

History of William H. Calvert
Written by Bessie Fordham Edwards

I, William H. Calvert was born February 22, 1875 at Calvert Farms, Omaha, Nemaha County, Nebraska. I am sure that I was born at home, as was the custom in the early days with a mid-wife assisting.

There has been some uncertainty as to the H. in my name. Some thinking it was Harvy and others Hyrum. I was endowed as William Harvy, but this year Douglas and Lynda Fackrell, my daughter Louise's son and wife, located my records and found it to be William Hyrum Calvert.

This was strange because my one full brother was Hiram Calvert, who was born the 4th of August 1873 just 18 months before me. He died in June 1875, being less than two years old. I was four months old, and it is felt that when one child died, the custom was to name the next one, of the same sex, the same name as the one that died. It is not known if this is the case, but we feel it was.

My fathers name was William Ross Calvert he was born April 6, 1856. He was also born in Ohio. He married Celestia Caroline Sailors July 18, 1872 in Richardson County, Nebraska. He died 16 June 1946 in Reno, Nevada, and was buried June 20, 1946 in Reno, Nevada at the Mountain View Cemetary.

My mother was born 8th of August 1875 at Ashland, Wabash, Indiana. She died 12 July 1931 at Milford, Utah, and was buried 14 July 1931 at Greenville, Utah..

Not too much was known of my mother and father, except they were very poor. He apparently wanted to run from his debts, and when my mother refused, he took the team of horses and left at dark of night. She later divorced him on grounds of desertion.

My mother worked for people, doing washing and house work, many hours a day to try to feed and cloth the children, often going hungry herself.

She later met and married Orrice Francis Murdock. They were sealed the 24th of December 1876. To this marriage, I had three half sisters and four half brothers. They are:

1. Celestia Dora Bell Murdock
born 30 January 1878-Mires Farm, Nemaha, Nebraska. She died 11 January 1930.
2. George Warren Murdock
born 27 January 1881 in Dingry Hollow, Nemaha, Nebraska. He died 9th December 1902.

3. Joseph Franklin Murdock
born 13th February 1885 in Palisade, Hitchck, Nebraska.
He died 28th September 1944.
4. John Fredick Murdock
born 14th May 1887 at Palisade, Hitchck, Nebraska. He
died 7th September 1939.
5. Margaret Ann Murdock
born 25th August 1893 in Palisade, Hitchck, Nebraska. She
died May 20, 1968.
6. Charlotte Caroline Murdock
born 29th January 1895 in Greenville, Beaver, Utah. She
died 5th August 1940.
7. Orrice Francis Murdock
born the 26th of February 1897 in Greenville, Beaver,
Utah. At this writing he is still alive, but in poor
health, and his memory is practically gone. He and his wife
Vera are living in Portland, Oregon at a Retirement Villa.

My mother and step father came to Utah where the last
two children of that union were born. I came later and
lived with them until I married.

I was nicknamed Bill Calvert, and most people called me
by that name. When I first came to Utah, I worked for the
farmers in this area. I did this for many years living in
Greenville, where I met and married Laura Jane Arthur. We
lived with Jane's mother for sometime in an adobe home on
the Arthur lot. Our oldest child, Janette Caroline Calvert
was born in this home.

Later we bought a lot from Janes mother and built a
home there. Two rooms-we moved it from the Milford flat to
here. At one time our family moved to Milford, Utah where I
drove the Mail stage. I drove from Milford to the half way
hollow, changed horses and returned to Milford. We then
moved back to our home in Greenville. All the rest of our
family were born in Greenville. They were:

1. Jeanette Caroline Calvert-born 29 August 1899 in
Greenville, Beaver, Utah.
2. Orrice Arthur Calvert-born 22 November 1901 in
Greenville, Beaver, Utah.
3. William Ross Calvert-born 9 July 1905 in Greenville,
Beaver, Utah.
4. Laura Agnes Calvert-born 19 April 1909 in Greenville,
Beaver, Utah.

5. Mabel Louise Calvert-born 29 October 1912 in Greenville, Beaver, Utah.

6. Dorothy Calvert-born 13 December 1914 in Greenville, Beaver, Utah.

I herded sheep for many years. Sometimes being gone from my family for months. One summer I took my family with me and we lived on the Milford flats, we lived in a covered wagon. Jane and I would go out and get our winter wood and I always cut for Mag Easton, a single woman, handicapped and a relative of Janes. We'd go to the *Milford Flat* place and dig potatoes for our winter use. We'd put straw around them to keep them for freezing.

I later bought the land behind and below the house, making it so I could have some milk cows. I would send their milk to the creamery. I also bought a separator and made butter for our own use. The cream I sent to the creamery, I would receive a check for to help support my family.

I worked many years with D. J. Williams bailing hay. Working on the bailer helped support my family. Sometimes we took a trip by wagon and horse to Tory, Utah to visit Janes sister Ida, and Bill Hickman. These were long trips with our family, but very enjoyable and fun.

Each Memorial Day, we'd drive the horses to Beaver to decorate the grandparents graves.

In Greenville we had to make our own entertainment when the children were growing up. We loved to dance and would do so until early morning hours.

