

LIFE STORY OF ELMIRA MOWER LAW FIETKAU SNOW  
by Elmira M. Snow

I was born March 25, 1880 at the north end of Sanpete Valley, Sanpete County, Utah, in a log cabin on my father's homestead. My father, William Ezra Mower Sr., was born November 10, 1854 at Springville, Utah, to Henry Mower Jr. and his second wife, Elizabeth Hall. My mother, Emily Rebecca Stewart, was born October 12, 1857 at Provo, Utah, to James and Elizabeth (Hoopes) Stewart. At the time of my birth, my parents belonged to the Fairview Ward. This was later made into the Milburn Ward.



The homestead house was a little one-room, Cottonwood log house with a dirt roof and floor. My father told me of the winter before I was born. What a winter it had been! The snow was so deep it covered the fences. In the latter part of March it began to rain! What a time he had, going about three miles for help for Mother and trying to keep her dry. The roof leaked so badly there were milk pans all over the bed. Because of the severity of the winter, many of the families lost most of their stock. We were able to save a milk cow. Shortly after this, Father built a larger log room with a board floor and roof and a fire place. In the summertime, to this was added a willow "bowery" to serve as a kitchen.

I remember well the night my sister, Elzada, was born! It was New Year's Eve, just before midnight in the year 1884. Father took my brother, William Ezra Jr., Elizabeth, my older sister, and myself, down to Aunt Selena Terry's place; and took home with him my aunt's mother-in-law as midwife for Mother. The next morning, when they took us home, they told us children that Santa Claus had put this little sister in a big, blue "clouded" stocking of Grandmother Stewarts! How well I remember that stocking! As you know, in those days women had to spin their own yarn and knit their stockings. The way they colored their yarn was to wind it in skeins, then put it in the dye water. For variation, they might tie a strong cord around the skein very tight before putting the skein in the coloring vat. When it had been removed from the dye, rinsed and dried, the cord was untied, revealing a white area. This effect we called "clouded" yarn.

The following summer, Willie, Libby and myself were out playing. We had built us

a little stove of rocks with a big, flat rock for a top, and we had a fire in it. The wind started to blow and this caused the fire to come out between the rocks in long tongues of flame. As I stood near with my back to the fire, the bottom of my dress caught on fire. I had long hair hanging down my back and a gingham bonnet with a cape effect that hung down far enough to partially cover my hair. The fire ran up my back and had just started to make good headway up my hair when I reached the house, screaming. The door was open and Mother, who was washing dishes, sprang to my aid with the dishwater. We were frightened enough to leave fire alone for a time.

I remember so well the homemade lindsey petticoat, made of the ravelings of the stockings that were worn out too badly to mend, my blue denim dress and the little blue checked bonnet. I felt really sorry because my clothes had been burned! Clothes were really treasured and appreciated. I remember the dear, old lady, a Sister Erickson (later Libby's mother-in-law) who did our weaving. Our shoes, when we could afford any, were heavy leather. We had two shoemakers in our town, C. K. Hansen and a Mr. Shurehalm. I never had an overshoe or a rubber until I was about sixteen years of age, when I had a pair of rubbers. When I was about seven years of age, cloth began to be more plentiful and different kinds, such as gingham, calico and later, delanes and factory (unbleached sheeting) were to be had.

Our homestead house was built near the banks of the Sanpitch Creek. From this place I started to school, which only lasted for a few weeks. At that time my Aunt Selena Stewart taught for a little while. I was between six and seven years of age when I started my schooling. The next winter, if I remember right, George Zabriski was our teacher. They had then built a log room with rough Lumber benches and desks. The benches being fastened to the desks, would accommodate one-half dozen or more children. Our writing material was a slate and pencil made from some material which would make a white mark when writing, but was easily erased, like chalk. When we had to keep this writing until the next day, we had to use lead pencils. This was more difficult to erase and we would take a small bottle of water and a rag to erase with. This kept our hands from getting so dirty. Many of the boys couldn't be bothered with such unnecessary equipment, and would spit on the slate and wipe it off with their sleeve. One can imagine what the sleeve would look like by the end of the day!

At the age of twelve years I began to work away from home for my clothing. Sometimes I could go to school nearly the full term, but most of the time, just a small part. My schooling consisted of only what I could get from the district school. I was very desirous of going to high school, but Father felt unable to help me because of the large family he had to support. My schooling stopped at the age of seventeen. (Because of the short periods of time we could attend, it took us longer to complete grade school.) My teachers, as I remember them, were George A. Zabriski, Joseph Hansen, Ransom Stevens, Mr. Harris, Mr. Fitt, Eli A. Day, and Mr. Hobbs. I learned more from the last than from any of the other teachers I had--at least in book learning.

We were such a happy family! Oh, how I loved that old place! It had so many wild flowers, such as Indian Paint Brush, Larkspur, Blue Bells, Lilies, Sun Flowers, and Segoe Heads. Among the most loved of the flowers was the Segoe Lily. This we used to dig for the bulb which was the shape of an onion (only smaller) and very sweet and delicious to eat. There was also another plant we called the Indian Potatoe. It was almost the first to appear after the snow was gone in the spring. This we dug as we did the Segoe Lily, with a forked stock. It was about the size of an ordinary thimble and had a very thick skin covering it. There was also the wild grape that ran along the ground and had pretty yellow flowers that changed to purple fruit when ripe. It was very sour! There were many other wild berries such as Choke Cherries, Service Berries, Squaw Berries and wild Crab Apples. These grew in abundance on my father's farm. There was also Oak Brush that bore an abundance of Acorns that we would pick in the fall and use for nuts. On the West side of the farm, there were hills with Pinion and Cedars. We gathered the pinion nuts and from the resin of the pinion we had our chewing gum. On this homestead was a limestone quarry which later furnished rock for a lovely school building in Fairview, as well as other buildings.

The Sanpitch River or Creek ran through this homestead from the North to the South, the hills being on the West side. (It was along this stream that the berries grew in such profusion). The house was located quite close to the banks of the stream that furnished our culinary water. Fish (Mountain Trout) were plentiful in the streams and as there were no fishing rules, we had fish whenever there was time to fish or we had a need for meat. In winter, we had a skating rink. It was here I lost my first two teeth. I was out

trying my skating ability on an ice rink that had formed by alternate thawing and freezing in an area between the house and the corral. I had an empty spool between my teeth as I slipped and fell--on my face. I came up missing my two teeth. We had a sleigh which Father had made with runners of crooked sticks brought from the mountains as the men were getting out logs. Father fashioned the sled him self and we had many happy times coasting from the hillside down across the frozen stream.

On December 23, 1885 father entered into plural marriage, taking as his second wife, Eudid Cecelia Jensen, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Peter Christian and Kisten (Jensen) Jensen, an immigrant. It was about the same year that it was decided to form the Milburn Branch from part of Fairview Ward. A place was selected for a town site and lots were sold. Father bought two, one for each family, and the following year he began preparations to move Mother's house from the homestead to the new town site so the children would be nearer school. He had torn down the house and had started to rebuild it on the town lot when he received a call to go on a mission to the Southern States. Mother was then living in a log stable and cooking on Aunt Celia's (Father's second wife's) stove. The mission call must not have allowed much time to arrange affairs at home, as he didn't get the house finished.

Grandfather Stewart felt it was his responsibility to look after Mother and her family while Father filled his mission call, so we went to Fairview to live with them. They had three unmarried children at home and with Mother and her five, this made quite a houseful. Grandfather and his boys finished our house in the meantime, and also added another room (a lean-to) that made us quite comfortable. We moved into it in the spring. In spite of this help, it was a very hard, trying time for mother. She was expecting another child, but took in washing and whatever work she could get to help make a living for herself and us five children, all under twelve years of age. Francis Marion was born in June and in September Grandmother Stewart had a stroke and passed away. What fond memories we had of Grandmother Stewart. I remember how we children loved to go down to their home and romp with our cousins as the various members came home to visit with their parents. We enjoyed their apples also! Fruit, at that time, was very scarce, but they had some quite large apple trees as well as two large crabapple trees and some wild currant bushes that Grandmother always shared with her family (which consisted of

eleven children, six boys and five girls. Another little girl, Eva, died in infancy.) Times were hard and not much of the comforts of life, but oh, how we loved and lived with each other! The memory thrills me now! It seemed so different than the world of today with its greed and selfishness---or was it that the eyes of childhood had not discerned it?

While Mother was struggling with problems at home, Father was not having an easy time in the mission field. At that time the Elders had to travel without purse or script and had to undergo much persecution. At one time he and his companion were chased up a tree by bloodhounds and had to spend the entire night there. Another time, they eluded the mob by hiding in a hollow tree. Once, they were taken into the woods by a posse, and threats were made on their lives, but through divine providence, they escaped unhurt. I have heard Father tell of the many times he has fasted for three days and nights, not because they could not get food, but for the purpose of strengthening his faith and making him equal to the tests before him. He came home a powerful missionary and remained so all the rest of his life. Many, many times I have sat in Sacrament Meeting and listened to him discourse on gospel principles for two hours at a time and all the audience sat spellbound, so powerful were his sermons. Oh, how blessed have I been to be born of such wonderful parents! Mother was one of the most charitable, loveable, sweet souls one could ever know.

I was reared in a home with a sweet, kindly, atmosphere, where the Priesthood presided. The family joined in family prayer, kneeling around the breakfast and supper table each day. Each member, as soon as they could, took their turn leading in prayer. My darling mother would also have us little tots kneel by her lap and say our prayers before going to bed. Oh, how grateful I have always been for the wonderful parents I had and the way they brought me up! I have made many mistakes in my life, and had many trials to go through, but the way I was taught made me understand whom to depend on for help in times of need.

