years to get along but whenever Moroni raised a good crop of wheat he kept enough to last 2 years. Our crops were so uncertain, some times the corn was flooded & washed down, other years we had good crops. Our baby John Montgomery was born 21 June 1897 at Richville, while we were preparing to move to St.Johns for his birth. Sister Ruth was very helpful & all went well for 7 days then I took such a terrible pain in my left side. It gradually went into my heart & felt like a bolt was being driven into my heart with every heart beat. Ben rushed to St.Johns with a team, our only way then, & brought back Dr. Will Platt (Alices brother). By then the pain was going into my head. The morphine eased that & all night I saw the light of the other world.

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When we had to lay our little ones away I always wondered if I had done all I could to care for them & we still wonder if we could have done better when they are gone.

world. When I came to in the morning I could only say one word then rest before saying another. They brought me to town where Dr Platt could do what he could for me. It was such a long time before I had any strength & it was through the faith & prayers of my Dear husband & his people that I was spared & healed. They were so good to help. Grandmother Richey stayed with us & did all she could keeping house with Moroni & little Lou's help. Sister Scharlotte lived then next door & with Moroni's help running the washer, for it was run by hand power Scharlotte did the washing. I finally got so I could get up but had no strength to walk. With Scharlott's Cora on one side & Lou on the other I learned to walk. My hair was always thick, it was long now but seemed so lifeless. It all came out in two days. My head was bare for 2 weeks then it began to come in. As it grew, it was curly as it was as a child but not so much curly as it got long, so I could bob it as we wore it then. It was so hard on Mother Richey to feed baby John with all the other things she did so at night I took him to care for as soon as I could. But his bottle did not nourish him as it should & Dr Platts help & still he got worse & died 11 Oct. 1897, We had to

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bury 3 of our children, we had 3 left. It is so hard to have to part with them. We loved our children & we welcomed every one, hoping to have a big family. We stayed in town that summer & raised a garden. Sister Nancy Gibbons who lived across the street asked me to be her councilor in Primary, Sofiah Gibbons was the other councilor. I enjoyed the work, every one does who tries to do their duty in a church calling, the spirit of the work goes with it. Nancy Gibbons was one of the finest women I ever knew, I appreciated her friendship through all the years. All through our trials I am so very thankful for my kind & loving husband, he was always patient & helpful. Through all my sickness he was so helpful in every way to the children. His sister Elinor Patterson's baby Johnny was about the age of our John & as his mother was sick she went to visit her sister Scharlotte as Scharlotte was living with her girl where they were working. We all hoped if I cared for Johnny the visit & rest would help her get well her daughter Mary the oldest kept house & the next girl Lula came to help me as I wasn't strong yet. Lula was sweet & helpful all summer. When her mother came back we could see she wouldn't get well & died. Then Mary, Lula, Hazel, & Zella kept together & lived home, keeping the home & little Johnny. My heart

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My Father died in 1900 leaving Aunt Harriet with Ida, Welcome & John. I loved my father very much & missed him & I was so sorry for Aunt Harriet being left alone.

again after some time. I always kept such close watch of my children knowing where they were & what they were doing. When others came to play I kept them close by. My children never went to play away from home long at a time & always came home on time. I never trusted children who could come & stay for hours or all day. My children were too precious so I kept track of them. I felt they were a precious trust the Lord had given to me. Moroni felt the same & talked the gospel in our home. He had such a good memory & watched world affairs, believing the gospel & telling it to us. I know little ones understand young, I used to read the Book of Mormon to Lou when she was 5 years old about the great & wonderful blessings of the Lord. When the tears would come into her eyes, I knew she felt the spirit of the Lord as I did. Our baby Emily Elizabeth was born 26 June 1900 in St. Johns Ariz. Moroni was always so thankful as I was & would come & kneel by the bed & look at Baby & I like we were so wonderful. We would thank the Lord for our baby & for each other that once more a little one had been given into our charge. We felt so deeply the responsibility of training them aright. We moved back to the farm again as

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We had moved over to be with close neighbors, from the spring that was on Moroni's homestead when Elinor was suffering so much. Then after years we moved back where we could raise a garden. We had plenty of water the year around in the ditch for gardens & house use but dry years there was none.