I did not have good relations with Netties husband, G. A. Fordham. From the start it seemed we disagreed and so Nettie and the children came to visit often, but he didn't come very often and I didn't visit them much.

We always had a large lovely garden and a beautiful yard, people told us, it was the prettiest in Greenville.

My wife was so very clean. We'd have gravel for walks and leveling the yard, and Jane would sweep each day to have things clean, till she swept it all away.

We bottled our fruits and some vegetables, had a root cellar for the carrots, potatoes, apples, onions and peas for our winter use.

We had honey bees which were always in the ceiling of the house, and we'd take off the siding and get out the honey for our own use.

We joined the L.D.S. Church when I was 34 years old and I held many positions, the one I liked best being Superintendent of the Sunday School. I was a ward teacher for many years.

I loved to have my grandchildren come and stay and eat with us. One thing they laughed at most was I could never get my bread and jam to come out even, so I took more of one than the other to enjoy. I had a potatoe cellar, which was dug out in the ground with poles and boards to cover the top, then it was covered with dirt and by putting potatoes, carrots, etc down in it we had fresh vegetables all winter long.

Janes brother Bob never married, and when her parents passed away he came and lived with us, till his passing.

Jane and I were a happy couple and were not apart very often. She always had hot meals prepared and ready when I came home from work.

When I was driving the stage, she always accompanied me to the bank each night to deposit the money. During the winter while driving the stage, I would become almost numb from the cold. I would heat bricks very hot and drop them in a gunny sack to keep them warm longer.

As we grew older, Jane and I would close the house up in the winter time and go to Caliente, Nevada in the winter to stay with Laura, Louise and Dorothy. We didn't have the modern conveniences in our home, so we didn't have any problems leaving in the winter.

I would begin early in the fall to haul wood from the hills by team and wagon, so we would have enough wood and fuel for the winter and summer. Many times Jane would go with me and we'd get stumps which were broken up and used in the winter, because they made hotter fires.

Quite often we'd invite our neighbors, the Lawrence Thompsons to eat Sunday dinner, and most every Sunday, Julia Giffiths would come and visit us in the afternoon--John and Erma Anderson were very good friends. They would come down from Beaver often. Joseph and Emily Morris, and Sarah Frost, our children, especially Nettie and the grandchildren would visit on Sundays.

Jane was a good hand at making sugar cookies, and pies. She made the best pie crust in the world and taught her daughters to do the same. She loved to have sugar cookies in the flour bin in our kitchen, when the grandchildren came, so they could have some.

Jane was ten years older than me, a head taller and straight and thin, and wore her hair pulled back and in a bob. Our ages didn't make any difference to us, we loved each other very much. She loved to wash clothes and ironed beautifully. She was an excellent home maker, mother and wife. I had a failing which I never quite controlled, this being my temper. It flared up often and was hard to control and this made some enemies for me. In my later years, I mellowed and was a more agreeable, humble person.

As I grew older, my legs began to give me problems. I had to go with a cane, and it was painful to try to walk about. It was about this time that Jane became very ill, and after several weeks of illness passed away. I felt very lonesome and alone. I went to live with my children--Louise and Frank, Dorothy and Claude Davis, and for awhile lived with my grand daughter Bessie Edwards and husband Vivian Edwards. It was during this stay I had a humorous experience. Vivian never drank--one day I had a chance to go to Beaver and I bought a bottle of whiskey, on occasions I liked a drink. I hid the bottle in an old garage on the place where Bessie and Vivian lived. They rented from Hazel and Fletcher Barton. I would sit on the old potatoe pit near the garage and watch the activities of the town-- men hauling hay, etc. One day Fletcher came down and went in the garage to get some of his things. He came out and told me, he had found Vivian's bottle of whiskey. I laughed and really got a kick out of that. Then I told him, Vivian never touched it. It was mine and I had a drink from it once in awhile.

We used to go to the mountains often while staying with them. We would go up and stay over night and fish. They made me a bed on a feather-tick, and they made their beds on pine boughs. I then went back to Dot's and Claudes, and it was at this time I became very ill. I was taken to the Milford Hospital with a bad leg. When it became apparent it would not heal, Dr. Eugene Davis made the decision it must be taken off. The pain and suffering was almost unbearable. From then on I lived at the Milford Hospital.

June 12, 1952 I asked and was taken to the St. George Temple, Bessie, Nettie and Horton took me down, I was sealed to Jane and had my endowments completed. Nettie was sealed to us then. I had hoped to go back, but did not.

About two years later Grandpa Calvert had to have his second leg amputated and shortly after passed away. He was buried at the Greenville Cemetery, I remember him so plainly, rather short and chunky. A very honest man. His word was golden. He was quick to temper, but loved his family dearly, and helped them in any way he could.

He sold his water rights from some of his land to my father to help rebuild Arthurs home when it fell in, and to help pay his doctors bills. He helped Ross much the same way, when he would be in a bind.

Grandpa sold his home and pasture to my brother Ralph Fordham, when he could no longer live there and had to go stay with his children.

My grandparents were like second parents to me, and the thrill of my life was to stay with them while they went after wood.

When Vivian came home from the service, World War II, grandpa lived with us for awhile and I loved him very much for his kind and gentle ways and also for the spunk he would show when not so agreeable.