I shall never forget the night Father returned from his mission! It was a Sunday evening. Just as the sun was setting in the West, we could see a covered wagon coming around the hills. We watched, but lost sight of it as darkness came on. The next we knew he was in our dooryard and had us all clinging to him. My, what a happy time! Mother's brothers and sisters, all living close by, gathered outside the door and began singing

"Home Again". They all had beautiful voices. It was a wonderful time for us. Father loved to hear Libby (Elizabeth) and me sing, and shortly after his return home he taught us a song entitled "The Old Wooden Rocker". At that time they had what was called the Sunday School Jubilee, in which all the wards of the stake would give parts on the program. The summer of 1890 (I was ten years old and Libby twelve) we sang that song at the Jubilee. We two always had a part on our Ward programs from that time on while we were girls.

While we were living at our home in Milburn, Melissa was born. When she was about two years old she was taken back to her Heavenly home and left aching hearts on earth. Aunt Celia had her second child, a little girl they named Kisten Mahala shortly after we lost Melissa. She, too, was taken while yet a child, so both of Father's homes had empty chairs. Moroni, blond, teasing and happy-hearted (Rone, as we called him) was the last child Mother was permitted to raise. Her last boy, George Hyrum, also passed away in infancy. Aunt Celia bore Father seven more over the years: Edgar, Clarence, Wiley, LaRue, twins Mable and Marley, and Vera, making nine children for each wife. The water never was appropriated for the city lots in Milburn as had been agreed to, so Father decided to move Mother's house back to the homestead. Here he built two new homes. Mother's house was built on an elevated place. My brother William, being naturally musical, worked and bought himself an accordion and learned to play it very well. My how he would make the hills resound! Our neighbors, living about a mile away, used to tell of how in the evening in summertime, they would sit out in their yard to listen to his music. He also played at dances and Libby and I would learn the new round dances and practice them at home to his music. Mother's family all enjoyed music. I think Cecelia's did too!

I recall the first time I heard the song, "Who's On The Lord's Side Who!" George Goddard was General Superintendent of Sunday Schools and would visit the Stakes. I can just see him as he stood in the old Bowery leading us in that song! Speaking of the Bowery--it was made by putting up posts with poles laid across the tops to support the willows that were laid across the top for covering. A stand was made for the officers to sit on and also to speak from. Benches of plank were for the audience to sit on. The last Jubilee I went to was held at Indianola. We traveled about twelve to sixteen miles in an

iron-tired wagon, singing as we bumped along. It was about this time of my life I rode on a load of logs drawn by an ox team. I went to the sawmill of George Zabriski, my former teacher, with a dear friend, Sena Jensen. Sena was a cook at the mill. So, I have come from ox team to airplane in my day. Not long after Father came home from his mission, the Milburn Branch was made a ward with Mother's brother, James William Stewart, as bishop and Father and Peter C. Jensen (Aunt Celia's father) as counselors. The town site was later moved farther north and a two-room brick schoolhouse built. This was the last school I attended. John Hobbs was my last teacher. We didn't receive promotion cards in those days as they do today. Our books were bought by our parents and the teacher's salaries were paid the same way. About the time I left school things changed.

In the year 1895 I met Clyde Edwin Law. Soon we began running around together. He wasn't a member of our Church, but soon began to investigate. His home was in Leadville, Colorado, where he had lived with his father, George Washington Law, and his twin brother, Claude Edward. An older sister, Gertrude, was the only other member of the family and I think she was married at the time. Clyde's mother had died when he was about eleven years of age. His father never remarried. He and his father and twin brother had worked in the Quartz mines from the time he could work. I don't know what impelled them to come to Utah to herd sheep. This was what he was doing when I met him. He stayed at Peter C. Jensen's home and while there, attended church very regular. He remained around Milburn for a year or more herding sheep for George Wheeler, and then his father and brother persuaded him to return home to Leadville and help them in a mining contract sinking a shaft in a Quartz mine. One night he received a letter from me saying we had better quit corresponding. The following night, after returning from work, he informed his father and brother he was returning to Utah. Claude was furious and raved around, and his father, too, felt bad and insisted Clyde at least stay until the contract was finished, but Clyde refused and came back to Milburn and started herding sheep again.

Clyde told me, after we were married, that the first time he saw me something told him I was to be his wife. He was determined not to ask me to marry him until he was thoroughly converted, and I had determined in my heart I was not going to marry outside the Church. That was one reason I wrote him we should stop corresponding. He was truly

converted when we were married and I was true to my vow as he was baptized by my uncle, Bishop James W. Stewart, the day of our marriage. Bishop Stewart broke the ice in the Sanpitch River and baptized him. He was confirmed that evening, at my parent's home, December 20, 1898. That same evening we were married in the same house by the same man, Bishop Stewart. Our reception was held at the same place a few minutes after the ceremony. Our wedding dance was held on Christmas Night in connection with another couple, Amos Kelsey and Sena Jensen, who were married Christmas day.

We stayed at Mother's place the night of our wedding, but the next day we went to my sister's place to look after their things while she and her husband, August Erickson, were on a little trip. We lived in Milburn this first winter. We rented an unfurnished house and borrowed a team and sleigh and went to Mt. Pleasant, about ten miles down the valley, bought our furniture which consisted of a stove, table, bed and six chairs. We also bought some cooking utensils. I made our cupboard from wooden boxes with curtains hung in front. Clyde worked on the railroad making track. The next spring we moved to Oak Creek, a little settlement between Milburn and Fairview, but we still belonged to the Milburn Ward. That summer Clyde herded sheep and I lived in Oak Creek and raised a garden. In the fall we moved back to Milburn. Clyde quit herding sheep and our first baby, a little black-eyed daughter, was born. We named her Doritha Leora. We were so happy! (Doritha was born October 17, 1899.)

The following winter, Clyde and my brother, Will, and Libby's husband, August Erickson, went to Winter Quarters (which was then a part of Schofield) to work in the coalmines. Libby and I soon followed, but by spring, August and Will had left and Clyde and I remained. April 30, 1900 was much the same as any other end of the month and payday. Clyde had figured up our bills and, as usual, the tithing headed the list. The next morning, after her had kissed us goodbye, I held little Leora up to wave to her daddy as he started out the door. At about 10:20 the sirens began to wail and I went cold! There was something wrong at the mine! Yes, there was something wrong! Leora didn't have a daddy any more! I didn't have a husband! There were about two hundred others who were without loved ones. This was a terrible time. Everyone was frantic! Mothers not knowing enough to feed their little ones, their grief and confusion so intense!

For days the men worked getting the dead out. The explosion had been on Tuesday and

they didn't find my dear husband's body until Saturday night. His brother Claude identified him. His funeral was held in Milburn on Sunday. They said it was the largest crowd they had ever seen in Milburn. The man who had a large part in his conversion to the gospel, Melvin Miner, and Joseph Hansen of Fairview, were the speakers.

Clyde and I had planned during the winter to come home in July and go to the temple. So when that time came, I was home with Father and Mother. Father took the team and buggy and with Doritha Leora and me, went to the House of the Lord in Manti and there stood as proxy for Clyde, and his little daughter and I were sealed to him for time and all eternity. As we came out of the Temple Father said to me, Oh, daughter, I have never had such a glorious time in my life! That boy was at my side all the way through! I couldn't see him but I could feel his presence right by my side!" I lived there with my parents that summer and made a visit to Leadville, Colorado to visit Clyde's father, brother and sister. We were on our way home when a man on the train, who found out I was the wife of one of the victims of the Schofield mine disaster, came to me, introduced himself, and told me the Coal Company was going to give all the widows a little money. They did. I received \$900.00. I bought me a little place in Oakville (Oak Creek) that I moved into that fall. I sold a piece of ground Clyde had bought adjoining this property (on the south) to my Uncle Nelson Mower, to buy this property with a house on it. There was just one room, but I had another added and with the three acres of land I had enough to pasture two cows and to have a garden, a pig and some chickens.

That winter Gurta (Clyde's sister) and her two children, Bernice and Frank, came from Leadville, Colorado to visit us. We had a lovely visit! In the evenings we sat and discussed the principles of the Gospel and she really seemed to enjoy it, but never took any action toward accepting it. We still belonged to the Milburn Ward, and when the weather would permit, I would take my baby in my arms and walk the three miles to church. That winter they made Oak Creek a branch of the Fairview Ward and built a new brick schoolhouse where we held church services. This school lot joined my property on the north. I was asked to teach a Sunday school class and I remained a Sunday school teacher as long as I was alone.

The next summer I was able to purchase another five acres of land. I had all but my garden spot put into hay. This gave me pasture and hay for two cows. By this time we

had creameries where we could sell our surplus milk that provided a small income to live on. Living in Oak Creek was good as I had so many relatives close by me and we really had good times together. My Aunt Henrietta Mower lived just across the road and we were such close pals we thought it awful if we didn't see each other every day. In the winter of 1902, Leora and I went to Leadville, Colorado, to visit Clyde's relatives and while there, his brother-in-law, Gus Schlansky, was injured very badly. He had a lot of friends come to see him, among whom was a Charlie Pasco. Gurta's uncle by marriage. He brought with him one of his friends, Carl Elmer Fietkau. I merely met them both and thought nothing more about them, but soon after my arrival home, I received a letter from Mr. Fietkau telling me he was coming to Salt Lake City, and wanted to see me. I agreed and learned from him that he was a widower, with a son, Charles, who was being cared for by some people in North Dakota. Carl obtained work in Salt Lake on the Lucian Cutoff, as it was known. This was a railroad track across a section of the Great Salt Lake. He was a carpenter by trade.