soon as I was able. Bessie, we called our little girl & she was such a darling & comfort to us. she had such bad cramps as others had colic, but she out grew them. While she was still a baby, her first summer, my Dear Sister came to see me it was so wonderful to have her visit me, we lived so far apart. She had a baby Norman some older than Bessie. She always brought me clothes & nice things for the children. She had sent me a package of white goods with lace & embroidery for me to make up for my baby clothes. It was so wonderful for me & made Forest & Hugh white blouses with embroidery around the big collars as they wore them then. As I didn't need so many clothes for Bessie, I had some left over of what I had for the others baby clothes. Lizzie stayed about 2 weeks while Bessie was a baby. Water was so scarce in the ditch Moroni made a sled for a water barrel & got it often from the Spring on our land across the river, hitching a horse to the sled. He had done that so long that we decided to move over to the Spring onto our own place. He scraped a level place on a sloping hillside for a house where the big spring could run by the house, that running water so fresh with watercress

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We had a pattern we made our garments by. We knit our socks & stockings all but women's stockings & mens socks. As the children grew we bought their socks & stockings.

It was only at times that they could get to haul freight.

always fresh & so near. We always had a garden by the spring. Since water got scarce Benjamin & Alice moved over by us so they could have fresh water running by their house. At times Moroni & Ben would fit up a freight team & wagons, trailing the wagons & get freight from Holbrook for the stores. It took days to make a trip, that way we got clothes & groceries when their wasn't grain raised to sell. When one of them would go, the other stayed to look after the farm, even then we had to be wise & only get the bare necessities. Sometimes Alice & I would get a bolt of unbleached cloth & divide it. It was cheaper by the bolt for sheets, pillowcases & for underwear for we couldn't buy them ready-made as we could later. We got bolts of gingham & calico & heavier cloth to make mens shirts. We made all our clothes but mens pants or overalls & boys as they grew older. A man's suit wore for years then & we women didn't have many dresses, just 2 everyday ones to change & wash & a Sunday dress. Moroni's sisters often passed on clothes I could make over for the children & I made quilts of them & how glad I was to get them & always made them as pretty as possible. His sister Emily was well fixed & passed on many things I was glad for like my sister Lizzie did. We were so glad to get over by our spring and

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Lou was 14. His sister Ruth was a big help. Lou was so patient with little sister Bessie who had to be put off, when a baby comes a mother can comfort the one that has been baby but not when there are twins. They loved each other & had such cute ways. They were double blessing & joy to us all & I kept them as clean & neat as I did one baby

watercress & have the good fresh water & garden by the house. I could have flowers. Pansies & many I longed for for so long & tried many new kinds & we enjoyed the fresh watercress from the spring. We could get it any time now. Our Twins Leigh Montrose & Josephine were born premature, 18 July 1902 just before we were moving to St. Johns. They were weak, so was I, but Lou was such a big help & so willing & no one could have been better to help them. Moroni's sister Scharlotte, who is a midwife came & stayed several days. Then Alice would come & wash the babies until I could do it. I am so thankful for their help, I needed it so badly. When school started in September Lou & the boys had to go to keep up the district. I had to wash Sat. so I could have their help. At times as we couldn't finish & had to Sunday morning I would tell the family I guess the Lord would forgive us for he knew he sent us 2 babies at once. That winter for months I felt that if I drew a long deep breath I wouldn't live to draw another. They were not strong babies & kept me on the go, if one awoke & cried it woke the other. Moroni would say never mind dear when they get older they will help you keep house as you love to & they did.

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Grandma Richey died in St. Johns in 1902. Everyone loved her, she was so sweet & kind. she had been a mother to me. Moroni thought so much of her, when they were together they had such a good visit. He missed her so much, everyone did, I missed her. She wanted to hold the twins, they felt strange so she would get them on her lap with their backs to her so they wouldn't cry.

