

LYDIA ROSANNA YOUNG STOLWORTHY

By
Wilma Stolworthy Hawkins

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor, yea she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the Elders of the land. Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." - Proverbs

ANCESTORS

When Nauvoo was only a tent city, the family of Newel Knight moved to it, seeking refuge from persecution heaped on the saints, living in Far West. For many-years this family, Newel and his wife, Lydia Goldthwaite Knight, had been close friends of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum. Lydia had lived in the home of Hyrum and it was in his home that she was married to Newel Knight. She and Newel were married by the Prophet. The young couple stood up, and the Prophet arose and commenced the ceremony, at the close he pronounced them husband and wife by the authority of the Priesthood which he held. This was the first ceremony of marriage ever performed by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and here was laid the foundation of the L.D.S. marriage ceremony.

To this union was born several children, and when persecution raged high against the church, a little girl was Born to Lydia, the 6th of June 1844. She also was named Lydia.

Far West had been the home of Lorenzo D. Young and his family, until persecution became so severe that they too were forced to flee the city. In 1842, he went to Nauvoo to visit his brother, Brigham Young and soon after

moved his family there. To Lorenzo D. and Persis Goodall Young had been born a son, John Ray Young, April 30th, 1837 at Kirtland, Ohio. The family had been through some of the most severe persecution ever endured by the Saints, and this small boy's first recollections were of suffering with the chills and fever.

He remembered one day, while walking with his father, of meeting the Prophet Joseph Smith. The Prophet placed his hands on the small boy's head and running his hands through his curly locks promised that he should live long and go on many missions.

Soon after the exodus from Nauvoo the young family was broken, up. Lorenzo D. Young left with his brother Brigham Young for the Salt Lake Valley. He took with him his wife, Clara Decker Young, and young son Lorenzo (Sobieski).

His wife Persis, and the other children were left behind to come later. Persis resented this arrangement, and never was reconciled to her husband. Young John R. crossed the plains as a wandering waife in 1847. He was cared for by any one who would take him in for a night or share a meal with him. When he reached Salt Lake he joined his father, however most of the time his home was made with his uncle, Brigham Young.

Newel Knight and his wife and family started the long trek westward. Before reaching Council Bluffs Newel died and was left behind in a lonely grave. Lydia was left alone with six small children, and before many months she gave birth to a seventh child, but her courage never failed and in the year 1850 she and her children reached Salt Lake City. Here little Lydia grew up to young womanhood.

Young John R. courted and married a young girl named Albina Terry. A few years later President Brigham Young taught the law of plural marriage to his nephew, John R. and encouraged him to take another wife. He met and married Lydia Knight. Albina received Lydia into her home as a sister wife, and they were always happy together.

They, with their husband, helped settle many of the southern Utah settlements, and finally settled at the Clara Ward, John R. was called to drive an ox team to Omaha to get some cotton gins and spinning jennies for the Clara Ward.

Lydia was expecting a baby so her husband took her as far as Provo, with him. In Provo she visited with her mother and while there her first baby was born, October 28, 1862. This baby girl was named Lydia Rosanna.

CHILDHOOD

When John R. returned from his mission he was thrilled to see his new baby girl. Albina's children were boys and he had always wanted a baby daughter. He was anxious to be back in southern Utah, so he and his wife and new baby left to join Albina and her boys.

In 1863 John R. was again called to go east and help gather the poor to Utah. When he returned from this mission, he found Albina and Lydia, with their families living in a one room adobe house, that Lydia's brother, Samuel Knight, had built for them. They had managed in some way to make their own way while he had been away.

March 1864 he was called on a second mission to the Sandwich Islands. Again Albina and Lydia were left to care for their little families and provide the necessities of life. The loyal wives wrote letters that told of the struggle they were having. John R. read these letters to his fellow workers, and among themselves they decided that he should return home to care for his families. So in 1865, he was reunited with them in St. George. His return was a pleasant surprise to his family. Little Lydia was two and a half years old. She was a beautiful child with large blue eyes and golden hair. The Indians called her, "Casshua," meaning corn silk.

Although Lydia was her mother's only child for many years, she had the close companionship of Albina's boys and "Aunt Bina" was a second mother to her.

April 5th, 1868 twin boys were born to Lydia's mother. They were named Joseph and Hyrum, but they died the 21st of May. Both Lydia and her mother grieved over the death of the baby boys. Misunderstanding also crept into the family, and for a few years, Lydia and her mother, lived separate from the rest of the family.¹

ORDERVILLE

In the winter of 1873-74 President Brigham Young taught the people of Dixie the principle of the United Order and urged them to enter into it. He called his nephew, John R. to organize the Order in the small town of Mt. Carmel, later it was moved to Orderville.

¹ Grandmother left no diary or written record of these years so we know little of what happened. Mother did tell me once that Grandfather sometimes came to see her mother, but he always left her in tears, so Mother resented his visits. She said that she used to hide behind the door so she wouldn't have to kiss her father goodbye, and when he was gone she would try to comfort her mother.

Grandfather John R. had a great desire to have his family reunited and finally prevailed on Grandmother to join him there. Soon after he was called to fill a mission in England. In his diary he doesn't say with whom his families were left but I presume that Grandmother remained in Orderville. She had been placed in charge of the Millinery Department, and had the responsibility of making the hats for the people in the Order.

Lydia was eleven years old at this time, and much of her time was spent in helping in the big community kitchen, or helping braid the straw for the hats her mother made.

She was thrilled one day to receive a letter from her father in far off England. In these early days letters were real events. In part this was its contents:

"There is one thing that I desire to see changed at Orderville, that is the school system. How long shall we be pennywise and pound foolish? The best man, the wisest man, the one who wields the most influence in the community should be placed at the head of the school department. It wants a man of good government. A man filled with the spirit of God. Then will our children advance in mental culture and spiritual development, keeping pace with the spiritual growth so nobly manifested at Orderville."

"You are now growing into a young woman. Cultivate good taste for reading. Write as much as you can. Be sure never to walk out nights alone. Guard your chastity and virtue as you would your life. Robbed of that you are robbed indeed. In the beautiful morning of life guard your feet from the paths of wantonness and keep the lamp of prudence burning in your heart. So shall you end your days in peace."
--Your Father, John R. Young.

In these young formative years, Lydia was sent to Brigham Young's family school. She lived with her Aunt Lucy D. Young, and went to school with Susie Young (Gates), and Maud Young (Sanborn). While attending school she also had the opportunity of studying music.

Christmas Day 1875, her mother gave birth to a baby girl, who was called Persis Vilate. How happy and proud she was to have a baby sister, and she never tired of tending the baby. She was old enough now to be a real help to her mother, who was still in charge of the Millenary Department.

About this time, too, young Henry Thomas Stolworthy began to be very interested in this young miss. Many years later he told us of the first time he saw her. He, with other boys of the Order was driving some cows into the corral. Lydia, with the other girls was watching. She became frightened and climbed on the fence. Tom noticed the young girl, who was dressed with such care, even to the much be-ruffled pantaloons, which were showing beneath her dress.

Later she and Tom met formally. The next few years were spent in attending school, parties, and having a good time, but sandwiched in between were many hours of hard work.

Tom was the son of Thomas and Matilda Jenkinson Stolworthy. They, too, had spent long years pioneering Southern Utah, and had come at last to join the Order in Orderville. The family had five girls and young Tom. He had grown up in the great outdoors and had had little formal schooling.

August 21st, 1877 another baby was born to Lydia's mother. He was named Newel Knight, for his grandfather. These were busy days indeed, playing the role of baby tender, and being courted by the fun loving Tom. Her father did not approve of her interest in young Tom. He had other plans for his oldest daughter, but Lydia was very much in love and did not listen to his plans or his objections. One day Lydia's mother sent her down to the spring for a bucket of water. Tom was watching and joined her. It was at this time that he told her of his love and asked her to marry him.

Early in December 1879, Lydia and Tom with four other couples, left Orderville in Covered wagons, for St. George. Here December 12th, 1879 in the Temple they were united for time and all eternity.

Their first summers were spent out in the mountains where a dairy for the Order was operated. Some of their happiest memories were of these days. They were not alone as several young people were assigned this same duty. The friendships formed there lasted all their lives. In the Order there were no rich or poor; all worked and shared alike, and out of that sharing grew a close friendship that resembled family ties.

October 30th, 1880 another baby boy was born to her mother. He was named Howard Spencer. So Lydia divided her time helping her mother care for the little family and being a wife.

In 1881 Tom was made foreman of the O.U.D. Cattle Company. The young couple was very happy over the promotion as they were expecting their first child (Mother had a serious sickness at this time which I will copy from Father's story of his life).

"One night while attending a Board Meeting I felt that all was not right with my wife, so I hurried home. As I neared the house a very uneasy

feeling came over me, and my hair fairly seemed to stand on end, for as I stepped on my doorstep a strange man confronted me. Some power told me that it was an evil spirit. I looked him in the eye, rebuking him in the name of Jesus Christ, and ordered him from the home. And as I did so his eyes wavered and he stepped aside and went on down the path to the gate. I stepped quietly into the house so as not to awaken Lydia. In a few minutes Lydia began to struggle and gasp for breath. I asked her what was the matter and she answered, 'Someone is choking me. Help me Tom.' I took her in my arms, holding her close to me for a strange evil influence filled the room. She lay quiet and seemingly exhausted for a moment and then began to struggle again. I slipped from the bed to my knees and rebuked this evil influence from our home; doing it in the name of Jesus Christ. As I did so some power caught me by the hair of the head and almost lifted me from my knees.

I rebuked the evil power again and though I did not see anyone, I was conscious of someone leaving the room and at once the foul sickening atmosphere left the room, and a cool fresh breeze took its place reviving the fainting girl. When Lydia was able to speak she said two men had come into the room while I was gone, and they had told her that Aunt Lib was dead and that they would take her in the same manner when the baby was born. We heard later that Aunt Lib had died about this time. Lydia, I said, don't worry about what these men told you for they made the mistake of boasting of their intentions. I hold the Holy Priesthood and with the help of our Heavenly Father we will frustrate their plans.

