Honoring the Farm: Identity and Meaning in Personal Narratives

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HONORING THE FARM. IDENTITY AND MEANING
IN PERSONAL NARRATIVES

by

Jeannie Banks Thomas

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree

of

MASTER OF SCIENCE

in

American Studies

UTAH STATE UNIVERSITY
Logan, Utah
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I would like to thank Beth Wyatt Winn for trusting me with her life in narrative form.

I am grateful to the many Wyatt relatives—especially Stewart and Clair Wyatt, Renee Bilsborough, and Franklin H. Wyatt’s grandchildren—who shared family stories, photographs, and artifacts with me; I was enriched by their generosity and time.

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Finally, I extend my appreciation to those who, like Beth Wyatt Winn, continue to share personal narratives— they are today’s “Alexandras”:

Fortunate country, that is one day to receive hearts like Alexandra’s into its bosom, to give them out again in the yellow wheat, in the rustling corn, in the shining eyes of youth (Cather 309)!
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ABSTRACT

Honoring the Farm: Identity and Meaning

in Personal Narratives

by

Jeannie Banks Thomas, Master of Science

Utah State University, 1987

Major Professor: Dr. Barre Toelken
Department: English

This thesis employs the literary folklorist methodology to explore personal narratives. Personal narratives told by Elizabeth (Beth) Wyatt Winn were analyzed. It was discovered that these narratives provide an eyewitness account of history, reveal world views, and encapsulate experiences into values and personal meanings. The depth of meaning found in Elizabeth (Beth) Wyatt Winn's personal narratives illustrates the importance of personal narratives in historical research and historical re-creation and simulation.
Appendices include several oral interviews containing personal narratives.

(404 pages)
CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

Elizabeth (Beth) Wyatt Winn grew up on the original farm where the Ronald V. Jensen Living Historical Farm near Wellsville, Utah, stands today. Her growing-up years coincide with the period of time that the staff and students try to recreate at the Living Historical Farm, which is an outdoor museum program of Utah State University. Student interviewers found her a lucid and important source of information, a second reason why Beth is the subject of many interviews. The value of this material is obvious for the Historical Farm. The detailed information Beth has given will enable the Historical Farm to recreate specific aspects of farm life—from daily chores to the number of cows on the farm to how the Wyatt farm house was furnished. Beth even drew a map indicating how the Wyatt farm was laid out (Appendix F, 385). The contents of these interviews with Beth, included in Appendix A, provide valuable information for researchers interested in studying a detailed account of farm life in Cache Valley shortly after the turn of the century. In order to gain a fuller picture of life on the
Wyatt farm, the researcher should also see "Reminiscences on the Wyatt Farm," done by Charles S. Peterson in 1973, "Comments on Frank Wyatt"—Elsie Maughan and Edna Parker interviewed by Charles S. Peterson, and "Life in Wellsville, Utah"—Annie Leishman interviewed by Sandra Bailey in 1973. In January of 1987, Beth also donated several items to Utah State University. China plates, letters from her father's 1904 mission, and over one hundred copies of historic family photographs form the Wyatt collection, which is in Utah State University's Special Collections and Archives. These items should also be viewed in order to gain insight into the Wyatts's post turn-of-the-century farm life. Certainly, these interviews and materials are valuable from a historic view, but they are also valuable from a folkloristic point of view. These oral interviews reveal valuable personal folklore and cultural information which gives insight into what living in the past was really like for Beth Wyatt Winn.

The interview was originally conducted solely to gain factual information. However, along with a factual structure, the oral interview has several other structures within it which have intensified meaning and are well worth examining on folkloristic grounds. These
other structures are narrative structures, and they include family, community and personal narratives. This thesis examines the relationship among these structures and focuses particularly on the personal narrative for stylistic and structural devices which dramatize or encapsulate important ideas, i.e., the content. What these personal narratives indicate about the narrator's values is also explored. Examining and exploring personal narratives can reveal valuable cultural and historic insights which have been translated into the teller's personal language of understanding. Therefore, these narratives allow the researcher/listener to see the personal and cultural meaning that the narrator attached to events. Personal narratives add an important dimension to history; we are allowed to see a living version of history. That is, personal narratives often explain human reactions to historical facts, and thus give an added and important dimension to our understanding of the past. Besides encompassing personal reactions, personal narratives can also reveal traditional elements. However, when these traditional elements are included in personal narratives, they explain some part of the teller's personal and subjective understanding of his or her own life. It is also
important to realize that a personal narrative is not a monologue; it assumes a listener. Since personal narratives are private folklore, the teller, by the act of telling, chooses to create some level of intimacy with the listener. The listener, by paying attention to connotation in the narrative, can begin to understand more of the teller's personal philosophy (Stahl, "Meaning in Personal Narrative" 51). It is the responsibility of the listener to record and illustrate how she arrived at her interpretation of the personal narratives.

This thesis is an exploration of the personal narratives in an oral interview. The researcher/listener is the author; the narrator is Beth Wyatt Winn. Using the folkloristic literary methodology, which is explained in the following chapter, the thesis outlines the listener/researcher's understanding of meaning, aside from manifest factual content, gleaned from Beth's personal narratives.

Hypothesis

As stated in the previous section, I initially interviewed Beth with the intent of obtaining factual information; the concern was with the details and description of the Wyatts's material culture. When Beth
responded to questions intended to elicit this type of concrete response, her remembrances were peppered with personal narratives. At one point in an interview, remembrance of a narrative was triggered because she was explaining the location of the farm's well:

E. Winn: This was the surface well, and there's the house; as you walk catty-corner out here, the well was right here. Did I tell you any place about my brother Ralph falling down there once?

J. Thomas: No, I don't think so.

E. Winn: I have listed all these interesting stories I can write about, and that's one of them. So I won't bother to tell you about that today; I'll write it. He fell down, but he didn't go too far. The little nosy Beth that never set at the table 'til everybody was through, I wondered why it took him so long to go out for a pound of butter that was hanging down the well—(Appendix A, 109 - 10).

Beth went on to tell the whole story, even though she said she would write it instead of telling it. This incident implies that the narrator finds the personal narrative to be an important form of communication. Beth did not want to take time away from describing the farm layout to give a personal account. However, the personal account was important enough to tell anyway. Ostensibly, Beth was explaining the way the farm was laid out, but she also was indicating, through the use of a personal narrative, the personal meanings and associations the farm represents for her. Throughout the oral interview, even though the line
of questioning calls for factual information, the personal narrative is a recurring pattern.

In her book, *O Pioneers!,* Willa Cather says:

There are only two or three human stories, and they go on repeating themselves as fiercely as if they had never happened before; like the larks in this country, that have been singing the same five notes over for thousands of years (119).

Beth told one of these two or three human stories in her oral interview, through her use of personal narratives. The narratives do more than simply entertain, or tell the location of things on the Wyatt farm. They give meaning to her life on the farm; they reveal the human story that Beth wants to tell. Cather also says in *O Pioneers!,* "The history of every country begins in the heart of a man or woman" (65). The events Beth chose to tell narratives about reveal a great deal about her core of values—what is in her heart. The history of Beth's "country," i.e., the family farm, is truly a history born of and about the human heart.

Beth's personal narratives have larger meaning than just their manifest content. This thesis explores the meanings of these narratives which lay in 1) How Beth's family dealt with the problems that arose on the farm, 2) What the family's response to situations on
the farm showed about the Wyatts' attitude toward farming and their family farm, and 3) How these human dimensions give Beth a sense of identity.

In case her feelings about the family farm are not appreciated from the narratives themselves, Beth came right out and stated her attitude in response to the question of a student who accompanied me to one of the interviewing sessions. He said, "Living in Cache Valley, did you feel way out West, or isolated from the big cities?" Her reply was:

Have you read that interview with Dr. Peterson (referring to the 1973 "Interview with Beth Wyatt Winn")? He kept asking me questions like you're asking me now. No, we thought we lived in the choice place. It's the way our parents told us about it. They honored the farm. Father says, 'We wouldn't want to live in the city. Your neighbors are too close to you, and you don't have enough land.' And all these things. So we just believed our parents and thought, 'This is the grandest place to live' (Emphasis added) (Appendix A, 208 - 9).

In this narrative, Beth states that she was taught to honor the farm. The hypothesis of this thesis is that the personal narratives which appear in Beth's oral interview support this statement and indicate that she does, indeed, honor the farm. The narratives also reveal that the farm is symbolic of other factors that are important in her value system--family, religion and personal identity. For example, by honoring
the farm Beth is showing love, respect and obedience for her parents' teachings; she is honoring her parents. Beth's honoring of her parents indicates that she is also honoring her religion—a religion that strongly emphasizes family unity—by obeying its teachings, specifically, the Second Commandment. By demonstrating her strong feelings for the family farm, Beth is also indicating her feelings about herself, her family and her religion. Beth's personal narratives of life on the Wyatt farm life are vehicles for expressing what she and her culture values.

Background

Elizabeth (Beth) Archibald Wyatt Winn was born to Franklin Horsecroft Wyatt and Elizabeth Watson Archibald Wyatt on September 16, 1899. She was the ninth child of thirteen; seven of these children grew to adulthood. The other children were either stillborn or died soon after birth. She had one sister, Caroline, who was three years older and two sisters, Edna and Elsie, who were six and eight years younger. Her three older brothers, Ralph, Robert and Franklin were (respectively) ten, twelve and thirteen years older than she (Appendix G, 394).

Beth's paternal grandparents, John Moses Wyatt and Sarah Caroline
Horsecroft Wyatt, were converted to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormon) in 1852 in England. Shortly after their conversion, they decided to emigrate to Utah. Their own families were against Mormonism and tried to prevent the couple’s oldest child, John Horsecroft, from emigrating with his parents by hiding him. However, his parents found him, and they sailed for America. The family arrived in Salt Lake in the fall of 1853. In 1860, they moved to Cache Valley, intending to live in Providence; however, the Little Bear River was flooding at that time, so they stayed in Wellsville (Appendix E, 336 - 37).

Beth’s maternal grandparents, Isabella Watson Archibald and Robert Russell Archibald, also came to Utah in 1866 as a result of converting to the Mormon church. They were living in Scotland when Robert joined the Church. Isabella did not join the Church at this time, but she did join after emigrating to Utah. The family settled in Wellsville, Utah and remained until 1884 when they moved to Rexburg, Idaho (Appendix E, 342 - 43).

Both of Beth’s parents lived in Wellsville while they were growing up. They married in April of 1885, in the Logan Temple, where Mormon marriage ordinances are performed. They then lived with Frank’s
parents for a year. In 1886, after their first son was born, they moved to a farm house three miles north of Wellsville that Frank and his brothers built. It was here that Beth and the rest of the children, and several grandchildren, were born (Appendix C, 269 - 70).

This brief overview of Wyatt/Archibald family history provides insight into the family background that produced Beth. This family background, along with the influence of the Mormon Church, is important to understand, because these components are paramount in her world view. She connects her family and their religious beliefs to the farm, and thus also creates a strong sense of place. Family, sense of place, and religion are all connected and build on each other in Beth's life. For instance, she makes her feelings about her life on the farm very plain in the following response to a question, and also demonstrates that the factors of Mormonism, family and place are interwoven in her view:

No, I didn't think we were deprived of anything because I thought we had so many more things. We had our freedom. I could go out with a good book and sit on the lawn and lie on the couch out there and just read. You know, if you're in town, you'd hear the kids running up and down the sidewalks. You hear more noises. It was just quiet out there; I just loved it. We just thought we had the best place in the world to live.

Then, of course, we had all the animals to take care of. That was company, brushing your pony or your horses down, or the cows. We just were so well acquainted with all those animals,
we just talked to them and called them by name (Appendix A, 209).

This excerpt from Beth's oral interview shows a Mormon attitude toward a place, in this case, the Wyatt family farm. When the Mormons originally came to Utah, they saw it as the place to establish Zion—God's kingdom on earth. They also believed themselves to be stewards, or caretakers, of the earth, remembering that the earth was given to them by God. Thus, place had a definite part in the religion, and was even considered sacred in some instances. For example, for Mormons, the "right" place to be married is in a Mormon temple, like the Logan Temple where Beth's parents were married. This is a sacred place—sacred ordinances that are predicated upon a member's good standing in the Church are performed there. Just as the temple is a sacred place, so, for Beth, is the stream on their farm where she was baptized into the Church doubly sacred and personal, because this is where she took part in baptism, one of the sacred ordinances of the Church:

E. Winn: Oh, I've written here where my father baptized me here. I was the only one in the family. I was the youngest one when he went on a mission, and so when he came home, he said the first one to be baptized—he wanted to baptize us in a river the way he did on a mission, so I was glad that I was that one. He dug a hole he'd use for the baptismal; the water filled it up. Mother and the other girls, the other sisters, sat on a hillside to watch the
baptisms. The next day we all went to church, and I was confirmed in church the next day. I thought that was pretty neat (Appendix A, 111).

Another example of the way Mormons integrate place into their religion is their practice of praying to dedicate special religious and church sites to the Lord. Usually the ground is broken with a shovel, and a prayer is offered which dedicates the ground.

The family unit is also considered sacred in Mormon theology. Family unity is emphasized; Mormons believe that families can remain together after life, and achieve the highest degree of heavenly glory together if the proper things have been done on earth. The Church promotes measures that solidify the family, like honoring one's parents. In the preceding excerpt, Beth shows that she does indeed believe in the importance of family because she honors her parents' teachings by honoring the farm. She does what Exodus 20:12 commands her to do: "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Beth honors her parents, and interestingly, her days (both physically and mentally) upon the land--or their family farm--are indeed long and far reaching. That is, she listened to their counsel to honor the farm, and by doing so honors them and their teachings, and incidentally
her days are long—she lives to an old age. Her days upon the land are also long because she remembers her life on the farm, and shares narratives about it. So Beth extends her time upon the land, the Wyatt family farm, through her memories, and her children and grandchildren spend time upon the land in their imaginations because of the narratives she shares.

Beth’s stories illustrate her essentially positive worldview. She does not omit the tragic; she tells of deaths, problematic medical care, runaway horses and life-threatening situations. But she constructs a framework of family strength, and the situations described in the narratives are seen through this framework. Thus, the potential for the full horror and despair of the situation is not explored in her stories about crisis. The roots of this attitude can again be understood by knowing something about her religion; this make-the-best-of-it attitude is common in Mormonism, in large part because of the Mormon belief that there is an after-life with a loving God. Mormons also believe that it is important in eternal progression for a spirit to come to earth and gain a body as Christ did. The time spent on earth, then, is a learning experience wherein persons should perfect and refine themselves
according to Christ's teachings. Mormons believe that each person can pray and communicate directly with God. They believe that children are innocent and pure; therefore, if they die as infants they will achieve the highest level of glory in the afterlife. These beliefs help Mormons cope with tragedies like death. For example, if a baby dies, its parents know that it will be in another life with a loving God, and they can take solace in knowing that they provided an earthly body for that spirit. Since life is a learning experience, knowledge and growth can come through tragedy, and communication with and guidance from God can be sought to overcome and ease tragedies and problems.

Thus, when Beth tells about crises at the farm, she exhibits a non-despairing view of life that is common among Mormons. Another dramatic example of this attitude was demonstrated in a letter written by Beth's uncle, John Horsecroft Wyatt, while he was on a mission in England. John was the older brother of Frank Wyatt; he lived across the road from Frank, and their children played together. He was also a polygamist and was married to two sisters. He married the second sister just about the time that federal officers were cracking down on polygamy. Consequently, he spent a lot of time hiding in the attic of his
home. His second wife was constantly hiding—she stayed upstairs for
days or hid in the raspberry patch. Finally, he sent her to Canada to be
with her family. But she wanted to be with her husband, so she returned.
The Bishop advised the men to accept mission calls because doing so
would help them avoid persecution. So, John accepted a mission call to
England in 1891. In 1892, his second wife, Betsy, was arrested to be a
witness against her husband, and after she was released she went into
hiding, taking her two children with her. They stayed in an unheated
room and both children caught the measles. Their son died in July, and
then their daughter, Betsy, got pneumonia and died in August. Upon
receiving word of his daughter's death, John wrote:

Julia my dear wife and Betsy my dear wife:

Your letter bearing the awful sad news to me of my darling
Betsy's death has reached me and, oh dear! I believe my poor
heart will break if the Lord does not help me (which I feel sure
he will). Oh! such a lot of trouble for me, and oh! my poor wives,
how your poor hearts must ache. And poor dear Betsy, may God
help her to bear up under this. The Lord has a purpose in this I
am sure, but it is hard to bear.

I have felt in my sleep, of late, that something was wrong at
home. You ask me to try to bear up. Oh! my dear, it--it is so
hard.

I have not been right well one day since I have been here. I
have worked on thinking to be able to overcome it all, and at
times I have thought I should. I know that the Lord has helped me
on, but now I have to tell you that I have not had the privilege of
feeling right well at all. But, I have thought that I could suffer
anything my self to do the will of my Father in Heaven. But when I hear of the sad trouble at home, oh my poor broken hearted wives! If I could only comfort you for a minute. But, you must ask God to do that and he will.

Oh! I am so sorry to hear of your arrest. Don't you know that they cannot make you testify against me? Oh! the scoundrels! [sic] If I had that marshal [sic] just for a few minutes, I would make him sick sure. Oh say, have you got a receipt for the $135.00? [This was the amount Julia was fined when she was arrested.] I hope so, and I will make it hot for them. But don't tell this now my dear wives.

Don't you think it would be the best thing for you to do, to give me away and then you could live in peace together unmolested? I would rather go to the pen than have you both or either of you in such trouble, my dears. If I was in the pen and knew that you were both free and happy, I should feel better than I do this way.

What do you think? I am in earnest and I would rather die in the pen than ever give up one of you, or forsake one parcel of the blessings God has given me to any men or government. So, I hope you will not doubt me for if it need be, I can swear [sic] it, and I believe God will help me to be faithful. I have no fears for you both.

Remember, I am writing this to you both and if the Lord see's fit to take our sweet little ones to himself we shall try to live worthy of them; and then oh what a joyous meeting we shall have with them.

Now I hope that you will not pay them scamps any more cash. My dears, I am out of money nearly, please send me a little.

I have got my Mothers' loving letter, but I can't answer it now. Give my love to her and Father and all. Let her read this, and tell her to write and not to wait for me.

Now my dear wives, please accept of the love of your broken hearted husband. I pray God the Eternal Father to heal up your aching hearts and mine. Give my love to the children that are left to me. This is the prayers of my aching heart. John Wyatt (Appendix D, 283 – 84).

John Wyatt revealed his belief in life after death and his belief that
the Lord would comfort Wyatt, himself, and also his family. Yet this letter shows that Wyatt did not find the death of his children and the hardships his wives were enduring the easiest thing to deal with, either. He said, "The Lord has a purpose in this I am sure, but it it is hard to bear," and "If I was in the pen and knew that you were both free and happy, I should feel better than I do this way." (Emphasis added). When Beth Wyatt Winn recalls her life on their family farm, these same make-the-best-of-it attitudes are exhibited in her narratives. Thus, her value system and worldview can be seen through her comments.
In his article, "Human Values in Oral History," James Bennett points out that there are numerous terms to describe personal narratives in an oral interview:

Consider these other terms: life history; self-report; personal interview; autobiography; first-person account; human document; personal narrative; oral autobiography; personal document; personal history; life story; own story; oral biography; ethnohistory; self-analysis; personal statement; street biography; testimony; documentary expression; self-portrait; biogram; individual statement; lives; voices; memoir; case history; participant observation; chronicle; confession, testament; recit de vie; histoire de vie and storia di vita (14).

Obviously, it is necessary to establish which terms one wants to use and why. This is the purpose of this section--to clarify the terms used throughout the thesis. To be sure, not everybody agrees on the same meaning for each term--which is another reason why definitions need to be elucidated at the outset.

The most important term to understand when reading this thesis is personal narrative. This term is what I call the groups of words studied here. My definition of personal narrative is based heavily on
the research of Sandra K. Dolby Stahl:

A personal narrative by conventional standards would be considered a new story rather than an old one; that is, we could not say that the performance of a personal narrative involves a traditional resource of the class 'tale type' or 'traditional plot.' However, the performance will involve a number of other traditional aspects such as traditional structure, use, attitudes, or idioms...

As folkloric performance, the personal narrative is more traditional than innovative. It relies upon some individual resources, but most of these are influenced to some degree by collective models, and all are within the range of 'safe creation.' Of the resources that most clearly underline the traditional quality of personal narrative performance, first person narrative tradition and traditional attitudes are most important and warrant investigation in greater detail ("The Personal Narrative as Folklore" 14, 17).

David H. Stanley adds to this definition by saying that personal narratives are "the stories we tell each other about our everyday experiences, stories which center themselves in decision-making, conflict, ethical ambiguity, and danger" (108).

In her doctoral dissertation about orally communicated history, Barbara Allen says the personal narrative describes "the part of the past which was 'closest' to the narrator" (98). It should be noted that the personal narrative has a story structure, unlike simple information.

All of these statements reflect the meaning of "personal narrative" as it is used in this thesis.
As Stahl points out, the personal narrative is full of private folklore, which she defines as "exclusively shared (and cannot be corroborated outside of the group) and it is privately or even personally generated through group interaction or personal experience" ("Meaning in Personal Narrative" 48). The concept of private folklore contrasts with the concept folklore generally because folklore is commonly thought of as something shared by an entire group. However, private folklore is shared in the largest sense; it is shared at a structural level (Stahl, "Meaning in Personal Narrative" 48).

There are several other terms that relate to the personal narrative, but they do not have the same meaning. I will define these terms beginning with true story. Stahl's definition is useful here:

I would contend that the more personal, first person accounts (regardless of what they are called) should constitute a separate genre. The term 'true story' could then refer to the more collective, third-person stories ("The Oral Personal Narrative in Its Generic Context" 25).

Legend is another term that is related to the personal narrative; it appears to be easily differentiated from the personal narrative because its content is traditional and widely circulated. It is usually told in third-person instead of first-person narration. However, legends are
believed and believable, unlike myths and fairy tales (Brunvand 3).

Personal narratives are also believable and believed, and some have suggested that personal narratives can become legends. Nonetheless, they are separate genres; Stahl says:

Legends are accounts that tell how various legendary heroes reacted to given situations, and personal narratives are the accounts of how various ordinary people reacted to their given situation. It is easy to see why the personal narrative has been regarded as a kind of legend or even a proto-legend. At least in terms of the 'reacting' central character, two genres are very similar ("The Oral Personal Narrative in Its Generic Context" 27).

Another relative of the personal narrative is the family story. This term is important to note, because family stories crop up in Beth Wyatt Winn's personal narratives:

Family stories may often arise in the midst of an exchange of personal narratives, and we may conjecture that most family stories started as someone's personal narrative and spread within the family in a kind of mini-legend-building process. Without pushing the analogy too far, we might think of the family stories as personal narratives representing the family as a unit (Stahl, "The Oral Personal Narrative in Its Generic Context" 33, 34).

In this thesis, there are some stories which could also be classified as family stories. They are classified as personal narratives, however, because my hypothesis is that these stories reveal the narrator's private folklore, and thus are personal.
The personal narrative constitutes a genre by itself, and one of the reasons is because its content is about a personal experience. This subject matter is one of the things that differentiates the personal narrative from local history. According to Stahl, "An eyewitness account of a local happening on the other hand, is simply a primary report adding to local history. Its content can be checked against other accounts" ("The Oral Personal Narrative in Its Generic Context" 35).

Often a personal narrative may be included in an oral history, but these two terms do not share the same meaning. An oral history, in Willa K. Baum's words, is "the tape-recording of reminiscences about which the narrator can speak from first-hand knowledge" (7). Thus, oral history is not the same as a personal narrative; oral history is a more inclusive term. An oral history could contain personal narratives, eyewitness accounts of community happenings, and statements. Oral history is a catch-all term for the information received from one person. In this thesis, I use oral interview as synonymous with oral history.

Barbara Allen distinguishes the statement and the reminiscence from the personal narrative:
Statements present the past simply as it was, providing straightforward description, explanations, and comparisons of the general conditions under which life was lived, in the form of declarative sentences.

When events or actions in the past were thought of as having occurred more than once or on a regular basis, they were described through the use of a grammatical structure that indicated repeated action in the past; this form of expression I have called reminiscence (77).

I use the terms "statement" and "information" synonymously.

Finally, another term that is associated with the personal narrative is memorate. This term is commonly defined as personal accounts of experiences with the supernatural, according to Stahl, when quoting von Sydow ("Personal Experience Stories" 269). This definition can be extended to include personal narratives about striking or unusual occurrences.

Methodology

The methodology and procedures used to uncover meaning in the personal narratives of Beth Wyatt Winn are based on several notions concerning the personal narrative and the oral interview. The first notion is expressed in an article by James Bennett:

You cannot take a literal picture of a human life or a human value: too many invisibles are involved, too many thoughts and feelings that can be externalized only in language—if, indeed, there. But oral histories are probably the best 'pictures' we can get of human values. Thus, one reason oral histories are so good at representing human values is that a human value is not an abstraction—or rather, it becomes such only in analysis. In fact,
a value is an experience, and oral histories are perhaps the best medium for representing human experience as it is lived (3).

The methodology used here assumes that personal narratives and oral interviews are often one of the best ways to represent human experience because they reveal human values. Furthermore, it is assumed that in some cases the personal narrative or oral interview is the only way the experiences of some people are represented; this fact gives added importance to the oral interview and personal narrative as research data and research tools. Charles W. Joyner says:

At least part of the reason for the long neglect of Afro-American history, Native American history, the history of women and of various ethnic groups was an historical methodology which failed to provide us with sufficient data on such subjects. The great challenge is to develop a more adequate methodology for studying history 'from the bottom up.' I believe that folkloristics (a term folklorists used to distinguish the discipline from the material studied) has much to contribute to the development of that methodology and the theory upon which it must stand. Because oral history makes possible the gathering of historical evidence on people who would otherwise be left out of historical study (or treated only statistically), and because oral communication reveals more than written documents, I believe oral history is the most important single method of historical research and should be part of the methodological training of every historian (47).

Finally, this thesis is based upon the idea that mental images, not just historical fact alone, are real and valuable. In the article, "Telling One's Story," Barbara Myerhoff illustrates this idea by quoting
Harry Gerson:

Mental images are, therefore, as real as the immediately experienced real world. Both are constructions in the brain. In other words, in hearing or reading, we literally share another's consciousness, and it is that familiar use of language that is unique to man (30).

The research methodology has to be capable of allowing the discovery of the meaningful elements in Beth's personal narratives. The literary folkloristic methodology is the appropriate tool for understand the meaning, not just the manifest factual content, of personal narratives. This methodology takes into account generic studies, thematic studies and semiotic studies, but it also goes beyond these approaches and explores how meaning is created for the listener of the narratives (Stahl, "Meaning in Personal Narrative" 50). "Meaning," used in this instance, refers to what the narrator is trying to tell the listener about the narrator's own attitude. An oral narrative is an excellent place to start when a researcher wants to pinpoint attitudes. According to Stahl, the common way for attitudes to be expressed is in verbal exchange. She says, "The personal narrative is the most likely vehicle for expressing a traditional attitude since it represents an incident, an actualized behavior pattern" ("The Personal
Narrative as Folklore" 21). And, she also says, "The attitude illustrated by a particular story makes that story a likely candidate for admission to the teller's active repertoire" ("The Personal Narrative as Folklore" 25). Using the literary folkloristic methodology to identify attitudes is similar to the identification of themes in literary work:

A basic assumption in this methodology is that anyone's response to a personal narrative told in its natural context is to regard the story as a reflection of the teller's personal philosophy and stable identity (Stahl, "Meaning in Personal Narrative" 54-55).

Stahl further clarifies this methodology by outlining five points:

(1) An acknowledged 'documentary' frame; (2) Clear allowance for the individual response of the listener; (3) Commentary by an audience-interpreter whose relevant 'folk group' is the same as the storyteller's (4) Identification of an audience-interpreter who knows the conventions of literary criticism and could thus translate his or her 'emic' commentary into 'etic' terms for the purposes (as Pertti Pelto suggests) 'of cross-cultural study of behavioral systems'; and (5) Audience-interpreter willing to accept full responsibility for the act of interpretation ("Meaning in Personal Narrative" 53).

Procedure

I utilize these five requirements. I assume the role of the listener and audience-interpreter in points two through five. Regarding point three, while I do share membership in a relevant folk group with the
We are both members of the Mormon Church—there are also other folk groups that I do not participate in with Beth. These other groups include women who grew up on farms, senior citizens with similar rural backgrounds, and members of her own family. All the folk groups Beth belongs to probably play a part in her personal narratives. Thus, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for me to fully understand the influence of all these groups and how they overlap in Beth’s mind and in her narratives. But, 1) being Mormon is probably one of the most relative folk groups in this case, and 2) could any interpreter ever fulfill Stahl’s criteria? This problem is why point number five is so important. As Stahl says:

What is important is not so much whether the listener succeeds in accurately assessing the teller’s values and personality (how would we know?) but instead whether we can see how the listener came to hold the interpretation offered, how the listener’s response evolved (“Meaning in Personal Narrative” 55).

My focus is on the literary text created by the personal narratives; it relies on a literary, rather than a purely psychological approach. Thus my analysis satisfies Stahl’s requirement that the listener’s interpretation be methodically laid out, step by step. The interpretation and analysis of Beth’s narratives are detailed in Chapter
Four. What follows is an outline of the procedures I used to arrive at my interpretation.

First, I was a listener (the informed listener discussed in Stahl's point four); I listened to Beth's personal narratives. How I listened had an effect on the narratives Beth told. If I had rejected the stories and responded negatively, she probably would have quit telling the narratives because one aim of a personal narrative is to establish a certain intimacy between the listener and the narrator (Stahl, "Meaning in Personal Narrative" 53). It simply would not have been profitable for Beth to try to establish intimacy with someone who was antagonistic, and the narratives would have stopped. I was a supportive and interested listener, so I was privileged to hear many personal narratives. I did not comment very much during the interviews, yet I did not feel like an observer. What I was experiencing was the intimacy created by the sharing of personal narratives. Barbara Myerhoff describes this experience in the following manner:

A story told aloud, to progeny or peers is of course more than a text. It is an event. When it is done properly, the listener is more than a mere passive receiver or validator, he is changed. This is recognized implicitly by Rabbi Nachman of Bratzlav who ordered that all his written records of his teaching be destroyed. His words must be passed from mouth to ear, learned by and in
the heart. "My words have no clothes," he said. "When one speaks to one's fellows there arises a simple light and a returning light" (27).

Once the interviewing process was finished, the next procedure was to distinguish narrative from other discourse in the interview. The personal narrative is replete with private folklore; this folklore describes the parts of the culturally shared past which are "closest to the narrator, according to Allen (98). Private folklore is a secular account of a single episode (Stohl, "Meaning In Personal Narrative" 56). There are other characteristics often found in an oral narrative—repetition, slang, cliches, connective conjunctions (especially "and"), and the language in an oral narrative is context-sensitive (context referring to a combination of audience and setting). Generally, oral narratives have a forward movement, and the text is variable because it is retold and each telling is different (Stahl, "Style in Oral and Written Narratives" 45-48).

After I identified the personal narratives using these criteria, I then began the search to find meaning in the narratives. A heuristic approach was helpful; I asked myself questions about the content of the narrative:

1. What is the attitude exhibited in the narrative? Stahl says,
"The attitude is what gives the narrative its meaning; it is the point of the story, and therefore is an attitude regarded as important by the teller and presumably by his audience" (Stahl, "Personal Narrative as Folklore" 22).

2. In what context(s) is the narrative used?

3. What is the function of the story--teaching, a warning, a means of comprehending and integrating the past? Or is the storyteller trying to discover the point of the incident, hoping the listener will offer a more positive construction of the story than the narrator herself has done, or is the narrator seeking reaffirmation of her view of the narrative (Robinson 69). Is the telling of the narrative an invitation to cooperative problem-solving (Robinson 69)?

4. What are the evaluative devices--repetition, use of reported speech, modifiers and intensifiers, suspension of action by retarding discussion, detailed description, heightened stress and extended discussion (Polanyi 209, 231)--and what information do these devices highlight as being important?

5. What sort, if any, of negotiation is going on between the
narrator and the listener about what each views as the point or impact of the story (Polanyi 214)?

6. Is the narrator talking about a past that is unfamiliar to the listener? If this the case, Myerhoff says:

   If the old people are talking about an unfamiliar past--which is much more likely to be the case in a group of younger peers--the need to dramatize their claims as to what their lives have been is what pushes their story over into a presentational form. That is, they must document and demonstrate whatever it is they claim, not only because there are no credible witnesses, but also because the world from which they came is gone, and therefore, it has to be more fully reconstructed, it must be more convincingly rendered as a common reality for all those who are listening to it (31).

8. Where does the story begin and where does it end? Why? Do we know where it begins and ends; are there opening and closing formulas?

9. Who are the important characters in the stories and why?

10. What elements are repeated in the stories and why? Is there a climax? Why or why not?

11. What are the denotative and connotative meanings of each narrative?

12. What is not said in the story and why not?

13. In what ways did the narrative allow or cause intimacy to
develop between the narrator and the listener?

Then I compared the narratives. Were there common elements, motifs and symbols that appeared in more than one narrative? Were the narratives structured similarly; did they function similarly? Did the same characters appear in more than one story, and were their functions similar? What were the differences among the narratives?

There were also a couple of other processes that I made use of when I analyzed the narratives. One of these processes, dealing with the selection of "interesting" material, is described by Livia Polanyi:

It is my contention that from an examination of the points of stories, together with some understanding of how generally accepted stories based on those points are, one can gain a good picture of the values and cultural presuppositions of a people.

We have the ability to isolate 'interesting' material from background material in stories by means of the evaluation structure. By taking this isolated material and asking why it is interesting, and then by examining the presuppositions behind the reasons given for why some material is interesting and other material is not, we have a methodology for identifying and investigating beliefs about the world held by members of a particular culture (213).

All these procedures can be summarized in three words: preparation, incubation and illumination. That is, I read the narratives (preparation), thought about them in regard to the critical questions (incubation), and then began to understand them better (illumination).
Barbara Myerhoff describes this process by quoting Gelya Frank on reading the life history of a person:

We hear the voice of someone putting us in touch with the experiences, thoughts, and feelings of another's life. The words take shape as images in our minds, as in the unfolding of a drama or the sudden moments of illumination in a poem. Through this process we arrive at a general understanding of the person whose story we are reading or hearing. Step by step, we distill that person's essence, weaving our characterizations around themes provided by the text (29).

Utilizing these procedures leads to a better understanding of the personal narratives told by Beth Wyatt Winn. I was able to come to some conclusions about the emotional function of these narratives; the analysis and “whys” of these narratives are discussed in Chapter Four.
CHAPTER III

REVIEW OF LITERATURE

Oral interviews protect and define our humanity, according to James Bennett in his article, "Human Values in Oral History" (15). He comments that "when the presentation is made in a speaker's own words, the image of a person is created that a reader is better able to identify with than would be possible with impersonal prose" (3). Oral interviews give us examples of the variety of human experience that can be added to our store of knowledge (Emphasis added) (Bennett 4). Bennett also points out that oral interviews have gotten a "bum rap" because they concern the everyday (10), and he says the oral interview is a vehicle for a person to preserve and share her own experiences in her own words (13). Bennett has no question regarding the importance of the oral interview: "The truth is that oral histories relate to the most important question anyone can ask: How shall I live my life?" (10).

Stahl also discusses the importance of the personal narrative in an oral interview. Stahl asserts that the "guiding principles" of human
lives can be found in personal narratives ("Personal Experience Stories" 275). She says that these stories are also important because they are excellent ways to create intimacy—"the storyteller offers a welcome gift to a cold world, a moment by the fire of self" ("Personal Experience Stories" 274). According to Stahl, personal narratives also provide a forum for narrators to test their values and identity ("Personal Experience Stories" 275).

Bernard Ostry provides a pragmatic example of the importance of oral interviews:

A recent art exhibit on an aspect of the Second World War was to employ mannequins dressed in uniforms and equipment of the period. All documentary dress regulations specified that webbing equipment (the supporting straps for infantrymen's equipment) was to be worn in a certain manner. But questioning of several individuals who had actually worn the equipment revealed that no Canadian ever wore it in the regulation manner. The reasons were various: a desire not to look like British troops, comfort and so on. Further questioning established the way Canadians in fact wore and used the webbing. The exhibit was dressed accordingly. Oral techniques had corrected the documentary evidence (15).

Ostry succinctly points out that although "the written record was often accurate, it was rarely true" (10). Certainly these articles pertain directly to my hypothesis, which is that personal narratives reveal values, or "guiding principles," as Stahl calls them.
Besides illustrating the importance of the personal narrative, Stahl explains why the personal narrative is considered folklore. According to Stahl, personal narratives express traditional attitudes, and the personal narrative is very traditional in terms of certain components, i.e., the telling ("Personal Narrative as Folklore" 15). Thus, she finds the personal narrative to be more traditional than innovative. In "Style in Oral and Written Narratives," Stahl outlines seven parallel stylistic features of the oral and written narratives, and notes that style deserves more attention when studying the oral narrative (48 - 49). I have therefore built in some ways of looking at style in my methodology.

The personal narrative can also give insight into literature. David H. Stanley notes that both the personal narrative and the personal novel are often concerned with maturing, coping, and learning (110). *Moll Flanders; Great Expectations; A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man; Huckleberry Finn; Sister Carrie; The Great Gatsby; Look Homeward, Angel; On the Road; Portnoy's Complaint* and *Fear of Flying* are all examples of what Stanley refers to as the personal novel (110). He says the personal novel and the personal narrative are alike in their
concern with the definition of self "as it emerges from the past and as it demands correlation with the self-perceived person of the present" (112). Stanley points out that it is important to be cognizant of the fact that the personal novel is based upon many of the conventions of a personal narrative (117).

Several articles clarify the personal narrative in relation to other folklore genres; Stahl's "The Oral Personal Narrative in Its Generic Context," differentiates among the divergent genres that are related to the personal narrative (see Chapter Two for a more detailed account of this article). In fact, Stahl's doctoral dissertation did much to establish and clarify the status of the personal narrative as a genre.

Linda Degh and Andrew Vazsonyi discuss the memorate, clarifying differences between the personal narrative and the memorate. The memorate is one of the closest relatives of the personal narrative. Carl Wilhelm von Sydow originally defined the memorate as someone's own and purely personal experience (Degh and Vazsonyi 236). Degh and Vazsonyi challenge this description, recognizing the traditional elements in the experience (239). They also discuss the fabulate and speculate that all memorates might eventually turn into fabulates
(first-person stories which have become third person stories); and they say that each fabulate presupposes a memorate. This idea parallels Richard M. Dorson’s idea, as cited by Stahl, that a personal narrative can become a legend (“The Oral Personal Narrative in Its Generic Context” 25). The term, “memorate,” comes closer to the narratives analyzed here than any other term except personal narrative. However, I did not use memorate because the narratives related in this thesis are not primarily intended to be about supernatural or highly unusual experiences.

Jeff Todd Titon discusses the life story as a “self-contained fiction”, and differentiates it from biography, oral history and the personal history (276). Titon brings up many worthwhile and provoking points: a person’s life story “is a fiction, a making, and, like all powerful fiction, it drives toward enactment” (280). He maintains that, “storytelling is a fiction, a making, an ordered past imposed by a present personality upon a disordered life” (290); and he says that the life story should be recognized for its validity as a fiction (291). However, this thesis does not adopt his term “life story;” nor is it especially concerned with the strict dichotomy between history and
fiction. Basic to this study is the idea that one genre can be imbedded in or intermingled with several other genres.

There is yet another view of the personal narrative in the oral interview; among anthropologists, this version is known as the "life history." According to Juha Y. Pentikainen, anthropological life history studies concern "the relationship between the collective and personal elements" (153). In another anthropological look at the life history, Sidney W. Mintz says the life history interview "must deal with the distinction between the personal, unique or idiosyncratic, on the one hand, and the culturally typical or normative on the other" (21). Mintz comments that there isn't any way to learn about culture without learning about the informant, and vice versa (25).

L. L. Langness details the history of the use of the life history in anthropology and emphasizes the idea that life history should be used more than it is being used.

As these articles indicate, there have been a myriad of approaches to, and terms for, the personal narrative in the oral interview. Certainly, the personal narrative has existed and been shared for centuries, yet it has only recently been studied in a scholarly manner,
and much of the credit for developing, solidifying and clarifying the personal narrative as a folkloric genre should be given to Stahl.

Stahl has also written an article which greatly facilitates the analysis of personal narratives. The methodology outlined in this article was employed to help interpret the personal narratives discussed here (see Chapter Two). Articles by Alan Dundes, Karen Ann Watson, John A. Robinson, Livia Polanyi, Nessa Wolfson, Barbara Allen, Wallace L. Chafe, William Labov and Joshua Waletzky also contain suggestions for deciphering narratives. Polanyi discusses the "evaluative structure" which acts to tell the audience what the narrator feels is crucial information in the story he is telling" (209). Polanyi then outlines evaluative devices--like repetition and the use of modifiers--which cue the listener that the narrator is relating crucial information (209).

William Labov and Joshua Waleztky's "Narrative Analysis: Oral Versions of Personal Experience," was, in 1967, a ground-breaking article about personal experience stories. Their work has been very useful in identifying the function and form found in personal narratives; they outlined "the principle elements of the simple
narrative which perform both referential and evaluative function” (41). John A. Robinson reassesses their work in his article, “Personal Narratives Reconsidered.” Specifically, Robinson says, “their assertions regarding proper topics for narration and the procedures for ‘making the point’ must be reconsidered” (58). Labov and Waletzky argued that personal narratives are about remarkable or unusual experiences and that personal narratives have an evaluative function which identifies the point of the story and reveals the narrator’s interpretation of the incident. In contrast, Robinson maintains that “personal narratives are not limited to remarkable or unusual experiences, and that the point of a story can be implied or even unknown” (85). He also discusses the form of the narrative and says it is determined by “norms of conversation etiquette, the discourse structures of narrative and the pragmatic function that prompt narration” (85). In the same article, Robinson also discusses the work of Nessa Wolfson, who writes about the use of present tense to refer to past events. She says that the switch of tenses is a crucial point, and operates to “partition important events in the story from each other” (220). She comes up with several different dimensions of
speaker/listener characteristics (gender, occupation, similarity in attitude, to name a few) that influence the switch in tenses. Robinson characterizes the information in Wolfson's article as valuable but maintains that "the number and variety of factors involved defeat any attempt to synthesize comprehensive principles of storytelling in everyday life" (77).

Karen Ann Watson also takes another look at Labov and Waletzky. She presents a framework for the study of the narrative based on Kenneth Burke's rhetorical theory and Labov's and Waletzky's sociolinguistic theory.

Alan Dundes' "Texture, Text, and Context," shows how analysis can be used to understand and classify different folkloric forms. He says:

"It would seem that the first task of folklorists ought to be the analysis of text. Text is less variable than texture and context. In the case of free-phrase genres, textural features may be of little value with respect to defining these genres. In the case of fixed-phrase genres, textural features may be fairly stable, but they are rarely similarly of limited value for purposes of definition. However, probably the best definitions of the various forms of folklore will be based upon criteria from all three levels of analysis (265)."

Articles by Richard Bauman, Stanley H. Brandes, and Barbara Myerhoff deal with how personal narratives function for their
narrators. Bauman studies the conversations in a general store in his "The La Have Island General Store," and says:

The sessions at the store thus constituted a forum in which wisdom could be shared, and safe, proper, and productive reactions to situations and forces that any member of the group might potentially encounter could be shared (337).

Brandes explains how family misfortune stories function for their tellers. He says:

They [the stories] not only reflect the way people perceive economic opportunities and social structure, but also indicate how particular individuals rationalize or justify their own position within that structure (5).

Barbara Myerhoff's excellent article, "Telling One's Story," which is based on her study, Number Our Days, also discusses the functions of the personal narrative:

On certain collective occasions, cultures offer interpretations. They tell stories, comment, portray, and mirror. Like all mirrors, cultures are not accurate reflectors; there are distortions, contradictions, reversals, exaggerations, even lies. Nevertheless, the result—for both the individual and the collectivity—is self-knowledge.

Life histories give people the opportunities to become visible and to enhance their reflexive consciousness. For the very old—in this group in particular—that work may be perceived as essential to the last stage in the life cycle.

They are then knowing actors in... historical drama which they themselves script, rather than subjects in somebody else’s study. They ‘make’ themselves.

They assume responsibility for inventing themselves, and yet
they maintain their sense of authenticity and integrity. Such people exercise power over their images in their own eyes and, to some extent, in the eyes of whoever may be observing them. Sometimes the image is the only part of their lives subject to control. But this is not a small thing to control. It may lead to a realization of personal power and serve as a source of pleasure and understanding in the workings of consciousness (24, 23, 22).

Finally, an important consideration is the role played by the observer/analyst. Robert M. Adams maintains that the "aim of the literary critic is to persuade his readers" (203). This discussion of the analyst's role is enlightening, but one should keep in mind that Adams is basing his discussion on literary criticism, and not all his points are applicable to a folkloric look at personal narratives. Alan Dundes deals directly with the criticism of folklore texts, and introduces a valid added dimension, albeit tall order, for critiquing personal narratives. He says, “One cannot always guess the meaning from the context. For this reason, folklorists must actively seek to elicit the meaning of folklore from the folk” (507). I did elicit the meaning of the narratives from the narrator of this oral interview, Beth Wyatt Winn. Interestingly, when she went back through her personal narratives, she accentuated the meaningful by adding even more pertinent detail to these key parts of her stories.
The first narratives analyzed in this chapter are those narratives that define and preserve the ways the Wyatt family related to each other. These narratives establish a sense of family, a sense of Beth's place in her family, a sense of intimacy between the narrator and the listener, and, finally, the narratives allow the listener to better identify with and know Beth's family. In the following narrative about the birth of Beth's younger sister, the listener is allowed access to a joyful, and somewhat private, family moment:

E. Winn: Annie was the one that took care of me the day that my sister, Edna, was born. Edna was born on March the second. Annie [Beth's cousin from across the street] was over home alone, no, Annie and her mother were over home. Mother wanted Aunt Julia to come over and stay until the midwife was brought out. I went over, I was four years old, I went over and told Annie that my mother wanted me to stay with her today. She wanted her mother to come over to my house. So Aunt Julia went over to Mother's place, and I stayed with Annie. She got me ready for primary. She was teaching primary, and we had to walk a mile up to the school where they had primary after school. So Annie took my hand, and we walked up, and I skipped along all the way. They let us come in and see the baby on our way up. The baby had been born that day. I went over early in the morning. So we went in to see the baby. Then she took my hand, and I went skipping along
with her a mile up there to the school. I can remember that--that was my first memory when I was four and a half years old. As soon as I got inside the door, I jerked loose from Annie, the children were just waiting--it was almost time to start--and I went in there and I said, 'Oh, we have a new baby at our house, and she's only this long!' [Holds hands apart only a few inches] (Laughter) They repeated that to me later on so I would not forget. They told my parents how tickled I was 'cause I had a new baby sister. Later on, Annie was the one that was a clerk in her father's store. She surely helped (Appendix A, 116).

This is the kind of story that is told over and over again within families because it engenders closeness. It is a humorous, loving story; it shows a child's joy at the birth of a sister, yet, it also shows the child's innocence when it come to babies--four-year-old Beth mistakenly described her baby sister as being only three or four inches long. Beth related this story when I asked if she knew Annie Leishman (one of Beth's cousins). Beth immediately identified Annie, placing her in the family by telling a personal narrative. However, Annie is not as significant a player as Beth is in this story; the recollection of Annie's identity reminded Beth of this story which is intended to illustrate Beth's own feelings about her family. Even less significant in this story, in fact, non-existent, is the role of men. Since Frank Wyatt was a farmer, one assumes he was around; Beth's Uncle John farmed across the street. The omission of these potential characters
highlights the birth as a female experience.

One could also assume from this story that these feelings of family closeness have not just come in old age. The line, "They repeated that to me later on so I would not forget," indicates that her own family retold the story a number of times to Beth when she was a young girl, and it also shows that the story is part of Beth's personal narrative repertoire. Family unity and love were important to Beth's family; her parents wanted to preserve this story about family closeness and a child accepting and being excited about an addition to her family, and they wanted four-year-old Beth to remember the story.

Beth's use of repetition in the telling of this narrative reveals some important points. For instance, Beth repeats her age twice, in conjunction with the fact that the birth of Edna was her first memory (lines 3, 13, 14). This first memory is an important event, and significantly, it is about her family. In lines 14 - 16, she slows down the action in the story in order to build to the climax, which is found in the quotation in lines 16-17. She highlights the importance of these words by reciting them as a quotation (use of reported speech). This quotation has heightened stress and is punctuated by laughter. She
recognizes the importance of this quotation by noting that it was significant enough for other people to remember so they could tell her what she said. These clues attest that the point of the story is to elucidate a small incident concerning Beth’s gladness to have siblings. In the story, Beth is excited because she had a new sister, so excited that she announces it to the whole primary. The story is a barometer of Beth’s feelings towards her brothers and sisters and toward herself.

Beth relates a story about dancing that also emphasizes family relationships. She could have focused on her dancing experience at community dances, but she instead focuses on dancing in her home:

L. Miller: Your dad played accordion, right?
E. Winn: Yes.
J. Thomas: Where did he keep his accordion?
E. Winn: Well, somewhere in the bedroom where the kids couldn’t get it (laughter). Later on, when he kind of quit, he let us take it up in the playroom, and we could play it any time we wanted to.

J. Thomas: I got the idea that you’d get together as a family with some friends, and he’d play and you’d sing. What songs [did you sing]?
E. Winn: Yes, all the Christmas hymns and all the old time hymns. His favorite was, ‘When You and I Were Young, Maggie,’ and ‘Silver Threads Among the Gold,’ then all the Christmas songs, and dance music. My father used to play for dances.

J. Simon: What kind of dances did they do?
E. Winn: You mean when we danced at home?
J. Simon: Yes, or at dances.
E. Winn: We danced waltzes, quadrilles.
J. Simon: Polkas?
E. Winn: Polkas, Virginia reels.
J. Thomas: Did you dance at home?
E. Winn: Oh, we danced at home all the time. If we'd take a group of young people home after a dance, you know, during the holidays we had a party somewhere every night (laughter). We started having a party Christmas Eve and the whole week, New Year's Eve was the last. Every night we'd have a dance.
L. Miller: It was a wild town, huh (laughter)?
E. Winn: Yes, without any of the boys drinking or smoking or anything. It was just kind of nice. Somewhere I've written this, Father would hear us in there, and he'd wake up, Mother wouldn't get up and come out; she'd stay in bed, but Father would get up and get dressed and bring his accordion out and we'd dance.
J. Thomas: Was this in the parlor?
E. Winn: No, we'd dance on the kitchen linoleum--the linoleum, except that piece of carpet. No, we had a nice rug in here (the parlor), and we didn't ever dance there on it (Appendix A, 141-42).

The interviewers were asking Beth about dancing in general; Beth volunteers the information that she danced in her home. The focal characters are Beth and her father, and the narrative reveals information about her father's attitudes toward his children. He let his children play with his accordion when he was no longer playing (also note that the farmhouse, which Beth's father built, had a room especially for the children to play in). He got out of bed and played his accordion especially so his children could dance on the kitchen floor, and he also played for community dances. This story exemplifies one of the reasons why Beth is fond of her father. She mentions that she has
written down this narrative, indicating that it is part of her repertoire. The story demonstrates the fun and loving things her father did with her, and thus paints a picture of him as a loving father. This story once more emphasizes the idea of family closeness; instead of remembering and telling about the good times she had at community dances, Beth tells about the good times she had dancing at home. She also tells another story about her relationship with her father:

E. Winn: My father was the one who liked sugar on his tomatoes. I just can hardly stand to think about that now, (laughter) since I've tried to cut out sugar. All the rest of the family liked salt on their tomatoes, so Father taught me to like sugar just when I was a little child.

My brothers and sisters said, 'I don't see how you can like sugar.'

And, Father said, 'I want one member of my family to eat their tomatoes with sugar the way I do.' So, from the time I was old enough to even eat something, and that was pretty young in those days, Father would take the baby on his knee at the meal times so that Mother was free to see that things were alright. He'd feed them what he was eating. So we had a chance to learn to like everything that he liked. I supposed it was okay to feed tomatoes and soups mostly. Of course, [he also fed us] mashed potatoes; he liked his potatoes. So, I learned to like sugar, and I didn't change until I started taking homemaking in high school. You know, they were teaching nutrition then, too—to not eat too much sugar and eat very little salt. I learned a lot of my nutrition through my schooling. So, we must have had some tomatoes (Appendix A, 163 - 64).

This story was triggered by a discussion about growing tomatoes in
the garden, but the story is really about Beth's association with her father. This narrative is about something she alone shared with her father—a love of sugar on tomatoes. This is similar to the story about Beth's baptism (see Chapter One); both these stories are about special, individual links Beth had with her father. The reported speech in the narrative (lines 6–9) also reveals something about her father and his relationship with his children; it appears the children teased their father about eating his tomatoes with sugar on them, and he retaliated by getting one of his children to join him. Also, by eating tomatoes with sugar on them, Beth was honoring her father's wishes.

When Beth tells narratives that illustrate the character of family members, she chooses incidents and details that show love and intimate relationships. In the following narratives about her grandfather, her grandmother and her brother, Beth characterizes each of them by using tender details:

E. Winn: That was the granary that was built there. My grandfather helped build that. When Grandfather Wyatt would come out to help Mother—now, Grandfather didn't own a lot of land; Uncle Bill took care of him. He had arthritis, rheumatism, they called it then, he didn't work so much when he was older. So he would come out and help on the farm. He couldn't go out in the fields a lot so he'd just stay around and help Mother with the children because she had so many little children (Appendix A,
Grandfather, then, said he'd rather sleep out in the granary than sleep in the house. So he had his bed out in the granary (Appendix A, 222).

E. Winn: These are the valentines. Now, this one, this is a little valentine that my brother Ralph, he was my youngest brother; he was so sweet to his little sister, and he sent this valentine to me. 'To Elizabeth,' they called me Elizabeth then, 'From Ralph.' That cost five cents. I don't know which year, but I must've not even been going to school. I must have been too young to go to school (Appendix A, 211).

E. Winn: I think maybe she [Grandmother Archibald] had an earache at times. Another thing, she wanted to keep her hair nice. She had beautiful hair, a lot of hair, you'd think she'd want to show it. She'd roll it in a ball in the back. It was way down past her waist. She'd brush her hair at night before she went to bed. She wouldn't wear it during the night. But in the morning, as soon as she brushed her hair, sometimes when she visited us or we visited her, she'd let us brush her hair, as soon as she'd have that bob rolled in the back, she'd take it [the scarf], it was black; it was like a big square hankerchief. She'd fold it catty-corner and pin it. All day she kept it there. I think I once said, 'Mother, why does she wear that on her ears all the time?'

Mother said, 'Well, she wanted to keep her hair looking nice.' But, she never took it off to show people. I don't know whether she wore it to church or not. It was square, when it was folded, in the back it just went to a point down below her collar. You've seen these big red handkerchiefs, it was about that size. It was of lighter weight material. It was like a square scarf. I just wondered how she could wear it because it was so hot.

L. Miller: My grandma always wore one when she went out because she got earaches if the wind was blowing.

E. Winn: I think that's why she started wearing it. In Idaho, the wind was blowing all the time (Appendix A, 238-39).

The narrative about Beth's grandfather was told because the farm's
granary was being discussed, and Beth associates her grandfather with the granary because he liked to sleep there. She does not leave her recollection of her grandfather just at that; she adds that he helped her mother with all the little children. By relating this information, she demonstrates his kindness and another dimension of the Wyatts's family relationships.

The narrative about the valentine Beth receives from her brother, Ralph, functions much like the stories she tells about her father; they are narratives about things she shared with each one. In the narrative about the valentine, Beth repeats that her brother sent her a valentine; she emphasizes this three times by first, identifying the valentine as being from her brother (lines 1 - 2), second, saying he sent her a valentine (line 3), and third, by reciting what was on the valentine (line 4). She says how young she was; the favorable impression she has of her brother—"he was so sweet to his little sister"—is reinforced by her remembrance of the cost of the valentine, a significant achievement after eighty-three years. Remembering the valentine's cost is further evidence that Beth has recounted the story before. Her statement, "that cost five cents," really means, "my brother was even
willing to go to expense to show he cared for me, a little girl."

In the narrative about her Grandmother Archibald, the Grandmother's head scarf is a symbol for family intimacy. The scarf hid her beautiful hair from the rest of the world; Grandmother Archibald only let her hair free at night and possibly for church. Beth was allowed to see and brush her grandmother's hair before it was hidden behind the scarf—a barrier that kept the world from seeing something that was private and beautiful about Grandmother Archibald, something that Beth was allowed to see.

Finally, Beth tells a narrative that explicitly explains the nature of the Wyatt family relationships:

J. Simon: Did you fight about who got to sit in which chairs [around the kitchen table]?

E. Winn: No, you know, we really didn't have any fights about anything. Now, that sounds as though you're bragging, and I don't say it very often. But, I think one reason was the difference in ages. You see, there were babies died in between there, and it didn't make us very close together. Our three brothers were close together—a year and a half apart. I guess they had some tussles and you know, more trouble than the girls did. They were so much older than the girls, because there were eight years in there where they didn't have any living children. Then when the four girls came, we were three years apart. I was three years younger than my sister Carol. But there had been twins that had died in between there, and another child. Then Father went on a mission, and they didn't have any more children until a year after he came home. That made Edna and me four and a half years apart.
and then Elsie two years later. She's six and a half years younger. The difference in ages causes for more compatibility because the older ones need to take care of the younger ones. Mother, not having very good health a lot of the times, as soon as you were old enough to start taking care of that little one, that was your charge. My charge was Elsie; Carol's was Edna. They would even call our names at night if they woke up, because Mother hadn't been able to take care of them. We liked that, see, and it let us be more friendly. The brothers were so glad to have some little sisters. I can't remember any fights. In fact, I don't ever remember my father and mother being in any arguments or even raising their voices to us. If we needed attention, they might come up and just take a firm hold on our arm and say, 'Now, wait a minute, what is it you're doing?'

Quietly, we'd tell, and they'd straighten it out. It was sort of an ideal life for us. It didn't prepare us to hold our own in some groups (laughter). Like my sister, Edna, said, 'I wish I'd had more training in arguing and maybe fighting a little bit. I wasn't prepared to go into this big family that I went into and had to hold my own.'

We were treated more like guests, you know, so that you didn't have to fight your way to get it. Then Father and Mother being so generous and not selfish or dictatorial in any way. It helps us to have those traits, but as Edna said, it made it kind of hard later on because we didn't find that everywhere we went (Appendix A, 212 - 13).

This narrative reinforces the ideas in Beth's other stories about the love the Wyatt family had for each other, and shows the awareness they shared about their own uniqueness.

The Farm

In the narratives Beth tells about her family, it is apparent that she
associates her family with the farm or a place on the farm; for instance, when asked about the granary, it reminds her of her grandfather, who liked to sleep there. She also associates some pleasant experiences with places on the farm. In the following narrative Beth talked about the farmhouse:

E. Winn: Those bedrooms weren't really finished when we lived there. The plaster was on, but a lot of things weren't finished. An interesting thing happened because they hadn't finished where the baseboards should be. That was open, and we were playing in that little room upstairs.

J. Thomas: The playroom?

E. Winn: Yes, we were playing in the playroom. The other rooms had been built. We could come, there was a door way, but there was no door on it. We had a curtain there. Back there, there was some space that could go back under the house. We heard a noise in there, and it was little kittens. The mother cat had crawled back in there and had her baby kittens. This was upstairs, underneath the floor of the playroom. Oh, were we glad to see those little kittens up there (laughter), but we couldn't coax them out very soon. We wouldn't let Mother and Father do anything with them (laughter). We said, 'Wait 'til the mother is ready to bring them out.'

J. Thomas: What did your mother say when she found out about that?

E. Winn: She just kind of laughed about it, the same as we did. She said, 'Well, maybe it was cold weather and the mother had to find a place, a warm place, for her babies.' But, anyway, we got them out all right and made a bed for them outside (Appendix A, 134 - 35).

Elsewhere in the oral interviews, Beth lists the cats as being part of the animals on the farm, but says they were not allowed in the house
or named (Appendix A, 176). So why did the Wyatts allow the kittens to stay in the house until they were old enough to go outside? The answer to this question also hints at Beth's purpose in telling this story. She is telling a narrative about a fun and surprising event, especially in the eyes of child, that happened in the farmhouse. Beth's mother is an important player in this narrative; her quoted speech is an indication of her primary role. Even though cats were not allowed in the house, Beth's mother was understanding of the mother cat's desire to have a kittens in a warm, safe environment. Beth's mother did not evict the cats and so did not spoil her children's delight in finding the mother cat and her kittens in the playroom. Just as this story is about a cat and her kittens, it is also about a mother and her children. By allowing the cats to stay, Beth's mother demonstrated empathy for the farm animals. Empathy is a theme in the oral interview. Beth remembers the names of the animals, who their favorite animals were, and how her brothers even joked about naming the Wyatt dairy cows after girlfriends (Appendix A, 176).

When telling this story, Beth repeats the location of the narrative three times, intimating that place is important. Beth has shared the
importance and meaning of the playroom narrative with her own children: the Wyatt family reunion visited the Ronald V. Jensen Living Historical Farm in August of 1986, and toured what once was the Wyatt farmhouse (now the caretaker's house). When Beth's daughter saw the playroom, she immediately shared the story about the kittens.

Another place on the farm, the milk stand, also evokes pleasant memories for Beth:

E. Winn: This is where the milk man came. He would drive up there and get the cans from the stand. That was a fun place to sit, swing your feet down. My friend, who lived a mile down the street, LaRue Leishman, we had our dates together. My boyfriend and I would sit here and [we would] swing our feet over here while her boyfriend took her down home and then came back for him. So that was a fun place to sit (laughter) (Appendix A, 223).

In Beth's narratives, there is very little discovery and exploration on the part of the narrator; there is little negotiation. Her stories function to illustrate the reasons why she loves and honors the family farm. The point of the milk stand narrative is to disclose one of these reasons; she likes, and therefore honors, the farm because she associates pleasant things with certain locations on the farm, and favorable occurrences happened at these sites on the farm. In the oral interview, Beth is asked questions focusing on the work associated
with living on a farm. When Beth responds to these questions, she elaborates on fun aspects of the farm, as she does in this narrative which also exhibits the physical beauty Beth found on the farm:

J. Thomas: Did you have a close group of friends that you palled around with?
E. Winn: Yes, but quite a few. I didn’t have one in particular. Zada was one; she used to stay at the farm. She was the oldest of about six children and she was glad to get away and come out there (laughter). She just loved it; we’d let her play the piano—all day if she wanted to. She liked to go with me around the hills and gather wildflowers, too. That was one of my joys out there.

J. Thomas: What kinds of wildflowers grew out there?
E. Winn: There were sego lilies, the blossoms of the sego lilies. We didn’t pick too many of them because we wanted them to stay and grow. We’d pick one or two just to take home. There were buttercups and we called them little Johnny jump-ups; they were like pansies, and then there was a pink flower called the May flower. Oh, in May, I used to always go for a walk around there. I wonder now, why didn’t my sisters want to go, too? But Edna and Elsie liked to play dolls and make corn dolls out of little corn shucks and things like that. Maybe I didn’t ask them to go (laughter), but I would have taken them if they wanted to. I took them with me for the cows sometimes. Oh, I liked to have an hour free and just go around and pick the flowers and daydream (Appendix A, 151).

E. Winn: The pansy bed was a favorite spot. All the children loved to gather around and sing the song we had learned at school:

Little purple pansies touched with yellow gold,
Growing in the corner of the garden old.
We are very tiny, but must Try, Try, Try,
Just one spot to gladden you and I.
When the days are dreary, dreary, dark and cold,
And the rain falls softly on the garden old.
We are very tiny but must Try, Try, Try,
Just one spot to gladden you and I (Appendix A, 175 - 76).