On his visits to see me, Carl learned I was LDS and began to investigate the Church. He was baptized January 31, 1903. I did the temple work for his deceased wife Mary, also. When it was time for Carl's son Charles, to be sealed to his parents, it was found out that he was nine years of age and had not been baptized. Of course, he could not be sealed. Charles was small for his age and possibly the Bishop had not realized he was eight. We came to live at my place in Oakcreek. Carl farmed and did carpentry work. I continued as a teacher in Sunday school until shortly before I had a new baby, then they released me. Glenda Aletha was born April 18, 1904, a beautiful baby! She was blessed at our home on account of a severe illness that almost caused her death. My Father, in giving her her blessing, promised her she would live to become a mother in Israel. It looked very doubtful, had we not been inclined to rely entirely on the word of the Lord through His servants. This blessing was given May 19, 1904 by William Ezra Mower. She became well immediately after her blessing. There are times in her life, during her sicknesses, when it has seemed this blessing could never be fulfilled, but we have lived to see it filled seven times and she is a very brave woman, having faced some very trying ordeals in trying to be a mother.

While we were yet residing in this home, another darling baby girl came to our

home. It seemed at the time I could never give birth to her. From six O'clock p.m. Monday night until just before twelve O'clock Wednesday night, my pains never ceased. Then in response to my request, my father anointed me with oil and gave me a blessing. Immediately she changed her position and soon was born. She was born March 14, 1906. We named her Elzada Elizabeth for my two sisters. She has grown to be a beautiful, wonderful mother of thirteen children, two of whom were stillborn.

We were getting along nicely so far as finances were concerned, Carl being able to get carpenter work. We added to my place another 8 acres of choice farmland down below the railroad tracks. Then we also bought 80 acres of Dry Farm up by Milburn. It was at this time that the Indian Reservation in the Uintah Basin was thrown open for settlement and Carl and many others got the roaming spirit. He persuaded me to go with him to have a look. We took our young team and a new wagon and loaded this with bailed hay and grain for the horses and a box of food and bedding and he and I started on our trip to see the Reservation. My sister, Elzada, stayed with our children. We were on this trip one week. We got to what is known now as Duchesne. (It was then called Theadore). Al Murdock offered us his buggy and team for us to go explore the Blue Bench. Our team was tired. At that time the canal was being built to take the water from the Duchesne River onto part of the Blue Bench. We then went up as far as where they were working, it being just where we now go down into Utah. The land was open for bids but Carl did not get any. We went back from the trip feeling satisfied with our home- at least I did, and thought he did. That November (about November 9th) I met with a bad accident. We had a cow that was mean. In fact, no one else had milked her but me. She had just had her calf up in the field. I had instructed Charles not to molest her, but to leave her there. I had taken my mending and the little girls and gone down to my sister Libby's place to see her as she was confined to her bed during pregnancy. Some of my cousins, Conrad, James and Winston Mower, had come to play with Charlie. They drove this cow and her calf down to the corral and locked her in, then they began to tease her. When I went out to milk her, I told Charlie to go be fixing a place to pen up the calf, which he was doing. I milked the cow and was about half way across the corral with a large bucket of milk in my hand. I turned around to look at her and at that minute she had me on her head and threw me in the air. As I landed on the ground she landed on me with

all four feet. I called Charlie. He came running with the shovel in his hands and struck her just as she hit me in the face with her head. She backed off and they got me out of the corral. She had worked me over pretty good, though. Four ribs were broken from my spine. My hip was broken. My arm was broken and my wrist dislocated, and she had stepped in my stomach that caused much vomiting. Leora ran to the phone to send for the doctor and neighbors gathered fast. My brother Byron said the doctor didn't think I would last until morning. The next morning Father came. He had been threshing over in Indianola. With him came Bishop Stewart (my uncle Will) and with other Elders who were already there, had a prayer circle, after which Uncle Will anointed me and father sealed the anointing. Immediately my pain eased and I soon got well.

That fall I was greatly worried as to whether I would have any more babies or not. My health was very poor. I made it a matter of prayer many times as I wanted more children. The Lord heard my pleadings and the following November 13, 1908 a lovely boy and girl were born to us. We named them Reed and Reva. Reva came first. She was a pretty baby! Lots of black hair, her body round and plump. It was said had she been the boy and he the girl, she never would have been noticed. Reed was little, wrinkley-faced, head bald on top with just a little hair around the back. We were so happy for him anyway! He was our only boy so far. Reva walked before Reed, and would come and ask for something to eat, always seeing that Reed got his first. At birth she weighed 7 lbs., Reed weighed 5 lbs.

Carl got the moving spirit again in the Spring of 1910 and so we bought a Homestead (160 acres) on Blue Bench in Duchesne (then Wasatch) County, on the reservation. He and Charles came to this place and began building us a house. While they were gone, the children and I had Small Pox. All the rest got along fine, but I was pregnant and was very sick. I dared not let anyone in except the doctor because of the fear they would contract it too. I asked my cousin; Susan Titcomb, to call my parents and ask them to pray for us. Before I took down, Father and Mother came to see what we needed and I told Father I was afraid if I got it I would lose my baby and he said, "Dear Daughter, don't be afraid. You will be alright." And I felt faith in his promise and remembered his words when the disease hit. How grateful I am for such a wonderful father and for the Priesthood.

Then we got the Whooping Cough! Between the Small Pox and Whooping Cough, Carl and Charles came home, as I was expecting a new baby. Mildred Winona was born July 31, 1910. They stayed home about three weeks, then went back to Blue Bench to work on the house. They hauled lumber for Axel Pierson to get lumber to build our house and logs from the head of Indian Canyon to build stables and a nice Chicken Coop. The children were all past the stage of giving the Whooping Cough by the time for us to move, but they were all coughing hard. Carl and Charles had made several trips and taken cows, chickens, pigs, furniture and etc. I took the children and stayed a week at Springville with my sister, Elzada Robinson, then went to Colton where Carl met us, and we all came in the wagon.

We were crowded, as Carl had bought the windows and doors for the house besides our bedding and clothes. We came over the top of Indian Canyon on Leora's birthday, October 17th. The roads were narrow and rough. At one place Carl had us all move to the one side of the wagon to keep the load from tipping over! We camped out in Indian Canyon and from then on the children ceased coughing, which was greatly appreciated. We landed at our Homestead after dark, all being very tired. In fact, Reed had become so tired and homesick he cried and cried. I tried to comfort him by telling him we would soon be home to Charlie and Bill (Bill was one of our horses). When we stood him down in the house, he just stomped and screamed, he was so disappointed. The rest of us were glad to get stretched out and walk around. Reed was homesick and we all experienced a lot of that the next winter and summer, as the men folks did a lot of freighting and we were left alone so much. I mean alone! We were miles from town and for as long as three months at a time I never saw a white woman! I had always been surrounded by relatives! During this time I had time for study and so I applied myself. I had read in the Book of Mormon that if anyone read it with a prayerful heart and a great desire to know of it's truthfulness they would receive a testimony; and of this truth I want to bear testimony. I truly had it manifested to me. I became so interested in this book I could scarcely lay it down long enough to do my housework or cook our meals. Such a burning within my soul! Oh, I have appreciated that testimony and it has helped me grow as it has grown. We had an open winter this first year on the Homestead and we appreciated it. Our house consisted of two rooms down and one upstairs, all of rough lumber. The outside wall had

building paper in between the outside boards and studding, and the inside, rough lumber in the one room. (The kitchen only had the outside wall with paper). The stairway was steps made by nailing cleats to the two-by-fours to climb up. Charles had his bed up there. We were sleeping in pretty close quarters. They didn't have the floors nailed down when we got there, as the lumber was green and had to be allowed to shrink before nailing down. We had linoleum on the front room floor. The rest was bare rough boards but we were happy. Carl had to be gone a big part of the time that winter hauling feed. It was a good thing that it was an open winter or things would really have been rough on us. We had to get straw from Utah to fill our straw ticks for the beds, for which we were very grateful, as straw was hard to get. I remember one morning finding a scorpion between the straw tick and the pad that I had under the sheet. It filled my heart with terror knowing that my children had been sleeping with it!

At one time Carl was away for freight and a bad storm was on. We at home were greatly concerned for his safety. I went in the front room and there huddled in a corner I saw Aletha, kneeling in prayer. When she finished, she rose to her feet and exclaimed, "Oh Ma, I know Pa is going to be alright!" The faith of a little child!