Friday, March 22, 1881 a baby girl was born to Lydia. Happiness and gratitude filled our hearts. Lydia seemed to be resting so I went to break the good news to her anxiously waiting sister and brothers, but before I had hardly left the house I was called back to find Lydia in a dead faint. When she could speak she said that the two men, who had threatened her life, had come into the house as I left it, and said that they had come to get her.

Fearing their power I stayed by her bedside until Sunday noon, and then as she was resting her mother suggested that I get some rest. All right, I agreed, I will run over to Mother's for a minute.

My Mother lived but a short distance away, but I had hardly reached her home when a neighbor lady came running over to say that Lydia was dying. Lydia's Mother had called some Elders and they administered to her, rebuking the evil spirits from the home. She was immediately

brought back to consciousness. After this second experience either her father or I stayed by her bedside until she was well enough to resist this evil influence."

In 1882 the law of plural marriage was taught to a group of men in the Order. Father was one of these men and he was counseled to take another wife. Some time later he married a young girl named Johanna Covington, daughter of John T. and Johanna Covington.

Trouble was brewing in the Order too. For twelve years they had lived the United Order. It had proved a great success both financially and spiritually. At the close of the twelve years a message was brought from the Presidency of the Church. It stated that it was no longer required of the members to live the United Order. When the people understood that it was not required of them an uneasy spirit crept into their midst. Men's selfishness and greed began to dominate them, so the Order was discontinued and the breaking up caused some feeling and confusion. Lydia had put three cows into the Order; but when the family left she got only one. She did not think this was right and told her father so. He said, "Never mind, Lydia, you did your part and the Lord will bless your one cow and she will do more good than three cows."

This literally came true. After the family moved from Orderville to Huntington, feed became scarce and all the cows had to be turned out to feed except Old Honey, Mother's cow. Tom hauled straw from Ferron over thirty miles away and paid ten dollars a ton for it. Old Honey ate it as though it were the best of hay and gave milk enough to feed the many mouths of the family. Often a pail of milk was sent to some sick neighbor.

Another daughter was born to Lydia, August 24, 1883. She was named Lucy Rosanna. About this time Tom left Lydia in Orderville and went to drive some cattle to Colorado. He was gone from home all summer. On his way back he visited a new country just being settled. He liked the location of the new country; and it seemed that he and family might find peace there from the frequent raids of the Federal Officers.

At this time the government was hunting those who had taken plural wives, and to this distracted father, it seemed that Huntington was so isolated that there would be little trouble there. So he bought a small home and returned to Orderville to bring his families.

For many years Lydia and Hanna lived in the same small home which made polygamy that much harder to live. Polygamy was indeed a hard schoolmaster, and few there were who could live up to its constant demands. Father, being young, no doubt made many mistakes, and I am sure that both Mother and Aunt Hanna were sorely tried. I expect too that there were times when Father was tired and weary with the big load he had to carry.

This I know that Father gave both families a love and devotion that everyone of his children appreciates. No matter how many babies joined the family group, he loved each one with a devotion rarely found, even in small families.

HUNTINGTON

Tom returned to Orderville and told his wives of his plans. Lydia knew that this new move would change everything. She had always lived near her mother, and had had her love, interest, and care. Mother and daughter had never been separated for many days at a time.

In the early days, Orderville and Huntington were far apart. The trip must be made by wagon and over almost impassable roads. Lydia had her two little girls, Tillie and Lucy. Hanna had given birth to two little boys, but they had lived only a few days. So this family of five bade goodbye to family and friends and patiently made their way to their new home.

Life was much harder than they expected. Provisions had to be hauled long distances. A homestead was taken up. A small log cabin was made livable, but it was built only of rough logs and was mud chinked with a mud roof.

Ditches were dug, fences made, corrals built and a living rung out of the sterile soil.²

Many were the stories told by the folks around our fireside of those first hard years. One I remember was told by Mother. Eggs were scarce and seldom enjoyed by the family. However Mother had saved two eggs to send with Father and Tillie for their lunch. Tillie could hardly wait for the time to come when she could eat the precious egg.

A neighbor had been helping Father and was asked to share their lunch. Father without thinking gave the neighbor Tillie's egg. She ate her dinner in keen disappointment, but having been schooled in hardships, she bravely made no fuss. Only when she was at home did she cry out her disappointment to her mother.

² In August 1948 I, with my family, visited this home. We found it still standing under huge trees that dwarfed its size and made it seem small indeed.

To show how the early settlers of Huntington lived I shall copy parts of a story written by Tillie for the Daughters of Utah Pioneers:

ONE CHRISTMAS WHEN LORENZO DOW YOUNG PLAYED SANTA CLAUSE

My father Thomas Stolworthy, and seven or eight young cowboys rode away to find a new home. They found a valley lying in the shape of a horseshoe almost surrounded by high mountains. It had a wonderful climate; there was plenty of land and water, with only a few families living on the banks of the mountain stream. The men took up homesteads on the vacant land and built three log houses.

They then returned to Orderville and loaded up their wagons for pioneering again. All farm implements were put on one wagon, extra food and provisions on another. They had planned to take provisions for a year. The wagons were loaded with flour, dried fruit, molasses, jerked meats, beans, corn and all kinds of seeds. There were several kegs of butter they had saved while they were at the dairy.

The butter was put in the kegs while fresh and were filled with a salty brine, then a tight lid was put on. When the butter was used it would be put in water over night and worked good to get the salt out of it. It seemed the best butter ever, when eaten.

This group of people finally arrived at Huntington.

One time about a week before Christmas a man came to Huntington with six head of oxen. He tried to buy feed for them, but there was no food to be found. One morning Father found all six head of oxen in our corn fodder. They had destroyed it all. Father was very angry and Mother cried. The man did not have any money to pay for the feed. He said he was leaving but he had a forty gallon barrel of molasses that we could have. When he left I heard Father and Mother talking. Father said, "Don't give up. I will go to Emery and buy a load of straw and the Lord can bless the straw as though it were the best of hay or corn." When he got back the cow did eat the straw and gave milk for the little family.

Can you imagine Christmas under such circumstances? Mother listening to us children prattling about Christmas and what they wanted Santa to bring. Everyone had prayed at her knee that Santa would find her. The men were busy making cradles for dolls. The women made big rag dolls with eyes made of buttons and yarn for hair. The day before Christmas, we kiddies were told to go play and not come in the house and bother. We did, and when we were running we would have a chance to smell something real good as one of the mothers would come out and run home with something very

nice under her apron. The mothers mixed, rolled, cut and baked ginger bread dolls, all sizes. They were made out of gingerbread with just enough precious white flour to hold them together.

On that Christmas morning there were the rag dolls in cradles, gingerbread dolls, and great stacks of molasses candy. Father went out doors and there in the doorway sat a big new rocking chair with a big bundle in it. Father brought the bundle in, then the chair. He picked Mother up and sat her in it. In the bundle were forty yards of gray Lindsey, a bundle of floss, forty yards of factory, ten pounds of sugar, some dried fruits, six papers of tea, a lot of nuts, ten pounds of store candy, just think there were lumps of clear candy with flowers through it, striped candy, little lumps that looked like little cakes, two white candy bird nests with little eggs and a little blue bird. They were the most beautiful things we had ever seen.

Then there were two boxes with our names on them. When we opened them there were two dolls all dressed, one with dark hair and a pink dress, and the other had light hair and a blue dress. They could open and shut their eyes. It was the first dolls we had ever seen. There was also a letter from Great Grandfather Lorenzo D. Young saying: "Dear Lydia: I cannot help worrying about you away off there, wondering if you are cold and hungry. When Brother Oliphant was going through Huntington to his home, I hired him to take a few things for you for Christmas. Hoping you have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year." (Signed) Lorenzo D, Young.

Now I will tell you how we enjoyed that Christmas. I will begin with the gray Lindsey, as of course the factory was used later for underwear, sheets and pillow cases. Grandfather Stolworthy got a new suit of lindsay and we could not understand why Mother cried as she cut down Grandfather's coat and vest and made them smaller for Father. Father put his arms around her and said, "Never mind, it will be much warmer and better, and I can hardly wait to try it on."

Mother and Aunt Hannah made them each a dress, cut princess style. My sister and I each had two slips to wear under our aprons, also two new Sunday dresses. Mother embroidered them and we were so proud of our new dresses. All the women and children were barefoot, so Sister Marshall cut and sewed the tops for shoes. Brother Marshall tanned a horse hide and put soles on the shoes.

But you will say, "Did you eat all that candy alone?" We did not. Inside an hour on that Christmas morning a cup of white sugar, some dried fruit, a spoonful of tea, some nuts, two pieces of candy for each child were in every home in the valley. The candy was too pretty to eat, so we children just sat and looked at it, and tried to see who could keep it the longest.

After we had been to each home Mother called my sister and me to her and said, "How would you like to take your bird nests to John and Delight?" They were two children who had been badly burned and were still in bed. She said, "You have your dolls and you can run and play." You will never know how badly we wanted to keep the bird nests. We looked at them and then at Mother so sweet and sad, and away we went. Never will I forget, as long as I live, the look of joy in those children's eyes as we put the nests in their hands. The weeping mother hugged and kissed us although she could not speak.

That was the happiest Christmas of our lives. Surely God had heard our prayers and whispered to Great Grandfather of our needs. Lorenzo D. Young was Grandfather to every child in that little town for ever after."

--**Matilda Stolworthy Staker**

Here is another story of life in Huntington as written by Lucy:

RED LETTER DAYS

Humble and full of poverty as our lives were, there were "Red Letter Days" that can never be forgotten.

First was Christmas, and in spite of our poverty and lack of money, Mother always managed to have some small gift for us. Pine trees were plentiful near our farm in Huntington, but we children scorned the idea of a Christmas tree. However the mantle of our great fireplace was fairly covered with stockings of varied sizes hanging limply from nails.