These two stories are about the flowers that grew in places on the
Wyatt farm, yet these stories also have human characters. Beth talks
about picking flowers with her friend, Zoda, and singing the pansy song
with other children. When Beth tells a story about a place on the farm,
humans show up in the stories, indicating, that, in Beth's view, place
and people are associated. People enlivened places on the farm; being
able to sit on the milk stand with her date made the experience more
fun for Beth. Beth humanizes places on the farm, and she tells about
actual symbols of humans--scarecrows--that the Wyatt children
placed around the farm:

E. Winn: [They were] humorous, really funny, and we enjoyed
having them. Sometimes I would even go up and talk to them just
for fun. [I'd] call them by name--I don't remember the
names--and say, 'Hi, how are you doing today? Have you caught
anybody stealing our good vegetables or getting around here?
[They were] always dressed friendly; they had bright colors on.
They'd have a bright red tie, and they'd have a hat that was old.
Maybe [it was] a red bandana; [they had] a workshirt
on--always wore work clothes. They weren't dressed up, and
they'd be kind of ragged. We'd say something about that ragged
shirt, 'How did you get all those tears in your shirt?' The hat
would be an old hat that wasn't smooth around it; it would be in
waves. Sometimes [it would be] a straw hat, it would be a straw hat or an old felt hat, and they'd have a shirt, and they'd have old overalls on, and they'd be tied up there on the fence. Some of them would have a coat that would be waving there in the wind; we just were glad to have them. There would be maybe three, in different areas, at a time. One in the garden, one over in the orchard where the cherries were. Then sometimes the wind would blow them down, and we'd have to go out the next day and put them up again. They seemed to be a part of the Farm--we'd be lonesome without them (laughs) (Appendix A, 213 - 15).

Beth personifies the scarecrows--she relates conversations she had with them; instead of saying, "we dressed them in," she says, "[They were] always dressed friendly," almost as though the scarecrows dressed themselves. She ends her narrative about the scarecrows with, "They seemed to be part of the Farm--we'd be lonesome without them." This statement nicely summarizes the focus of the narratives in this section; these narratives are about essential parts of the farm, or in other words, what the farm is composed of in Beth's mind. For Beth, the farm consists of more than just places, it also consists of people, and the two are associated with each other.

Religion

Chapter Two discusses Beth's religious background; she also talks about her religion in her personal narratives. Religion was a part of the
Wyatts’s life on their farm:

E. Winn: When you set the table in the morning, you’d turn the chairs around—the back here and the seat out there. So when you came and were ready for breakfast, or any, no breakfast; this was for breakfast. You’d kneel down. Then when you got through you turned your own chair around to sit at the table. Then you never had to say, ‘It’s time for prayer.’ You just set the table that way, and the children all knew their chair. They’d come, and down on their knees they’d go.

J. Thomas: So that was every morning before breakfast.

E. Winn: Every morning we’d have family prayer before breakfast, then we’d have a blessing on the food; we gave everyone a turn. Father took charge when he was there; Mother did when she was there and the oldest son if they weren’t. Then our evening prayer, we would just meet around the kitchen where it was warm. We would just meet around wherever we were; if our parents were sitting there, we’d just meet around them for our evening prayer. Then besides that we were taught to say our own prayers before we’d go to bed (Appendix A, 194 - 95).

In the first paragraph of this narrative, Beth shows that prayer was an ingrained part of her family life. She says, “They’d come, and down on their knees they’d go.” The Wyatt children did not need to be reminded to have their morning family prayers, and an evening prayer was also part of the household routine. Because of the arrangement of the chairs around the table, the Wyatt children knew they had to have a family prayer before they could eat breakfast or even bless the breakfast food. The chairs acted as a physical reminder that the Lord came first, before breakfast even, and He was approached in prayer.
together as a family. Beth also says the Wyatt children were “taught” to say their own prayers before they went to bed. It is evident that the Wyatts were taught to pray as a family and as individuals. Since their parents taught them to say their prayers, the children were, again, honoring the teachings of their parents by remembering their personal prayers. Religion even influenced who the Wyatts invited to eat and work with them:

E. Winn: There were nine people when they [her family] were all together. We fed lots more than our family, all the hired men and any visitors and all the converts from England that came there and stayed until they found a job. We just had lots more people than our family there most of the time which we liked. That was part of our life (Appendix A, 163).

E. Winn: One winter, he [Beth’s father] hired Bill Reynolds, his family was an English convert family. They lived in Wellsville, but he had married a Hyrum girl, so he was living in Hyrum. He had just been married a short time. He didn’t have enough work; he needed to find work. All of those people that came from England or Scotland, the men who knew them on their missions—now, Father didn’t know them on his mission; they weren’t converted through his efforts. It was my Uncle John, across the the street. Well, my Uncle John had moved into town. So Father would give these men work when he could (Appendix A, 152 – 53).

Sharing dinner with a family is often a gesture of intimacy or friendship. Beth indicates that the Wyatts fed all their hired men, any visitors, and all the converts from England. The converts from England
are classed in the same group as the hired men—the Wyatts fed them all. Since the hired men worked for the Wyatts, it is culturally logical for the Wyatts to feed them; they earned it. Yet, the Wyatts fed all the English converts; they also saw converts as deserving. The influence and import of the Wyatts's religion can be seen in their attitude toward converts. According to Beth, feeding people, converts included, was part of her life on the farm. The second narrative indicates that often men were hired because they were converts, and the local Mormons, especially the returned missionaries, tried to give these men work when they could, even inviting the converts to live in their homes for part of the week. The Wyatts's religion influenced how they treated others, for their religion was not just about church; it was about people. Religion plays a part in Beth's memory of people; besides remembering what her grandfather did on the farm, Beth remembers what he did in the Church:

E. Winn: He would walk down early every morning and make a fire in that big round stove so it would be warm for when the people came to church. He did that for years. So then I read the minutes of those meetings, and it told when my father returned from his mission. When he returned from his mission, I think we were over in the new tabernacle. Let's see, I'll go back to my grandfather first. He bore his testimony one sacrament meeting. It would tell what each person said in their testimony in those
minutes. My grandfather said how happy he was that he had heard
the gospel in England and that he had come to America. He was
glad to be here. Anyway, I read about that, and that was thrilling
for me to know. Then I read the minutes for later on, because
when my father came home from a mission and gave his talk, it
was in there—the things that he said about the mission field
(Appendix A, 180 – 81).

Some of Beth's memories about her family center on religion; in the
previous narrative she talks about her grandfather, his testimony, and
her father's mission. She was only four or five years old when he
returned from this mission; however, she talks about it a great deal and
has quite a bit of memorabilia from it, illustrating the way in which
religion plays an integral role in her family experience. The preceding
narrative also deals with religion and place: "My grandfather said how
happy he was that he had heard the gospel in England and that he had
come to America. He was glad to be here" (Appendix A, 181).

Mormonism had more direct impact on place then than it does now. For
Beth's grandfather, place was involved in his religion, just as it is for
Beth. Her story of being baptized on the farm (Chapter One) confirms
this idea, and even in her eighty-seventh year, Beth says she could
walk, without hesitation, to the spot in the stream where her father
had baptized her seventy-nine years ago. Place and people play a part
in Beth's religion; specifically, the place is the Wyatt family farm and
the people are members of her family. Their appearance in her narratives gives testimony to the ways in which abstractions like "place," "family," and "religion" can come to life in more than historical terms.

Farm Work

When students from the Ronald V. Jensen Living Historical Farm interviewed Beth, their questions were often about farm work, since the students were interested in reproducing the same work at the 1980s historical farm that the Wyatts did at the turn of the century. Beth responded to these questions with narratives which not only detail the type of labor the Wyatts did, but illustrate important attitudes toward farm work. The following narrative shows how the Wyatt girls made one of the daily farm chores more fun:

L. Miller: How long did it take you to milk a cow?
E. Winn: Oh, I used to know. We used to sort of run races and see who could strip them. Father would say, 'Now, if you're going to do that, you must strip them good. Or else they won't give as much milk if you don't strip them good.' So we wouldn't cheat on it. We wouldn't because we wanted plenty of milk to put in the cans so we'd get money enough to live on. Well, right after they were fresh, those holsteins would give more than a bucket full. We'd have to empty it and go back for the rest (Appendix A, 231).
Many a farm child knows the drudgery of milking cows early each morning. Yet, Beth chooses to tell this narrative which does not focus on the monotony of milking. Not only is this a narrative about a way she and her sisters made farm chores more fun, but it is also a narrative about her father and the girls' relationship with him. Beth's father cautioned the girls to strip the milk completely out of the cows, or the cows would not produce as much. According to Beth, the girls honored this request, for not to do so would be "cheating." They were also careful to strip all the milk from the cows because the girls wanted to get the money they needed to live—indicating that making a living was a family effort and concern. Another narrative tells about one of Beth's jobs on the farm, again without emphasizing the monotonous aspects:

E. Winn: In the north side was the place where we sharpened hay knives, too. That was still there. The wire that was hanging down from the ceiling, you let that hold the hay knife up. This was the girls' job; my older sister did it, and when I was old enough, I did it. You'd sit there on a chair by this—oh, now I've forgotten the name of that—you pump it with your feet, and it goes around and around. What do you call that? It sharpened the knives.

N. Warner: A blade?
E. Winn: No.
J. Thomas: A grindstone?
E. Winn: The grindstone. Oh, how could that slip me; I used to
spend hours and hours out there with the grindstone.

J. Thomas: Maybe you wanted to forget.

E. Winn: No, that was fun. [You'd] sit there and dream or sing or think. You had to be sure to get that knife right. We had lessons on it from our father. If you pushed too much this way, you'll turn the edge over, and it's no good. You just hold it even, and up and down slowly, up and down slowly. Then when you get one whole side of the knife done, you turn the knife over, and you do the same on the other. That sharpened edge has to be even all the way down. He showed us how, 'Put your finger here, but don't get it out there where it's too sharp. See if it's even all the way down.' If it wasn't even, put it on carefully and cut it even. When you finished this big, long hay knife, you put it up here and started on another one. So [when] they needed a sharp knife out in the hay field there would be one ready for them. Usually at noon, when they came back, they'd change. There'd be one ready for them, and that saved the men a lot of work. The girls were big enough to do that. They [the men] would have had to take time to do that in the evening [if the girls hadn't done it] when they should be resting a little bit or reading. That was really a fun job. Then when the next girl was old enough to take over, she at least helped. All four of us had a chance to sharpen the hay knives on the grindstone.

Then this wire that hung down had a can tied to it with some holes in the bottom so the water would drip slowly on to the knife or the knife would get too hot. The friction would make it too hot. You had to have it stationed right even so the water would drip right on the hay knife. There was just something really important about that job (Appendix A, 165 - 166).

The detailed description in this narrative implies that Beth sharpened quite a number of hay knives. She says the job was fun, but gives little illustration of the fun aspects; instead she talks about the technical aspects of performing the task and how important it was for the girls to have sharp hay knives ready for the workers. Twice Beth
says how beneficial having the hay knives sharpened was for the working men, and thus focuses more on the benefit and importance of the job. Perhaps it was the importance of the job that made it fun for her. Beth's father is a key character in this story; he is quoted, and she repeats twice that he taught the girls how to sharpen the knives. Beth recounts the whole process of how to sharpen the knives as though she were proving that she did indeed do it correctly, just like her father taught her.

Her father also had her do another chore, which she did not particularly enjoy:

E. Winn: Father wasn't one of these men who said, 'All we're going to have for supper is bread an milk.' I knew a lot of farm families that [did], and that was good. Bread and milk was okay. They baked bread every day or every other day. [They had] plenty of milk. That was good if they'd had two big meals because the breakfast meal was as good as the dinner meal. But Father would have bread and milk before he went to bed. Somewhere in my history, oh, I know where it was, it was in a theme that I told I was going to look up about how frightened I was about different things, and I wouldn't tell my parents about it because I wanted them to think I was brave. Each evening, just before we'd go to bed--we'd always go to bed at nine o'clock--Father would say, 'Elizabeth, (I was called Elizabeth then) would you please go and get me some milk for my bread and milk?' We had brought some into the house, but since we didn't have a refrigerator it didn't keep as cold. So I'd have to take the cup and the little bucket and go out to the corral. That was quite a long way for a little girl to go, across the road that came in and down to this tub where
the milk was. We had stirred it, and cooled it and got the cream going around. Someone would be stirring the milk, while the others were putting it in to get it good and cold quickly. Then you'd have to stir it up so you wouldn't get all the cream to take in the house. Then I'd get this little bucket of milk and take [it] back. But, I was really frightened of the shadows and trees. You know how children will tell ghost stories and everything. But I wouldn't think of letting my parents know that I was afraid. They were always saying what brave children they had--building us up. So I looked at the shapes of trees and wondered if someone was hiding behind that tree. Then I'd hurry to the next tree and wait a minute and look at the next. I didn't tell anyone about that until I wrote it in this theme.

J. Thomas: How old were you when you were doing this?

E. Winn: Let's see, my sister Carol was three years older, so [as I became old enough] I could take over the jobs she'd been doing. I was proud to be able to take them over. I wouldn't say, 'I'm scared; I can't do that.' I was probably doing that from six years on (Appendix A, 159 - 160).

Like the hay knife job, Beth felt getting milk was an important task and wanted to do as her father asked. She did not want him to be disappointed in her behavior, and says twice she would not tell her father about her fears because she wanted him to think she was brave. In this story, as in many of her stories, her father is a central character; he is quoted often, and he is the instigator of the action or chore Beth has to perform. Even when she does not like this chore, she does not blame it on her father; one of the themes in these stories about farm work is Beth's respect for her father. Thus, farm chores were more than just work for Beth, they were a way for her to work
with her father, and it was important for Beth to please him by performing the chores correctly.

One chore Beth did reminded her specifically of her father:

E. Winn: One other job that I helped with that I haven't written about that was interesting was when I helped my father repair the fences. My father didn't like to work alone, and if the boys were away and after they left to have homes of their own, he'd go out either to dig the ditches--I didn't have to do any digging. I was only maybe anywhere from five or six years old to the time I could do a lot of work in the house. He just liked a companion. So those days where we'd go out in the morning, and he'd be fixing the fence. Of course, he'd find something that I could do that seemed useful to me; I don't know whether he really needed it. I [would] hold a wire here, or hand him the hammer the nails. He'd repair this fence; it taught me what you should do to repair a fence (Appendix A, 184 - 85).

This narrative is about an experience Beth shared with her father; even though its topic is mending fences, it is closely related to the story about Beth learning to eat tomatoes on her father's knee. Beth says she worked with her father, but she was not sure she was doing things that he really needed to have done. She suspects he had her out there simply because he liked her company. This is an important part of the narrative; she wants the listeners to understand that her father liked her, not just her ability to work. This narrative and the others discussed in this section are not so much about the facts of farm work
as they are about Beth's attitude toward farm work. When asked about farm work, Beth answers with narratives that reconstruct her attitudes and feelings about the work on the farm and the people associated with this work, especially her father.

Problems on the Farm

Queries about structures on the farm brought back memories of warm family relationships, as well as recollections of problems on the farm. However, the narratives Beth tells focus not on the problems per se, but on how the Wyotts dealt with the situation. Sickness was one of dilemmas, and the Wyotts developed appropriate mechanisms to cope with it:

E. Winn: It surely was a good stove. It had a big reservoir on the end for water, and it was nice and warm behind there. Whenever we were sick with any of the childhood diseases, or had to stay home, Mother would make us bed right near the stove over on the north wall and right near the stove. To make the bed, she'd put two chairs together with the backs at either end, then she'd put some blankets on there and we could lie there. That was our bed right by the stove during the daytime so she'd keep us company. We wouldn't have to stay in the bedroom; we could come out there. So that was of the things that helped us get well in a hurry. Of course, we had all the contagious diseases (Appendix A, 114).

Being in the family's kitchen, near her mother, helped Beth get well
faster. This narrative nicely recaptures a child's feelings for her mother; in the warm kitchen, by the big stove, Beth would recover from illnesses in the security of her mother's domain. In addition to loving care, the Wyatts also relied on their religion to help them cope with sickness. When someone would get ill, a male priesthood holder in the Mormon Church—in the Wyatts's case, Beth's father—would anoint the person with consecrated olive oil, lay his hands on the person's head and give the person a blessing:

E. Winn: Mother said I was very sick, and she did get a doctor there. He said I had pneumonia. So Mother sent a message over with some of the other men from Wellsville who were going over to tell Father. Father walked home. He got a ride part of the way, but he walked most of the way. That was in the winter. He came home so that he could be there. He gave me a blessing when he got home. He stayed home for two or three days, and I got better (Appendix A, 194).

E. Winn: Father would depend on his power of the priesthood, and he would just give her [Beth's mother, who suffered from asthma] a blessing. One night I remember he sent for the doctor and he sent one of the boys on the horse, I guess. But it would take awhile for him to come so the doctor sent the message back with the boys on the horse for us to give her a steam inhalation while he was coming. So everybody had the water boiling on the stove all the time for your cooking and everything. The tea kettle—you know how the spout came out—he told us to take a paper and make a funnel, put it around here and let her hold her head over that and breathe in this steam. [He said] to do that until he got there. We did that, and it eased up so she could breathe a little bit. With asthma, you're just panicky; you're just
going to choke to death. You can't get the air through. So then the doctor would come and he prescribed some medicine. For asthma, you just have to outgrow it or something, and it's a tension disease too. It can be brought on if you're tired or frightened about something. You know, when they moved from the farm into town, she never had asthma again. Now that was the tension part. Or maybe some weeds, maybe it was hayfever along with it. She didn't have asthma—they moved in '24, and she lived until '42—twenty years after they moved there. But on the farm, she had it in the winter.

J. Thomas: Did she like living in town better?

E. Winn: She loved the farm, but she was glad they moved in town because they just lived a block from everything there (Appendix A, 192–193).

The first story indicates the important role religion played in the healing process; although, Beth was treated by a doctor, she focuses on the blessing she received from her father. The second narrative also mentions the use of priesthood blessings to combat sickness. This story also shows the heavy involvement of the family in medical care; she details what the family is doing, according to the doctor's instructions, to help her mother while the boys were getting the doctor. The doctor came and prescribed medicine, but Beth does not say how this treatment affected her mother. She spends more time explaining the actions of the family and how these actions eased her mother's breathing. The narrative climaxes before the doctor even gets there; the doctor's actions are part of the denouement. Although the narrative also reveals
that Beth's mother experienced tension living on the farm, Beth does not explore the topic, and only acknowledges that her mother loved the farm, but was also glad to move.

This excerpt might hint at the reason why Beth's father figures more prominently in her narratives about the farm than her mother does. Beth's mother had a hard time on the farm, at least as far as health was concerned, and Beth does not like to talk about things that do not have some redeeming positiveness. Her narratives of the farm are so fond that skeptics might cast a jaundiced eye on their optimism, and think Beth was glossing over and sentimentalizing the past. But it appears Beth's father did not suffer from poor health as much as her mother did, and this along with other factors, could be the reason he is in so many more narratives. The truly awful and negative are things Beth does not want to talk about; so she is telling the truth in what she does tell, but she does not tell everything. This attitude can be seen in this narrative about her mother:

E. Winn: She had trouble in walking. She had an abscess on her ankle. They didn't know much about diabetes. I think she really had a slight diabetes. The abscess broke out, and it didn't heal. The last ten years of her life it didn't heal. Now they would have called it [diabetes]. We know that we inherited that from somebody; there's a lot in our family. I don't have real diabetes,
but I have that hypoglycemia that is borderline is all it is.

J. Simon: What did she do to treat her varicose veins? Just stay off her feet?

E. Winn: Yes, and you know you can’t do that if you’re working on the farm. They prescribed an elastic stocking that went all the way up. It fastened down right under the foot and came above the knee to protect it. When she could walk a little bit, she found out how she could use a chair for one foot. She’d kneel with one foot on the chair and hold to that and moved the chair as she went around. She could get around.

J. Thomas: That must have been painful.

E. Winn: Oh, yes, it’s very painful. The treatment the doctors give for those abcesses then, they don’t give it now. The treatment was to burn that—they called it proud flesh, that flesh had never healed—burn it out. I think it was silver nitrate, and they’d just burn that and it’s just like a red hot iron on a sore. Then the doctor would give her one treatment, and he’d send one home with her, and she’d have to do it herself. Oh, let’s talk about something a lot more pleasant now (Emphasis added) (Appendix A, 193).

The last sentence illustrates her attitude: she enjoys sharing the pleasant things about farm life, but some memories are too painful to go over again. This narrative is structured to emphasize the pain; when Beth talks about the treatment, she repeats the burning out idea, and she gives a detailed description and discussion of the medical treatment that her mother received for the abcess. The omission of the family’s role in treatment in this narrative, unlike the other narratives, emphasizes the unpleasantness of the situation and absolves the family of perpetrating a painful treatment. The doctor,
while he is not blamed per se, is the only one associated with this excruciating cure. If Beth does not like to deal with this sort of topic, then why does she tell me as much as she does? I think the answer is intimacy—she told me the story because we had established an intimate narrator and listener relationship. Sharing as much of this painful story as she did also allowed the listener an even more intimate view of Beth's life.

The Wyatts experienced other difficulties on the farm, as Beth illustrates with this story about her brother falling down the well:

E. Winn: This was the surface well [looking at a map], and there's the house; as you walk just catty-corner out here, the well was right here. Did I tell any place about my brother Rolph falling down there once?

J. Thomas: No, I don't think so.

E. Winn: I have listed all these interesting stories I can write about, and that's one of them. So I won't bother to tell you about that today; I'll write it. He fell down, but he didn't go too far. The little nosy Beth that never sat at the table 'til everybody was through, I wondered why it took him so long to go out for a pound of butter that was hanging down in the well. We'd tie a rope on a bucket and put it down half way to keep it cold, because we didn't have any pantries or any cellar. The butter would go down there. We were almost finished with dinner one day, one evening—our evening meal—and the boy says, 'Oh, we're out of butter. Who will go for the butter?'

Ralph says, 'I will.' We ate a pound a meal with seven children and Father and Mother. So, Ralph went out to get some butter from the well, and he didn't come back. I knew about when he should be back, and he wasn't, so I didn't even say, 'Excuse me,'
just jumped up and slipped out. He was calling; he was yelling he
was down in the well—he had fallen. He'd leaned over to get this
rope and pull the butter up; he'd slipped, and he fell, but he was
able to catch on to something part way down before he hit the
water. He was standing there on these pieces of lumber that
grew around the well, calling for someone to come and help him.
Oh, so I ran in the house and got Father and Mother and my other
two brothers, and they went out and pulled him out, of course
(Appendix A, 109–10).

There are several interesting things going on in this narrative. One
is the way Beth remembers the story. It was triggered by her memory
of the location of the well in relation to the farmhouse. Beth says she
will not bother to tell the story, but decided to anyway; suggesting that
this story is important to her, more important than the well's location.
One of the most interesting aspects of the story is that no blame for
the accident is placed. She does not identify the person who asked for
the butter. She does not imply that this person was to blame for
sending Ralph on the butter mission, nor does she imply that the person
was lazy and should have gotten the butter himself. Ralph volunteered
for the job, and Beth tells us that it was a necessary, everyday job
because the Wyatts ate a pound of butter per meal. Thus, Ralph was
doing a task that benefited the whole family. When she talks about
Ralph falling in the well, she again does not blame him for clumsiness
or too much haste; she merely says he slipped. Then she says that she
left the table without even excusing herself, implying that she was breaching family etiquette and could stand to improve a bit herself. The way she tells the story also demonstrates her own modesty even though she was a key figure in saving her brother. Beth does not say that her family was talking so much that they did not notice Ralph was gone too long or that she slipped away. Again, she could have easily placed blame but did not.

When her brother slipped and fell, he was able to catch himself on part of the inside structure or the well. Apparently, the Wyatts built it with lumber supporting the inside. The Wyatts also had a well-developed family structure which they used to help each other in times of crisis. When Beth discovered her brother in the well, she ran back to the house and got her father and the rest of the family. Often Beth uses the house as a point of reference for other things; this is appropriate since the home where the family dwelled was a place of security and safety. In the well narrative, she does not detail how they got her brother out of the well. She just says that "of course, they" (not just her father, but they, the family) pulled Ralph to safety. This demonstrates that she saw her family working together as a unit of
support. In Beth’s mind, it almost goes without saying that they would pull her brother to safety, both physical safety and the psychological safety that the Wyatt family and their home represented. The next narrative also has many of these same themes:

E. Winn: The reason I remember that there was each end [in the cow shed] for the horses, was once when this big mare, Liza, they had her on with some younger horses—those two little buckskin ones that were the buggy horses for the boys. Could they have pulled a plow or anything with three horses, or would they have had to have four?

J. Simon: I don’t know.

E. Winn: All I can think of seeing were the three horses.

J. Simon: They could have.

E. Winn: Well, to me, as I remember it, there were only three horses. There were these two younger horses, the little team that the boys used on their buggy when they had a tongue in the buggy and had two horses on this red wheeled buggy. They were on with Liza, the big, bay mare. When the boy lifted up the back of this plow, maybe it was a harrow, I think he was harrowing it, and he lifted it up and something hit the back heels of these young horses. They jumped and ran; they were afraid, and they ran away. It jerked the lines out of his hands. They were racing very hard, right towards this fence, this pole fence by the corral. This wise older horse that was taller and could see better, I guess, she realized they were going to run right into that fence. Of course, she had sense enough, horse sense enough, to try to stop. She stopped, putting all her feet right ahead of her, just braced herself back like that. These two young horses kept going. They pulled so hard to try to keep going, and she pulled so hard back, it broke her leg. It broke her front leg, just broke it right off; it just broke it so it was dangling. So then the men came out from the house, and the one that had been driving them came down from there. Of course, they got the vet. He said, well, he thought it was broken so badly that they couldn’t do anything
with it. But, Father wanted him to see what he could do to keep her alive as long as he could. So he bandaged it up, and they took her inside of this end of that shed, the end that was toward the south. There was room for four horses in there. They put her in there, and they—was it a sling they made for her? Anyway, they fixed the pulleys and ropes so they could lift her up off of the ground, hold her so that she wouldn't be down there. Of course, no other horses could be in there at that time. She had to take up that whole place, and I guess they'd have to move some of the stalls. They used to have poles or something that separated them when they tied all the horses in there. They had to separate them some way. But they fixed that so she was the only one in that, that one horse's stalls. The next day, she was still suffering so badly that the vet said he would advise that they would shoot her. So they had to shoot her. I'm wondering what they—they just take the body over to the place where they make the fertilizer, don't they?

J. Simon: Where was that? Would that be in Wellsville?
E. Winn: It wouldn't be right in Wellsville. No, it would be toward Logan; it would probably be out, maybe, in College Ward somewhere. I'm sure that they didn't have anything like that right in Wellsville, and they didn't go as far as Hyrum. I think it would be over towards Logan, [but] still out in the country like over towards Millville or College Ward. I think it was near where the sugar factories, you know where they did have a sugar factory there; I think it was in that area. So that's what happened to Liza. It was really a sad--.

J. Thomas: Did your dad have to shoot her?
E. Winn: No, the vet did. We heard the shot, but we didn't go out to see (Appendix A, 168 - 89).

The horse in this narrative is named, like many of the animals on the Wyatt farm. The Wyatts even had a favorite dairy cow named Star. The animals not named were those animals that were to be sold or killed, like chickens and pigs. When Liza is injured, Beth's father did not want
to shoot her. There is no indication that he wanted to save the horse solely for monetary reasons. Beth talks about what a wise horse Liza was and describes the incident as sad. All of this information indicates that the Wyatts had a positive emotional relationship with their animals. The animals were a part of their family farm, and were also included in family photographs.

Like the well narrative, there is no culpability in this story even though the events could certainly make it legitimate for blame to be assessed. The boy driving the team is not named; the two younger horses are not named, and Beth makes a point of saying they were inexperienced and scared.

The narrative climaxes when Liza's leg is broken; Beth skillfully builds the climax of her story by repeating that the horse broke its leg, each repetition becoming more graphic than the last. Then the men came out of the security of the house--the place where the boy ran to when the crisis started--to deal with the problem. The vet was summoned, and an attempt, which failed, was made to save the horse. Then the horse had to be shot; Beth's father did not want to do the shooting, so the vet did. Beth remembers that "we" heard the shot, but
they did not watch Liza die. This scenario is analogous to Beth’s view, as evidenced through her narratives, of how the Wyatts dealt with crisis on the farm. They tried to save the situation, usually by working as a family group. If saving the situation was not feasible, the Wyatts accepted what happened or did what had to be done. They (as a family) heard the shot—they were fully aware of the crisis, but they chose not to look for the full horror, blame, and fragmentation that could be triggered by a crisis situation.

Events Beyond Farm Boundaries

Beth was a teenager during World War One, and she tells several stories about that period of time. She talks about her then future husband being in the service at the end of the war. Though he did not go overseas, he did become seriously ill and later recovered. She recalls the influenza epidemic, which came at the end of the war; her cousin Myrtle Wyatt was one of the first people in Wellsville who died of it. Beth and her sister helped prepare Myrtle’s body for the funeral which was held on the front lawn, but Beth didn’t catch influenza (Appendix A, 126 also Appendix D, 313). She mentions her cousin’s death only
briefly, at my prompting. In the rest of her discussion of the flu, she concentrates on her experiences taking care of some children whose parents had influenza. Beth and her roommate (they were both teaching school in Clarkston at the time) taught one of their charges to walk while his parents were recovering from the flu (Appendix A, 126). She briefly mentions that her mother and sister-in-law got influenza and recovered, and she remembers everybody had to wear a mask wherever they went. The poor quality of flour was another memory Beth has of the war years. Characteristically, one of her major narratives about the war focuses on the positive—Armistice Day:

E. Winn: My brother, Bob, built the pantry after he moved there in—let’s see what was the day of the end of the First World War when the Armistice was signed?  
L. Miller: 1918?  
J. Thomas: November?  
E. Winn: November the 17 or 16. Well, he was drafted into the army—they didn’t have any children until they had been married seven or eight years, so Bob was drafted although he was working on this other farm Father had out in Naff, Idaho. So he and Mary came in to stay with us. She was going to stay with us part of the time, and with her parents, James and Martha Hall the other part while Bob went into the service. So he came in and got his papers all ready and was to leave the next day to go for his training. That was the night of the Armistice (laughter). I’ve written that up somewhere.  
J. Thomas: That’s a good story.  
E. Winn: Anyway, that night—it was 1918, and that was my first year of teaching. I was teaching over at Clarkston. It was
a fun year way over in that little town (laughter)—it would
snow! There were four girls teaching over in that little town.
Two of us had boyfriends from Clarkston, and those boys came
over the night before to take us to a dance. I guess we went to a
dance in Logan. My sister, Carol, was going with a boy in Logan,
and so the six of us went to this dance the night before. While
we were over there, or after the dance, we heard the news. Here
Bob and Mary were sleeping at our house, and they'd only been
there two days. He had to leave the next day. So we heard the
information [and said], 'Oh, let's go back over wake Bob and Mary
and bring them.'

So we did. We went over and wakened them and they came
with us. We had a big car. These Clarkston boys were farmers.
You know what the government was doing in those days to help
farmers. They helped them along with their crops, and prices
went up. All the farmers over there bought big cars.

L. Miller: This was during the war?

E. Winn: Yes, during the end of the war. So most of them had a
big Graham Page car—seven passenger, you know. So these boys
had their dad's car. So we came over, and we wakened Bob and
Mary; they didn't mind being wakened. They went with us, and we
went back to Logan. Oh, Logan was just all celebrating—dancing
in the streets, firecrackers going off (laughs) and singing and
everything. Cars driving up and down. There was a bonfire in
the middle of the street. This boy that was driving the car, he was
from Idaho somewhere; he went to school up at the college. So
he was driving, and the bonfire was in the middle of the street. I
don't know why he did such a foolish thing—he drove right
through the middle of the bonfire.

J. Thomas: You're kidding!

E. Winn: We got through all right, and it didn't explode the
gasoline. But, they had a piece of iron or something to hold up
whatever they started the fire with, and that hit the underneath
of his car. So it did something to that; so we had to get someone
to repair that before we went home.

J. Thomas: It was his dad's car?

E. Winn: Yes.

J. Thomas: Did he get into big trouble?

E. Winn: No, those farmers over there were pretty lenient with
their boys (laughter).

J. Thomas: How could you get mad when it was Armistice, right?

E. Winn: Anyway, they were glad their boys didn’t have to go. Their boys were excused, in this case because the only boy in the family was left home to help his dad on the farm. So he wasn’t being drafted. Anyway, pretty soon after they’d been singing songs and celebrating, we took Bob and Mary back to the farm. Then these boys said, ‘Well, it’s nearly morning, why don’t you two girls go back to Clarkston and stay at the place you board.’ We were boarding there, see, school was still going on. We had a room over there. The Goodys, Nattie was her name, and I’ll think of his name pretty soon [were the people we boarded with]. So we went over and we hadn’t had any sleep at all. She said, ‘Well, yes, you may stay here for a few days; we’re glad to have you.’ But the boys couldn’t go to bed. They had to go and just get into their work clothes. In November, would they be threshing or something?

L. Miller: Yes, or in the sugar beets.

E. Winn: They had to go and work all day, and we could sleep there. They came over to see us that night, but they didn’t stay very long (laughter) (Appendix A, 123-25).

This narrative captures the intense revelry and relief, since her brother did not have to go to war, with which Beth and her friends celebrated Armistice Day. Appropriately, Bob was staying at the farm, ready go into the service the next day, but Armistice came late that night while Bob was sleeping at the farm, and thus excused Bob from having to go to war. The Armistice narrative is really two stories; the first story’s climax is when Bob did not have to go into the service. The second narrative’s climax comes when they drove through the
bonfire and lived. Both these climaxes make the same point—miraculously they came through the situations alive. Being alive is what Beth is celebrating in these narratives. Throughout her narratives about the war years dealing with the Armistice and the flu, her focus is on survival; the Wyatts lived through these times. In her Armistice story, Beth talks about farmers during the war; farm boys, like the driver of the car in this story, were excused from the war so they could stay and help on the farm. The farm gave farm boys their lives, and the war gave farmers good prices. So in Beth's view, the family farm was a safe and often prosperous place during the First World War.

The Wyatt Farm: A Positive Framework

After examining all these narratives, it is apparent that Beth depicts growing up on the family farm as a positive experience. At issue here is not whether her account of farm life is just the facts, or if she is really telling the truth about the brutal realities of farm life. Obviously, there were horrible things—deaths, problematic medical care, runaway horses and life-threatening accidents—all of which Beth
talks about. What is important to understand is that Beth's story of farm life is positive because of the framework of family, religion and place Beth constructed. The events, daily life experiences and crises of farm life were all seen as meaningful within this framework. Family, religion and the farm all overlapped; they were mixed together and were not separate entities. The farm represented and was part of Beth's family and her religion. This view of farm life is not necessarily indicative of the experience of all Americans on the farm. However, Beth's narratives and what they reveal may help explain why, even when some people fail miserably at farming, they still love the farm and think of themselves as farmers. Again, not all American or Utah farmers experienced the farm in the same way Beth experienced it. As Willa Cather would have said, Beth's story is only one of those two or three human stories that go on repeating themselves fiercely.
CHAPTER V

CONCLUSION

Throughout the entire oral interview, Beth Wyatt Winn staunchly upholds the honor of the family farm. The personal narratives she relates in the interview show the complexity and depth of her definition of "farm." For Beth, the Wyatt farm is more than a place, it is an experience wherein all the important values in her life are crystalized; especially prominent in her farm experience are family and religion. Beth Wyatt Winn has never left the farm; she has carried it with her throughout her lifetime:

When Charles Peterson asked me about that--did our father want us to go to college so we could earn more money than we could on the farm, or get us away from the farm?
I said, 'Well, no.'

[He said], 'Well, did he feel badly because you all left?'
I said, 'Well, we didn't all leave. The only reason the girls left is because their husbands weren't farmers, and we went where they could get along. But Frank, my brother, stayed with it. [He] did research work on it in Canada, and wrote books on it. I have a lot of his pamphlets and books that he wrote [on] researching soils. He came back on a vacation one summer and took soil samples from that farm and took them back. His students did research on them--comparing the soil of Utah. Then Bob stayed as a farmer, and Ralph went out on the farm there. Then my husband and I bought ten acres of land in Bakersfield when he
was still teaching; I was teaching then, too. He always wanted a little farm. We built a house on it, and lived six miles from town and drove into school. So we didn't leave the farm, that is, farming. Every summer we went back on our vacation (Appendix A, 155).

During the oral interviews, Beth told about something she loved. She used personal narratives to make the abstract (love) concrete; her personal narratives embody her feelings about the Wyatt family farm, and they dramatize her relation to it.

Besides providing an eyewitness account of everyday history on a Cache Valley farm at the turn of the century, Beth's personal narratives remind us how complex life is—Beth was not simply talking about farm life, even though that is all she was questioned about. The Wyatt farm in her narratives is a symbol for Beth's world view and values. Even though it is possible to dissect her narratives and discover some of the meanings layered therein, Beth's personal narratives are still rich with further complexity and personal meanings. There are deep rich veins of human meaning left untouched. Because I do not belong to all the folk groups that Beth is a member of, I am unable to extract these meanings and examine them under my microscope. I can only suggest their potency; perhaps this depth is what makes the personal narrative so powerful and enduring.
As Beth's stories illustrate, the narrative is a species of thought which encapsulates experiences into values and personal meanings. The discussion and analysis of personal narratives leads to a greater perception of historical detail. Personal narratives allow the narrator, who controls the narrative, and the listener an enlarged opportunity to analyze the expressive elements of history. Narratives capture the pulse—the life—of an historical era; they provide a means for re-experiencing the dramatic, both for the teller and the listener.

Beth's narratives expand and illuminate our perception of the historic era in which she grew up. Her stories also share common threads with other personal narratives; it is probable that certain topics—like runaway horses—are traditional in narratives about the farm.

Clearly, scholars should make greater use of personal narratives if they seriously quest to understand the human condition, both past and present. Living historical sites, like the Ronald V. Jensen Living Historical Farm, need to employ personal narratives pertinent to the site in interpretive programs, if they earnestly want visitors to get a meaningful understanding of history. As Beth's narratives demonstrate,
the past is often remembered and portrayed more fully through personal narratives than in "objective" informational descriptions; both sources need to be utilized to perceive history intelligently. Sharing narratives with visitors at historic sites is a much needed link in the chain of accurate historical preservation and presentation. Sites should create and use narrative "maps," which show what a something (a building or an implement) means—what the narratives associated with it are—instead of just showing where it is located. For example, at the Ronald V. Jensen Living Historical Farm, when interpreters discuss the stove in the kitchen, it would be appropriate to relate the story about the sick bed Beth's mother created by her kitchen stove (Appendix A, 114); when the well is viewed, the story about Beth's brother falling in it could be told (Appendix A, 109 - 10); the garden is a befitting site to share the story about Beth's father eating sugar on his tomatoes (Appendix A, 163 - 64); the haystack would be a relevant location to convey the stories of Beth's brother getting caught in the trap (Appendix A, 222) or of the the neighboring polygamists who hid in the haystacks (Appendix D, 296); the farm wagon could be the catalyst for the narrative about young Frank Jr.'s wild wagon ride (Appendix C, 264);
the narrative concerning the runaway horses would be applicable on
days when the farmer harrows (Appendix A, 188 - 89), and so on.
Not only do these stories give the listener/visitor a more graphic
and concrete vision of farm life, the narratives also allow the visitors
to see the human side of history. The telling of personal narratives is a
good way to present history, and it is also re-enacting history--for,
that is exactly what people "back then" were doing--they, too, were
telling narratives.

Finally, Beth's personal narratives are intimate histories. Not only
do they allow the listener into a private life, but they can also cause a
listener to examine her own life. In Chapter Two, James Bennett was
quoted as saying that the oral interview relates to the question, "How
shall I live my life"(10)? I would like to modify this statement: the
personal narrative can function as an impetus for a listener to examine
her own life intimately, and thus ask the questions, "How have I lived
my life?" "What are my personal narratives?" "What are my personal
metaphors and symbols?" All our lives we listen to personal
narratives like the ones Beth Wyatt Winn tells, and thus learn to tell
our own narratives. By listening, we are absorbing a method for
examining and understanding our own human experiences and learning how to live.
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APPENDICES
Appendix A: Oral Interviews With Beth Wyatt Winn

First Interview with Elizabeth (Beth) Wyatt Winn--March 7, 1986.
Interviewer is
Jeannie B. Thomas.

E. Winn: They always wore long sleeves.
E. Winn: Well, that's--it's light, it's not all white, and that's the
backyard.
J. Thomas: That's your backyard--neat picture.
E. Winn: She's sitting--they cut the tall poplar trees down. Those
tall poplar trees don't live as long as some of the other trees, and after
they've been so many years they die, and they have to cut them down.
Well, they cut these down so they'd be a seat, a bench out in the
backyard, see, out in back of the house. So Mother is sitting on the
stump of a tree; it used to be a tall tree.
J. Thomas: [Looking at another photo] Now, is this a door going--
E. Winn: This is when they had the shutters, but they've taken them
off, haven't they? Or have they? See, they weren't on the original
house.
J. Thomas: I'll have to go look. We just moved in, so I'm sorry, I'm
not as familiar as I should be.
E. Winn: Well, anyway, this little porch has been put on.
J. Thomas: Okay, the porch wasn't there.
E. Winn: No, see it was just--you went--the door went in this way
to the parlor, and the door went in that way to the kitchen.
J. Thomas: So, you had two doors right there.
E. Winn: Yes.
J. Thomas: Okay, you had--see this is a big window now [refering to
the kitchen window].
E. Winn: This was one big window [refering to 1930s photo], but this
wasn't--this was a door here and a window here.
J. Thomas: Were the windows like the windows in this picture?
E. Winn: Yes.
J. Thomas: That size and everything?
E. Winn: Yes, they're the same size window. But, you see that little porch has been added.
J. Thomas: Yes, it looks like it's been added, too.
E. Winn: But, I have a picture of the house here that was in the backyard.
J. Thomas: What neat pictures!
E. Winn: My brother, who was in school in Illinois, came home for the summer and he had that picture taken. He's here on the haystack unloading. I was leading the horse up and down here to take the fork up there. I've written all about that.
J. Thomas: This is really priceless.
E. Winn: [Looking at photo sheet] This is my oldest brother who was up on the haystack. This was my second brother, Bob. They're the ones that lived in the house after we moved to town. Their two children were born there in the house. My brother, Ralph, and his wife, Genevieve, they moved out on Father's--Father and Uncle Bill had a farm at Clearcreek. That's told in the histories. Brother Peterson, Mr. Peterson, or Dr. Peterson, I should say, Dr. Peterson mentions that I gave you a copy of the histories, and I wonder if I did.
J. Thomas: Yes.
E. Winn: These are the two histories of my parents that I [wrote], and there's a sheet in the back here.
J. Thomas: I've got that, too.
E. Winn: But, there's the death dates that haven't been [written in].
E. Winn: Oh, yes, this is just the little students at the little school a mile from there. Of course, that schoolhouse has been torn down now. But they [the people who wrote Windows of Wellsville] wrote and asked me if I didn't have a picture of it, and I said, 'No, but I can certainly draw a plan for it, because I know every inch of that school.'
I went there for four years, and I did [draw the picture], so if you see in that big book that we have of Wellsville.
J. Thomas: Yes.
E. Winn: [Looking at the school picture] Can you pick me out? My children did; they said, 'That's you, Mother.'
I said, 'Well, a lot of these people are Scandinavian people with the
white hair.'

J. Thomas: Yes, look at that.

E. Winn: The Brobys--one family, see, here's one and here's one and those two. They're all Danish people.

J. Thomas: You can really tell.

E. Winn: Then there's their cousin, the Rasmussen, of course, his hair is a littler darker. But their hair was as white as snow and blue eyes--pretty.

J. Thomas: Now, how old were you here?

E. Winn: I was in the--I was eight years old.

J. Thomas: Darling picture.

E. Winn: In the third, fourth grade, no, third grade--I was eight years old.

J. Thomas: That's really neat. I'd like to have copies of some of these pictures made, if you'd let us.

E. Winn: I must have had the negative for that. It came from this, of course, these people in Wellsville would have it. This was the picture it was taken from; see how it's faded, and this came out just fine. But, what you could do is borrow a good picture I have, and go have a negative made. I can't remember of ever having that negative, but I must have had it because that picture is certainly different from that. Oh, I had the names here. They wrote and told me they couldn't find anyone who could remember all the names; so I remembered them.

J. Thomas: That's neat. For clothes, this picture is wonderful.

E. Winn: Yes, look, see when the boys' shirts wore out on the elbows, the mothers put [pointing to one specific boy]--his grandmother--he lived with his grandmother--they put another sleeve in, no matter whether it was the same color or not. They still wore it; all the young boys there, nearly all of them, wore the bib overalls.

J. Thomas: Yes.

E. Winn: Their fathers didn't wear the bib overalls.

J. Thomas: They didn't? What did they wear?

E. Winn: Well, just from the waist down--none of my brothers or my father wore bib overalls at home. They just wore the overalls--the waist overalls like men wear now, just the cotton pants.

J. Thomas: What were they made out of?

E. Winn: Well, let's see, I guess they were levi--the cotton, blue levis. Then we bought the brown material like the soldiers.

J. Thomas: They were brown?
E. Winn: They were blue. My brothers when they were young, they wore blue overalls, these were light blue.

J. Thomas: What about the waist pants?

E. Winn: The waist pants it seems to me were blue. But then when the First World War came along and they were making all those brown ones. Then after that they wore the brown ones. I was going to show you the picture of Edna and what the girls wore to work in. It was coveralls.

J. Thomas: I would love to see that.

E. Winn: I was going to draw a picture of some of the clothes that the women wore.

J. Thomas: I would love that.

E. Winn: I'll draw a picture of the typical dress that the women wore when they were pregnant.

J. Thomas: That would be great.

E. Winn: The one they wore on the outside just had straps they wore over the shoulder, straps about this wide over the shoulder. Then across here, that material came across. Then the rest of the dress was gathered. This came down like a yoke, and the skirt part was gathered across here. It gave fulness in the front, and it was gathered a little bit across the back, too. Then it just hung right from under the arms here. The arm holes were bigger because they wore this over a blouse that had long sleeves in it. They put the blouse on first, and in the summertime, they'd put this--uh, they didn't call it a kimono, maybe I'll think of the name they called it--anyway, it was a maternity dress.

J. Thomas: Was it like a jumper?

E. Winn: Yes, more like a jumper. Only it usually had the square neck across here. And, just the wide straps across the shoulder and gathered in the front and gathered in the back. Then the skirt was full enough so it would do for the maternity dress.

J. Thomas: It went all the way down?

E. Winn: Yes. Now, if they wore a housedress under it, sometimes the housedress would be longer. This other dress would maybe come up a few inches--this jumper would come up a few inches above the bottom of the skirt. But if it was too warm in the summer, they'd just wear this jumper as their main dress and a waist underneath it. Oh, this now [looking at a photo], these are the coveralls. This is my sister, Edna, standing with her arm on the cow, ready to go milk.

J. Thomas: That is neat.
E. Winn: They were brown khaki colored. The same material that
the army boys wore. But it was one piece, and they buttoned up the
front with silver colored big buttons. Then any hat that you wanted to
wear—you could wear a straw hat like that [in the photo] or one of the
men’s hats. The coveralls had long sleeves, but if you wanted to roll
them up, you did.

J. Thomas: I was really surprised when I found out you were
actually wearing coveralls to milk. About what time period did that
start? Did it start in the 1900s?

E. Winn: Let’s see, Edna was born in 1905.

J. Thomas: Was that something kind of new to do?

E. Winn: It was new because Carol and I didn’t adopt it, see. She
[Carol] was born in—I was born—if I could quickly turn to our family
[group sheets to look up the birth dates]. When Edna and Elsie were
from twelve years on—here’s Edna, Edna was born in 1905, so say
1917. Oh, she started to wear them before then. I graduated from high
school in 1917. She’d been wearing them for years. It was from 1912
on, I suppose. 1915 at least. That’s what the girls wore outside. But,
the older ones, my older cousins didn’t. They never went to that; they
went out in their skirts.

J. Thomas: Now, what kind of skirts did you wear to milk?

E. Winn: Well, we wore cotton dresses.

J. Thomas: Long sleeves?

E. Winn: No, the young girls—we didn’t wear long sleeves. The
mothers always did. The mothers wore long sleeves. I can’t remember
my mother ever having a short sleeve dress of any kind. Maybe she did
when she was younger.

J. Thomas: Could you draw me a picture of the milking dress you
wore sometime?

E. Winn: Yes, I’m sure I could. We would wear just the same dresses
that we made for our work dresses and our school dresses—just of
cotton material and usually the short sleeves. Then when we worked
out in the sunshine in the beet work—I think I wrote that somewhere—we would wear the stockings. We’d take the long
stockings and cut a hole for our thumb, put them on here and then just
pin them to our sleeves up here.

J. Thomas: Were they white stockings?

E. Winn: No, they were the dark stockings.

J. Thomas: What were they made out of?
E. Winn: Cotton. It was a long time before we had silk stockings (laughter).

J. Thomas: Yes, I bet.

E. Winn: Then we'd buy the beet gloves, the cotton beet gloves to wear to chop, to cut beets.

J. Thomas: Were those canvas?

E. Winn: White with a blue top. You'd wear them so you wouldn't get blisters. You had to hoe the beets. So in 1912 or 1914 was when Edna and Elsie started wearing the coveralls. They didn't start wearing the levis until--I had some levis that I wore after I was married.

J. Thomas: This is a neat picture, too.

E. Winn: Oh, yes, now this, one day I was to go and do the shopping. This is our car, our first car, a Buick, that we bought in 1918. Do I have a hat on, or is that a cap?

J. Thomas: Looks like a cap.

E. Winn: Okay, to drive the car and to go horseback riding, we sometimes wore caps, and they were just like a man's cap. This one was khaki colored, just like the soldiers', and it had a peak on it. That would keep the sun off of your eyes, if you wanted.

But you needed a hat out in the beets because any of your neck that came out from under would get sunburned. I was ready to go shopping here. I was going over to Logan shopping, and Edna is ready to go out and milk the cows. So, first we took a picture of her and then one of me. When I look at it I think, 'Gee, I feel kind of ashamed of myself; I was allowed to drive the car and do all the shopping, and she had to stay and do the milking (laughter).'

J. Thomas: Where did your family shop mostly? Logan or Wellsville?

E. Winn: We went to Wellsville for everything except clothes and coats and shoes and things like that. For dress materials, all the time we were growing up we had our clothes made either by the dressmakers that came or my sister. As soon as Carol was twelve, she started sewing. We were all making our clothes while we were in high school.

J. Thomas: So, did you get your dress material in Wellsville?

E. Winn: Yes, in Wellsville.

J. Thomas: What store?

E. Winn: Well, there were three stores in Wellsville. There was the Co-op; then there was my Uncle John Wyatt's.

J. Thomas: I kind of figured you went to his store.
E. Winn: Yes, well, we went there for some things. They didn't have everything up there. The Co-op was the big one. Then there was another little store. William Maughan had a smaller store in between these two. He had—he didn't have groceries—but he had materials, mostly materials. Maybe he had canned things. We didn't buy any canned things, though. We had raised all our vegetables and fruits and a lot of our meat. We raised that. Our materials we always bought at that Co-op store. We bought shoes there sometimes. At Christmas time, our parents would go to Logan and do the Christmas shopping.

J. Thomas: Did you ever go to Salt Lake City for anything?

E. Winn: I didn't go to Salt Lake until I was sixteen years old. I didn't ever go to Salt Lake. My father went to conference. Once Mother went with him. Right after he had come home from his mission, he took Mother down there to a conference. But she wasn't very comfortable. Mother didn't like to go out in crowds very much, and she had varicose veins. Anyway, at the time, she was pregnant soon after he was home from his mission. They went to the conference that next fall, and so she went with him. But she said she was glad to get back home. He continued to go to the conferences down there. Mother wanted him to go by himself rather than have her go out in the crowds.

So we didn't do our shopping in Salt Lake until after--. When I was in college I did some. I went down to buy suits or hats. Hyrum was a good place. They had a millinery shop in Hyrum. We went to Hyrum for our hats. Maude Linquist had a millinery shop in Hyrum. You'd go and pick out a hat from a picture—one she'd made, and she'd just make your own order of a hat.

J. Thomas: Did you wear a lot of hats?

E. Winn: Yes, we wore hats all the time. We had winter hats, and we had summer hats. You'd even wear them to church, but you were supposed to take them off when you went into church. I wore a hat on graduation day, one that I had made. We took a course in millinery up at the school, the UAC. I made this hat out of white organdy to match my white organdy dress that I'd made for my graduation dress.

J. Thomas: Do you have more pictures?

E. Winn: [Looking at a photo] Now, this is that shed. You know, the shed that we had for a machine shed?

J. Thomas: The one that's still there?

E. Winn: Yes, only now it's painted red.

J. Thomas: What color did you have it painted? Or was it painted?
E. Winn: I'm trying to think whether we even painted it or not. Maybe we never painted it. It wasn't a color. It wasn't red. You know, our house wasn't painted for years and years and years. We just oiled it. Isn't that funny, that's one thing I can't remember. We probably didn't paint it. If we did, it was white. But I don't know.

J. Thomas: You would think if you oiled your house, you might do the same to your other buildings.

E. Winn: It took care of the lumber. Now, that's the same lumber on that shed. I think it's the same lumber on the house, too.

J. Thomas: What was your milking parlor like?

E. Winn: We had a corral. We had a barn, and I think that barn has been torn down. It was just a narrow building, oblong. Let's see, it was just before you go down--. It was were they built the building that housed the old machinery.

J. Thomas: Running north and south?

E. Winn: Yes, we had stalls in there for the horses. There were mangers and stalls for the horses. Then there were a few extra for the cows that needed to be put into the shed, before they had a calf or soon afterward. Then the fence around there was the corral, and that's the place where you have the picnic area. From there, and a little bit south of there, behind that building you've built for your machinery, that's were the corral was.

J. Thomas: So where did you do the milking?

E. Winn: We just did the milking out--. Well, it was fenced around by this shed for the cows; we didn't call it a pasture--what did we call that? We went out to milk, and we didn't go in the shed to milk; we milked where the cows were. Then there was a water trough. We first had a surface well near the house. There were two different places, and they were just fenced in with logs. One place we had for the--they didn't let the bull go out to the pasture. They had a pen for him, and there were logs around there. There's a long chicken coop.

J. Thomas: Did you do a drawing of this? I have a drawing. I brought it because I wanted to see if it was right.

E. Winn: I can recognize whether I did it or not.

J. Thomas: It might have been one of your sisters.

E. Winn: My two younger sisters didn't know about that surface well we had. [Looking at the drawing] This looks like my writing. Yes. See, I've drawn the well on there. Yes, this is my writing. I'd forgotten that I did this. See what you do when you grow older? This was the surface
well, and there's the house; as you walk just catty-corner out here, the well was right here. Did I tell any place about my brother Ralph falling down there once?

J. Thomas: No, I don't think so.

E. Winn: I have listed all these interesting stories I can write about, and that's one of them. So I won't bother to tell you about that today; I'll write it. He fell down, but he didn't go too far. The little nosy Beth that never sat at the table 'til everybody was through, I wondered why it took him so long to go out for a pound of butter that was hanging down in the well. We'd tie a rope on a bucket and put it down half way to keep it cold, because we didn't have any pantries or any cellar. The butter would go down there. We were almost finished with dinner one day, one evening--our evening meal--and the boy says, 'Oh, we're out of butter. Who will go for the butter?'

Ralph says, 'I will.' We ate a pound a meal with seven children and Father and Mother. So, Ralph went out to get some more butter from the well, and he didn't come back. I knew about when he should be back, and he wasn't; so I didn't even say, 'Excuse me,' I just jumped up and slipped out. He was calling, he was yelling he was down in the well--he had fallen. He'd leaned over to get this rope and pull the butter up; he'd slipped and he fell, but he was able to catch on to something part way down before he hit the water. He was standing there, on these pieces of lumber that went around the well, calling for someone to come and help him. Oh, so I ran in the house and got Father and Mother and my other two brothers, and they went out and pulled him out, of course.

J. Thomas: How old was he?

E. Winn: Well, how old was I? I can tell his age [by my age]. It was before he was married; the boys were all at home then. I was probably only about six years old. Let's see, how much older is Ralph than I am?

J. Thomas: So he was about ten years older? So he was a teenager?

E. Winn: He was born in 1889; he was ten years older. He was probably sixteen. Father was home, so it was after Father came home from a mission. That would be in 1905 he came home from his mission. Yes, he was sixteen or seventeen years old. It was when they were all home from college, so it must have been in the summertime. Anyway, they got him out safely, and they hadn't missed me at all.

E. Winn: [Looking at her drawing of the farm]When the artesian well was drilled, then that put it quite a long ways from the house. It
doesn’t look far here. So then we had to carry our water from here. We filled this one [the surface well] up.

J. Thomas: Why did you fill that one up?

E. Winn: We didn’t have any more use for it. It was a dangerous thing to have open. This little stream of water that went down here to the bottom of this—we carried our water in buckets from here up for washing. We’d bring it up and put it in the tubs here the night before washing because it was nice soft water, and the artesian well water had iron in it, and it was hard. We’d have to boil it and settle it if we used it, and it took too much time.

J. Thomas: Do I see a washtub, in the picture with your mother, hanging on the side of the house?

E. Winn: Yes, we had two washtubs that we kept up there because we did our washing in the summertime out there in the backyard. Even after we had an electric washer, we had a plug in that we could use out there. But it was a long time before we got electricity there. But we would do our washing out there in the summertime and carry the water up the night before.

J. Thomas: Why did you carry water up the night before?

E. Winn: To let it settle, and so we could get an early start in the morning. You know, it took a long time to carry that water up. We put it in two big tubs and some in the boiler, because we boiled our clothes on the stove to whiten them. We rubbed them on the board before we put them in the washer. Then we turned the washer by hand until we had electricity. I was in high school, at least junior high, before we got electricity. [Looking at map] Oh, I’ve written where my father baptized me here. I was the only one in the family. I was the youngest one when he went on a mission, and so when he came home, he said the first one to be baptized—he wanted to baptize us in a river the way he did on a mission, so I was glad that I was that one. He dug the hole he’d use for the baptismal; the water filled it up. Mother and the other girls, the other sisters, sat on a hillside to watch the baptism. The next day we all went to church, and I was confirmed in church the next day. I thought that was pretty neat.

J. Thomas: Where would this spot be now?

E. Winn: I took a picture of that spot that I have somewhere. When I find that picture, I’ll show you. I could walk right to it. So, when I’m up there in August, I’ll walk right to it, and show you the very spot.

The smokehouse was here. We’d come from our house, and we’d go
right past the smokehouse and down to the river right here.

J. Thomas: You talked about your mother's flower garden. Where was it?

E. Winn: Well, we had flowers all around the front. There was nothing in the back. We didn't have any flowers in the back because we had a road that came in. You came in there, and you turned right here. The cars would come across and park here. We didn't have any grass or anything.

Have I drawn the little smokehouse? I mean the coalhouse. Right here, now let's see, that was the well, was a little coalhouse. We called it the coalhouse. We stored coal in there for the winter. We stored cut wood, too; wood that we'd cut. It was the coalhouse and the woodhouse. It wasn't very warm; it was just one layer of wood. We attempted to have an incubator [in there], and raise our own little chicks, but it was kind of a failure. We put it out here, and it was too hot in the daytime and too cold at night. We never could regulate it. We'd either get the eggs too hot or too cold. We just got a few so we quit; we gave that up. It was an endeavor to raise our own chickens. Then they used it to store wood to keep it from the snow. [They used it] to store wood and coal for quite awhile. I guess some of these people that bought the place after we moved tore it down because it was just built with one layer of wood.

J. Thomas: I was going to ask you another thing about milking. You sold the milk, right?

E. Winn: Yes, and we cooled the milk.

J. Thomas: Who did you sell the milk to?

E. Winn: Well, the dairy in--.

J. Thomas: Wellsville?

E. Winn: At first, it wasn't in Wellsville. They didn't build that 'til--we ought to get the date on the time they built that.

J. Thomas: I could probably find the date.

E. Winn: It wasn't there when I was going to high school. It wasn't there 'til after I started college. Morning Milk Company, it was called. There, they made condensed milk and cheese. Then we'd have our milk man bring us back things that we needed. Of course, we could take it out of our milk check.

J. Thomas: How much was your milk check?

E. Winn: I can't remember, but it was the cash that we needed. It was very important. It provided all the money that we needed to
spend—the cash we needed.

[Break in tape]

E. Winn: Mother could sign for the groceries; I could sign over at school, and when Carol came home from her mission, she could. There was the three of us and Father writing on that bank account (laughs).

J. Thomas: It must have been hard to keep the balance straight at times.

[Break in tape]

E. Winn: [Talking about meat] In the winter we just hung it outside, let it freeze and then brought it in. But you had to hang it where the dogs couldn't get it.

J. Thomas: Did you hang it on a tree?

E. Winn: Yes, we tied it up in a tree, or we put it out in this little house that was our woodhouse and coalhouse. That was cold; that was icy cold. We'd put it out there so the doors could be locked, and the animals couldn't come and get it. Yes, we'd keep it outside because we didn't have refrigerators. We didn't raise our own beef there. My husband and I raised our own beef when we had a little farm in California, when we were teaching school. On the farm, we didn't raise our own beef; we bought it at the butcher shop.

J. Thomas: The butcher shop in Wellsville?

E. Winn: There was a butcher shop in Wellsville. It was right next to the store that my Uncle John Wyatt had. There was a little butcher shop right next to it. His son-in-law, Lorenzo Thorpe, was the butcher in that place.

J. Thomas: Do you have more photos?

E. Winn: [Looking at a photo] Well, that was taken up in the Wellsville Pavilion. That was when I was a freshman in high school.

[Break in tape]

E. Winn: When we milked the cows, we wore something on our heads to protect our heads from coming in contact with the cows. So we wore a cap or a man's hat.

J. Thomas: Was that so you didn't get stuff in your hair?

E. Winn: Yes, and then the odor of the cow—you'd have to wash your hair every night. Girls didn't wash their hair every day then; they washed it once a week. We had no blow dryers (laughter). [Looking at a photo of the Wyatt girls] They were just sitting around in the yard ready [to milk]; they had their milk buckets and everything.

E. Winn: [Looking at a photo] This was a time when all these poplar
trees were dying. These tall, slender poplar trees last just so many years, and then they die. They were all dying then, and they had cut them all off. Later, they cut them off and left the stumps around. But, all these tall trees grow fast. That's why the people in Utah planted them, because they wanted shade in a hurry. Then these trees had to be taken out and other trees had to take their place.

[Looking at a photo of the house] This is the pantry window Bob put in. We didn't have that when we were there. The pantry is right in that corner there. This is the upstairs room we had for a playroom, and the two other rooms we had upstairs—the big bedrooms. We used one for the girls' bedroom and over on the west side for the boys' bedroom. But when Father and Mother had only the two rooms here, they had a stairway, a narrow stairway, that went up to the second room. It's in this corner. We had a floor bin in that corner. It had a lid on, and it had hinges that you could raise up. He would bring the supply of sacks of flour and cracked wheat for cereal, and we'd keep it in there in the sacks. We wouldn't empty it there, just put it in the sacks. Then we had a cover on it and used it to put books on sometimes. It's not still in the corner is it?