No one could be a better housekeeper than Josephine. They were so sweet & loved each other. We had just a double joy with our 2 babies & were so thankful for them. When Aunt Em heard of our twins she sent me all her babies clothes & how glad & thankful I was for them, for if I could have bought cloth I couldn't have found time to make clothes. My sister Lizzie would make 2 of anything she sent for them & it was all such a help. Lizzie was always thinking of something nice she could do for us & how I do appreciate her love & thoughtfulness. We wrote often to each other, it was a comfort to us both. Aunt Ruth was very kind & helpful, they lived a mile & a half south with their daughter Stell & husband Tom Irwin. When there was only a few of us to hold S.S. & meetings often we would stay & have dinner & spend the afternoons at the homes we held meetings, for we didnt get to visit often. When Stell's baby Harvey was born I was there to do what I could to help, we were all a help to each other. They were all so good to help me. I was so young when I was married & not having children to care for I knew so little about caring for a family so was glad for their help. Moroni was so kind & patient & helpful, I was always so very thankful for my kind & loving husband & his kind ways

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with our Children. I always had meals on time & made the best of everything we had, nothing was wasted. I made green tomato preserves, my children & I roamed over the beautiful hillside & gathered wild grapes, made jelly & bottled the ripe grape juice fresh. Some of our neighbors made wine but not us, we didn't put that temptation before our children. The wild grape juice had a delicious flavor, so much better than when fomented into wine, I used it in puddings & sauces. Our tomatoes didn't ripen much on the vines, the season was so short, but by gathering them in they would ripen during the fall weather. We raised lovely vegetables. I raised celery & sold it to help get clothes for the school children. I made their clothes neat & pretty & tried so hard to keep my family neat & their clothes well made & pretty. I loved beautiful things. I didn't have many but made the best of everything I had. Water was so scarce for farming in 1905 that Moroni moved us to our house in town for the summer & worked for the sawmill in the mountain, coming to see us as he could. It was Grandma's house & everyone had left it for us. We were expecting another baby so he wasn't with me when our Vivian, born the 29th of July in 1905 came. He didnt get here to bless her. We had a garden in town & a cow & chickens. Forest & Hugh could tend to milking, they were 11 & 9. They helped with the garden & cut wood & were a joy to us.

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Bessie fell from a Seesaw while they were playing at Aunt Harriet's. She was five years old & so patient as Dr. Woolford fixed her arm. That Summer Aunt Harriet moved with her people to Idaho. Bessie's arm healed pretty well. Then as Lizzie & Norman were here with us, in jumping Bessie fell & bent her arm where it was broke. Dr. straightened it & it grew straight. We enjoyed Lizzie's visits. Norman was her only child by Lee Henderson, then later she had Sidney. Her visits were a bright time in my life. We were motherless girls & always clung to each other, writing often & keeping track of each other. After our father died & before, Aunt Harriet tried to win our love. She could see she made a big mistake in not being friendly with us, but Lizzie nor I held hard feelings toward her. We had been homeless so much that we just made the best of it. She buried her oldest daughter Sylvia when she was the age Lizzie was when she & Lizzie could not get along. When Sylvia died, she asked our forgiveness & said, "can you girls ever forgive me for not being better to you?" We told her we had forgiven her & never had held hard feelings toward her. I know she grieved about it & the last time I saw her she said, "can you girls ever forgive me?" I took her in my arms as I had many times before & told her we did not hold hard feelings. She had endeared herself to us by her kindness & showed us she loved us. I want my children & grandchildren to know I can & do forgive. That is the only way we can be happy or that the

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Lord will forgive us. We must forgive & not hold hard feelings for it will turn us astray if we do. When winter came Moroni came home to St. Johns. It was good to have him home. He was not well all winter. When spring came Moroni spent most of his time at the farm plowing & milking cows & would always bring big cans of milk with him when he came to town to see us. We moved back to the farm before school was out in Spring to plant crops & garden. When Hugh was about eight & we moved back, the first night he said "I don't like this house, it hasn't any pictures on the walls & curtains at the windows," but I soon got them. I always made it as nice as I could. We always enjoyed our children & their cute sayings. They keep people young & happy with their laughter & sweetness. I often wished I could remember more of my children's cute sayings. Hugh used to say as he hugged us, "I love fazzer & mozer." We enjoyed them all so much. When we were expecting Jay, born May the 8th, 1908 in St. Johns, Lou had been working out & bought wallpaper. While she was cleaning the old house in town she stayed at Aunt Em's. She made it so nice for us. There was an old fireplace that couldn't be used. she tore it down & threw it out a back window & worked so hard to make the house comfortable. She & the boys, as they were older & worked for others, helped us so much. Hugh bought a Cream separator that was such a wonderful help, Lou one time paid taxes with what she had earned, Forest & Hugh took