Did I say limply? Their emptiness fairly yawned in our faces Christmas Eve, but true to our staunch faith in Santa Claus they fairly bulged Christmas morning, but not with expensive gifts. Right down in the toe of the stocking was sure to be an apple or orange, then some nuts and a few lumps of homemade candy. Then came the doll with a china head and a rather ungainly homemade body, with a dress that strangely matched our own. If we wondered about this we wisely kept silent. We did not want to be disillusioned, but our suspicions were often aroused by our gifts.

Always Christmas was a joyous one in our home with a good dinner and plenty of time to play and enjoy our few toys.

Another lovely day was "May Day." This day we braided the May Pole with red, white, and blue stripes of cloth. Six boys and six girls were chosen to braid the poles. The girls were dressed in white and the boys wore white blouses and dark knee breeches.

One day I was chosen to be one of the six girls. How proud I was in my white dress and white stockings. We wore no shoes. How daintily we waltzed as we wove the strings over and under, careful not to get our

strings tangled, holding them firmly so they would be evenly and firmly woven to the bottom.

After braiding the May Pole there was a program given by the children. In the afternoon there was a children's dance. We shivered with excitement as some boy made his way toward us. We danced very well in those days even as children. We were never allowed to waltz, because that would have been shocking indeed.

Then came the "Fourth of July." That was the day of days even for the young children. It began for us long before daylight, for we must get feed for the cows, who must be shut up in the corral all day for fear they might break into some field and do damage to themselves or the precious crops. Shivering in the crisp dawn we came into an early breakfast. Then just as the sun came up over the low hills in the east we would hear the loud boom of a cannon and we knew the flag would soon be flying on the top of the tall flag pole on the public square. If we watched very carefully we could see the flag creep slowly to the top, and how we would thrill as its colors unfurled in the stiff morning breeze.

"Well we must be off," father would say, "if we are to see the parade." We would scurry off to don our print dresses, with long sashes to match. Mother would work to get our hair curled, with never a protest from us if she did pull it in her haste.

Then we would all climb into the wagon and sit on the fresh cut hay which filled the bottom of the wagon. The hay was for the horses, who must stand all day waiting for the trip home again. Father, Mother and the baby would sit in the spring seat. How slow the horses would plod along. They seemed hardly to move. It took us a full hour to drive the three miles to town, but we always got there for the parade.

And what a parade it was, led by the Brass and Martial Bands of which Huntington was justly proud. Just what the parade consisted of I cannot remember. What caught my eyes was the Marshall of the day. He rode a beautiful black horse, with an arched neck and flowing tail as it pranced about. The Marshall of the day wore a military suit, with a large hat pinned on one side like a Colonel might wear. His word was law on this day and he looked about in a stern manner.

Next came twenty-five young women riding horseback with long white riding skirts and beautiful side saddles. They wore long red sashes and had long wavy hair hanging down their backs. At each side of the young lady rode a young man dressed in his best.

Then came the Goddess of Liberty in a white draped carriage and an attendant on either side. The Goddess was attired in a white spangled dress with a scepter in her hand. The carriage was drawn by six white horses,

with a well uniformed driver, who knew all about handling horses as they danced about as if vieing with the music.

My interest waned and I with others raced to the Public Square to watch the parade disband. We would hurry on to the Church Building to see the crowning of the Goddess of Liberty. After which we would sing the National Anthem, then came the oration of how we had gained our liberty from England.

In the afternoon there were sports of every kind. There was free lemonade for all and we drank with a common cup from the great barrel hanging from the side by a string, my how good it was (No wonder that epidemic after epidemic swept through Huntington).

By night we were all tired out. We must get home in time for the milking and other chores. So Father hitched the rested horses to the wagon and we were on our way home. And before we had gone far we were fast asleep on the bit of hay left. The trip home was made quickly. Father would say, "Come girls you must help me milk tonight. Mother is very tired. She has had to tend the baby all day." Here my heart gave a jump. I had meant to help with the baby today, and I had forgotten as usual. Mother had caught my repentant look and said, "I know, I used to forget too." Poor Mother, I looked at her tired drawn face and wondered how she could remember when she was ten.

Mother's birthday was October 28th. When I was eight years old my sister Matilda and I wanted to give her a party and a gift all our own. We told Father of our plans, and got his approval. We got permission to glean wheat in the farm near by. We gleaned several large bundles; these Father kept separate from his own and had them threshed and sacked. He sold them for us at the prevailing price. We earned three dollars, and with it we bought Mother a pair of shoes and some nice material for a dress. The day before her birthday we got Father to take her into town, and how we did clean house. We popped some corn and made molasses candy. We put the dress material and the new shoes on a chair. The guests began to arrive, all with a big pan of refreshments under their arms. We were just nicely seated when Father and Mother returned. Mother was very much surprised, and what a nice time they all seemed to have.

Mother cried softly after the guests were gone. We crowded around her anxious to see if she liked the shoes and dress. "It is lovely material," she said, "But the best part of it is that my girls worked for it." She did not make the dress up, though we pleaded with her to do so.

Christmas came and over our stockings hung a dress for Chastie and one for me. The dresses were made of the material we had given Mother. When we tried to tell her she shouldn't have done it, she said, "I won't need

a new dress this winter, and I knew it would make you girls a lovely dress." She wore the shoes and we wore the dresses, and how we loved them.

--Lucy Rosanna Stolworthy Burnham

I have often wondered at the courage of these early pioneer women. Although living under such hard pioneer conditions, they constantly faced motherhood. August 8, 1885 another baby girl was born to Mother, she was named Mary Elizabeth, but was called Mamie. She was not a strong baby and the food did not agree with her. A year later, September 15, 1886 she died of summer complaint. This was Mother's first taste of real sorrow, and she was not well, for November 25, 1886 another baby girl arrived. She was named Lydia Albina for Grandmother and Aunt Bina. We always called her, "Allie".

August 6, 1888 a tiny baby girl was born, and was named Pearl Vilate. Three years passed and on Pearl's third birthday August 6, 1891 Hazel was born. Can you imagine how busy Mother must have been? I am sure that often she hardly knew where to turn for help.

Once again she knew that she was to become a mother. All her plans were for a boy, and she decided to name him William. Then came the twenty-fourth of July. Mother was not well, but she helped gather the family together and made the trip into town with them. They had a long day of celebrating. Soon after reaching home Father had to re-hitch the team and drive back into town for Grandmother Stolworthy, who was a midwife, and had welcomed most of the other grandchildren into the world.³

For three days Mother tried to postpone the birth of the expected baby, but July 27, 1893 her seventh baby girl was born. When told that the baby was another girl, Mother, in her weakness remarked that she didn't want to see the little stink. I was that baby girl, and they named me Wilma as a compromise for the little boy who was to have been named William.

Less than two years later Mother again knew that she was to have another baby. She was not well and often was blue and discouraged. One day she saw her brother Silas coming. She was prompted to ask him to administer to her, but she put the thought from her. Uncle Silas had been very close to his sister Lydia, and was worried about her now. He was prompted to give her a blessing and promise her a baby boy. But when she did not ask for a blessing, he did not press the matter. About six weeks

³ Mother never had a doctor attend her at childbirth. She brought us each into the world with just the help of a midwife. She suffered all the pain necessary to bring us each into this world with no blessed ether or sedative to ease the pains. She paid dearly for each little life.

later, April 3rd, 1895 a red headed baby boy was born to her. When told of the arrival of the baby, he remarked, "I saw him six weeks ago."⁴

The older girls could hardly believe the good news. At first they thought Grandmother was just fooling them. We named him Jesse Henry. He was a lovely baby with his red hair and blue eyes. He seemed to sense as a small child the comfort his presence gave Mother. The next few years were filled with sickness, pain and sorrow. Jess would spend hours playing by Mother's bed, and she never tired of having him there.

During these years Mother gave birth to little Howard Ray, August 2, 1896. Huntington had an epidemic of yellow jaunders. Nearly every baby in the town died and Howard was among them. December 18, 1898 twin boys were born to her. They were named, Newel and Knolten. Baby Newel died the day after Christmas, and Knolten January 7, 1899. What a sad Holiday this must have been, both babies were near death, and Mother was heart-broken and ill.

I remember hearing her cry out in her grief that God wasn't just, and that there was no mercy anywhere. The only thing that saved her reason was my Father's care.⁵

Tillie and Lucy assumed most of the care of the house and the big little family. Tillie was a second mother to us younger children. I heard Lucy say not long ago, "I remember how hard we worked. How we got up early and washed and did the work before we went to school, but I still wonder who did the ironings."

All these years the family had lived in the log cabin with no conveniences of any kind. It must have been far too small for the family it must house. The farm was also less productive than at first.

Father became so worried about Mother that he decided to sell the home and move to Old Mexico, where Grandmother Young lived. There were other troubles too. The Federal Officers, who were hunting for those men who had more than one wife, were after Father. Often they made unexpected raids on the town of Huntington. I heard Father tell about these raids. At one time, a man Father had befriended turned against him and led the officers to our home. They came late one night and arrested

⁴ Lydia's brother Silas Smith Young (1863-1954) was the son of Lydia's father John R. and his first wife Albina Terry. Silas was ten months younger than Lydia Rosanna.

⁵ When we visited the old home last summer (1948) we saw the old graveyard where the little graves lay in a row, speaking more eloquently than words of these hard heart breaking years. We took a picture of it. My children were more touched by the rows of tiny graves than by any other thing. Ours was not the only family to be so visited with death. Another family near by had lost five children in a matter of hours with diphtheria.

Father. Mother was not well, but she asked if she could go out to the wood pile for some wood to rebuild the fire. They looked at her and thought that surely she could not go far, so they gave her permission to leave the house. Somehow she managed to run over to the closest house, give the warning that the officers were at our place and run back home again. She reached the house just as they were getting suspicious and gathering up a few sticks of wood, stumbled into the house. She said that she had fainted, and was so near it even then, that they believed her. They must have realized what she had done later because they found no other man at home as they went to make other arrests. The neighbor had mounted a horse and given the alarm to the other homes.