Another incident while we lived there is here recorded in my memory. Carl and Charlie were over to the west side of the bench. (Our place was on the extreme east.) They were building a house for Francis Shelton. A terrible hailstorm was coming. We could hear it roar as it approached. Our house was just a shell of lumber, part of it not even two thicknesses of boards! I decided to take the children and run for the cellar, but was impressed to stay where we were. So I kneeled in prayer. We kneeled in prayer and watched it advance toward us. The storm advanced within a few rods of our house, then it split and circling us, drove on in its fury. Only a few drops came to our house. Carl said he and Charlie had their building done except to complete hanging of the door on that side of the building. They both had to throw themselves against the door and could hardly keep it closed. Leora was at Cecelia's home down under the bench. It took Sister Olsen's chicken coops and corrals and came near taking her house, from the flood that came down the wash that was behind their place. Two days after the storm, some people, among them a Brother Eldredge from Roosevelt and Myton, made their way to our place. His team had been out in the field at Roosevelt, and by the force of that storm they had

run into a barbed wire fence and cut the whole breast of one of the horses wide open. Another horse they had to leave, it was cut so badly. When they got to our place it was after dark. The women folks had had to walk up the hill, because the team could not pull them and the white-top buggy they were traveling in. The mud was so sticky we couldn't even see the spokes in the wheels. They said they were never so thankful as on getting on top of their climb. They saw our light--almost like a beacon shining out of the night. Carl was very thankful to find us at home all right, and he could see what had happened. We surely all gave thanks to our Heavenly Father for His protecting care.

At Christmas time, or just before, my brother William and his brother-in-law, Hyrum Christensen, came across the hills from their homestead that was about three miles north of Blue Bell. They were on their way to Fairview. They stayed at our place over night. How happy we were to see them! One night I had a scare. Charlie was home that night. Long after we had gone to bed, about 2:00 a.m., I heard horses hoofs and noises of people talking. (This had never happened before). I slipped out of bed, went up the ladder to wake Charlie. He came down and we were standing in the middle doorway to be with the children as we supposed it to be an Indian attack. We had heard rumors that the Indians were threatening an attack on the whites. As we stood there praying, we could tell that it was white people. They had been to a convention over east of our place. The road then went by our corral which was on a little rocky ridge which made the horses hoofs sound so loud. As they came closer, we could hear them singing some of our Church hymns. Only one who has had the experience of such things can realize our gratitude to our Heavenly Father.

We had our scares and our joys. One day the children and I being alone, saw a lone horseman come riding up toward our place. We were to see a human being! For days all we had seen was the long expanse of just sagebrush. As this horseman drew closer, we could see it was a white man. He introduced himself as Harvey Partridge from Duchesne River. He said he was just riding out to look over the Blue Bench. He saw our door open and decided someone lived there. We had a nice visit. In our conversation he told me that his wife and family had been out picking black currants and buffalo berries a day or two before, intending to make jelly, but the store had run out of sugar. It happened that I had a 100 lb. sack that I had not opened. I gave him about 25 lbs. of it and was so happy that I

could help them save their fruit. Fruit was really precious! Harvey never got to tell about it.

In January, Carl ploughed some land (I think about 3-7 acres if I remember right). The weather was very mild, but there was no water, so we could raise nothing. We didn't get to church much that winter, as our children were small (four under four years of age)... it meant going in a lumber wagon with the sand so deep and a cold wind from the west. In the spring things were better. Our first day at church I met sister Washburn. She was teaching school. She made herself acquainted and then introduced me to the others. The People were very friendly. There was Oscar and Levi White, their wives and children, Emanuel and Sena Kofford, Brother and sister Mayhew, the Shanks, Ed and Fred Olsen, Henry Abplanalp. All these with their families greeted us warmly and made us feel a part of the Ward. Others we met later and we had many good times together

In the spring Carl rented a piece of ground at Utahn from a Brother Kofford for a place to plant a garden. We had a good garden, plenty of corn to dry, also 50 lbs. of dry beans and a double bed wagon full of potatoes (all we could use for the winter), also the lovely fresh vegetables during the summer. We would tend the garden as we went for water for home use.

That summer Carl and Charlie were away from home most of the time. We had no neighbors except for a short time. Charlie Brunyer had his wife and two children on their homestead a mile or two away. We surely enjoyed them while they were there. Then during the summer an elderly bachelor came to his homestead for awhile. He was a war veteran, a nice old chap. We called him Dick. He was very kind to us. I remember one night we (that is Charlie, the children and I) were late getting home with our load of water. We could see someone at our place, so we drove out of our way of travel to go by Dick's place and get him to go home with us to see who the strange man might be. Dick went along and took his gun with him. It was dark and we were all very cautious. The man saw how things were by the light from the window, so he could see Dick had his gun ready. Hyrum Christensen, my brother Will's brother-in-law, spoke and quickly stepped into the light. We had several scares! One time Carl had gone to Myton on business. Charles was out after freight for Murdock's store. The six small children and I were alone. Aletha and the twins were out playing on the cellar door, a little distance from the

house. An old Indian rode past to go to the corral to tie his horse. Aletha and the twins scampered to the house. We knelt for a quick word of prayer. I met him outside. I had cautioned the children to keep the door shut and locked. He came to where I was, intending to go inside, but I stepped in front of him. He wanted to know where my man was. I lied to him. I told him my husband was out hunting. At last he asked for a chicken! We had a nice little flock. Luckily, I had turned them loose, so I told him he could have one if he could catch it. He wanted me to catch it for him. This I refused to do. I was making him think I was brave. Finally he caught him one (much to the amusement of the children who were watching from the window). He said he would be back to see us again, but he never got back. I was told he was caught trying to scare another man's wife and the husband laid for him and really beat him up. He had got in their home before and had demanded so much and acted so mean the husband decided to put a stop to it.

We made butter and cheese that summer. We also got more eggs than we could use so we took them to the store to trade for other things we needed--if they had them. One time I got out of a broom and had to use a sage brush until I could get another broom. When we went to the store (which was about seven miles or more away) in our iron-tired wagon, with the sand so deep, it was quite a feat to keep the eggs from getting broken. It took us all day to go and come. On arriving at the store we found they were sold out of brooms! The owner of the store (Al Murdock) said to me, "My sister-in-law is away from home. I'll go and see about her broom!" He did and sold it to me. It was almost like new. That is the way we all felt toward each other. So sweet and sharing!

Al Murdock was our Bishop. We took our family to conference. Conference lasted for two days and we camped out on the north side of the river, There were many others camped there also. The women were so sweet with each other, exchanging recipes and just enjoying each others company, it was like we had always known each other. It was a wonderful spirit!

One day I had taken our dirty clothes and the children (with the help of a little wagon) to the spring about a mile away. I put Reed and Reva and the clothes in the wagon and carried little Winona. (We called her Mildred then). The water was so hard it took about half a can of lye to make it soft enough to wash in. Hanging the clothes on the sage brush to dry, we gathered our things for the return trip home. After eating our

dinner, I was sitting at the sewing machine sewing, when to our surprise a covered wagon stopped at our door! No one had happened to see them coming. To our surprise, and amazement, there was August Erickson, my brother-in-law and his family, in that wagon! I asked "where is Mother?" I felt they wouldn't come all that way without bringing her! They had hid her, but we soon found her! Oh, how happy we were to see them! All the lonely hours were over. Mother was anxious to discover my conveniences, so that evening when August took the team to the spring to water them, she had to go along to have a look, even after riding in a wagon for three days!

While they were here, Carl came from his trip after freight and we all got in August's wagon and went to see my brother, Will Mower, who had got a homestead on the other side of Blue Bell. We had to go by the Will Jessen place, north of Boneta, to ford the Lake Fork River. It was in August and the water was low in the river, so it wasn't difficult to make the crossing. We all had such a good visit!

When they got ready to go home (to Sanpete County) Mother took one of my cheese home with her. She was so sorry to leave us so far away from everybody. Libby said she cried most of the way back, until they got up Indian Canyon so far she couldn't look back!

That summer Carl and Charlie got out logs for a two room house and a stable in Theodore (now Duchesne), so we could get the children in school. They had missed getting to school the past winter. I was just starting out with another pregnancy and was real sick and miserable. Before we got the roof on the house I moved down and camped, helping with the building. I did all the dobbing of the cracks between logs, while they were fixing the roof and floor and hauling shale from Indian Canyon for the roof. This roof never leaked while we lived in it!

One night before we got in the house, it rained. Reed said, "Oh, yet's go home to the Bew Bech! It won't wain up thea!" We got such a thrill out of the way he talked! Reva always talked so plain. One day while we were on the Blue Bench he fell down and got prickley pear needles in his leg. He came in crying. "Oh, Momie, I dot Pitley Tars in my leg." He surely did have them--those large ones that look like porcupine quills! The partition walls of our new home were of cloth sheeting. I had plastered the cracks between the logs so smoothly I lined the walls with magazines. My recipes I placed over

the table, which made it so I did not even need a recipe file for my favorite recipes. We got a new stove, a Majestic, one of the best made at that time. It would burn either coal or wood.

At this place Bernice was born, April 24, 1912. We were now in the Theodore Ward (the name was later changed to Duchesne). It was while living here that I was chosen second counselor in the Relief Society. Sister Cloward was President and Sister Powell first counselor. That summer the river was so high it washed out the bridge and we had to cross over a foot bridge to attend conference. Two of the Apostles were at conference and came down to the bridge to see the people cross. They helped the children across. Hyrum M. Smith and, I think, Joseph Fielding Smith were the apostles. The course of the river was changed that year.

While we were in Duchesne, I returned for a visit to Sanpete. Oh, how happy we were to see our dear ones again! In these days of easy travel one can hardly realize how far we seemed then--and the joy of seeing each other again! We stayed in Sanpete for six weeks. During this time Father went to Springville for a load of fruit. I put up fruit to bring back to the Basin with me. When we were ready to return to the Basin they took us to the depot at Fairview to put our things on the train, then we came back to the 'Y' at Oak Creek to get on the train after stopping at Uncle Charles Mower's place for dinner. This 'Y' was just a flag station. Uncle Ed and Aunt Terressa Stewart, also Aunt Sadie Rasmussen, Aunt Selena Terry, Aunt Emily Mower, Aunt Celia Mower and others besides Mother and Father were there to see us off on the train.