J. Thomas: No.
E. Winn: We didn't have any water in it [the house]. Bob and Mary had that done. So we had to heat all of our water.
J. Thomas: And you had a reservoir on your stove?
E. Winn: Yes, yes.
J. Thomas: What kind of a stove did you have, do you remember the brand?
E. Winn: I don't remember. I don't remember ever seeing the sign on there. It surely was a good stove. It had a big reservoir on the end for water, and it was nice and warm behind there. Whenever we were sick with any of the childhood diseases, or had to stay home, Mother would make us a bed right near the stove over on the north wall and right near the stove. To make the bed, she'd put two chairs together with the backs at either end, then she'd put some blankets on there and we could lie there. That was our bed right by the stove during the daytime so she'd keep us company. We wouldn't have to stay in the bedroom; we could come out there. So that was one of the things that helped us get well in a hurry. Of course, we had all the contagious diseases.
J. Thomas: Where was the stove?
E. Winn: The stove was on the north side in the middle of the room.
Then where the pantry is now, we had our cupboard. It was a cupboard that Mother and Father bought when they were first married. They had their pretty dishes that they didn't use all the time up on top.

J. Thomas: She had china?

E. Winn: She didn't have a whole set of china. She had some wedding presents; they were the ones with the little blue leaf. What's the name of that china? It's real good china. It has a white background.

J. Thomas: Haviland?

E. Winn: I don't think it was Haviland, but it's one of the very important ones. When she died, we each got one plate. I gave mine to my daughter. I have only one daughter, so I'm giving her all the things while I'm still alive. It would be English china. Noritake is Japanese.

J. Thomas: Lenox?

E. Winn: I could probably find out what that one is. Anyway, once a week the Saturday job was to take everything out of that cupboard, and wash everything, and wash the cupboard. Every week we'd take the dishes out, wash the cupboard, put clean paper or doilies back in. We loved to handle these things. Father had brought some pretty little china dancing dolls and things home--gifts that he had when he was on a mission. They were kept up there.

We always, of course, washed the dishes on the table.

J. Thomas: You put the pans--

E. Winn: We had to have two dishpans, one for rinsing and one for washing. It would be on the kitchen table, not the round dining room table.

J. Thomas: You had two tables?

E. Winn: First, when we were very young, we had just the one table with the two leaves that went down. Then, when all the children were older, they bought a round golden oak dining room table. It was a large table with the three leaves in, it would seat twelve people very nicely. Then they bought a set of six chairs to match it, and we had other kitchen chairs to go with it.

J. Thomas: Did you use tablecloths?

E. Winn: Yes. For breakfast, we would just use an oilcloth on the table and just wipe if off.

J. Thomas: A red-checkered one?

E. Winn: Different colors. You'd have to buy one quite often because you used it so much. You put your dishpan on it when you washed. But, then we had tablecloths on Sunday or when we had guests. Of course,
we always had a pad. When we bought the new table set, I was still in high school then; we used a table pad all the time, and then we put the cloth over that to take care of it. We used that table for our study table at night; [we] sat around there with a lamp. We'd have to clean the lamp globes every day. I can't remember the year we had electricity, but somewhere I have written it, I think. Out of town, we didn't get it as early as people who lived in Logan.

J. Thomas: I think I have an interview, maybe it was a cousin of yours; they got the first phone out there, and all the farmers would come use it, and they'd forget to pay.

E. Winn: Was that the ones across the street? Uncle John?

J. Thomas: I'm thinking it was Annie Leishman.

E. Winn: Well, I have a cousin Annie. I think they did have their telephone before we did. We didn't get our telephone immediately when it was put there.

Annie was the one that took care of me the day that my sister Edna was born. Edna was born on March the second. Annie was over home alone, no, Annie and her mother were over home. Mother wanted Aunt Julia to come over and stay until the midwife was brought out. I went over, I was four years old, I went over and told Annie that my mother wanted me to stay with her today. She wanted her mother to come over to my house. So Aunt Julia went over to Mother's place, and I stayed with Annie. She got me ready for primary. She was teaching primary, and we had to walk a mile up to the school where they had primary after school. So Annie took my hand, and we walked up, and I skipped along all the way. They let us come in and see the baby on our way up. The baby had been born that day. I went over early in morning. So we went into see the baby. Then she took my hand, and I went skipping along with her a mile up there to the school. I can remember that—that was my first memory when I was four and a half years old. As soon as I got inside the door, I jerked loose from Annie, the children were just waiting—it was almost time to start—and I went in there and I said, 'Oh, we have a new baby at our house, and she's only this long!' [Holds hands apart only a few inches] (laughter). They repeated that to me later on so I would not forget. They told my parents how tickled I was 'cause I had a new baby sister. Later on, Annie was the one that was a clerk in her father's store. She surely helped.

J. Thomas: You said you celebrated birthdays together, who was that?
E. Winn: Wilford, her younger brother, Wilford Wyatt.
J. Thomas: What did you do for a birthday party?
E. Winn: Well, this one of ours, I think it’s mentioned in [Life on the Wyatt Farm].
J. Thomas: Yes, you said you had lemonade and cake. What kind of cake?
E. Winn: Someone made that cake.
J. Thomas: Did they decorate it? Did they frost it?
E. Winn: Yes, it was frosted. We played kick the can. Have you every played that?
J. Thomas: when I was little. How did you play it?
E. Winn: We’d have the can there at the goal, and the one that was goalkeeper would have to close their eyes and count up to ten. This would give the others a chance to run and hide somewhere. Then they’d say, ‘All eyes open.’ So they’d go around and find them. Then the people that were hiding would try to sneak in some way that you didn’t see them. If they could get in and touch the goal, then they were in free. If everyone got in, then the person had to stay and be the goalkeeper for another time. But, if they caught anyone, then that person they caught first was the goalkeeper. Did we play anything else? We used to play baseball at night—I said that about my neighbors—my cousins—we’d have about one hour to play. Did you remember that?
J. Thomas: I didn’t remember the baseball. I knew you played at night.
E. Winn: Oh, I didn’t mention baseball, did I? We didn’t have very much room to play baseball there, just in our backyard, and over at their place they had it in their front yard. We could play one old cat. Have you every played one old cat? Well, one old cat, you would play that on a smaller surface. You just had one base, three or four people can play, you have a pitcher, a batter and a catcher. Then you have a goal that’s out about as far as first base is in baseball. So the batter is up, and he tries to bat it far enough so he can run and touch the base and get back to home before they touch him. If he can, he can stay in and be the batter as long as he can. But if they touch him, then he goes to pitcher, pitcher goes to catcher, then the catcher goes to batter. You move around. So one, two, three people can play that or four people can. You can have two batters, if you want. You have smaller space, but you have to have it where you won’t knock the ball into a window. Right over out in our backyard where the well was and that, there was
room there so we could play that sometimes.

Auntie I over the house, did you ever play that? Half the people stand on one side of the house and half the people stand on the other. We used to do it over the kitchen part of the house. We'd stand on the side where you enter the parlor and the others would stand around by the kitchen door. Then you'd call, 'Auntie I Over!' Then you'd throw the ball over the house. Let's see now, what is the trick to that one?

J. Thomas: I played that too, and I can't remember. I just remember throwing the ball over the house.

E. Winn: But there must be something.

J. Thomas: Do you run around?

E. Winn: If they catch it, I guess that's it, if they catch it--what's the purpose of that game (laughter)?

J. Thomas: I don't know. I remember playing it as a kid, and I get to throwing the ball over the house [and I can't remember]. That's funny; that must be the most exciting part.

E. Winn: The trick is catching it on the other side. But that wouldn't be any fun to the game if they just said, 'Auntie I over,' and just threw it back. You'd have to change sides or something. Maybe if they caught it, they took one of your men to the other side. I think that could be the thing, but I don't know whether they did or not. Then by the time they got all your men, they stopped and you started over. But if you don't get it over and it comes back, then you call, 'Oh, Auntie came back!' (laughter) I don't think I helped you much on that one.

J. Thomas: Yes, you did] that's neat.

E. Winn: Oh, now I wrote in here we had our first telephone in 1915 or 1916. In 1915, I was going to Hyrum High School. Yes, I was already going to South Cache High School when we first got our telephone. But they had had one earlier over at Uncle Johnny's place.

Now, let's see, oh, about that party, that birthday party.

J. Thomas: Yes, the birthday party. Those were neat--the games that you played. Did they spank you or anything like that?

E. Winn: My parents?

J. Thomas: Yes, for your birthday.

E. Winn: Oh, yes, the children would.

J. Thomas: Did you go through a [spanking] line?

E. Winn: No, they would if they could catch you. But it wasn't enough so that it made a poor impression on me. The main part of it was so many times and one to grow on (laughter). But that's the only birthday
party we celebrated together that I remember. We had our own family
[birthday celebrations].

J. Thomas: Did you have cake and stuff at these?
E. Winn: Yes, we baked a cake at home and decorated it.
J. Thomas: Was it a white cake?
E. Winn: We didn't make chocolate cakes much at home. It was just
a white cake with white icing, and sometimes we'd decorate it with
little candies, little tiny candies that you buy and sprinkle around. My
sister, Carol, made the cake. Mother turned all the cooking over to us
as soon as we were able to do it. Mother was a good cook; she
continued to make the bread, though.

J. Thomas: Did she make bread once a week?
E. Winn: Once a day. With nine people to eat and hired men--Father
hired a lot of the work done on the farm, especially after the boys
started going away to school. Frank went back East to college four
years after he graduated from Logan. He came home only every other
year. He couldn't afford to--we couldn't afford to let him come home
oftener than every other year. He worked during the summers.

[Break in tape]
E. Winn: [Talking about Auntie I over] If you caught the ball that
meant something--didn't you run around to the other side? I don't
remember whether you changed sides or what.
J. Thomas: I don't remember.
E. Winn: But, that was a fun game.
J. Thomas: [Looking at a photo] Here you are going to Logan.
E. Winn: Yes, I was going to stay over night with a friend of mine
who lived there, just to spend the evening. Then I'd come back early the
next morning. Father was very lenient.

J. Thomas: [Looking at a picture] Is this your father?
E. Winn: Yes, that's my father.
J. Thomas: These were your horses?
E. Winn: Yes.
J. Thomas: What kind of horses were these?
E. Winn: It's gray. It's just a regular workhorse. It was light gray
and dark gray with spots.
J. Thomas: He looks really pretty.
E. Winn: Oh, it's beautiful, isn't it. The team looked alike.
J. Thomas: And they were gray?
E. Winn: They were both gray, sort of gray, dirty white, you might
say, with grayish dots.

J. Thomas: Do you know when this was [when the photo was taken]?

E. Winn: What does that say [Refering to caption on photograph]?

J. Thomas: 'End of the day's work.'

E. Winn: That could be about 1918.

J. Thomas: These are the kind of pants you were telling me about, with suspenders.

E. Winn: They looked like levis.

J. Thomas: They sure do.

E. Winn: I think they're just regular levis. He liked them plenty big. He didn't like anything tight on him, so he wouldn't wear a real tight pair of levis.

J. Thomas: [Looking at a photo] This is your mother. Does she have an apron on with a top part?

E. Winn: No, now these aprons just came to the waist with a tie around. Mother didn't wear any aprons that came up. She made them. She made them on the sewing machine herself.

J. Thomas: Did you have a Singer sewing machine?

E. Winn: Let's see, it was a treadle. I don't think it was a Singer. When I bought my first sewing machining, I bought it soon after I was married; I bought a White. It was a treadle, then when we moved to California, that was a little over a year later, I sold it to my sister for about half price. It was a bargain. We didn't want to move it to California. But, I don't think Mother's was a Singer. Whatever it was, it was a good machine. My sister Edna took it, and she had it at her place in Kaysville. I guess it's still there.

J. Thomas: I was going to ask you about the house, the inside, did you have pictures on the wall?

E. Winn: We had wallpaper on the wall. We had someone come and do the wallpapering. We didn't try to do wallpapering; we had someone come each time. We had a figured wallpaper in each room. Then it was popular to have what was called a drop ceiling. See, those were high ceilings. [We had] a drop ceiling so the ceiling would be not such a big pattern; [it was] plainer. Then they would take one width of paper and put it on the wall, and run it around this way, all the way around. Then they'd put a border down there about, well, as wide as the paper was. They put a pretty border that matched the paper. Then, below that border, they'd have the pattern running up and down. It made your ceilings look lower and decorated your house nicely. Every few years,
we'd get new wallpaper whenever we needed it.

J. Thomas: Was it floral prints mostly? Or lines?

E. Winn: Yes, floral or a pretty design. We didn't like anything really loud that would just come out and hit you in the face; we liked it more subdued. Now, in the kitchen, we had a wainscoating that was up this high. It was little boards so that it didn't get so dirty. That was the style. It came up, oh, maybe about here [about two and a half feet up on the wall]. Then there was a little wooden molding that went all the way around there. Then you had wallpaper from here up.

J. Thomas: What kind of boards did you have on the bottom part?

E. Winn: You bought that right at the lumber house. It was cut out in the little design. This little molding, maybe you called it a molding, it was cut out an inch like it stood out. Then of course, there were baseboards down at the bottom. In the kitchen, we had linoleum over all the floor except one strip of homemade carpet made with the looms. We'd make the carpet rags ourselves, sew the carpet rags together and roll them in balls. There were two or three women in town who had a loom. We'd take the carpet in the balls to them, and they would weave the rugs. We had one strip of this homemade rug across the west, no, the east side of our kitchen, all the way across, and linoleum on the rest of it. The reason we did that was, that was a better place where we had a sofa in the corner, a sofa not with a back on, just a regular sofa with the one end raised a little bit. That was over there, well, that was like a sitting room.

J. Thomas: So the strip of carpet was between the kitchen and the parlor?

E. Winn: No, it was between the kitchen and the outside door there. [Back] then, we had a door that went outside. That's the door that went out the front of the house. The carpet went across there, just one strip. That was a better part. That was like your dining room, you might say. The sofa was right in this corner. Our range was half-way down this wall here.

J. Thomas: Just about where the sink is now.

E. Winn: Our cupboard was right here in this corner. Then we had a wash stand; this is where we had our wash bowl, with the towel hanging here. Everybody used the same towel. Then this was the outside door going out to the yard.

J. Thomas: So this was your backdoor?

E. Winn: Yes, it's not right in the corner, it was about in the middle
[of the wall]. It was the outside door going to the back yard. But we didn't have a porch out here, just some steps.

[End of March 7, 1986 interview]
L. Miller: Now, when you said it was an old log cabin underneath all this--

E. Winn: It wasn’t old; we built it. Father and his brothers built the logs. Now, there were two rooms where we had our kitchen. Four rooms here were added on, two downstairs and two upstairs. They brought the logs from the mountains, and they built the log cabin.

L. Miller: Is this how it was divided up?

E. Winn: Well, not exactly, there was no pantry when we lived in there. My brother, Bob, built the pantry after he moved there in--let’s see what was the day of the end of the First World War when the Armistice was signed?

L. Miller: 1918?

J. Thomas: November?

E. Winn: November the 17 or 16. Well, he was drafted into the army--they didn’t have any children until they had been married seven or eight years. So Bob was drafted although he was working on this other farm Father had out in Naff, Idaho. So he and Mary came in to stay with us. She was going to stay with us part of the time, and with her parents, James and Martha Hall the other part while Bob went into the service. So he came in and got his papers already and was to leave the next day to go for his training. That was the night of the Armistice (laughter). I’ve written that up somewhere.

J. Thomas: That’s a good story.

E. Winn: Anyway, that night--it was 1918, and that was my first year of teaching. I was teaching over at Clarkston. It was a fun year way over in that little town (laughter)--it would snow! There were four girls teaching over in that little town. Two of us had boyfriends from Clarkston, and those boys came over the night before to take us to a dance. I guess we went to a dance in Logan. My sister, Carol, was going with a boy in Logan, and so the six of us went to this dance the
night before. While we were over there, or after the dance, we heard
the news. Here Bob and Mary were sleeping at our house, and they'd
only been there two days. He had to leave the next day. So we heard the
information [and said], 'Oh, let's go back over wake Bob and Mary and
bring them.'

So we did. We went over and wakened them and they came with us.
We had a big car. These Clarkston boys were farmers. You know what
the government was doing in those days to help farmers. They helped
them along with their crops, and prices went up. All the farmers over
there bought big cars.

L. Miller: This was during the war?

E. Winn: Yes, during the end of the war. So most of them had a big
Graham Page car--seven passenger, you know. So these boys had their
dad's car. So we came over, and we wakened Bob and Mary; they didn't
mind being wakened. They went with us, and we went back to Logan.
Oh, Logan was just all celebrating--dancing in the streets, firecrackers
going off (laughs) and singing and everything. Cars driving up and down.
There was a bonfire in the middle of the street. This boy was driving,
and the bonfire was in the middle of the street. I don't know why he did
such a foolish thing--he drove right through the middle of the bonfire.

J. Thomas: You're kidding!

E. Winn: We got through all right, and it didn't explode the gasoline.
But, they had a piece iron or something to hold up whatever they
started the fire with, and that hit the underneath of his car. So it did
something to that; so we had to get someone to repair that before we
went home.

J. Thomas: It was his dad's car?

E. Winn: Yes.

J. Thomas: Did he get into big trouble?

E. Winn: No, those farmers over there were pretty lenient with their
boys (laughter).

J. Thomas: How could you get mad when it was Armistice, right?

E. Winn: Anyway, they were glad their boys didn't have to go. Their
boys were excused, in this case because the only boy in the family was
left home to help his dad on the farm. So he wasn't being drafted.
Anyway, pretty soon after they'd been singing songs and celebrating, we
took Bob and Mary back to the farm. Then these boys said, 'Well, it's
nearly morning, why don't you two girls go back to Clarkston and stay
at the place you board.'
We were boarding there, see, school was still going on. We had a room over there. The Goodys, Nattie was her name, and I'll think of his name pretty soon [were the people we boarded with]. So we went over and we hadn't had any sleep at all. She said, 'Well, yes, you may stay here for a few days; we're glad to have you.'

But the boys couldn't go to bed. They had to go and just get into their workclothes. In November, would they be threshing or something?

L. Miller: Yes, or in the sugar beets.

E. Winn: They had to go and work all day, and we could sleep there. They came over to see us that night, but they didn't stay very long (laughter). Then, I guess they must have brought us back, because it was a long way to Cache Junction to catch the train. I guess we stayed there for two or three days and visited before they brought us back. That was a fun time. We were out of school then. That was the flu, you know. That's why school was closed. Somewhere in my history here, I've written and told about the flu. Nell and I were the only two teachers that didn't have the flu. We were supposed to stay there and not go and carry it around. Now, Vivian, who lived in Lewiston, was one of the teachers. She went home for a weekend, and she took the flu and had to stay home. But Una Wrencher was the name of the other teacher. She took the flu in Clarkston, and Mrs. Goody was taking care of her. Then all of her family got the flu. Nell and I were the only ones who didn't take it. So we were asked to give our services and help anyway we could. We were asked to go into a home. Fontella Godfrey and her parents lived in one house. Her sister, who was married, lived in the next house. We stayed in the next house to there and took care of the two children who belonged to Fontella's sister. Oh, those babies were adorable. Of course, I love children, and Nell had never had any young children in her family. She soon learned to take care of them. The little boy was only about one year and a half old, and the baby was just a few months old. So we took care of them. We left the shades up so their parents next door could see their babies through the windows. They watched us taking care of them—dressing them and undressing them, getting their bottles ready and everything. But, they had been exposed to the flu.

L. Miller: The babies?

E. Winn: Yes, and within a week they had to take them next door. They had a graduate nurse taking care of the family next door. The
parents had the flu, the grandparents had the flu and the sister, Fontella, [had the flu]. They were just recovering. But, very, very serious that flu was. So they had to come and take those little children.

But we taught, let's see did I say one was a year and a half? Yes. We taught the baby to walk (laughter). The little boy, we taught him some words. Anyway, we weren't allowed to go home; we went back to our place where we were boarding. We did some reading and catching up on our work and any other thing that was needed there. But, the big problem was the flour. Did you hear about the flour that they sold to the people who stayed home from the war? You could hardly make bread from it. It just wasn't good. It was from the wheat that hadn't--it wasn't first class flour. At home, the only flour that we used was the best flour that you didn't have any trouble with. We didn't have any experience with that, but we had to use it. It wasn't very appetizing.

L. Miller: Did you guys ever get sick?

E. Winn: No, neither one of us. Pretty soon after that school opened, and we could go on with school.

J. Thomas: But some members of your father's family got it. Was it Myrtle?

E. Winn: Myrtle was my cousin. Yes, she died of the flu. At the time she died, they asked my sister, Carol, and me to come help my cousin, Myrtle Larsen, who was a seamstress, with the burial clothes. We went right in the house and helped her. We didn't catch it.

My sister, Mary, Bob's wife, took the flu while they were there at Mother's and Father's. She was very sick, too. Mother took care of her. Later on, Mother took the flu. It was in the same year, because I was still in Clarkston. I only taught in Clarkston one year. While I was there, Mother took the flu. We had a telephone then. We didn't have a telephone very early in our life there. But we did have a telephone then, because I called up to find out how she was. I didn't know how sick she was. I asked Father, and he said, 'Well, she's sitting here in the chair.'

I said, 'Oh, I'd like to talk to her.'

Instead of telling me that she wasn't able to, he says, 'Okay, Mother can you come and talk to Beth?'

So she did, but she didn't stay very long. Pretty soon she started fainting. Then, of course, I did worry about her. They hadn't let us go home, see. We just couldn't leave the town. Even if we walked out on
the streets, we had to wear masks. All the time you wore a mask, even if you stepped out the door.

J. Thomas: Were you concerned when you found out your Mother had it? How was her health after having those miscarriages?

E. Winn: Well, she got over all that trouble after she quit having babies, you know (laughter).

J. Thomas: I guess that would take care of that.

E. Winn: But she did have asthma. That was another thing that Mother had. But she didn't have asthma along with this flu. They still lived on the Farm that winter. There were only two or three winters that we lived in Uncle Bill's house. That house was the place we lived when we moved to town for the three months of the summer. She didn't have asthma along with that; she just got weakness and flu.

J. Simon: Did they have any ideas why some people got the flu, and some people didn't?

E. Winn: No, they just said some people are just naturally immune—you have more immunity. I've never had a real serious flu. When my brother Ralph died in Logan, that was in March of—. Let's see, I'd been married a year. I got married in '21; I guess that was in '22. I guess we could look in my little book and find the date of that.

L. Miller: I suppose they didn't have any medicine then.

E. Winn: Let's see, I think they gave aspirin at that time, but that didn't help. Ralph died the 13th of March 1922. He had pneumonia when he died; he didn't have the flu. This was another time when the flu came, Ralph had that, then he had pneumonia. My husband had the flu at the time of the war. He was in the service, too.

L. Miller: Was he overseas?

E. Winn: He was in the First World War at the end of it. He enlisted in the First World War and was sent down to Fort Douglas for his training. He wasn't released from the army when the Armistice came. He was still an outpatient. He was taking his basic training at University of Utah. I guess that was the same year I was teaching school. Anyway, when he was in the service, he was still in basic training when he took the flu. He was up there at the hospital at Fort Douglas. He had it very badly. More than half or the soldiers who caught it died. He had an abcessed lung—impetigo—it means abcess of the lung where they have to take out part of the rib and put tubs in and drain it for months and months to clear it. He was in for eleven months, just with some basic training and then the flu. That kept him
from starting school. The army would not release him. He lived in Lehi, and he had to go in for treatments. He finally recovered from that, but he was late coming up to school that year. It was the same year that I went back to school. That was the year after I taught in Clarkston. He was two weeks late starting school because he wasn't released from that.

L. Miller: So, once he got better, then they released him?

E. Winn: Yes, then they released them, gave him his discharge.

Now, let's get back to the house. The flour bin was here and it came right over to when the door opened it was right against the flour bin. It was a different size bin, I guess, than anybody else had seen. Now, this flour bin would come up to about my shoulders after I'd grown a little taller than I was when he first built it. It was higher than this table. It came up to about here.

L. Miller: It was about four feet high.

E. Winn: It had a lid that would open. But at the back of this, it had a little board that came along there--it had the hinges on. When you opened the lid, it would stand up against there.

L. Miller: Was it inclined like a desk?

E. Winn: No, it was just flat. This little board came out just a few inches so that when you opened this lid, it went back against the wall, and you held it with one hand while you got things out. Then when you put it down, this solid little piece across there, you could stand things on there if you didn't make them big.

J. Thomas: You said you had books, is that what you had on the back?

E. Winn: No. Did I say we set books on it?

J. Thomas: You said books and things, I think.

E. Winn: Well, maybe a recipe book that we stood up. It was only two or three inches wide. Yes, just something that would be handy to use, maybe a measuring cup or something that you were going to dip in the flour. Then, this lid had a little edge on it so that when you closed it, the little edge would come out over. Father built all these things in there. He took a lot of time to do it; it didn't look like a roughly hewn piece of furniture. It looked like it was kind of finished. We kept an oilcloth on the top of that. We didn't put--we were not putting anything on the lid, because you were always losing it off the back. We left the flour in the sacks to put it in there. If they emptied it, the bugs would come. So they kept the sacks closed. When he went over to the mill to take the wheat, our own wheat, to have it ground and get cereal, too.
He brought smaller sack for cereal, that's the cracked wheat cereal that we cooked every morning, which I still do.

J. Simon: What mill did you go to?

E. Winn: There were two mills in Logan. There was the Thatcher mill, and what was the other one? There was one that was down near the Brigham Young College. You can't remember where the Brigham Young College was. Well, they had a junior college there later on. When I went to it, it was a Brigham Young junior college—just two years. But then they changed into a high school about a year or two after I graduated from the teacher's training course there. It was a junior high. Down by the old mill stream, there was a mill stream that came by. It was one block south of Center Street, off of Main Street.

L. Miller: That wasn't the Red Rose Mill?

E. Winn: Well, maybe it was turned into the Red Rose Mill, I can't remember that they named it that. It was so close to the BY campus that you could see it. It was on the corner of 1st West, and what's the first block, one block long from where the interurban depot was? There's Center Street, then there's 1st South and 2nd South. Okay, it was on the corner 2nd South then and 1st West.

L. Miller: That wasn't the Union mill?

E. Winn: I can't remember. I have a picture in one of my books of that. Baugh's motor place, Baugh's motel, I used to stay there during the summer when I'd go up. I'd go out and sit right at the back of Baugh's motel and watch this water run down.

L. Miller: It's right behind the hotel?

E. Winn: Yes.

L. Miller: The foundation and everything is still there. As a matter of fact, the canal system still has the headgates that you turn to go into it, but there's nothing there.

E. Winn: Then the other one was further south just a few blocks. I don't know which one Father went to because I didn't go with him.

J. Simon: How often did you have to go and get flour?

E. Winn: Well, we didn't have to go very often, because they'd bring a big load when they came. It would be full when they'd start out in the fall. After the crop, see they'd take wheat over there and have it ground; I think it would last us a year. Then if we needed any in between, we'd just go and get it. We'd drive the horse and buggy over there. They had the wagon they'd take too, and of course in the winter, they'd take a sleigh.
L. Miller: So you had the whole wheat stored at the farm, and you brought it out there as you needed it?

E. Winn: We would go to the mill and get our flour and our cereal. Then if we ran out, we'd just go back over to the mill and get it. We didn't have to take wheat every time. They'd take quite a bit of wheat and put it in. Then they'd have the credit for what they didn't use.

L. Miller: Seems like it would be real inconvenient [to take wheat in every time].

E. Winn: Only about twice a year would we go over for it. Anytime we wanted to go there, if we still had credit, we'd get it, if we didn't, we'd just pay for it. But, I think we always had credit.

L. Miller: Did he grow a lot of wheat?

E. Winn: He had a variety. Sugar beets of course, he had a lot of sugar beets and alfalfa. We needed the alfalfa to feed--we didn't sell any alfalfa, we needed that for our animals.

L. Miller: I saw a picture of your haystack--it was huge.

E. Winn: We never did have a barn to cover that hay.

J. Thomas: Did you thatch it or anything on top?

E. Winn: No.

L. Miller: They just stacked it like that. It doesn't mold down very far.

E. Winn: There was a shed out in back that I forgot to talk about. You asked me where we milked the cows.

[Returning to discussion of the house]

L. Miller: How big was that [the flour bin] on top?

E. Winn: Measure the distance between the door and wall. It filled in that space.

L. Miller: Was there a big opening here [between the kitchen and living room] or just a door?

E. Winn: It was just a door.

L. Miller: Now it's a big opening.

E. Winn: When they just had these two log rooms. They had to have another stairway. They just had a temporary stairway that they built just to go up to the attic. I don't even think they had a side on it.

L. Miller: Was it a stairway or just a ladder?

E. Winn: It was more than a ladder, because Mother and Father slept up there. They used it for their bedroom. There was just the big kitchen downstairs. They did have a bed down in the kitchen, because when Bob was born, their second child, he was born down here in the
kitchen on this bed. But, they had been using this bedroom up here. I know Mother and Father used to go up and down, and the two little boys did too.

L. Miller: So none of this was walled off, though, this was one big room?

E. Winn: Yes, it was one big room.

L. Miller: This is the bathroom now; you would not have had that.

E. Winn: No, we didn't have that or the pantry.

J. Thomas: So where was the stove?

E. Winn: The range was right in the middle of the room. There was some room behind that range for the coal bucket and a box of wood. On the north side was where the range was, in the middle. There was enough room behind for the coal bucket and wood box. There was enough room right over here for Mother to put two chairs with the backs out and the seats together when we had a cold or the chicken pox, or measles, or had to stay home from school. She made us a little bed, not right behind the stove, but over close to the stove; she made us a little bed on that for the daytime so we could be out there where she was whenever we had to stay home from school when we were sick.

L. Miller: Where was the door then?

E. Winn: The other doors were all in the same place. [Discussion of north, east directions] In this corner [in the kitchen], we had a narrow sofa. It was a sofa that the head was built up a little bit. That was one that Bob and Mary gave us. As I told Jeannie the other day, we had one strip of homemade carpet that ran right along here, all the way to the wall. That was hand-loomed. We had sewn the carpet rags and taken them into the woman at the loom in town. That was homemade carpet.

J. Simon: Do you mean Wellsville?

E. Winn: Yes, Wellsville. Now, the range was in the middle of this room--north wall.

L. Miller: Now this wall wasn't here. So the range was in the middle, and you could get behind it right?

E. Winn: Yes, just enough to hide the coal bucket and the wood box back there.

J. Simon: We go out there [to the farm] every day, and you remember the directions better than we do.

E. Winn: Then that gave us room over in this corner for our cupboard. We had one of those old-fashioned dish cupboards. It was right here.
There was no door there.

J. Simon: No back door at all?

E. Winn: Yes, there was a back door, but it was in the middle of this room. Don't you have one in the middle now?

J. Simon: No.

E. Winn: The cupboard stood right there against that wall. Then we had the wash stand here. In between here and there was the wash stand. We had a little table there, and the wash bowl was kept there. Then the mirror was hanging above.

L. Miller: Square or round?

E. Winn: It was square. It was easier to build a square piece of furniture.

L. Miller: Your dad built all this?

E. Winn: Well, he built little things. He built that. He didn’t build the baby bed they had for Bob. They had a cradle, a really lovely cradle. They bought that ready-built. It was finished in light wood. That was for all the rest of the children. I think my sister has it somewhere in her family. She's dead now.

J. Simon: Where would it come from? Where would they buy it?

E. Winn: Logan, I guess.

J. Simon: From a furniture store or would you order it from a catalog?

E. Winn: They could’ve have ordered it from the catalog. We had the catalogs, I can’t remember when this house was built, whether they had any or not. When I was in my teens, we had the Sears Roebuck catalog and things like that. They went to Logan for all these things. My father built all the things we needed in this house except that cradle. So there was a cupboard, and as I told you, we took everything out and washed it every week. Our kitchen table at this time—we didn’t have our big round golden oak table. We had a table you could let the leaves down. It was about this square, and then on each end there were the leaves you could let down, and the leaves went in an oval shape. When those two leaves were up, there was room for all of us, nine of us, or ten, to sit around the table. When it was up, it was like that.

J. Simon: So it was about two and a half feet square when the leaves were down.

E. Winn: We used that for quite a few years. We used that until after I was out of high school. Then Father bought the big golden oak; he always bought everything the biggest and strongest that he could.
That table took two or three men to move it, and we had six chairs to go with it. I was thinking some of those chairs were given to my sister.

L. Miller: So, where was the table?

E. Winn: In the daytime, we just put the table in this space here to get it out of the middle of the room. There was room to move it over here when the leaves were down. That made this part our kitchen. Then we'd move it out here when we were going to eat.

J. Simon: Into the center of the room more.

E. Winn: Yes.

L. Miller: And, it had the ends up, right?

E. Winn: Yes. The chairs, of course, could go any place. Some of the chairs were the round back, but they were called kitchen chairs. They were made with a round back of just plain wood. The only time we had square back was when Father bought this other set, the golden oak. Mother had one small rocker without arms on. It was just a regular type that was sold in those days. It was a rocker to rock the babies to sleep.

J. Thomas: Where was that?

E. Winn: We kept that over here.

L. Miller: By the stove?

E. Winn: By the sofa. Father's chair was just an arm chair. Now what do you call that--a captain's chair? That's the kind that Father had. His chair was over here against the wall. We just had the coal oil lamps, and the lamp would be here on the kitchen table. We'd leave the table out here for night so we could sit around it and study. The lamp was in the middle of the table.

J. Simon: So even though you didn't have walls, you sort of organized it into a kitchen and a living room.

E. Winn: Yes. Of course, everyday the lamp--the chimney--had to be cleaned. We had two other lamps, one you could carry into the bedroom and one you could carry upstairs. Then we had a lantern, they'd let us carry the lantern upstairs. That was safer. I don't think we ever carried the lamp upstairs.

L. Miller: Is that the metal kind?

E. Winn: Yes, with the frame around it.

L. Miller: Like a hurricane lamp?

E. Winn: A bigger one.

J. Simon: Like an engineer's lamp.
E. Winn: It's about this square, and the light in it is as big as in a lamp. But, you carry it with a handle so that you can't burn the house down. Every night you'd have to fill them with kerosene, clean the globe and not break it (laughter).

J. Simon: Where were the stairs now?

E. Winn: The stairs were right in the middle of this room. Wait a minute, they were against the wall. They were in; there was a door. You opened the door. Well, you opened two doors here, you opened one to the bedroom. Here's the door; this is the door that went into the bedroom. Is there still a door over here [on the west bedroom wall]?

J. Thomas: No, there's a window.

E. Winn: When Bob moved there, he cut a door in this side. He was the one that cut that in. Their windows were over here.

J. Thomas: There is still a big window there.

L. Miller: Bob cut in a door, that was after 1924, right?

E. Winn: Well, it may have been a few years before '24. Bob lived there before that. He and Mary lived in this room and the one upstairs for awhile when Mother and them were still here, before they moved to town. Anyway, Bob was the one that cut that. He was the one that had the house painted; and he was the one that had the upstairs bedrooms finished. Those bedrooms weren't really finished when we lived there. The plaster was on, but a lot of things weren't finished. An interesting thing happened because they hadn't finished where the baseboards should be. That was open, and we were playing in that little room upstairs.

J. Thomas: The playroom?

E. Winn: Yes, we were playing in the playroom. The other rooms had been built. We could come out, there was a door way, but there was no door on it. We had a curtain there. Back there, there was some space that could go back under the house. We heard a noise in there, and it was little kittens. The mother cat had crawled back in there and had her baby kittens. This was upstairs, underneath the floor of the playroom. Oh, were we glad to see those little kittens up there, (laughter) but we couldn't coax them out very soon. We wouldn't let Mother and Father do anything with them (laughter). We said wait 'til the mother is ready to bring them out.

J. Thomas: What did your mother say when she found out about that?

E. Winn: She just kind of laughed about it, the same we did. She
said, 'Well, maybe it was cold weather and the mother had to find a place, a warm place, for her babies.' But, anyway, we got them out alright and made a bed for them outside. Bob fixed all those things after he moved there.

L. Miller: When did they add this on? That was before you were born, right?

E. Winn: They added it on soon after [they built the first part], because in another year and a half they had another child and needed more room. I don’t how many years they lived there [in the first part they built]. Father talked about going up and down the stairs and having it nice and warm. That’s the only stove there to keep them warm. When we built these rooms, then we had a stove there in the middle of the parlor. We had a stove right in the middle here, a round stove, a round heating stove. Underneath that, instead of having a rug, it was a square metal covering. Have you ever seen them? A square with metal to keep the floor--.

L. Miller: From burning up.

E. Winn: The pipe went straight up in the middle, and straight on through the room upstairs, and kept the room upstairs [warm]. We never had a fire; we never got close, close to that fire.

J. Thomas: Was that the girls’ bedroom it came up through?

E. Winn: Yes, it went up through the girls’ bedroom, and there was another one that came up through the boys’ bedroom. But the boys never did have a stove in theirs. They didn’t need the fire. But when we did heat the parlor, that would warm the bedroom upstairs, but you couldn’t get close to it—you’d burn your hands. That pipe was hot. On the outside roof there was a chimney for this one; there was a chimney for the kitchen, too. There must have been a chimney for the other.

[Break in tape]

L. Miller: So what was here?

E. Winn: There was a rack to hang clothes. We didn’t have a closet here, but there was a clothes rack. That’s were all the coats and everything went.

L. Miller: That makes sense because the door is right here.

E. Winn: Yes, you’d just come in here and put your clothes here. In the winter, we’d get boxes to put your overshoes in, boots and things like that. So that’s were all of that had to go.

L. Miller: Where did you keep the food?

E. Winn: Canned fruit, well, you’d put it in bottles and put them in
boxes and put those under the bed (laughter). The beds were high enough so you could put things under them. Or else you would stack them in the corner. This bedroom, [the downstairs bedroom] we had a table right in here, and the food that didn't need to be kept very cold, you could just cover it and put it in there in between meals. We had to put it in there every so often.

L. Miller: That makes sense.

E. Winn: Then, that that still hadn't been opened--the bottles--we'd stack it in the bedroom if we needed to. There was a door that came in through here to the living room. Is it still there?

J. Thomas: It was. They closed it over, but they didn't do a very good job; they just put a plywood closet up, so you could see really easily where it had been. We just textured it in.

L. Miller: Whose bedroom [the downstairs bedroom] was this?

E. Winn: This was Mother's and Father's bedroom. When they had too many guests, Mother and Father would sleep in here [the parlor] on a folding couch and give them their bedroom. There were two beds in here [the downstairs bedroom]. All the time, there were two double beds, one there and one there, in this bedroom. When the children were little enough to need to sleep in their parents' room, they slept here. The cradle, if they brought the cradle out, it would go here in between these two beds. It was a pretty little thing made of white oak, I guess. It was decorated--cut out. You could just reach out from the bed and take ahold of this and rock it.

J. Simon: So it was fairly high.

E. Winn: Yes. It wasn't on rockers; it wasn't regular like a rocking chair. It was the kind that you'd take ahold of the top part and rock, but the bottom wouldn't.

J. Simon: Oh, a swing kind.

E. Winn: Yes. It was large enough for the child to sleep there until he was about two years old.

L. Miller: Yes, that's good sized.

J. Thomas: Where did you keep your pots and pans in the kitchen?

E. Winn: Let's see, down in the bottom of the cupboard and hanging on the wall in the kitchen behind the stove. In the summertime, outside we could hang some we weren't using, like the tin tubs. You saw one picture of that tin tub hanging on the wall. That was the tub we put out for the threshers to use when we had to feed the threshers. We'd put that tub out there and fill it full of water in the morning, and the sun
would heat and it would be warm enough for them to wash their faces and hands in it. We had two tubs. I said, 'I wish they'd all wash themselves in one tub and rinse in the other so the towels wouldn't be so dirty (laughter). But they didn't do that way. Half of the men went to one tub, and half went to the other. Then the towels were hard to wash (laughter). We, children would sit back and watch all these men washing, and think, 'Oh, what if we had all these men to cook for every day (laughter)!'"

L. Miller: So did they [Mother and Father] have a stove in the middle of their [bed]room?

E. Winn: Mother and Father never did have a stove in there that I can remember. They didn't use it. They would just open this for the heat to come in, and they didn't use it.

L. Miller: So that's all they had in there--the two double beds, the baby [cradle] and the table?

E. Winn: Over here, they had a chiffarobe that Carol went and chose. But Father built--we just called it the box or the chest. This is were they kept all their special things--the sheets and pillow cases you didn't want to use all the time, the crocheted things, gifts they'd been given and their precious records and things that they wanted to put in there. The children couldn't get into them. This was the place where the private things were kept. It was about a yard and not quite as wide. It had a lid on, built just like the lid on the flour bin. This was a chest.

J. Simon: Was it latched, or did you just know you could never go in there.

E. Winn: It wasn't latched. Well, we knew everything that was in there, so I think we did look there.

L. Miller: But that's where the special things were. How high was it off the ground?

E. Winn: The box itself was built so that it lacked about this far of being off the ground. They had another box under that to hold it up. But that wasn't as big as this one. That was a smaller box; it wasn't as big as the top one. Under that was were the records, special letters, gifts that they'd been given, like carving sets and things that they just didn't want out where the children could play with them all the time. That went under there. Some of Mother's linen, the bed linen, had to go in this, too.

J. Thomas: So, did you have to lift one chest off to get to the other
one?

E. Winn: Well, you did, but we didn't ever lift it off. It was too heavy. Father and Mother had to get down there. I suppose they put the records that they didn't want to use all the time and Father's legal things, because he didn't have a desk or anything, the deeds and the birth certificates they kept down there. It was a very safe place for them. We made a curtain that came around this top chest, and it touched the floor. It covered that box underneath. Therefore, underneath, around that smaller box, there was room for them to put their shoes. That would hide them.

J. Thomas: How many pairs of shoes did they have.

E. Winn: Two, one to work in and one to dress up in.

J. Thomas: So, two each.

E. Winn: Then boots for the man. The women wore the same shoes to the dances as they did to Sunday school (laughs).

L. Miller: So your dad built the chest?

E. Winn: Yes, he planned it and he built it. Then we kept a cover on it.

L. Miller: Was it painted?

E. Winn: No, they were oiled. We could do that in a hurry, and you didn't have to bother to go out and get paint (laughs).

L. Miller: He was just before his time, nowadays, you don't paint nice wood. That's not the one he brought on his missions.

J. Simon: That wasn't a traveling trunk?

E. Winn: No, I think one of my nieces has it; my sister Edna had it. It was a big trunk. They kept that in the bedroom, too. Then we put a cover over it to look nice. In there they kept a lot of their things, like their linens and a lot of those pictures and things. Of course, in our parlor, we had albums with the pictures in and a square table. Have we finished putting things in here?

L. Miller: No, we still have the parlor.

E. Winn: Okay, there was a table--they didn't make this table, they bought this table over at Logan at the furniture store. It had a dark stain on; I don't know what kind of wood. It was a square table, about thirty to thirty-six inches square. The legs on that were made so that they looked like little balls of wood put together. They had four legs and a little stand underneath. That was not just a straight square, it was kind of decorated a little bit differently underneath. We kept a cover on that. That little table was in there for a lamp.
L. Miller: By the window?
E. Winn: Yes, by the window. A lamp was on there, and, oh, any little things you wanted to keep on there.
L. Miller: So if you looked at it from the side, it had a flat top and then these little turned legs.
E. Winn: Yes, and then it had a piece running across here.
L. Miller: A skirt?
E. Winn: A shelf, all the way across about half-way between there and the bottom they have another piece that's not as big as the top, but it's like the table top.
J. Simon: Oh, it sits inside the legs, instead of being over the top of the legs.
E. Winn: Yes, inside the legs, not quite as big around as the top. So you can put things under there.
J. Thomas: What kind of table cloth did you use?
E. Winn: We used different kinds. Some had crocheting on; we all did some crocheting. We'd have just a white cloth. We never did put any oilcloth in the bedroom, we fixed that one up real fancy. The kitchen one had an oilcloth on. Any little cover, some of them had crocheting that we had done and sewed around on. One was just light tan with tatting on.
L. Miller: Did you make that or did you buy it?
E. Winn: No, I did some tatting. I can't remember whether the children did or not. I have a piece in my cedar chest in here that I did.
L. Miller: What else was in there besides the table.
E. Winn: We had about two chairs, no arms on them. We didn't have any rocking chairs in there. Then when we needed them for extra chairs around the table in the kitchen, we'd put them out.
J. Thomas: They didn't have a cushion on them or anything?
E. Winn: Yes, Mother made a lot of cushions. All these chairs had cushions on them that were made.
J. Thomas: Was that room a certain color? Did she make cushions to match it?
E. Winn: Most of the cushions were plain colored. Let's see what cushions did Mother use in her bedroom? I think she had some pink. Then she had a chiffarobe, I think you call it. It wasn't like a dresser; it was not so big. It was about this square. We went to Logan, and Carol picked that out. We went to a second-hand store. I don't know what kind of wood it had in it. It had been painted over; it was painted
a pale grey and was decorated in some pretty pink designs there.

L. Miller: On the wood? The wood was painted grey with pink designs on the wood?

E. Winn: Well, I wonder if they pasted—you could buy those little decorations to paste on. Anyway, it wasn't the regular wood. So her bedroom was in pink and pale grey.

L. Miller: Where was that thing?

E. Winn: Let's see, find a place on that wall where it could stand.

L. Miller: How about right here?

E. Winn: It stood somewhere in there (laughter). Anyway, it had four drawers. It came about three-fourths of the way up to that. It was just high enough so I could see over into the mirror (laughs).

J. Simon: So it was about four and a half feet high.

L. Miller: It had a mirror on top?

E. Winn: It had a round mirror that you could tip forward or backward.

J. Thomas: Oh, so it had wooden arms that held the mirror.

E. Winn: Yes, it held it there at the back, and you could tip until you could see. You could look in there (laughter). Then, of course, there were drawers there for you to keep the sheets and things in. It stood somewhere where there was a space in here. We used to change the furniture around quite a bit.

J. Simon: Did you only use the parlor on special occasions?

E. Winn: Special occasions and for an extra bedroom. We had so much company. We never did have a big sofa in there. We kept just the folding couch. We'd put it down, and have just a small mattress on it. Then, we had a couch cover and a lot of cushions around there. That's what we used as a sofa. Then, if we needed an extra bed, which was most of the time, we'd make it up to the bed. That was just on one of the walls there.

J. Simon: So what kind of occasion would be a special occasion? Just having company over, would that be a special occasion, or would it have to be like Christmas when you used the parlor?

E. Winn: Oh, no, we used it every night for the family. We had a piano in here, too. In the wintertime, we wouldn't put it on the outside walls. Father bought that piano just before Ross, our first grandson, was born which was in—. They were married in '14, he was born in July of '15. We had bought it a little bit before that, so 1915. Father was the one that decided it was time to have a piano. He loved music, and he
wanted all his girls to take lessons. So, in the wintertime, our piano was put over on one of these inner walls. Then in the summertime, we’d move it to one of these outer walls; we’d change it around.

J. Thomas: Do you remember what kind of piano it was?

E. Winn: I was going to find the name of it out by calling Rosalee. Rosalee has it now. I can find out because my niece has it; she lives in Layton.

L. Miller: It was an upright, right?

E. Winn: Yes, it was an upright. It was a good piano, a very good piano. It was dark wood. The man who went around selling pianos came to town. He visited a lot of the homes that had children. I was in my first year of high school. Anyway, he met my English teacher in high school and married her (laughter). He met her in Wellsville when he was staying at the little, one small hotel, and she was staying there. Within a year they were married. Harmon was his name, Mr. Harmon. They have a store here in Salt Lake, I’ll find out the name of that.

L. Miller: Harmon’s Music. They still have that. Obviously, he was a tenacious character (laughter).

J. Simon: When he traveled around, did he come with pictures of pianos to show people?

E. Winn: Yes, we never did come down and pick it out in Salt Lake.

J. Thomas: They were drawings, like out of the catalog?

E. Winn: Yes.

L. Miller: Your dad played accordion, right?

E. Winn: Yes.

J. Thomas: Where did he keep his accordion?

E. Winn: Well, somewhere in the bedroom where the kids couldn’t get it (laughter). Later on, when he kind of quit, he let us take it up in the play room and we could play it any time we wanted to.

J. Thomas: I got the idea that you’d get together as a family with some friends, and he’d play and you’d sing. What songs [did you sing]?

E. Winn: Yes, all the Christmas hymns and all the old time hymns. His favorite was, ‘When You and I Were Young, Maggie,’ and, ‘Silver Threads Among the Gold,’ then all the Christmas songs, and dance music. My father used to play for dances.

J. Simon: What kind of dances did they do?

E. Winn: You mean when we dance at home?

J. Simon: Yes, or at dances.

E. Winn: We danced waltzes, quadrilles.
J. Simon: Polkas?
E. Winn: Polkas, Virginia reels.
J. Thomas: Did you dance at home?
E. Winn: Oh, we danced at home all the time. If we'd take a group of young people home after a dance, you know, during the holidays we had a party somewhere every night (laughter). We started having a party Christmas Eve and the whole week, New Year's Eve was the last. Every night we'd have a dance.
L. Miller: It was a wild town, huh (laughter)?
E. Winn: Yes, without any of the boys drinking or smoking or anything. It was just kind of nice. Somewhere I've written this, Father would hear us in there and he'd wake up, Mother wouldn't get up and come out; she'd stay in bed, but Father would get up and get dressed and bring his accordion out and we'd dance.
J. Thomas: Was this in the parlor?
E. Winn: No, we'd dance on the kitchen linoleum--the linoleum, except that piece of carpet. No, we had a nice rug in here [the parlor], and we didn't ever dance there on it.
L. Miller: It wasn't nailed down, was it?
E. Winn: No.
L. Miller: It was a rug in the middle, right?
E. Winn: Yes, with some wood around it; the rug didn't quite cover the floor. So about two and a half feet around there, we stained it in the dark stain to match the--
L. Miller: So the stove sat on the rug with a piece of tin over it.
E. Winn: Yes, the tin was underneath the stove on the rug.
J. Thomas: What color was the rug?
E. Winn: The rug was--well, it was different shades of brown, it had some green. What was the name of those rugs?
L. Miller: Rag rugs?
E. Winn: No, it was more modern.
J. Thomas: Was it patterned?
E. Winn: Yes. It had a pattern.
L. Miller: An oriental rug?
E. Winn: No, it had a border around it.
J. Simon: Of fringe?
E. Winn: No, just a different color, just a border of color--green, some brown.
J. Thomas: Was it flowered?
E. Winn: There weren't big flowers. We didn't like a lot of flowers. It was a pretty design; it must have had some kind of flowers in it. Anyway, it was a pretty designed rug. Did we leave it there? We had to buy a bigger rug when we went in town. Our living room was a long, big room [in town].

J. Thomas: You didn't put straw under it. Your cousins did.

E. Winn: We put straw under the homemade carpet in the bedroom, though.

J. Thomas: Which bedroom?

E. Winn: In the downstairs bedroom. Their floor was covered with homemade carpet. We made the carpet rags, sewed them together, took them into town. There were two rooms.

J. Simon: That would take a lot of rags to cover the whole floor.

E. Winn: Yes, I know, but you'd work all year. You'd give them the size of your room and they'd sew them together for you. That's what we had on the bedroom floor.

L. Miller: With straw under it?

E. Winn: Yes, and straw in our ticks. Oh, threshing time was a big time. We'd empty the ticks and have fall house cleaning and fill the ticks with fresh straw. It would be about this high, you'd start out with. Oh, that was a nice feeling the first night you slept on the mattress.

J. Simon: About a foot and a half high?

E. Winn: Yes, high on to the springs. But by the time it was time to thresh again, it had gone down.

J. Simon: Did you have to, during the winter, kind of shake it up and move it around?

E. Winn: Yes, toward spring, if you'd shake it too much, it would get too thin in places. By the time threshing time came again, you were certainly ready to put new straw in. But, oh, that was a good feeling after housecleaning and new straw ticks, and you're up so high (laughs).

L. Miller: So all that was in the parlor was the stove and the chairs and the table?

E. Winn: There was a rocker, it had a black leather bottom. We surprised Mother and bought it for her when she went to Rexburg one summer on vacation. Father would let her go up there and take the youngest children. The first time she went, after he came home from a mission, she took Carol and me. I was just four, and Carol was three years older. We went on the train with his sister and visited her
parents who lived in Rexburg, Idaho. Then, after that, every other year she went. I don’t think she went every year until we got a car. Then we would take her every summer.

J. Simon: Where would you catch the train?

E. Winn: In Wellsville; the train came around there at quite an early time. It made the circle around. The station is still there, across the street from the cemetery. [The station was torn down a couple of months after this interview.]

L. Miller: Yes, it’s still there.

E. Winn: That was the train I would take sometime to go to high school in Hyrum. But, I would catch it out at the hill spur. Because we lived on the farm, I’d have to walk the mile up to the spur and catch the train there. The children who lived in town could catch it there [at Wellsville]. Then when they put the interurban depot in; it went right through town. The high school people caught it there.

L. Miller: The spur went to Green’s Corner? Where was the spur?

E. Winn: The spur was a little bit north and east of Green’s Corner. Hill’s Spur, it was called. You know where the railroad track runs around there? It was on the south side of the railroad track; it was where the Hills lived. The train would stop right close to their place, and they named it Hill’s Spur. Where the road comes to Hyrum, leaves that corner and comes around to Hyrum, just as it turns and crosses the tracks, that was Hill’s spur. I’d come up there and then turn and walk down here a little ways and stop there. The train would stop there for me. I was the only one who got on there. The Mendon children were already on that train. So the winters we lived out on the farm, I had to come up there. I was the only one who caught it there because all my friends took it from town, from Wellsville on the other train. Let’s see, did we furnish the living room?

L. Miller: Pretty much, we got a rocking chair here.

E. Winn: That had arms on it and we had cushions for it.

J. Thomas: Did you have any family pictures in the parlor?

E. Winn: Yes, we had my Grandmother Wyatt and my Grandfather Wyatt.

J. Simon: How big were the pictures?

E. Winn: They had gold frames on them. We left those frames in the town house when we sold it, but we took the pictures out.

L. Miller: They were paintings?

E. Winn: They just painted them gold. It was very stylish to have
gold frames.

J. Thomas: So they were oval?
E. Winn: They were square.
J. Simon: There was about a six-inch border around them.
E. Winn: Yes.
J. Thomas: Are they the same pictures--where they photos like on the group sheets?
E. Winn: Yes, they were those same pictures. The frames came out here, and they were painted gold. I wouldn't choose that now, but that was the [style then] (laughter).
J. Thomas: Which wall were they on?
E. Winn: I don't know, you'd just have to find a space where they would look good (laughs).
J. Thomas: Did you have any other pictures?
L. Miller: Pictures of the temple or anything like that?
E. Winn: You know, I guess we didn't have any temple pictures hung up. I have some here, I have given some to my grandchildren and tell them they're to put them up on their walls and look at them every day.
J. Thomas: Did you have any prints, reproductions of paintings?
E. Winn: We didn't buy any real good paintings. We'd have a calendar up in the kitchen every year.
J. Thomas: Where did you get the calendar in the kitchen?
E. Winn: Oh, they'd always have a calendar they'd give away at different places.
J. Thomas: Stores?
E. Winn: Yes. Father brought two lovely pictures home from England, and he left them in his trunk. We didn't ever get them out. We didn't put them up. When I saw it in there, it was after I was married, I said, 'Oh, Father, could I have that picture?'
'Yes, you may have it. I wish someone would put it up.' So I took and my husband made a beautiful frame for it. My daughter has it now in California.
J. Thomas: What kind of a picture was it?
E. Winn: It was a picture, 'Christmas Comes But Once a Year.' It was an English family around the table. It was this whole big family sitting around the table at Christmas time, and the maid serving the dinner. The grandparents were there, and the parents and the children, serving the big turkey on the tray. He had bought as a picture and rolled it up. It was in his trunk all rolled up. Nobody was going to use it.
Lori Lee said, 'Oh, Mother, I want that picture.' So when we sold our home in California, I gave her that picture. She still lives in California.

L. Miller: So when you looked around the room [the parlor] the only two pictures were these two?

E. Winn: Then we had a picture of my Great-Grandmother. She lived in England, but Father brought a picture home of her. This is my Great-Grandmother, Mary Moriah Clayton. Renee, my niece has this picture. It had a round frame.

J. Thomas: An oval. [Looking at more pictures] Are these all you?

E. Winn: Yes.

J. Thomas: These are beautiful!

E. Winn: I put the ages--this is three years, this is eight years, this is seventeen, twenty-one and twenty-four. I was married when I was twenty-two. This was twenty-four [years old], just before we came to California. This was thirty-seven and this was sixty-eight; that's when I was working at the Los Angeles Temple.

[Looking at another picture] This was my Father when he went on a mission. He had this silk hat and long-tailed coat. I have some more pictures; I have quite a few pictures of Father and his missionary friends. Then I have some big pictures that I want to preserve someplace. I've been thinking I'd take them over to the church. They could have a copy, and you could have one too. They could hang in the house.

[Break in the tape]

E. Winn: In the living room in the parlor, my brother made that [the bookcase] in shop in school. It just came up to about here. It had three shelves and a top on it.

J. Simon: Do you remember any of the books? Did your Father and Mother read?

E. Winn: Oh, yes, my father just read all the time. That's why I did too. He always said not to call me to do too many things--let me [referring to Beth] read (laughter). There were the four of us, you know. When his magazines would come, I'd read them while he was at work, then he'd have to read them when he came home. Oh, yes, I have a few of his books here, I have a Bible that he brought and A History of England that Grandmother had. My Grandmother Wyatt, Horsecroft Wyatt, from England was her name, she had this history of England and she brought it with her to America. She said she read it through seven or eight times. She'd get homesick for England. It doesn't have cover on
L. Miller: What did he get for magazines? Did he get Utah or the Deseret Farmer?

E. Winn: It was the Deseret Farmer. Then the Farm Journal. Then, of course, we took the church magazines. Then he ordered the Cosmopolitan magazine. That's turned into a real modern thing now. I never even try to read it now (laughter). But it had good stories; they weren't bad for young people to read, too. So I used to read that. Then of course, my brother, Ralph, was majoring in English and literature, too, so he had a lot of the good books and school books. Then whenever we'd hear about books in school, we bought them, and poetry. I'm trying to finish the rest of the Harvard Classics. My husband bought several of the Harvard Classics for our children and for us. But, we didn't have time. But now, I'm reading some each day. They're not here; most of my books are down to my son's place in California. I'm having him bring five at a time.

J. Thomas: Now which brother made the bookcase?

E. Winn: That was Bob. He went to the BYC for one year; the BY College, he went one year and decided to be a farmer. Then he quit and he was a farmer. But, he made that bookcase, and we had it at home.

J. Thomas: Do you remember any favorite books that you liked to read when you were young?

E. Winn: Oh, yes, *Girl of the Limberlost* (laughs).

J. Thomas: Oh, I read that, and I liked that.

E. Winn: *Little Women* and oh, I read about a book a week.

Oh, I was going to correct that error in the book. I had said there were only three grandchildren born in that house. My one niece corrected—she was born there. I said, 'Oh, Fay, we'd moved to California. When they told us about your birth, I thought you were born at your Grandmother Hall's place.' When we came back and went to see her, baby and mother were at Grandma Hall's. Everytime I saw them that summer they were at Grandma Hall's. I just concluded she was born at Grandma Hall's in town, in Wellsville. No, she was born at the farm; both sets of grandparents were out there at the farm when she was born. That's in the history of my mother. This isn't as important as some of the other things, but I don't want anything in there that isn't true.

J. Simon: I have a question that's not about the house. When we first came in, we were looking at pictures of people from Hyrum. You
said that most of the people from Hyrum were Scandinavian. Did people come from different countries and settle in different towns?

E. Winn: They were assigned to different towns, right here in Salt Lake City. Brigham Young wanted them to feel at home, and he wanted their ways to be the same. He would assign them. He assigned a lot of the English and the Scottish and a few of the Welsh to go to Wellsville. In Hyrum, he assigned the Scandinavian people—the Danish and the Swedish and the Norwegian. Then, of course, a few of the other people. Then they intermarried—the boys from one town went to the other town. So they're mixed up a little now, but right at first they pretty much stayed. Providence was the German people.

J. Thomas: What about College Ward?

E. Winn: College Ward was a mixture. College Ward was the farmers, the ones who wanted to go out and farm. They went from Providence and from other places. A lot of Scandinavian people were there—the Hansens were there. I have two cousins that married College Ward people, one was an Olsen—Aunt Betsey's and Uncle John's daughter, Ida, married Ted Olsen. Then her two younger sisters, Rita and Mabel, [married] Olsens and Hansens. In Providence, they were German. I had high school students from Providence come over to South Cache when I taught there. Thuer, Roy Thuer, that's a German name.

J. Simon: Were there any other nationalities in the valley then, or were most of those people from those countries?

E. Winn: Most of the people were from those countries.

L. Miller: There weren't French people?

E. Winn: I don't know of any French people that came. Well, you see they didn't open a mission [there]. The French didn't have the missionaries come there very early. Not as early as England and Scotland; [these] were the two earliest places. Very soon after that, the Scandinavian countries. So that's where they came from.

J. Thomas: So was your Grandfather, he lived in Salt Lake before he came to Wellsville, right?

E. Winn: Just for a short time.

J. Thomas: Was he sent?

E. Winn: I don't know. All of them weren't sent there. They'd choose maybe a group to be the bishop and to start them. Then people could say that they wanted to [go]. I don't know whether my Wyatt people were sent there or whether they just wanted to go. Then when they sent that group down to Southern Utah, you know that story, the Hole in the Rock.
Well, they were sent there. I'm sure that they were assigned in Cache Valley. Now, over in Clarkston, there are a lot of Scottish people over in Clarkston—the Thompsons and Archibalds. [The Archibalds] are cousins of my Archibalds. Those men were brothers of my grandfather.

J. Simon: Is that why you went there to teach?

E. Winn: No, (laughs) I was assigned to teach there by the superintendent of the schools. I had some second cousins over there, Gilbert Archibald.

[Break in tape]

E. Winn: Some of them were assigned to Wellsville and some to Logan. Peter Maughan was assigned to Logan, and William Maughan was our bishop in Wellsville; for about thirty years he was the bishop in there. He had six or seven wives. The one in Logan, Peter, he had three wives. Logan was mostly English.

J. Simon: Was there ever any problems? Did the people in Wellsville, because they were English fight with the people in Hyrum because they were Scandinavian?

E. Winn: They didn't fight for those reasons, but they got into a lot of arguments about the irrigation water. My father said, 'It's too bad, people can just be good Latter-day Saints on Sunday, and some of them can just go out and steal the water that belongs to other people.' You know, the turn, they'd take their turn. He says, 'I can't understand it.' Wellsville people and the Hyrum people, their biggest trouble was on the water. Hyrum let the waste water come down, and Wellsville could have what was left.

L. Miller: Wellsville had first right didn't they?

E. Winn: You know, I can't remember all the trouble there. My father was one of the officers of irrigation there in Wellsville. He'd come home feeling that they'd had so many arguments about the water. The reservoir was up there in Hyrum, and sometimes the Wellsville men thought they were using more than they needed to or they should let more out or something. I don't know all the trouble about it.

J. Simon: There's a story that there was even what they called a vegetable war between Hyrum and Wellsville. They had a fight over water, and they threw vegetables at each other.

E. Winn: I've never heard about that. Father would come home from those meetings just really tired out and say, 'Why can't we be friendly; why can't we divide evenly?' I don't know why there should have been any rivalry, but I guess there was between Hyrum [and Wellsville].
Of course, the Hyrum boys didn't want the Wellsville boys to come over and take the girls away. Quite a few of the girls from Hyrum married Wellsville people. A few of the Wellsville women went over there. Now, Marvella Leishman married Leo Nielson. The Allen boy, the one that had the store in Hyrum, he married a Hyrum girl. He really got something good out of that. Her father didn't have any sons and he just loved this Lewis. He wanted him to live in Hyrum and not bring his daughter to Wellsville. He wanted him to go into partnership on the store. That worked out just fine; Lewis was his partner. When the father died, the store belonged to Lewis and the daughter. He liked Hyrum. I'm sure the girls that lived up there did too. I can't remember any Hyrum boys that came and lived in Wellsville.