Huntington was no longer a place of refuge, so Father felt justified in moving. The home in town where Aunt Hannah lived was sold, and she and her children moved out on the farm near us. There was a brief period of hectic sewing, patching, packing and planning. Uncle Newel Young had been attending school at the Brigham Young Academy and was returning to Mexico. Here was a chance for Mother to go for a visit to her mother. She was not well enough to travel the long way by wagon. The rest of the family would follow in a few weeks.

Father took us to Price, where we boarded the train. This was our first sight of a train and when it came clanging and puffing up we were all frightened. To me it looked like a great big monster coming to take us away from Father. Jess was even more frightened and cried lustily. Father was telling us each goodbye, but he took Jess up and carried him onto the train. All too soon the Conductor was crying, "All aboard." Father gave us all a last kiss and jumped off the train, and we were on our way.

Trains in those days had none of the luxurious accommodations of today. As I remember them now, the seats were little and narrow. There were no berths. We had to sleep as best we could. We carried our food in a big basket, but I have no memory of what it contained. I know only, that this trip must have been an ordeal for Mother.

We were stopped on the border between the United States and Mexico for several days. The only place we could find to stay was in a Mexican house. Finally we were allowed to board the train and start the last lap of our trip. The train going down to Dublan was even more primitive than the one we had been traveling on. There was only one passenger car. We had to ride in the same car as the Mexicans, and they kept Mother worried by their persistent attention to Jess and his red hair.

Finally we reached Dublan where Grandmother lived. When the train stopped at the station the whole town was there to welcome Uncle Newel and Mother. Who can picture the meeting between mother and daughter? So much had happened in both of their lives. Mother had lost five of her

babies and had seen months of sickness. Grandmother had gone through years of neglect and separation from her husband. For awhile these experiences were forgotten by both, and they were happy in just being together once more.

Grandmother was living in a small adobe house when we arrived. Soon after Uncle Jesse Knight bought her a new home and she moved into it while we were with her. For the first time she had a home that she could be proud of.

Mother could see how hard it was to make a living in Mexico, so she wrote Father telling him that she thought it would be unwise to move there. He received the letter while he was visiting Grandfather Young in Fruitland, New Mexico.

Father had sold the farm in Huntington, and had loaded what he could into three wagons and started out to make a new home somewhere he and his family could find peace. Father drove one wagon and Lucy or Chastie the other.

Uncle Ace Palmer, Aunt Lue and their family joined Father in the search for a new home. When Mother's letter came they decided to buy a home on the San Juan. Both men liked the looks of the valley and many of the settlers had once lived in southern Utah, and were their friends. Uncle Ace and Father found and bought an eighty acre farm, called the Moss Farm. Here they unloaded their wagons and began the building of a new home.

There had been another sad experience in leaving Huntington. Tillie had lived there practically all her life. She was a young lady with many friends. She felt that it was unfair to ask her to leave them, especially her boy friend Ether Staker. So, a few days before the family left Tillie was married and stayed in Huntington. Mother and Tillie never saw each other again. Neither of them realized at the time that the separation would be so final. Mother always grieved because she was separated from Tillie and her family.

There was a three room adobe house on the farm bought by Father and Uncle Ace. Into this house both families moved, until Uncle Ace and Aunt Lue could build a new home, on the hill a short distance away.

Aunt Hannah became seriously ill. She had a miscarriage and dropsy set in. Sister Delia Alien, a practical nurse, took Aunt Hannah into her home and nursed and cared for her, but the knowledge of medicine was so limited that little could be done for her. She grew steadily worse and on September 30, 1899 she passed away, leaving, her husband and four children to mourn her loss. They were Chastie, Willard, Lottie and Carlos. Father wrote in his book that Hannah was a martyr to the principal of plural marriage.

Several of the last years of Aunt Hanna's life had been spent in hiding from the U.S. Deputies, who were constantly looking for the plural wives of the men wanted for polygamy. Father took her to Mancos, Colorado, where she lived for a few months. Mancos was too far away so Father soon brought her back. For awhile she lived with her mother in Orderville, but that was not safe for either her or Father, so she returned to Huntington. Mother told me in later years that Aunt Hanna suffered untold mental agony, for fear she would be found and forced to testify against Father, and that he might be sent to jail.

When Father was away on a freighting trip, as he often was, she and her children would come out to the farm to stay with us. We would all watch the road leading from the highway to our farm for a sight of his wagon. When we would see him coming we would hurry to tell Mother and Aunt Hannah and away we would all go to meet him. Mother and Aunt Hannah always had a young baby to carry, so away we younger children would run to meet him. He would stop and one by one lift us into the wagon give us each a hearty kiss and then drive on to meet his waiting wives. When he would reach them he would get out, one of the girls would drive the wagon on, while Father with an arm around each of his wives, 'girls' as he called them, would walk back to the house. What a happy evening we would have, nothing mattered now, "Father was home."

I must have noticed Aunt Hannah one of these times standing with Carlos in her arms for always I see that picture of her as I think of her. She was a lovely wife and Mother, and Mother loved her as a sister. We were greatly grieved when the news came telling of her death. This news meant that our vacation was over. We must say goodbye to Grandmother and join Father in the new home.

I always remember our trip to visit Grandmother as the most thrilling experience of my life. Mother's health had improved, and we had known the love and care of a devoted Grandmother. It was hard to say goodbye, but we were anxious to see Father and our new home, and childlike we soon forgot the unhappiness of parting in the anticipation of soon being with Father again.

We had to make the trip home alone; there was no Uncle Newel to help us across the border or to entertain us with stories. We could go only as far as Gallup on the train. Father was to meet us there with his team and wagon. His trip over the dreary reservation had taken longer than he expected, so when the train pulled into the station there was no father there to meet us. Mother was frantic. What could she do? She finally found a room we could stay in for a few days. All we could do was wait and pray. One day a wagon stopped in front of the house where we were staying, it was men selling apples. Joy of joys, one of the men was Father. We were

soon loaded into one of the wagons, and early the next morning we started for home.

This trip was new and different, for we must cross the Navajo reservation. All along the way we would see Indians riding their ponies or a group of women herding sheep. We were afraid because we had never seen an Indian before, and we had heard such scary stories about them. It took several days to plod our way slowly across that desert waste.

Finally in the distance we saw a large rock like a ship anchored in the sea of sand. Father told us that it was called Shiprock, and that our new home was not so far away from it. The weary miles dragged on, until we finally passed the ship of rocks and came to a big river. We had never seen a really large river before and we were worried when we were told that we must cross it. When we finally came to a place where we could ford the river and were safely across it, we could see the road still going on and on. We finally came to the top of a big sand hill and saw nestled below a three room adobe house, surrounded by large cottonwood trees, and Father told us that this was our new home.

THE NEW HOME

I have often wondered what thoughts went through my mother's mind as she saw this new home. She had left behind the little log cabin in Huntington; surely she had hopes and dreams of a new home that would house her family in comfort. But here was a typical Mexican house, built with adobes, with a mud roof. She had seen many of them on the trip that she had just finished. Inside it had wood floors and a board ceiling, and was plastered and white washed, but she did not know this when she first saw it. On the north were a front room and a bed room with a large fireplace between them. The front room had two fairly large windows, one at the north and one facing east. The bedroom was small with a window on the north and a hole in the west wall. In the early days of the valley Mr. Moss, who owned the home, had used this room as a post office.

In those early frontier days it was not safe to let a man come inside for his mail, as he might stage a hold up, so the mail was handed out through this small peep hole. This fact made us children look with added interest at this hole and we even staged mock battles from it ourselves. But to Mother it must have been a source of irritation. In cold weather it was almost impossible to keep it stuffed enough to keep out the cold winds, and in the summer it was impossible to keep out the flies as we had no screen to cover it with. The kitchen was a long narrow room, and the heat from the cook stove never penetrated the far end of the room. There was no door connecting the kitchen with the front room, so we always had to step

outside to go from one room to the other. In cold weather this was especially disagreeable. It was a blessing that Mother could not see all these defects as she looked down on this small home that must house her own and Aunt Hannah's family.

When she saw the motherless children waiting for her care she promised her self that she would be a good mother to them. And she was. People, who did not know our two families, never knew which were her own. There was the same as three pairs of twins under the age of eight, and the four older girls, besides herself and Father to be sheltered in these rooms. Some way we managed to get through the winters; the summers were not so bad. Each spring Father would build a shed over the space between the kitchen and front room. This made a cool shady sleeping room for the summer and long fall nights. We did much of our work out in this cool retreat during the summers too.

We had been in New Mexico less than a year when Luella was born, July 17, 1900. She was a sweet baby with red hair and big blue eyes. She was welcomed by the whole family, we all adored her. I remember Father used to call out in the morning, "The first one up can tend the baby." There would be a mad scramble and one of us would be victorious and glory in our victory.

The older girls soon found places to work in the different homes in the valley. And so to Allie and Pearl was left much of the work around the house. I asked each of the girls to send me some of their impressions of our family life. Pearl sent me this:

"Backward, turn backward O, years in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight.
Mother come back from that echoless shore,
Hold me in your arms again, just as of yore."

"Some of the things that stand out in the memory of my childhood, and our family life, may seem to future readers unimportant in the web of life, but to me it was what made our life the important thing it was. Life that if measured as we live today, was hard and withheld many of the pleasures and luxuries we all enjoy today. I am glad that Mother lived long enough to enjoy a few of our modern conveniences.

My early years spent in Huntington are not very clear in my mind. There are a few things that I recall. Our home was a small log house and we were never very well clothed, but we were as well off as most of our neighbors.

I remember the loving care Mother gave each of us. She always washed our faces, necks, and hands in a wash basin, placed on a chair or wooden bench. Father always had his turn too. I remember the gentle way her

hands moved over his face and neck; some times I missed this gentleness when she was washing my ears. She always trimmed Father's hair and whiskers too.