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I got so weak I could hardly see or hear from loss of blood. I was in bed three months at this time. Lou was such a help & had to stay out of school to help, she was so willing & so sweet to me.

the teams & wagons & hauled timber & built two rooms & a fireplace in one room. They were always doing nice things for us. I had a very serious sick spell in 1907. After Aunt Scharlotte did all she could I still was so weak & had a chill & fever every day. Brother David K. Udall told his wife Ida he felt impressed to administer to me (we had the Elders before twice) they were our nearest neighbors. I improved fast after the administration & gained strength, after we had Dr. too. I have been healed so many times & spared to my family. If I havent told this in this history before I want to tell it now, that it was my constant prayer that I would live to raise my family. Being a motherless girl I know how badly children miss their mother, although I had such a dear kind stepmother. As I was praying in the night, I was not asleep, I saw a beautiful garden & a voice said to me "Can you stand all you will have to go through to live to raise your Family?" I said Yes. The Voice was in this beautiful Garden. My life has been spared several times very wonderfully & I have tried to do my full duty by my Dear children & Dear husband who was so kind to us all. Jay never seemed very strong. He had Quinsy, Pneumonia

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Jay loved a little metal billy goat & cart that was given to him for Christmas when two years old he kept it always with him if he did miss it he went around saying where's billy doat & wagon? we always enjoyed the sweet little darling as we did every one in their sweet loving ways. One winter when the children had whooping cough & Hugh kept coughing Sister Whiting sent honey that helped

& I am sure now he must have had Rheumatic Fever when he was three years old, for he complained of his legs. I made a tea bag steeping the swamproot that grew by the spring & was good kidney medicine, but no one knew then what Rheumatic Fever was or that it left the heart weak. When Hugh was about eleven he took measles from school in St.Johns, then when he was just getting over them all the others had measles all at once. Hugh kept going all the time as Moroni & I did & Hugh was weak & with seven down all at once it kept us three going. Jay was the baby in the buggy & wanted it kept going all the time. Moroni kept it going. It was always twelve midnight before we could get some rest. One day Sister Morgan ,who lived near, brought over a plate of food & had me sit down & eat, for she said she knew I didn't get time when I would get something for Moroni & Hugh. Hugh should have been having rest instead of going all the time. Lou was pretty sick & Forest too, being the oldest. One day Lou said to me why doesn't Leigh talk any louder. She was in another room. I was so busy I hadn't noticed

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hadn't noticed it but soon found he was so hoarse he couldn't talk. So I went to Aunt Scharlotte who was always our help. She told me what to give him & he was soon better. As soon as any of them began to improve Hugh cleaned a chicken, his very first & did a good job of it. so they could have some soup. Our neighbor Sister Kemp sent over what the Danish called sweet soup. It was rice, raisens & dried apples cooked together. It needed no sugar & digested & helped give them strength. I have always had good neighbors, kind & helpful. Their memory is very dear to me & that of all my dear husband's people. After the measles they all seemed to get strong but Hugh, he hadn't had a hearty appetite like the others. One time that spring after we moved back to the farm he & Moroni were bringing a mare & young colt out of the field to the Stable. The colt got into the River. Hugh got in & helped it out he was sick after it & had a bad cough for so long, we were very worried about him for he never seemed strong like Forest. He couldnt eat. We finally got some fruit that helped. I think it was the next year that there wasn't water to farm & Maud Barrett a cousin & her husband asked Moroni to farm at the place called The Green Spot. There was water there to farm on shares so we moved our cows & lived in a large Adobe room with a small tent for a kitchen & a large one for beds. The children & I carried big flat rocks & put between the beds in the dent

Bird Barret & Maude bought a binder for cutting the grain. Forest was at Barret's working so Hugh helped his father put the binder together. Hugh was eleven years old, tall & slim but not strong. Forest was healthy & strong. They loved & appreciated each other.