J. Simon: Did they speak Scandinavian languages?

E. Winn: By the time we went, no, there was none. They didn't use that language in high school. Most of our high school friends were from Hyrum. I mean the majority of the people who went to South Cache High School. I went there three years. The first year of high school I went to Wellsville. We had a junior high there. Well, for one or two years, we had a four year high [school]. The Wellsville people didn't want the high school to go to Hyrum. They wanted to keep a local high school. Well, you can see, they wanted their children to be close to home. They didn't want them riding on a seven-thirty car in the morning. We had to catch a seven-thirty car to ride up there. We'd have an hour and a half before school started. We were trained to take care of ourselves right, because no teacher was there, no chaperon, from the time we arrived there at quarter of eight in the morning until it was nearly nine o'clock. But, we had a lot of fun (laughter). We had a study hall, though. We were really good students; we would get our lessons first, we would. We were told by our principal, Brother Adams, Hugh Adams, have you heard anything about him? He was surely a good person. He was just like our father; we just thought as much of him as we did our father. He took care of us just that way. He tell us what we were doing; he'd tell us girls which boys we were to choose (laughs).

[Break in tape]

J. Thomas: Zada, was she a pretty good friend of yours?

E. Winn: Zada Justeson? She was the daughter of Justeson. He was one of the teachers at high school. They were from Granstville. She was not in my class. I was a junior when she came and she was a sophomore, but we were friendly. Her dad had taught school in
Wellsville one year when I was in high school down there. Then he taught up there, and he knew me up there. He was just getting acquainted, and he came to me and asked me if I would help Zada get acquainted up there. So we were very good friends; she was a fun girl. It was a lot of fun to be with her. I think he taught English.

J. Thomas: Did you have a group of close friends that you palled around with?

E. Winn: Yes, but quite a few. I didn’t have one in particular. Zada was one; she used to stay at the farm. She was the oldest of about six children and she was glad to get away and come out there (laughter). She just loved it; we’d let her play the piano—all day, if she wanted to. She liked to go with me around the hills and gather wildflowers, too. That was one of my joys out there.

J. Thomas: What kinds of wildflowers grew out there?

E. Winn: There were the sego lilies, the blossoms of the sego lilies. We didn’t pick too many of them because we wanted them to stay and grow. We’d pick one or two just to take home. There were buttercups and we called them little Johnny jump-ups; they were like pansies, and then there was a pink flower called the May flower. Oh, in May, I used to always go for a walk around there. I wonder now, why didn’t my sisters want to go too? But Edna and Elsie liked to play dolls and make corn dolls out of little corn shucks and things like that. Maybe I didn’t ask them to go (laughter), but I would have taken if they wanted to. I took them with me for the cows sometimes. Oh, I liked to have an hour free and just go around and pick the flowers and daydream.

J. Simon: Did you bring them back and put them on the table?

E. Winn: Yes, we’d keep flowers there all the time.

L. Miller: Were there roses?

E. Winn: Wild roses.

L. Miller: There’s still some growing off the bench there.

E. Winn: They grew out in front of our house, too. The wild roses out past the gate and down in the hollow, just before you get to where the river, where the water comes across. Lots of pretty pink wild roses. Sometime I’ll draw a plan of Mother’s garden, you asked me about her flowers, and write down the things we had and where they were.

L. Miller: I brought a map; there’s an aerial picture of the farm. Here’s the highway, here’s the house, here’s the granary. Now, there’s a big barn there, but that wasn’t there. You never had a barn, right?

E. Winn: No, we never had a barn, but we had a shed that I hadn’t
L. Miller: Here is the stream, here's Charles's farm. If the stream comes around like that where was where you had the cows, that big shed?

E. Winn: It wasn't down by the stream. Where did we stack the hay? This is the shed, here is the artesian well.

L. Miller: It's still there.

E. Winn: Does it run?

L. Miller: Well, it ran until last year when they dug a pit across the street, then it went dry.

E. Winn: How do you get water into the house now?

L. Miller: We pump it from down below; it's three-hundred feet deep.

E. Winn: I see. If that was the artesian well, right over here before you get to were you stacked the hay, there were two corrals. One ran way out here. We had one gate that came in from the highway. We could open that and come in with the cows or a wagon. We'd come in here, then there was a big corral here. There was one there. Then there was another corral about here. Where is your shed where you have the machinery?

L. Miller: There wasn't a pond there, right?

E. Winn: No, we didn't let the water out there. The water stayed in this little ditch that went around the hills. Right up here, pretty close to this artesian well, we had a corral. Between were we stacked the hay and up here where this, there were two corrals. There was one here; we used that in the summer. There was one here; it came up by our chicken coop. We had a chicken coop. Along here was this shed. Now this shed was long enough that at one end we had it for the horses, and at the other end for the horses. We had room to put about four horses in each place. During the winter, you asked me where did you milk the cows, and when I said we milked them here in the corral, I thought we didn't do that in the winter. What did we do in the winter? The reason I hadn't thought about it is because the girls did not help with the milking during the winter. We couldn't because we had to catch a real early bus to school. So in the winter, when they boys were all away, Father would hire somebody to help him with the chores in the winter. We couldn't because we had to catch a real early bus to school. So in the winter, when they boys were all away, Father would hire somebody to help him with the chores in the winter. One winter, he hired Bill Reynolds, his family was an English convert family. They lived in Wellsville, but he had married a Hyrum girl, so he was living in Hyrum. He had just been married a short time. He didn't have enough work; he needed to find work. All of those
people that came from England or Scotland, the men who knew them on their missions--now, Father didn't know them on his mission; they weren't converted through his efforts. It was my Uncle John, across the street. Well, my Uncle John had moved into town. So Father would give these men work when he could. He asked Bill Reynolds if he wanted to come and stay at our house during the winter. All my brothers were either at school or out on the other farm. Bill would come down on Monday morning. He'd walk or hitchhike, if he could. He'd walk from Hyrum to down on the farm. That was at least six miles. He would sometimes find a ride, otherwise, he'd walk all the way through the snow. Then he'd stay from Monday morning to Friday night. Then the weekends, Father could get along.

Here was the cow shed, on either end was for the horses. There was a manger, then there was a post out here so that they wouldn't kick one another. I think there was room for about four horses on one end and four on the other. In the middle, was room for the milk cows we had. They had a staunchion for their heads. We'd lock their heads while we were milking them. They'd have to clean that out every day. The one that was helping him would have to stack it, then haul it out during the winter and fertilize the land. They put the cows in here and fed them in there.

L. Miller: It didn't have a front on it, did it?
E. Winn: Yes, it had a front and doors.
J. Simon: So it was a complete roofed in--.

E. Winn: Yes, doors to keep the rain and the wind out. Then there was a fence across here so there were two corrals. We wanted put some in there and some in here. We wanted to put the horses in by the gate there. This was another corral coming up to this gate that I told you came out to here. The stackyard was back here. It was further west. All of these things that I'm talking about were on this side of the stream that went around there. They were up here on this place; they weren't even down to where you have that swamp now. They weren't that far.

J. Thomas: How far from the granary were they?
E. Winn: Not very far. There was a gate that came out here. This fence was going around here coming down to where your picnic tables were. Then they made staunchions where the cows could stand here and put their heads through the posts and eat hay. There was a wooden box along here to put hay in. They fed the cows here at night in the
[summer]. They fed them outside after they had milked them. There was a gate down here where the stream goes down low and turns around this way. So they shut that gate at night so they couldn't get back to pasture until they were milked in the morning. There was room to stack the hay before it goes down in that gully. Just right close to that hay was that shed I was telling you about. Because there at the back were the windows they could put that hay in; they could feed them from there. They ate from this side. This shed was pretty close to the haystack; just enough room to carry the hay out and put it in those windows. They could close those doors when it was a blizzard. The shed was about half a block from the granary. It was straight behind the house. If I stood in the back door I could look right in, not right in the middle, but up towards this end of it. To go from this stream up to the top of this hill wasn't very far. It was right along the top of this hill were this fence was built to keep the cows here.

The little hill come up here to this flat place. Behind this haystack and everything, we had our garden. We had our garden right there. This place that we're talking about where the machine shed was. One of these corrals included, not the flowing well, but over here where the tub was. The pipe ran across here. We had half of a big barrel was our tub. The tub was inside of the corral, just inside of the fence. The fence around this corral gave a place for the cows to be.

L. Miller: They didn't go down in the gully, right?
E. Winn: No. Right at the top of here there was a little space for our garden. A fence came down here to fence the place in where the haystack was. The sugar beets were up here, going south. The wheat was in this other part. The wheat was up to the south end of the land. They rotated the crops sometimes. You just come up the hill from this stream, at the top of this hill was were the fence was around where the cows ate. Where is down at the bottom at the end of the picnic place where the water turns and goes back this way? Back here is where we used to feed them in summertime.

L. Miller: By the stream?
E. Winn: Up from the stream. Up at the top of the hill.
L. Miller: Was the stackyard very far from the house?
E. Winn: Let's see, it was above the stream and behind the shed.
L. Miller: Do you have that picture of your brother on the haystack?
E. Winn: Yes.

[Break in tape]
E. Winn: My older brother Frank would be pleased to know what they're doing [the students of the farm] because he majored in agriculture. Then he went to Canada. But he went back to Calgary to get his masters and his doctors degree. Then he was head of the soils department at Alberta University.

L. Miller: You were quite an educated family.

E. Winn: That was just the whole thing we were taught from the time we could listen. 'You must go on to get your college educations. So you can do whatever you have the ability to do.' And so we did. When Charles Peterson asked me about that—did our father want us to go to college so we could earn more money than we could on the farm, or get us away from the farm?

I said, 'Well, no.'

[He said,] 'Well, did he feel badly because you all left?' I said, 'Well, we didn't all leave. The only reason the girls left is because their husbands weren't farmers, and we went where they could get along. But Frank, my brother, stayed with it. [He] did research work on it in Canada, and wrote books on it. I have a lot of his pamphlets and books that he wrote [on] researching soils. He came back on a vacation one summer and took soil samples from that farm and took them back. His students did research on them—comparing the soil of Utah. Then Bob stayed as a farmer, and Ralph went out on the farm there. Then my husband and I bought ten acres of land in Bakersfield when he was still teaching; I was teaching then, too. He always wanted a little farm. We built a house on it, and lived six miles from town and drove into school. So we didn't leave the farm, that is, farming. Every summer went back on our vacation.

[End of March 11, 1986 interview]
E. Winn: We had some land that was on the south side. That's the land we sold to Roy Green. We owned that land up to where Roy Green's house was. Then, there was our farm where there was the beets and the big potato patch. We'd have to have enough potatoes for the year's supply. They'd be the late potatoes; the ones that would keep good. They wouldn't be the early ones.

N. Warner: They were yellow?

E. Winn: They were still just the brown then. But later on they started using the red ones. They were nice and hard and would keep more than the russets. Now, the russets were the potatoes they started raising in Idaho. That was a famous potato up there. I don't think we ever raised any russets.

N. Warner: So yours were yellow. Do you remember the name of the variety?

E. Winn: No, I don't, but I think they're still called the same thing. If you could, ask your grocery man to tell you the name of those potatoes.

N. Warner: Yellow?

E. Winn: Or tan. Tan. I was talking about where that milk tree was. The highway--three or four blocks up the street was that gate. There was fence. To open the gate there was the lane, the road, it was fenced in. It went straight over to where the pasture begins. Do you know about the spring that is up there, a fresh water spring?

N. Warner: I haven't seen it yet. I see you gathered watercress there.

E. Winn: The road had a fence on each side, and it had some gates so that you could get into the land on each side. It went right over to the edge of the hill where it drops down into the pasture. Right at the bottom of that hill, there was a spring, a lovely fresh water spring. That's where the men would go down to get their fresh drinking water when they were doing the farm work up near there. Watercress grew around that spring, and we'd wash it and everything. Mother would always say, 'Wash and re-wash; we don't want any bugs left on it.' Then
we could use that watercress for salads.

N. Warner: Did you use that during the winter? Was that spring open during the winter?

E. Winn: We didn’t go down during the winter. Everything was frozen. The spring still ran. Do you know, the water seemed warm in the winter; it doesn’t freeze. It runs all the time. It would maybe freeze after it got down in the ditches. We didn’t use it, the only thing they were doing out in the field then was with the sleigh they’d take the manure to scatter all over for the fertilizer.

N. Warner: You used the watercress during the spring, summer and fall.

E. Winn: Yes. The reason we called it the milk gate was at that time they had a gate right there near the spring where the cows could be brought up. At night, they would bring them up here. They would milk them right here. They had a little gate right here. It was three blocks up on the highway. They had a gate they could put across there to keep the cows right there in this road, this driveway, while they milked them. They’d take the empty cans up there, this was when I was very young. I didn’t go up and watch them milk there, but I knew that they were there. I watched for them to come back and everything. They would put the milk in the cans, bring it back down to cool it down by the farm. Then they would put it out on that in front. Where we’d sit on the hitching post and watch the cars go by, there was a milk stand there too. They’d put them there. The milkman would pick up the milk from there, and he’d leave the cans there. We’d have to carry them in. A few years later, when they really got things organized, they were always way far ahead in Cache Valley on the farming and everything because of the college. So then they would have the milkman drive in and pick them up so they’d be cold, right out of the water we were keeping them in. Otherwise, the boys and Father would have to carry them out and put them on the stand. After that, they did.

J. Thomas: When was it that the milkman was driving in? Was he driving in with a team and picking them up?

E. Winn: Oh, yes, they had to have a team.

J. Thomas: I just wanted to make sure he wasn’t using a car.

E. Winn: No, we didn’t buy our car ’til 1918. A lot of other people in Utah had their cars before then.

N. Warner: How much did one of those big milk cans weigh?

E. Winn: I don’t know, but it took two men, one on each side to carry
it. Father would never let the girls handle the milk cans. They were too heavy.

N. Warner: So you'd just set them right down in that stream to cool?
E. Winn: Our flowing well, our artesian well water cooled them. We had a big tub. They bought a big barrel, enough for at least four cans of milk in there.
J. Thomas: So that's what, three or four feet? What is that in diameter? Oh, that big.
N. Warner: As big as this table?
E. Winn: Let's make this table round. Not quite as big as this table. You could buy those barrels. They'd saw the barrels in two, and you'd have two big tubs. Then they had a little pipe on the outside to let the water run out. It would be cold. It ran from the artesian well and under the ground, across the yard there. Into this big tub that was over in the corral. It was handy to put the cans there and strain. As you'd come up with one bucket of milk, you'd empty it into the can. Then when it was full, the boys would lift it over into the cold water. You had your strainer out here where it was on the level. You could put the can there; it would bump it up and down. The milk can was about this tall.
J. Thomas: About three, three and a half feet tall.
E. Winn: [Using a ruler] It was about two and a half. Haven't you seen one of those real milk cans? And the bucket, of course, was a big bucket. Those holstein cows gave a bucket full, sometimes you'd have to go empty the full bucket and go back for a little more. The jerseys didn't, the jerseys just gave maybe three-fourths of a bucket. Their milk, of course was richer, more butter fat. We're away from your gardening.
N. Warner: This is all useful. But, I wonder if you could look at these potatoes, these varieties here and see if anything at all sounds familiar?
E. Winn: Read them to me.
N. Warner: There's a Kennebeck potato, which is a late potato.
E. Winn: I don't know that name.
N. Warner: Then red pontiac, which must have been later, maybe in the 1920s. How about a white cobbler? Does that sound familiar?
E. Winn: No, but maybe I didn't know any of those names then.
N. Warner: Let me try the 1888 Burpee's seed catalogue.
J. Thomas: Where did you buy your seeds at?
E. Winn: Well, I guess we had to go to Logan for that. There were not many things we could buy in Wellsville. They did have a lumber yard.

N. Warner: Do you ever remember seeds coming through the mail?
E. Winn: Oh, yes, we had a seed catalogue and we'd order seeds.
N. Warner: Did you use Burpee's, do you think?
E. Winn: That name isn't familiar.
N. Warner: Porter-Walton?
E. Winn: That isn't familiar either.
N. Warner: Now, here is one that they called a gold flesh potato.
E. Winn: Not such big eyes as that one.
N. Warner: Were they kind of long, like Idaho baking potatoes.
E. Winn: The early potatoes were rounder. Then the others were the ones we kept all winter. None of them seemed to be extra large. They weren't the great big ones. About medium size. They probably started planting the red ones after I moved away.

N. Warner: How big was the potato patch where you grew the potatoes for the year.
E. Winn: Now, that was really quite a big one. This is where I think you can get the amount, from these people who have the material on preparedness and storage for a year [LDS church publication]. I know that I have read somewhere the size, the length of the rows, how many you need and how many pounds of potatoes you need for that. Of course, it depends on how many your family eats. We ate a lot of potatoes. We had potatoes for every meal. Father wasn't one of these men who said, 'All we're going to have for supper is bread and milk.' I knew a lot of the farm families that [did], and that was good. Bread and milk was okay. They baked bread every day or every other day. [They had] plenty of milk. That was good if they'd had two big meals because the breakfast meal was as good as the dinner meal. But Father would have bread and milk before he went to bed. Somewhere in my history, oh, I know where it was, it was in that theme that I told I was going to look up about how frightened I was about different things, and I wouldn't tell my parents about it because I wanted them to think I was brave. Each evening, just before we'd go to bed--we'd always go to bed at nine o'clock--Father would say, 'Elizabeth, I was called Elizabeth then, would you please go and get me some milk for my bread and milk?' We had brought some into the house, but since we didn't have a refrigerator it didn't keep as cold. So I'd have to take the cup and the little bucket
and go out to the corral. That was quite a long way for a little girl to
go, across the road that came in and down to this tub where the milk
was. We had stirred it, and cooled it and got the cream going around.
Someone would be stirring the milk, while the others were putting it in
to get it good and cold quickly. Then you'd have to stir it up so you
wouldn't get all the cream to take in the house. Then I'd get this little
bucket of milk and take [it] back. But, I was really frightened of the
shadows and trees. You know how children will tell ghost stories and
everything. But I wouldn't think of letting my parents know that I was
afraid. They were always saying what brave children they
had--building us up. So I looked at the shapes of trees and wondered if
someone was hiding behind that tree. Then I'd hurry to the next tree
and wait a minute and look at the next. I didn't tell anyone about that
until I wrote it in this theme.

J. Thomas: How old were you when you were doing this?

E. Winn: Let's see, my sister Carol was three years older, so [when
I became old enough] I could take over the jobs she'd been doing. I was
proud to be able to take them over. I wouldn't say, 'I'm scared; I can't
do that.' I was probably doing that from six years on.

N. Warner: Yes, that's pretty little to go toddling over there. But
didn't you feel sort of honored that he asked you?

E. Winn: Oh, yes, and Carol was probably studying her school work
more than I had to at that time. I haven't got down those themes that I
wrote in college. I wrote one about that and about being nervous about
going for the cows and taking the cows around the hills by myself. In
the morning, especially in the morning, the gophers would have been
working during the night, and they'd put the fresh dirt out by their
holes. Or was that the badgers? It was the badgers. I'd see that fresh
dirt and think, 'Oh, what if that badger comes out when I'm passing and
bites me on the foot!'

So I was really afraid; I was glad to get back home.

J. Thomas: Did you ever see a badger?

E. Winn: I never did see a badger.

J. Thomas: Were you scared of snakes? Weren't there snakes
around?

E. Winn: Yes, there were a lot, especially water snakes. My
brothers and Father said, 'A water snake won't hurt you.'

Of course, they were in and out of that irrigation ditch all the time,
just crawling around every place. We didn't see any other snakes than
water snakes. Sometimes we'd go swimming in the bigger irrigation
ditch over on my Uncle John's farm. We saw snakes over there. We
didn't have any ditches deep enough, protected by enough trees to go
swimming in. Of course, to go swimming, you didn't have swimming
suits, the girls didn't then. We were too young, I guess, to even go and
buy swimming suits until we started high school and had gymnasium.
So we would just wear a housedress. Of course, we'd leave some pants
on underneath and take some garments to bring home. We'd have a bag,
a little bag, I guess we made it of oilcloth then, to carry our bathing
suits and our towels coming home from swimming. We'd meet with my
cousins and some neighbors down there, about six of us would go
swimming on a Sunday--oh, not Sunday (laughter)! A summer
afternoon, we never, ever, went swimming on Sunday.

N. Warner: So you just went in old dresses, old cotton dresses?
E. Winn: Yes. You see, the girls didn't wear pants then to work in,
my younger sisters wore coveralls. But, coveralls were too heavy to go
swimming in. They were made of material as thick as denim. [We
took]our summer dresses, just the short sleeve dresses, we'd each take
our own towel. Then, coming home, we'd roll up the damp dresses, and
squeeze them as tight as you could to get the water out to walk home.
The irrigation ditch that was across on my Uncle Johnny's farm was
deeper and wider. Anyway, it was a good substitute for not having a
swimming pool.

N. Warrner: I was just going to ask you, speaking of fun things, Cash
Smith out in Benson told me that his family always planted popcorn in
their garden. I wondered if you did?
E. Winn: Yes, and you know, I didn't write that down. I sat and I
wondered and wondered. I thought we we had a lot of popcorn every
winter, and I didn't write it down. So add it, popcorn, but not as much
as the other. We did pop corn at home. We did make popcorn balls.

J. Thomas: What did you make the popcorn balls of? What's the
recipe?
E. Winn: It would be the same as I use now for puffed rice balls.
Anyway, you'd cook half syrup, that's the dark Karo syrup that gives the
best flavor, half regular sugar. Say if you took a cup of sugar and a cup
of dark Karo syrup. Then you put about a teaspoon full of either lemon
juice or vinegar. I may be able to find that recipe. I did copy a few of
my old recipes and put [them] in a book here. I just didn't save all those
old books, I didn't have room for them. Then you'd boil it to a hard boil.
We called it a hard ball. A soft ball is if you’re making fudge.

J. Thomas: Did you drop it in a glass of water to see?

E. Winn: Yes, or you would hold it up and it would string. If you’d hold it up on the spoon and let it go back into the pan. If it went on a continuous string and didn’t break, that’s the hard ball stage. Or you could drop it in real cold water. You’d cook to that. Then you’d just pour it over; then we put some flavoring in, some vanilla or something. You’d have your popcorn in the pan, and you’d pour it over it. As it cooled, you’d dip it up with a fork and turn it so the syrup wouldn’t go all around the corn. Then, when it was cool enough to handle, you’d pick it up and make it into balls. That we made for Christmas, birthday parties and on winter nights.

N. Warner: Any special winter nights?

E. Winn: We had so many family home evenings at our house; it wasn’t a regular Monday night, but it was more than one night a week. Father liked to play the accordion, and we’d sing songs. They liked to hear what we’d done at school. Sometimes, we’d dance, especially if we had our friends staying there. If we had company, that’s a good way to entertain them—to sing and to dance on the kitchen linoleum. We didn’t dance on the rugs, on the carpet (laughter).

N. Warner: We’ll grow some popcorn. Did you pop it in a frying pan or in one of those wire poppers?

E. Winn: First, we started with just a frying pan with a lid over it and shake the frying pan. Then, when we found out there were corn poppers, we always had a corn popper. Not an electric one, we never did have an electric one. We just used a frying pan at first, the lightest weight one we had. Some of those heavy cast iron frying pans [wouldn’t work] (laughter). They surely cooked good chicken and everything.

N. Warner: When you walked out here, estimating the width of the garden, that was the width you were estimating rather than the length?

E. Winn: Yes. Did I draw a picture of it? Oh, I started out drawing a picture of it, and it just didn’t work out.

N. Warner: Well, I can show you what I have. This is the garden plot already established at the farm. It was one hundred and eighty feet long and sixty feet wide.

E. Winn: Well, about half of that would be just for our garden. How much would that be now?

N. Warner: Ninety feet long and sixty feet wide.

E. Winn: That’s a better [estimate]. That might be a little bit
wider and the potatoes would have to be someplace else. We had quite a bit of corn, how many rows did I say?

N. Warner: You say you had four or five rows of corn planted at different intervals.

E. Winn: Tell me again, the length of this.

N. Warner: Ninety feet.

E. Winn: But that may be a little bit bigger, let's work on that for a few minutes. You have raspberries here. That was in the orchard instead of over in the garden. I divided it into two different places, this is the orchard and that is the garden. This might be a little bit too big. Do you about how many people that you are planning it will feed? All of the people that work there.

N. Warner: We're trying to model it after your family.

E. Winn: There were nine people when they were all together. We fed lots more than our family, all the hired men and any visitors and all the converts from England that came there and stayed until they found a job. We just had lots more people than our family there most of the time which we liked. That was part of our life. But you couldn't run to town and buy something when you needed it.

N. Warner: I was wondering when you were giving us the recipes for your popcorn balls, did you buy your vinegar, or did you make vinegar?

E. Winn: No, we didn't make vinegar, we bought it.

N. Warner: Did you buy most of your herbs? Do you remember buying like dill for pickle making.

E. Winn: We bought herbs; we didn't raise any. We did make pickles, and we did make chili sauce. On there, [on the drawing of the garden] I don't think I have tomatoes, do I?

N. Warner: No.

E. Winn: Well, I can't remember very much about planting tomatoes. The reason, I think, is that we could buy a whole lug of tomatoes at Providence or Hyrum. Whenever we were going to make chili sauce or ketchup, we did make both, we would drive up to some of the farmers or the store and get a lug of tomatoes. Still, we had raw tomatoes on the table a l'ot of times. So we must have raised them. We raised some, but not enough to can. We bought a lot of canned tomatoes, too, because we liked tomatoes. My father was the one who liked sugar on his tomatoes. I just can hardly stand to think about that now, (laughter) since I've tried to cut out sugar. All the rest of the family like salt on their tomatoes, so Father taught me to like sugar just when
I was a little child.

My brothers and sisters said, 'I don't see how you can like sugar.'

And, Father said, 'I want one member of my family to eat their very little salt. I learned a lot of my nutrition through my schooling. So, we must have had some tomatoes.

N. Warner: Do you remember if they were yellow or red?

E. Winn: They were red.

N. Warner: Do you remember variety names like beefsteak?

E. Winn: They were the best to buy. I don't know the names of any of these varieties.

N. Warner: One thing you haven't noted here, that other people told me they had in their gardens, was melons. Did you have melons?

E. Winn: We tried melons a little, but not very much. My brother, Ralph, was the one who wanted to try. We tried cantaloupe and melons. But, we didn't buy all [the seeds and plants] we needed because they needed the land for other things. Brigham City was so close, and they had so many good melons and cantaloupes, that, as soon as they were ready, we'd start going over there. Father would go in the wagon then, and later on, when we had a car, I'd go in the car. [We'd] get just lots of cantaloupe and melons and keep them where it was cool. They'd last a long time. That's where we got most of ours. One or two years Ralph tried some, but we didn't have them every year and all the time.

N. Warner: You put down here green beans and yellow beans.

E. Winn: Yes, do you know the difference there? There are string beans, the long pods, but some are yellow. When they come out they're yellow. Those were the ones we'd let mature, and we'd dry them for dry beans. The green ones we'd pick just as soon as they were ready to eat. We'd keep picking them as they came on. We'd have them about every day. We liked them so much.

N. Warner: So you just let the yellow beans dry in their pods?

E. Winn: Sometimes we would cook them just as fresh beans while they were young. But when they got a little bigger and a little older, it was better to let them dry and then pick them when they started to break open so that you didn't lose any. Then we'd save them for the winter. Winter beans.

N. Warner: Did you ever grow lima beans?

E. Winn: No, we didn't; we bought them as soon as they came into the groceries. We'd buy them in the can. I had a lot of recipes, but we didn't try them [in our garden].
N. Warner: Maybe we should move on to the orchard.

E. Winn: Is that sickle still hanging on the wall in the shed? It was there—the sickle that we used for cutting the weeds on the irrigation ditches.

J. Thomas: Inside the granary?

E. Winn: It was hanging inside, not inside the granary, inside the shed, over on the north side. It was hanging on a nail, and I said, ‘Oh, there’s the sickle that we used to cut the weeds on the ditch banks, the irrigation ditch banks.’ Then we’d carry those weeds, while they were green, to the pigs and feed them to the pigs. In the north side was the place where we sharpened the hay knives, too. That was still there. The wire that was hanging down from the ceiling, you let that hold the hay knife up. This was the girls’ job; my older sister did it, and when I was old enough, I did it. You’d sit there on a chair by this—oh, now I’ve forgotten the name of that—you pump it with your feet, and it goes around and around. What do you call that? It sharpened the knives.

N. Warner: A blade?

E. Winn: No.

J. Thomas: A grindstone?

E. Winn: The grindstone. Oh, how could that slip me; I used to spend hours and hours out there with the grindstone.

J. Thomas: Maybe you wanted to forget.

E. Winn: No, that was fun. [You’d] sit there and dream or sing or think. You had to be sure to get that knife right. We had lessons on it from our father. If you pushed too much this way, you’ll turn the edge over, and it’s no good. You just hold it even, and up and down slowly, up and down slowly. Then when you get one whole side of the knife done, you turn the knife over, and you do the same on the other. That sharpened edge has to be even all the way down. He showed us how, ‘Put your finger here, but don’t get it out there where it’s too sharp. See if it’s even all the way down.’ If it wasn’t even, put it carefully and cut it even. When you finished this big, long hay knife, you put it up here and started on another one. So [when] they needed a sharp knife out in the hay field there would be one ready for them. Usually at noon, when they came back, they’d change. There’d be one ready for them, and that saved the men a lot of work. The girls were big enough to do that. They [the men] would have had to take time to do that in the evening [if the girls hadn’t done it] when they should be resting a little bit or reading. That was really a fun job. Then when the next girl was old
enough to take over, she at least helped. All four of us had a chance to sharpen the hay knives on the grindstove.

Then this wire that hung down had a can tied to it with some holes in the bottom so the water would drip slowly on to the knife or the knife would get too hot. The friction would make it too hot. You had to have it stationed right even so the water would drip right on the hay knife. There was just something really important about that job.

N. Warner: There was a wire, then there was a can?
E. Winn: Yes.

E. Winn: [Looking at her drawing of the orchard and garden] This is just south of the house, and the orchard was south of the house. I wanted to tell you about this, too. In between the house and the orchard, there was a small place, enough for maybe two people to walk along. Three feet? Three feet. That was just grass along there. We had to keep that--.

J. Thomas: Where was the gravel part?
E. Winn: This was grass. We had a walk when we were there, but this wasn't gravel either. We came out of this door, we had a door there, now it's a window. If we walked out of there, we had made sort of a little pathway. But, I don't think you need to draw it on there because it wasn't supposed to be there. There was no gate to it. Here was the road. Our road, where we entered, came right here. This road came right down and straight in--there wasn't a curve there. Here was our mailbox; here was the irrigation ditch that ran down there. The irrigation ditch ran along there. Then there was a bridge over this irrigation ditch that came right across here. This road came straight in--here's the freeway--straight in there. Then it curves around in the dooryard back here. It curves around and it goes right up past that granary and shed.

N. Warner: Between the house and the outhouse then?
E. Winn: Yes.

J. Thomas: Around the orchard?
E. Winn: That side of the orchard. The orchard is over here. The orchard was on the south side with the three feet in between. You'd go around the house and you could walk in between. But, there was a fence there because sometimes they'd let the calves out here in the orchard and they didn't want them running here on the lawn. That came straight across there.

[Break in tape]
N. Warner: Let's talk about the orchard.

E. Winn: The orchard was sort of divided into three parts. This part over here had a door that you could come--a gate, a little gate that you could come out. This was the driveway. You could come here. We had this part of the shed for our garage. We came up to that road that I showed you there. Then that road stopped right here--there was a fence across. We could go into the garage, and we could back out of this garage and back down here. The orchard had a little gate, right here there was a little gate. There was a little calf pen here. We better draw the trees in first, and I can talk about the calf pen after. Let's go to number one. It was in three sections. In the first section we had four apple trees. They weren't all together. Two were here, there was one at the top there, and then there was another in the middle. This was an early apple tree, we called it strawberry apple; I don't know whether that was the name. Oh, they were just delicious; they were red and ripe. They were just for eating.

N. Warner: Okay, you had three gooseberry shrubs there.

E. Winn: The gooseberries ran about that far; I don't know how many bushes we had to plant. We picked them and made jam and combined them with the raspberries--raspberry-gooseberry jam. It was delicious. It was about half raspberries and half gooseberries. You'd have to put your gooseberries into cook for awhile before you added your raspberries. That was one of our favorite jams. Then we canned raspberries, and we ate a lot of them raw. Mother would say, 'Eat all the raw fruit you want to eat and then we won't have to spend all the time canning (laughter).' So we ate them, and we canned them too because we had quite a big raspberry patch, then not quite so many gooseberries. Down here, on the end of this--.

N. Warner: You had rhubarb. Two or three plants?

E. Winn: Yes, maybe three.

N. Warner: What kind of apple trees were these, yellow transparent?

E. Winn: No, I wish we had had yellow transparent. They weren't a very good eating apple. That's why we bought some of our apples. Father just went over to the nursery in Logan, and I guess he just got anything. The only one that turned out as a perfect apple tree was the strawberry one. Then there was a red, this was a good cooking apple. We called it Ben Davis; we used that for a cooking apple. This one over here, we called it the waspie. That had stripes around. Then the Ben Davis was the plain red of some kind. You could put a Jonathon for the
Ben Davis.

N. Warner: Was this a gayno? Does that sound familiar.

E. Winn: Well, it wasn't called that then.

N. Warner: Both these apples were just kind of mealy and not real good.

E. Winn: They were kind of firm. They were better cooked than to eat them. They were all right for cooking apples. We made a lot of apple sauce, and we made apple jelly. They were good for apple jelly.

N. Warner: Then you had some pie cherries.

E. Winn: Yes, now, down here. There were two trees of pie cherries. This was wider than the others. These plants were really planted over on that part of here. Instead of there they were planted over here. This was kind of plain, and sometimes we'd let the little calves go out there just to eat.

N. Warner: So more in the center.

E. Winn: Yes, in the center. Then there was an irrigation ditch that was out on the county--outside of our property. This line that you have here, on this side of it was an irrigation ditch. It took the waste water from up here. This ditch, they could take it into the farm and water the farm here. Then, when it wasn't your water turn, then you put the dam in. Any waste water ran down here, and it ran across the road and went into this little stream that came around the hollow.

N. Warner: So the waste water went into the stream.

E. Winn: Yes, then it would go down into the hollow and finally go down into the pasture and into the river, the Little Bear River--down there through the swamps and everything. This ditch bank, of course, it always had a lot of weeds that's why we had the scythe. Until we were old enough to use the scythe, my grandfather, John Wyatt, would come out. He had his own scythe, and he would cut the weeds from around there. Did Annie Wyatt tell you about that scythe?

J. Thomas: No.

E. Winn: Well, she took it and put it in the pioneer memorial. The daughters of the Utah pioneers had a building that used to be the city hall in Wellsville. It used to be a red brick building; it's been torn down now. They let the daughters of the Utah pioneers have that for their things. She asked us all if it was all right with us to do it. I'm not sure whether they moved it, those things down to the Salt Lake daughters of Utah pioneer building or not. I hope they moved all their things down here. I've been up here two or three times, but I haven't
thought to ask them. Anyway, my grandfather Wyatt used to help keep the weeds down.

Up here, on this irrigation ditch, that would be up about where we said the milk gate was, about here, no, a little below there. There was a wild plum tree; it was there and it had been there. We let it grow there on the ditch bank. It had some little, round, white, they were reddish, they were a reddish yellow plum. They were the Pottowatome plums; the Indians had named them. They made delicious jelly and jam. We used to gather them, and the water from the ditch kept them alive.

N. Warner: Speaking of wild things, did you have asparagus?

E. Winn: We didn’t grow asparagus; we didn’t plant asparagus. My husband and I did in California. We planted all the vegetables in our garden there that we had never grown. Mother and Father if they had a chance later on, sometimes they’d buy that.

N. Warner: How did you keep the weeds out? Did you use hand push cultivators or did you just stoop over?

E. Winn: We pulled them by hand mostly. The only time they put a cultivator in the garden was to row it up for irrigation because it’s hard to handle horses in the garden. If there was room for them to walk down some places [they’d use the cultivator and horses] for irrigation. If not, we made the irrigation rows with the hoe. [We’d] just take the side of the hoe walk down and walk back up. You have to be careful using a horse in the garden. Do you use horses in your garden?

N. Warner: No, but there’s a hand pushed cultivator that I wondered if we could use.

E. Winn: Yes, you could. We didn’t have a hand pushed cultivator; we just hoed them ourselves.

N. Warner: Oh, this is something, you didn’t raise any strawberries, did you?

E. Winn: We didn’t raise any strawberries. Do you know, I don’t think any of the Wellsville people did. Do you think maybe the climate wasn’t good? They raised them in Providence, and they raised them in Hyrum. We went over there to buy our strawberries. I personally don’t know anyone in Wellsville who raised them. Maybe years afterward, when I didn’t live around the farm, maybe they started to. I do know that my friends in Wellsville, Marvilla Perkins had some strawberries in her garden. That was after, when we used to go back to see them.

N. Warner: That was after you moved away from home?

E. Winn: That was after I was married and moved to California. But,
she probably had them before that. They were married about the same
time we were. They were a little older than we were. They're not still
alive. People in town, in Wellsville, perhaps had strawberries.

N. Warner: One other thing that is missing from this garden list,
that I had anticipated, is squash. Did you grow those big hubbards and
store them over the winter?

E. Winn: We had a few, they're the orange ones aren't they?

N. Warner: They're kind of blue, a dull, greyish blue.

E. Winn: I suppose we just didn't eat much squash. The only squash
[we had] was a few of the orange ones for Halloween.

N. Warner: Oh, you did have pumpkins?

E. Winn: Oh, they're pumpkins aren't they. We'd raise a few pumpkins
for Halloween. But I don't know whether we ever made pie out of them
or not.

N. Warner: Did people typically have pumpkin pie for Thanksgiving,
or did they just have apple?

E. Winn: We just had the pie that Mother made. I don't think Mother
made pumpkin pie. She made apple pie and all the fruit pies and custard
pie was our favorite. But they didn't have lemon pie until after we
started taking homemaking in high school. I know a lot of our neighbors
raised squash, but we didn't. Our garden was simple. You see a very
small row of turnips. Now, the parsley, you know how you do that, you
just cut it so it will grow up again. You don't pull parsley. That's why
you don't have to have too much of that.

N. Warner: Did you use it in soups and salads?

E. Winn: Yes, we used parsley a lot. Then Father was about the only
one who like onions very much so we'd put them on the table if anyone
wanted them, they'd eat [them]. We'd season, you know, flavor things.
We had a lot of beef stew; that was one of our favorites. Oh, when the
vegetables first came on, that was great. We liked peas a lot; we did
like carrots a lot. The parsnips--do you know this, have you heard that
you should leave the parsnips in the ground until after at least the first
frost has come.

N. Warner: I read that recently.

E. Winn: I asked why and they said they didn't think it would be safe
to eat them. This is just what my parents told me. It just meant that
they weren't good for you to eat until they had had the curing of the
frost. I don't know whether that was written in a garden book or not.

N. Warner: They're supposed to get sweeter. There is supposed to be
more sugar concentrated in the root after the tops have died.

E. Winn: Well, anyway, we would leave them in there. Then later on, the weather would be warm enough were you could dig them and store them with the potatoes if you wanted to.

N. Warner: Did you dig them with a regular shovel, or did you have one of those potato forks?

E. Winn: Yes, we had a potato fork.

N. Warner: So the parsnips were thrown in the pit with the apples and the potatoes?

E. Winn: They could have been. Unless we had eaten them all before it was time [to pit them]. Anyway, we did leave them in the ground until they had frozen. We didn't plant very many of them. That was just a small amount. What did I have on there?

N. Warner: Six feet. You didn't plant cabbage or cauliflower?

E. Winn: No, we didn't. I don't whether it was because we hadn't learned to like it.

J. Thomas: Your father didn't like cabbage? I was thinking that is an English food.

E. Winn: Yes, it is. I don't know who it was who made the choice. We didn't ever attempt to raise cabbage; after we started high school and were taking foods and everything. We found out how good it was, we used it. But, we didn't have any in our garden.

Oh, the corn, did we talk about the corn? We needed a lot of corn because we dried it. We dried all we could. We had it every day for maybe two meals a day.

N. Warner: How was it prepared?

E. Winn: We just dropped it in--we had the water boiling and just dropped it in for a few minutes. Maybe five or six minutes is all you need to put a cob of corn in hot water. Or else, if you over cook it, it's tough.

N. Warner: So you dried it right on the cob then?

E. Winn: Oh, you're talking about dried corn.

J. Thomas: So you had corn on the cob twice a day during the summer.

E. Winn: Yes, twice a day. We could reheat if we didn't eat it all for one meal. It's good to be reheated just a few minutes, but when you first cook it, don't overcook it. About four minutes of boiling is enough.

J. Thomas: Do you put a lid on?

E. Winn: Yes. Then you reheat it. Then you cut it off the cob, and you
can make a cream sauce over it. You can use it so many different ways. To dry it, you cut it off the cob. I think you drop it in cold, in hot water, first to dry it.

N. Warner: Yes, to parch it, to kind of loosen the kernels from the cob.

E. Winn: It keeps the cream in it better. I think you do, but you better get that from a recipe to be sure. I was the one who would cut it off the cobs. Then we'd put it out in the sun to dry. That was the only place we had to dry it. We had a table top to use out of doors. What do you call these things that are built up this way to hold a table top?

N. Warner: Saw horses.

E. Winn: The table top was just the boards made. That was our outdoor picnic table. That would seat about fourteen people.

J. Thomas: And you'd put the corn on that?

E. Winn: We'd dry it on that. You'd put, I guess we put whole sheets down. You wouldn't want to use newspaper; you wouldn't want newsprint. I suppose we put whole sheets right on this table top, maybe paper under it. Then we cut the corn off the cob, drop it in boiling water for a few minutes, then cut it off the cob and dry it. To keep the bugs and flies away, we would put netting, you know that they used for window screens before they made window screens. You'd buy that netting.

J. Thomas: Is that what you used for window screens for awhile?

E. Winn: Yes, in the summertime. Of course, the snow buries them out. When the misquitos were coming in the fall and the spring they lay them on the outside of your window to put your windows up at night--misquito netting. So this same netting could be spread over your corn when it was drying.

N. Warner: Did you buy that netting at the Co-op?

E. Winn: Yes.

J. Thomas: Where was the netting, was it in your front yard or in your backyard?

E. Winn: In the backyard.

N. Warner: So when you had the threshing, did everybody eat outside at this picnic table?

E. Winn: As I remember they ate in the kitchen. You know the flies were so bad. I don't believe we ever ate outside in the summertime, [in the] spring we could, or fall. For parties sometimes we did. No, the threshers ate in the kitchen. We had the two tables. I don't remember
how many men it took to man the threshing machine. It seemed like a big bunch of hungry men. The family didn't eat with them, unless it was the boys and Father working. We waited until afterward to eat. That's the way we dried the corn then. You'd have to watch it; if it was going to rain, you'd have to cover it with something or else pick it up and take it in. I think oilcloth would cover it and keep the rain out or raincoats on top of it. But it usually didn't rain during those fall months when we were drying corn.

J. Thomas: Did you ever dry anything else, like apples?

E. Winn: Apples, we dried some apples, and then we canned some apples.

J. Thomas: How did you dry the apples, did you cut them and hang them in circles?

E. Winn: We didn't do apple rings. We just cut them in small quarters and dried them.

N. Warner: Did you dry currants from the garden?

E. Winn: No, but we canned them and made jam with them. We used them for making pies all during the year. We had a lot of cooked fruit with our meals. All the time it was ripe, every meal we had the cooked fruit.

N. Warner: Plums, did you can the whole plum and make preserves as well?

E. Winn: Yes, now those green gage plums were a little bit yellowish, or greenish-yellow. They were called green gage plums, but the skins and the plums themselves looked a tiny bit greenish-yellow, mostly yellow. Then the blue plums, they were just called blue plums. They were round.

N. Warner: I think I have one of these in my backyard. You might know my landlady. Her name now is Barbara Watts, but she grew up in Wellsville. Her name was Leatham.

E. Winn: Yes, I knew all the Leatham family. I don't remember which Leatham family she was from; there were big families and quite a few families. Ruby Leatham was Edna's friend in high school. Robert Leatham was my eighth grade teacher in high school. I went to school with John Leatham. Anyway, we'd better get back to work.

N. Warner: Now, you let the calves graze in here sometimes.

E. Winn: When they were little enough, oh, there was a calf pen.

J. Thomas: What did you do with your calves?

E. Winn: If they looked as though they'd make a good milk cow, we
saved the heifers. The steers we sometimes just butchered when they were old enough to. We raised a lot of our own meat, you know.

J. Thomas: Did you butcher, or did you take it in town?

E. Winn: We would butcher the pigs. I can't remember, I guess they butchered.

J. Thomas: Did your Uncle John have a butcher shop?

E. Winn: He had a butcher shop, but they didn't kill the meat there. I don't know where he got his meat from. He had a store and the butcher shop was right next door. His son-in-law, Lorenzo Thorpe, was the butcher.

J. Thomas: So did your father butcher?

E. Winn: Yes, with help. We used to cure our own pigs. We had that smokehouse. We used to cure the bacon.

J. Thomas: Where did you keep the meat from the steers?

E. Winn: Let's see, we didn't have an ice house. I can't remember of ever having a butchering day of anything but the pigs, chickens and lambs. We butchered a lamb once in a while. We had a few lambs. We didn't have very many at one time. We only had about two at a time. Not very often [did we butcher a lamb], I guess they did that just for variety.

J. Thomas: Do you know what kind?

E. Winn: They were black or they were white in color. I don't know what kind. I think maybe that was just an experiment. We liked lamb meat; we bought lamb meat. There was a man who delivered meat from Hyrum. He had a horse and buggy. He kept an ice house to keep it cool. He drove around to the farms, and he came on a certain day, one day a week. He'd stop and he'd have fresh meats in there, and he'd also have baloney, sausage and bacon. Occasionally, we would buy our meat from him and we wouldn't have to drive into town. I don't know the name of the man.

N. Warner: Did you ever store any of the radishes that you grew?

E. Winn: No. The only thing we stored was to dry the beans and the corn.

N. Warner: You didn't try to store any of the green beans in salt water?

E. Winn: No. There was a time when we candled some eggs. That was after Carol had gone to high school and learned how to candle the eggs to preserve them through the winter. There is a solution that you would use. It's a liquid. You have a certain kind of a crock. You just
drop the whole eggs into this liquid and keep them covered. You take them out, and they're just fresh and ready to cook. You know the chickens will sometimes take a season when they won't lay eggs for you. So when they're plentiful, in the summer of in the fall, [you can candle them].

J. Thomas: [Looking at a list of flowers] This is really neat. I love this—the flower garden and the pansy song.

N. Warner: You said that you didn't plant until the ground was thawed. Were there other things that sort of helped you determine when you were going to put your peas and lettuce in?

E. Winn: We had things ready, but you know the seasons are different. If you plant things too soon and a big frost comes, you have to plant over again. We weren't the ones who got them the earliest. Most of the time we'd have them before the Fourth of July, but not always. If a big cold storm had come up just the time we were ready to plant, ours would be a little bit later. It didn't break our hearts to be a little bit later. I think it's about three months that you have to plant before some of them come on.

J. Thomas: Did you have problems with your crops getting eaten by insects?

E. Winn: What did they spray with? We didn't have a water hose that we could turn on. There were a lot of pests. We had things we could spray on. We had one of those spraying machines that you worked by hand. But I don't know just what we used. Now the flower garden, I think maybe that's almost self-explanatory. Do you want to read that?

J. Thomas: Okay. Flowers in the garden: On the front lawn, pink, white, and yellow roses, lilac trees, pansies, marigolds, lupines, nasturiums, jonquils, tulips, corn lilies, perennial sweet peas [dark pink] planted near the wire fence on the east side of the front lawn. There varied-color annual sweet peas also near the same wire fence. Then there were violets and white and purple iris.

The clothes line was on the lawn—along the North side.

Trees on the lawn were three Locust trees, one Ash and on the south side of the lawn a box elder tree, which gave welcome shade on summer days.

The pansy bed was a favorite spot. All children loved to gather around and sing the song we had learned at school:

Little Purple pansies touched with yellow gold,
Growing in the corner of the garden old,
We are very tiny, but must Try, Try, Try,
Just one spot to gladden you and I.

When the days are dreary, dreary, dark and cold,
And the rain falls softly on the garden old.
We are very tiny but must Try, Try, Try,
Just one spot to gladden you and I.

Then she has written down the names of the cows: Brownie, Blackie, Betty, Jersy, Ginger, Flossie. Then the names of dogs: Duke, a hunting dog, white with brown spots. He belonged to my brother, Ralph. Watch was black and white and good at helping to herd the cows. Jeff was light reddish brown. He was a favorite of the young children and a good cattle dog. Cats—we always had several cats, but none of the animals were allowed to come into the house; they slept in the woodshed during the winters.

Then she has names of horses: Mallon or Mahlon was a bay colored stallion. Liza was a bay colored mare. They were both medium-sized, and together they were a work team. Kid and Ginger were slightly smaller than medium, but large enough to be a good work team as well as a fancy team for the red-wheeled buggy when my brothers took their dates to dances. They were a matching pair colored light brown with an orange tint. Snip was a work horse as well as a buggy horse. It was light grey with darker grey spots. Pete was a work horse and a buggy horse. He was a brindled color. Babe was our buggy mare. She had not been trained to work in the fields, therefore, we had available transportation, whenever needed. Chubby was a pony. It was my brother's transportation around 1903, 1904. The reference for Chubby was a letter written to Father while he was in the mission field.

J. Thomas: How do you pronounce this horse's name

E. Winn: You pronounce it 'melon.' I'm not sure whether it was spelled this way or the other way. Some of these names I can place right with which cow. That Brownie was reddish brown, but she had a white star on her head. There was white on her too, maybe she was part jersey. I was thinking maybe my brothers—they talked about naming some of the cows after their girlfriends, but I couldn't remember exactly which girls. I know a lot of the girls' names, but it didn't sound familiar to connect it with a cow. I'm sure that we named
more cows than that, but I couldn't remember them.

[Looking at a sheet of notes of games]

E. Winn: In playing rounders, if you don't have enough for two groups, if you just have eight or more players, you start out by assigning positions. You assign one for the catcher, one for the pitcher and one on each base, three batters if you have enough, two if you don't. You play it the same as you play the regular baseball, batter up and they go to all three bases and everything. To put them out you have to touch them. But as soon as one person is up, then you rotate positions. That person that's out goes to the last position. The last position would be third baseman. When the next one is out the third baseman who goes to second base. So in rotation it would be third baseman, second baseman, first baseman, pitcher and catcher. Each one has a chance to have each position, and they have to run faster and run more because you don't have a shortstop. It is fun; we played that a lot at school too.

J. Thomas: What's Run, Sheep, Run?

E. Winn: You have two dens, one group over here. What animal is that chases the sheep? Wolves?

N. Warner: Coyotes?

E. Winn: You have two goals, you mark off a distance of about a fourth of a block. It depends on the size of the children that are playing. You have two goals, one at one end of the play area, and one at the other. You mark off a square there, room for them all to stand in. You have two that chase the others. You say, 'Alright, ready, go!' These sheep have to change to the other pen. The two that are the foxes, if they just touch them, they've caught them, and they're to go with the foxes that are out there. They help chase the sheep back and forth from goal to goal. Try it out and see if it works (laughs). You know kick the can, and you know hopscotch. These are all outdoor games.

J. Thomas: How did you do hopscotch? Did you have anywhere that you could mark it out?

E. Winn: You'd have the dirt and a stick and make it with a stick. If there was a sidewalk, or on the school grounds. We didn't take time to do hopscotch out on the farm. That's one that school children played. These are spring games. An indoor game was checkers, we always had that and played that indoors on a rainy day. Indoor games for our parties were musical chairs, spin the bottle.

J. Thomas: How do you play spin the bottle?
E. Winn: You have a bottle that is long and has a narrow top. What kind of a bottle is that?
N. Warner: Beer bottle?
E. Winn: No.
J. Thomas: It would have been something you used.
E. Winn: It was shaped like a soda pop bottle, but it was usually a longer bottle.
J. Thomas: Was it something you got from your Mom's kitchen?
E. Winn: Vinegar?
J. Thomas: Maybe vinegar.
E. Winn: It was a bottle like--have you ever seen the bottle they used for a rolling pin? It was just like a rolling pin. It would be longer than this, longer and narrower. It would be just like a rolling pin bottle. For one rolling pin we had a brown bottle. I don't know where it came from. On the carpet, you would spin it; you'd twirl it around and ask a question. You'd seat them in a circle, and the one that was it would throw so it would go around. Wherever it stopped, that person had to answer the question. You'd say, of course it was the young boys and girls, 'Who's in love with this girl (laughter)' Or, 'Who told a lie today.' Or, 'Who's really not very kind to his little sister (laughter).' Or, 'Who doesn't like to go to school.' The one it pointed to had to get up and be the one in the center. It's really a long narrow bottle that you have to have. Where there any other [games on the list]?
J. Thomas: Button, button, who's got the button?
E. Winn: Yes, that's an indoor game. The one that's in the center goes around with this button. The people sitting on the seats hold their hands this way. He let it drop into somebody's open hand. Nobody is supposed to know who it was. Then he stands back and says, 'Button, button, who has the button?' Then they guess. Then what's the next step?
J. Thomas: I can't remember (laughter).
E. Winn: This just says we had a swing. This is how it was made: you put a hole in the board, and put your rope down through the hole and tied it up to the swing.
J. Thomas: What tree was the swing on?
E. Winn: Here's the house, where I said this road came in, there was a line of trees along on this side of the road. The one swing was right there. It was on this side of the driveway, near the house. This was
going down to the hollow. We would swing in over the lawn and back over the road. You had to watch to see if anyone was coming. Then we did have another around, there was a swing right here near this little house that was our coal and wood shed. But, this one was the main swing. I just told about balls. When we were too young to be real baseball players we made our own balls. That [referring to notes] tells how we made it. We made our own bats. Read that last three lines.

J. Thomas: Okay.

'When the boys were old enough to play baseball, they had regular bats, balls and mitts which they received as Christmas gifts.'

E. Winn: The thing in the center, whether it was a rock or another little hard rubber ball, that would give it weight so it would go. But, you'd cover it with enough yarn or string so the rock wouldn't be out. I don't know whether other people did that or not. You can start it out with just wrapping string, and then put your yarn on the outside if you want it softer on the outside. Then you make it as big around as you want.

Now, I haven't done anything about these books yet. The books that we have in the library, I can't remember everthing we had there; I can't remember all the names. We read lots of books, children's books and those books that were popular when The Girl of the Limberlost was. There were some others, but of course, we had all the scriptures and Father bought all the main books that were being published by the church people like B. H. Roberts, Elder Talmage and Brother Widstoe. Then we had the Buzzers from the AC [Agricultural College]. I have some of the books here; I have my Shakespeare. I took Shakespeare in high school. I bought a big book; it's worn out. Then I used it when I went to college. I took a year course in Shakespeare. Then I taught it in high school a few years. So the book is kind of worn, but I still have it. I get it out every once in awhile. Then Chaucer, I have the works of Chaucer because one summer I took a course in that, and I had it in my English up at the AC. Oh, two albums with all the family pictures in them we had. I don't have them now and I can't get a picture of them for you. [We had] all the church magazines. That's all that I remember.

Oh, the dresses, have you come to in there where I have the dresses that were worn? Now, this was a dress that I made. This is the maternity dress, it was like a jumper and you wore a blouse under that. [Looking at a drawing of a different dress] I made that dress; it's white organdy. That's the dress that I wore when I graduated from college.
The hat that I'm holding in my hand, I made that in the millinery class. That was a white organdy hat to match the dress.

J. Thomas: That's really pretty. Was this taken in your yard? No, that was taken up at the college, up near the president's house.

E. Winn: Then I have a picture of a dress that I made for my sister, Edna, when she graduated from high school. It was also white organdy; it had a lot of tucking in it. It had a lot more sewing than that one did. Now, this [drawing] is showing the skirt of this dress in this picture. This is a picture of me, and my sister, Edna, was on the farm. Now, the bottom of that skirt was made this way. I made this dress. It was pleated at the waist; the bottom was made in peaks like that. Then you'd bind underneath with a different color. That was a popular style. That's our Buick car; the first car that we had. This was taken in about 1919.

N. Warner: This looks like it has some appliques on it.

E. Winn: Yes, it does. Are they a little round ruffle?

N. Warner: Yes, little round lacey things.

E. Winn: [Talking about Old Folks Day] The younger couples would furnish the food for the old folks. If you were past, what was that age--seventy--you were the honored guest, and you didn't have to take any food. It was free for them.

J. Thomas: Was there were entertainment?

E. Winn: Yes, there was entertainment. I didn't go to them, but I heard about it--singing the old time songs. They'd choose some people who were talented to be on the program--everybody would join in singing. They'd have the meeting. Then they'd serve the big dinner. It was always some warm food; they'd heat it in the stove that they had in the kitchen in the church. They had it in the recreation hall in the church and used the kitchen. They'd have pies and cakes and everything that they had for holidays.

J. Thomas: Did they give any gifts?

E. Winn: Not that I heard of. You mean for the oldest or something? Maybe they did honor them. Have you tried looking in the Church offices for the early minutes of those wards?

J. Thomas: No, would they have them?

E. Winn: Well, I found a lot of nice things in there. For instance, I found--this was over in the old Church office building since they've moved to the new genealogical library, since they at one time had all these things over in the high rise Church office building, I don't know
where that would be. But, I went back, and found minutes of when my grandparents were first in Wellsville. I read things in there—I found this out, I think Annie Wyatt, maybe she told you this too, but our grandfather, John Moses Wyatt, I don’t know whether he was called by the bishop or whether he offered to, but he would go down every Sunday morning to that first church building that was on the square; it was on the corner, the southwest corner. I think it was made of rocks; it was the first church in Wellsville—one big room. They had everything—all the meetings in there, no classrooms or anything, you’d just divide off in the corners. That was only two blocks down from his house. He would walk down early every morning and make a fire in that big round stove so it would be warm for when the people came to church. He did that for years. So then I read the minutes of those meetings, and it told when my father returned from his mission. When he returned from his mission, I think we were over in the new tabernacle. Let’s see, I’ll go back to my grandfather first. He bore his testimony one sacrament meeting. It would tell what each person said in their testimony in those minutes. My grandfather said how happy he was that he had heard the gospel in England and that he had come to America. He was glad to be here. Anyway, I read about that, and that was thrilling for me to know. Then I read the minutes for later on, because when my father came home from a mission and gave his talk; it was in there—the things that he said about the mission field.

N. Warner: What was your grandfather doing at the time he was converted to the Church in England?

E. Winn: At that time, he was working on the seashore in Brighton hauling little rocks from the seashore. See they don’t have a sandy seashore in Brighton. It’s little rocks.

[Break in tape]

E. Winn: Before that he was working there on the seashore building boats in the boat factory. At the time he was converted, he was hauling the rocks, the cobble rocks, to build the road. We were [Beth and Carl Winn] in England for three months of our mission. Once every two weeks, the day that was our preparation day, we’d get on the train and ride out there. It would take about an hour to get there. We’d have our lunch, fish ‘n chips, right there on the beach.

J. Thomas: I was talking about Old Folks Day. There’s one other thing I want to know; I read a thing on Old Folks Day. She talked about the Scottish people going, and she said they played bagpipes. Did you
ever hear anyone play bagpipes?

E. Winn: I didn’t; but maybe they played them there at the Old Folks Day when I didn’t go. Of course, I heard bagpipes all the time in Scotland. I’ve been to Scotland three times, and every time we’d go on tours they’d have someone dressed in the costume standing on the side of the road. Of course, you were supposed to stop and put some money in his bag to pay him for that. The bus driver would always stop and give us a chance to do that. But, I can never remember any Scottish bagpipes being played in Wellsville. My grandparents, the Archibalds, didn’t have any. They were not rich people. They were miners. They had very little money when they came. Some of them were farmers in Scotland and some miners. So they were farmers in Wellsville. Grandpa worked on the railroad for awhile. [He worked on] building the railroad that came into Salt Lake City when they were still living there. No, Grandfather and Grandmother came directly to Wellsville when they came. My English grandparents came here. So my grandfather, if he worked on the railroads, that would be after he moved to Rexburg. I’d have to look at his history.

Let’s see, the Old Folks Day, it was really a jolly day. They just had so much fun. I think they would even dance.

J. Thomas: So they probably had music.

N. Warner: Fiddle, accordion?

E. Winn: Yes, the accordion was very popular.

J. Thomas: Your dad played for a lot of dances, didn’t he?

E. Winn: Yes, when he was first married, he’d drive the horse into town and play accordion. Or, in the winter he’d take the sleigh and go in to the dances. Of course, he played all the time out at home. When we had our young friends come in—the kitchen floor, we’d dance. We could even dance the Virginia reel with the furniture all pushed back, or regular round dances. Some of the people in Wellsville, a few of them played the violin, too. There were always a lot of good musicians. My sister, Elsie, married into the Maughan family, you know, the first bishop in Wellsville was a Maughan. She said that they told this story about Weston’s grandfather. When the new converts came to Cache Valley, the bishop would ask them if they had good voices or could sing or if they liked music. If they did he assign them to stay in Wellsville. If they didn’t, he’d send them to some of the other towns—Hyrum or Providence (laughter). That could have been a joke.

N. Warner: I saw that written in a book that Vera Christensen wrote.
It's called, The Big Cache. She says that in Wellsville they asked if you were a musician, if you were, you could stay, if not--.

E. Winn: But they did have good choirs there; they did have good dance music.

J. Thomas: I was always reading about groups in that book on Wellsville, and it mentioned your dad playing with different people.

E. Winn: Then my cousin, Oliver Meyers, played the accordion in the orchestra for years.

J. Thomas: Did your dad play a harmonica?

E. Winn: Oh, yes, and all the boys played a harmonica, too.

That was one of the Christmas presents, a harmonica. [They got] real good ones after they were older. All the boys did, some of the girls did, too. But, I don't think any of my sisters did. I didn't try it.

How did I tell you we spelled the name of the piano? I have it written down somewhere.

J. Thomas: I don't know.

E. Winn: Let's see, I think we finished the Old Folks Day. It was a beautiful day that lasted all day and sometimes into the early evening for the people who wanted to stay and dance.

[Break in tape]

E. Winn: [Talking about making ice cream] In the smaller bucket with the lid on, you put your ice cream mix. Then you just put snow and salt on the snow. You didn't have to go and get the ice. You took the handle of the bucket that your ice cream was in, you'd just have to turn it back and forth, back and forth, and you'd take turns. You see, we didn't that very often. It was too big of a job to do very often.

J. Thomas: So you just used a small bucket and a big bucket?

E. Winn: The little bucket that you turned that had your ice cream in had a handle on, but it also had a lid that fit on so you wouldn't slush it around. As soon as we were married, we bought an ice cream freezer and we had electric--. My husband fixed that up. We had our own cows when we bought that ten acres [in California]. So we had ice cream all the time. But if we had ice cream at home, we'd have to go to town to the confectionary, bring it out, it would melt. We didn't do that. On holidays, we just go and have some when we were in town.

[End of March 20, 1986 interview]
E. Winn: Which chores did I like the least, and which did I like the most? Well, I guess the ones that gave me the most pleasure were the ones where I could do a little daydreaming on the way (laughter) like going for the cows or bringing the cows back and seeing the wildflowers and stopping to pick a few, and stopping to watch the little animals—the gophers were sometimes digging a hole; the mice would run by. Of course, as I told Jeannie, I was afraid of the badgers. I liked taking the cows and bringing them back. We very seldom had anyone with us. The one who was assigned to that, she did it. Then when the next one was old enough, she did. Because the two little sisters, they'd be tired by the time they walked as fast as we could walk over and back. When they were old enough to go, they did it. But, we usually went by ourselves. The cows were usually waiting at the gate. It was interesting to be able to call them. We'd call them by their name if they were still eating out in the pasture, and they'd come.