Our school clothes were always very sturdy and picked to take a lot of wear. We usually had one dress made of red domestic, and if we were lucky one of blue. Domestic was like denim except it usually had a white dot or figure on it. We were expected to wear one dress a whole week. Mother often washed and ironed on Saturdays so we could be clean again Monday.

I used to knit my own hose, except Mother would knit the heel and start the foot so I could finish it. Some of them would be of real gorgeous colors and stripes. When we could buy heavy black ribbed long hose we stopped knitting so much. Those boughten hose were darned, patched and repatched.

I remember once having a lovely red cashmere dress that had beautiful smocking on it done in blue. I was so proud of that dress. Mother loved beautiful things, and only bought us sturdy things because they were necessary. I had heavy hair and my curls were so long that I could sit on them. Mother spent many hours curling it. I also had bad spells of croup and earache, so I must have been quite a care to my parents.

Our home on the San Juan was small with only three rooms, and Father often used part of the Kitchen as a store room. He always kept a year's supply of flour and other things on hand. Much was required of Allie and me as we were the oldest girls at home. When I was in my teens I was very proud, and tried in many ways to make our home attractive and clean. Mother taught me to scallop paper in pretty ways to put on the shelves and around the mantle piece above our fireplace. I also made picture frames and a comb case from cardboard. Every scrap of colored paper or tinsel was saved for these purposes.

Mother never had a fear of contagious diseases. She always urged Father to go visit and administer in these homes if he were called by the Bishop to do so. We depended much more on the Elders in those days, as we had to depend on the Lord in our sickness. I never remember any of us catching a disease because of Father's visits to these homes. Mother always said, "Father is just doing his duty so no harm can come to us."

At one time there was an epidemic of smallpox in our valley. Mother heard that Henry Black was very ill. His mother was deaf and could not talk well. She tried with her limited knowledge to be a good mother, but she knew little about sickness. She knew that she must keep Henry warm so she had stuffed every crack or opening with paper, even the key hole. Mother insisted that Father go visit her and take Allie and I along to stay with her if she needed us. She told us to see that Henry had plenty of fresh air, and to let him drink plenty of cold water. When we stepped into the little one

roomed home a wave of hot stale air almost made us ill. Poor Henry was so swollen with the smallpox that he could hardly see and did not look like himself. Father administered to him and visited with Sister-Black for awhile, and then he left. Allie and I persuaded Sister Black to lie down and rest for awhile. When she dropped off to sleep we pulled out a few of the rags so fresh air could come in and waited on Henry. He was very bashful and shy and embarrassed because we had seen him at his worst. But he got better and we often laughed at the way we had doctored him."

--Pearl Stolworthy McGee

My own early remembrance of these days was of the amount of work that had to be done. All the water we used had to be hauled from the river or ditch in barrels. I can even remember days when we had to carry water in buckets to do our washing in. I can see Mother trudging along with us, her shoulders stooped with the weight of the bucket. One of the best well worn trails on the farm was the one to the river.

The washings had to be done on the washboard, and the clothes were heavy and hard to handle. We would all take turns, scrubbing, though I am sure that Mother did the lions share if she was able to do any at all. The ironings were done with the old sad-irons, heated on the kitchen stove. Every time a fresh hot iron was needed, it meant a trip to the stove, then back to the ironing board. An "ironing" was a real task in those days, and consumed many of our precious hours.

Then there were the huge batches of bread to be mixed and baked, the meals to be cooked and the dishes to be washed. Floors were not covered with carpets or linoleum, but were bare and had to be scrubbed on our knees with a scrub brush with plenty of lye and soap added so they would be white.

In the fall the threshers would be at our home for a day or so, and with the threshers came most of the neighbors. It was the task of the women to feed this group of hungry men. Each home vied with the other in serving banquet like meals. The older girls were home for these days, so we younger children would slip away to watch the miracle of the threshing grain. The threshers were huge machines; they were furnished power by eight or ten horses which must go slowly round and round all day. One man was always there with a whip to step up any horse that might lag behind.

All the neighboring men took time out to help. They would furnish a team or a man or be there themselves to do whatever task needed to be done. The tables were set out in the shade of the big trees. One of us must stand guard with a leafy branch to keep the flies away. These flies worried Mother, and every summer she waged a losing battle with them. We thought them a necessary evil, and knew of no way to combat them, except to use a fly swatter to kill them. Yet we never knew of a case of polio in our

valley until years later, when we lived in town and had every thing well screened.

Although Mother had poor health and a big family to do for, she still made our home a place where courage, loyalty, happiness and faith held sway. It was a sanctuary of peace. Here we knelt both morning and evening in humble supplication to our Father in Heaven. We expected so much from Him; food, clothing, protection and restored health. We even asked that He temper the winds and the rains to our needs, and always took as a blessing the radiant sunshine He sent, and without which we could never have lived.

I remember also the big fireplace around which much of our family life revolved. Mother worn out with her long hard day's work would lie down on the bed in the front room to rest; and Father would take over. He would seat himself in the one big rocking chair, and then Lottie and I would perch on one leg, with Jess and Carlos on the other. Luella would cuddle down on his lap, and then with a smile of contentment on his face he would rock and sing us all our favorite hymns. When sleep would begin to make our eyelids heavy, we would kneel together and thank our Heavenly Father for the days care. We would then crawl into bed somewhere and dream of happy days ahead.

In this way the days, weeks, months and years passed by. There were days of sickness when we children were banished from the front room, and Mother would lie sick and wasted. Twice tiny babes were born to her, only to breathe a few breaths of life and then lie cold and still. I remember one of these times, Mother was so very ill that we despaired of her life. It was then that the Elders of the Church came silently in, knelt around her bed and pleaded with the Lord to spare her to us for awhile longer. At this time, Aunt Norah Young, like an angel of mercy came to our home and nursed Mother for weeks until she took fresh courage and slowly began to mend.

The old San Juan River had for many years been cutting away at its banks and was coming nearer and nearer to the old farm home. There had been nights in the years past when its bed had been so swollen with floods that we with other families had slept at the little old school house, or at Aunt Lue's home on the hill above our own home.

Finally Father decided to buy a home in town. He knew it would be better for Mother, and she deserved above all else a few years in a home that could offer her some comfort. So the old home was left behind, but not sold. Lucy and Roy lived there a few months, and then it was left vacant until the big flood came and the waters of the river surrounded it and the sturdy walls melted and tumbled in.

"Our old home had four walls to keep out the wind,
A roof to keep out the rain, floors to keep out cold,
Yes, but it had far more than that,
It had the laugh of a baby, the song of a mother,
The strength of a father, warmth of loving hearts,
Light from happy eyes, kindness, loyalty, comradeship.

Our home was our first school, and our first church.
It was here we learned what was right,
What was good, and what was kind.
It was there we went for comfort when we were hurt or sick,
Where joy was shared and sorrow eased,
Where Father and Mother were respected and loved,
Where children were wanted,
Where the simplest food was good enough for kings,
Because it was earned.
Where even the kettle sang from happiness.
That was our home. God bless it."

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

Mother had many friends and neighbors, and I can mention only a few that touched her life most intimately. Like all small communities every one seemed more like relatives than just friends. We were taught by Mother to call the older people of the valley Aunt and Uncle, this was her way of teaching us to respect those who were older.

Aunt Lue Palmer was perhaps the dearest friend Mother ever had. The two young girls had met in Orderville when they were both young. Aunt Lue was Father's younger sister and had been called to help at the dairy when Father was there at the head of the O.U.D. Cattle Company. Of course it was only natural that she and Mother should be very close during these busy days. Later, Aunt Lue married Asael Palmer, Mother's cousin, and the two young couples continued their work at the dairy.

A few years after we had moved to Huntington, Aunt Lue and Uncle Ace bought a farm out near our home, and our two families became almost like one. We, children, were of corresponding ages which meant that we always knew where to go to find a playmate or a place to play where we would be sure of a welcome.

Aunt Lue was our nurse if any of us were ill, and in all of Mother's many illnesses it was to her we turned for help. It was she who came if Mother needed help, whether it was a birth, or a death. It was she who helped prepare the little bodies for burial, or stood by to comfort Mother in the

hard days that followed until Mother would find courage to go on living. My first memories were of her during these hard days when Mother needed a friend so badly.

When we left Huntington the ties had become so strong between the two families that Aunt Lue and Uncle Ace decided to cast their lot with us and go to a new country and find a new home. When we reached the San Juan Father and Uncle Ace bought the Moss farm and divided it between the two families. Uncle Ace built a home on the sand hill just a short distance from us, which became a second home to each of us.

It was Aunt Lue who helped Mother start a small primary, so we might not be deprived of this privilege. Together the two women would trudge the mile or so to the small school house where our meetings were held.

Sometimes a kind coal trucker would stop and give us all a ride home in his wagon, and then marvel when we all got off at the same house. They did not know that under the hill nestled another small home.

I remember that Mother and Aunt Lue worked together to give Father a surprise party on one of his birthdays. We smuggled the cakes and pies up to Aunt Lue's and then after the chores were done Mother coaxed Father to go with her to see his sister. The guests were already there seated in the front room and as Father entered they shouted, "Surprise." It was a nice party and Father was very pleased.

For many years Father was the Superintendent of the Sunday School, and every Sunday morning he would hitch up the team to the wagon and our two families would pile in and start on the long ride to Sunday School. There was always room for any one else who needed a ride and by the time we reached the meeting house in Fruitland there would hardly be standing room.

Aunt Lue was still our nurse, and it mattered little whether it was mumps, measles or small pox; Aunt Lue watched over us and gave wise and thoughtful instructions. She was a natural nurse, and in later years she assisted the midwife or Doctor as the grand-babies arrived. Many a baby in Kirtland was brought into the world by her alone.

When we moved down to Kirtland, Aunt Lue and family moved too, and again we were close neighbors. Here we grew up and one by one left the home nests for places of our own. Her son Ray became seriously ill with typhoid, and we watched her valiant fight to save his life, but he slipped away. Mother tried during these weeks to repay Aunt Lue for the years of service she had given us. Mother and Father were there when he passed away and Mother helped plan the funeral.