On this trip home, as we were in the depot at Colton waiting for the train (we went to the depot early as we dodged in between rain storms) a lady (or one who professed that name) came to get on the train also. I had my little group lined up sitting quietly and sweet. I was proud of them! She looked at them with disgust in her eyes, and after we had all got comfortably seated on the train, she came to me and asked me to come sit with her, as she wanted to talk with me. This I did and she began by telling me I had a nice little family now and that should be enough. Then she began to tell me what I should do to keep from having more. This made me disgusted with her, and I gave her to understand that they were gifts from God to me and I didn't want any of her information as I considered it a God given privilege to have babies. She never bothered me anymore.

This seemed to be the beginning of a real crusade against having a family and from that time on, I have noticed this feeling growing, which, at the time of this writing, our leaders are trying to root out, although things do not seem to be getting much better. There seems to be a sentiment that three or four children are enough. It hurts me to think of it! As that was one of the first commandments our Heavenly Father gave to our first parents, and the way I understand things, if we do not have our children as we should, we are cutting ourselves short of our exaltation in eternity! How thankful I am for my family! Although I feel I have been very weak in trying to raise them. I do feel the Lord will forgive my weaknesses to a great extent. I have tried, in my weak way, to teach them and to set a proper example for them to follow.

The first summer in Duchesne, Carl rented a piece of ground below Duchesne for a garden spot. We were unable to raise anything on it. The ground was sandy and the wind blew our seed out of the ground! The garden was a failure but there was an old gentleman--a widower, who had a nice garden. We got beans and such from him.

The year 1912, in the Spring, my sister Elizabeth and her husband, August Erickson, and their family moved from Oak Creek to the Reservation and located at Boneta, a settlement about eighteen miles north of Duchesne. They pitched their tent just below the Boneta canal by William R. Evan's place on a forty acre place known as the Ed Gardner place. This they rented for a year or two. (They built a house on the Boneta flat, where they lived for several years). This was the spring Bernice was born. (24 April 1912). Elsie stayed with us and helped until I was able to do my own housework. At that time women were kept in bed for ten days to two weeks following the birth of a child and, as a result, were very weak when they were allowed to get up. The spring of 1913 we bought us a forty acre place three miles west of Boneta from August Erickson. August had bought the forty from Junie Wilkins. He decided to sell it as he had also bought another place. Carl built a two room house on it and began clearing the ground of sagebrush. We did not have things fixed warm enough for winter so we rented a one room house with an upstairs in it in town for the winter. The following Spring we moved back to the farm and to this we added another forty acres, joining it on the west, which we purchased from Jim Fisher. This we made our home in Boneta. We still had our homestead on the Blue Bench. Carl spent much of his time up on the building of a canal,

trying to get water from Rock Creek to the Blue Bench property. This canal was never finished.

Carl being gone, and Charles working a place he had rented, made it so I had all the irrigating to do. We had so little water (we were on the end of the ditch) and the ground being so dry, I had to stay right out in the field and have the children bring my lunch to me. It was a difficult, trying time, but we got a nice stand of Lucerne hay growing.

Ross was born that Fall, the 17th of October, 1914, on Leora's birthday. Leora had often remembered her birthday when we came over the top of Indian Canyon and she and I had to ride on the side of our wagon to keep it from tipping over. And now Ross was born on her seventeenth birthday!

While we were in Duchesne all the children took the Chicken Pox! Even Carl had them. Then the Red Measles! Charles and all the children had them except Leora. She had had them before. Reva was so bad in looked like she would die. With our faith and prayers, however, and having the Elders administer to her, she started to break out. That had been the trouble with her! They all finally got over it.

That summer Carl built us a log grainery. We raised us some wheat, oats, hay and a garden. This was the first time I had tried to raise tomatoes. I didn't get my plants in early, so we had to cover them to get some ripe ones which we appreciated very much as we had nowhere to buy what we couldn't raise. (And could not have afforded it if we had.) We gathered wild fruit such as buffalo berries, wild raspberries, sarvice berries, and other wild berries; these being quite plentiful.

In the summer of 1917, Altha and Elzada both were stricken with typhoid fever. (Carl was gone for two years and these were my oldest help, as Leora was working away from home). I had these sick girls in addition to my farm work to take care of. We couldn't afford a doctor and we didn't receive any help from the ward or any other help. I have often wondered how we ever got along! We were paying our tithing and doing our duty in the Church and I know it was only the help of my Heavenly Father and the inspiration I received that guided me in what I should do and gave me strength to do!

Our Relief Society President called at the place once but was afraid to come in. She said she was afraid it was contagious. It couldn't have been because of my house and children not being kept clean that she was afraid. It seemed that my Heavenly Father was

just testing me to see what I could stand! Aletha was sick for six weeks and Elzada for nine! Oh, how can I help but know that my Heavenly Father lives and will take care of us if we only have faith in Him!

Mother came over in June of 1917 and stayed with us all summer. She said she had never seen tomatoes grow from the early plants until they ripened in the fall. I remember our first one to ripen. As only one or two could be picked at a time, I had put several away. We gave the children a good supper, Carl being gone, and put them to bed. We were almost ready to eat our supper, which included these few ripe tomatoes, when my brother Will and his family drove up. This spoiled our tomatoe supper, as we fixed it for them to eat... but she got to eat others afterward! She stayed until after Clyde was born, 8 December 1917. She went home with Susan Titcomb's mother and brothers just before Christmas. She got home just before winter set in. How we did love her to be with us. She never got to come and be with me when Ruby was born, as it was at that time my father was taken so very ill and died. Oh, how I did miss them both! I never got to go to his funeral. I didn't know of his death until he had been dead a week.

I have missed some events. The summer of 1915 we had gotten our crops in and Charles had rented him a 40 acres, so this took up his time. Soon after the crops were in Carl took Tick Fever and was really sick! We couldn't get a doctor, as they were away at some convention. I nursed him for nine weeks with what skill I knew and could receive by inspiration. This was a tremendous load as I had to do irrigating as well as other farm duties and had a nursing baby. I would lie down to rest between medications without even removing my clothes, as I had to jump up to either change medications or the irrigation water. When we were finally able to get a doctor, he diagnosed the illness and praised my nursing. It is hard for one who has not lived under frontier conditions to realize the hardships under which we struggled! There were no fences, so cows and sometimes horses and pigs had to be herded out in the sagebrush and kept out of the precious crops. In the winter, water had to be hauled from the Lake Fork River in barrels with a wash tub over the top to keep the water from all sloshing out as the wagon jolted over the rocky, rutted roads. Wood had to be hauled and cut for the fires that supplied heat for cooking as well as warmth! There were many trials but also many rewards! We learned to put our trust in Heavenly Father and many times, could testify of his answer to

our prayers. I would like to give an example: One summer when we were alone, as our crops were ready for harvest, I had a lovely patch of wheat, just ready to be harvested....our winter bread! Clouds gathered in the west and we could see a hail storm and it looked like a bad one! We could hear its roar! We all knelt in prayer! I was mouth in this petition to our Heavenly Father. I told him how I had tried to do my best to serve Him and to make a living for my family and asked would He please save our crops for us! The hail came directly over that patch of wheat and passed on, taking every green thing before it on both sides of us. When we went to examine our wheat, there was only a head now and then that had even been touched! This our Bishop can testify of, as he was the one who came in a few days and cut it for us.

I forgot to mention that we had got us a piano several years previous! When we were moving to the Uintah Basin, Carl had persuaded me to sell my organ, promising me that he would buy me a piano when we got settled. It was several years after we were settled before we were able to get one. My brother-in-law, Eli Robinson was in a music store with his brother and was able to get us a good one quite reasonable. The older girls took a few lessons from Vivian Moffitt, and then worked on their own. This Sister Moffitt didn't charge for the lessons. The Wallace Moffitt family were dear friends of ours.

In the fall of 1913 I was set apart as first counselor in the presidency of the Boneta Primary, with Sister Cordelia Bird as President. I held this position until 26 November 1916. During my time in the Primary, most of the time during the summer months, the children and I walked to Boneta and back to help put over the Primary work. I wish I was able to impress on the minds of my family how our Heavenly Father gave me strength to do my duty both in the Primary work and in my home. A little incident I will here relate: I had been out in the field shocking grain. The girls dixed our dinner and I was called in to eat and get us ready for Primary. I was almost exhausted but we ate and got ready to go. I went in prayer and asked my father in Heaven to give me strength to put over my talk. We had to walk, each of us older ones taking turns carrying the baby, and sometimes both baby and Winona. After Primary we walked back home the same way. I had six cows to milk and look after a stream of water, giving the house work over to the girls. (Leora was now 13, Aletha 9 and Elzada 7.) I want to bear

testimony that after doing all this I wasn't tired! During this time I was also acting as assistant to Eva Moffitt in the Relief Society, as she was President of Boneta Ward Relief Society and helping in the Stake also. This made it necessary for me to walk to and from Boneta three times a week much of the time. This was a distance of 6 miles there and back. I was released from the Primary in 1916.