J. Thomas: They'd come to their name?

E. Winn: Well, I don't know whether it was to their name or not.

J. Thomas: To the call?

E. Winn: Yes, whenever we called, they'd look up and see that the others were there. Usually, if we didn't go early, they were all waiting at the gate ready to come. Then we'd just open it and let them come around. One other job that I helped with that I haven't written about that was interesting was when I helped my father repair the fences. My father didn't like to work alone, and if the boys were away and after they left to have homes of their own, he'd go out either to dig the ditches—I didn't have to do any digging. I was only maybe anywhere from five or six-years-old up to the time I could do a lot of work in the house. He just liked a companion. So those days where we'd go out in the morning, and he'd be fixing the fence. Of course, he'd find something that I could do that seemed useful to me; I don't know whether he really needed it. I [would] hold a wire here, or hand him the hammer or hand him the nails. He'd repair this fence; it taught me what
you should do to repair a fence. It really helped me when my husband and I bought ten acres of land in Bakersfield when we were both teaching school. We managed that and did that besides our teaching and tried all different things there. I found some things that came in handy about the proper way to build a dam so the water wouldn't wash it away. You have to have shovels full of sod along with the dirt. If you just pick up dirt and make a dam with it, the water will come wash it away. If you put a big shovel full of sod, the grass growing in there good, if you take a piece of, well, any kind of wood, or canvas and then hammer some stakes in. Then start with your sod and then your dirt, you have a good dam made. But if you just put dirt, all day long it will wash it away. Those things, I liked to go and help him do.

J. Simon: Did you talk when you helped him, or sing?

E. Winn: He talked. My father was a great talker. I didn't talk to him as much as I'm talking now (laughter). He would talk, and of course, I'd either answer him or just listen. He liked to sing; I don't have a very good singing voice, but, yes, we'd sing songs, church songs or songs that he knew, or I'd sing some of the songs we learned at school.

Let's see, the jobs I didn't like was if the winter was so cold or if it was raining. Not very often did the girls have to go out in that, but if Father was away on an assignment or something and couldn't come and our brothers weren't there, why, we would. I enjoyed really milking the cows, if I didn't have one of the young heifers that you had to, say, break her in (laughter) so that she would stand still and not kick the bucket.

J. Thomas: How did you get them to stand still?

E. Winn: We'd just stand and pet them and rub them a little bit and talk to them first so they wouldn't be frightened. A young cow, they get afraid. Then, sometimes, they'd have sores on their tits from wading in the sloughs down there and getting wet. When the waste water would go, and [we'd] have a lot of water down there, they'd cross this place to eat on the other side. When they came back, sometimes they would wade through the water up to their stomach. Sometimes, they'd be sore. So we'd have to have ointment to put on first. Oh, we'd always have to go around and wash the bag first. We'd take an old bucket with a cloth and go around and wash their bags and brush it clean. By the time you came around to milk them, they were clean and it wouldn't drop any dirt in the milk.

J. Simon: Did you have a wooden bucket or a tin bucket?
E. Winn: We had a tin or some were galvanized maybe. No, we didn't have any wooden buckets there. We had one or two wooden buckets, but we usually used them just to gather the scraps for the pigs and carry out to the pigs. Then I liked to take care of the garden. Of course, I liked handling the horses, too. I liked to either lead the horse, sometimes lead them if the rows were short. You can't cultivate in the garden after things begin to grow and come out. But when you do before and in the potatoes, you could row the potatoes up with a horse and cultivator. When I was maybe sixteen, it was an eclipse of the sun, a total eclipse. How many years ago was that? Anyway, I figured it out, that was the time I was rowing up the beets. But I had to go out that road I was telling you about, Jeannie, [we'd] go out the corral and up the highway until we came to where the tree was, the milk gate tree. It was the top of the land, that first part of the land before it went up to the south part that we sold to Roy Green. There's a road along there. Anyway, I was up there. None of the men were over in that part at all. It was just my father there. Nobody had reminded me that the eclipse was going to come. So I was rowing up and pretty soon the sun started getting so dim. I thought, 'It's not going to rain today; what is this darkness?' Then immediately, when it gets over to a point, just immediately it's dark. So then I realized it was the eclipse. Of course, I had to stop, so I just put the cultivator up, led the horse over and just stood at the top and waited. I didn't know how long that was going to last. I thought, 'As soon as it gets a little bit lighter so I can see, I'll go back home.' It was the middle of the afternoon and the job wasn't finished. So I did; I waited and hooked the cultivator up and got back on the horse to ride the horse back down around and out to the road. By the time I got back to the house it was almost light again, but I didn't go and finish the job then.

J. Simon: Was the horse scared?
E. Winn: No, it was a gentle horse. It was that Pete, I think, the one that was the white and grey one. No, he didn't. One of the younger ponies may have been nervous. But he wasn't.

J. Simon: Did you see the comet the first time it came? Halley's Comet?
E. Winn: Maybe I just saw a lot of pictures of it. I know what it looked like. But I don't think I did. No, I didn't actually see it because the time you'd have gotten to see it was during the night, and we were always asleep. Oh, they had a lot of pictures in the paper.
J. Simon: How did you know the eclipse was coming? Did the paper tell you?

E. Winn: Yes, the paper told us, but we hadn't talked about it that day. I hadn't put it in my mind, but as soon as it started getting dark then I remembered, 'Oh, this must be the day that the eclipse was supposed to be here.' Nobody had realized that before we all went to work.

J. Thomas: What newspaper did you get?

E. Winn: We always took The Desert News.

J. Simon: Did they tell you anything like you shouldn't look at it?

E. Winn: Let's see, isn't that where you're to take dark, smoked glasses before you look.

J. Simon: I think so. That's what they tell you now, but I wondered if they told you that then.

E. Winn: Either wear dark glasses or take a smoked glass lense. We didn't have any dark glasses then. Later we bought them. We just didn't talk much about it.

I started [out] talking about what I liked and what I didn't like.

J. Thomas: What about the beets? I've heard that beets are not fun.

E. Winn: The beets are the hardest job, and the weeds grow so fast that you just get over the patch and you have to start over again. The only time of day we worked in the beets--the girls--was in the forenoon. Father wouldn't let us go in the heat in the afternoon. But, he would hire someone to help him. The year that was most interesting in thinning the beets was the year that Father was recovering from, they called it rheumatism then, now we call it arthritis. He'd had an attack in the winter 'til he couldn't do anything for a long time with swollen joints. So when spring came, he could stay on his feet, but he couldn't kneel down. He would do what you call spacing the beets. We, the younger children, the girls, one would follow him. We were down on our knees all the time, and he was standing all the time. He would just space it, and we would come along and take all but one beet out and follow him. That's one job that really got kind of tiresome because your knees got tired. Then you'd get over the patch and have to start again (laughs). The weeds would start to grow again. There weren't any other jobs that I really disliked except on rainy days to go out in the corral and milk the cows. We did have that long shed that we talked about a lot of times. That shed had to be bigger than I drew it in that picture. It had to be longer than we had thought because it housed
sixteen cows in the middle part of it and four horses on each end. It was a long one; it was the whole length of the corral out there, from where the beets ended, then there was a gate that went out there, then there was a gate that went in by the haystacks. But, anyway, the corral went by those gates too. From the time the crops, the field stopped and the fence was there until you get down there where you start going around by the stream, now the corral started right where that gate opened to let you go in where we had the haystacks. It went from there down to the top of the hill. The reason I remember that there was each end for the horses, was once when this big mare, Liza, they had her on with some younger horses—those two little buckskin ones that were the buggy horses for the boys. Could they have pulled a plow or anything with three horses, or would they have had to have four.

J. Simon: I don't know.
E. Winn: All I can think of seeing were the three horses.
J. Simon: They could have.
E. Winn: Well, to me, as I remember it, there were only three horses. There were these two younger horses, the little team that the boys used on their buggy when they had a tongue in the buggy and had two horses on this red wheeled buggy. They were on with Liza, the big bay mare. When the boy lifted up the back of this plow, maybe it was a harrow, I think he was harrowing it, and he lifted it up and something hit the back heels of these young horses. They jumped and ran; they were afraid, and they ran away: it jerked the lines out of his hands. They were racing very hard, right towards this fence, this pole fence by the corral. This wise, older horse that was taller and could see better, I guess, she realized they were going to run right into that fence. of course, she had sense enough, horse sense enough, to try to stop. She stopped putting all her feet right ahead of her, just braced herself back like that. These two young horses kept going. They pulled so hard to try to keep going, and she pulled so hard back, it broke her leg. It broke her front leg, just broke it right off; it just broke it so it was dangling. So then the men came out from the house, and the one that had been driving them came down from there. Of course, they got the vet. He said, well, he thought it was broken so badly that they couldn't do anything with it. But, Father wanted him to see what he could do to keep her alive as long as he could. So he bandaged it up, and they took her inside of this end of that shed, the end that was toward the south. There was room for four horses in there. They put her in there, and
they--was it a sling they made for her? Anyway, they fixed the pulleys and ropes so they could lift her up off of the ground, hold her so that she wouldn't be down there. Of course, no other horses could be in there at that time. She had to take up that whole place, and I guess they'd have to move some of the stalls. They used to have poles or something that separated them when they tied all the horses in there. They had to separate them some way. But they fixed that so she was the only one in that, that one horses' stalls. The next day, she was still suffering so badly that the vet said he would advise that they would shoot her. So they had to shoot her. I'm wondering what they--they just take the body over to the place where they make the fertilizer, don't they?

J. Simon: Where was that? Would that be in Wellsville?

E. Winn: It wouldn't be right in Wellsville. No, it would be toward Logan; it would probably be out, maybe, in College Ward somewhere. I'm sure that they didn't have anything like that right in Wellsville, and they didn't go as far as Hyrum. I think it would be over towards Logan, [but] still out in the country like over towards Millville or College Ward. I think it was near where the sugar factories, you know where they did have a sugar factory there; I think it was in that area. So that's what happened to Liza. It was really a sad--.

J. Thomas: Did your dad have to shoot her?

E. Winn: No, the vet did. We heard the shot, but we didn't go out to see.

J. Simon: Who was your vet? Do you remember where he came from?

E. Winn: I don't. I don't think he lived in Wellsville. I think I would know every kind of a doctor that lived in Wellsville. He was maybe from Logan.

J. Simon: Did you have to call the vet often?

E. Winn: No.

J. Simon: Or did you do most of the doctoring yourself?

E. Winn: That's right, we didn't have to call very often. Of course, I told you about this Roy Hilliam who was the county agent who stayed with us a week twice a year; he'd stay there to do the testing of the cows. But, Roy wasn't there at that time. This was early. I was younger than I was when Roy was there. I was in junior high or high school. But this [the runaway] was when I was younger than that. It was before I was ten or somewhere around there. That took away one
of the good work horses because Liza was the one that worked with Mallon the stallion. Those two were the same size and about the same color. So that took away a big workhorse.

So, most of the jobs on the farm I liked. Sugar beet weeding, that was even worse than weeding the garden. Mother liked to pull weeds in the garden. Right after breakfast she would go out to gather the vegetables for dinner. We had dinner at noon. She liked, for exercise, and to do work outside, she liked to pull weeds. We'd help her too; we'd carry them. She'd pull them and throw them in piles and we'd carry them to the pigs. The pigs surely liked them. While we were out doing that, then Carol, the oldest daughter, was doing the housework, getting ready for dinner for the men when they came to dinner. So I guess I liked most of the jobs except the thinning of the beets. We didn't do very much chopping of the beets or cutting them because we were in school. They always had a two weeks fall vacation in those classes. Do they now, up there?

J. Simon: No.

E. Winn: When it was beet digging time [there was a vacation]. That was when I was in high school.

J. Simon: What month would that be?

E. Winn: Well, it would be October, wouldn't it? We had started school, and it seems to me that it was a month after we'd started school. You see when they're hauling the beets to the factory this year, and you'll be able to know what time that was. We'd have a two weeks vacation, but we wouldn't have a spring vacation like sometimes they take a week off for Easter time. We didn't; we just had Good Friday off. The teachers when I was teaching in Utah that's the time they'd have their yearly meeting of the teachers. We go down to Salt Lake City and have this yearly meeting of all the Utah teachers. That year that I was teaching; I was teaching in South Cache High School. I had needed to have my tonsils removed, and my father didn't let any of us have our tonsils removed. He said, 'No, you're blessed with these organs, and we can take good care of you. I don't want you to loose them. I don't want you to go to the hospital for any operations. I just don't want you to.'

So Mother says, 'Wait until you're earning your money, and we'll tell your father that you're making the appointment.' That's the way Mother would handle the problems. She wouldn't come right out and argue about it. She'd say, 'We'll do it. If it's the right thing to do, we'll do it.' So I did. I was paid my first month's teaching and made the
appointment with the doctor. Then we told Father the night before that I was going to have my tonsils removed the next day. He said, 'Oh, I just didn’t think you’d ever do that.' He felt very badly about it. I did have to stay overnight.

J. Simon: Whereabouts?

E. Winn: Up at the Budge Hospital; it was the Budge Hospital then. Now, it’s something else. The Budge Hospital there in Logan—they were doctors there for years and years. That’s the way I spent my two weeks holiday, recovering from that.

J. Simon: Was that a pretty serious operation?

E. Winn: It’s not as serious if you don’t have a condition of the blood. Mine was, it didn’t coagulate so easy, so enough. You’d have hemorrhage and too much bleeding. Now they give that vitamin K, and you take that the day before. They didn’t give anything like it. It’s a good thing I stayed because in the middle of the night—I was in a room with some other person—I did have a hemorrhage. The woman in the other bed called the nurse and the doctor. I had to stay there only one night. I’m glad I had it taken out because I’d had some serious throat trouble before that.

J. Simon: Did you have the doctor out much when you got sick when you were kids?

E. Winn: We hardly ever had the doctor. One reason was that we didn’t have a doctor in Wellsville all of the time. There was a doctor in Hyrum; that was six miles from where we lived. It would take him a long time to get down there.

J. Simon: How long?

E. Winn: In a buggy and horse it takes about twenty minutes a mile. It was two hours to drive.

J. Simon: Were the roads good?

E. Winn: It was dirt roads. In the spring, the ruts were deep. In the winter, you’d have to come in a cutter. Most of the doctors had a cutter instead of a big sleigh. They would come if they had to, but you didn’t send for them very often.

J. Simon: If you had to go and get them, that would be two hours to go and get them.

E. Winn: We didn’t have a telephone, that’s right. There was no one who had a telephone out on the farm for years. I remember when we got our first telephone. I guess they’d send one of the boys on a horse. We had the ponies there for the boys to ride. I was reading a letter from Father when they wrote to him when he was on this mission. They said
that one of the boys had gone on a horse to priesthood meeting that night. He'd ridden into town and back.

[Break in tape]

E. Winn: We didn't at home have one [a saddle]. My brother, Bob, out on his farm in Napa, Idaho, when I was out there, I rode his pony with a saddle. Our boyfriends had saddles; they'd come for us to take us for a ride. We'd sit in the saddle, and they'd sit behind the saddle. I liked to ride on a saddle, but we didn't have one, not when I was young. My brothers bought their own after they had their own homes. Oh, you asked me about the doctor. Mother had asthma very badly. Maybe I told that in that [interview with Charles Peterson].

J. Thomas: You mention it. Did she get attacks often; was it worse in the summer?

E. Winn: You wouldn't have asthma in the summer. You'd have hayfever if anything. She didn't have hayfever. Asthma comes with the cold weather and the cold on your chest.

J. Simon: Did the fog bother her?

E. Winn: Yes, the fog, too. Father would depend on his power of the priesthood, and he would just give her a blessing. One night I remember he sent for the doctor and he sent one of the boys on the horse, I guess. But it would take awhile for him to come so the doctor sent the message back with the boys on the horse for us to give her a steam inhalation while he was coming. So everybody had the water boiling on the stove all the time for your cooking and everything. The tea kettle—you know how the spout came out—he told us to take a paper and make a funnel, put it around here and let her hold her head over that and breath in this steam. [He said] to do that until he got there. We did that, and it eased up so she could breathe a little bit. With asthma, you're just panicky; you're just going to choke to death. You can't get the air through. So then the doctor would come and he prescribed some medicine. For asthma, you just have to outgrow it or something, and it's a tension disease too. It came be brought on if you're tired or frightened about something. You know, when they moved from the farm into town, she never had asthma again. Now that was the tension part. Or maybe some weeds, maybe it was hayfever along with it. She didn't have asthma—they moved in '24, and she lived until '42—twenty years after they moved there. But on the farm, she had it in the winter.

J. Thomas: Did she like living in town better?

E. Winn: She loved the farm, but she was glad they moved in town
because they just lived a block from everything there. They lived diagonally across from the square. That's the southwest corner in that big house that they bought on the corner. It was larger than the one on the farm. She could go--but Mother didn't go out very much because she had vericose veins in both legs. She had trouble in walking. She had an abscess on her ankle. They didn't know much about diabetes. I think she really had a slight diabetes. The abscess broke out, and it didn't heal. The last ten years of her life it didn't heal. Now they would have called it [diabetes]. We know that we inherited that from somebody; there's a lot in our family. I don't have real diabetes, but I have that hypoglycemia that is a borderline is all it is. If you watch it--you diet--why, you get along okay.

J. Simon: What did she do to treat her vericose veins? Just stay off her feet?

E. Winn: Yes, and you know you can't do that if you're working on the farm. They prescribed an elastic stocking that went all the way up. It fastened down right under the foot and come above the knee to protect it when it would come. When she could walk a little bit, she found out how she could use a chair for one foot. She'd kneel with one foot on the chair and hold to that and move the chair as she went around. She could get around.

J. Thomas: That must have been painful.

E. Winn: Oh, yes, it's very painful. The treatment the doctors gave for those abscesses then, they don't give it now. The treatment was to burn that--they called it proud flesh, that flesh had never healed--burn it out. I think it was silver nitrate, and they'd just burn that and it's just like a red hot iron on a sore. Then the doctor would give her one treatment, and he'd send one home with her and she'd have to do it herself. Oh, let's talk about something a lot more pleasant now.

J. Simon: When we were talking about the roads--what was it like to get into Logan?

E. Winn: It would take of course, longer to get to Logan. We didn't go to Logan very often. But my brothers went to college there; so they had to get over there somehow. How did they get to Logan and back in the winter? They went to school there every year. They came home only once every two weeks. We did too when we went to college because we went to the social events. We stayed for two weeks. They did a lot of walking. Father went to the BYC for a few months before he went on his mission. They'd send them over there for a training course. He
would walk over and back and hope he'd get a ride—hitchhike over. They would get rides. When Father was there I was two and a half. I was about two years old when he first went to take that course. Mother said I was very sick, and she did get a doctor there. He said I had pneumonia. So Mother sent a message over with some of the other men from Wellsville who were going over to tell Father. Father walked home. He got a ride part of the way, but he walked most of the way. That was in the winter. He came home so that he could be there. He gave me a blessing when he got home. He stayed home for two or three days, and I got better. Father would even walk into town. When he was superintendent of Sunday school when he got home from his mission, he needed to go early. The boys were milking, and we couldn't go early as a family. So, he would walk to his early meeting in Wellsville. We'd have to leave an hour early to insure plenty of time to walk from our place to Wellsville. Now, if you walk real fast, or if the boys wanted to go running, you could go faster. But, you'd have to allow for an hour. We walked to school there you know during the summer. We had a horse buggy to go in the winter. So it would take that long. I know that he started out to Logan a lot of times and got a ride.

J. Thomas: Did your Father give you a lot of blessings?
E. Winn: Yes.

J. Thomas: Was it just when you were sick, or did he do it for other things?
E. Winn: He didn't give it as much as they advise them to now. You know, they say [to give a blessing] when a person is going away to college. Then we had family prayers night and morning. You know how they turn the chairs around with the backs towards the table. When you set the table, do you know about that?

J. Thomas: No.
E. Winn: When you set the table in the morning, you'd turn the chairs around—the back here and the seat out there. So when you came and were ready for breakfast, or any, no, breakfast; this was for breakfast. You'd kneel down. Then when you got through you turned your own chair around to sit at the table. Then you never had to say, 'It's time for prayer.' You just set the table that way, and the children all knew their chair. They'd come, and down on their knees they'd go.

J. Thomas: So that was every morning before breakfast.
E. Winn: Every morning we'd have family prayer before breakfast, then we'd have a blessing on the food; we gave everyone a turn [to say
Father took charge when he was; Mother did when she was there and the oldest son if they weren't. Then our evening prayer, we would just meet around in the kitchen where it was warm. We would just meet around wherever we were; if our parents were sitting there, we'd just meet around them for our evening prayer. Then besides that we were taught to say our own prayers before we'd go to bed.

J. Thomas: The prayers that you said, they weren't any standard prayer were they?

E. Winn: No, it wasn't repeating the Lord's Prayer. It was just learning your own prayer and praying for what you wanted, what you were thankful for.

Let's see, I started writing this about Christmas. I guess I'll just let you read these notes. First of all, I've written what our Christmas dinner was. As I think about it, it was very simple when we were very young and before my sister and I had been taking home economics courses in high school. After that we learned about a lot of other things that you could add to your Christmas dinner. Our Christmas dinner consisted of, usually, two large roast chickens. When the family was all home, we needed the two. Then we'd make dressing for them. We had two kinds of chickens, the rhode island reds for meat and the have I forgotten the name of those pretty little white ones?

J. Simon: Barred rock?

J. Thomas: Leghorn?

E. Winn: No, there were little white ones. Oh, why did I forget that? Maybe I'll remember. The rhode island reds were the big ones that we had for the meat. They didn't lay as many eggs as the Plymouth rocks. The Plymouth rocks were the white ones. They really laid a lot of eggs. So we had them for the eggs that we would sell to the store to buy groceries, and we could eat them too. So we'd have two large roast chickens and then make dressing. I can probably remember to write the recipe for the dressing. It had sage, and we'd cut the onions up and cook them first. We didn't like a strong flavor of onion. We'd cut them up, cook them first, then put the cooked onions in the dressing. Then we had, we didn't raise any celery, but if we were where we could buy some at the market, we put celery in. But, not always because we didn't raise any there on the farm you know. We had seasoning for the dressing. We always wanted to have mashed potatoes and gravy with the chicken this way, so that's what we had. Then the vegetable, the
cooked vegetable was creamed corn that we had raised and cut off of the corn. Creamed corn, that’s a white sauce over corn. Then we had homemade bread. Mother made currant bread. Now those currants were made from the little tiny red currants that I told you about in the orchard. The were little round red ones, but after they were dried, they were dark like the color of raisins. We bought them in a box at the store, the currants, the same as you’d buy raisins in a box. I don’t know that people ever use them now. We’d buy these in a box to make this currant bread. Mother put that and some cinnamon to season that currant bread. That was special for holidays. Then she’d make biscuits too. We always had cranberry sauce to go along with the chicken. That was the main course; we didn’t have a cocktail then. After a few years we did. The dessert was homemade pies. We liked pies better than cakes at our place. My father didn’t eat very much sugar because his doctor told him it was better for his arthritis if he didn’t eat too much sugar. So he learned to like things without a lot of sugar on them. For birthdays, we’d have some icing on the cake, and I’m glad that I didn’t because now I don’t eat any.

But pie, they liked pie and Mother liked to make it. So she’d make about three kinds of pie about Christmas time. You could take your choice, and they lasted about a week. Mincemeat, we made our own mincemeat. We cooked the meat and ground it. We had some suet in it and currants in it too. I can’t remember everything that went into the mincemeat. Then she made apple pie; we liked that. Then plum pie. Now, the plums were those blue plums that I told you was in the orchard. We would cook them slightly before we’d put them in the crusts. Mother made good pie crusts. She’d know how much to put in without measuring it. So we’d have a choice of pie. We did them slightly before we’d put them in the crusts. Mother made good pie crusts. She’d know how much to put in without measuring it. So we would have a choice of pie. We did make a fruitcake. About two or three weeks before Christmas we would make this famous fruitcake that we always used. You know what the fruitcake is, a lot of fruits cut up and nuts and cherries. Anyway, that was served afterward. Then on the table, we had a dish of nuts, a mixture of nuts. There were walnuts and hazelnuts and pecans and brazil nuts and peanuts. That would be the Christmas nuts and candies. They would buy a supply of candies. They’d go to Logan for a lot of these things. Father and Mother always made one shopping trip to Logan and bought our clothes over
there. So that was our Christmas dinner menu there. But one year, my aunt, Margaret Ricks, sent a goose dressed and ready for baking. It was a goose that they had raised on their farm in Rexburg, Idaho. [They] sent it by mail, and Mother cooked that. It was good.

J. Simon: I can’t imagine sending a goose by mail.

E. Winn: It was in the winter, see. It was cold; it was winter, and it was all wrapped up. I guess the mailman carried it outside. It was in good condition, fresh and everything. We were just so surprised. I wonder if she froze it before she wrapped it and sent it. But anyway, it came and it was a big surprise. We all said, ‘It’s all right, but we like our roast chicken just as well.’ But that was sweet of her to think of us and send it. Then by the time Carol and I were in high school and taking homemaking classes, we tried out the recipes on our families. So we started having fruit cocktail as our first course at our Christmas dinners and our main dinners. Then we started making salads, jello salads. We hadn’t made jello salads before. Jello salads, sometimes we’d put cranberries and nuts and apples, sometimes we’d cut up apples and put in the jello, the cranberry jello salad for Christmas. That was added to them. When I was in high school, that was, 1915 was the year I’m talking about here. My home economics teacher, her name was Mae Issacson, and she taught us to make delicious candy. She had recipes from the commercial candy shops. She taught us how to mold them, and how to make them just like they did there, or I probably would have never learned all those things. We made divinity every year. Sometimes we’d color it, you know, red or green. Divinity and fudge and fondant. Fondant is what the inside of chocolates are made of— that candy. You make fondant and you dip it in different things.

J. Simon: I don’t know what divinity is.

E. Winn: Divinity—you take the whites of eggs last and whip them in so that it’s light and fluffy, and it’s not solid and sugary. Then you put nuts in some of it, and you color some of it. Divinity is a candy that you can eat more of it and you won’t have too much sugar in it. You know, it’s not as heavy as fudge. Oh, you really ought to make—maybe I’ll find the recipe of divinity, and you can make it up there on the form.

J. Thomas: That would be super.

E. Winn: Let’s see, we made divinity and fudge and fondant. Now, the fondant, you roll it, and you can put peanut butter inside. It makes peanut butter creams. Have you ever bought the chocolates—peanut butter creams? Well, that’s fondant in the middle. Then you can, well,
you can put nuts just in the plain white fondant, or just, that would be the pink chocolates, or add peanut butter or nuts to it, yes. Now, I started writing about this special Christmas. This special Christmas that I remember, it's the first Christmas that I do remember really vividly. 1904, see, I was almost five years old then. I'm the same year as the age until I have a birthday in September. This was in 1904, and Father had just gotten home from his mission in June. Father had returned from his two and a half year mission to England in June. We had an extra special celebration for the next Christmas. My brothers went up in the mountains, to the canyons to cut down a tree. You know, they didn't have to have a permit or anything there. They could just go up and choose their own tree. They brought the tree down, and we all took part in making decorations. Then our parents made a trip to the store and bought some of the trimmings. I remember the golden, shimmering star that they bought for the top of the Christmas tree. We used that for several years on the top of the tree. Then we made paper chains out of red and green, put them together, you know. Then we popped popcorn and had that on strings. Then we also had twisted crepe paper for the room--decorating the curtains and around the rooms. They bought a few ornaments each year. Then we'd let them build up until we had enough ornaments to decorate the tree. Another part was about the candles. You know about the real candles we used to have. [They] were about the size of a pencil, about three inches tall and then the little clips that you could fasten them onto the tree [with]. I remember what we were told when we first put them on. "Now, these mustn't be lighted unless there's an adult in the room with you." We'd have to have one of our older brothers or Mother and Father light them for us. Then when adults had to leave the room, we'd blow the candles out, and that was kind of fun, too. They couldn't be left on just with the children in there. We used those same decorations year after year and added to them. But, as I told you, we didn't have a tree every year. Some years I don't remember having one.

J. Simon: It would just be too hard to go up the canyon and get one?
E. Winn: Well, if the boys weren't home, Father couldn't do it later on. But then, as soon as they started having the Christmas tree lots around, we'd get one; we girls would get one and bring it. We always had one after that.

J. Thomas: Did you have Santa Claus?
E. Winn: You mean have Santa Claus really visit home?
J. Thomas: Did you go to bed [expecting a visit from Santa during the night]?

E. Winn: Oh, yes, I should say. But we didn't have a Santa Claus come around and visit the home. I have a friend down the hall [in her present apartment building], he dresses up every year. Now he goes to his grandchildren on Christmas Eve. But at school they'd have someone dressed up like Santa to the school parties and the church parties. Oh, yes, we had Santa Claus, and we didn't find out about it until we were past ten years old.

Let's see, about the Christmas gifts.

J. Simon: Did Santa look like what he looks like now.

E. Winn: Yes, just the same.

J. Simon: Red suit and big white beard?

E. Winn: Uh-huh. Oh, this special Christmas when the Father had returned from England--the special gifts that Carol and I had received that year. Mine was a dresser, a little doll dresser about seven inches high. Or maybe it was a little bit higher, yes, I guess it was about eight inches. Anyway, it was a small dresser that you could just put on your little table. It was decorated with shells, seashells of various shapes and sizes. They were glued on there. I don't know whether it was made of real light wood or heavy pasteboard. Anyway, these shells were glued touching all over the front of the dresser. The little part of the dresser here, that was just a piece of either wood or cardboard. We put a little cover on that. Around the dresser, it was decorated very beautifully. After years, those little shells, they'd start falling off, I felt badly. Carol received a little doll trunk when I received this dresser, that was my main gift. Hers was a doll trunk that opened up, and it was filled with doll clothes that Mother had made but, of course, Santa Claus brought. Those were the two special gifts. Then the decorations--we had crepe paper twisted, we always used the gold star and the real candles. Sometimes we'd decorate with the Christmas cards that we had received. You know how you arrange the on a wall or a chair. Oh, we always received gifts on Christmas. Do you know what a picture viewer is called? I looked in the dictionary, there's no name for it.

J. Thomas: Stereopticon?

E. Winn: Well, I didn't look for that word. You could hold it in your hands, and you held it up. The top part came around so that when you held it close to your eyes this came around. You looked into it and there
was a place were you stood this picture. There was like a card, with a picture on it. A whole set of pictures came with the viewer. You looked in there, and as you looked in the picture was sort of made three-dimensional. Would that be what [you're talking about]?

J. Thomas: Yes.

E. Winn: That's something we kept in it's box on the bookcase in the parlor. We would only look at it when we went in the parlor. We wouldn't bring them out where food may be splashed on them in the kitchen or anything. Oh, night after night, you'd want to go in there, and anytime your friends would come, you'd show them that.

J. Simon: Do you remember what pictures you had?

E. Winn: Well, now these pictures, some of them were scenes from England. Father must have bought them. Then there were other pictures of scenery and famous men, famous people, children, mountains--.

J. Simon: Were they in a series? Could you tell a story with them?

E. Winn: I don't remember; see, they were given to us when I was pretty young. I don't remember having any definite story. It was just different views, but it was always fun to look at them. That was one of the Christmas gifts. Then mouth organs for the boys. Each one of the boys had a special mouth organ and Father did too. There was a drum I remember, that probably was given to the oldest one and passed on down. Then for the girls, each one received her own little broom when she was three years old. Then, of course, that was worn out pretty soon. So the next little girl had to have one of her own, a broom and a dustpan. I had a little red chair when I was about five or six or four, maybe, and Carol had rocking chair. Hers had arms on, and it was a littler bigger.

J. Simon: Was that just little or regular chair size.

E. Winn: It was short so that when I was five or six my feet would touch the floor when I was sitting on it. It wasn't a high chair or anything. It was just to sit, when you were in a circle or in a room, just to sit and hold your doll or something like that. We didn't have a new doll each Christmas, but we did receive a new doll's wardrobe each year and a new head on the doll's body when we needed it.

J. Thomas: China head?

E. Winn: Were those real china? I guess they were, they would break if you dropped them. Yes, I guess they were. The hair was glued on. My sister, Carol, always wanted a doll with dark brown hair. My hair was really dark brown, and Carol's was a medium brown, Edna's
was a lighter brown, Elsie's was blonde. So Carol wanted a dark haired doll, and I wanted a light haired doll. Then the other two sisters, Edna wanted a brown haired and Elsie blonde. So we had the color that we wanted. We each received our last doll when we were ten-years-old. That would be the Christmas when we were still ten. We received and were told, 'This is your last doll, when you finish playing with this doll, you'll go to books and other things.' We'd keep that for a long time.

Singing Christmas carols--do you still go out and sing Christmas carols?

J. Simon: Sometimes, some people do.

E. Winn: [Reading from her notes] Singing Christmas carols was a joyful part of the season. Every family expected guests and was prepared to served refreshments as a thank you to the carolers. The musical accompaniment in the groups that went around was furnished by those that played the mouth organ or carried the accordion. My cousin, Olive Meyers, or my father, they always took their accordion with them when they went around.

J. Simon: Would you put the whole family in the sleigh and go out?

E. Winn: Yes, or sometimes the people with little children would leave them home and just go out in couples. Then couples would go before a dance sometimes and carol and then go to the dance after.

J. Simon: What kind of refreshments would you get when you got to a house. Hot chocolate?

E. Winn: Well, I don't remember them ever serving a drink. I don't think any of them had a hot drink ready. But they always had things on the table. They expected people and they'd have cookies and cakes and homemade candy and fruit cake and apples and oranges. An orange was treat. We would have oranges at Christmas time, that's the only time of the year we'd have the oranges. On New Year's Eve, we hung our stockings up on New Year's Eve as well as Christmas Eve, at our house. We'd get an orange or a bolt [?] hair ribbon or a hair-- and some candy. That was our New Year's gift in our stockings.

J. Thomas: What Christmas songs did they sing?

E. Winn: Oh, yes, Over the River and Through--no, that's a Thanksgiving one--Over the River and Through the Woods, that was on Thanksgiving. For Christmas, they'd sing all of the main Christmas songs, Jingle Bells and Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem, Away in a Manager, It came upon a Midnight Clear, Noel, Noel. Everybody knew all the songs. There were a lot of good voices in Wellsville.
J. Simon: So was that the biggest holiday of the year?

E. Winn: Yes, I guess Christmas was the biggest holiday of the year because that lasted eight full days.

[Break in tape]

J. Simon: When you were a girl at home, you ate a big lunch and breakfast and you ate a smaller dinner.

E. Winn: Yes, we called it supper. At our house, my father insisted on having it as a full meal. But we ate less. We ate the big breakfast and the big dinner at noon and the supper at night.

J. Thomas: What was an average supper like?

E. Winn: Our supper was mostly leftovers from the other meal, purposely. We'd cook enough so that all we'd have to do is reheat it at night. If there weren't enough potatoes to reheat, Mother would say, 'You'd better peel some and just fry them, because Father likes potatoes.' He liked potatoes for every meal.

J. Simon: For breakfast, did you have potatoes?

E. Winn: Warmed-over from the day before. We would cook enough potatoes to warm them over. Yes. We all of us didn't eat potatoes, but we had some on the table. Of course as soon as the girls realized they must stay thin, they didn't eat them at every meal. But the men, they needed them I guess to do the work. They were all slender (laughter).

J. Simon: Did they get up and do chores first and then come back in and have breakfast?

E. Winn: Yes, they got up at five o'clock and milked the cows and took care of the farm things and the animals and then came in and had breakfast. Then they had to be ready to go out and work, y'know, at about seven or they didn't get a good day in.

J. Thomas: What did they have for breakfast besides the cracked wheat?

E. Winn: They had cooked cereal and wheat. Father was one person that didn't feed us on oats. So I've never learned to like just oats. I cook with oats, make cookies with them, but just to eat oats, well, I'd rather have the cracked wheat. Father says, 'Well, wheat is for man, and oats are for the animals (laughter).' They gave oats to the horses that needed it. They didn't give them to the ones that weren't working too hard, or it would make them too frisky (laughter).

J. Simon: Did you eat eggs for breakfast?

E. Winn: Every morning, eggs for breakfast in one way or another. Either boiled or poached or scrambled or fried or turned over easy. Yes,
eggs and cereal. We didn't eat the cereal first. I had my children eat it first, and I eat it first. They didn't eat it first. We'd leave it on the stove and keep it warm because they wanted it after their other. It was sort of their dessert. We had fruit, too. We had home canned fruit on the table. We used two quarts a day in our home. We canned that much fruit, especially peaches. Peaches was the favorite. We had raspberries and plums and apples. We always had jam or jelly that we made on the table.

J. Thomas: What did you put the jam or jelly on?
E. Winn: Toast or bread.

J. Simon: Was the bread white or brown?
E. Winn: They didn't make--so many people had quit making wheat bread--[it was] white bread most of the time. After I was married I ate more wheat bread. Now that I know how good whole wheat is, I buy nothing but that or I make it. I wondered why [they ate the white bread].

J. Thomas: Did you toast it then?
E. Winn: Sometimes we'd toast it in the oven. But mostly we'd just put it on fresh. They'd eat it up so fast that it was still nice and fresh. We didn't have a regular toaster; we just toasted it up in the oven.

J. Thomas: So what was the noon meal like?
E. Winn: The noon meal, that's when we'd have our meat. Oh, for breakfast, we'd have the homemade sausage sometimes and the bacon sometimes. But we didn't have regular meat. At noon, that would be your steak or your hamburger or your boiling meat. We liked stew a lot, delicious stew with your vegetables from the garden and your meat.

J. Simon: You wouldn't need to eat supper after that.
E. Winn: No, you didn't. A lot of the farmers just had bread and milk which was plenty.

J. Thomas: So would you just have stew?
E. Winn: The stew would be the main dish. It would be the vegetable and the meat and then potatoes.

J. Simon: Was it thick with gravy in it or broth?
E. Winn: We thickened it just a little, but not thick like gravy. So you'd have to eat it in a deep soup dish, or if you just wanted to serve it that way, you'd leave the juice on there; you'd save that and make that for gravy.

J. Thomas: What did you drink with your meals?
E. Winn: Well, milk. We girls didn't drink enough milk because we
said it wasn't cold enough. We should've drank more milk. We just
drank water. Then we'd make lemonade for something special. We made
a lot of lemonade for parties. We had fruit juices. I wish I had drank
more milk. You know, having the milk there and not being able to have
it right cold, no ice or anything. I liked hot milk like in soups and
things, but I didn't like just lukewarm milk. I've had to take a lot of
calcium since. You could put cream on your cereal.

J. Simon: Did they ever drink coffee or tea, or was that frowned
upon then?
E. Winn: Yes, that was frowned upon. They didn't let the children
drink it.

J. Simon: I wondered with your Father going to England all the time
if he ever drank tea.
E. Winn: Well, he didn't learn to like tea like his parents did. His
parents did, but he didn't care so much for it. But some of those English
people over there, they just couldn't give it up. You know what the
missionaries did when my husband and I were over there? They'd buy
this pero, now that's the same as our Postum. Over there in Scotland
and England, it's called different than it is over here. Is ours pero or
kero?
J. Thomas: I don't know.
E. Winn: Anyway, the same company owns the factories over there,
but they had to name it different names. So the missionaries would
take this little can with them and they'd say, 'We'll give you this, and
you can try it out. You can change, and you'll like this just as well.'
And I think they did, too. My grandparents couldn't give it up. My Father
liked the postum, Postum is what I bought and had at home for the ones
that wanted to drink it.

[Break in tape]
E. Winn: [Talking about the 24th of July] If Hyrum has one [a
celebration on the 24th of July], then Wellsville doesn't. They go there.
So we didn't always have one on the 24th. The time that Carol was on
the float, the 4th of July was in Wellsville. Oh, and Halloween, we
always had a school party at Halloween time and we made masks and
wore them and had a spooky Halloween party.
J. Simon: Did you get candy?
E. Winn: Trick or Treating? No, we didn't do that. My children did.
J. Thomas: Did you carve pumpkins?
E. Winn: Yes, we carved pumpkins and had one at home with a candle
in it. We didn’t raise those; they must have raised them somewhere in town.

J. Simon: I think once before you said you raised a few for Halloween.

E. Winn: Yes, that’s where we got them. Have I told you about Memorial Day? Father and the boys would always do the cleaning of the cemetery until—I can’t remember the year when they started and had perpetual care where they let each owner of the lot pay $100.00, and that paid perpetual care.

Thanksgiving—at our own home for Thanksgiving, we never did buy a turkey and have it at home. And, we didn’t raise turkeys. So we had the same good chickens at Thanksgiving. Until after I was married, I didn’t have turkey at Thanksgiving. When we’d eat turkey out, it wouldn’t be as nice and juicy as the chickens (laughter), so we didn’t care about it.

J. Simon: Some of the little towns in the valley have festivals, like Richmond has Black and White Days and Mendon has the Maypole Day. Did you ever go to any of those things?

E. Winn: No, but a lot of those people used to come to our May Day. We had a May Day; May Day was a big day in Wellsville. They had chosen a queen before that. The Sunday school had charge of that. They had met and they had chosen a queen and a prince-consort. Sometimes this couple didn’t know each other very well. Once I remember they chose my cousin, Josephine Pinkton, as the queen, and they chose the boyfriend for her. He was a Phillips boy. She was a tall girl with dark hair, and they chose a boy that was a little taller; he was good looking. I don’t know if those two had ever spoken to each other before; they lived in different parts of town. It was only one ward there. He accepted, and he was her partner. I don’t know whether they had any dates after that. She didn’t marry him; they each married somebody else. The May Queen would have a special dress and a crown. The maids and the gents, they called them. They’d have about a dozen young girls dance and braid the Maypole, and the boys would be their partners.

They would go over to the chair where they were sitting and lead them over to the Maypole untie the strings for them. They practiced for this. It really is a fun day. The music plays for them.

J. Simon: Tell us how you braid the Maypole.

E. Winn: Well, the pole is in the middle and the streamers are tied up here. I don’t know what they’re made of. They’re not crepe paper, they’d have to be cloth. It looks as though they’re made of the same
material as a sheet. They weren't colored; they were white. They're about this wide, and they hold them in their hands like this.

J. Simon: Like they're water skiing.

E. Winn: They're tied up at the top. They call the companion of the May Queen, the Prince-Consort, and then the maids--the ones who braid the Maypole. So the boy, he goes over and the girl is sitting on the chair. He invites her to take his arm and he goes over picks up the string and brings it out to her. She holds the string, and he goes back to his chair. They're lined up around this Maypole, and the music starts playing. They just give this nice little dance that's kind of a little skippy dance. They go around and around for awhile. Then they stop and go around backwards.

J. Simon: Is everybody going in the same direction?

E. Winn: When they start out they do. They go in the same direction, they come back in the same direction. Then, when they done that for awhile then, they're going to braid the Maypole. Then half of them goes one way, and half goes the other. You have to go up over one head and down the next one. See, the one stoops and you put your streamer over her. The next one, you put it under her and over, and it just gets all braided. When they get down to just a short amount of the string, you just lay it quietly down there. I think someone ties it so it won't come undone. Then the girls go back to their chairs. There's music playing at that time. It's a beautiful thing, but they have to practice so they'd be sure and look what they're doing. The queen was the only one that had a crown on. The other girls didn't have a crown, but they all had pretty dresses on. We usually made long dresses for that. Then they had a baseball game in the afternoon. May Day was a big day. My youngest brother, Bob, was on the team. He was a pitcher, a left-handed pitcher. They had races for the children in the afternoon and gave prizes.

J. Thomas: What were the prizes?

E. Winn: Oh, let's see. Now, if I ever won a prize I should remember (laughter). I don't remember. All the children would line up, and they'd try to match them up in size or age. At the other end, I think maybe they gave prizes to everybody (laughs). It would be a lollipop or some candy or an all day sucker. They'd have a meeting in the tabernacle in the afternoon for about an hour where they'd have a speaker about the day and some songs given by different people. And, they'd have a dance at night, of course. Wellsville people were a dancing people; they liked to dance. During the holidays, they had a dance almost every night. The
men didn’t have a lot of work to do on the farms during that part of the winter. The young couples, even the married couples, would go to these town dances. It tells in that book, *Windows of Wellsville*, all the things they did in that pavillion. It was a town building, and oh, I’ve gone to many, many good dances.

J. Simon: There’s a Presbyterian church and a school in Wellsville, is that right?

E. Winn: I didn’t know there was. Do you know what year?

J. Simon: Early, I thought.

E. Winn: My parents, my grandparents were there in 1853, my Wyatts. Is there a building still in town? When I taught school in Franklin, Idaho, they had a church in Franklin, Idaho. Anyway, there were a lot of people there all the time who weren’t members of the Church of Jesus Christ [of Latter Day Saints]. Because Idaho didn’t have as many come and settle it early.

J. Simon: Was there anybody in town that wasn’t a member?

E. Winn: Yes, but they either came to the church or didn’t come to church at all as far as I know. I can’t remember any building there. Of course, we lived on a farm. When you live on a farm, you stay there most of the time; you don’t know everything that is going on in town. There was only one ward until--by the time we moved into town in 1924, there were two wards. Now, are there three?

J. Thomas: Five.

E. Winn: Oh, I haven’t been back there to go church for two or three years. My friend, Manilla Parkins, after she died, I quit going there to stay over the weekends. I don’t have very many relatives still living there. Maybe some of Wilford Wyatt’s children live there. I think his wife maybe still alive; she was Hilda Wyatt when she was married to my cousin Wilford. Then she was married to a Glenn.

J. Simon: You knew the Bankheads, the black family?

E. Winn: Yes, I knew of them. Now, they lived across the street from my grandparents. My Grandmother Wyatt’s home--well, my Uncle Bill, who was the bachelor, he bought this big home for his parents. It’s right close to the old depot. It’s just one block south of there. There a big house on the corner. It’s the largest house down there. I have a picture of it. Across the street from there was the Bankhead land. Now, they were up on the next corner. Then next corner going towards town was the Bankhead’s place. They joined the church in the south. They brought--of course, the black people were free then, but they
brought them with them. They built another little house for them right
there on their land. They lived in a special little house right there on
their city block. They worked for them, just helped them. They just
kept them, you know. They, of course, were free. They're buried in
Wellsville.

J. Thomas: Did the black family join the church?
E. Winn: I don't think they joined the church. They're buried in
Wellsville, the black family. On Memorial Day, I usually walk past their
graves. They're buried close to where my parents are buried. I can
never remember seeing them in church. I believe I said to my mother,
'What do those poor people do on Sunday. Do they stay home all the
time?'

She said, 'Yes, I think they just like to just stay home all the time.'
I thought it would be pretty lonesome not to go and see all your friends
on Sunday.

J. Thomas: I read in that book [Windows of Wellsville] that your dad
played with the father, who played accordion, too.
E. Winn: Uncle Fred, Fred was the youngest one in their family, and
Earl Wyatt, his son played. My brothers didn't play like Father did. They
were in school most of their lives until they got married. Fred played,
he was quite a bit younger than Father. Father was in the middle of
that family.

J. Thomas: It said your dad played in like a group for dances.
E. Winn: He played for dances; he played for our friends to dance out
home all the time. I think I told you about how he'd, if we go out there
and have a party after a dance during the holidays, he would hear us.
He'd get up and dress and come out with his accordion and play for
awhile.

But as far as my seeing them [the black family], I've only seen them
walking around in the yard there when I was walking down to my
Grandmother's house. You know, I thought it was interesting because I
just hadn't been around colored people. We all just thought they're good
neighbors and kind of wished they had come out because if they had,
everybody would've treated them nice, I'm sure.

J. Simon: Living in Cache Valley, did you feel way out west, or
isolated from the big cities?
E. Winn: Have you read that interview with Dr. Peterson? He kept
asking me questions like you're asking me now. No, we thought we lived
in the choice place. It's the way our parents told us about it. They
honored the farm. Father says, 'We wouldn't want to live in the city. Your neighbors are too close to you, and you don't have enough land.' And all these things. So we just believed our parents and thought, 'This is the grandest place to live.' No, I didn't think we were deprived of anything because I thought we had so many more things. We had our freedom. I could go out with a good book and sit on the lawn and lie on the couch out there and just read. You know, if you're in town, you'd hear the kids running up and down the sidewalks. You hear more noises. It was just quiet out there; I just loved it. We just thought we had the best place in the world to live. Then, of course, we had all the animals to take care of. That was company, brushing your pony or your horses down or the cows. We just were so well acquainted with all those animals, we just talked to them and called them by name (laughs). Oh, it was fun taking care of the little calves and teaching them to drink. I showed you where we had that little calf pen over in the orchard there. They were taken from the milk cows in just a few days because it was better for them not to have the calves tugging at them. So we'd have to feed them with a bucket, and the way we'd teach them, first of all, we'd take the bucket and put it over the top of the fence there, we'd put our hand down under the milk and let them suck our finger for a few minutes until they got started on the milk. Then we'd take our finger out, and they'd keep drinking it. It was only about once or twice, and they could just drink the milk.

J. Thomas: How old were the calves?

E. Winn: They'd leave them maybe a day or two. Well, they'd leave them long enough so they could draw on the tits of the cow so she wouldn't get milk fever. If too much milk would stay there, and it was hard, so it was better to let the calf for maybe two days. I'm sure of that much. Of course, they'd move it at night so she wouldn't roll on it or anything. Then they'd take it back in the day for maybe two days. Then they were drinking. Now, the little lambs, we didn't have very many lambs, we'd just buy a few occasionally and have it for meat. Maybe they were too hard to take care of with all the other things. Maybe we weren't prepared. Not very many people had very many sheep or lambs unless they had them out on their--where they had pasture land.

J. Simon: Was there any like range sheep?

E. Winn: Let's see, now in Hyrum they did more. Willard Peterson was a sheep man and he took his sheep out. He hired people to do it. I
can't remember any Wellsville people who had big sheep herds. Pigs and chickens and cows in Wellsville.

J. Simon: You took eggs into the store.

E. Winn: Yes, and sometimes we had enough chickens so we'd keep them in those egg cases, you know the crates where you'd gather them and take a big box full. At different times we'd have more chickens than at other times. Usually, we'd just have enough to take them in a big egg basket with a handle on. You could take four dozen in it. There were a few years there where they would let us use the crate, you know, the egg crate. When we got a full crate, we'd take it in. Well, you can't keep it too long and have them still be fresh so you'd have to take it in. We didn't keep that many chickens very long. It seems to me we didn't have enough coops and the proper things to take care of very many more. About once a week, we'd take the eggs in so that they would be fresh, at least once a week.

J. Simon: Did you sell the eggs to the store and get money for them?

E. Winn: We bought our groceries with them. We'd just take the eggs, we wouldn't have enough eggs to pay for all the groceries; we'd have some cash too. We just traded them, they paid us so much dozen.

J. Simon: They wouldn't actually give you the money for them?

J. Thomas: It would be like credit.

E. Winn: Yes, that's the way we always did it. Maybe some people, if they didn't need to do shopping, they would give them the cash. We didn't; we always didn't have enough eggs to pay for the groceries we needed.

J. Thomas: What events in history, or political things that happened made a big impression on you when you were growing up on the farm?

E. Winn: Of course, when the two wars came [that made a big impression]. Every presidential nomination, there was a lot of excitement, and you hear it from both sides. My father had registered as a Democrat. Utah was a majority of Democrats. Now it's swung the other way, and it's mostly Republicans. I hadn't voted until after I got married. My husband said, 'Which party do you want to belong to?'

I said, 'Well, my dad has always been Democrat. I guess I'll just be a Democrat.'

He said, well, that's what he was, too. So we registered as Democrats, but it wasn't very long until we changed to Republican. I registered Republican ever since; I don't take too much interest in politics, but my father did. He read all about it. It seems to me that
they thought the farmers had a better deal on government with the Democratic party.

J. Thomas: When did women get the vote, and do you remember anything about that?

E. Winn: Yes, I remember a lot about that in Utah. Utah was one of the first ones. Utah was in favor of women having a voice in government and everything. One of the women here from Salt Lake, she was sent back to Washington, D.C., when Utah and another state--there were only two or three states that would even recognize that women should have a voice in things like that. It was Susan B. Anthony who was in the suffrage movement. They encouraged it here in Utah. Mother used to go to vote. Mother and Father would always go and vote. All my life, I guess, they'd always go and vote whenever there was an election of anything, whether it was state or national. They were always reading everything in the paper about it.

J. Thomas: Did you ever read Mark Twain's books when you were a kid?

E. Winn: I read a lot of his stories. Oh, and what was that other man's name who was humorous later on than Mark Twain? The one whose articles were in the paper for years. He was the one that was flying in the airplane with his pilot, and they got killed. Wiley Post and--Wiley Post was the aviator. He was a humorist; in the paper he'd write these jokes, especially about politics. He told the truth about it, and he didn't care what they thought about it to do that. Bob Hope uses his name so much giving examples.

J. Thomas: Will--.

E. Winn: Yes, Will Rogers.

J. Thomas: Did you think of any other books that you had read?

E. Winn: Alice in Wonderland was one of them.

[Showing old valentines] These are the valentines. Now, this one, this is a little valentine that my brother Ralph, he way my youngest brother, he was so sweet to his little sister, and he sent this valentine to me. 'To Elizabeth,' they called me Elizabeth then, 'from Ralph.' That cost five cents. I don't know which year, but I must've not even been going to school. I must have been too young to go to school. These are the ones I received in school from our teacher and from our friends. Some are from boys and some are from girls and some are from my cousins in Rexburg. I asked my daughter to take a picture of the bigger--. When I was teaching school that year and I had to take two
weeks off, that was on Valentine's Day, my students sent me all these lovely Valentines. My daughter Lauralee has them. On Valentine's Day, around the holidays, she arranges them on her bulletin board there. I said to her, 'Lauralee, arrange them and take a picture of them there.' So, she's going to do that. Most of the people that sent me those valentines died; they're no longer living.

J. Thomas: [Reading the verse on one] 'Your voice is sweetest music, never can I forget. Someday, I hope to hear it say something sweeter yet.' Look, here's a New Year's card. Oh, look, this is from England, and it's a Christmas card.

[Break in tape]

E. Winn: [Talking about English book] The history in there is from the earliest period to the death of George the Second. That's Father's handwriting up there. He bought this when he was over there on a mission.

[Refering to the valentines] Aren't they cute little things? My daughter, Lauralee, just loves these old fashioned valentines so much that for Valentine's Day this year, she found one that looks something like that and sent it to me.

The chairs that went around the table, we had some chairs that weren't the set that went around the big dining room table. I'm getting a picture of some of those chairs that went around the dining room table. But these that were around the kitchen table were shaped just like that little red chair, only they were just a bigger chair. They didn't have any arms on, and they had a round back. They were just not any color at all; they were just wood stained. I don't know whether we painted them white or not, it seems to me we painted them white. We had only about four of them. They were called the kitchen chairs. When we were all around the table, we'd need them and the six that went with the dining room set.

J. Simon: Did you fight about who got to sit in which chairs?

E. Winn: No, you know, we really didn't have any fights about anything. Now, that sounds as though you're bragging, and I don't say it very often. But, I think one reason was the difference in ages. You see, there were babies died in between there, and it didn't make us very close together. Our three brothers were close together--a year and a half apart. I guess they had some tussles and you know, more trouble than the girls did. They were so much older than the girls, because there were eight years in there where they didn't have any living
children. Then when the four girls came, we were three years apart. I was three years younger than my sister Coral. But there had been twins that had died in between there and another child. Then Father went on a mission, and they didn't have any more children until a year after he came home. That made Edna and me four and a half years apart and then Elsie two years later. She's six and a half years younger. The difference in ages causes for more compatibility because the older ones need to take care of the younger ones. Mother, not having very good health a lot of the times, as soon as you were old enough to start taking care that little one, that was your charge. My charge was Elsie; Carol's was Edna. They would even call our names at night if they woke up because Mother hadn't been able to take care of them. We liked that, see, and it let us be more friendly. The brothers were so glad to have some little sisters. I can't remember any [fights]. In fact, I don't ever remember my Father and Mother being in any arguments or even raising their voices to us. If we needed attention, they might come up and just take a firm hold on our arm and say, 'Now, wait a minute, what is it you're doing?'

Quietly, we'd tell them and they'd straighten it out. It was sort of an ideal life for us. It didn't prepare us to hold our own in some groups (laughter). Like my sister, Edna, said, 'I wish I'd had more training in arguing and maybe fighting a little bit. I wasn't prepared to go into this big family that I went into and had to hold my own.'

We were treated more like guests, you know so that you didn't have to fight your way to get it. Then Father and Mother being so generous and not selfish or dictatorial in any way. It helps us to have those traits, but as Edna said, it made it kind of hard later on because we didn't find that everywhere we went.

[Break in interview]

J. Thomas: Could you tell us about your scarecrows?

E. Winn: [They were] humorous, really funny, and we enjoyed having them. Sometimes I would even go up and talk to them just for fun. [I'd] call them by name--I don't remember the names--and say, 'Hi, how are you doing today? Have you caught anybody stealing our good vegetables or getting around here?' [They were] always dressed friendly; they had bright colors on. They'd have a bright red tie, and they'd have a hat that was old (laughter because J. Simon is wearing a red tie).

E. Winn: Maybe [it was] a red bandana; [they had] a workshirt on--always wore work clothes. They weren't dressed up, and they'd be
on--always wore work clothes. They weren't dressed up, and they'd be kind of ragged. We'd say something about that ragged shirt, 'How did you get all those tears in your shirt?' The hat would be an old hat that wasn't smooth around it; it would be in waves. Sometimes [it would be] a straw hat, it would be a straw hat or an old felt hat, and they'd have a shirt, and they'd have old overalls on, and they'd be tied up there on the fence. Some of them would have a coat that would be waving there in the wind; we just were glad to have them. There would be maybe three, in different areas, at a time. One in the garden, one over in the orchard where the cherries were. Then sometimes the wind would blow them down, and we'd have to go out the next day and put them up again. They seemed to be a part of the Farm--we'd be lonesome without them (laughs).

J. Simon: What was the body made out of? The head?

E. Winn: Well, I think the main body--it would be like a stick, like a post or maybe a board that came up and then a cross-piece for the arms. Their arms were usually out. Then the head, let's see, what did they make the head out of? Well, I guess that they just took a cloth bag and stuffed it, cut it to put like a round ball, then stuffed it with cloth or cotton or something and then drew the eyes and nose and mouth on it with paint.

J. Simon: Smiling?

E. Winn: Yes. Well, let's see, I don't remember the expression on there, but they'd have a lot of fun--my brothers. I guess it was my brothers that made them because I think we had plenty of scarecrows. I don't remember of our girls ever having to make them or dress them. I think my brothers did that. But it was part of the farm.

Oh, and it was to have the arms out like that and then loose shirts on--the wind would blow that, see? And that would frighten the birds away. Then maybe the long tie, too. It would be blowing.

J. Simon: Would it be made out of just old, raggedy clothes people had worn out?

E. Winn: yes, just taking some of the old shirts or old overalls that we had around there and maybe cut the overalls up so that they'd hang, you know.

J. Thomas: So they'd blow?

E. Winn: Uh-huh.

J. Simon: We could use Larry's hat.

J. Thomas: Yeah. Our farmer has a hat that we keep telling him
E. Winn: Well, that would be just ideal for it (laughter). Then you have to fasten them on tight or the wind will blow them away. We would sew them on or pin them with safety pins or something so that they won't get blown away in the storm.

[Talking about taking pictures of the piano, trunk and captain's chair that was in the kitchen that E. Winn's nieces have in their possession.] I wish we had kept the cupboard that was in the kitchen. We just left that in the house. We moved it into Wellsville into that house. When we sold that house, see we all lived far away; we had to sell that house quickly and get things out. We just left it in the house. Maybe it's still in there; if it is, you could go look.

[Break in interview]

E. Winn: There's one that's similar to that over in the Lion House kitchen. You know where the Lion House is?

J. Thomas: Yes, [you mean they have a cupboard] similar to your cupboard?

E. Winn: Yes, as you go in--the waiting room were you stand in line to go eat there at the cafeteria at the Lion House. Unless, you have a guest ticket, you can't eat there. But you can open the door and go in there and look at that cupboard. It's right in the door as you first go in there. It's right on the wall there. It's similar; it's almost like the cupboard we had for our dish cupboard in the kitchen. It's about this wide and it stands straight up. In the top, not quite half-way up, there's a shelf along here for the top of the bottom part of the cupboard. The doors open here. Then the top part of isn't as wide. In the back, the shelves for the dishes go right up there. From here on down, there are wider cupboards with doors down here. This is the table part of the cupboard where you can work on it or put things on it while you're putting things up on the top shelves. Every time I see that, I think that's almost like the cupboard we left in that house.

J. Thomas: Do you remember the street address of your house in Wellsville?

E. Winn: We didn't use the street address. I just said diagonally across from the town's square on the southwest corner.

[End of March 26, 1986 interview]
E. Winn: There was a manger between the cow and the outside wall.

L. Miller: The haystack was in the back, right?

E. Winn: The haystack was on the other side. There was only a little space between the haystack and the shed where the cows were. [There was] just enough room to walk along and put the hay in.

L. Miller: So did they have windows in the back or was it open in the back?

E. Winn: Yes, no, they--wanted to know if they could close those windows.

L. Miller: They just pitched it off the top of the stack and into the manger, right?

E. Winn: No, the stack, of course, was way up high, and it was too far away. It was this far away. They couldn't have thrown it right to it or it would've all dropped down on the ground. They had to put it down first. Of course, when they were hauling the hay, they'd leave some on the hayrack and then they'd feed with that. In the wintertime, they'd have to get on the top of the haystack to bring it over there. I think they'd dump it down on the ground and then carry it over.

L. Miller: I always wondered about that. Sometimes you see these hay barns with a square shoot going right up the middle. Then they pitch it down in the hole and all the managers are facing toward the middle.

E. Winn: We didn't have a regular barn. When we moved to town, there was a barn already on that place. One or two winters, they drove the cows into town and kept them there during the winter. My brother, Bob, still lived on the farm--he and his wife and children. But Father and Mother lived in town and they kept the cows in town.

L. Miller: Did he put up hay when they lived in town?

E. Winn: They hauled hay into the town barn so they'd have it for the winter while he still owned the farm. That was from 1924 to about 1953. They used the town barn and brought the cows in there in the
winter. They'd have to drive them out in the spring, but not every year. At first, Father would drive out to the farm every day and Bob would be living there. Then Bob's wife died, let's see, Faye was three and Wayne was six. So after Mary died, that was when I was living in Maricopa, California. That would be in the thirties. So Bob moved to town and lived with their grandparents, the Halls, just a block from where Father and Mother lived in town. They lived at the other corner of the square and we lived at one corner. So then Father would just go out each morning. Of course, he'd go in the sleigh when it was snowy. He had his car—we had the Buick from 1918. Then he'd go out in that. Then when Mary died and Bob took the children to the Hall's; they had only one daughter and one son. They just wouldn't hear of him living by himself with the children. They insisted on having the children there so Bob stayed there too. He would go out to the Farm each day. He would stay there at night with the children. When the children just had the two grandparents within a block, they could just go from one place to the other. That was a big barn in Wellsville. We left our golden oak dining room table [in the house in Wellsville]. When we sold that house, none of us girls had room for it. My nieces took the chairs, the six dining room chairs. Nobody had room for it; it was one that, when you put three leaves in it, it would seat twelve people. It was heavy golden oak. I don't know whether the same people own that house or not. Their last name started with an A; I don't know whether their name was Ashley or Ashford.

L. Miller: Jeannie said the cows were in staunchions.

E. Winn: Yes, when we'd milk them. We'd drive them in. The shed ran north and south. There were two openings in the front. We'd drive some in here and some in here. They just go in and they'd take their own stall. We'd just put a few in at a time, you know. Then we'd lock their heads in. They weren't too far apart. There was just enough distance for one person to be sitting milking one cow and the other cow would be pretty close. No one ever had the cows kick them or knock them over. Then as we finished them, we'd unlock their heads and they could go out in the corral. I'm wondering what we did when it was real deep snow out there. Would they let the cows stay out in the snow at night, or would they come back into the shed? I don't know.