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on the floor to walk on, it was cleaner. We had to get our water from a deep wash close by for house use. There was a little stream of good water, we had a garden & small grain, corn & potatoes. There was a box canyon south of us that the water came from, with big hills west & pasture for cows during the rainy season. Big floods came down the canyon, one came after dark. We all slept in the house, the water came on up to the foundation, then it went down before it got to come in around the door, so we slept in Peace. One evening in late afternoon we knew it rained & water would come down the wash, so Hugh started early for the cows as they had to cross the deep wash. But the cows were scattered & by the time he got to it with the cows it was too high to cross. It soon got dark & coyotes began to howl. Moroni tied dry wood together with matches & found a narrow place to throw them over to Hugh. He wasn't quite so lonely with a fire & us on the other side of the wash with our fire waiting for the flood to go down. Moroni found a wide shallow place by eleven pm, he waded across & got Hugh home. That summer after the crop was planted our employer got Forest to work for him. The Green Spot was several miles from the Barrett home ranch, Lou often worked for

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Maude and one time that she had the money & we didn't, she paid the taxes on the farm. Our children always helped us so much. While Forest was working for Bird Barret as they were shipping Cattle & were in Holbrook, the cattlemen put every temptation before Forest but he withstood them. Afterward one man who was with them told Moroni how Forest withstood all & said how proud he was of Forest. He hoped when his boys were older they would be as fine & pure. We were very thankful to our Father in Heaven that he heard our prayers for our boy & our teachings had been worthy for him to follow. That summer my Sister Lizzie came to visit us & brought her son Norman who was about Leigh & Josephine's age. She had been in California for her health & left her baby Sidney in a kind lady's care. Lizzie was better but not well & before she got home, while she was visiting a friend in Gallup, her husband wrote to her that he had left the home for her & gone off with another woman. It was terrible for her, she wasn't well & had no income. The house was rented, she sold all the furniture & moved to Salt Lake City where friends found her a job. We would have loved to have her make her home with us but we had so little to offer her & nothing near for her to help keep herself. My heart went out to her in her trials & sorrow & how I longed to help her. Aunt Harriet offered to care for her children while she worked but as they weren't in the same town it didn't work out. She had a hard time & many trials. We moved back to St. Johns for school, but it was in December before we could get the thrashing

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done & get our share of the crop. Next spring we went back to the farm, there was more water for farming that year. We loved to go back to the farm, it was nice to have spring water & watercress. It was good for us & we liked it. There were so many vitamins in it. There was always early grass in the meadow for the cows. The boys were a big help to Moroni in getting the crop in but it was hard for the children to make their school grades to be late getting to school in the fall & leave early in spring. At times we had school at Richville then we didn't have to move to town. We had our Sunday School meetings then & school when there was enough children to make a district. At one time Ben got a small grist mill that ground wheat into graham. We washed the wheat to get trash out of it, then picked out weed stems & as it dried kept picking it over. The bread was so sweet made with the freshly ground graham & made into salt rising bread. We raised lovely gardens with the spring water. I could raise lovely flowers too. We worked hard to make it a beautiful home & it was a happy home. We didn't have much but always made the best of what we had & were so thankful for what we had. Moroni's people loved to come visit us & their children often came & stayed for a week or two. We enjoyed having them, company was a treat to us. I honor my Farmer as he sows his crop, as he plows his rounds of good old earth that God has made, he sees the future as he drops the seed in faith in the furrow, much of the seed he has saved of the best he raised or bought, hoping and