I was set apart as President of the Boneta Relief Society, November 26, 1916. During my stay in that capacity we had different projects and a great lot of work to do, such as the raising of beans. Each sister was called to do this. Then in connection with the Red Cross, we knit sweaters, socks, and made different articles for the soldier boys, this being the time of World War I. During this time I was greatly tried, as Carl wasn't acting as a husband should. On December 8, 1917, a baby boy, Clyde, was born. Charles was in the service of our country. Leora had got married to George Fieldsted. Mother came and stayed with me until Christmas. We were then alone! Oh, what a trying time it was. Nobody but my Heavenly Father knows my suffering of spirit for other's weaknesses! On November 26, 1918, I was released as President of the Relief Society because of too much responsibility. At this time I was really living close to my Heavenly Father and the things that were made known to me by Him, gave me to understand and appreciate what our Savior Jesus Christ suffered for us all... things which I could not have understood any other way.

In the Fall of 1920 I got a divorce from Carl and from then on I took all the responsibility of my family... financial and all! We hauled our winter wood (Aletha and I), gathered our crops, and in the spring, Ruby was born, March 20, 1921. In the time between Clyde's birth and Ruby's, George had gone into the service and Leora had given birth to a baby girl, Lola. (I see I haven't written of Leora's marriage date. It was 20 March 1918) Lola was born 22 December 1918. After Carl and I separated, Leora stayed with us and was with my children while I was in Boneta staying with Susan Titcomb, who was living in Leora's house that winter. I was there so I could be closer to help at the time of my confinement. Susan took good care of me and Molly Merriwether acted as midwife. When Ruby was two weeks old I went home to my children and how happy I was to be with them again. My father had been very ill for a long time and the next day, if I remember right, I received word he had died and was buried. This almost broke my

heart, for if ever there was a father to his daughter, he was to me. I felt my burden was almost more than I could bear. (Oh, if it hadn't been for prayer, I think I would have collapsed.)

Charlie came home at times after his father and I separated and helped us out, but I insisted that he get something for himself and this he did. So we were alone much of the time for the next three years, the children and I doing most all of our farm work, such as hauling manure, pitching it in and out of the wagon with pitch forks, and this I did mostly alone, taking the little children out to the yard with me or doing it hours when they were asleep. Aletha and Elzada were working away from home part of the summer months.

One day, when things looked so black to me that I felt if I could only take my children and flee into the mountains and stay away where no one else could see us, (and I would be happy) I received a wonderful testimony which bouyed me up in the days ahead. We had a big, powerful team that I hitched to our one-seated buggy to go over Big Hollow to visit my cousin Susan Titcomb. Three of the children had ridden our pony. The other six of us were in the buggy. On our way home, we had to cross a deep gulch (in the Big Hollow). Before going onto the bridge, we had to pass through a cut, the sides of which were perpendicular. Reva, sitting between my feet and the dashboard of the buggy, held a parasol over her to protect her from the sun as she had a severe headache. Just as the team was going onto the bridge, the shadow of the parasol fell in front of the horses and they became frightened and began backing up. In doing so, they turned the buggy up the steep side of the cut. I jumped over the one on the left side, and was at their heads with the bits in my hands, as they were ready to run. I talked to them and quieted them, then straightened them out and found that the tugs were unhitched! Also, they were loosened from the tongue! Now the clips on the single trees were those they had at the time for the mowing machine, which was twisted in a way that they couldn't come undone without a person doing or rather undoing them. I felt that the very angels of heaven were taking care of us! We went home, I praising my Father in Heaven for His loving care, and what a wonderful spirit was with me, as I knew He was bearing me up! This is only one of my many testimonies.

In August of 1923, I was taken seriously ill, having a very serious hemorrhage of the stomach. Reed borrowed a white top buggy and took me to a doctor in Roosevelt, 30

miles to the east of us. We spent the night with my cousin, Jessie Mower and family, and I was very bad all night. The next morning Jessie said to me, "Cousin, let me take you in my truck to Patriarch Lambert and have him give you a blessing". This we did. Reed and I both got our blessings. In mine he saw into my life and told me I should have the desire of my heart and that if I would keep on in the way I was living, what wonderful things would come to me; that I should stand as a queen in the midst of my posterity. I was so built up and recovered to a great extent, but eventually had to be operated on.

During the time of our being alone, and in the fall of 1922, if I remember right. Aletha and Elzada went out to attend the Brigham Young University, (High School). This of course, necessitated a big sacrifice on the part of all of us, as we sold a cow that we greatly needed to help make the family living. The girls were very grateful for the privilege of going to this wonderful school. They went through hardships and trials, having to work for their board and lodging and so much was required of them that their health was threatened in doing so, but they persevered. Aletha had a lot to contend with. She had had blood poisoning that summer; had more trouble along that line, and we were afraid the doctors would have to operate and remove some of the nerves. If this was done, part of her hand would be useless. We fasted and prayed and our Heavenly Father heard our humble petition. Her arm was made normal. The girls found a job during the summer to help with their expense in school. They surely suffered much homesickness as well as ill health. Elzada stayed on and finished High School and one year of College.

The Lord surely blessed us and our crops were wonderful. Never did our crops do better than while we were alone, and we did really try to live close to the Lord. What a wonderful spirit was in our home! While we were greatly tried in other ways being persecuted by people's tongues, we were drawn closer together, and knowing our Heavenly Father knoweth all things, realized He knew we weren't guilty of what was being said of us. One can't run away from trouble, this I know, and I was willing to put my whole trust in the Lord and knew that someday things would be better We had done no wrong and consequently, the Lord was on our side and I wasn't afraid.

In the spring of 1924, on April 9, Irving Snow, a widower with four children, and I decided to put our families together (and that is the date of our marriage in the Salt Lake Temple) While out there I was called to the hospital in Provo to be with Aletha as she

was operated on for appendicitis. She came home later, but went back to work at times. With our combined families we had eleven children in school at one time.

Irving had the following children: Alice Abigale, born 25 September 1908; Ruth, born 6 September 1910; Clara Ingri, born 13 March 1913 and Arthur E., born 14 April 1915...the day of their mother's death! Two older children, both boys, had died in infancy.

Irving and his brother-in-law Ed Richards, both of Stirling, went in partnership on a 120 acre piece of land by the Mt. Home-Boneta cemetery. Ed became discouraged and left, leaving Irving and the children and a mortgage on the place! At the time Irving and I were married he hadn't got the mortgage paid off, but we were meeting the payments alright until I was suddenly taken ill and had to be operated on (which cost us \$500.00). We were able to meet the doctor bills, but not the mortgage payments too, so had to let the place go.

My stomach continued to bother me at times, and finally became so bad the doctor ordered me to the hospital for an operation. I went to L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City, where they took one-half of my stomach and six inches of my intestines. They had to make a new opening, or outlet for my stomach. After being operated on it seemed my life was about to be despaired of. The doctors had given me up. I was operated on Monday. Friday, seven doctors held consultation but decided to do nothing more. I could take no food by mouth. Sunday morning the Priesthood came in with the Sacrament. When I saw them enter the room the thought came to me, "There is the Sacrament and I can't take it!" No sooner had these thoughts come to me than the answer followed, "This represents the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ and it's through Him you expect to be made well." As it was brought to me I partook of it and, turning to my husband (who was permitted to stay by my side) I asked him to give me a spoonful of consecrated oil. This he did and in a very short time my organs began to function and from then on my stomach worked. The doctors and nurses were so amazed! They could scarcely believe it! I hadn't doubted I would get well, as the Elders had promised me I would. The doctor told me not to do any work for six months, but a short time after returning home I was helping with the canning as well as other things.

While I was still very weak, Bishop Cox came to me and said, "Sister Snow, we

want you to be president of the Relief Society". I felt very unfit for this calling, being weak in both body and mind. He told me they (the Bishopric) had prayed much about it and I was the only one they could see for the calling. I told him I would accept it if my husband would stand by me. To this he agreed and he surely did stand by me~ taking me where I needed to go and, in fact, assisting in all my work, which I feel contributed immeasurably to the success we had in the work. God blessed us both and made us equal to the things required of us. Oh, the testimonies I had of His divine power during my stay in this position! Much was accomplished in our Relief Society work, for we were surely a united group of sisters.

In the year 1927, our families began to leave us to make homes for themselves. Mildred Winona was the first to take this step, and on the 20th of July, 1927 she was married to Franklin Davies in the Manti Temple. Elzada Elizabeth was the next. On the 1st of February 1928, she was married to Ward Evans in the Salt Lake Temple. Alice Abigail Snow was married, 21st of March 1928 to Napier Swasey in the Manti Temple. Reva was married to Leslie Ferdinand Allred on 27th of October 1928. This marriage was later solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple, March 31, 1933. Glenda Aletha was married to George Lenwood Kenison, 9th of November 1928 in the Salt Lake Temple. Reed was married to Bessie Horrocks in Duchesne 17 March 1929. Clista Bernice was married March 19, 1930. This was afterward solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple 18 October 1939. They were leaving us fast, but there was a lull for a while.

On the 7th of April, 1935 I was operated on for hemorrhoids by Dr. Floyd, the same one who operated on me for my stomach ulcer. He tried to get me to have my tonsils taken out at that time, but I didn't, which I regretted very much afterwards, as the doctor said they were the cause of my having a very bad case of inflamitory Rheumatism. I was stricken with this for six months or more and got so bad I was helpless. I was taken to the Roosevelt Hospital and was there for three weeks. I wasn't getting much better, so I told Dr. Miles I would go home and get better. She consented, as she realized I wasn't getting proper nursing there. I went home, quit taking the doctor's medicine, and supplicated my Heavenly Father to guide me in what I should do. Following the inspiration of my Heavenly Father, I had them gather wild sage brush and boil to a strong tea. This they used as a sponge bath and to soak my feet in. I also took some inwardly, three times each

day. After I got so I could sit in a tub, this tea was used for a steam bath. I would sit in the tub with a quilt around me--and the tub--until I became faint and weak, then they would put me to bed. With this treatment I became well.