L. Miller: If you let them in the shed, then you'd have to clean it.

E. Winn: We had to clean it often. They'd just shovel the manure out and stack it in piles. Then in the winter see, they'd haul that. They'd
have the box on the sleigh, and they'd haul that out and scatter it all over the land as fertilizer. There was always a pile of manure out there. That's why Father needed help in the winter when the boys had gone away. He usually had a hired man there to help him with the milking and carrying the cans.

L. Miller: Did you have a little stand along the road that you put the cans on for them to pick up?

E. Winn: Yes, out directly east of the house. As I was telling Jeannie, our main entrance was just north of our house. [Looking at house plans] The house was on this plan, but as I see it, it seems to me that the kitchen was a little bit longer than that. If I were drawing, I'd put the kitchen about to there--wider this way. This is where the road came in.

L. Miller: Before the stream, right?

E. Winn: Yes. Now the irrigation stream came down this side of the road. It came by our fence. Halfway down there, about here was where the Potowatome, the wild Potowatome tree, was. Then a little way up here was the milk gate that I told that went straight. That road, there was some land up here. We had alfalfa up here. They had a gate here so that--. Before we girls were old enough to take care of the cows, they used to bring the cows up from the pasture up here. The spring was over there down in the pasture. They'd bring the cows straight up here. There was a road they had, and there was a fence so the cows couldn't get in the crops. The cows would come up here, and they'd just stay around here while they milked them. Of course, there was a fence there and a fence there. That's why we called that the milk gate. There was one tree there all the way down. It looked like a maple tree.

L. Miller: This was down off the bench, right.

E. Winn: This was going toward the Greenville. Here's Greenville up here, a mile.

L. Miller: There's a huge tree up there about a mile and a half, quarter of a mile.

E. Winn: Maybe that's the tree I'm thinking of. Anyway, that road went along the top of the crops that we had down in this part, see. Then across the street, until we sold the top part, when Father owned the whole thing, he had grain in some and he had alfalfa in some up there. Then there was a fence here to keep the cows in the pasture. They'd come up here, and they'd just be along here in the lane while they milked them. Of course, they'd have to have the cans. They'd have to
take the cans in the buggy or in the sleigh in the winter. But that was before we were old enough to do it. By the time the girls had grown, and when the boys were away in college, they took that fence down. Father sold some; he sold the top to Roy Green.

The way it was from the time we were old enough to help—we remembered seeing our brothers up there and maybe riding with them sometime. But we weren’t old enough. At the time we were eight years old we were starting to milk cows. So then they had it down the other way. They stopping bringing the cows through there and they farmed all that land there, and didn’t use it as a road at all. Then they brought them around the hills that come around following that little ditch.

L. Miller: He never pastured them up on top, did he? They were always pastured off the bench.

E. Winn: Yes, always. It was still a gate that we could enter with a cultivator and even the hay when they were hauling the hay. They would come out and down the road, [the] main one. Then there was a gate that came into the gate that entered from the street. The gate that entered from the street, it came in, it’s about where your entrance is now. At the head of the orchard. Then they’d come in there with a load of hay. They still had that gate where they could come out with the loads of hay. Then they’d come down and then they’d enter a gate about the place where your entrance is now. That was the end of the corral. It was kind of narrow out by the road, but there was room for the load of hay to come in there and have a little room on each side.

L. Miller: It was at the end of the orchard, right?

E. Winn: Yes. It just came in. This was kind of narrow around here. The cows couldn’t go down there. It was mostly a road to bring the loads of hay in. The loads of hay came around here.

L. Miller: So there were crops over here?

E. Winn: Yes, and above there. We had sugar beets there. Sugar beets, mostly.

L. Miller: That was later on, right?

E. Winn: Oh, yes, we didn’t raise sugar beets at first.

L. Miller: This would have been hay, right?

E. Winn: Yes, alfalfa. Of course, the wild hay down in the pasture, they cut the wild hay. It grew by itself. When the water wasn’t so deep that it would flood it, they’d cut it and bring the wild hay in. It wasn’t such good food as the other, but they used it.

L. Miller: We’ve done that in years past. It’s quite a haul to get it up
that bench.

J. Thomas: You said to me yesterday, that there were two roads, and they merged.

E. Winn: Yes, by the house. Here's the house. Now this road came in about straight from highway.

L. Miller: It came right along side the house?

E. Winn: There was room between the house [and the road]. We had a row of trees along there, then we had a walk right next to the house. We kept the grass away from that, and then we could just come straight out here were the fence was. We didn't have a little fence. When we came outside, we'd have to come down along the road to get to the milk stand. Now, the irrigation stream came just before you came to the lawn. When the irrigation stream came down, it was on the outside of the fence. Our fence was right along that ditch bank.

L. Miller: Right along the orchard, right?

E. Winn: Yes.

J. Thomas: What kind of a fence was it?

E. Winn: It was a wire fence; it wasn't a picket fence. Not barbed wire, what's that other kind of wire? Looks like galvanized wire.

L. Miller: Is it in squares?

E. Winn: Yes. Then at the top they'd have two rows of barbed wire.

L. Miller: Okay, it was a sheep fence, so it would keep everything out or in or whatever.

E. Winn: Yes, we would have some of the horses out the pasture sometimes and some of the cows out in the pasture sometimes.

J. Thomas: Was the orchard fenced separately from that fence, or was that part of the orchard fence?

E. Winn: That was part of the orchard fence, going from here on up--that was the orchard fence. The ditch was outside the orchard fence. It ran straight down to the hollow.

L. Miller: Then it merged with another one that came this way.

E. Winn: Yes, and another one came down this way from Uncle Johnny's house, down south of his house. It came sort of diagonally across under a bridge for the street. Then it came down in that hollow.

L. Miller: Okay, here's the stream, here's the fence, here's the highway, and then there's a row of trees right by the house.

J. Thomas: What kind of trees were they?

E. Winn: At first, they had those tall poplar trees that they had to cut down later on. Each year, on Arbor Day, we'd plant a different kind
of a tree. We were replacing those poplars because they shed cotton and died after several years. When we replaced them, we replaced them with hardwood. Father said he wanted wood that he could cut a limb off and make a singletree or whatever he wanted to. So we had some ash and some box elder, that brought all those bugs that we didn't like. They get under the windows and in the house.

J. Thomas: So were the trees right here?

E. Winn: We had trees all over. Ash and locust and maple. We'd plant them different places on the lawn for shade. I don't remember the spots. Lining this road that came in, there were trees lining there. Then when we would drive in, then the road would come pretty close to the house around this way. Then it came right up in front of the granary, but it didn't go any farther than there. The corral was over on the other side of it.

L. Miller: So the road came straight in from the highway, right?

E. Winn: Yes, but it was out far enough that you could have driven maybe a couple of cars between the house and where the road came. Don't put it down over the hill. It stays on top of the hill. We'd change the trees whenever they'd die; we'd put some more down. There was really a row, not too close together. Right out here we had one where there was a swing. We made a swing there over the lawn.

J. Thomas: So how many trees do you think you had going down there? Five or less?

E. Winn: Yes, about five, then around here by the house, there were trees here around the yard. On this side of the bedroom, it just started the orchard trees, the plums, the apples.

Then after it past here, then it started curving right around here and went back to the shed.

L. Miller: Your dad parked his car in the granary.

E. Winn: Yes, that was our garage.

L. Miller: Did he ever use that for a granary?

E. Winn: The middle part was a granary. Haven't you noticed that the middle is log? That was the granary that was built there. My grandfather helped build that. When Grandfather Wyatt would come out to help Mother—now, Grandfather didn't own a lot of land; Uncle Bill took care of him. He had arthritis, rheumatism, they called it then, he didn't work so much when he was older. So he would come out and help on the farm. He couldn't go out in the fields a lot so he'd just stay around and help Mother with the children because she had so many little
children. The little boys were running out and trying to climb up on the haystack. In fact, Frank did get up there. He was only about a year and a half old. They'd left the ladder on the haystack; they had climbed up there the night before, some of them, and set traps to catch, would it be the birds? Anyway, they put traps up there to catch, I guess it would be the birds. Frank climbed the big ladder to up on top of the haystack and touched it [the trap] and of course, caught his fingers in that trap and about cut them off.

Grandfather, then, said he'd rather sleep out in the granary than sleep in the house. So he had his bed out in the granary when it was summertime.

L. Miller: It's cool in there (laughter).
J. Thomas: Now, how many trees were back behind the house?
E. Winn: The trees were about twelve feet apart. There were enough trees just to make shade all over that yard.
L. Miller: Was there grass under them?
E. Winn: Well, we didn't plant grass around in this part, so we had to hoe the weeds around in there. This back part, we planted grass. This around here, it was tramped down with the people walking, and we hoed the weeds from there and kept it raked clean.
L. Miller: Did you have to mow this with a lawn mower?
E. Winn: We never did have a lawn mower. We didn't own lawn mower there. We did in town.
L. Miller: Did you run the sheep on it?
E. Winn: No, because they'd eat the flowers. To me, the grass always looked nice. Maybe we liked long green grass.
J. Thomas: Where were the flowers in relation to the house?
E. Winn: I drew that plan of the flowers.
J. Thomas: Oh, yes.
E. Winn: We made a little path that came from this door that would go straight out. It was only big enough for about one person to walk in because the grass grew up to there. We walked here. The pansy bed was here. All along the house, in front of the house, we had flowers planted. Then there was a row of lilac trees right along here. They ran this way.
L. Miller: The footpath would have to go to the driveway, right?
E. Winn: Right, yes, it went right out to the fence here, but then you had to go down to the driveway to get out.
L. Miller: So you walked out the fence.
E. Winn: Yes. Then the stand for the milk was directly out from that path over this irrigation ditch. It was built over the ditch.

L. Miller: So you had to go over and then back again.

E. Winn: Yes, around here. The hitching post was over on this side of the ditch. That's where they tied the horses when we had horses. This is where the milk man came. He would drive up there and get the cans from the stand. That was a fun place to sit, swing your feet down. My friend, who lived a mile down the street, LaRue Leishman, we had our dates together. My boyfriend and I would sit here and [we would] swing our feet over here while her boyfriend took her down home and then came back for him. So that was a fun place to sit (laughter).

L. Miller: Vous could cross the irrigation ditch on the driveway.

E. Winn: Yes, on the driveway. So when they carried the milk cans out there, they had to come through this and put them here. The flowers were all along that wall there.

Then there were other shade trees. Let's see, here's the road, then we had about three other shade trees along here. Then we had our clotheslines; our clotheslines are on this part of the lawn. We had one running out this way, and then one came up this way. Anyway, there were enough lines to put a big washing out.

L. Miller: So they were between trees?

E. Winn: Yes, they were tied up, you know, fastened on to the trees. When we'd house clean, we've have to throw the carpets over these clotheslines and beat them. Then we started putting a few trees around our yard here. We had a locust tree that was a beautiful tree. So that the line was attached to it. Then there was another locust tree. Then on this side of the orchard, down here in the lawn we had another locust tree, and an ash, a pretty ash tree. That was a hardwood tree. There was enough trees to the lawn good and shady on a hot summer day.

L. Miller: It must have been pretty when you drove by on the road to see the house with all those trees and flowers and stuff.

E. Winn: Yes, some trees were tall and some spread out.

L. Miller: You started planting these trees after the lombardies had died, right?

E. Winn: Yes, well, we started planting them before they had died. They were small. We'd plant one, a new one every year, so they were all different sizes. They were growing and fairly tall when the others started dying.
L. Miller: So these poplars were all just in a line right here?
E. Winn: Yes.

[Break in tape]

E. Winn: The only way we lived during summer was having shade (laughs).
L. Miller: So this when you went out the back door; this was all open so you could walk around in there because you kept it raked.
E. Winn: Yes, oh [we] swept even (laughs), pulled weeds, raked them up and took them away.
L. Miller: So would this be right?
[Looking at drawing of site]
E. Winn: It was right down here in the ditch that I was baptized.
J. Thomas: Oh, it was right, almost straight down from the outhouse?
E. Winn: It was up this way just a little bit. Right down from the smokehouse. It was right down from the smokehouse.
J. Thomas: Where was the coal shed?
E. Winn: We'd come right out of this door, the kitchen, we'd walk right out. Right by the house, before the road. It had a sloping roof. But, our chicken coop didn't. The chicken coop didn't have a peak up here. This part was west so the afternoon sun in the winter would shine in on the chickens. So it would be warm for them. Then in the summer we'd sometimes hang a canvas over so it wouldn't be too hot. This was the little coal house and wood house. There was a door in the front of it and a little window on one side. I guess there was a window on the back of it for them to load the coal. You know when they'd drive in with the coal, they'd dump it in there. The boards were built up so the coal would stay back by itself. Then the wood could come to [?]. That wasn't built very warm; it was only one layer of wood.
L. Miller: So it was just a plank building; it wasn't a log building.
E. Winn: No, it was just a plank [building]. That wasn't painted when we were there.
L. Miller: You didn't have a sheep shed, did you?
E. Winn: No.
L. Miller: There's a gully right here, isn't there, back behind the outhouse?
E. Winn: Yes, it came down. This was up on the hill; the smokehouse was still on the hill.
L. Miller: The outhouse was too, right?
E. Winn: Yes, the outhouse was down a little bit. This wasn't quite upon the edge of the hill.
L. Miller: You had a bull shed here.
E. Winn: Yes, that's not quite up to the top of the hill. The fence came around.
L. Miller: A wire fence like the other one.
E. Winn: It was a pole fence I guess. The bull pen was a pole fence, too. They were close together, but they were good heavy things. Now, this bull pen was at the top of this hill. Then the stream turns there.
L. Miller: This is where you got baptized.
E. Winn: Then right after that it starts turning.
L. Miller: They've changed all that now. The bulls were on top of the hill right?
E. Winn: Just to the top of the hill. You could see the posts along there at the top of the hill. But, by the time you walked over there, if you looked through the fence, it was already starting to slope down. It went down. It wasn't a very big pen there. Then the pig pen, and then the chicken coop. The chicken coop didn't go over the edge. The pig pen was right next to the chicken coop. It was only a little space to walk along between the chicken coop and the pig pen. When we fed the pigs, there was just room to carry your pig food along here, and dump it into there. The pig pen came here to the corral; the pig pen went right.
L. Miller: These guys [the bulls] didn't have a barn, right? It was just a corral.
E. Winn: There was no shed nor anything in there.
L. Miller: Was it divided up?
E. Winn: No.
L. Miller: So this fence would hit their rail fence; it joined into it. So you had to walk through a fence to get to the outhouse?
E. Winn: No, where did that fence start?
L. Miller: It probably started at the bull pen.
E. Winn: Yes.
L. Miller: There wasn't one by the smokehouse?
E. Winn: No, there wasn't a fence there. There wasn't a fence were the toilet was. I think the fence just started at the bull pen. But there had to be a fence across there so the cows wouldn't come up to the river. Oh, I suppose the fence just started on this side of the road. It went around and missed the river so that the cows wouldn't wade through the river and go to the other part of the farm.
L. Miller: So this was the chicken coop, and it was right in front of the pig pen, right?

E. Winn: Yes, it wasn’t as long as the bull pen, I believe. We didn’t have a lot of chickens. This roof, the high part was on the west side and the low part on the east side. Inside of the chicken coop, on the low part, were the nests. Down in the other part were the roosting places.

L. Miller: So the high part faced the pig pen?

E. Winn: Yes. The open door to this was up at this end where we entered to feed them. The pig pen, we just had room to walk along there to feed the pigs.

L. Miller: They had the same food, right?

E. Winn: You mean we feed them the same kind of food? Well, we pulled weeds from the garden to give them. Then we made them mash. We poured, if we had any water left from the cooking that was good—you know, people used to water their flowers with water that was left over from the vegetables and not let their children eat it (laughter). The children needed the minerals, but they gave it to the pigs. Anything we had that was good—not dishwater, anything that had soap in it you wouldn’t ever put it out—if you had other things that you’d been soaking vegetables in; if you had anything like that you put it on the pigs food. You saved things for them that you didn’t give to the chickens. Some grain sometimes, we fed our pigs good whenever there were the weeds to pull in the garden.

J. Thomas: So the pig pen went all the way back to the corral?

E. Winn: Well, the pig pen went to the corral, yes. There had to be a fence, that didn’t include the outhouse that went right down to the stream. It went from the bull pen down to this side of the stream, then it went all the way around the stream. We never wanted our cows to go across that stream. They’d either get in the crops over on this side, or further down they’d get in the neighbor’s land.

L. Miller: Your dad didn’t run this land over here, did he?

E. Winn: Where Charles Wyatt lived? Yes, he did for several years until he sold it to Charl. Another boy was going to start a few more years of higher education, and we needed the money, so we sold ten acres to Charl (laughs). Oh, yes, that was good farming land up there. We raised mostly alfalfa over there. Then the fence that went down between ours and the Williamson’s—we made a little path right along that fence because we’d go and visit the Williamson’s across the
street--Jim and Matt Williamson.

L. Miller: The stream didn't touch the pig pen, right?

E. Winn: No, it was quite a ways from--.

J. Thomas: How many haystacks did you have?

E. Winn: Well, let's see, did we have two, or did we just have one big one? The main haystack was right behind the cow shed.

The corral didn't come very far this side of there; there was a gate there that let the cows come out down the hill to go to the pasture.

J. Thomas: The potatoes were somewhere back there, too.

E. Winn: Yes, there was a potato patch back there. But, we moved it around. We didn't plant our garden in the same spot each year. One year we had the potatoes, the main big potato patch, we'd plant some early ones with the garden, that was to last the year around, that went up in the field up here close to that road. Just before you go down in the pasture, one year we had most of the potatoes over there. I used to take the horse and the cultivator out and row them up for irrigating. I've have to go out on the highway, in through that lane, and over to there to do that.

[Talking about the garden by the orchard. When the garden was there, it was small and the sugar beets were right above it. They also had it right behind the haystack before you go down the hill. It was quite a big garden, and they had it there more than any place.]

L. Miller: Behind the haystack there's a gully and another hay field up here.

E. Winn: Our garden was before you get to that gully.

L. Miller: So this road actually came back behind the granary right?

E. Winn: This came right into the corral. This road came right around--.

L. Miller: There's a gate there, through the wire fence.

J. Thomas: What kind of gate?

E. Winn: It was a wire gate, you had to unfasten it and pull around.

The artesian well was right on the edge of this road.

L. Miller: That's where it still is.

E. Winn: Then they piped it under the ground until they got over into the corral. The corral turned. It came up this way, and then it turned over this way. You could just walk between the granary and the fence [of the corral]. This road came into the corral there, but there was a fence on the other side. Then it turned down.

L. Miller: The road came into the corral, so there's a gate there.
J. Thomas: Was that a wire gate?

E. Winn: Yes, that was a wire gate. That's where they came in off the highway with the hay loads. It just curved around. Then there was a gate that let you come back into the corral when you were out in the field. That went straight down the other side of the haystacks.

L. Miller: Here's a fence that's not attached to the corral. Here's the granary.

E. Winn: You could walk up this side to get around here.

L. Miller: Was this wide enough to drive a team through.

E. Winn: No, we never did drive a team through there. We just came straight into the corral this way.

L. Miller: So this fence came up close to the granary.

E. Winn: Yes, it was one side of the corral’s fence.

J. Thomas: The corral was a pole fence?

E. Winn: No, this wasn't a pole fence. You came over here, and it was a wire fence.

J. Thomas: So one side of the corral was a wire fence. Am I thinking of that right?

E. Winn: Yes, this was a wire fence that went around here, too. You know, when they bought that galvanized wire? Then they put two rows of barb wire on top of it.

At first, you see, the farmers just had willow fences. They just wound the willows with the leaves on around the fences.

L. Miller: But, you didn't have that.

E. Winn: No, that was all worn away. We didn't have those fences that I can remember. Now, I came way down in the family, maybe when they first had that farm they had to have the willow fences. They weren't very strong.

J. Thomas: So the corral fences are wire.

E. Winn: Yes.

L. Miller: We were talking about an artesian well with a pipe that runs underground, right?

E. Winn: Over into the corral.

J. Thomas: There was a big trough that it ran into. Was that outside the corral.

E. Winn: Yes, a big round barrel. That was inside the corral. That's where we cooled the milk cans. We were told never to drink out of that tub. We watered our horses there.

L. Miller: Here's the granary with the wire fence behind it.
E. Winn: This came straight, let's see, there was a gate that we could open to go into the corral, and the big tub that held the water was just that side of it.
L. Miller: So the gate was at the side of the granary?
E. Winn: Yes, well, yes it was pretty close. Then the big tub was just inside here.
L. Miller: So this is running straight toward the chicken coop.
E. Winn: Yes. The cows could walk all the way out into this little place if they wanted to take some exercise.
L. Miller: If you left this gate open.
E. Winn: Well, this was attached to the corral. There was no fence that shut you off from coming in from the highway. So we always had to keep this gate closed so they wouldn't get out on the street.
The time that we did have our garden up there (by the orchard) was the last few years that they lived up there.
L. Miller: So you left this gate open on the corral, behind the granary so the cows could get out.
E. Winn: There wasn't a gate there.
J. Thomas: There wasn't a gate there; the whole thing was the corral.
[Discussion of layout related to map]
E. Winn: The trough was big enough to hold four or five cans of milk.
Right where that pond is [that you have now] is where we had our garden before.
L. Miller: Which garden, the one by the haystacks?
E. Winn: Yes, the one behind the haystacks. The haystacks were just close behind the shed.
[More work on the map]
[Talking about shed] There were three horses in this end, and three horses in this end and the cows were in between. This is the shed, there were two doors that went into there, one door that went there and one door that went here. There was a gate here. The gate came out here, so when we were ready to take the cows out to pasture, we opened this gate, and they came out here.
L. Miller: And went down the gully, right?
E. Winn: Yes, they came out here.
[More work on the map, talking about the gully]
L. Miller: The stream comes and turns this way, then there's a gully running up this way. So the haystacks are between that gully and the
shed right?

E. Winn: Yes. They're right close to the shed. There's only enough room to walk back and put hay into the manger there. Then there was enough land before you got to the gully to have some garden back there. We have to have a fence there to keep things from coming into the haystack. This is shed, there was a gate that let you come into the shed here and a gate that let you go into the field there. That fence came over not too far from the haystack. Then there was some land there before you went down the hill to have a garden.

L. Miller: If this was your shed, were they [the horses] in stalls?

E. Winn: I don't think they were separated in stalls. But what would they do if you put them in there for all night, would they kick and fight?

L. Miller: Depends on if you tied them up or not.

E. Winn: I think they must've had to tie them up.

J. Thomas: Were there mangers to feed them?

E. Winn: Yes, we fed them there every night, and there was room for them to lie down when they wanted to rest.

L. Miller: So there was a door in the front.

E. Winn: We always had about six horses. There was just one door in the front. You'd take them all in through the middle, the door was in the middle. You'd take them in there and then go across to their stalls, then there was the manger.

L. Miller: The mangers were along the back, right?

E. Winn: Yes, and then there was an open window at the back that you could put the hay in. I think there were covers for those you hooked on, you know, they had a little leather thing around. You hooked them on when you wanted them open, and you put them down and hooked them when you wanted them closed, because it would snow in there on the grain if you didn't. The ones that took care of the horses had to see that they were taken care of.

L. Miller: You had all the cows in here, and there were staunchions along this wall and a manger, right? How many cows could you milk at a time?

E. Winn: The maximum amount of milkers that we kept were about sixteen cows. We didn't always have that many that we could milk.

L. Miller: So how many staunchions did you have in there?

E. Winn: Well, that's what I was wondering. That's why I asked if you had visited any of those sheds in the county and seen how much
room it would take to put sixteen staunchions in there and give you
room enough to sit in there and milk. I don't know how long that would
have to be for that many cows. We didn't always have sixteen, but
there was one summer that we had sixteen all summer because my
sister, Carol, and I each milked eight cows night and morning. That was
before Edna and Elsie were old enough to learn to milk.

L. Miller: How long did it take you to milk a cow?

E. Winn: Oh, I used to know. We used to sort of run races and see
who could strip them. Father would say, 'Now, if you're going to do
that, you must strip them good. Or else they won't give as much milk if
you don't strip them good.' So we wouldn't cheat on it. We wouldn't
because we wanted plenty of milk to put in the cans so we'd get money
enough to live on. Well, right after they were fresh those holsteins
would give more than a bucket full. We'd have to empty it and go back
for the rest.

J. Thomas: You said that you and Carol used to get up at five a.m. to
do the milking, and you'd do it before breakfast. So what time did you
eat?

E. Winn: About seven a.m.

J. Thomas: So you'd do eight cows in two hours?

E. Winn: Oh, I'm sure. I'm sure it didn't take us more than two hours.

L. Miller: Didn't you get cramps in your hands?

E. Winn: No, you'd stop and shake them if you did on the way in and
out. No.

L. Miller: You must have been some tough little girls (laughter).

E. Winn: Well, we weren't as tall as you. The people who are tall get
[more] tired. My sister was taller than me. She was about 5'7''.

L. Miller: Were your staunchions just a board with a V in it, or were
they round like this?

E. Winn: They were latched at the top. We'd lift something up to
open them up. When we'd put them down, what would be put down over
that to lock it? There was some way we'd lock it. We'd pick them up,
then when we put them down, they'd go down over a straight piece that
was there. Then we'd lock it, wouldn't we lock it with a metal piece
that you'd put down over?

L. Miller: Yes. Were they made out of pipe or wood?

E. Winn: I think they were made out of metal.

L. Miller: They're hinged on the bottom and they come up like this.
They come up like this, and they have a wooden thing so that the cows
don't rub their necks. They have thing that comes across the top, and that's what you clip on. Then kind of hang there so the cow can move its head around.

E. Winn: Yes. But in the wintertime we didn't do the milking because we were in school. Father had some help. A lot of cows would be dry during the winter.

L. Miller: So when you guys were milking, you didn't have to move cows in and out. They were all lined up and all you had to do was [go down the line].

E. Winn: You know, I can't remember if we moved them in and out. I wondered if we did.

L. Miller: That's why you asked me if I looked at the other ones. It seems like the other ones that I've seen, they line them all up. Otherwise it would take too many people too long to move them in and out all the time. This is one reason why I can't remember, we did our milking, most of the time, in the summer. In the winter, when they did have to put them in there, the men were doing it. Most of the time, we were just sitting out in the corral milking.

L. Miller: This building here, it was built like the chicken coop, right?

E. Winn: You know, I can't remember what kind of a roof was on that. I don't remember whether it was a peaked roof when we were in there, or just a slanting one. But I do remember the chicken coop because we'd think how nice it was for the sun to shine in on them when it was cool. I don't ever remember seeing a peaked roof on there like the little house.

L. Miller: There were windows here [in the cow shed], was there one in the middle or a bunch.

E. Winn: There had enough so that you could put hay all along. Every other one maybe.

L. Miller: We've got the mangers and just enough room to walk and then there's a huge haystack. It didn't run from one end of the building to the other?

E. Winn: No. We'd pull in and unload it down here. The garden used to be right outside of this fence out here. It went down to the hill where the fence was.

L. Miller: So it ran along the haystack.

E. Winn: There was a fence behind the haystack. We came to the garden by coming in through this gate that I showed you.
L. Miller: Where was the derrick for unloading hay?

E. Winn: The derrick was [on] this end of the haystack. We'd lead the horse out this way and back it up. So we had this whole part to work. The hay wagon that brought it in would be here.

L. Miller: Which way would you run the horse?

E. Winn: Up and down, up and down.

[Discussion of where to put the haystack on the map]

E. Winn: [Talking about leading the derrick horse] Oh, you could train those horses good. That horse would just stop the minute you touch it or say something.

L. Miller: So you were feeding cows along here?

E. Winn: Yes, at night, after they were milked, then they could go out here. They could rest out here and eat here. This gate was locked here so they couldn't get back to pasture. We wouldn't let them go back to pasture each night. But we would feed them out there, and let them either lie down and sleep out there or come back in the corral, whichever they wanted to do.

L. Miller: Were they just eating out of a big wooden manger? Would you just throw it over the fence?

E. Winn: It was a manger on this side. The manger was built up so the hay wouldn't fall down. The hay was right next to the haystack. They put there heads through this, it was just made of posts. There was nothing that would lock them in or anything.

J. Thomas: You told me on the phone that it was on the north end of the haystack.

E. Winn: That's right.

E. Winn: Can you remember whether I told you about my near accident with that little pony, Kid, that ran away with me?

J. Thomas: No.

E. Winn: I'll have to write that up for you next time.

[Talking about her brother] He was really a student; he was the best student in our whole family because was so determined. He finally got his doctor's degree in agriculture back in Chicago.

[Looking at photographs] Those were four of the Wellsville men that went on a mission to England at the same time [my father did]. Now these are the four men that went to the Brigham Young College to take the lessons. I'm not sure that all these men did go on a mission.

L. Miller: Boy, your dad had a nice moustache.

E. Winn: He said the reason he grew a beard was because the second
winter in England was so cold that he had to keep his face warm. Then he left it on a little while after he got home. I was just four and a half when he came home, but I remember him picking me up from the bed. I was asleep on the bed. He picked me up, and when I put my arms around him and touched his beard, oh, I didn't know whether it was my dad or not. But he left it on for about a month and then he shaved the beard. But, he always had a moustache.

This is a picture of all of us when Father was on a mission. This is Frank, the one that went to the AC. [Refering to another brother] He went to, but he just went for three years. Bob was the one that chose to be a farmer. That's Caroline--Carol. Then Edna and Elsie were born after he came home from his mission.

J. Thomas: Did your mother make this dress for you?
E. Winn: No, our dress maker did. My cousin was the dress maker. The material that was left from Mother's dress, they made me a dress from it. They had to buy new material for Caroline's.

This is mother's cousin.
J. Thomas: Is this World's Fair, 1893?
E. Winn: That's where she was visiting, I guess, and they took it there.

This is a wedding picture. This is one of Mother's cousins.
J. Thomas: When was this? Was it before 1900?
E. Winn: No, it wouldn't be before 1900 because she's younger than my mother.

This is my cousin. This is Myrtle Larsen. This is her husband; he was called on a mission, and they got married a week before he went, and he had typhoid fever and died while he was on his mission. She later on married another man and had two children. But they [her first husband and Myrtle] didn't have any children.

This is a twin sister to this one. I said her name was Myrtle, this was Maggie--Margaret. These two were married in 1904. They were twins.

L. Miller: Did you get your own wedding dress, or did you just borrow it from somebody?
E. Winn: When I was married?
L. Miller: Or these people.
E. Winn: These people had their own. They were dress makers, especially she--she was a dress maker. She was the one that made the clothes for us in our picture here. That's Myrtle.
L. Miller: These guys would buy their suits from the store, right?
E. Winn: Yes.
J. Thomas: Now, what’s this?
E. Winn: Now, that’s another style of dress. My cousin Ethel and Jesse.
J. Thomas: Look at the baby’s clothes.
E. Winn: That’s a boy. That’s the way they used to dress the boys.
J. Thomas: Look at that bonnet.
E. Winn: Yes, they dressed them in dresses until they were two years old.
This was a picture of my husband’s aunt. This is to show the style.
L. Miller: Is this in America?
E. Winn: Yes, they lived down in southern Utah.
This is an old tintype. This is my mother when she was about seventeen, and that’s her cousin. I don’t know which cousin.
L. Miller: So this was in Wellsville?
E. Winn: Yes, Mother was born in Scotland, but her parents came to Utah when she was young.
L. Miller: They didn’t speak with an accent did they?
E. Winn: Well, they kept their Scottish brogue. They kept it, but not too much. I wish they’d kept it more; I liked it.
L. Miller: Your dad didn’t have one?
E. Winn: No, he was born here. His parents lost their English [accent]. My Grandmother Wyatt did a lot of reading and studying and everything, so she just wanted to speak like the American people. Grandfather and Grandmother didn’t keep their Scottish brogue very much.

[Talking about Elizabeth’s births] Carol’s twin, Isabelle, was born first. Mother was alone; Father was in town getting the midwife. Mother couldn’t take care of her and have this other baby coming along. So the baby got mucus in the lungs; it lived twenty-nine hours. They were mature babies. They were full-time babies; they weighed almost fourteen pounds, the two of them. They couldn’t save the baby because the lungs had got filled up. Then the other two, my cousin, Mary Anderson, was working for Mother then. She said those two baby boys were full-time perfect babies, but they died a short time before birth. Mother had had those other children on the chart [family genealogical sheets] about two hours before those babies were born, they would die. They were dead when they were born. She must have had rH negative
blood or something. There was just twins on both sides. On my
mother's side and on my father's side there were twins in their family.
You know from your genetics that they do run in families. On the
Archibald side, too, there were a lot of twins. I'm saving pictures of
them, and I'm having a special page in my book where I put the twins
for the Archibalds and the Wyatts.

J. Thomas: When I was going through the family group sheets, it
shows the twins, I noticed that some of them are named and some of
them aren't.

E. Winn: Yes, they had the names picked out for them. In the
records, there was a time when we were just to put baby. But then
they allowed us, if you had chosen a name for the baby, then put it on
this sheet. They had chosen a name, Mother told me this, they'd chosen
Helen, that was from some grandmother--some of their relatives.
They're buried at the cemetery; they're on the cemetery records. I
checked with what Mother told me with the cemetery records.

J. Thomas: How come they didn't name this son and these twin boys?

E. Winn: I don't know why they didn't. I asked Mother and she said, 'I
guess we just hadn't had names picked out for them.' They're not on the
cemetery records, it just says 'baby.' On the headstones it just says
baby, except Isabelle. Isabelle is a person, she lived for twenty-nine
hours. Of course they didn't give the babies a blessing [LDS practice
wherein a child is named and blessed].

L. Miller: How tall was your dad?

E. Winn: How tall are you?

L. Miller: 5'11"

E. Winn: That's about what he was. None of my brothers were as
tall. My grandsons are taller. My father was not six feet. My brother,
Bob, was short. Mother was five feet six and half inches tall.

L. Miller: So if he was standing next to a horse, I can think that if
I'm standing next to a horse, it's about the same size.

E. Winn: Yes, he was sort of hunched over more than because he had
arthritis in his back so much that he didn't stand as tall as he did.
Ralph was about 5 feet 10 inches and a half. Bob was only 5 feet 6
inches; he was short. He and Mary were the same height.

J. Thomas: Did you ever see your Mother's wedding dress?

E. Winn: She didn't save it, but she told me about it. She came from
Rexburg, Idaho down to Wellsville on the train to meet Father. They'd
been apart for a year and a half. He went freighting. Her cousin helped her make that dress. She went to the cloth store and bought pale grey satin. She and her cousin, the one that's on that tintype picture, they made that dress. Mother came down and within three weeks she was married. Within that three weeks she bought that material and they made the wedding dress. But she didn't save it.

L. Miller: Did she have a sewing machine?

E. Winn: Mother had a sewing machine. It was the old fashioned kind. She did ordinary sewing; Mother didn't make our better dresses. The dressmaker did because my cousin was a dressmaker. We paid her. Then there was another woman that came and stayed to the house for a week, and she'd sew all that time.

L. Miller: Did she make your dad's shirts?

E. Winn: No, I made some shirts when I just wanted to. We all took sewing, high school sewing. Just because I wanted to, I made some shirts.

[End of May 13, 1986 interview]
Sixth interview with Elizabeth (Beth) Wyatt Winn on July 9, 1986.
Interviewers are Jeannie B. Thomas and Larry L. Miller

L. Miller: Did you leave the horns on your cows?
E. Winn: We bought some; we raised some from heifers, but none of them had the horns on. I sure we took them off because we didn’t want then running anybody or any of the other animals. Isn’t there something you can put on the horns so they don’t grow?

L. Miller: Or, when they’re branding them, they just cauterize it.
J. Thomas: You have the neatest pictures.
E. Winn: Now, those were Father’s cousins; I’m glad he wrote on the back who they were. Matilda Wyatt was the name of that one; she was called Tillie. I could look on my family group sheet and see what the little sister’s name was.

L. Miller: The American counterpart to your family sure was a lot cheerier (laughter).
E. Winn: It’s the same with my Scottish [relatives]. The Scottish pictures I have of my Mother’s [family], oh, they look so sad. They look as though they’re mad at that photographer. They’re not smiling; they don’t look very happy.

J. Thomas: That one picture of your grandparents [on your Mother’s side], they look wonderful.
E. Winn: Grandfather was teasing someone all the time, and Grandmother was just smiling and acknowledging it, you know. The Scottish people are much friendlier, much more outgoing than the English people. The English are more formal. My husband and I found that out when we were over there on a mission. [Refering to the picture] Grandmother would put her head to the side, you know, as a little gesture. He was always teasing her, and teasing everybody around. That was taken on their porch in Rexburg, Idaho.

J. Thomas: I was interested in the thing around her head.
E. Winn: Yes, now I think maybe she had an earache at times. Another thing, she wanted to keep her hair. She had beautiful hair, lots of hair, you’d think she’d want to show it. She roll it in a ball in the
back. It was way down past her waist. She'd brush her hair at night before she went to bed. She wouldn't wear it during the night. But in the morning, as soon as she brushed her hair, sometimes when she visited us or we visited her she'd let us brush her hair; as soon as she'd have that bob rolled in the back, she take it, it was black; it was like a big square hankerchief. She'd fold it catty-corner and pin it. All day she kept it there. I think once I said, 'Mother why does she wear that one her ears all the time?' Mother said, 'Well, she wants to keep her hair looking nice.' But, she never took it off to show people. I don't know whether she wore it to church or not. It was square, when it was folded, in the back it just went to a point down below her collar. You've seen these big red handkerchiefs, it was about that size. It was of lighter weight material. It was like a square scarf. I just wondered how she could wear it because it was so hot.

L. Miller: My grandma always wore one when she went out because she got earaches if the wind was blowing.

E. Winn: I think that's why she starting wearing it. In Idaho, the wind was blowing all the time.

L. Miller: The Swedish side of my family never cut their hair. You go to the nursing homes up in Michigan, all these old ladies have long braids.

E. Winn: My mother, of course, cut her hair. And, my father wished that the girls didn't, but we did. One by one.

J. Thomas: What did your grandfather do?

E. Winn: Well, he homesteaded that 120 acres, I think he said, in Idaho. It was out of town; it was out toward Hibbard, about three miles from town. They lived there until he was too old to run it. Then Uncle David, and now Uncle David's son. I had a letter from him not long ago. He still lives there.

J. Thomas: So they still have it in the family?

E. Winn: Well, they had sold, when my Uncle David had it, he sold some of it in two parcels. Grandfather and Grandmother could any longer so they bought a house in town; I guess that was when Uncle David was going to live there. Anyway, that was part of his payment to buy them the house in town.

J. Thomas: What did he do in Scotland?

E. Winn: They all worked in the mines. One of my great-grandfathers was a farmer in Scotland. That was very rare; all
the rest were miners.

J. Thomas: Coal?
E. Winn: Uh-huh, Coal miners.
L. Miller: Was he big; was he tall?
E. Winn: No, he wasn’t. She’s very short. Well, as short as I am.
J. Thomas: Did he always dress like that, or was he dressed up that day?
E. Winn: Well, after he retired and was in town, I never did see him with levis on anymore. He’d wear his older clothes, the old suits, you know, he’d wear around home. Of course, when he was on the farm he wore levis, or sometimes the cotton, brown—. But, he was dressed up because he has a tie on. It must have been on a Sunday, but Grandmother, she just has her clothes—well, yes, I guess he dressed like this every day. After moved to town, he would go out and help the boys on the farm, though. But, he just took care of his garden in town; they had a lot. He had the garden and kept it up.

J. Thomas: Now, why did they decide to immigrate to America?
E. Winn: Well, you’re going to xerox [the history]. I was looking up Thomas Archibald. I noticed on his death certificate that he died of typhus. That’s typhoid fever, isn’t it? He was working in the mines, but he must have drunk the wrong kind of water or something.

That’s the reason that Archibalds moved from place to place and Grandmother’s folks did. When they’d close down the mining in one place and move to another place, they’d move. A lot of them were married. They moved up to Whitburn.

J. Thomas: [Looking at a picture of E. Winn’s great-grandmother] Look at her bonnet.

E. Winn: She wore that all the time. That was the mother-in-law of my grandmother that wore it. So I guess those Scottish women did.

What was that last question you asked me?
L. Miller: Well, she wanted to know what he did. Was he a farmer when he got over here. Where did he work?
E. Winn: He worked at anything he could work at. First, they settled in Wellsville. And, they just owned a city lot; they didn’t buy anything but a city lot and had a house on it there. So he had his own garden and his own cows and chickens. But he worked out; they were building a railroad in there and they were digging canals somewhere. And, he worked on all these different projects to make enough money besides
well, their living, they had their own chickens, their eggs and their milk and things like that right there on their city lot. But he didn't buy land, except the city lot, in Wellsville. Then when the, who was this man that went up to Rexburg to settle—Ricks, Thomas Ricks. He was going up there to settle Rexburg. Brigham Young sent some men up to settle Rexburg. In about two years after, he went, some more went and my grandfather and his family went. Well, not the whole family; Mother was seventeen and her brother—I've written that in her history. They stayed about a year and a half. He homestead out of Rexburg, about three miles out. He started farming there.

They were building a railroad somewhere near Wellsville, maybe it was Cache Junction, and Grandfather worked the railroad there. Then he did volunteer service. As soon as they were building the Logan temple, he went over there and helped build the Logan temple. Then in—it was 1863 that they moved to Rexburg. He came back and got his family.

J. Thomas: Why did they decide to Rexburg?

E. Winn: They were settling Rexburg and they needed—now, I don't know whether he was assigned to Rexburg, or whether they chose to go. But they needed people; they wanted a Mormon community up there. They named it Rexburg after Ricks, the man that was the head of it. Mother was the only one that came back, well, she was engaged. That was in that history.

He was a farmer. Most of his boys were farmers. Uncle Robert didn't care for farming much so he trained to be a banker. He was a banker. Then he was in politics. He was the representative that was sent up to Rexburg from Boise in the government. He belonged to, I don't know whether it was the Republican or Democratic party, they elected him in that party and he worked several years. Then when the other governor went in, who was head of a different party, he asked my Uncle Robert to stay and be head of the finance. See, the Scottish people managed their money so carefully and efficiently. They asked him to stay. He appointed him to be head of finance in Boise, Idaho.

This was my Mother's second brother. So then they lived in Boise for the rest of their lives. They'd had three children before they'd moved from Rexburg and the rest of the children were born after they moved to Boise. He and Aunt Lois are buried up there. He didn't change his politics; I don't think he did.
Grandfather sold some of his land; he didn't need it all. But when my cousin, which would be his grandson, the son of Uncle David, lived there on the farm and was buying it from his parents—paying so much for it. Then when the son lived there, he bought the land back. And now, Reo, his son, owns, I think it was 160 acres. It was 160 because that's the amount you took homesteading.

Father bought his piece by piece; he never did use his homestead right. So he just had the 120.

L. Miller: Do you remember when they built the barn over across the stream? Charles—were you there?

E. Winn: Yes.

L. Miller: Had they [the Historical Farm] changed it, or was the barn the same as when Charles built it?

E. Winn: It was the same.

L. Miller: He didn't have very many cows and stuff, did he?

E. Winn: He didn't have as many as we did, [or] as many as his dad had across the street. Of course, his dad, that house hadn't been very well built. That house that belonged to Uncle John fell apart. They had to tear it down. Father said when he built anything, he built it forever. He first lined it with logs, then the frame. It's the same [house]. All they've had to do is to put a new roof on, I think.

L. Miller: I crawled under there; it's still sitting on the rocks that he put it on.

E. Winn: Of course, they've changed the windows.

J. Thomas: Yes, they've changed the windows but they're in the same place.

[Discussion about the barn]

E. Winn: It [the barn] was built quickly. You know, no inner lining on the walls or anything like that.

L. Miller: There's another barn just like it down by Green's Corner. But whoever built that one put a foundation under it, so it's staying real straight. Did he have that barn built, or did he built it himself?

E. Winn: Well, he had help with it. He built his house, too. When he bought it there was just the bare ten acres.

L. Miller: Did he just order it or do you go to a contractor and get it?

E. Winn: Around Cache Valley there, some people that was what they did for a living. So you'd just hire someone in town—a local builder to build it. He'd let the men help. I don't think it was a big contractor or
anything. That's the way our house was built. Father just had help come and help him. He had the ones that knew how to mix the plaster and do the plastering, that's the way Charlie built his barn.

L. Miller: We filled it all up with loose hay this year, and because it's been changed around inside, it's hard to feed that way. I am kind of wondering--no way would it have been set up on the inside like that because it's too hard. You can't get it down.

E. Winn: And he used it in the winter to put his cows in there the way Father did. Father never did build a big barn. He thought more of his machinery, I guess. He built the machine shed, you know.

L. Miller: So did Charles have horses, too?

E. Winn: He had enough horses to run the farm. Then of course, before he was able to buy a car, they had a buggy horse.

L. Miller: So did they keep the horses on one side and the cows on the other?

E. Winn: I don't think I was ever in his barn at milking time. I babysat for them a lot.

[Talking about moving animals]

E. Winn: If you took the wagon, then you just tie it up behind. I don't think they ever went in the car after they got the car.

L. Miller: That's what I figured, I have a heck of a time moving animals around because I don't have a truck with a rack on it. So I wondered what they would've done. I can't imagine all you people herding animals up and down the road. You have to tie them off.

E. Winn: I was wondering if they ever led it when riding a horse.

[Looking at a picture]

E. Winn: That skirt, a plaid skirt--I made the blouse. That blouse was made of shiny satin. The boys had been training for the ROTC.

[End of sixth interview]
Appendix B: Notes

From Jeannie Thomas's Conversations
With Elizabeth Wyatt Winn

The pig pen went out west from the chicken coop. They kept ten to thirty hogs. The year electricity came, Frank Wyatt sold a sow and eleven pigs to buy an electric washer.

The cow shed was not very wide, but there was a stall for every animal. The cow stalls were made of poles; it was a long cow shed. West of it was the stockyard. The hay derrick and corral extended up toward the old shed.

The coal house was about twelve by ten feet, there was a small window in the west side. It was built with one layer of wood. The farm was self-sustaining wood-side; they used orchard trimmings.

The toilet sat on a point extending out.

The smokehouse was on a foundation. They used fruit wood in it.

There was a fence around the garden and orchard.

The artesian well, the flowing well, ran constantly into a big trough. This trough was made from a big barrel sawed in two. The water ran over the top of the barrel into a small ditch through the corral. They put cans of milk into the trough.

The garden was west of the haystacks.

They fenced with logs a lot. There was one place for the bull. They did not let him go to the pasture; he had a log pen.

The chicken coop was long.

The surface well was kitty corner from the house. When the artesian well was drilled, they filled up the surface well.

There were flowers all around in front. There were not any flowers in back. There was a road in back. There was gravel and parking.

The center and north end of the shed was for cows and the south end for horses. There were stalls and mangers. The cows calved in the shed.
Notes From March 1986

For Easter, the Wyatts colored eggs the day before. They did not have an egg hunt (they had lots of farm work to do). They put the bowl of colored eggs on the table and ate them. They would cut off colored parts of the egg and not eat those parts. They used red paper that would fade and clothes blueing to color the eggs. They used water paints, crayolas to draw picture and stripes and material that would fade. They did not leave the eggs plain; they decorated them. They were often dark colors.

They did not have a Christmas tree every year. They would go up in the mountains and cut one. When Beth’s father came home from his first mission, they had a Christmas tree with real candles.

On Memorial Day, they would clean out their family’s cemetery lots. They would gather flowers from their garden for the graves. They had peonies and lilacs planted near the grave.

The garden was west of the haystacks. They did not have celery or cabbage or head lettuce. They did have leaf lettuce which they gathered every day. They had half a row of onions. They bought large onions from their cousins in Wellsville.

They had a hired man for the winter. Oliver Meyers was hired in his first year of high school.

A single buggy was driven to school in Wellsville, left in the shed near the school and the horse was tied up.

Roy Hillam was the extension agent. Part of his job was testing milk for cream content and amount. The cow was slaughtered if it had a disease. Roy would stay over; the farmers gave him free board and room. They Wyatts liked him. He advised Frank Wyatt buy jerseys. They had quantity but not quality—they were not getting enough butterfat in their milk. Hillam did this year round. He checked the sanitation of the dairies. This was around 1918 and 1919.

The potatoes were in a different plot than the rest of the garden; they were between the haystack and hill. They had two pits, one for apples and one for potatoes, directly east of the grainery door (in through the fence in the orchard). They bought their apples from Brobys
on the Hyrum road. They had winter parmain and strawberry(?)—these were mealy and soft. They had four apples trees, two cherry trees and two or three plums. They had box elder and locust trees. Arbor Day was a special day. Utah needed trees; the Wyatts planted different trees—that is how they got a lot of their trees. Frank Wyatt liked hardwood (ash) trees—he could make single and double trees out of them. On Arbor Day, the family gathered and the men dug a hole and planted a tree from the Logan nursery. The Wyatts had a swing on one of their trees in the front yard.

They had geraniums in their kitchen window. Beth's mother watered them with juice from the boiled vegetables.

The flowerstand was the table with the rounded legs (like stacks of little round balls) with the shelf under it. They kept a fern on it, and they had books on the shelf below. The corners of it were curved; the top was about 36 inches and square.

Beth did china painting in college.

There was a three foot wainscoating in the kitchen. It was not flat; it had ridges every two-and-a-half inches with a ledge at the top. The kitchen was wallpapered with a border by the ceiling.

They had sandy, reddish pigs and white pigs.

Notes From March 7, 1986

They had two or three stacks of hay.

There was a swing on a tree in the front yard. They could swing out over the road. There were three locust trees, one ash, a box elder on the south side of the lawn which gave "welcome shade on summer days." One of the locust trees was used for a clothes line. They had "many" lombardies; there was a row of them. They had one white ash, they had a Carolina poplar near the road and one near the crossing, two in the yard.

The garden was about half the size of the 1986 garden at the Jensen Living Historical Farm (so the Wyatts's garden was probably ninety feet long and sixty feet wide).

The orchard was south of the house, in between the house and orchard there was enough room for two people to walk along (three feet from the house). This was a grassy area. The orchard was fenced to
keep the calves in the orchard.

The road to the house came straight in; there was no curve. There was a bridge over the irrigation ditch.

The orchard was in three parts. There was a little gate in the fence. They had a big potato patch, enough for a year's supply for their family.

The "milk tree" was on the highway, three to four blocks up the street and a half mile was the gate and lane. It was fenced in and went straight over to where the pasture began. There was a fresh water spring. Up about three blocks, the road was fenced on each side. There was a gate to get into the land. It went right over the edge of the hill where it dropped down to the pasture. Right at the bottom of the hill was a fresh water spring. The men would get water there when they were working.

They had a gate near the spring where the cows could be brought up. At night they'd bring them up (probably in the lane) where they could milk them. They had a gate they could lock to keep the cows in the driveway while they milked them.

Up on the irrigation ditch, a little below the milk gate, there was a wild plum—a pottowatome plum.

*History of England* was by Oliver Goldsmith. It detailed England's history from "earliest period to the death of George II." It was published in London, by George Routledge and Sons, The Broadway, Ludgate.

*Notes From March 25, 1986*

They did have red table beets, which they did not like as well as peas. These beets looked like harvard beets. They had as many beets as they did turnips and onions. They pickled beets.

Flossie was a cow name.

Ralph tried to grow melons or cantaloupe one year. They got lots of these from Brigham City and ate them in between meals for a snack. They bought ten bushels of peaches for canning; peaches were their favorite canned fruit, Frank especially liked them. They canned three hundred plus quarts of fruit.

For Easter, they dyed eggs with crepe paper, mostly red. They
wrapped them tight in two layers of cloth and dipped in warm water and held them tight. They dye got on their hands. They did not have hunts at primary or at school.

They had scarecrows for the garden and for the fruit. Beth's brother loved to dress them up in old clothes.

Notes From May 12, 1986

Chicken coop had roosts and nesting areas. It was a long building not quite one-fourth a block from (west?) the coalhouse. It was before the pig pen, and the pig pen was before the corral.

In the 1900s, they had alfalfa in what is a "storage" field at the 1986 R. V. Jensen Living Historical Farm.

The calf pen was in the orchard. They fenced in a square place east of the shed. It had a small gate. It enclosed fruit trees; close to this (in the same area) was the fruit pit in between the lines of trees. They leaned over the fence and fed the calves out of a bucket.

They raised Rhode Island Red chickens for meat and Plymouth Rocks for eggs. They probably had more Plymouth Rocks. They had enough chickens to lay three dozen eggs per day. Egg money was important.

The main entrance to the Wyatt Farm was north of the house by the mailbox and hitching post.

The milk tree was way south of the house, about half way up on the Wyatt land. There were water sloughs in the pasture--by the one spring--trees on each side of entrance. The milk tree wasn't poplar or cottonwood. Perhaps it was maple; it wasn't tall and straight. It was round and bumpy. It didn't grow tall.

They celebrated Arbor Day in mid-April.

They had apples that the family called strawberry apples. They were good; they weren't cooking apples--although "maybe we didn't give them a chance--we ate them too fast."

In 1853(?), the Archibalds listened to the missionaries. Uncle Fred played the accordion, and cousin Oliver Meyers played accordion.

Carol and her group (she was three years older than Beth) and Beth and her group had parties together.

During the Christmas holidays (that week) there was a dance every
night in the Pavilion in Wellsville except Sunday nights. If New Year's Eve was on Sunday, the dance would start at 12:10 p.m. They would cook breakfast at the dances.

Beth and her husband went to California in 1924.

All her family’s funerals were at the tabernacle in Wellsville. Young people used to like to sit in the balcony away from their parents in the Wellsville Tabernacle.

There were sixteen cows in the center. The two ends were partitioned off from the cows; there were three to four horses in each end. Horses could get in the middle. The mangers were in end places so horses could eat hay from the other side—close to the haystack. The cows had stalls to lock the heads of cows in while milking so they couldn’t back out. They were fed in there. There are sheds in the Cache Valley area with similar plans. There was a place to feed cows around the top of the hill (where the picnic area is today). There was a fence on the other side of haystack (“at end of haystack”) with a manger on the other side. They fed here at night in the summer—north end of haystack.

Coalhouse was a square building, 12 feet square with a peaked roof. It had one layer of boards; it wasn’t warm. It was about one-fourth a block straight west from the kitchen door.

The chicken coop was straight west from the coalhouse.

Two driveways—up close to back and between surface well and outdoor toilet. Two lanes went together.

Beth used to babysit Sarah Wyatt Leishman—her parents liked to go to dances.

Julia and John were Annie’s parents.

Thomas Archibald—miners—Father died of typhus, left wife and 10(? ) kids.

Notes From Wyatt Reunion
August 9, 1986

The Wyatts took the parlor stove out in the summer, pipe and all. They had a cover for the hole it made in the girls’ room.

Rock was a horse name, and Star was a cow name.

Caroline liked to be called Carol because she thought Caroline was old-fashioned (from Renee Bilsborough, her daughter).
Edna was nicknamed, "Ted," by her friends—she was a tomboy of sorts, but she was not called "Ted" by her family (from Renee Bilsborough).

The Wyatt brothers used to give their little sisters a dime to iron their handkerchiefs. The sisters would shine their shoes also.

They had a buckskin team for the buggy.

The Wyatt boys brought their college girls (Ralph's and Frank's girlfriends) home. While the girls were in the room getting ready, the little Wyatt girls went and peeked in the window where the window shade was up just a little. The little girls were shocked because the college girls were putting on rouge, etc.

Notes on Christmas—Written by Beth Wyatt Winn

Christmas dinner was:

1. Two large roast chickens (Rhode Island reds from their flock), dressing, mashed potatoes and gravy, creamed corn, home made currant bread and biscuits, and cranberry sauce.

2. Dessert was homemade pies—mincemeat, plum, apple, fruit cake. After dinner treats were Christmas candies (from the store), homemade peanut brittle, walnuts, hazelnuts, pecans, brazil nuts, and peanuts.

One year my Aunt Margaret Ricks sent a goose dressed and ready for baking. It was a happy surprise.

By the time Carol and I (Beth) were in high school and taking home making classes, we tried out the recipes on our family. Fruit cocktail was added to our Christmas dinner as a first course and cranberry jello salad with nuts and apples was also an addition.

My home economics teacher, Mae Isaccson (1915) taught us to make delicious candy which was the same as the commercial candy shops made. We made divinity, fudge, and fondant which we dipped in chocolate. Sometimes we added peanut butter or nuts.

1904 was a special Christmas. Father had returned from his two-and-a-half year mission to England in June. We had an extra celebration for our family. My brothers went up the canyon to get the Christmas tree. We all took part in making decorations, and our parents purchased other trimmings: a golden shimmering star for the top and
some ornaments, which we used for many years. Our paper chains of red and green were as dear to us as the commercial ones. We made popcorn chains, also.

Notes on Favorite Songs—Written by Beth Wyatt Winn

We learned many songs from our brothers and older sister. Singing was a common practice and a pleasant one among the Wellsville people. Whenever we met in groups, we sang together especially while traveling to the surrounding towns for school events.

Favorite songs of my parents:

- "Home Sweet Home"
- "Come, Come Ye Saints"
- "I Know that My Redeemer Lives"
- "Silver Threads Among the Gold" (1873)
- "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" (1866)
- "On the Banks of Lock Lomond" (Mother's Scottish songs)
- "Sweet Birds, Sweet Birds"
- "Coming Through the Rye"
- "The Heel and Toe Polka" (We danced to these last two songs and sang them while Father played the accordion.)

Children's songs:

- "Three Little Kittens"
- "Little Robin Redbreast"
- "Jolly Old Saint Nicholas"
- "Good Morning, Merry Sunshine"
- "School Days" (1907)
- "Hang Up the Baby's Stocking!"
- "Jesus Once was a Little Child"
- "Away in the Manger"
- "Santa Claus is Coming"
- "In Our Lovely Deseret"

War time songs:

- "Tenting Tonight" (1864)
- "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" (1912)
- "Til We Meet Again" (1918)
- "Johnny Get Your Gun"
"Over There, Over There" (1917)
"White Cliffs of Dover" (1941?)
"When You Wore a Tulip" (1914)
"Red Wing" (1907) was a song which was popular when my brothers were in their teens, and they taught it to their sisters. It was beautiful; Red Wing was an Indian girl. Her lover was killed in one of the Indian wars.

Love songs:
"We Were Sailing Along, On a Moonlight Bay" (1912)
"I'll Be With You in Apple Blossom Time" (1920)
"Good Night Sweetheart" (1931)
"Love's Old Sweet Song" (1884)
"Tennessee Waltz" (1950)
"Down By the Old Mill" (1910)
"Far Out on that Utah Trail"
"Memories" (1915)
"I Love You You Truly" (1906)
"Missouri Waltz" (1914)
"When It's Springtime in the Rockies" (1929)
"I Had a Dream Dear"

Christmas and New Year's Carols:
"Should Auld Aquaintance be Forgotten?"

All of the Christmas songs including, "Up on the Housetops," and especially, "Silent Night."

(Dates added by Jeannie Thomas.)

Flowers in our garden, on the front lawn were pink, white and yellow roses, lilac trees, pansies, marigolds, lupins, nastursiums, jonquils, tulips, corn lilies, perennial sweetpeas--dark pink (planted near the wire fence). This is on the east side of front lawn. There were varied-colored sweet peas (annual) also near the same fence and violets and iris (white and purple).

The clothes line was on the lawn, along the north side.

Notes on Games Written by Beth Wyatt Winn

Games of 1885 - 1920s:
Jacks (girls)
Marbles (spring game, boys)
Mumblety peg with a jack knife
Hopscotch
Hide and seek
Run, sheep, run
Follow the leader
King of the hill—one player stood on a mound of dirt and pushed anyone who tried to get on top of the hill.
Drop the handkerchief—the group stands in a circle; one person walks around the outside of the circle and drops the handkerchief in back of a person of his choice. This person picks up the handkerchief and chases him. Then they change places.
Going to Jerusalem (another name for musical chairs)
Fox and geese—Winter game with six to twelve players. One is the fox the others are the geese.
Spin the bottle (and ask questions)
Jump Rope (spring)
One Old Cat (three or four players)
Rounders (baseball, eight or more players)
Button, button who has the button (indoor game at parties)
Checkers (a home game we played in the evenings or on rainy days)

We had a swing on a tree. The rope was put through the holes made in the seat board.
Balls for playing one old cat or rounders were homemade. The center had a small, hard rubber ball or a rock covered with string wound around tightly and fastened securely.
The bat was a narrow board about three or four inches wide—smaller at one end. When the boys were old enough to play baseball, they had regular bats, ball and mitts (which they received as Christmas gifts).

Notes on Farm Chores—Written by Beth Wyatt Winn

Beth's favorite jobs on the farm were:
1. Leading the horse on the hay derrick was my first choice. See page one of the Charles Peterson interview for a description of this.
2. Making ditches in the garden for irrigation and then doing the irrigating. There was a thrilling reward in seeing the plants revive and grow faster, soon after each watering.

3. Picking fruit from the orchard and canning the fruit and drying the apples were jobs that we enjoyed doing with Mother.

4. Thinning sugar beets, hoeing and topping them were the most difficult jobs, but we girls did very little of that work. Father had hired men to help after my brothers were away at school or married.

Occasionally, Father needed to mend the fences. He could do this job along with irrigating the alfalfa and wheat. He didn't like to work alone and needed to have someone to hand him the tools. I have precious memories of hours spent with my father. He always made me feel that my help was important.

Notes From January 1987

The Wyatts probably sold their milk to the Farmer's Union Dairy at Green's Corner.
Their buggy horses were frightened by cars.
The Wyatts liked lamb, but their sheep were not black-faced.
The winter of her senior year, Beth lived with Mary Anderson, a cousin, and her husband, Gilbert.
The highway probably came after 1918 - 1919. The builders used the Wyatt's well water for the cement for the highway. The highway was not always higher than the house. It was built up.
Beth had algebra, geometry, physics and chemistry in high school.
Beth's mother had dark hair. Two of her brothers had reddish hair, and one of her sisters had reddish hair.
In 1918 - 191, the Wyatts rented the Williamson land in the swampy area. They were still using their horses to farm at that time.
Beth was the class valedictorian at South Cache High School in 1917. She the valedictorian for eighth grade in 1913. She was class president in 1915 for her junior class. She was on the Clarion staff, and officer in the home economics club, in drama club, in the school play in 1917, and in the Pierian literature club at the BYC.
One time, Ray Hoagard lost control of the lines when he was on the cultivator, and the horse (one of the buggy horses) ran across the
street.

In her third grade school picture, Beth is wearing a lavender pleated skirt and a lavender bow.

They raised hay for their cattle at Clear creek, but it was not very productive.

Notes From March 23, 1987

They had five or six lilacs. They had decoration flowers in the front year. The lilacs were eight feet east of the parlor window and ran north and south over to the middle of the lawn. They had a cabbage rose further south than the lilacs. It was south, past the last corner of the parlor toward the orchard. It was a double pink cabbage rose.

North and east of the lilacs was the pansy bed. It was bigger than a wagon wheel; it was about three feet in diameter. It was a round bed halfway in the middle of the lawn. The pansies were purple, yellow, and dark maroon. Beth used to sing the pansy song to her grandchildren.

In the north end of the orchard was an ash tree.

The linoleum in the kitchen had a pattern. It was darker than background with flowers, one of the other colors in it was red. They put it down two times. The pattern was not definite; the flower was not a natural flower. On their hands and knees, they washed the linoleum every day except Sunday.

The curtains in the parlor were heavy lace and ecru with a strip of flowers going up and down. There was a drapery on each side that was made out of heavy green material (silk, tapestry?). The two main colors in the parlor were green and gold. They had window shades, not blinds, which were light tan. The parlor rug was green, brown and gold. It had a border. There was one rug by each doorway. They used wool from suits for these rugs.

The wallpaper in the parlor was golden and yellow or tan. They had a dropped ceiling. The wallpaper was not vivid. It had a stripe running up and down. The floor was stained dark walnut. There was a homemade carpet in the bedroom.