During those long years I never remember a quarrel that involved Mother and Aunt Lue. We had the usual quarrels of all children, but they never took sides or entered into the disagreements in anyway.

Perhaps the time we needed Aunt Lue most was during Mother's last sickness. She was in and out of our home every day. She knew Mother so well that anything she did was sure to bring comfort and relief to Mother's pain wracked body. She was with us most of the time that last day as we watched the grim reaper prepare to take our Mother back home with him.

Mother never knew the love of a real sister, but in Aunt Lue she had both a sister and a friend. All through their lives they shared their joys and sorrows as well as their worldly goods.

Mother had never lived near her father until we moved to San Juan. Grandfather had always loved her, but the misunderstandings between him and grandmother had tended to separate father and daughter. Now that he lived near he did many kind acts that helped erase the memories of those other years, and Mother found it good to forget the past hurts, and receive instead her Father's love.⁶

I remember one day he drove up to our home and came in carrying a big rocking chair as a gift to Mother. She was very happy to have him thus remember her, and many an hour she spent propped up in it, when she was so tired of her bed. Then too, it added much to our family life. Nights the baby slept in it, and evenings, Father sat and rocked us in it as he sung our favorite songs.

Another time he bought mother a horse and buggy, so she would not have to walk to her Primary and other meetings. This saved many a long walk, but there was one draw back--old Baldy was old and very slow. We had to start a half hour early if we expected to get to the meetings on time. He had one other bad habit too; he had been an army horse and whenever he heard a loud noise he would lie down in the shafts, and we would have a time getting him up and on his way again. We always left him home and took some other horse if we could have one.

Grandfather's wife, Aunt Tamar, was very kind to us as a family. Many times we went to Grandfather's for our Sunday dinner, which saved us a long ride back to the farm. I have wondered many times how she found time to take care of her family and still feed the many visitors who frequented her home. Grandfather was never happier than when he was host to his many friends, but thinking back I cannot remember seeing Aunt Tamar sit down to a meal with him.

Mother loved and sympathized with her sister May, whose husband had been drowned in the San Juan River, leaving her with four small children to raise. Many times she left her own work to go down and help Aunt May, and if she could not go herself she would send Allie or Pearl. Aunt May's two

⁶ Grandmother (Lydia Knight Young) died in Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico on May 8, 1905. Mother (Lydia Rosanna) moved to the San Juan country in October 1899 and died there on December 29, 1915.

oldest boys were often visitors in our home. I remember so well the night Claud came to our house seriously ill with typhoid fever. He had been working with his uncles in Colorado, when they saw that he was ill they had sent him home with someone coming our way. It was dark when he came to our place, and Mother was shocked as she saw him standing there, so quickly she brought him in and put him to bed. The next morning Father hitched up the team and he and Mother took Claud home to his mother. Mother was at Aunt May's home often during the next few weeks, but little could be done for Claud and a new sorrow came to Aunt May, as Claud died. As a family we were unhappy about his death as he had been so close to us.

Years later, when Aunt May was living in Provo, Clark was hurt by a runaway team and brought to Farmington to the hospital. I remember that Mother called in a group of the neighbors and we held a special prayer meeting in his behalf. When he died, Mother had his body brought to our home until the funeral was held, and Bertha, his young wife, stayed on with us for a few days and Mother did all she could to comfort her.

Another close friend and co-worker was Bishop James Ashcroft. He was Bishop of the Burnham Ward when we moved to Olio, as it was then called. He was a man who took his calling seriously and all the people of our little Ward loved him. Father gave to Bishop Ashcroft the same loyal support that his father had given to Pres. Brigham Young. There were difficult problems to settle, and Bishop Ashcroft came often to our home to talk over these problems with Father. I remember that quite often Mother would fix breakfast for the two men and that they would talk over these problems as they ate and then each man would go his busy way.

Our little community was becoming quite prosperous under the leadership of Bishop Ashcroft. Then came a day in June when disaster struck our little town. I remember that we were on our way to attend a program in honor of President Brigham Young's birthday. We were just below the Kennedy hill when we saw a man on a horse riding toward us. We sensed at once that something terrible had happened. When he saw Father he stopped and told us that there had been an explosion across the river, where Bishop Ashcroft was working on a Government job, and that Bishop Ashcroft's body had been hurled into the river. Father with other men hurried to the scene of the accident to recover the body. I remember the gloom that settled over our valley for he was known and loved by all. I have often thought that we felt that day much as the saints in Nauvoo felt when word came of the Prophet's death.

I remember the many, many people both in the church and out who came to his funeral. It was one of the largest ever held in our valley. He left three wives with their families of small children to mourn his loss. His first wife, Maggie, was one of Mother's close friends. In the weeks and months

that followed his tragic death Mother helped in many ways to ease the grief of this fine woman. I remember many a day that Aunt Maggie and her children would trudge over the old sand hill to spend the day with us on the farm. Mother and Aunt Maggie would work and visit while we, children would play.

June 1908 came and with it a lot of sickness in the valley. Lizzie Ashcroft, a widow of Bishop Ashcroft, became very ill. The Doctor said that she had a bad case of scarlet fever. She was brought to Aunt Maggie's home and isolated in one of her bedrooms. As I remember it Aunt Maggie was caring for the sick children but there was no one to care for Lizzie. As soon as Mother heard of Lizzie's sickness, she left us in Father's care, and went herself to care for this widow in her hour of need. Lizzie grew steadily worse until June 10th when she died. Neighbors bought and made her clothes and the casket and brought them to the home. Mother washed and dressed her for burial, and cared for the body. In those days we had no undertakers, but had to do all these things by ourselves. We used to keep cloths wet in saltpeter on the face and hands so they would not turn dark. The body was never kept long, but sometimes it would take at least a day or two to get things ready, so two or three women would sit with the body to do what little could be done. But with Lizzie Mother was alone, while she was sitting in the room waiting for the night to pass, she heard a scratch on the window. She was startled and after it was repeated several times she decided to investigate, and found that it was Brother Ruby. He had heard that Mother was alone and had come to be with her. She was afraid he might get the dread disease so she would not let him in, but he sat outside the doorstep until morning came. The men came "and took the body out to the cemetery early for burial and a quiet funeral sermon. Mother stayed on until the children were better, then she cleaned and disinfected the room, washed herself, put on disinfected clothing and came home. There was never anything said or done by Mother over these acts of kindness, when they were over she promptly forgot them.

All these events helped to cement a friendship between our family and Walter Ashcroft's. His wife Abbie was one of Mother's best loyal friends. The two women spent many happy years working in the primary, and Abbie was ever ready to follow where ever Mother might lead. I remember one of Abbie's specialties was chocolate cake and ice cream, and many times a whole cake and a freezer of ice cream was shared with our family. Then there was Ardel, who was like a sister to Hazel and I. Later she married our cousin, Ray Palmer, and after his death she was like one of the family. We spent days at the Ashcroft home and we were always welcome.

Even before Lucy and Roy were married, we knew and liked Aunt Betsy and his sister Sadie. They too became a part of our family, and after Aunt

Betsy's death Sadie was a sister and her girls our nieces. Lottie stayed with Sadie a lot and tended her babies for her.

A few years after we moved to the San Juan a family named McGee moved to the valley and bought a farm. They were converts to the Church from the South, and were soon very active in the Ward. Pearl later married their son Carr and in other ways our families were close in activities that we both took part in. We were all sad when as a family they decided to move up into Idaho, and when Pearl went with them we were almost heart broken.

I think the friend Mother admired most, was a Sister Phoebe Guymon. She represented all the things in life that Mother hungered for, a knowledge of good books, love of music and a talent of being a good teacher. Mother asked her to be the chorister in our primary and from this association grew a lasting friendship.

When Grandmother died Mother received a few hundred dollars from the estate and with part of it she bought an organ. Then she insisted that I take music lessons from Sister Guymon, I am sure that her charges were small or we could never had saved the money to pay for the lessons. I loved music too and soon learned to play most of the hymns sung in Primary and Sunday School. And in my appreciation for the opportunity to study music I promised myself that I would give freely of my time to the church wherever my music was needed. After a few years I was organist for both primary and Sunday school.

Mother loved to hear me play, and she also liked the young people to gather at our place to play and sing. Then there were times when I played for her alone; she would lie and listen and appreciate my music as no one else ever did. My mistakes never bothered her; she heard only the harmony of the chords.

We had not been on the San Juan long when a young couple, who had joined the church in far off Sweden, came to America and eventually located in Kirtland. They were Hyrum and Gerda Hendrickson. Mother took them into her circle of friends and before long became a second mother to Sister Hendrickson. Whenever there was a new baby expected or sickness, some one of our family was with them. And when Brother Hendrickson was called back to his native country as a missionary, Father took over his farm and did the necessary work to raise the crops and keep things going.

Another family mother adopted was Roy and Viola Kennedy. They were not members of the church, but that did not matter to Mother, unless back of her friendship for them was a desire to teach them the gospel by actions rather than words.

Viola was especially glad for Mother's offer of friendship, as she had no mother, and was among strangers. Mother extended her great love not only to include Viola but her children as well. Some one of us girls worked for

the Kennedy family until we were all grown or otherwise employed. We were always treated as one of the family. And this work brought in needed money for clothing and shoes that otherwise we might have gone without. Then too, Viola gave other things that she knew we could use.

She supplied Mother with crochet cotton and yarn to make articles of fancy work, and useful articles such as stockings and caps and bonnets, for babies. Mother loved to create beautiful things with her fingers. Especially did it help to pass the long hours when she was not able to do other and harder work. This hobby of hers opened up a field of service that she truly loved and enjoyed, I'm sure that she never sold a piece of her work, but gave it to her friends and neighbors. Many of her pieces of work went back to Viola, who had furnished the material in the first place.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy counted mother as their best friend as long as she lived, and I am sure that Viola grieved as much at her death as any of her family. The only flower that she received at her death was the blossoms from a geranium plant that Viola picked and sent. We tucked these blooms into her hand as she lay sleeping.