This isn't the only time I have been inspired of our Heavenly Father on what to do! While the children and I were alone, Aletha and Elzada had Typhoid Fever. There was no doctor available, and being inspired, I used this sage tea to bathe them in, and gave quinine to help reduce the fever. With very careful nursing, they recovered. Oh, how grateful I am for the experiences I have had! They gave me a testimony I couldn't get in any other way. Another incident I recall happened while I was bad with a spell of Rheumatism. Father Snow had to go to Vernal and, as he didn't like to go alone, Clyde went with him. As they were returning home a rain storm came up, and I became very anxious as to their welfare. I called Ruth to kneel by my bedside and we prayed for the Lord to bring them home safely. They were late getting home and when Clyde came in the house he had his head and jaw bandaged. As they were coming down the steep cut this side of Victory Park, their car went out of control and tipped over, and was just held on to the grade by a short guard post that went through the window of the car. Clyde got his lip cut and his head hurt, but father was just shook up. The window was the only thing that was damaged on the car. We had just consulted the clock for the time before we offered our prayer, and father looked at his watch just after tipping over, and their accident happened within a few minutes after our prayer.

Ruth was our next to be married. She married Cecil Kofford, April 3rd, 1935 in the Salt Lake Temple. Clara Ingre Snow was married to Leonard Ethan Brown, 8<sup>th</sup> of March 1933, later married in the Salt Lake Temple (28 Jun 1954) and all their children sealed to them except Della Mae. August 23, 1939, Lorin Ross was married to Janet Barker, and Ruby Rebecca to John Thurmer Jacobs in the Salt Lake Temple. Ruby and Thurmer were divorced after Shirley Ann, their only child, was born. Arthur E. Snow was married to Fern Boswell, 24 September 1940, afterward solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple on 11<sup>th</sup> January 1943. Clyde was married to Ruth Allred May 24<sup>th</sup> 1939.

Father Snow and I sold our farm at Boneta to Arthur and took Arthur's lot in Mt. Emmons, across from the Mt. Emmons church, in July 1946. We lived in the little house that was on the lot until we could build. We now have a comfortable cinder block house

with four rooms and bath and fruit room. Our children are (some of them at least) living close. Clyde died 21st June 1952. He and Ruth had been divorced. They had a girl named Sharon who lived with her mother. He married Shirley (Winner) Steine in Missoula, Montana, where he was working as a mechanic. They were married on the 13th of January, 1947. They had two little boys, Gary Winn, born May 5, 1947 and Daryl Kay, born 22 July 1949. Both were blessed by Eugene Abplanalp, 7th of August or 3rd of September 1950 at Utahn. Shirley and Clyde divorced. On 13 March 1951 he was married to Shirley's sister, Hazel. To them was born Roland Kim. At the time of this writing they are with their mother. Ross has had Clyde's temple work done for him (28 Dec. 1953) but he has no wife or children sealed to him yet.

Clyde was injured while on a construction job in Montana. He was repairing a shovel when it came down on him, breaking his back, crushing his left ribs into his lungs, and one of his legs and a foot were crushed. This happened on the 7th of June. He lived two weeks. My big regret in this was that I wasn't with him at the last. Reed and Ross had gone up as soon as they heard of the accident. Ruby, Sharon and I were in Salt Lake on our way up when we were stopped and told the boys were coming back for me and for me to stay until they got there, which we did. Reed took us back up (Ruby, Sharon and me). Oh, he was suffering terribly! We only stayed two nights. This haunts me still! Because of my health Ruby insisted on staying with me. I knew the conditions under which she had left her family. Leora had had a stroke in August of 1951 which had left her helpless. Four days previous to Clyde's accident, her son Rex had fallen over a high voltage wire while painting and had lost one leg as a result. The other leg was badly burned and if they saved it, it would require grafting. We were concerned for Rex and his mother as well as the other problems before us. The doctor said Clyde was getting along as well as could be expected, and so I thought it best for me to come home, and surely thought I would go back soon. I didn't get to go back. If only I could have been by his side when he died, I wouldn't be haunted so with regrets!

Clyde was the first of the family to go, and Leora was the next. Her health continued to get worse and she passed away 18 September 1956.

As I write, my mind goes back over the years of struggle and achievement, of failures also, and of pleasant memories! On the old place in Boneta we planted a lot of

gooseberry and currant bushes that yielded heavily. One day while sitting picking the berries I was meditating over the children, their individual characteristics and developing personalities, and was impressed to go in the house and write; and this is what I wrote: (Fern, especially asked that it be included in my history. I called it memories, or a mother looking back over the lives of her children).

Charles, you were the lonely, sallow-faced little boy who came into my life with my marriage to your father. You were so little and sickly looking, so in need of a mother's love and care. You soon accepted me as your mother and my family as your kin. You were such a tease and I hear Aletha now..... "Now, Charley! Darn you, Charley"! How I appreciated your help when I was alone!

Little round faced, black-eyed, laughing, darling Leora. Oh, how happy we were with you! Loved and petted by all, but never spoiled by it. How happy was your daddy coming home from work, finding you in your mother's arms. Holding out your little arms to greet him, which even attracted neighbors. As a girl, full of fun, never selfish, always remembering that mother would be up waiting for you! Just as unselfish in motherhood, being left alone, a widow with three little children, one only eleven days old, saw fit to take two other little children to her heart to raise. She has given birth to ten of her own! Oh, how proud your mother is of you. May the Lord's choicest blessings attend you and help you to rear them in the fear of the Lord, that when this life is finished you may so hve lived that you can join your dear husband and two little ones who have gone on before.

Glenda Aletha, perhaps not so bright-eyed, but a large, beautiful, black-haired baby! Inclined to pout if things didn't go her way. Cutest, loving, little ways, so sweet when treated with kindness, yet so quick when a harsh word was spoken. Loved to sew, especially making doll dresses. A child of great faith, ever seeking for the guidance of our Heavenly Father, willing but never fully permitted to raise her family, which has been a great sorrow to her! Yet ready to say "the Lord knows best". Dear daughter, continue to be diligent and faithful. No doubt your desires will be realized, sometime, somewhere. God knoweth and doeth all things well!

Elzada Elizabeth, blue eyed, white haired! Just an average sized baby. Little suck-your-thumb, so independant! Forgot her thumb when she started to school. She dearly

loved books, often stealing off to herself where no one could find her. Her mother held the answer to her questions. Daring and full of fun, often causing others concern for her safety. When starting on a mission of her married life, has fully sensed the commandments of our Heavenly Father and the great responsibility resting upon her. Dear daughter, prove true to the trust imposed upon you, and your reward is sure.

When the twins came along t'was Reva then Reed. She was a pretty baby, lots of black hair, her body round and plump. It was said had she been the boy and he the girl, she never would have been noticed! Reed, little wrinkley faced, barehead on top with just a little hair around the back of his head. Oh, we were so happy for you anyway. He was our only boy. Reva walked before Reed did, and would come and ask for something to eat, always seeing that Reed got his first! At birth she weighed 7 1/2 lbs and Reed 5 lbs. At the age of six months, they both weighed the same. Both very sensitive, appreciated each other very much. Dear daughter, you have always been unselfish and sensitive to others. May the Lord bless you always. As they grew older, Reed ventured out on his own early in life. Oh, we do remember as though it was yesterday, the terrible injury you received! How you asked for the Elders that you might get relief. One night as I was bending over you, as the Elders had just left, you put your dear arms around my neck and said, "Oh, Mother, stay right here by me. Isn't this great!" How happy to see him made well and strong again! He has been no coward! Has had great determination and faith in himself. You are the father of five beautiful children. Reed, dear, you used to be like little Ben is now. Perhaps he will be walking in your footsteps all the way. Dear son, your mother dearly loves you and has great faith in you. Read and ponder your patriarchal blessing. You are a choice spirit!

Mildred Winona, you looked almost like a little papoose, your hair was so black and long! The other children have to look at you through the window! They have whooping cough and you mustn't get it! We are moving to the Blue Bench in the Uintah Basin soon! Soon your black hair was changed to lovely golden curls, and with your blue eyes you are a darling! How we enjoyed you, way out there so far from neighbors! Growing up full of fun, but always so modest and sweet. This you have always retained. Entering on your mission of married life very young. The Lord has trusted six lovely children into your keeping. You are so proud of them and want, so much, for them to be

good men and women! Dear daughter, be diligent in teaching them the things you know are right, that you may have no regrets for something left undone! Always remember, "Tis not so much the things we do as the things we've left undone that brings us so many heartaches at the setting of the sun." Oh, Heavenly Father, grant her thy loving, helping hand.

Dear Clista Bernice, no dear Grandma was near when you came to us! First one born to us on this lonely reservation. Yet, we did get near to town and neighbors a short time before you were born. We used to call you little "Happy Jack"! You have always retained your lovely disposition, an optimist, I would say! Being born in the middle of the family you have been more pushed to one side, yet always so sweet about it. Now you have three lovely children. We still call you the best natured and happy one of the family. You have a great desire to be of service in the Church and take your family along with you in this service. Be diligent and faithful. The Lord will help you. How proud I am of you. Oh, Father, help her to always be sincere and grand and noble, that her family may appreciate her efforts.