The curtains in the kitchen were tie backs with a white ruffle (organdy?). There was a ruffle across the top. The blinds might have been green. The bedroom had lace curtains that were white. The blinds
might have been green. One of the rooms had greens shades. The bedroom wallpaper had some stripes (of roses?). The chiffarobe was gray with pink roses.

Notes Written by Beth Wyatt Winn

By 1887 four additional, large rooms were added to the home, two on the ground floor and two upstairs. The exterior logs of the entire house were covered with siding; the inside rooms were plastered. This was warm in the winter and cool in the summer. The smaller upstairs room was then used for the "play room." The children were allowed to decorate this room according to their choice. As a result, pictures from magazines, original drawings of the children, or flowers cut from scraps of wallpaper adorned the walls. On rainy days, when the three boys and Father couldn't work out-of-doors, they spent hours in this room boxing. We always had boxing gloves, balls, checkers, good books, and magazines to use together as family recreation at home.

Since I like to read extensively, I was encouraged to spend a few hours whenever I wished reading the current magazines, the Church magazines, or good books. Some of my sisters preferred to sew or garden; the boys went fishing or hunting for recreation.

Notes From March 30, 1987

The Leishmans bought the Leavitt home, which was one mile north of the Wyatt farm. Their daughter, LaRue, was one of Beth’s friends; they also had a daughter, Hortense, who was called Tenny.

They had an MIA meeting of some sort Sunday night in Wellsville. The girls liked to drive in to the meeting in their buggy and see their friends at the meeting.

They bought their buggy horses from George Perkins.

Was Beth around the eighth grade when Charles Wyatt built his barn (the barn that is presently standing at the Jensen Historical Farm)? Beth would babysit for Charles and tell him that she wouldn't accept money for it, so they would take Beth and a friend to a picture show.
every now and then for babysitting for them.

In college, Beth had minors in art and sociology.

Ralph had reddish colored hair.

After, re-reading the interview done with her about what was planted in the Wyatts's garden, Beth noted that Providence and Hyrum planted different things than they did in Wellsville.

Beth does not remember having to wash milk cans, but they did rinse them anyway.

The lilacs were eight feet east of the parlor.

On the north end of the chicken coop were the roosts. There were glass windows on the west side. There were boxes on the side. The roof went west and straight down, then it slanted from west to east (as high as Beth's head). They would nest up there (there was more than one layer). Their boxes were shelves with partitions. Each nest was approximately a foot.

In the house, they had a water pitcher and glasses that were bright brown and shiny (glass?).

Notes From April 4, 1987

The couch cover was a heavy tapestry (like heavy drapery; it was raised like it was woven or knitted).

The Wyatt children would sometimes try to make and fly kites. They did not have a lot of time for this. But sometimes the kites would go up.

There were three locust trees and two or three ash trees.

The sofa in the kitchen was probably tan. It had lots of colorful pillows on it--crazy patch pillows, all silk pillows, and velvet pillows with embroidery stitches like the chickenfoot stitch.
Franklin H. Wyatt was born 18 Dec 1862, in Wellsville, Cache County, Utah, the sixth child in a family of eleven. His parents were John Moses Wyatt and Sarah Caroline Horsecroft, who emigrated from England to America in 1853. His mother taught him the Alphabet from the Book of Mormon before he began his first Schooling at the age of eight. His first school was held at Thomas Bradshaw's home, his next school was in a log building near the William Jones home. Robert Lawson was the teacher; the pupils sat on wooden benches made of two-by-eight planks. After Mr. Lawson died, Mrs. Fanny L. Nibley was the teacher. Frank attended school longer than some of his brothers because he had an injured finger, could not work, and went to school until it was healed. His Father hauled a load of firewood to the school house to pay his tuition. He continued school until he had completed the eighth grade.

Frank firmly believed in education, took advantage of every opportunity to gain knowledge, attending evening classes in the Winter. Evan R. Owen was one of his instructors.

When he was seventeen years old, he had typhoid fever and was sick for many weeks; his sister, Myrtle Maria, and his sister-in-law, Sarah Jane Barnes Wyatt, died during this epidemic. While Frank was convalescing, he was visited by a group of young people from the Ward one Sunday afternoon. After they had left, he said, "Someday, I'm going to marry Lizzie Archibald," who was one of the group.

When Frank had recovered, he began to call at the Archibald home; his friendship was accepted by Lizzie and they became engaged, but were not married until two years later, because Frank went to work for a Freighting Company, hauling goods from Idaho to Montana; Lizzie went with her father and oldest brother to build a Pioneer home in Rexburg,
Idaho.

A year and a half later, Frank returned from his job, sent for his Sweetheart to come from Rexburg to Cache Junction on the train. He married Elizabeth (Lizzie) Watson Archibald 29 April 1885 in the Logan Temple. The young couple lived in one room of his parents' house for more than a year; their first son, Franklin Jr. was born 22 February 1886. A few months after this event, they moved into their new home built by Frank and his brothers on Frank's farm three miles north of Wellsville. Here twelve of their thirteen children born; only seven of whom lived to maturity: Frank, Robert (Bob), Ralph, Caroline (Carol), Elizabeth (Beth), Edna and Elsie. Those who died at birth or soon after were: William, Helen, Isabelle (a twin), twin boys and a baby boy.

Frank worked at Farming in the Spring and Summer, on the Threshing Machine in the Fall, cutting and hauling logs from the canyon in the Winter to make lumber to build four more large rooms on the Farmhouse.

In the winter of 1900, Frank accepted a call to attend Missionary Training Course at Brigham Young College in Logan, Utah, after which he fulfilled a Stake Mission, then was called to the British Isles on a Two and a half year Mission. At this time, there were five children in the Family, ranging in ages two years to fifteen. In February 1902, he departed for England. There he served as President of the Sheffield Conference for twenty-seven months, under the direction of Richard R. Lyman, first, and second under Heber J. Grant, who were Presidents of the British Mission, each one was an Apostle at the time of this assignment.

On the second of June, 1904, Frank returned home to his family who had struggled faithfully to support him and run the farm while he was away.

He served in various Stake and Ward offices, some of which were: Superintendent of Wellsville Ward Sunday School for five years; teacher in M.I.A.; Sunday School, and Priesthood classes; Counselor in Stake High Priest Presidency; several Stake Missions; Stake Genealogical Temple Mission; and a Home Teacher all of his adult life. He was active in civic affairs, serving on the School Board of the Rural School District, and on the East Field Irrigation Company Board of Directors for many years.

Throughout his life, Frank was continually studying the Scriptures and other good books; he firmly believed in education for himself and
his Family. He and his wife made great sacrifices to provide College
Educations for their children. He loved people and enjoyed making
friends with everyone. He liked to mingle with the young people who
came to see his children; he delighted in playing the Accordion for them
to dance; many happy Family Home Evenings were spent singing around
the piano with a house full of guests. He was a kind, loving Father and
Husband, always patient and understanding with his children; he taught
them by example to pray and walk uprightly before The Lord. One of his
favorite Scriptures around home was, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of
heaven and its righteousness and all also shall be added." He told his
children to insure themselves with The Lord.

In 1924, Frank and Lizzie bought and remodeled the old Owen home
diagonally across from the Wellsville Tabernacle square, and moved
from the Farm into Town. This large Family Home was a welcome
gathering place for the daughters, sons-in-law, and grandchildren
during vacations. As their children had married, they had accepted the
companions truly as members of the Family and treated them with
equal love. The first grandson, Ross, was born at the Farm Home 12
July 1915, as was his sister, Beth 22 June 1920; these were the
children of Ralph and Genevieve. When Ralph died 13 March 1922, his
wife and children made their home with Ralph's parents. Genevieve and
Beth moved to California in 1927, but Ross remained with grandparents
until he was seventeen years old when he joined his Mother in
California.

In 1917, Frank was called to California on a Short-Term Mission of
eight months; then in 1928, after being at home for four months to do
farm work, he returned to California for another eight month Mission.
While in the mission field, he served as District President of the
Fresno District of the California Mission. He was successful in
bringing many people into the Church.

His son Robert's wife died 6 October 1929; a few years later Bob
came to live with his parents, where he stayed the rest of his life.
Frank's three sons and his wife preceded him in death; Ralph died in
Wellsville, 13 March 1922; Frank Jr. died 24 May 1947 and was buried
in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada where he had lived for many years;
Robert died 26 December 1947 in Wellsville; his wife, Lizzie, died 31
December 1940 in Wellsville.

The large home was a lonesome place now that Frank was left alone;
he spent part of each year with his daughters from 1940 - 1952. For
the last five years of his life, he spent the Winters in California with his daughters, Carol and Beth, who lived in Bakersfield, but he was always eager to return home for the Summer. His daughters, Edna and Elsie, who lived in Utah called on him frequently, to attend to his needs; kind neighbors and relatives gave him loving care which he highly appreciated.

In August 1952, after being in California for five months, Frank wanted to return home; since he was unable to care for himself, his eldest grandson, Ross Wyatt, and family offered to move to Wellsville, live with him and take care of him. Plans were made for this move; Frank was willing to go home via airplane from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City. What a contrast to Frank’s boyhood mode of travel—ox team.

The Plane ride was an enjoyable one for him; he said it seemed good not to see so many cars and fast drivers as he had seen on the California Highways. He spent his time on the Plane telling his fellow travelers about the True Church; when he arrived in Salt Lake City, he didn’t leave the Plane. Immediately, his daughter, Edna, was concerned about him and went to find him. He was talking to the Stewardess, and said he hadn’t finished his conversation about the gospel. This was a typical experience for him; he was truly a Missionary every day of his life.

He was happy to be back in his own home, but was privileged to enjoy it for only one week. He died 30 August 1952, twelve years after his wife had passed away. He was eighty-nine years, nine months old; he was buried in the Wellsville Cemetery.

(Note—the capitalization herein is Beth’s pattern, and this capitalization style is used in this history, the history of her mother and the histories of her Wyatt grandparents.)
Elizabeth Watson Archibald was born 4 December 1865, in Whitburn, West Lothian, Scotland. Her parents were Robert Russell Archibald and Isabella Cranston Watson. She was the second child in a family of thirteen; her elder sister, Ellen, died in Scotland at the age of nine months.

When Elizabeth was five months old, her parents immigrated to America; her father had joined the Church in 1856; her mother was not baptized until after they settled in Utah. They left Scotland in May 1866, sailed from England, 30 May 1866, arriving in New York six weeks later. After being outfitted with covered Wagon and Oxen, they made the trek to Utah with an independent company of saints.

Because of the heavy load, my grandmother walked, carrying her baby much of the way. They arrived in Wellsville, Cache County, Utah on the 3rd of October 1866, where they joined other members of the Archibald family who had come from Scotland four years earlier.

Soon Grandfather built a log house for his Family; he worked at mining and farming. Elizabeth attended school in Wellsville until she had finished the fourth grade, then she worked at home, helping her mother care for the younger children, until she was old enough to do house work away from home.

At the age of seventeen, an interesting event occurred; one Sunday afternoon, Elizabeth, who was now called, "Lizze," went with a group of girls to call upon the home-bound young people of the Ward. One of these convalescents was Franklin (Frank) Wyatt, who was recovering from Typhoid Fever. After the girls had left, he said, "Someday, I'm going to marry Lizzie Archibald."

When he was well, he called at the Archibald home, asking permission to take Lizzie to the Church and Community Activities. Frank like the warm hospitality of their home; they admired and like him, consequently, the young couple had smooth sailing in their brief courtship.
Lizzie soon went to Rexburg, Idaho, with her father and oldest brother, Thomas; Frank went to work, driving Freight wagons in order to earn money for their future marriage.

Early in the spring of 1883, the same year that Thomas E. Ricks and a small group of pioneers settled Snake River Valley, Grandfather and his family decided to move to Rexburg. He took his two eldest children, my mother who was seventeen, and Thomas, thirteen, to help build a home for the Family. The traveled in a covered Wagon, having one team of small horses, a two year old colt, two cows, one pig, a few chickens in a crate, some household good, seed grain, farm implements, and feed for the Animals.

Robert Simms and Family traveled along with them. They drove twelve to twenty miles each day; within two weeks they had made the two-hundred mile journey, having crossed the Snake River twice. The first crossing was at Idaho Falls on a Toll Bridge where a charge of one dollar was made for the team and Wagon, twenty-five cents for Pony and ten cents for each cow.

The second crossing was made by Ferryboat, six miles from Rexburg; the same toll was collected; they narrowly escaped being thrown into the swirling river.

Grandfather settle on a Homestead north of Rexburg and with the help of his children, cleared sagebrush and rocks from the land, built a log house, and started farming.

This first Winter was a hard one in the severe cold climate, in a cabin with sod roof and dirt floor, with a scarcity of food and fuel. Wild berries were gathered and dried for future use; the food was usually boiled because of the scarcity of fat. Firewood had to be gathered from willow trees growing along the river banks; keeping the fire burning in a small sheet-iron stove was a full-time job for one person.

In the summer of 1884, Grandfather, Uncle Thomas and Mother returned to Wellsville, Utah, to bring the other members of the Family to their new home. Before leaving Cache Valley, the family went to Logan Temple where they were sealed for time and all Eternity 16 July 1884.

Their third child, Mary, had died 29 July 1870 at the age or two; they now had eight living children: Lizzie was eighteen, Thomas fourteen, Robert George twelve, James ten, Margaret Agnes eight, Christine six, Isabelle three and Jessie one year old.
Again the journey to Rexburg was made in two weeks time. They were grateful for the new home that awaited them, however, Lizzie was soon to leave this pioneer home to make a new one with the young man to whom she had been engaged for a year and a half. Frank Wyatt had been driving freight wagons from Idaho to Montana, but now he was back in Wellsville. He sent for Lizzie to come from Pocatello, Idaho to Cache Junction, Utah. She traveled via train in April 1885, arriving in Cache Junction before Frank had received her letter telling him of her coming. Finding no one at the Depot to meet her, she accepted the invitation of a man from Wellsville, who had hauled grain to Cache Junction. This must have been a trying experience for Mother, for she was a very shy person, and the road from Cache Junction to Wellsville is a long, long trail.

Lizzie stayed with her Archibald cousins (I think Agnes Archibald Murray) for three weeks, making preparations for her marriage. She purchased silk-brocaded material and her cousin helped her make the dress.

Elizabeth (Lizzie) and Franklin (Frank) were married in the Logan Temple, 29 April 1885.

They lived with his parents, John M. and Sarah C. Wyatt, for more than a year, until the House was built on their farm, three miles north of Wellsville. Their first child, Franklin, who was born 22 February 1886, was a few months old when they moved into their new home: two rooms--one on the ground floor and one upstairs.

As soon as Frank Jr. could walk and climb, he furnished much excitement for his mother. One day she heard a loud noise in the back yard; running to look for her small son, she saw him sitting on the wagon seat, driving the Team of horses in a circle; one rein had fallen to the ground. The men had left the team unattended while they were getting ready to work. The horses were becoming excited and picking up speed; she shouted to Father, who came running from the shed in time to stop the horses.

Another time, she heard Frank Jr. screaming; she found him up on top of the Haystack, with his hand caught in a trap, which had been set to catch animals that had been killing the chickens. The men had forgotten to remove the ladder.

During this first year on their new farm, Frank, Lizzie and their son made a trip in a covered wagon to Rexburg, Idaho; Frank's brother, William, went with them to look at land. This was the last time Lizzie
had the opportunity of visiting her family in Idaho, for several years, however, her parents came to Wellsville a few times to visit her and work in the Logan Temple.

As the family increased, four more rooms were added to the house. Twelve of their thirteen children were born in this Farmhouse, with no Dr. in attendance. A midwife or neighbor attended the births except on two occasions: first, when the second child arrived before Father had returned, bringing the midwife, and second, when the twin girls arrived, the first one was born while Father was going to Town for his Mother and midwife. This child lived only two days. Seven of their thirteen children lived to maturity: Frank, Robert, Ralph, Caroline (Carol), Elizabeth (Beth), Edna and Elsie. Those who died at birth or soon after were: William, Helen, Isabelle (twin), twin boys and a baby boy.

Each Winter, Mother had frequent attacks of Asthma which threatened her life, but after receiving a blessing of the Priesthood from Father, she was relieved of her sufferings. Her great faith was indeed a worthy example to her children. She supported Father in his Church Assignments, which were numerous.

After seventeen years of marriage, Father was called to fulfill a Church Mission in England, the Native Land of his Parents. At that time there were five children: three boys, ages fifteen, fourteen and twelve; two girls, four-and-a-half and one-and-a-half; I was the youngest. Mother again supported this Church Assignment whole heartedly. She was a good manager, thrifty and industrious; the boys had been taught to work hard and with the kind of help of Father’s brothers and our good neighbors, the farm prospered. Mother was able to pay off the indebtedness of the land, keep Father in the Mission field and have five hundred dollars in savings at the end of his two-and-a-half year Mission.

Our experiences that followed Father’s return were good character builders; his natural friendliness had prompted him to invite all of his friends from England to make our home theirs, when they came to America. Many of the English Converts accepted his invitation. We children were delighted to have these English guests, especially when they brought their children. Mother, with her generosity and patience, treated them as members of the family. We gave up our beds and slept on the floor, gladly, because they had done the same thing for Father while he was in England.

Each summer, Mother took a two-weeks vacation to visit her family
in Rexburg, Idaho. She took us with her a few times, but as soon as Carol and I were old enough to be "housekeepers," we were left at home to cook for Father and the boys. I vividly remember the thrill of riding on the train and then going in a white-topped buggy drawn by a team of horses, to visit all of the relatives.

In 1926 and 1928, Mother again took care of the Home, when Father was called to two short-term Missions, eight months each time, in the California Mission. They had moved from their Farm Home to Wellsville City, in 1924, after purchasing the large Owen home, diagonally across the street from the Wellsville Square. This house they remodeled and modernized, making it suitable for large Family gatherings. Each Summer, the daughters who had school teacher husbands, spent their vacations at the Family Home. The husbands attended Summer School at Logan. Mother and Father had great patience with the children; the grand children had the wonderful experience of being in a large Family.

Mother was devoutly religious, teaching us by example, to live the gospel. She was a visiting Teacher in Relief Society and gave many hours of Compassionate Service to those who were ill or in need of assistance. She had taken the course in Home Nursing and Mothercraft, given by Dr. Ship in the early days, which gave her the knowledge she needed to deliver a few babies in the Farm neighborhood.

Their first grandchild, Ralph Ross Wyatt, was born at the Farm Home, 12 July 1915, also Ross's sister, Beth, 22 June 1920. A third grandchild, Robert Wayne Wyatt, was born here, 29 March 1922. Mother assisted the Dr. at the time of these births.

When her son, Ralph, died, 13 March 1922, at age thirty-three, she welcomed his wife, Genevieve and two children, Ross and Beth, into her home. They lived with Father and Mother for five years until Genevieve and Beth moved to California. Ross continued to live with Father and Mother until he was seventeen, when he joined his Mother in California.

After their daughter-in-law, Mary, died in 1929, their son Robert came to live with them, until his death in 1947.

Mother's entire life was spent in unselfish service, to her husband, her children, grandchildren and neighbors. She died 31 December 1940, at age seventy-five in Wellsville, Utah, after a brief illness of 'flu--pneumonia, and was buried in Wellsville Cementery. Besides the children mentioned, her descendants number: twenty-three grandchildren, fifty-six great grand children, and five great, great grandchildren (September 1967).
History of Franklin Archibald Wyatt

Born--22 February 1886, at Grandfather's home in Wellsville, Utah
Married--Genevieve Hoff, 9 September 1914, Montpelier, Idaho
Died--24 May 1947, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, age 61 years

Schooling--in Wellsville, until he graduated from eighth grade. He worked on the farm, planning to go to college. When Frank was fifteen years old, Father was called on a mission to England. The two boys were thirteen and a half and twelve years. Mother and the boys managed the farm, with help from Father's brothers for two and a half years.

At age seventeen and a half, Frank began his higher education in Logan, Utah, at Brigham Young College the first year, then at Utah Agricultural College, until he had received his B.S. degree in agriculture in 1911. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa (scholarship fraternity). With a scholarship and help from his parents, he continued his studies at the University of Illinois, Champaign, Illinois. He received his master's degree in 1913, and his doctor of philosophy degree in 1915.

In June, 1914 Frank came home for vacation and for his marriage to his college sweetheart with whom he had been corresponding. They were married 9 September 1914 in Montpelier, Idaho. He was on the teaching staff of University of Illinois after graduation in 1915 until 1919, when he accepted the position of soils department head at the University of Alberta, Edmonton, Canada. Here he served for twenty-eight years.

He was appointed director of soil surveys for the Province of Alberta in 1921 and carried this heavy responsibility for twenty-six years. He died 24 May 1947 of a heart attack.

Children:
1. Marjorie Jean Wyatt
   Born--1 January 1919, Champaign, Illinois
2. Helen Patricia Louise Wyatt
   Born--13 September 1923, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada
3. Frank Gordon Wyatt
Born—18 May 1925, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada
4. Barbara Genevieve Wyatt
Born—16 August 1930, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada
History of Robert (Bob) Archibald Wyatt

Born--6 October 1887, Wellsville, Utah
Married--16 December 1914, Logan, Utah, Logan Temple to Mary
Owen Hall
Died--26 December 1947, Wellsville, Utah

Robert (Bob) was the first child born in the new farmhouse. He received his schooling, until he graduated from the eighth grade, in Wellsville city schools. He went to Brigham Young College in Logan for one semester, then chose to be a farmer.

Father and Uncle William Wyatt had purchased a farm in Box Elder County, near Strevell, Idaho. Bob was given the responsibility of managing this farm. While there, he met his future wife, Mary O. Hall, her parents were farming in that area.

Mary and Bob were married 16 December 1914, in Logan Temple; they lived on this farm until their house was built on their 160 acre homestead, near Strevell, Idaho.

In 1917, he was drafted into U.S. army service. He sold his home and moved Mary to Wellsville, where she would stay, with her parents and parents-in-law, while he was away. A happy surprise for all of us, when the war ended the day before Bob was to leave.

They made their home in Wellsville, thereafter, living in two rooms of the Wyatt farmhouse, until Father and Mother bought a home in town and moved in 1924. Father and Bob together did the farm work.

In 1929, Mary died, following surgery. Their children, Wayne, seven, and Faye, three, were cared for by Mary's parents, James and Martha Hall. Bob lived with the Halls for a few years; then he lived with Father and Mother for the remainder of his life. He died at age of sixty years of a heart attack.

Children:
1. Robert Wayne Hall
   Born--29 March 1922, at Wyatt farmhouse
2. Faye Hall Wyatt
   Born--11 April 1924, at the Wyatt farm
History of Ralph Archibald Wyatt

Birth--5 February 1889, Wellsville, Cache, Utah
Marriage--30 September 1914, Logan, Cache, Utah, Logan Temple
Death--13 March 1922, Logan, Cache Utah
Burial--Wellsville, Cache, Utah

Schooling--Elementary grades in Wellsville; College at Utah Agricultural College, Logan, Utah, for three years. Favorite courses were literature, debating, and sports. He was on college track team, rifle squad in ROTC and on the debating team.

Ralph worked on Father's farm in Clearcreek, Box Elder county, Utah for one year following his college (1913), where he met his future wife, Genevieve Ross. Ralph had received his Idaho teaching credential---he taught school in a one year in a one-room school in Strevel, Idaho, then continued farming on his Father's farm and on his own homestead of one-hundred and sixty acres, near Strevel.

The drought, dust storms and rabbits prevented them from making a living. Therefore, Ralph and his father-in-law leased the Abe Rose ranch in Snowville, Utah for a few years.

In 1920, they went back to Clearcreek; Ralph was suffering from asthma attacks during the winter of 1921. He decided to go to Cache Valley, where he could receive medical treatments. He contracted the 'flu, had pneumonia and died within a week (age 33).

Children:

1. Ralph Ross Wyatt
   Born 12 July 1915, at his grandparents' home on the farm.
   Ross was six years, eight months old when his father died. He, his mother and sister, Beth, lived with Father and Mother for five years, after which, Genevieve and Beth moved to California. Ross remained with his grandparents until he was seventeen. He then joined his mother in California.

2. Genevieve Elizabeth (Beth) Wyatt
   Born 22 June 1920 at Grandfather's farm, Wellsville, Utah
Excerpts From Beth Wyatt Winn's Travels:

My First Train Ride

The summer of 1904, (perhaps in August), shortly after my father had returned from his mission in England, my sister, Caroline, and I went with my mother and Aunt Josephine Kington, on the train to Rexburg, Idaho. We were going to visit Mother's family--Aunt Josephine to see her in-law relatives.

Father drove us to the railroad station in Cache Junction to catch the train. Caroline was terrified at the sight and noise of the huge engine; she hid behind Mother, covering her eyes with Mother's skirt. I, not wanting to miss any excitement, stood in front of Mother, but I can still remember the feeling I had as the train screeched to a halt in front of us.

For two glorious weeks, we visited relatives in Rexburg--our dear Scottish grandparents, Robert Russell Archibald and Isabella Watson and aunts, uncles and cousins. We were taken from one farm to another to call upon all of them. What fun to ride in a white-top buggy, drawn by two sturdy horses! One morning, we had a pan of bread dough on the floor of the buggy (the owner had not expected to be invited to go with us, but rather than miss a happy time, she took her rising bread along).

The low places in the road were flooded with irrigation water; the water came up so high, it began to run into the buggy. We had to hold our feet up--also the pan of dough.

I was sixteen years old; my sister, Caroline, was nineteen when we went with our Hyrum Stake M.I.A. group on a two day excursion to the Salt Air Amusement Resort. This was an exciting adventure for me, because I had never been to a larger city than Logan. Since my sister and her friends would be along, our parents consented to my going.

The older girls were good chaperones, because they wanted to have as much fun as we did. We rode on the inter-urban train, from Wellsville to Salt Lake City, then took the open-air resort train out to the resort.
One of the highlights of the day was swimming (mostly floating) in the salt water, learning how to keep the salt out of our eyes. We stayed overnight at a hotel in Salt Lake City—six girls in one large room. We returned home the next evening, after a busy day of sight-seeing in the city.

Our train gave us a one hour stopover in Ogden; most of the passengers walked over to a nearby park or visited the sweet shops in the vicinity.

My boyfriend and I were sitting on a park bench, talking about the events of our holiday. Suddenly, we realized that our friends had all left the park. As we approached the depot, we saw the conductor standing on the train steps, calling, “Last train to Cache Valley.” My sister was frantically looking for me, hoping that I would not miss the last train.

It was a joyful holiday which left many pleasant memories to recall as we settle down to our regular summer duties of farm work and household tasks.

July - September 1915: Another Train Ride

Ralph's wife, Genevieve, had been staying with us on the farm for three months, six weeks before the birth of her first child and until he was six weeks old. Ralph Ross was born 12 July 1915; he was the first grandchild in our family and a very special addition.

Someone was needed to accompany Genevieve and the baby on the train to Kelton, where Ralph would meet them. I was happy to be the one elected to take this trip, because I would be able to care for the baby for two weeks longer, and also to see my brothers, Ralph and Bob, and Bob's wife, Mary. They lived on Father's farm in Clear Creek, Boxelder County.

The journey was a long, all day one with very hot, dry weather. The slow freight passenger train from Brigham City to Kelton, through Corrine and across the desert, north of Great Salt Lake, stopped a few times for no apparent reason, except for the train men to talk to the workmen along the way.

Ralph was waiting for us at Kelton, a very small place without shade or green grass. Our transportation was in a single, one-horse
buggy—rather crowded with three adults and a baby. The luggage and baby supplies were carried under and behind the seat. We had to partially cover the baby’s face to keep the dust from covering him. The deep ruts, in the dry, dirt road were filled with loose dirt which rolled around the wheels.

We welcomed the sight of green trees and better roads, as we approached the small group of farm houses in Clear Creek—passed the one store-post office, and finally came to the Wyatt farm. The first thing I did was take a bucket and go to the creek for a fresh cool drink of water (all household water had to be carried from the stream, Clear Creek).

After two weeks with my brothers and wives (they all lived in the same house—separate apartments), Bob took me back over the same dusty roads to the train.

My sister, Carol, and our friends from Wellsville and Hyrum, met me in Brigham City. We stayed there until late that evening to the “Peach Day” celebration. While at the carnival, riding on the merry-go-round, one of the men in our group, Willard Peterson, had his pocket picked. He discovered his loss only when he attempted to pay for another ride. His cousin, Warren, came to his rescue, but he didn’t find his wallet.

We returned to Wellsville on the inter-urban train, after all of the recreation activities had closed, tired but happy.

Summer of 1919

The Wellsville Dance Orchestra was enjoying a period of popularity at this time. They were invited to play as a guest band in many other cities, including Rexburg, Idaho. My cousin, Oliver Myers, was a member of the orchestra; he asked me if I would like to drive my father’s car and take some of them. He knew that I had relatives in Rexburg and that I enjoyed driving our new Buick car.

My parents were generous in allowing me to go on this fun trip; they trusted me to take care of myself and the car. The passengers with me were Hilda Thorpe, who played the piano with her friend, Pearl Brenchley, my cousin, Oliver and Ariel Maughan.

We were away for three days; I didn’t stay with the other girls at the hotel, but stayed with my grandparents. I took them around,
visiting our relatives, on Saturday.

On Saturday night, I had a date with a young man from Cache Valley, Parley Rigby, from Newton, who had told me to call him if I came to Rexburg. He was working in Rexburg for the summer. Grandfather said he knew the Rigby family and approved of my going with Parley, but he wasn't sure that he wanted me to go to a public dance. He had always considered them too wild for his grandchildren to attend.

I explained that since my home dance band was playing and that I would be dancing with Parley and my friends from Wellsville, who accompanied the orchestra, he said, "Okay."

The dance was a big success; my partner an excellent dancer--tall, dark and handsome. There was no disorderly conduct; Grandfather should have gone with us--he would have had a good time.

On the way home, we stopped in Pocatello, to get Ross, my nephew (four years old). His mother, Genevieve, was visiting her sisters and wanted Ross to go to our farm in Wellsville until she had finished her visit.

We also took a detour to Soda Springs for a dip in the pool. We arrived home at the end of a happy holiday and back to work, grateful to my generous parents and sisters, whom I love very dearly for doing extra jobs that I might have a vacation.
John Horsecroft Wyatt was born in Hove, Sussex, England, 2 December, 1849, the first child born to John Moses Wyatt and Sarah Caroline Horsecroft. His parents were converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on June 21, 1852. They decided to leave their homeland and gather to Zion, but experienced great opposition from their families who tried to prevent them from leaving by hiding young John. Fortunately, he was found in time to sail from Liverpool, England, on February 2, 1853, when John was four years old.

The Atlantic crossing was made during the stormy season and required ten weeks. Young John was very seasick on the voyage. The company of some four hundred immigrants arrived at New Orleans on April 23, 1853. They traveled up the Mississippi River to Keobuck, Iowa where they were organized in an ox team company. They walked most of the way across the plains, and finally arrived in Salt Lake City, after many hardships, on October 5, 1853. Their second son, Charles, was born September 2, 1853, in Green River, Wyoming during the trek, but could not endure the hardships of travel and died on 18 December 1853.

Upon their arrival in Salt Lake City, John’s father was employed by Brigham Young as a gardener for about six years. During this period, they lived in a log cabin belonging to the President Young that was located in Twentieth ward. John remembered his first Christmas in Salt Lake City: his father whittled a doll out of wood which John found in his stocking on Christmas morning. President Young played Santa Claus to all the children in the fort. He visited each cabin, and when he came to the Wyatt’s home he took young John upon his knee and gave him cookies and molasses candy. John later remembered how good the treats were.

John was baptized when eight years old by Brother Kessler in City Creek, and recalled having two narrow escapes while living in Salt Lake City: “I came near drowning in the Jordan River. I went down three
times when a man rescued me." Another time, as recorded in the history of his sister, Sarah Hellen, and given in her words, "Our home in Salt Lake was a log room plastered with clay. One night a driving rain storm came up. After we had gone to bed the rain washed the mud from between the bricks which caused the walls to give way. They all fell in, except the corner where brother John and I were sleeping. Father and Mother ran out with my two-year-old sister, Josephine, just before the roof came down. They couldn't find us. Father called and answered, 'We are over in the corner.' He stood in front of me protecting me with his arms. Father helped us out over the fallen roof to the sidewalk. President Brigham Young heard of our trouble. He came and told Father to bring his family to his home. We were soon safely in bed at President Young's home.'

In the spring of 1860, when John was eleven years old, Brigham Young called them to go and help settle Cache Valley. The Wyatt family joined a company of Saints just north of Salt Lake City. There were about thirty wagons in the company with Thomas Hall as the leader and Jim Williamson as assistant.

This was a hard trip for the Wyatt family. The wagon had to be literally dragged over the hills. One ox gave out, and the family cow was hitched in his place, while the small calf followed at her side. The loose cattle were driven by the boys of the company. John assisted in the work, walking all day long.

The company had difficulty in crossing the Weber and Ogden Rivers, as they were in the flood season of the year. These crossings were successfully made, however, and the party continued on northward to Brigham City along the foot of the mountains. At Brigham City, they turned eastward up the canyon where the going became very difficult. Upon reaching Dry Lake the party turned east over the hogsback and descended into Cache Valley down the second ravine south of Bear Gulch, which was very dangerous. It became necessary to fasten a log under the wagon for the men to ride on the upper side to prevent the wagons from tipping over. However, they arrived in Wellsville without mishap.

The Wyatt family had intended on settling in Providence, but there was too much water to cross. The rivers were all at flood stage, and water covered a vast portion of the land.

Their first home was a dugout on the Jim Williamson farm on the south side of the hill. They planted a garden, and a bear dug it up.
Daniel and John Hill came down and shot the bear. In the fall, they moved to a dugout in John Brenchley's pasture just south of the present site of the railroad, on the south slope of the side hill. The next summer, John helped his father build a little house in the old fort, known as Maughan's Fort. They lived there until Wellsville City was laid out.

John's schooling was at his mother's knee where she taught him his letters from the Book of Mormon so that he learned to read and write. When John was eighteen years old, he was employed for two years by the county to keep the new Sardine Canyon road open, so the mail could come through. Charles Nibley carried the mail at the time. "I built me a little cabin up in the mountains west of Dry Lake. I lived up ther alone both winters with my team of oxen, Bummer and Pony, the best yoke of oxen that ever lived. I made one trip in a day from there to Wellsville and back again to open the road. In my spare time I studied my letters, sang songs, and learned to calculate. It was there I learned to make shoes."

One winter night the lives of three persons were saved by John Wyatt. They were caught in blizzard and had lost the road. John heard their cries for help and took them to his cabin where they remained all night. This was a man and his two daughters. The man gave John a double handful of alfalfa seed to pay him in part for his kindness. With this seed, John raised his first hay.

As a young man, John Waytt worked with Walter Glenn to learn to be a stone mason. He laid the foundations for a good many homes and built several rock houses, including one for his mother and family in the west part of town.

George Parker and John Wyatt built a lime kiln at the mouth of Snow's Canyon. Here they burned lime and hauled it to Ogden to sell. They also built a lime kiln above Mantua about one mile north of town on the east side of the road, the remains of which are still to be seen. Part of the lime used in building the Logan Temple came from their work.

John Wyatt, Willard Parker, and Tom Jones did freighting to the gold mines in Boise, Idaho. Their outfits each consisted of two and three wagons drawn by six yoke of oxen. On these trips, his favorite yoke, Bummer and Pony, led his outfit. After this work of freighting, he started farming in a bigger way and stayed closer to home. He did considerable work in the canyon getting out logs. "My best place to
work was in the canyon. I could cut more logs than any man who ever took and ax with me. I got the lumber out to build the ZCMI building in Logan.” John Wyatt was always able to keep employed, he said many times, “I want to wear out, not rust out.”

Before he was married, he bought a small house and lot in the west part of town. He had his eye on the beautiful brown-eyed daughter of John and Eleanor Wilson Barnes. Her name was Sarah Jane. John, being a practical man, wanted to find out if Sarah Jane was a good housekeeper. One Monday morning, he called at the Barnes home. As his excuse, he wanted to talk to Father Barnes. He found his sweetheart washing clothes on a washboard and that convinced him that he had found his true love. Before their marriage, after a hard day’s work, he would spend his evening working on their future home and making his first furniture. Sarah Jane would visit with him as he worked.

On November 9, 1874, John Wyatt and Sarah Jane Barnes were married and to this union four children were born. One baby died, and on August 3, 1882, Sarah Jane died of typhoid fever, leaving John with three small children. At the time of Sarah Jane’s death, John was under contract to build a fence along both sides of the railway between Mendon and Wellsville. This work required him to leave home before dawn and return after dark. At first, his mother took care of the children for him, later he hired a housekeeper, Almira Leavitt. Almira didn’t want to continue this housekeeping because had another job, so her nineteen year old sister, Julia Leavitt, became John’s housekeeper.

Julia’s father was Thomas Rowell Leavitt, and her mother was Thomas’s second wife, Antionette Davenport. Antionette had died in childbirth on October 2, 1880, leaving nine children under the care of the first wife, Ann Eliza Jenkins. On July 5, 1883, Thomas Rowell Leavitt took a third wife, Martha Harriet Dowdle. The federal authorities began to prosecute the ploygamists, so Thomas Leavitt went to Alberta, Canada, along with Charles Card and helped to settle Cardston. Thomas took his third wife with him, leaving Antionette’s children and Ann Eliza’s family in Wellsville. Thus Julia and the other children were required to take work and fend for themselves to a great degree.

So, when the nineteen year old Julia Leavitt became housekeeper for the handsome young widower, John Wyatt, it is not so strange that a marriage resulted. On November 9, 1882, John Waytt and Julia Ann
Leavitt were married and from this union, ten children were born.

Julia's sister, Betsey, who was eight years younger than Julia was invited to live in the Wyatt home where her sister could look after her. Betsey was interested in boys, like any teenage girl, and caused her family some concern. It was suggested by her sister, Julia, and her father that she would be better off married to a good man like John Wyatt than running the streets. By the time Betsey was nineteen years old, she had ample opportunity to become acquainted with John and his family.

One day, John Wyatt took Betsey for a buggy ride and proposed to her. He expressed his love for her and she accepted. Word came through the Church that an expedition to Juarez, Mexico, was being formed. Anyone wishing to enter into polygamous marriages should join this group under the direction of Brigham Young, Jr. Thus, in the spring of 1890, John Wyatt and Betsy Leavitt took the train to Manifesto, they were married under the divine ordinance of polygamy.

Twelve children were born to the union of John Horsecroft Wyatt and Betsy Leavitt Wyatt.

The federal officers made life difficult for the polygamists, forcing them to go into hiding, subjecting them to arrest and intimidation.

Certain men in Wellsville were "spotters" for the government. They were to find out where the polygamists were and report them to the federal officers. One spotted Samuel Hall, however, his wife was not in sympathy with his activities. Every time the federal men came, Mrs. Hall had to cook a big supper for them while they planned their strategy. Mrs. Hall would bundle up her little boy, whose name was William, and slip him through the bedroom window and tell him to run and warn certain people to spread the news that the federal men were in town. William was the father of Loyal Hall of Logan, Utah.

The polygamist men would hide in haystacks or go into the hills. John Wyatt had a trap door into the attic of his home, and he spent some time hiding in there. His wife, Betsy, was a virtual prisoner, remaining upstairs for days, or hiding in the raspberry patch. John sent Betsy to Canada to avoid persecutions. Her brothers built her a cabin near her father's home, but she wanted to be with her husband, and so she soon returned.

Bishop Maughan advised the men to accept a mission call and thus avoid persecution. John Wyatt did accept a call to labor in England, departing on September 2, 1891, sixteen months after marrying Betsy.
The following is recorded in John’s missionary journal: “September 2, 1891. I left Mendon at 1:20 p.m., after a painful parting with my family and friends. I stayed overnight in Ogden with my old friend William M. (Billie) Wilson and enjoyed the night very much.”

John arrived in New York on September 10th with nine other missionaries. On September 12th, they departed for England on the steamship, “Nevada,” of the Quin Line with one-hundred and fifteen passengers on board. Although the “day was fine, and the sea calm,” by 7:00 p.m., John was very seasick and continued to be so, unable to eat very much until they arrived in Liverpool on the 23rd of September 1891. On the 24th, John was appointed to labor with Brother Frank Caelton in Norwich where a number of missionaries maintained a “bachelor hall” in a rented house.

September 27. “We held a meeting...that was the first time I bore my testimony in England, we had a time of rejoicing together.”

On November 4th, John traveled by train to Brighton and was met by his Uncle William Wyatt and Aunt Maria, who made him welcome. While in Brighton, he had opportunity to visit with his cousins and friends and attended the old Parish Church and recorded, “it was a grand sight to me to have been and seen the place where I was born.”

While at Brighton, John recorded: “November 11, 1891, Wednesday, this is a fearful bad day. The wind is dreadful, and we received news that two schooners were disabled and were driven to shore. They saved the lives of all on the first one. I went to see the last one; when I got there I saw some of the men on the beach, twenty I guess, take hold of a rope and go out into the sea and rescue a man...he was more dead than alive. The ship was sunk, all but the masts, and on one of them I saw two men standing and the waves was a dashing the masts all to pieces. The waves roared over the poor people every few minutes and no one could help them. At dark, the masts all went down and the poor people I saw on them went under.”

On December 24th, 1891, John recorded in his diary the following items which reveal much about his character, and his feeling toward his wives: “A little explained, a little endured. A little past [sic] over and a quarrel is ended. Better to suffer without cause than to have cause for suffering. It costs more to resent injuries than to bear them. In a hundred ills of contention there is not one of love. To cast oil on the fire will not put it out. There would be no quarreling if we love our neighbors as ourselves.”
Man's Best Help Mate--Where he will unconsciously ruin himself, woman will save him. She is better in her nature. Today she is stronger in her character, she is purer in her love, warmer in her affections, than she ever was. If ever there was a time in the history of the world when a woman could act as man's best helper, as his safe advisor, as his loyal friend, it is today. The man who lacks faith in her or is unwilling to put his trust in her wisdom is to be pitied. She will be to him what his strongest or most intimate man friend can never be. She is the surest, and safest refuge for a man in times of trouble. From her heart swells forth that love and affection for him of which woman's nature is alone capable. A man will be a hero for the woman he esteems but a woman will be a martyr for the man she loves."

The following is a letter published in the Logan Journal dated June 18, 1892: "On the British Isles--An Interesting letter from a missionary abroad--He takes the Journal and keeps up with the times--Editor Journal.

As I am a reader of your paper I notice that you have have seldom any communication from this part of the world. Many of my friends are Journal readers and I would like for them to know something of the fields in which I am now working. If they will take half as much interest in reading this account of my missionary travels as I do in reading the Journal, I will feel amply paid for writing it.

I have been over many long miles, both by rail and by foot and have seen a great many things worthy of mention. When we go on missions we see more in a few months than we ever see in all our lives before. I left my Wellsville home September 2, 1891, and went to labor in the Norwich conference. In the following November I was in Brighton, Sussex where I was born. There I met many of my relatives who were glad to see me, but they didn't need my message for they were already saved. While there I saw many grand places. I visited the graves of my grandparents and witnessed a storm which wrecked many vessels at sea.

One of them was a sailing ship laden with slate from Switzerland; it was dashed to pieces within gunshot of the shore. It sank from sight, all except the jibboom and the top of two masts which stuck out above the water. The poor sailors could be seen clinging to those but every wave that dashed over them weakened their grasp until finally they gave up and were carried of by the angry sea.
One of the sailors was carried upon the beach by a huge wave but it took him back before we could reach him. One of my cousins then tied a rope around his body and given the end to spectators, he plunged in after the poor seaman. He finally reached him and brought him into land. In three days the sailor was all right again. He proved to be the first mate. All the other bodies were rescued by they were corpses. No one else came out of that wreck alive.

In December I came to labor in Lowestoft. This is a beautiful city, built upon the shore of the German ocean and surrounded with many magnificent scenes and grand old places. The revolving light house is there. It is a wonderful work of genius. It stands two hundred feet above the sea level and its bull’s eye can be seen for thirty miles at sea.

In March I went to Norwich. I visited the old Cathedral, a very ancient building. I ascended its tower, three hundred and twenty feet high. The way of getting to the top was not easy but I managed to squeezed through the passages and get up the ladder and out on top. The day was bright and clear and I had a splendid view of the city of one hundred and twenty four thousand inhabitants. While I was up there gazing around, I was reminded of the prairies where there was only one watering place or spring and all the animals from every direction came to it to drink.

The streets here in the English towns are not well laid out like they are at home. They are crooked and appear to have been surveyed by the wandering cows. There is a great mustard factory at this place where four hundred women and three hundred men are kept constantly employed. The fog gets so thick I have to cut my way throught it with my walking stick.

The weather is very uncertain. It seems to be changing every few minutes. Everything is in bloom now and all the country look like a beautiful flower garden. A friend of mine invited me to visit his gardens the other day. He has a fine place and it is called Temple Bar Garden. There are ten hot houses in his garden and he has orchards with almost every kind of fruit that grows.

Pleasure seems to be the order of the day in this country, everywhere you go and every place you look it is pleasures sought after and the scriptures being fulfilled. Before closing I wish to say that of all the grand places I see, there is no place like my mountain home.

Yours Respectfully John Wyatt Jr."
John recorded on July 12, 1892, that he had learned by letter that “my wife Betsy had been arrested by deputy Corey as a witness against me...” After this Betsy went into hiding, taking her little daughter Betsy (Bessie), and a son, Parley, who was born after John left for England. She stayed at Joe Parker’s in Mt. Sterling. John recorded on July 29th and again on August 13th of having received news of Parley’s illness and finally on August 13th “the postman brought me two letters from home with the sad news of my little son Parley’s death. He died on July 23rd.”

Again on September 15th John recorded, “I found a letter from my family and one from my mother. They bore to me the sad news of my poor little Betsy’s death. She died August 25th with whooping cough [sic]. This is shocking to me. This is two of my darling children laid away since I came on this mission. They tell me my wife Julia has been arrested as a witness against me for having two wives they say. I have a sad heart and I am not very well at all either.”

On that same day, John wrote the following letter full of love for his family and grief over the loss of his children:

Julia my dear wife and Betsy my dear wife:

Your letter bearing the awful sad news to me of my darling Betsy’s death has reached me and, oh dear! I believe my poor heart will break if the Lord does not help me (which I feel sure he will). Oh! such a lot of trouble for me, and oh! my poor wives, how your poor hearts must ache. And poor dear Betsy, may God help her to bear up under this. The Lord has a purpose in this I am sure, but it is hard to bear.

I have felt in my sleep, of late, that something was wrong at home. You ask me to try to bear up. Oh! my dear, it—it is so hard.

I have not been right well one day since I have been here. I have worked on thinking to be able to overcome it all, and at times I have thought I should. I know that the Lord has helped me on, but now I have to tell you that I have not had the privilege of feeling right well at all. But, I have thought that I could suffer anything myself to do the will of my Father in Heaven. But when I hear of the sad trouble at home, oh my poor broken hearted wives! If I could only comfort you for a minute. But, you must ask God to do that and he will.
Oh! I am so sorry to hear of your arrest. Don't you know that they cannot make you testify against me? Oh! the scoundrels! [sic] If I had that marshal [sic] just for a few minutes, I would make him sick sure. Oh say, have you got a receipt for the $135.00? (This was the amount Julia was fined when she was arrested.) I hope so, and I will make it hot for them. But don't tell this now my dear wives.

Don't you think it would be the best thing for you to do, to give me away and then you could live in peace together unmolested? I would rather go to the pen than have you both or either of you in such trouble, my dears. If I was in the pen and knew that you were both free and happy, I should feel better than I do this way. What do you think? I am in earnest and I would rather die in the pen than ever give up one of you, or forsake one parcel of the blessings God has given me to any men or government. So, I hope you will not doubt me for if it need be, I can swear [sic] it, and I believe God will help me to be faithful. I have no fears for you both.

Remember, I am writing this to you both and if the Lord see's fit to take our sweet little ones to himself we shall try to live worthy of them; and then oh what a joyous meeting we shall have with them.

Now I hope that you will not pay them scamps any more cash. My dears, I am out of money nearly, please send me a little.

I have got my Mothers' loving letter, but I can't answer it now. Give my love to her and Father and all. Let her read this, and tell her to write and not to wait for me.

Now my dear wives, please accept of the love of your broken hearted husband. I pray God the Eternal Father to heal up your aching hearts and mine. Give my love to the children that are left to me. This is the prayers of my aching heart. John Wyat

On September 17th, John recorded that he received a letter from president Wrakham advising him to write to President Brigham Young Jr. (mission president) "and tell him that my health was so poorly, and that I had sickness at home, and I had now lost two of my children and ask him what to do." John replied to President Wrakham "that if he wished to he could, as I did not like to do so..."

On September 22nd, John recorded that "in the morning I
received a letter from President B. Young giving me the privilege
to go home, if I felt like it, on account of my loosing two of my
children, but as he gave me no encouragement or council to go, I
could not feel to do so as yet...

Julia was arrested, as indicated above and was required to
appear in court in Ogden.

John Wyatt received notice of release from his first mission
on November 15, 1892, having served fourteen and one half
months. He set sail for home on the steamship Wyoming on
November 19, 1892.

In 1897, John Wyatt served on the East Field Irrigation Co.
board of directors and as the president until March 14, 1899,
when he began preparing for his second mission to England. John
Wyatt left home for a second mission to England on May 3, 1899.
Elder Wyatt was appointed to labor in the Birmingham
Conference. On June 10, he again took a trip to Brighton where he
was born, to visit relatives and preach the Gospel to them. After
eighteen months he received his release, on October 3, 1900, and
set sail on the 18th. The return journey was his fifth trip across
the ocean.

John Wyatt filled two home missions in Cache Valley. In 1894,
with Alvin McBride of Hyrum as a companion, he labored in
Smithfield, Richmond, Cove and Lewiston. In 1902, in company of
David A. Murray, he labored as a missionary in Mendon and
Petersboro. This completed four missions in all for John Wyatt.

John Wyatt served on the Wellsville City Council during 1912
and 1913. During this period he helped to secure a water supply
for Wellsville and personally labored on its development.

"One time he almost lost his life in a snow slide in Pine
Canyon. It was in the spring of the year. He was up there with
some other men getting out logs. A snow slide cam down and
cought him and buried him out of sight. He managed to keep his
ax in his hand and with it he some way dug himself out."

"He was one of the best men with an ax I ever knew. Joseph
Morris had a good reputation as a tie cutter, and he and John
made a bet to see which one could cut the most ties and I
remember John came out quite a long ways ahead.

"The funniest thing happened one time. He was working in the
canyon with George and Alexander Spence. In some way the Spence brothers were trying to move a big log with long end of it down the hill. This flipped the other end up in such away as to hang the oxen by the yoke. They called for Father to come and he ran out on the log and with one blow of his ax cut the log chain and dropped the oxen.

"I've heard Father tell about being out at Promitory Point when they drove the golden spike but I don't know much more about it than that he was there and that it was a big time (told by Julia Wyatt).

"Father had two hire men to help him put up the hay. He pitched on one side of the wagon and had the two men on the other side to keep up with him.

"Some men had made a bet that father could outcut any man when logging. By the time they had one tree down he would have two. The 'V' cut would be as straight and smooth as if cut by a saw (told by William L. Wyatt).

Death came to John Wyatt May 10, 1939. He truly wore out rather than rusting out as he wished to do. His funeral services were held in the Wellsville Tabernacle attended by a vast congregation of friends and relatives. He had nineteen children and two wives, all of whom were present at his funeral.
Telephone Interview With Ann Eliza Wyatt Gunnell Leishman

Taped by Clair L. Wyatt, 1971

C: Hello!
A: Hello, Clair. How are you?
C: Fine. How are you doing?
A: Oh, pretty good.
C: Listen, I was going to call you; have you got just a minute?
A: Oh, I've got all afternoon.
C: Hang on just a minute. I want to get something--. I've got a book here I've been reading and I'd like you to comment on this, if you can, in regards to Grandpa and his two wives, your mother and my grandmother, their histories would be really interesting. And I think we ought to try to put that in as part of Grandpa's history.
A: Well, I wrote my mother's history. And then Mable and Reta wrote Aunt Betsey's.
C: Well, maybe we ought to keep those separate then. But here's something that I was impressed with. This is in some writings by Leonard Arrington, the Church historian. He says, 'The heritage of Mormon women is impressive in its complexity. How ironic that polygamous wives, the epitome of mistreated and downtrodden femininity in the eyes of the world, should have been among the most independent, liberated women of their time. These poor women whose husbands courted 'sweet things' beneath their eyes and married them with or without the wife's permission where also managers of their own farms, the sole support of their children, and sometimes professional women as well.

'We can say of polygamy that we wouldn't want to live in it and that it was probably as hard on the men as women. Yet, the dedication of those early Saints is impressive indeed.'

And he says that while some of them had problems, others genuinely accepted the other wives as loved sister.

But he says that the woman had to become the head of the home and they had to run farms and they had to be independent and take care of
their families by themselves in a lot of cases and, of course, that was true in our family because Grandpa was away on his missions.

A: Yes.

C: And it says that, ‘few Mormon wives lead such autonomous lives today’ (or in other words, such independent lives today). And I haven’t heard anybody say much about that, but when Grandpa was away, he left the money-earning and the farm-running and everything to the wives.

A: No, Aunt Betsey never could write her name to anything according to the law of the land. And, of course she was younger. And another thing, Mother was taking care of the business under the direction of Uncle Will Wyatt and Uncle Frank that were very near to her.

C: How old were they then?

A: They were married men!

And another thing, he rented the farm to Nephi Green. He was a fine man out there in Greenville—we’d call it.

C: Greenville? Where’s that?

A: Well, that’s out of Green’s Corner, out there where that service station is where one road goes to Hyrum and one to Logan and one to Wellsville.

And I know that in some of the letters that I read, Mother wrote to him and she’d ask about what to plant in this piece of ground and what to have them plant in that piece of ground. And then he’d write back. He told her not to sell any wheat at all.

C: To store it?

A: Yeah. He had two lovely graineries on that old Wyatt farm. And the wheat was stored in the graineries. And that was to be used for seed wheat for the next season, see. And they took it to Logan to a mill and had it ground into flour and got some—we called it ‘mush’—it was ground what, you know, for cereal. And we had a herd of cows.

We always had a nice acreage of lucerne seed, alfalfa, they called it. And it was cut and dried and made into nice haystalks and they’d fill the barns full and take care of the cows in the winter. In the summer, we had in a pasture down below the hills on the right-hand side as you come in on that road from Logan. I drove the cows to the pasture a lot.

But Aunt Betsey lived in town. I don’t think she ever lived on the farm while Father was a mission because I lived with her a lot and Nettie lived with her and worked in the store.

But I used to stay with Aunt Betsey a lot. I had typhoid fever when I was only thirteen. And then Mother thought it was too hard on me. I
got better in October--November? And I started back to school at Christmastime. So they thought it was better for me to stay with Aunt Betsey and go to school in town. And there used to be a schoolhouse out there on Green's Corner just north of that service station. We went there to school a lot before the schools were consolidated.

But now, I have a letter where I said I was in the second grade, and it was raining and Willy was a good little boy and Wilford was a good little boy and thing and another. And I've still got that letter that Father brought back to me.

C: So you'd have been seven or eight, the, wouldn't you?
A: Uh huh. About that.
C: Well, that would have been his first mission, then?
A: Now, I remember when he went on his second mission. I went out the back. He had us all, both families, living in the old house that they later tore down.

Well, anyway, I went out and, oh, I did hate to see him go! He called us all in and we knelt down and had family prayer. And then he had to go to Mendon to catch the train. And before he left, I just couldn't say goodbye to him and I went out and sit on the log at the back of the house. And he never missed one of his children, I'm telling you. He came outside and hunted me up 'cause he missed me. He wasn't over to England only about 18 months that time.

C: What led up to his going on those missions, do you recall?
A: He was a polygamist. Bishop Maughan advised the men to take a mission.

C: And that was during a period of time when the federal people were giving them a lot of trouble?
A: Yes. And they was giving them all kinds of trouble. Now this is what Mother told me when I was a young lady. There was a man by the name of Tom Grant lived in town and he was a spotter.

C: Kind of a spy?
A: He was a spy. They called him a spotter for the government. And when they were coming in to town--why he would try to find out where these men were. 'Course we're all trying to hide.

Now, there was another man, Samuel Hall. He was a sort of a spotter. He lived down just a block from where I live--from the corner down. But every time that they would come to town, Tom Grant would get word of it and he'd give Sam Hall notice they were coming. And Mrs. Hall, Sam Hall's wife, would have to cook a big supper for them. They'd
go there and have their supper before they'd go out and try and raid these homes. And she had a little boy. But everytime that his mother got word that these people were coming, she'd bundle him up and slip him through the bedroom window and tell him to run and tell certain people and spread the news that the federal men was in town. And that was Loyal Hall's father that did that when he was a boy.

So poor Aunt Betsey—it wasn't so bad for mother. Me and little Bessie was about the same age. May Anderson and James Sines used to wrap us up in blankets and go down and lay down in the lucerne pasture with us so they couldn't find any babies in the house. And Mother'd tell me all these things.

And Aunt Betsey was just a prisoner upstairs. She'd get up there and Mother'd say, 'Now, you get up there and stay in the closet and don't you come out! And get behind the door and,' she say, 'if they want to go through the house, I'll guide them through, but I'll see that they don't get to my bedroom.' And that's the way they lived. Now, Aunt Betsey didn't have too good of a life that way.

So anyway, Aunt Betsey lived up in that home for a while and then she'd go to the farm and stayed a while in the summer with her children. The children would go with each other's mothers. So finally, Father got Aunt Betsey that little home down on the corner.

C: About when was that, do you remember?
A: Well, I don't know exactly. I was quite a big girl 'cause I carried things down the sidewalk for Aunt Betsey. You kow, things that she was careful of not to put in a buggy or something. Then she was moving out of that old house.

C: Before that time, both of the ladies were living there together in that old house?
A: They'd lived there together quite a while and then Mother went to the farm to live. She lived on the farm more than Aunt Betsey; she was there all the time when Father was on his mission. And she was there in order to help take care of the fields and the cattle and everything. She had to do the business things because the second wife didn't have any right to; well, was hardly known in business affairs.

When I worked in the store with Father, I said to him one day, I said, 'Father, (he was quite an old man)'' I said, 'Have you got Aunt Betsey's home in her name?'

And he looked—he says, 'Sorry, I'm taking some egg cases out to the back.'
I says, 'I'd like to talk to you.'
And he said, 'Well, to think of it, no. It's in my name.'
And I says, 'You've got Mother's home in her name, haven't you?'
'No, it's in my name.'

And so I says, 'Well, don't you think it's time that you had someone make out those homes in those women's names so if anything happened to you? It wouldn't cost them much to go through the courts.' And I was about nineteen or twenty years old then. And I says, 'And I think you ought to give Aunt Betsey a piece of that farm land.'

And he says, 'Well, my dear, I know I should.' But you know the way they done, they homesteaded first out there. And he got one piece of ground after another. And he never had a straight deed for any darn thing. And I got on to that.

I said to him, 'Do you know where the deeds are to this property?'
And he said, 'Well, it's sure mixed up. I've got to get it taken care of sometime.'

Well, anyway, I said, 'I been thinking, Father, that you better take care of Aunt Betsey for some property. What if something happened to you? She'd come in your estate as a child. She wouldn't be a wife.'

Well, I went to Logan on the streetcar to buy me a pair of shoes or something one day and I met James Stewart. And he was a... He worked on... Well, I don't know whether he was an attorney or what he was. But anyway, he worked in all this business. You know these deeds and worked in all this business. You know these deeds and things. He knew all about it. And he was a Wellsville man.

And I said, 'Like to talk to you a few minutes, Jim, if you have time.'

He says, 'Well, I was just going into the Bluebird to get me a drink of lemonade. Don't you want one?'

And I said, 'Sure.' So I went in. And he was married then, too.

I went in and sat down with him. I said, 'Now, there's something I want to talk to you about and I don't want to be known in it because I might get my head chopped off.'

And so I told him that I didn't think that Father had one piece of ground that was cleared in the courthouse.

He says, 'What makes you think that?'

I says, 'Because he don't know anything about it, and I don't think he'd got any deeds in his house.' And I says, 'I think it's about time that he had some land put in Aunt Betsey's name and her home.'

He says, 'He hasn't done that?'
And I says, 'No.' And I says, 'I want you, Jim, to come to Wellsville and to come in the store--he thinks a lot of you--(and he was over there all the time, anyway) and talk to him.'

And so he said, 'Well, I'll do that.'

I says, 'Can you do that? Can you unravel all that and get those deeds all straight?'

And he said, 'Sure!' And he says, 'I'll go over to the courthouse now and go all over that business of John Wyatt.' 'Course, Mother had to sign for this and that and the other. But Aunt Betsey never signed anything, see? It was the law of the land. Then, one of the next days, here comes Jim Stewart in the store with Slim and he says, 'Hi, Annie! How are you today?'

And I said, 'Oh, fine.'

'Where's your father?'

I says, 'Out there making newspapers.'

So he says, 'Okay, I'll go out and talk to him.' And he winked at me. But he come over to the counter and he says, 'Those deeds and everything are all in the dandiest mess you've ever seen.' And that's just what he said (laughing). 'You need somebody to straighten them out.'

I says, 'All right that's your job now. Don't you tell my dad I sent you after him!'

So, anyway, he went out and talked to Father, and so Father took him up home to dinner. Up to Mother's. So they talked it over and he told Father and Mother, he said that it was about time they had something done. And he give him the leeway to go ahead and do it. And that's when he told him he wanted a piece of ground out in the field given to Aunt Betsey in her name and her home.

Well, do you know what happened to that piece of ground? Marvin wanted to do something. Well, she went with Marvin to the bank and put a mortgage on that ground for him to buy him a wagon and a team--a team of horses and one thing and another. So anyway, she didn't know what she was doing, and she come up to Robert, and Robert says, 'Aunt Betsey, what'd you ever do a trick like that for? Why didn't you ask me about it? Why didn't you come to my bank?' And he says, 'You'be practically give that First Security Bank over (or First National Bank, was it?) that piece of ground!' Well, anyway, it ended up that that's where it went. And now, the children, they didn't think their mother got anything, but she had a
lovely piece of ground out there. I don't know how much it was. But it was to Marvin that it went. But then, they gave her the sugar stock, and I think the girls are still getting money on the sugar stock that he had. He was always taking stock out in something.

So anyway, this Jim Stewart got the land all straightened out and everything fixed up and go Aunt Betsey's home in her name. He kept it in escrow for her. He wouldn't give her the deed to it. Because he was afraid that somebody'd talk her out of it, you know.

So anyway, she had that home and then Bill, he bought it and sold it to Parkinsons after she died.

C: You mean, my dad bought it?
A: Yeah, anyway he had the handling of it there.
C: I remember he asked me if I wanted it. I think they sold it for $1500, including an acre of land there with it.
A: Yes. And they just practically give it away.
C: But I didn't want it.
A: It was Parkinsons that bought it, and now there's three lovely homes on it.
C: Yeah, it's worth a lot more now, isn't it?
A: Oh, boy, yes.
C: Yeah, if I'd a been smart, I'd have bought it. But I wasn't very smart. I didn't have any money, either.
A: Well, that's half our problem.
C: Yeah.
A: Now, that is the story that I know of his polygamy life in our home. But I know Father worried a lot about Aunt Betsey. He thought a lot of her and loved her. He had me--when I'd go home when he was sick, and I'd go up there, he'd say, 'Will you go down and see if Aunt Betsey's okay, if she'd got plenty of coal to keep her warm?' And different things, you know. And I'd go down. And then when those kids had typhoid fever, I went and gone and helped nurse them.