Among the early settlers on the Kirtland mesa were Jimmie Washburn, his wife and family. Sister Washburn had been named for grandmother Young, this fact alone made mother offer her friendship to them. I remember the many Sundays that they and their family came to our home for dinner, and we went just as often to their home. As our friendship grew with the years, Hazel and Francis went with each other and later were married in the Salt Lake Temple.

One of her best friends in time of sickness was Sister Abbie Young, wife of Apostle Brigham Young Jr. She was a mid-wife as well as a practical nurse, and so when ever we had sickness Sister Young was sent for. She would come into our home and lose herself in her service to the sick. I have seen her sit over the sick bed for a week at a time, hardly taking time off to sleep or rest. And the money charged for such services was small indeed. I believe she would deliver the baby, and then come every day for ten days to wash and care for the baby and mother, and then only charge ten dollars, I am sure that her care, and the prayers of my Father, saved Mother from an earlier death many a time.

Another of Mother's kind friends was Dr. Walter Smith. He was always so kind to Mother and so interested. I have known him many a time to stop at our place and visit with Mother when no call had been sent. He would explain that he was just passing through and wanted to call. He often used to say, Mrs. Stolworthy, you must learn to rest." And she would always answer, "No, Doctor, I want to wear out, not rust out."

He came to our home the last evening she was with us. She knew him and thanked him for his kind care. He gave her a shot of morphine and she went to sleep and passed peacefully away some hours later.

I shall never forget the friendship and kindness of Aunt Cretia Black during Mother's last sickness. We lived near her, and she did those last few months what money could never repay. Mother was so weak and sick and her appetite became so poor, that we could hardly find anything that she could eat. Nearly every morning, rain or shine, Aunt Cretia would come in with a big smile, carrying a tray of toast, tea and other dainties and say, "Well, Lydia, here I am. I wanted to eat breakfast with you this morning," Then she would fix a table near Mother's bed and the two would eat breakfast. This was the only meal that Mother really ate.

I am sure that we never were able to thank Aunt Cretia enough, or make her understand what a help it was. I was busy teaching school and Luella was only in her teens and busy in school, and the things we fixed in a hurry never tempted her as the dainties Aunt Cretia brought in. So in her lovely cheerful way she helped us carry the burden of Mother's last sickness.

It would be impossible to mention all of Mother's friends, to do so I would have to mention each person in our San Juan Valley, for she was a friend to all and an enemy of none.

There was another family Mother helped that I want to mention. Just a half mile up the road lived the Pipkins family. There was a sort of mystery about this family and many of the valley people were not too friendly. Mother never let any rumors take away her responsibility of being a good neighbor. So when she knew that Sister Pipkins was expecting a baby, Mother visited and kept in touch with her.

The rest of her family were boys, so Sister Pipkin did not have much help. Her baby was born, it was a girl and they were very happy. About the third or fourth day she got up and did the washing. The next day we heard that Sister Pipkins was very sick. Mother immediately went up to help. When she could not be there Pearl or Allie stayed. Pneumonia developed and before many weeks Sister Pipkins died, leaving the little family without a mother. Mother stayed and helped until after the funeral and then she brought the baby girl home to care for until Brother Pipkins could find another home for her. Finally Sister Hatch offered to take the baby and Mother let her go because Father insisted.

CHURCH WORK AND DRAMATICS

One of Mother's first concerns after she was settled in the new home was religious opportunities for her children. There was a Sunday school down in the little white church in Fruitland, but what about primary?

While we were in Dublan with Grandmother we went to primary with her as she was the president. So when Mother left to go to Father Grandmother gave her a little pamphlet that had a series of lessons and stories for primary. Mother used this as the basis of her primary work.

I don't know that Mother was ever formally called as head of this first primary, but as she was such a good friend of Bishop Ashcroft, I imagine that she at least talked it over with him. She got permission to hold the meetings in the school house about a mile up the road. Here once a week were held primary meetings. Rain or shine Mother would gather us children together and we would walk the mile to the school house, then we would build a fire in the little potbellied stove and sit in a circle around it. Children from all the farms joined us until we had quite a group.

Here were taught lessons of honesty, loyalty, and clean beautiful living. Also here we learned to bear our testimonies. Mother or one of the other women, who helped her, would arise and bear their testimony, then each child would arise in his turn and say a few words. We learned early to express our feelings of gratitude and love to our Heavenly Father for His constant care.

In this work Mother had the help of Aunt Lue Palmer, Annie Black, and Abbie Ashcroft. All of them became especially dear to her because of their work together.

In connection with these primaries we often had parties for the families on the near by farms. I especially remember one Christmas when we had a big Christmas tree and each child received a gift and a bag of candy. Mother always planned these programs, often she would write a little play and with the help of some of the children she would present it. She loved to train us to take part in drills, and pageants. Many hours were spent training the children of the ward for these programs.

Her part in such programs later led to the forming of a Dramatic Association. Mother chose the plays, copied the parts, or had Pearl write the parts, as she was a very good writer. Then with the help of Father and Elmer Taylor they would choose the actors. Mother's part was to act as the prompter. She was very good at this and could always prompt in such a way that no matter what the mix up, it would be straightened out and go on with out the audience knowing that the mistake had been made.

Pearl writes of these times in this way:

"I loved any part that had to do with this Dramatic Association and copied part after part from the book that Mother bought and then kept as her own to use in prompting. I took part in a few plays, but they were usually small as Mother generally gave the leading parts to others, not of her own family.

I loved any part of it, even to prompting. Often the first reading rehearsals were held at our home, I would scrub the floors and wash the windows, polish the sewing machine, the wood bedstead and the rocking chair with kerosene oil (that was what every one used for furniture polish). The folks would crowd into our small front room, and the fun we would have trying out for the different parts. If Mother were ill, as she often was, she would direct from her bed. Father often protested, saying that she was not well enough, but she would still go on. As the plays got farther along, night after night Mother and Father would get in the wagon and be on their way to rehearsals. They would stop to pick up others who needed transportation."

Many of the ward membership gave loyal support as the money went to support any worthy project of the ward. Father generally played the part of a comedian, while Brother Taylor carried the part of the father. Some of those who took part often were, Brother and Sister Elmer Taylor, the McGee boys, Roy and Lucy, Cyril Collyer, Lucy and Grace Guymon, Grant and Eva Black, Allie and Pearl, Ethel and Loncie Tanner, Hattie and Al Foutz, June Foutz, Dan Christensen, Brother Bailey, who for a number of years taught school, and many others too numerous to mention. Also Johnie and Will Evans and Jess Biggs.

Later when I was a young girl Mother had to give up this work, but the money she had helped to raise had done much to build our new meeting house in Kirtland. Perhaps the greatest good of all was teaching the ward membership to create their own amusements, and then add to the enjoyment of its membership as a whole.

Mother also taught the Parent's class in Sunday school for many years. I remember when her heart was so bad that she could not walk the little way to the church, Father or Willard would carry her over. Long after she was too ill to teach they would say, "Come anyway, our classes are better just for having you there."

Our home was always open to visitors, especially at conference time. These conferences were the high light of our community life. Father was president of the High Council for many years, so often we would serve dinner to the whole High Council, while they held a meeting at the same time between regular meetings. I remember one time we run short of sugar, and as there was no store open, Mother went to Father with her problem. He

did not know what to do either, so he went back into the meeting with the problem unsolved. Mother decided to borrow some and so sent me after it. When it came time for dessert Father spoke up and warned the guests to go easy on the sugar as it was scarce, while right before them was a full sugar bowl. Mother had to admit that she had borrowed some and was very embarrassed. Afterwards she scolded Father for telling.

Another time President Grant was at our home for dinner. Mother served peaches we had canned for dinner, Pres. Grant asked for a second helping and she was again embarrassed as she had opened her last bottle of peaches, and there were no more.

Many times our house was full to over-flowing and the men and boys would have to sleep out on the haystacks. Mother could never turn anyone away and some way we fed and cared for them all. Father's heart was as big as the big outdoors where he grew up, so there was never any limit to his invitations.

We held conference Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Generally Monday was used as a day of contests in ball games and basketball. Saturday or Monday night a play by the ward would be presented, followed by a dance. So our company generally came Friday night and stayed until Tuesday morning. We were always as glad to see them go as we were to see them come. The next Conference it would be our turn to go and others would entertain us.

Perhaps the most wonderful thing that happened to Mother and Father was the time they with a few other couples received a special call to go to the Temple in Salt Lake and receive their second washing and anointing. Mother was ill at the time but she would go, so Father fixed a bed in the bottom of the wagon, and they started out for Mancos, Colorado where they were to take the train with the group, who were going. She was better when they reached Mancos and made the trip all right, and received this special blessing that very few people are privileged to receive in this life.

SCHOOLS

One of the greatest disappointments to Mother in our new home in New Mexico was the schools. When we first went there school was held only three months in a year. New Mexico was only a territory and so had little money for schools. It seemed that we would forget all we had learned the previous year by the time school started the next winter.

Mother often boarded the teachers, as well as take care of her family. I remember two of these teachers especially, they were from the east. Mr. Shea was the principal of our school. He came west for his health. Mother

took him into our home to board, and tried hard to help him regain his health. Later he went to Farmington to teach and he became seriously ill, and passed away. When Mother heard of his death she went up to Farmington and met his mother and tried to comfort her. The lady teacher, Miss Smith, came west for the change. She was a lovely girl and became a very good friend of our family.

One other teacher to board at our home was a Mr. Robert Woods. As he lived in Farmington he was a good friend to our family all his life. During World War I his wife, Mabel Woods also lived at our home while she taught our school. These friendships with, people not of our faith taught us a lesson in tolerance.