Lorin Ross, what a beautiful, brown-eyed baby. Everybody said, "What a beautiful baby!" I can just see you now as you climbed on chairs and got off your little speeches. Mother has taken much joy with you, as I have felt you have tried to make my life happy by listening to my counsel and advice. You have been brave and courageous and are now reaping the fruits of it. May you always remember that, "As we sow, so shall we reap," and be wise. Enter in on your new career with a heart seeking to better mankind. In doing so, your life will be richer and sweeter. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." This you have so far established.

Dear Little Clyde. There was gloom hung over this home when you came.. yet you were very, very welcome. Dear old Grandma Mower was with us to comfort and cheer. How you used to cry with the ear ache! It seemed you had more discomforts than the rest of my babies. I fancy I see you now in the first little suit I made hyou. It was brown as was your hair. You looked fo darling. You have always looked that way to mother. As you grew up, so sensitive in nature, yet a great, big tease! Easy to grasp things,yet lenty willing to try andtest things out. I feel sure you know the best way. Oh, be brave and follow it! You have taken a beautiful girl for a wife. I am sure it is your desire to make

her happy, as you know the way. You have been exceedingly brave, nothing but your health and hands to start with. "The battle is not to the swift alone, but to him that endureth to the end." May the Lord's blessings attend and guide you always.

Tiny little white haired Ruby Rebecca, how glad we were to see you. You came as a comfort to take your grandpa's place--no more comforting letters, no words of advice! Yes, you must fill in, and you did it pretty fine. How we loved and fondled you! You were a little angel sent to our home. Soon you had to be put off, as mother was ill and had so much to do. Just ten hungry mouths to feed! You were just a little imitator, getting up on the dresser, while the older girls were getting ready to go places. You were powdering too! A lover of books, a good student at school. Dear impulsive Ruby, you make me wonder what will happen next! "School thy feelings, dear daughter! Train thy warm impulsive soul. Do not its emotions smother, but let wisdom's voice control. School thy feelings, there is power in the cool, collected mind. Passion shatters reason's power, makes the clearest vision blind." Growing up to beautiful womanhood, as your mother sees it, you are beautiful. Oh, Heavenly Father, grant that her energies will always be in thy service, that when she marries she may be a devoted wife and mother, filled with the spirit of her mission, as her mother has tried to teach her. She is brilliant. Oh, may it shine out in thy glorious work.

Dear husband, Irving, you came into my life when I needed you and you needed me. My children needed you, your children needed me. We have gone through much together, trying to meet our square. We had our tests, our failures and our successes. In my many sicknesses, you have been so kind and gentle and sweet and attentive to me. No sacrifice too great, no hours too long, waiting upon me day and night. Such great faith exhibited. Oh, I want so much to live a life that you may feel you have been repaid for all you have done for me. I have tried, and am trying in my weak way, to be a real wife to you, and a mother to your children.

Dear little motherly Alice Abigale, as that is the way you came into my home and have always retained this great and noble characteristic. How well I remember the day you followed your father over to my place, feeling you were being put off. You remember, too, I am sure. How thoughtful and kind and considerate you were to me in my sickness. Twice at least I can remember when, with just one of the younger children,

you watched over me when it looked like (before other help came) I would be gone. But through your faith and prayers, my life was spared. You have always had great faith and through your faith the Lord has made you this wonderful mother. Seven lovely children have been trusted into your care, and you are expecting another. Two have passed on and in their passing, you and I have been bound together stronger than before. May our Heavenly Father give you health and strength that you may go on in your wonderful calling. You are a worthy example before women. Be wise, and prudent!

Dear spunky Ruth, a child we tried hard, but couldn't quite understand! You made things hard for me, but in this I tried hard to realize you, too, had great trials. You were determined to have your own way. This has been overcome, I feel, by the part you are playing in the bringing up of your own little children. You have three sweet little darlings. I have tried to impress upon your mind that motherhood is the most noble work you can accomplish, that to be a good mother is wonderful. More joy and satisfaction comes through it than any other work you can do. Realize the covenants you have made in the house of the Lord and do not let the evil one deceive you. May the Lord protect and guide you that you may be a kind and understanding wife and mother.

Dear chubby, sleepy, Clara Ingre! How well I remember you sitting on the side of the haystack while playing "hide-and-go-seek". Often you would go to sleep in school. You have grown out of this to a great degree, a real, live, wide awake, loving wife and mother. Four beautiful children have been born to you. One has gone on, which you are very desirous of meeting. You have your mind in the right direction. Be diligent. Study the gospel that you may know and be able to give it to others. Live the gospel and through our influence in so doing, you will lead your family in the way of it. Living a principle is the greatest way of teaching. May our Heavenly Father create within you a determination and faith to do His work.

Little white-haired, blue-eyed Arthur. Long before you came into my family, when you would be at Church, you would creep up so shy by my side to be caressed. No one else would even notice that you had done so. You attracted my attention almost as soon as I knew you. I have loved to try to take the place of your dear mother. I feel there has been a great welding link created between us. I have tried to understand you and you in return have been very kind and considerate of me. They tell me you are very witty and

full of fun when with a crowd of youngsters. This is a side of you I have seen little of! I know you love to work. May our Heavenly Father's spirit guide you in your work that it may always be in the right direction. 'The Lord loves those that want to be busy in His service. See to it that you are busy in His service. The greatest joy and happiness comes through work well directed.

Well, you have all grown up and had families--most all have grandchildren. I will leave it to you to tell your part of the story. You all know what I've been and am now, and what I mean to you. Ross, Arthur and Clyde have been in the service of our country, which was a great trial to us to let you go. Arthur was wounded on the Normandy front. Ross was in New Guinea. Clyde was in training in Montana. He had a very difficult job, having to round up the men who had gone off the beam, or as some say, gone crazy. My sorrow for him and trouble he had in his family and then his death the way it came about, and the whole situation almost broke my heart! This together with Leora in her stricken condition and Rex Farnsworth meeting with his accident coming at almost the same time, all combined to make me feel my burden was more than I could bear! But I had my dear husband with me to lean on, and a testimony of the Gospel, and my Heavenly Father to comfort me. And surely I did seek solace and comfort at this particular time, for I was greatly tested otherwise, that I will not mention.

Father and I sold the old home to Arthur in 1946 and we bought his town lot in Mt. Emmons. We built a new house on the lot. In September of 1957, we moved to Springville on account of poor health. The doctor advised us to go to a lower climate. Father's cancer on his face was getting worse and I was ailing. The next January I was taken suddenly ill and had to be operated on. The children had us move to a place in Mapleton so we could be closer to some of the children. We both had flu and were under the doctor's care. I could see Irving was failing fast. With winter coming on, I knew we had to get where we had children closer. Elzada, who was living in Vernal, had written and said if we would come and live in part of their house they would have that part finished up for us to live in. This we did. Reed, Frank and Arthur moved us here in October 1959. We spent a miserable winter--neither one of us able to get out much! Irving kept failing. We had him in the hospital for one month. It was just a matter of nursing as he neared the end. We took him home here in Vernal and he passed away on

the 27th of May 1960. We buried him the day after Memorial day, in the Manti cemetery, by the side of the real mother to his children. We did the very best we could at taking care of him. While he was sick, some of us were by his side always, whether it was at the hospital or at home. His children came and assisted with his care.

Oh, we both loved each other so much! We had often talked about our passing away and both had wished we could go close together, and it seemed for some time it might be so, but I am still here and my health is much improved. I have been taking trips to the temple whenever I have a chance. I am now a visiting teacher in the Maeser First Ward Relief Society (30 August 1961). I get a great joy out of it! I have missed saying that Father Snow was a High Priest. He held offices in the Sunday School, both at Boneta and Mt. Emmons, and was also a counselor in the Bishopric at Boneta. He and I had worked in the Mutual in Boneta and both had been on the Stake Genealogical Committee.

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(Elzada writing)

Mother was with us for nearly ten years and was still active, but slowed down. Her beautiful quilting had given way to knitting and crocheting--not the fine lace she once did, but arthritic fingers, as well as a nervous drive, demanded that time be utilized. She enjoyed a sense of worth in doing temple work and drove herself to take the long trips on the bus to the Salt Lake Temple. We would leave Vernal at 5:00 a.m. and get to Salt Lake City about four hours later. We could get two and sometimes three sessions before leaving about 4:30 or 5:00 pm for the return four hour journey. Many complained of being too tired to take more than one session. Not Mother! She went the limit. Ward and I smiled at a remark of President Wallis (our Stake President). He thought because of her fierce determination or endurance that she must be of Polish descent!

She had a great interest in genealogy and had skimmed to send for research on the lines of her responsibility as well as the Law line. She had a life membership to the Utah Genealogical Society dated 18 November 1939, signed by Archibald Bennett, Secretary. As she grew older and rules changed in filling out genealogical forms, she became nervous and frustrated and lamented her inability to do this important work! She did enjoy writing letters and I persuaded her to use this talent to write to her relatives and gather information on her Grandfather Stewart's family. This she did, and obtained

pictures as well, to complete a Picture Family Group Sheet that has been a treasure for the many Stewart descendants! She often questioned how it was that she, alone, of all her age group was left and she had had such a hard life with many sicknesses and operations. She was active to the last and had stooped to pick up the newspaper from the floor on July 19th, when her hip gave way and she fell to the floor. We called an ambulance and rushed her to the hospital in Vernal. The doctor sent her on to Salt Lake City for a hip operation at St. Marks Hospital, where she died July 24, 1969 at the age of 89.