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praying for a bounteous yield then watering & hoeing to do his part. Then he waits the wait for sun & rain he prays will come. All summer long he knows with God's help it will be what he needs. As he gathers it his heart is full of thankfulness to God who makes the yield. We are always counting our blessings, making the best of what we have, making it go as far as we can. I always had flowers & a vegetable garden, everything grew so well with good soil & spring water. We didn't have melons at the garden. On the bottom land along the river melons & squash matured well but floods often came & washed them away. From the Coyote Wash that headed north of the Escudilla Mountain, one day we heard the usual roaring in a canyon three miles or more to the east of us so we went so the edge of the hill to watch it. There were huge cakes of hail as big as a double bed & larger. Of course it packed in among the willows & all through corn or any crop. The hail were large & packed in with trash. I went down to the willows & found hail to help keep butter & cream cool. When I churned a month later we made ice cream from that hail. We made ice cream by turning & turning a bucket of the prepared cream mixture with hail & salt around it until the cream is frozen. With the constant turning it froze good. I kept my cream in a pan with a little water around the dish & a damp cloth, in a window. The cream that way at night made it cool enough. only in the hottest weather, to make good butter. I often sold butter & eggs to get groceries & other things. My

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pounds were always full measure. We most always had plenty of milk & butter. Sometimes we made cheese for our own use. We could always trade it to the Mexicans who lived east of us for onions & peppers which they excelled us in raising. The Vegils had a little valley that was warmer than along the river. They were nice people & had children to go to school with ours. One Christmas, the little boy came in the afternoon to play. I made cookies for the children to have a play dinner as Lou had gotten dishes. The Mexican boy nibbled the cookies so slowly to have the taste longer & was very polite. Moroni, Ben & John had a thrasher & thrashed for the Mexicans along the river & near ranches.

*I liked this, I got the suggestion from an article.
- From fading stubble field the shocks of wheat
Are gathered, where the thrashing has begun
The straining horses go with plodding feet
Making a double ring.
The driver calls & whistles from his stand
That makes the grease soaked Cogs go round.
The cylinder screams or blares & roars.
Loose straw & chaff borne upward falls in showers.
The winnowed wheat from the grain spout pours.
Thrashing brings a note of carnival
As farmers view their grain
While steadily, the pitchers bundles fall
Where they are quickly cut & passed
Into the drum under blue tent of sky,
As old as pageantry for bread supply.*

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Moroni cut the bands & fed the thrasher so many years, that it set his blood rushing in later years. Whenever he heard a thrasher running he wanted to be there. I remember the big meals I got for the thrashing hands when our grain was thrashed. The first one was when Lou was about two months old. It was a big job for me, I was only seventeen & hadn't had much experience in cooking but got along fine. I know the Lord helped me those first years of my married life to learn & Moroni was so kind & helpful. His mother & sister Ruth too, were so good to me, showing me kindly how to manage. I always tried to make the best of all I had. Our Forest & Hugh worked out as their father could spare them or helped at home. Lou worked for others too & got nice things we needed. One spring she got us all white embroidered dresses. Mine had trimmings of a little black in it. We got them made for the Sunday School May Day program & when we were ready to go, it was trying to snow but didn't amount to much. We enjoyed our Sunday School meetings so much, all taking part. There were so few of us that we had to each take part, we learned so much doing it. It was about this time Forest was Superintendent when he was nineteen years old. Everyone came that lived in the valley, Hugh taught a class & Nellie was Secretary when she was nine years old. Hugh made a desk for her with a lid & place for

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the minutes & Sunday School books. Lou & I taught classes. We would take our dinner & stay for meeting at the School house. We took potato salad & cake or a dessert & sandwiches. We had a good spirit. Sometimes we had visitors from St.Johns, St.Johns was our ward & we were just a branch. I have always been glad for the part we all took, it has helped prepare them for other & all church duties. The winter Daisy was born, 24 Jan 1915, we stayed in St.Johns all winter. Forest stayed at the farm with his father to grub out willows & plow, but they were here when Daisy was born. They were all so lovely to me, Lou, Bessie Josephine & Vivian the boys were grown & the girls too all but Vivian & Jay he was six & a half years. The older children all loved to see the little clothes I made preparing for our baby. We all rejoiced that a baby was coming into our home as Moroni & I always did. Hugh did Janitor at the High School to help him through & gave me money to get some things I needed badly for we were in hard circumstances. The milk, vegetables & fresh ground graham was so good & when Moroni & Forest came down to see us they always brought lots of milk & feed for the one cow we kept here & chickens, Hugh was so happy & busy often only having three minutes to eat dinner.