New Mexico was not a State until January 6th, 1912. The men of our community and valley worked hard to get statehood for New Mexico. They realized that it would help improve the state schools and bring about less illiteracy, one thing which made it hard for New Mexico to gain her statehood. We were very happy as a family when word finally came that New Mexico had been admitted as a state.

Our home was generally the place where the County Superintendent of school stayed while he was visiting our part of the country. In those days trips had to be made in buggies and so it took two days for the visits.

After statehood came our schools improved a lot. We had at least seven months of school and if possible eight. But pay was poor. I remember when I taught my first term I was paid thirty-five dollars a month, however, the last year I taught I was paid seventy-five a month.

One of the first things I did was to buy Mother a carpet for our front room. One day while she was gone Father and I put it down, and I will never forget how her face brightened as she saw it. It was the first time she had ever had a boughten rug, always before she had had only board floors covered with home made carpets, linoleum rug for the kitchen. And before Mother died I had bought a piano, which took the place of the little organ.

Then one winter our stake decided to feature a church school for our part of the country. Mother's brother, Newel had moved from Mexico to Kirtland, he was a school teacher and needed employment so he was hired. Mother was happy indeed, at last some one of her family was to be near for her to visit and enjoy, then too it would mean that her children were to have the privilege of attending high school.

Uncle Newel's health was not good and before the winter was over he had to give up the school, and moved up into Utah. The Church also felt that it was not wise to finance the school, and so we only had this opportunity for one winter.

During the winter Father was taken ill with appendicitis; at the time there was no one in Farmington who could perform such an operation. The

appendix ruptured and Father was very very ill. Mother was sick when he first became ill, but she got up out of her sick bed and took care of him.

Many of our good neighbors came to help us; I remember that Brother Tanner and Biggs took turns staying nights with Father. Brother Tanner too, often slipped Mother a dollar to help meet expenses.

Finally the Elders of the church came in and gave Father a special blessing; Brother Hyrum Taylor sealed the anointing. He said that Father's case was being considered in the courts of Heaven and that it had been decided that he was to stay for a while longer. He began to mend and was soon well.

Soon after this we heard that Uncle Howard Young, Mother's brother, had died in Dublin. He was married to Alice Hawkins and had two children, a boy and a girl. Mother was sad, of course, to hear of his death. A few years later when the Mormons were driven out of Mexico, his wife and her children came to our house and lived for a year. Mother liked Aunt Alice so much, and would have liked her to stay longer but she thought she could get better work in Utah and so joined Uncle Newel and his family, later she went to live with her brother Willard. She later moved to Provo and after Mother's death I came to Provo to attend the B.Y.U. and met Willard and after his mission we were married.

PARTINGS AND BIRTHS

In our San Juan home was received news of many births of grandbabies. First came word that to Tillie and Ether had been born a baby boy, named Glen. Mother wept because she could not be there to tend the little fellow. We, children, were proud because we were aunts and uncles. Next we heard they had been blessed with a baby girl, named Pearl. In the next few years were added Lydia Elizabeth, Ruby Alice, Alma Opal, Nina Valera, Vera and Elva, who was born just a short time after Mother's death.

June 1902, Lucy married young Roy Burnham. The whole house was clean and shining. The floors had been freshly scrubbed and the cupboards were loaded with good things to eat. Friends and family members gathered to see the wedding. Bishop Ashcroft, a close friend, performed the ceremony. I was so thrilled by it all, and I could not understand Mother's tears.

On Easter day, April 12, 1903, a baby girl was born to them. I can remember so well how happy we were when the news came. To Roy and Lucy were also born: Vera, Lois, Roseanna, Leola and then a baby boy, Roy Burton. Lucy lived near us all these years and we all helped her tend the babies as each joined the family circle.

In 1905 came sad news from Old Mexico. I remember one day we went up to get the mail from the mail box, one letter was edged in black. We thought it very pretty and different and so hurried home to show it to mother. We had no idea what a letter edged in black meant, and were unprepared for Mother's tears when she saw it. She sent us running for Father. When we got back we found her almost hysterical, the letter had said that Grandmother had died May 8th, 1905 at her home in Dublan, of pneumonia. There I remember they told of the many flowers that had been brought. They had spelled "Aunt Lydia", in flowers near the casket. All this comforted Mother, but she grieved for months over her Mother's death. There had been comfort in the thought that the last years of her life had been spent in a comfortable home surrounded by loving friends.

Tillie and Ether had moved to Idaho to make their home. Tillie wrote asking that Allie come up and visit. Not long after Allie left New Mexico, for Idaho. Mails were slow in those days and Mother became sick with fear. She was sure something had happened to Allie, but not so long after a letter came saying that she had arrived safely. February 6, 1907, she was married to Robert Wade. They made their home in Idaho. To them were born three girls, Lois, Vivian, and Ethel, and a son named Lorin.

Two years later young Carr McGee, who had lived in our valley, came back for a visit, and asked for Pearl's hand in marriage. The folks liked him and so gave their consent. Mother was happy to know that at last one of her girls was to be married in the Temple. I remember well the day they left Farmington for Salt Lake. They went on to Nampa, Idaho, where for a few years they made their home. Their oldest son was born in Idaho, they called Melvin. Later they decided to move back to New Mexico. Pearl came first. The next morning after Carr's arrival Roscoe was born. This was my first experience with the birth of a baby. Mother was away, and I had to help, and it was an experience that I shall never forget. Sister Abbie Young was the midwife. A couple of years later Jewel was born.

Chastie had gone to Orderville to live with her Mother's people. She married Israel Esplin. They came back to the old farm to visit. They spent a few weeks with us and when they left for there Lottie accompanied them. Mother loved Lottie as her own, but both she and Father felt that Chastie in Utah could give her more and better advantage than New Mexico had to offer.

The family was growing smaller now, and it was about this time that we moved from the old farm to the new home in Kirtland. This move meant much to us all. Willard was called on a mission to the Southern States. He was a very good missionary. I remember how proud Father was when he received a letter from Pres. Callis. In it he said, "I wish I had a hundred

Stolworths". He finished his mission and returned home. Soon after he was married to Ethel Tanner, and to them was born a baby girl named Rhea.

In 1911 Hazel was married to Francis Washburn. Francis went with his people to Blanding, Utah to take up a homestead. Hazel stayed with us until he had things ready so she could join him. In June 1912, a baby girl was born to them. They named her Lydia for both of her grandmothers. Just thirteen months later another daughter, Vivian was born to them. Hazel and Francis came home the next winter and lived with us. It was a happy winter, but Mother missed the babies so much when they left, that she said, "never again." She had taken almost the complete care of little Lydia, and it was like losing one of her own. When they moved the winter of 1915 they came home again with a new baby boy, named Kenneth. They lived in the old College home this winter. At Christmas Mother was taken seriously ill and they were there when she passed away.

Jess married Lula Gillespie at Kline, Colorado, they had no baby when Mother died but Delila was born the January after her death.

There was at home now only myself and Luella. Carlos had gone to southern Utah to work for Chastie's husband. He was called on a mission to the Central States and was there when mother died.

Mother's health had been failing for years, but this winter of 1915, she was never well. Early in December she had the flu and her heart began to fail. She could not walk across the floor with out it beating so hard that she could hardly speak. She finally gave up and went to bed. Each day we could tell that she was growing weaker and weaker. I was teaching school and had to be away from home for hours at a time. When father could not be at home I would run over during recess and always went home to prepare dinner for her.

Finally the week before the Christmas holidays she was so ill that the school board let me discontinue school and care for her. The girls were good to come stay, but they each had their families of little folk and she was so weak that she could not stand the noise of the children.

Christmas was always an important day at our home so we went ahead making the usual preparations. Mother had been sick so many times, and then recovered, that we could not imagine her leaving us.

Christmas day came. Early in the morning the grandchildren who had made a habit of coming down to show grandma and grandpa their presents, came in. This made Christmas a happy day for us, even though there were no small children in the home. But this Christmas Mother paid no attention to them. She seemed to be in sort of a stupor. We tried to arouse her interest but she failed to respond. Disappointed, the kiddies left for their separate homes. Fear for the first time entered our hearts, for we knew

now that she was seriously ill. The grandchildren were her one interest. She loved each one, and was never tired of caring for them or doing nice little things for each one.

The next few days came and went with each of us realizing more each hour that her time was short. The last day as the children came in she told them each goodbye. She said that she was going sometime during the night, her mother was coming for her. A night or so previous she had told Luella and I that her mother had been to see her. She said that Grandmother had been given the privilege of choosing a new spirit to be born to one of mother's children. As soon as this was taken care of she would be back to take Mother home with her.

Early in the evening she became very restless and seemed in more pain, so we called Dr. Smith. He came down and gave her a hypo and she quieted down. Gradually her breathing became slower and slower until at the last we could hardly tell when she left us. All of us, except Tillie and Allie were with her when the valiant spirit took its flight.

The neighbors came and helped prepare her body for burial. In those days we made the clothing and took complete charge of the body until the burial took place. Willard insisted on buying her a lovely casket, instead of having one made. It was our first experience with a boughten casket, and it helped a lot to lay her away in a beautiful bed. She had so little blood in her body that there was no rigid-stiffness present. She lay there like she was sleeping.

The funeral was sad. The only stove smoked until all the windows had to be opened for awhile, so the church was cold. Beautiful tributes were paid to her life here on this earth, and her hours of service for all her friends. Then we started the long cold ride to the cemetery, and there in the bleak, winter snow clad ground we left her body.

We were grateful indeed for our faith in the gospel, and the knowledge it gave us that we would all meet again. Ethel took us all home with her and served us a nice hot supper. Then Father, Luella and I went home alone, but we found that some kind neighbors had been there and cleared all traces of her death from the rooms. A nice hot fire was burning in the stove, so it seemed almost as if Mother were near watching over us.

This verse typifies her life:

There is a destiny that makes us brothers;
None goes his way alone;
All that we send into the life of others
Comes back into our own.

--Wilma Stolworthy



*1899 (left)
1948 (above)*

Lydia Rosanna and Wil