C: Which kids was that?
A: That was Will and Brigham. And then Marvin took sick.
C: Well, Brigham died didn't he?
A: Yes, Brigham died.
C: Yeah, I remember Dad talking about that.
A: Uh huh. And I went down and helped them a lot. But Aunt Betsey, she had trying times. All those polygamist women did. But she was well taken care of if she'd a took care of the land right, you know.
C: Well, that's very interesting.
A: And we always loved her and when she was in the Mendon rest home there, Nettie and I went down and took her an apron. And she had a beautiful voice, Clair! She could sing like a bird.
C: That right?
A: Beautiful voice! She'd sing in church and in parties, sing 'round the house. She had a beautiful voice. I'd say, 'Oh, Aunt Betsey, you've got a pretty voice! Wish I could sing like that.' But I knew a lot about her, and I wanted to bring her home from Mendon and put her to bed in my bedroom--take care of her.
But Nettie says, 'Annie, you can't do that! You'd have those kids all on you neck.'
C: Yeah, that always poses quite some problems. Well, you were telling me about how the men had to hide out. That was interesting. About the haystacks and all that.
A: Well, they'd hide in haystacks. And they'd hide in the hills. And Father had--in that old house there was a man-hole up in the roof.
If we went upstairs to the bedrooms--. There was two bedrooms there and then a room that us kids just played in, and it's a wonder we didn't all burn the house down because there was a chim'ley went up from the cook stove up through the house through that room. And that's where we got our heat from. And there was a manhole up in the roof there so as--I don't know what he had it for. He just built it that way. So he'd get up in there and stay for a long time.
C: Now, that was the old house that was later torn down you're talking about?
A: The old house that was torn down. The one where all three women lived. It was Sarah Jane's house in the first place.
C: Would you tell me that story again about how the judge in Ogden required your mother to come down there.
A: Well, the one time she went down there with Uncle Al Leavitt. And they were in a cart. He had a cart with a horse hooked to it. And on the way, they had an accident. One of the shafts fell down. And she had a black dress on. And anyway, it tipped them out. And she was all bruised up, and her dress all tore and everything. And she was sure shook up. And when they took her into the courtroom in that mess, the judge wanted to know what had happened. And she just stood up and told him.
'I had to come down here in a cart from Cache Valley to stand up
here and tell you where my husband is, and it's none of your business where he is! (Anyway, he was in England.)

And anyway, she says, 'Look at this dress! And I've not got any pins or anything to pin it together!' And her bare leg was showing! And she says, 'I pretty near to got killed! Now, who'd a been to blame for that? It'd a been you!'

So he sent her home.

And then there was another time that Mary had to go with her. They wanted her 'cause she was the big girl in the home.

And she says, 'Mother! What'll I say?'

And she says, 'Don't you say one word! You just start bawling to the top of your voice!'

Thot was Sarah Jane's daughter (Mary Anderson) that she raised. And she says, 'You just start crying as hard as you can and don't you let up neither!' And she did!

C: She did the part well, huh?
A: You bet! (laughing) She was scared anyway.
C: It wouldn't have been hard for her then?
A: No, (laughing) oh, Clair--.
C: Well, those are fascinating stories.
A: Brigham Young had suggested that Father come home. See, Aunt Betsey lost two children right there. And that's when he got mine and Bessie's picture, you know. And it was sitting on his table and then he got this letter that said that little Bessie had died.

And that was just through not having a decent place to stay. Brother Parker took her to Sterling to live up there to Joe Parker's with them. And Emma Glen (that was Emma Parker), she was his daughter, and she said, 'There's no reason for that child to got sick and died if they'd a treated them decent.' (That is if the authorities woulda kept their nose out.) Because Brother Parker didn't have a heated home, see? There was no stove in the bedroom where the baby was. And Aunt Betsey was in the bedroom with no stove. I think she paid dear for everything. And even when the baby died, see, they didn't have a public funeral. So Bill Hoffkins, his wife was a sister to Sister Parker, and they went up to go to the funeral and Brother Parker wouldn't let them in. They just had a private funeral and took the baby in the dusk and buried it in the cemetery.

C: They were buried in the cemetery, though?
A: Oh, yes. They were buried over there. Aren't you glad you got an
Aunt Annie?

C: I sure am (laughing)! Were you telling me that when they built their haystacks, they left a hole in the middle of them?

A: No. They didn't leave a hole. They just dug a hole in. They dug a hole, you know, pulled some hay out. They piled this hay up with a big hayfork and a horse to draw the hayfork up. And then they'd hide in the shed or anywhere that they could hide these men. And he was in haystack and they'd take food out and put it through at a certain time. And Grandfather Leavitt, he was up the canyon, hid, when his wife, Antoinette, died giving birth to a baby; she was all alone. I think that--no, I don't know what to think. But I think that they paid pretty dear for trying to live the Gospel, you know.

C: Yeah, I'm sure you're right about that. Well, Leonard Arrington would lead you to think that they had some real advantages; that they had some of the things that these modern feminists are trying to get now. You know, to be like a man and be in charge of the house and independent.

A: Oh! They don't know what they're--(laughing). Any woman that's got a husband to protect her and to take charge of things say, 'Yes, we can do this,' or 'We can do that.' But some of these women, they think that they're smarter than men and, oh, my. I don't know. I said once I'd like to be the mayor over here in Wellsville, but I don't think of it, honest (laughing).

C: Well, you could probably get a lot of good things done if you were, but it wouldn't be fun.

A: No, it wouldn't be fun. I'd speak too plain; 'I'm the daughter of John Wyatt, and I'll tell you what I've got to say.'

And you know, your father, Will's been good to me! When I was buying that marker for Grandmother Leavitt (her's had fell down), and I told him I was going to go ahead and collect some money from the cousins to pay for anew marker. And I couldn't get very many interested and I wrote to Canada and to the cousins and then one of my cousins there took it over and sent me money to help pay on it. So I bought a new marker and put it up.

A: So Will, I talked to him, and he says, 'You got right ahead, and I'll back you up in it.' He says, 'That clay marker has had its time, and it's crumbled all to pieces.'

C: And who's grave was that on?

A: That was Antoinette Davenport, our grandma. So that was Aunt
Betsey's and Mother's mother. So I went ahead and I told him, I says, 'Now, I've got eighty dollars collected.' (Something like that.) And I says, 'That's about all I can get, Will. Let's go over and pick something out. Do you want to go and help pick it out?' And he says, 'No, I'll keep track of you. Go on down to Brown's stone business there and pick a right good solid one.'

So I took what we wanted on there, the name and birth and death and things, and they fixed it up and put it on a cement bank. And I didn't have quite enough to pay for it.

And then he went down to Brown's and went in to see how I come out on it, and he says, 'Well, she owes about sixteen dollars more on it.' So Will wrote a check out for it. And then he wrote me a letter, and I've got it. He says, 'I've always admired you, and I've wanted to help you do this, and if the other don't want to have any credit for it, that's okay.'

Mother was good to Aunt Betsey. But they all (Aunt Betsey's family) always thought Mother'd had the preference. Well, she had more responsibility and one thing and another.

C: Well, I suppose she should have the preference when she was the first wife and the legal wife.

A: Well, yes, she was the legal wife for so long, and then Father had to go and dodge around and went on these two missions, and then he--and oh, dear.

C: Well, that's sure interesting.

A: Well, I hope I told you straight.

C: Well, I'm glad to talk to you, and we'll see you shortly. I do want to come over and take a couple more pictures. We'll probably need to take a picture of that old house so we can reduce it down to the right size for the bulletin. And I need to take another one of the children of Sarah Jane Barnes. 'Cause I'd like to show pictures of all these people as much as possible in the bulletin.

A: Oh, sure!

C: I think that pictures will really make it more interesting.

A: You've got that story where Father was built the lime kiln in the canyon?

C: Yes, we already had printed that.

A: And where he saved those people's lives?

C: Right.

A: He told me those stories himself. Oh, I just loved my dad! And I'd be so glad to work with him in the store. He'd take me to Ogden, and I'd
do the ordering of the merchandise, you know. I just loved him to pieces. He was a wonderful guy and don't you ever let anyone tell you he wasn't. He loved every child he had.
I was born in Wellsville, Cache County, Utah, on the 10th day of August, 1899. My mother told me that I weighed six pounds at birth. Through her tender care I was able to survive. I spent the first twenty years of my life in Wellsville.

I took the responsibility of raising potatoes and other vegetables on the lot. We had plenty of water for irrigation. I remember building pits covered over with straw and dirt to store the potatoes and carrots in the winter.

The lot had a hay barn on it and we always had a good milk cow. We churned our own butter from the cream.

We had no toilet in our home and had to go to an outhouse which had two large holes. In the early part of this century, the winters were very cold. Usually it got to forty degrees below zero, so it was rough having to get out of bed at night to go to the privy.

I remember when my younger brother, Herbert, who was about two years old, fell down the toilet hole and my older sister, Ida, rescued him and gave him a bath. He surely was a sight!

We did not have a bathtub in our house so we took our Saturday bath in a tin tub. Our home was heated by a coal range in the kitchen. The range had a reservoir on one side where Mother and the older girls heated the water for bathing. Each Saturday each one of us took our bath in the tin tub.

Father brought me two young apple trees and told me to plant them. I planted them about thirty feet apart. One was a Red Austerken and the other was a yellow Parmain. We had many bushels of apples from these trees.

Father owned a farm on the highway about two miles north of the Wellsville-Hyrum cut-off, a place called Greenville.

I remember seeing my older brothers milk the cow and longed for the time when I could milk cows. Later when I lived on the farm in the
summer I would have to milk six to eight cows night and morning.

We raised grain and hay and, also, sugar beets on the farm and I had thin and haul sugar beets. I remember one winter when the October General LDS Conference was in session the sixth day of October. Then the weather cleared and froze the wet ground so hard we lost the whole eighty acres. We had eighty acres of sugar beets frozen in mud. I never heard my Father complain.

I remember each fall Mother or one of my sisters would ask Fred Darley who owned a farm close to our home of permission to fill our bed ticks with new straw after the wheat was harvested. I remember now how we delighted in taking all the bed ticks into the field and from the large straw stack fill the ticks full of the long stem straws.

When we put the filled ticks on the beds, they stood so high it was necessary to help the smaller brothers and sisters to get into bed. After we had slept on them a few nights, they would settle down, but it was heavenly sleeping on them for a few nights.

Between the age of twelve and twenty I was an avid reader. My brother Jim liked to read books. I am sure I read many more than he did, but he did supply me with many good books. Many of them he read out loud to me until other interests (such as girls and parties and dances) claimed more of his time. We read all the books written by Horacio Alger, the author of "Sink or Swim" and other stories of poor boys who succeeded in spite of poverty. These books inspired me to strive.

About this time, I read a story of the Greek orator Demosthenes who was considered the greatest of all Greek orators. He was born with an impediment in his speech. He overcame his handicap by practicing speaking with pebbles in his mouth.

I read of the Greek youth who was born with a pigeon breast, but by living a clean life and having proper training, he became the greatest wrestler in the world.

I was determined to overcome my deformity and so I practiced running to improve my respiratory equipment. I ran regularly till I could run a mile easily without resting. I was able to expand my lung capacity. I also could out-hike any boy in school. I bought a punching bag and became proficient with it and people all over the neighborhood could hear me punching the bag early in the morning and then they would see me turn to the top of the hill west of Wellsville without stopping and thus I overcame my deformity.
I should like to take the reader to the year 1918. As a young man eighteen years old, I used to go to Hyrum, Utah, with several other boys on Sunday evenings to walk the girls home from church. Usually three or four of us boys would meet some girls after church and walk them home one at a time.

We also attended Saturday night dances at the Elite Hall, going in a group and it was on one of these occasions when I met the girl who was to become my one and only wife. As soon as I saw her, I knew I was in love with her and I went with her off and on for the next year and a half. When I was called on my mission, I wrote to this young lady, Nona Goldsberry, who lived in Logan at about 289 East 3rd South.

I remember when I was thinning sugar beets in 1920, president Parkinson of the Hyrum Stake came out to the farm and wanted Father to send a missionary out to preach the Gospel.

Father asked Wilford if her wanted to go on a mission. He said, "No," so President Parkinson asked me if I wanted to go on a mission and I said I wanted to go, so I received a call from the president of the Church. I was twenty years old. I have always been thankful that I had the privilege of going.

I was set apart in Salt Lake City by Stephen L. Richards. I was assigned to labor in the Eastern states Mission.

I boarded the train in Salt Lake City and went to Brooklyn, New York. There I hung my overcoat in the closet of the mission home. Two hours later I went to get my coat and it was gone. Someone had stolen it. So I went through my entire mission without an overcoat.

I was assigned to labor in the Baltimore district. I labored in Baltimore one year (from December 1920 to January 1921) and then was transferred to the British Mission where I labored another year. I labored a month in London; then I was transferred to the Sheffield District in Yorkshire, where I served in the branches of Sheffield, Barnsley, Doncaster, and Rotherham. My time was spent principally in trying to reactivate members who had become inactive during the Great War.

Not only was there a great amount of anti-Mormon feeling, but also anti-American. This made it very difficult because of the prejudices, but we did have small congregations of devout Saints whom we learned to love very much.

I labored in districts where there were many coal miners and I learned to admire them. I saw many of them get up before daylight,
and walk six miles to the coal mine, work ten hours, and walk the six miles back home and this six days of the week without a complaint. The boys started to work in these mines at the age of twelve years.

When my mission was over, I was released and came back to America aboard a freighter. It took three weeks to cross the ocean. I arrived home in the winter of 1922 and the weather was very cold—forty below zero most of the time.

I found there were many unemployed workers in America and the rate of unemployment Utah was as bad as any other section of the country. I tried to find a job, but there were no jobs.

Father turned the farm over to Sidney and the spring came and Sidney wanted me to work on the farm, but I refused to have anything to do with the farm.

Father came to Mother's home and asked me what I was going to do. I said I didn't know but I was looking for a job.

He said Sidney wanted me to work for him.

I asked him about the pay and he offered me fifty dollars per month for three months. I asked him if he would buy overalls and shoes for me. He said no. He replied that I would have to buy my own shoes and overalls.

I refused his "generous" offer and told him it was an insult to my intelligence and he slapped my face.

There were still no jobs available, so I waited a few days trying to decide what to do. Then in the summer of 1922, I was contacted by a man who was looking for men to work in the coal mine in Carbon County.

George Glenn from Wellsville and I volunteered and we were furnished transportation to the mine and we worked in the mine for five months in Spring Canyon in Pit Two. This mine is near Price, Utah.

I was so discouraged about the prospects of getting a job that would enable me to support a wife that I did not see Miss Goldsberry before leaving for the mine. I felt sure she would be married to someone else before I returned to Wellsville.

Working at the mine, we boarded in a company boarding house, purchased our needs such as gloves, overalls, clothing, etc., at the company store, while living in the town of Storrs in Spring Canyon near the mine.

I attended all the church meetings regularly. The bishop, knowing I had filled a mission for the Church, sent me to one or another of the
branches or wards in the mining area every Sunday to speak in the Sacrament services. I always had another young elder accompany me on these speaking assignments.

We only worked part time in this mine, as we could only mine when the railroad furnished coal cars. When we accepted the job, we were not given to understand the job was not full time, that we would have to depend on the whims of the railroad, so as we had to pay the mine for our board and room and whatever we purchased from the company store, we never received any money all the time we were there. The money owed was taken out first and of course, there was never any left after the company boarding house and the store got theirs. We never saw a check all the time we were there.

I should like to relate an incident which occurred a week before I left the coal mine, which is of a faith-promoting nature and strengthened my belief that God is mindful of us all and will intervene in our affairs if he deems it wise.

When I received my endowment in the temple at Logan prior to my departure for the mission field, I was promised that if I was faithful to the covenants made in the temple, the garments would be a shield and a protection to me.

When I began working in the coal mine, my garments became very dirty; so dirty they could not be washed clean and my companion advised me—even urged me—to wear no undergarments in the mine. He did not wear garments, but just a shirt. He had never been through the temple.

I told him I would not work in the mine without my garments, as I was supposed to wear them always, except when taking a bath. So I wore one pair for quite a while only in the mine, changing to clean ones as soon as I got out of the mine and bathed my body.

As the state had no safety rules in those days to protect the miners, we were permitted and compelled to do our own firing. We learned how to handle the dynamite and load the shot into the holes the first day.

One day after we had drilled the holes manually and placed the six shots in, we lit the fuses and moved out of the room to await the firing of the shots. We counted six shots as they exploded and waited a few minutes for the smoke to clear enough for us to re-enter the room to examine the results.

Five of the six shots had filled the room almost to our waist with coal from the wall. The sixth shot had not fired. It was what they call
a delayed shot, due to a defective fuse. The shot we had heard was in another entry.

I stood in front of hole number six to examine it and the shot backfired into my face. I was blown by the force some fifteen feet back and my eyes were filled with coal dust. I was partly covered with coal. I crawled out of the room and after a few minutes I could see out of my left eye.

I was taken to the mine doctor's office and he examined me. My right eye was hanging out and he washed it out and after some work, he sewed it back in and bandaged it up, using local anesthesia to deaden the pain. He put six stitches under and six on top.

When I went to my room in the boarding house to change clothes, I found that my shirt and garments had been almost pulvarized [sic] in the region of my chest and stomach, but no coal lumps had penetrated my garments. The doctor said it was a miracle that I had not been killed.

I was told that I could not go back in the mine to work. This was the cause of my employment in the mine being terminated. I never received a cent of compensation for my injuries or unemployment compensation. The bookkeeper at the mine said I did not have any money coming.

After I had worked in the mine five months, I left Storrs broke. I caught a ride to Helper at the mouth of Spring Canyon.

I told the engineer and fireman on the coal train that was leaving Helper for Provo and Salt Lake City of my financial condition and they said, "We can't let you ride in the locomotive as it is against the rules and if a railroad detective would see you on the train he will boot you off. Stay out of sight until we get moving, then jump on the train and get behind the blinds as it is cold on the summit."

As the train began to move forward the three steam locomotives made a great deal of fuss getting the long line of freight cars moving. Indeed they made quite a noise with their huffing and puffing.

As the train moved forward with accelerated speed, I stepped out and swung onto the iron ladder and found a place behind the second car where I was shielded from the cool fall air.

Before leaving Storrs, I had put two shirts over my heavy garments and a jacket and a heavy coat over that and it was a good thing I did. As the train climbed higher and higher, I noticed the temperature changing. It got colder as we gained altitude. At the six-thousand-foot level it began to snow and soon it was a blizzard. I noticed the snow began to stick to my outer garments and the smoke from the locomotives began
to get thicker and blacker, while the three laboring engines puffed louder and it seemed to me that they were resentful at being made to labor so hard.

When we reached the station at the top of Soldier Summit, the train stopped to take on water and two of the locomotives were uncoupled from the train. They cleared the snow from the track on the summit which was five feet deep. There was at least an inch of solid ice on my clothes and hat.

A railroad detective spotted me and ordered me off the train. There was no path in the heavy snow and I had to make sheep jumps to get to the station. The snow was even with my shoulders.

The detective searched me as though I were a common criminal.

I thought by telling him I was a returned missionary who had been working at the mine in Spring Canyon, he might have some consideration for me, but he just said, “You will have to walk from here.”

Just at the moment that the train, having taken on water, began to move forward at a very slow pace, a commotion was heard in the rear of the depot. I stepped into the restroom and the detective went to the rear of the depot to ascertain what caused the noise. This gave me an opportunity and I dashed out into the deep snow making sheep jumps as I went.

As I reached the track, the iron ladder on the rear of the last car came by and I threw myself forward and caught the iron bar on the ladder with my right hand. I was dragged about five hundred feet before I could get hold of the ladder with my other hand and finally pull myself onto the ladder.

I succeeded in getting on the rear of the last car and was sheltered somewhat from the wind. My hands were so numb that I could not tell whether I had hold of the metal or not. I held on until we began to descend the north side of Soldier Summit and in a couple of hours we were at an altitude where it began to get warmer.

I arrived in Provo in the late afternoon. The ice had thawed from my clothes. I was so dirty with soot from the locomotives and this included not only my clothes by my face and hands. I remained out of sight until the train started moving again in the direction of Salt Lake City.

I was a sorry sight when I arrived in Salt Lake City that evening, it being October (or May of 1922). I was broke and had no source of
income. I was picked up by a policeman for vagrancy. I told him I was a returned missionary and he gave me fifty cents. I used it to rent a room on Regent Street. The address was near 230 South.

I began looking for a job. In the meantime, I washed dishes in a cafe for my meals. The cook did not need another dishwasher, but he felt sorry for me.

I thought of our beloved President George Albert Smith. I remembered how, after an eleven-day voyage from New York to Liverpool, I was greeted by President Smith who was then president of the British Mission. I recalled how he had put his arms around me and welcomed me to the British Mission and expressed his concern over my belated arrival, due to a defective propeller on the freighter which had brought me to England.

President George Albert was the first man who had put his arm around me and, as I thought of that occasion, I decided to call on him in his office in the Church Office Building. (I should explain that he had been released as mission president shortly after my arrival in England in 1921.)

He seemed just as happy to see me as he was when we first met in Liverpool. I told him of my difficulty in finding employment and that I felt that I was handicapped by my lack of academic training and had no trade.

Before I left, he promised me that if I would continue to work in the Church and study the Gospel, that I would prosper and would be happy.

This promise had been fulfilled, although life has been a struggle. I realize life is supposed to be a struggle. I have learned that without struggle there is no progress. I believe that struggle is better than security. Security might be a hindrance to progress. So long as we have to struggle and use our God-given intellect solving problems, mastering our environment, we will be happy and make progress. If we let the government or church do everything for us, there will be no peace or security. America was built by men and women who had to struggle. They were seeking for something which, thank God, does not exist--security, so called.

I succeeded in getting a job with a small firm. The name of this company was Western Heating and Sheet Metal Company. I worked as a helper for three months. I helped rivet the steel frame that holds the Continent Bank on Main Street and 2nd South, as I remember. I worked only a few days there.
I then got a job collecting for the Ashton Jenkins Insurance Company. This was a time of depression and there was widespread unemployment. After a few months, the firm was sold and my employment was terminated.

I wrote Mother a letter and told her the address of the place I was sleeping on Regent Street. My brother, James, and Mother came to Salt Lake City and took me home to Wellsville.

I hadn't written or contacted Miss Goldsberry for about a year. I suddenly considered the possibility of her marrying someone else and I became panicky and rushed up to Logan where I learned that she was dipping chocolates for the Paramount Candy Company.

I walked down west on Center Street to the building where the Pepsi-Cola Bottling Works is now located and, entering the building, I asked Mr. Bingham, the manager, if Nona Goldsberry was working there and if I could see her.

He was very gracious and called her. She came with her hands covered with chocolate and was glad to see me.

I learned that she would accept an invitation from me to take her to a dinner and show that night. I proposed and she accepted, but I had to delay the purchase of a ring. In fact, she never got her diamond until after we were married and had our first or second child.

We were married in the Logan Temple and Mother had a reception for us in Wellsville.

We then moved to Salt Lake City. When our oldest son, William, was born, we were living at 444 Radondo Avenue, Wells Ward, Wells Stake of Zion.

For a few months, we lived in the attic of a large three-story house on East South Temple Street, opposite the Catholic Cathedral of the Madeleine. Every Sunday morning at four a.m., the big bell in the cathedral would ring out and wake us up. We would see a few people struggle in to the early morning Mass which was for the poor. The better-class or richer Catholics attended a Mass at ten a.m., a more convenient time.

While living here, we attended the 18th Ward.

I was an active member of the Elders' Quorum. Because I had been on a mission, I was chosen to speak in Sacrament Meeting a few times.

I worked for a few months as a collector for the Granite Furniture Company. Then my employment with this firm was terminated.

I worked a while for Standard Furniture Company and then went to
the Southeast Furniture Company where I was a salesman on a commission. I was forced to work every evening without being compensated for this extra work, which was carrying furniture about the store. As a result of this heavy lifting, the arches in my feet became damaged and I got rheumatism in my feet which spread to all parts of my body. This was a tragedy for my dear wife and me our new baby, William.

I was fired from my job because I couldn't walk and was not compensated in any way, as there was no industrial insurance to even partially compensate me for my injuries. I could not meet the payments of the home we were purchasing in Sugarhouse.

My brother, Jim, and my mother knowing of our plight, borrowed a truck in Wellsville where they lived and came to Salt Lake and moved our furniture to Wellsville, where we lived a few months; then moved to Logan.

We purchased a home at 186 East 3rd South in Logan.

I operated a service station for about two years; then went to work for the Crystal Furniture Company, selling furniture and collecting bills. About this time, we sold our home on 3rd South and bought a better one at 321 South 1st West. This was a red brick home.

Between the years 1940 and 1965, I was engaged in the auto parts and supplies business. I sold accounts between Kaysville, Utah, and Rexburg, Idaho. During these years I put an average of twelve hours a day into the business.

I taught in the Sunday School and also was in the presidency of the 40th Quorum of Seventies. I served as first counselor to President Arben Christensen of the Logan High Priests' Quorum.

In 1944, Nona and I were called to be stake missionaries. We labored two years in the Logan area.

I was teacher for twelve years of the Gospel Doctrine Class in the Sunday School. I taught other classes for a number of years in the Sunday School. I served as first assistant to the superintendent of the 6th Ward Sunday School for four years and then as superintendent until 1954.

I then was called as first counselor to Bishop Curtis Miner and served from February 14th, 1954, to February 20th, 1959. During this five years, I managed the ward farm and made it financially successful.

I am writing this part of my autobiography in my home at 130 West 4th South, Logan, Utah. I retired from business in 1965 and have since
spent considerable time in the temple doing endowments and confirming those who were baptized for the dead. I confirmed seven per minute, or approximately three hundred a week.

I have received a witness by the Holy Ghost that Jesus the Christ lives. I know that the Gospel is true and that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the one and only divine church.

At the time of this writing, we have twenty grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.
C: We're at 130 West First South in Logan, Utah, and the date today is the 6th of December, 1978, and what we're planning to do is get an oral history of William Leavitt Wyatt.

So let's start with your birthday. When were you born?

W: I was born August the 10th, 1899, in Wellsville, Utah, Cache County.

C: Tell us the names of your mother and father.

W: My father's name was John Horsecroft Wyatt and my mother's name was Betsey Leavitt Wyatt.

C: Did you live on a farm?

W: We lived within the township of Wellsville. And we had an irrigated farm, out on the highway, about a mile north of the Hyrum Crossroads.

C: That's what they used to call Green's Corner?

W: Yeah.

C: Your mother was John Horsecroft Wyatt's third wife.

W: Yes. He married Sarah Barnes first.

C: She had three children and I guess she died of typhoid fever.

W: Mother said that I weighed six pounds when I was born.

C: Kinda small. You told me once that you got typhoid fever or something.

W: I remember the first present that I got on Christmas. It was a little mouth organ with ten reeds in it. Not double reeds, but single. Now, you could make a little noise by blowing in it, but you couldn't play a tune, nobody could with it.

Now, the house that I was born in isn't there anymore. It was up by where Aunt Julie lived. There was two house up there. Father built Aunt Julie a brick house and we were still living in the old frame house.

And the feds from Salt Lake used to come up and try to catch people...
that were polygamists, you know, so they could prosecute 'em. And Mother'd... Well, oftimes she'd go out in the corn patch when the corn was high and stay there till they'd gone.

Later we lived in a house Father'd bought for Mother. We were remodeling it. It was a block south of that brick house where Aunt Julie lived.

C: Well, that's where you planted those apple trees.

W: Yeah, that's where I planted those two apple trees. And we got a lot of good apples off of 'em. And we had plenty of water to irrigate and I used to plant the garden. We'd always have a good garden.

My father would bring me some seeds and I'd plant 'em. I was just a boy. Then one day he brought a couple of apple trees just about that tall, you know.

And he says, 'Here's a couple of apple trees, Willy. Plant 'em.'

I went and got 'em and planted 'em about thirty feet apart.

I thought, 'Someday these'll be big trees. Better plant 'em far enough apart now, so that they won't be too close, you know, and crowd each other.'

And they were good apples, they were. Summer apples. Red Astrakan was one, and the other was a Yellow Parmain.

C: That was behind your mother's house? Wasn't it about 200 West of Main Street?

W: Yeah. And I longed for the time when I could milk a cow. I used to see my older brothers milking a cow and I was wishing that I could milk it. Couldn't wait till I got old enough. And when I got old enough and was milking about twelve a day, I'd had all I wanted. Wished I didn't know how to milk.

I remember one time when the two cows got out and they were grazing over across the street west and there's a lot of young alfalfa there, you know. And one of them found it. And I didn't know what was going on until I happened to look out of the window. And two of my sisters were over there by that cow and she was bawling her head off, that cow. I went over and somebody'd brought a sticker, you know what they are?

C: Yeah.

W: It was in the house. So I grabbed that thing and I went over and I knew her stomach was on the left side, see. So she was down there kicking and bawling, that cow was, and I stuck that in her, see, and then pulled the thing out and left that pipe in her, see, so the gas could get
out. And within two or three minutes, why, she stopped kicking.

And then I said, 'Now, if we can get her on her feet, why, she'll be all right.

So we nudged her and worked with her and coaxed her and she finally got up on her feet.

C: You told me once that when you were little you got typhoid fever.
W: We had an old well out from the house. And it was right close to the outhouse (you know what that is). And there was a corral right there within fifty feet of the house and we always had one or two cows in there that we milked for our own use.

C: You think it got polluted?
W: Oh, I think it must've done. We had a bucket on each end, you know. And one was coming up full and one was going down empty.

C: You and Brigham both got typhoid then?
W: We got typhoid. Musta been from drinking water out of that well that we'd dug, see. Boy, was we sick. I was in bed for eight weeks. When I got over it, I was so weak that I had to be helped out of bed and helped to walk around to give me strength.

After that we got the water from the springs up in Wellsville Canyon, you know. Father got a contract to go up to Wellsville Canyon right where you come to that sharp turn. That's where the Wellsville water comes in from the springs up in that mountain.

Father says, 'Willy, come and go with me. We'll go up the canyon and put a little reservoir there and catch that water.'

So we went up there and I worked with him and he was nice to work with. And we boxed the spring in with cement, you know. And then it was only a little while after that until there was plenty of water. There was several streams that were running down there. So they piped the water as it come down the canyon. And up until just a few years ago, you could see where the trenches had been dug, you know. That was really good water.

Brigham died of the typhoid. And my sister Myrtle died, too. She had the flu.

They wanted men to volunteer to go to fight over in Europe, you know. And I thought I'd do something about it so I volunteered to go over to the USU up there in training--Student Army Training Corps. We slept in the Smart Gym. They had a lot of beds in there.

I was in there for three or four months and I got that darn flu. And
Mother was worried sick. Jim had brought her over to see me and talk to me. So the man that was in charge of that said, 'If you want to go home you'd better go home, 'cause they can take better care of you there.'

So I went home. When I got over to Wellsville I was dropped off at Aunt Julie's, and I was sicker than a dog. She put me in a bed upstairs. And I stayed there in that bed for two or three weeks till I was able to get up and walk.

When I got out I passed a long mirror and looked at myself in there and I nearly fainted. I looked like a ghost.

Myrtle and I both had the flu. When I could walk I was moved to Mother's house, and I asked Mother where Myrtle was.

She said, 'She's up to the other place. She went up there, see.'

We always called Aunt Julie's place 'the other place,' see, so I had got the idea that that was where she was. But, what they meant was that she had gone 'up there' to heaven, but they didn't want to tell me--to upset me.

Another time I got appendicitis. When I was twelve years old I was out working in the garden. I raised a good garden for Mother there on the lot. I remember I started having pains in my side. I started bowling and I ran in the house as fast as I could. In a few minutes I was screaming with pain. Mother was just about crazy and sent my brothers out to find Father. He ran a merchantile store in Wellsville. He wasn't there so it was some time before they located him and told him the condition I was in. Then he came and he brought the doctor. The doctor drove around in a buggy in those days. Just as they opened the door and entered the bedroom I quit screaming. The pain ceased. I just sunk down there and I was in heaven, it felt like that after the pain I was having.

I went unconscious and I did hear the doctor say, 'His appendix just broke.'

I don't remember a thing for about twelve days. They packed me in ice all that time. They couldn't operate. I was in one of those rooms there.

And Jim Kerr, Brother Jim Kerr, he was an old man, and William Jones lived up the street and they walked over and come in the house and they were whispering. And I looked through the door, which was open and I could see them in there whispering. And it seemed like they were a half a block away.
And then Mother come over to me and she says, 'Willy, would you like to be administered to?'

And I said, 'Yes.'

And so she went and told them, and they'd brought some oil--consecrated oil--so they administered to me. And after I was anointed by one of the men, then the other one was going to seal the anointing and he started. And I could feel the strength coming out of their hands and going down into my body. It went all through me and I knew right then that I was going to get well. I had no doubt about it. But I was in bed there for a long time.

C: I remember a story you told me about somebody that had some chickens and a big dog and they were saying nobody'd get their chickens. Do you remember that story?

W: This Hutchinson there on Green's Corner, you know, when we lived there, and he had a chicken coop and a lot of nice hens there. And he always left his door open so he could hear if a weasel got in there, because there was some around there.

And he come out of there one day and the chickens were all getting excited. He went along and he had a big dog following right behind him. And he didn't have his pants on, but he was in his underwear and he had that shotgun.

And when he crossed there and looked inside there, he went like this, pointing it in there and the dog put his cold nose on his leg down there, you know; above his knee. And that startled him and he pulled the trigger and he shot half the chickens off the roost (laughing).

C: You went on a mission when you were twenty?

W: Yeah. I went back and worked in Baltimore, Maryland, for a year and then the World War was just over, you know. And the Saints over in England had been without missionaries for so long. And they asked me if I'd volunteer to go over.

I says, 'If it's alright with my father I will.'

So I got in touch with him, wrote, and I went over to England. Worked in London for a couple of months. Then they shifted me out to Sheffield and I worked there in Barnsley.

C: Seemed to me you said you had some experiences in Baltimore with some negro families that you'd worked with, is that right?

W: Oh, yeah. Yeah, but I didn't have any unpleasant experiences with them. They were pretty nice people. One section of that Baltimore was all negro.
I says, 'Let's walk over there among these negroes. There's a lot of fine people here, those negroes.'

We'd rode streetcars, you know, and there was always a bunch of them. We'd stand up there, hanging onto the thing to keep from falling.

Then me and my companion went over to the negro district just looking around and there was a couple of little kids playing there—little girls. And he had a Kodak, and he was going to take their pictures.

And their mama says, 'Well, I want to put a clean dress on them before you take their picture.'

I thought it was fine. So she took them in the house. And got those kids all washed up and their hair fixed and come out and he took their pictures.

I've got some pictures here of the group of us that were missionaries in that area.

C: Yeah, I think I remember seeing them. Well, now, when you were over in England, you met Bill Horlacher didn't you?

W: Well, I met him in London.

C: You didn't meet your brother Sidney there, did you?

W: No, Sidney had gone home.

C: He'd been there earlier in Ireland?

W: Yeah, he'd been over and he worked in Ireland.

C: Well, what did you do with Bill Horlacher? Did you go to Ireland with him, too?

W: Well, Bill Horlacher and I were tracting there around London, see.

C: Together?

W: Together. And I remember in one area there was a lot of females up in these windows yelling at us. They didn't say anything out of order, though.

They says, 'What're you over here for? You going to take some girls back?'

And I says, 'Yes. We want a carload of redheads this time (laughing).'

Just a joke, you know. They laughed about it.

C: Well now, you said you were in London, but you got over to Dublin, too, didn't you, once?

W: Well, I was working along with Bill. We went out together visiting people and then and he got released, of course, before I did.

So he said, 'When you get released, why, be sure and come over and
spend a week with us.'
C: Was his home in Ireland, then?
W: Yeah, his home was in Dublin.
C: So he'd been called on a mission from Dublin to London?
W: Yeah, that's right. So when I got through, I wrote him a card and
told him I was coming over. So I went over there, had to take a boat,
you know, to cross over to Dublin.
   And they made their stout, you know, have you heard of their stout?
C: Yeah, that's the English beer.
W: Yeah. And they had a tank there that they said held one million
glasses or bottles of stout. And I remember that.
   Then they decided to go over and see the cemetery there. They had
one there that's forty miles square. And they said there was millions
of people buried in there. It was an old cemetery. And they had statues
of angels and everything else, you know. So all those angels they had
there made in concrete had wings.
   There were several German families that lived in Ireland, in Dublin.
And there was about twenty-five families there that were all
Latter-day Saints. They were butchers.
C: Well, you knew they were still there when I was there in '52.
Almost everyone in the branch were German emigrants who were
butchers.
W: Yeah, I'll bet they were.
C: I had breakfast with them one morning and they served five kinds
of meat for breakfast. And I remember afterwards, when the meal was
all over with, I found out one of 'em was blood pudding. (Laughing) And
I hadn't known it; I'd just eaten it.
W: Yeah, well, they made blood pudding.
C: It looked like a wienie, but it was real black.
W: They wouldn't even waste the blood.
C: They were well-fed looking people, too.
W: Yeah, they were. But there were a lot of butchers that were
latter-day Saints. I guess there was quite a few that were in that
business.
   When I went to come home, they organized a party for me. And I
expected it to be mixed; the young men and girls, you know, but when I
got there, I was the only male. About fifteen girls and I guess they was
all hopeful that I'd bring one back with me (laughing).
   I remember it was in the evening they had this party. I was selected
to go out with one of the girls and they all wanted me to go out on the porch, you know, and count the stars. And so I figured it out. I knew about what was gonna happen. So we went out there, I went out with that girl.

And I says, 'Oh, boy,' I says, 'there's a lot of stars tonight. We couldn't possibly count them all.'

She says, 'Oh, you're not supposed to count 'em, but you're supposed to give me a kiss for each star (laughing).'

I says, 'Well, it'd take too long,' I said.

I didn't kiss her 'cause we were told not to hold hands with the girls and anything like that, you know.

C: What was that saying you used to say about the Scottish boy?

W: Well, it was, 'Come help thee sen', lad, help thee sen'.

Know what that means?

C: Help yourself?

W: Yeah, 'thee sen'.

'Thee sen', lad, help thee sen.'

'Twas what my uncle said

We just come in from Mackinay
to get some cheese and bread.

Help me sen', you bet I did.

I were a bloomin lad.

It was the grandest feed I've had.

When I grew up I fell in love.

She was a bonny lass.

But bein' very young and shy,

I let me chances pass.'

Then I forget a few lines there, but he met another one. And he says he fell in love with her. He says,

'I asked her for just one kiss and then
she blushed and shook her bonny curls,
but then me helped me sen'.

C: (Laughing) Funny how you remember those things, isn't it? You said you worked around London and Sheffield and then you visited Ireland. Did you go to any other places in Europe while you were there?

W: No. I didn't go over to Europe.
C: Did you get into Scotland?
W: Well, I went up there as far as the border between England and Scotland. Right on the border there's one of those big churches, a huge, beautiful cathedral. I went up and seen that. And the Sherwood Forest wasn't too far from Sheffield, see.
C: And you visited that, didn't you?
W: I was out there one day and see a tree that was about fifteen feet through it. Great big, spreaded tree like that, you know. I guess it was a pretty good-sized one when Christ was born.
Robin Hood was a outlaw, you know. They'd cut a hole in that tree there like this. About that big and they could squeeze in there and they had it so they could sit around in a circle and pull a whole lot of tree branches up to cover that hole up.
They were robbing the rich to give to the poor--so they said. That was quite a job, the way they'd carved out that tree, people sitting in it and hiding out there.
Then there was a castle there that was owned by the Fifth Duke of Portland. Now, the dukes are all brothers of the king, see. So I went over there and seen that.
And they had a place where they danced, you know. The floor was a solid piece of glass, looked like there was one solid piece there in that room. It was about as big as, oh, longer than this room here. As long as these two room were they danced.
C: And they danced right on the glass?
W: Yeah. Well, over there, you know, in England, those old castles, they'd never tear 'em down, or get rid of 'em.
C: They believe in keeping the historical monuments.
W: Yeah.
C: Well, how did you cross the Atlantic?
W: I crossed on a boat, on a freighter.
C: Did it go through Nova Scotia on the way, or did it go more direct?
W: It went right direct. Liverpool, that's where I docked. When you was over there you had to get a permit, didn't you, to land--a landing permit.
C: Yeah. Well, let's see. Is there anything else about England or Ireland and your mission that you'd like to tell?
W: No.
C: What about after you got home from your mission? I remember
that you were telling me that you dad came and asked you what you were gonna do.

W: Sidney wanted me to work with him on the farm.
C: Sidney was managing the farm?
W: Oh, he was the big shot, you know.
C: Well, how old was your dad at that time? Had he turned the farm over to Sidney to run?
W: Well, no, he hadn't turned it over to him. Sidney wanted me to work, you know. And I said no, I didn't think I would. And I stayed around home there where Mother was and helped her and watered her garden and one thing and another.

Father came down one day.
He says, 'What do you intend to do?'
And I says, 'Well, I'm trying to get a job. I don't know whether I'll be able to find one or not.'

'Well,' he says, 'Sidney wants you to work on the farm.'
And I says, 'Well, what is there in it for me, Father?'
And he said, 'Well, they'll pay you fifty dollars a month.'
And I says, 'Will that be the year 'round or just summer?'
'It'll be three or four months in the summer.'
And I says, 'Who's going to buy my overalls and my shoes?'
He said, 'You'll have to buy them yourself.'

And I says, 'Well, thanks, Father. That's an insult to my intelligence.'

And he slapped my face. And I never flinched.

But I knew there wasn't any work around there, so somebody come around looking for men to go and work down in the mines, down in Spring Canyon, near Price, you know. Spring Canyon was where the mine was.

George Grant, they got a hold of him and he wanted to go down, so I says, 'Well, they said that we'd have plenty of work to do and good money.'

So we went together down there. We worked in those mines. We'd have to drill a hole, you know, in the walls. The ceiling was about as high as that ceiling there, see. And you'd drill so many holes in it and then take a stick of dynamite and one of these caps that explode, you know, on the end of the wire and put it inside of it in that hole. And then we'd tamp a little dirt and stuff behind it so it would stay, you know. And we had four of those. They were all loaded at the same
time. I counted four explosions.

And I says, 'Well, I'll wait a few minutes and then I'll go in.'

But it was so smoky in there, you know.

Well, we went in and looked at one and it'd blown the coal down pretty well. And then I was looking at another one and it exploded right in my face. Well, I was lucky. This eye, I believe it was right here.

C: Your right eye.

W: It was cut right next to it, see. It didn't blind me or hurt my eyesight a bit, but I guess the Lord musta been watchin' over me.

But we couldn't do anything in there because of all that dust and that, you know. The gas coming out of that coal, you know, it had popped like a twenty-two shell.

C: You said you sent down to the dispensary and they fixed up your eye and then told you you couldn't stay any longer.

W: Yeah, that's right. They said that I couldn't go back to the mines. They was afraid I might sue 'em, you know.

C: So you lost your job?

W: I lost my job. And I went to see how much money I got comin' and they said that, 'You owe all that you got comin' for you board and room.'

C: How long had you worked? Had that been a day or two or a few weeks or what?

W: Oh, a coupla months, I guess. Then I walked down six miles to the railroad track. And there was a freight train there and a big locomotive that was hooking onto some of those cars that were loaded with coal, you know, to bring 'em north. And I asked the engineer if I could ride up there with him.

And they said, 'No, you can't. It's against the rules. The railroad dick (detective) would make trouble for us, but you can ride on the last car if you want.'

So that's what I did.

C: And that was wintertime?

W: And that was in the fall. 'Bout October. And they went up and as they approached Soldier Summit--have you been over that?

C: Uh huh.

W: And when we got up on top up there, why, they had three engines to pull six cars of coal up onto there. So they were switching around and taking some of them off. And there was a railroad dick there.

And he said, 'You can't get up on there and ride on it, but if you want
to ride on the back steps there, you can.'

So the snow was right up here to my neck--my chin. And I went up and caught that train. And when I came down into Provo and on up into Salt Lake, all of that smoke from those engines (they were burnin' coal). I was a mess!

C: Now, what about that pistol that you had?

W: Well, I had one pistol. A girl over in England gave it to me just for a keepsake, you know. And I brought that home.

C: You had it with you when you were coming home from the mines?

W: Yeah, I took it down there with me and I had three or four bullets and tied 'em on the side of hill. And when I got up there and they were going to take some of those engines off and then they were going to take one engine to pull it down the other side towards Provo.

C: That guy talked you out of that gun?

W: I didn't want it anyway. It was a forty-four. It had a bullet big around as a hunter'd use.

C: Yeah, forty-four's pretty big. Ammunition costs a lot for it, too.

W: Yeah, well, I didn't need the gun, anyway, no good to me. But I was picked up for vagrancy in Salt Lake and the guy was going to put me over in the jail for a while.

And I told him, I says, 'I'm a returned missionary, LDS missionary,' I said, 'and I don't want to be put in jail.'

He said, 'Okay.'

And I told him I was going where I lived, up here, Wellsville. So I went washing dishes for breakfast.

C: But you said he gave you fifty cents for a room that night.

W: Yeah. He gave me fifty cents and I went on Regent Street there. That's in Salt Lake.

C: You could get a room for fifty cents?

W: Yeah. Just for a dunce like me (laughing).

I'd written Mother and told her where I was--my address. The next day, why, they were down there, Jim and Mother were there. They rode me home to Wellsville.

C: In the meantime, you did get some meals by washing dishes in a restaurant.

W: Oh yeah.

C: So you went home with them and then you had the problem what to do for a job again, huh?

W: Yeah (laughing).
C: With winter coming on.
W: Yeah, I was worrying about a job.
C: You knew Mother before you went on your mission, didn't you?
W: Oh, yeah. I'd been out with her two or three times. And so I thought I'd look her up and see if she was married or what.
And so I said, 'Well, if she's not married, I'm going to propose to her.' I said that to myself.
So I went and told here, I says--
But I says, 'I'd like to marry you.' I says, 'You won't be getting very much.'
She says, 'Oh, I'll take my chances.'
History of Julia Ann Leavitt

By Ann Eliza (Annie) Leishman

Julia Ann Leavitt was born December 5, 1863, in Wellsville, Cache, Utah, in a log house located on the west side of town. This cabin has long since been torn down. Her father, Thomas Rowell Leavitt, was born in Canada June 30, 1834. He first came to Wellsville as a young man where he married and lived a good many years. Later he returned to Canada with part of his family where he died May 21, 1891, in Cardston, Alberta. He was buried in Cardston. Julia's mother was Antionette Davenport who was born September 2, 1843, in McDough, Illinois. She later came to Utah with her family. She met and married the dashing Thomas Leavitt as a polygamist wife.

Antionette suffered many hardships and died without the proper care trying to give birth to her tenth child on October 2, 1880, leaving nine living children.

Julia recalled that their second home was a rock house. The winters were very hard and they had great difficulty keeping warm. "They hardly had enough to eat--no rubbers for their feet, and they all had chillblains. Poor Jerry's feet were so sore he would just sit and cry. Mother would rub them with kerosene oil." It was while living in this rock home that Grandma Antionette got her first stove--a four lid model. All the women came to see it as it was the first like it in town. From this home we moved to the Leavitt farm. This is where Grandma died at the age of thirty seven years.

At the age of nine years, Julia worked for a woman, caring for their small children and helping around the house. She often had to herd cows along the street and always in her bare feet. Aunt Almira Redford did the same thing, and all they got for it was their board.

Julia lived first with Sarah Ann Parker for three different summers, she dearly loved Brother Parker. He was very good to her, he often slipped her extra food. When his wife was away, he would fix their dinner. Julia said those times were like a party.

She lived with Ruth Cooper, Sarah Murray, and Elizabeth Lloyd.
Sister Lloyd had just had a new baby while Julia was living there. Julia said, "I was helping with the chamber [sic], I let it drop and break, Sister Lloyd said I would have to pay for it. By now I was getting fifty cents per week, but Brother Lloyd said no, it wasn't my fault, he'd buy another one."

When a little older, say sixteen or seventeen, Julia went to work for John and Mariah Maughan at Weston. She also worked for Almira Hendricks at High Creek. Besides working in the house, she drove cows to and from the pasture. At this time she earned one dollar and fifty cents a week. She was called home at this time as her mother's health was poor, and she was at home when her mother died.

After her mother's death, she went back to work for Mrs. Hendricks at High Creek. Ann Eliza, Thomas Leavitt's first wife, came to the Leavitt farm to care for the motherless children. She lived there until she went to Canada.

About this time, John Wyatt, a very good friend to Thomas Leavitt, lost his wife, Sarah Jane Barnes, in death, leaving three small children and a broken-hearted husband. John hired Julia to work for him and care for his children. He was a hard worker, and a practical man, and he needed a mother for his children. After some time he asked Julia to marry him. He gave her two weeks to think it over. She went home and talked to Aunt Ann Eliza and her sister, Mary; they both thought it would be alright, as he could furnish her with a good home. He didn't wait two weeks for an answer, he came three days later. Julia saw him coming, so she went out to the wood pile for some wood, he met her there--told her he'd come for his answer. She fully intended to say, "No," but got so flustered she said, "I guess so." John wouldn't take that for an answer, so she said, "Yes." He said, "I'll be here in the morning to tak you to Logan, to buy you some shoes and over-shoes and clothes." She said she has never regretted her decision.

Mary, her half-sister, and Thomas Wilson were married the same day in the endowment house in Salt Lake City. The four of them traveled to Salt Lake City by horses and wagon. It took several days as the roads were quite bad. They were married November 23, 1882. When the girls were getting dressed for the ceremony they discovered they had no white dresses. They both began to cry, the lady helping them found two nice white night gowns, so Julia and Mary were married in white night gowns.

The day after they got home, Grandma Wyatt, John's mother, brought
the three children, Sarah, Mary, and John, over. She loved them and
cared for them all her life; they loved and honored her all her days. She
was really a good mother.

So at the age of nineteen years she married John Wyatt, besides his
three children, they were blessed with ten. Her little daughter, Julia
died in infancy.

Having a firm testimony of the gospel, she gave her consent to John
to marry her younger sister, Betsey, as a plural wife. Betsey refused to
go to Canada with her father. She had been living with John and Julia.
They advised her to marry John so she could have the love and
protection of a good husband. On June 7, 1890, Betsey and John Wyatt
were married. To this union, twelve children were born.

The children all loved each other and worked together, and had two
mothers. "I (Annie) lived with Aunt Betsey in the winter months to go
to school, and she was very good to me. As we grew older, we would
work together on the farms. It was natural to hear James and Ida say,
"our other mother" the same for Nettie and I to call Aunt Betsey
"Mother."

Julia was very useful as a practical nurse helping care for the sick
among her families and neighbors. The elders were often called in to
administer to her family as the doctors were scarce. A bottle of
consecrated oil was a must in every home in those days. Mother had a
firm testimony of the gospel and taught us the power of prayer.

Julia's first home with her husband was formally Aunt Sarah Jane's
and also Aunt Betsy's. Father built a frame house on his farm. "Mother
moved there, we lived there many years, winter and summers. Father
always kept a large cow herd. There was plenty of work to do: they had
cows to milk, calves to feed, pigs to feed, and milk cans to wash. Father
had horses for farm work and as it was before the days of the
automobile we girls learned to hitch "Old Daze" to the buggy for Mother
to go to town.

"We had no fancy furniture, just mere necessities, but we had many
happy hours on that farm. As there weren't many places to go, we made
our own amusements. Uncle Frank and his family lived across the road.
We would make cookies at night. Mother would read to us. She was a
good reader despite her meager education. One time I remember she
was reading Uncle Tom's Cabin, when she got to the place where little
Eva died, we were crying so hard she put the book away and sent us to
bed.
"Mother was a Relief Society home teacher, she would have quite a day. We would wash the brig, get the horse hitched up, then she and Aunt Elizabeth Wyatt would go around the mill district to visit the ward members.

"We always went to Logan to see the parades and the circuses when they would come to town. We'd take our lunch and go up the road side and eat it.

"In the summer, living on the farm, after dinner was over, we girls would ride in the wagon with Charles. At threshing time we would all help haul the pasture and drive the cows home. Sometimes we'd go to town pick fruit out of Father's orchard, and take home whatever was ripe such as raspberries, blue plums, apples and potatoes. Then in the winter, the horses were hitched to the sleigh and the sleigh bells. I sometimes wonder what became of them. There were no TV, no dances, pictures, or picture shows; we always made our own amusements.

"I still remember the corn we parched in the old skillet, it was mighty hard to chew. We tried making molasses candy, when we got through--what a mess--but there was love in our home. We would walk miles a day and think nothing of it. I remember the first car, which was owned by Ras Rasmussen, it sure kicked up the dust at ten miles per hour. Those were good days on the Wyatt farm.

"It was time for Aunt Betsey to have a home of her own, so father bought a home on the southwest corner of the block from George Williamson. Aunt Betsy moved there. I still remember the day she moved, I was helping, so I made many trips down and back with my arms full.

"In 1906, Father built Julia a brick house just west of the old home. After the old home was vacated it wasn't idle, some of the children lived there: Lorenzo Thorpe and Nettie, Sidney and Velma, and Thomas and Libby lived there. Wilford tore it down and used the lumber and doors in his brick home, now belonging to his son, John Wyatt. The boys also tore the old farm home down. Lester and Mable lived in that for some time then moved to town and lived in Mother's basement. We lived to see many changes, but I always remember the good times we enjoyed in each of those homes our dear Father built. He was a real provider and loved each of his twenty children.

"When our Wellsville Second Ward was organized, John B. Kerr was sustained as Bishop, Julia Wyatt as Relief Society President with Mary J. Parker as first counselor, and Mary Baldwin as second counselor."
They held office for ten years. Julia also served on the Old Folk’s Committee in the old Wellsville ward, and as 9th captain in the Daughter’s of Pioneers of Daniel H. Wells Camp. She was Founder’s Day Queen in 1856 and rode in the parade. We still celebrate Founder’s Day and have a big celebration each September. I was also Pioneer Queen one year.

“Mother lived in her home until she became helpless and needed constant care. She then lived with me, her daughter, Annie and Robert Leishman for four years, where she died at the age of 92 years, 7 months and 11 days. She died July 16, 1956 at 2 p.m. At the time of her death, she had eight living children, fifty-one grandchildren and twelve great grandchildren. At this writing, many grandchildren and great grandchildren have been added.”

She was laid to rest in the Wellsville Cemetery beside her wonderful husband.

Her funeral services were held in the Wellsville Second Ward Chapel, on July 19, 1956, at one p.m.; the following is the funeral program.

Bishop Mark Lindley presided; prayer at the home by Franklin W. Gunnell, (a grandson); opening prayer at the church by Evan O. Darley; closing prayer by Sidney B. Wyatt (grandson); dedication of grave Sidney Wyatt (son); music for the occasion by Reta Poppleton, organist and Allan B. Leishman chorister, “O My Father,” with Keith Leishman as soloist and “I’ve Read of a Beautiful City,” with Grove Jones as soloist, a duet, “Land of Peace,” was sung by Parley Hall and Nellie Leishman, the prelude music was “The End of a Perfect Day,” and postlude music was “Going Home;” speakers were: James Wyatt, high counselor, Bishop Even H. Bankhead, Arnold G. Holland, (son-in-law), Bishop Mark Lindley, and Jane Glenn, from Pioneer Camp. The Relief Society sister cared for the flowers, and pall bearers were grandsons: Paul Wyatt, Gary Wyatt, Norman Leishman, Clark Leishman, Victor Jones, Howard Cottreal.
My mother, Betsey Leavitt, was born in Wellsville, Cache County, Utah, on November 12, 1871. She was the daughter of Thomas Rowell Leavitt and Antionette Phelps Davenport Leavitt.

Her childhood was spent on her father's farm which was located on the highway on the northern boundary of Wellsville. The house was built on the boundary line between Wellsville between and College Ward. It was a two-story frame house and is still standing at this time although it has been remodeled some.

Betsey, along with her brothers and sisters, attended the school in College Ward and also went to church there. She often told of the many miles they walked back and forth to church, school, or their friend's homes. In the summer time, they went in their bare feet and the dust would squeeze up through their toes as they walked. In the winter time they wrapped sacks or old cloths around their feet to help keep them warm.

When she was eight years old, her mother died in childbirth. The memory of her death remained very vivid in Betsey's memory all her life. She often told us how she ran through the fields to the neighboring farm to get help, and she could hardly get her breath, but it was too late. Her mother was only thirty-seven years old. She left her husband and nine children. She was buried in the Wellsville Cemetery. Her children were James Rowell, Julia Ann, Sarah Almira, Alfred, Jeremiah, Betsey, Margaret, Thomas Dudley and John.

After her mother's death, she along with her brothers and sister, made their home with their Aunt Ann Eliza who was their father's first wife. Although she had a large family of her own, she cared for them too.

Betsey loved to sing and had a beautiful voice. She and her sister, Louise and Margaret or Maggie making a trio, sang many times in church, especially primary. It seemed that they were very easy to make giggle and at one time while they were singing in primary some of the
boys were acting silly, they got giggling and couldn't finish their song. One of the songs they often sang as children she loved to sing to her own children and grand children as they came along. These were the words: Tis Meeting Day; Tis Meeting Day; Tis Meeting Day and we have met, To join with those we love, in learning of our Saviour and His bright home above, Oh I can't stay away, I can't stay away, I love my little meeting so I can't stay away.

I remember many happy times Reta and I had, as young girls helping Mother with the house work, having a real song fest. Mother thought it was quite funny that we could only sing soprano or lead and not alto or second as she called it.

How she loved to sing church hymns. Among her favorite ones were: "I Know that My Redeemer Lives," "Come, Come, Ye Saints," and "Oh Ye Mountains High." She especially liked that one because she loved the mountains so much. On coming home from spending some time in Idaho, she once said, "Oh, these beautiful mountains, I feel just like they are putting their arms around me."

As she was growing up, she helped work on the farm and also worked out for other people helping with the housework and caring for children. The pay was small, often consisting only of the food she ate and a few pieces of calico which she used to make quilt blocks with.

Betsey was very modest and lady-like in her actions, but not all that prim or self-righteous. She loved good clean fun and could laugh and joke with the best of them. She had definite ideas on lady-like conduct as she had been taught well in her youth how a young lady should act. She often told us of her mother throwing cold water on her ankles one day without saying a word, when they were exposed more than he thought they should be.

On June 7, 1890, Betsey married John Horsecroft Wyott in Juarez, Mexico. Brigham Young Jr. was married to a plural wife on the same occasion. Betsey was the third wife of John Wyott, marrying into polygamy, a doctrine of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, in which she had been reared and lived and believed in. John’s first wife, Sarah Jane, had died, leaving him with three small children to care for. He secured the services of Julia, (Betsey’s sister) to care for them, and later married her.

Betsey spent a good deal of time living with Julia and helping care for the children and housework. Her father, Thomas Rowell Leavitt, and part of his family had gone to Canada to make their homes leaving
Betsey in Wellsville with Julia. John, knowing a good thing when he saw one, took advantage of his opportunities and ask Betsey to be his wife, after getting Julia's consent as was the custom.

In telling of her proposal, she related how John took her for a buggy ride. She said she knew he was going to ask her to marry him, and she laughingly declared that she was too frightened to say no.

Life as a plural wife was not an easy one. Her life was one of hard work and sacrifice as were the lives of most of the pioneer women. Not only did she work hard for her family, but because of the persecution of the Saints living in polygamy; she also gave up many of the joys of married life that are so dear to a woman's heart. From the time of her marriage she had to stay in hiding or underground, not being able to (at that time) publically announce their marriage. She was not able to publically own her first few children, and had to move from place to place to stay way from the U. S. Marshalls.

She had a bedroom of her own in the upstairs of the frame house where John and Julia lived. There she spent a lot of her time doing sewing and other things because people often came to the house who were not friendly to them. There was a porch leading our from her bedroom on the second story of the house and often, she would go out there and hide when they heard that the spotters were in town. These men worked for the U.S. marshalls, who were trying to catch the polygamists and arrest them. She also spent a lot of time hiding in the raspberry patch until it was safe for her to come out. About the only time she dared go for a walk was after dark, then she would walk around the block with Nettie for company (Nettie was Julia's daughter). She said the only present she could remember of receiving for a wedding gift was a blue bowl that Nettie gave to her. She thought a lot of that bowl.

Her first child, a girl, who they named Betsey and called Bessie, was born February 17, 1891.

When her father, Thomas Rowell Leavitt, went to Canada, he took two of his wives and their children leaving one of his wives, Anna Eliza and her children on the farm in Wellsville. They went to Alberta, Canada where he built the first home in the new colony at Cardston, then assisted Charles Card in finishing his home. Anna Eliza and her family then moved to Canada to join her husband. John sent Betsey and her baby girl along with them as he wanted them away from the persecution they were receiving. Her brothers built her a log cabin by
her father's house, but she soon decided that this was not the place for her. She wanted to be by her husband's side. She wrote and told him that she had married him and would stay with him as long as she could. Shortly after her arrival in Canada, her father died on May 21, 1891, and was buried in Cardston, Alberta, Canada.

Her husband received a call to go to England on a mission for the Church so he came to Canada and took Betsey back to Wellsville, so that his family would be together. Most of the time she stayed with the Joseph Parker family in Mt. Sterling. They were very good friends of the family and also related by marriage. While there, her second child was born, a boy, born March 12, 1892. He only lived a few months as he died July 23, 1892. This was one child that John didn't see. He died from the measles. Bessie got the measles too, and it turned into pneumonia and she died August 28, 1892. Thus Betsey was left without either one of her babies and her husband far away in England on a mission. This was a very hard time for her, but her great faith in the goodness of our Heavenly Father and the truth of the everlasting Gospel and its teachings of eternal life pulled her through this time of crisis. The letters she received from her husband, when he received word of their tragic loss, full of love, compassion and wise counseling, was a great comfort and strength to her. John was released from his first mission on November 15, 1892, and sailed for home on November 19, 1892 on the steamship, "Wyoming." Her third child, a daughter, was born January 29, 1894. She was named Ida.

John and Julia moved to his farm, which was located on the northern boundaries of Wellsville. While they worked the farm, Betsey stayed in their home in town and took care of the place there. She spent a lot of time alone with her small children. Nettie stayed with her a lot.

At that time, there was a lot of tramps traveling the road from place to place. They used to stop and ask for food to eat. Lots of them would sleep in the barn at night which made Betsey very nervous. One night just as it was getting dark, she saw a large colored man go into the barn. He was ragged and dirty. She was too frightened to sleep, but lay listening to all the sounds of the night. During the night, she heard him walking along the porch trying the doors and windows. She had locked the doors and put a chair against them, and the windows were nailed down. He went into the shanty, and she could hear him moving around in there. When he came back and tried the door again, she mustered up enough courage to call out, "John, John get your gun,
someone is trying to get in." All was quiet for a minute, then heard him walking away. She peeked out the window and could see him starting to go down the road. She was sure the Lord had answered her prayers.

She was pregnant at that time with her fourth child. When she finally went to sleep that night, she had a nightmare that woke her up, crying. She said that she had her hands pressed against her face so tight that she could hardly get them away.

Her baby was born July 31, 1895. He was named James Rowell. He had a birth mark on the right side of his face. Betsey was broken-hearted as she felt like she had marked him herself. Many people told her that it couldn't be so, and even after he was a young boy, and John took him to see a specialist in Salt Lake City, and he had said that nothing could be done with it and assured her that it couldn't have been her fault, she still felt like she was responsible. As he grew up she encouraged him with her love and counsel by telling him that God gave heavy loads to those of his children whom He especially loved. He has grown to be a wonderful man; one that any mother would have for a son. He takes after his mother on being gentle and kind to others. His life has been one of service.

A daughter, named Myrtle, was born October 28, 1897.

On May 3, 1899, John Wyatt left for his second mission to England. While there a son was born to Betsey August 10, 1899. They named him William after John's brother, William. John was on this mission eighteen months.

Their seventh child, a son, was born September 12, 1901. This boy was named Brigham after the Prophet Brigham Young. A daughter was born September 26, 1903, their eighth child. She was named Mabel.

John built a large two story brick home for Julia, on the corner of the same lot where the old home was, and Betsey lived in the old home until about 1906, when he bought a home for her on the southwest corner of the same block. This was a four-room frame house with a pantry and back porch. In later year, the partition between the pantry and back porch was removed, and the porch closed in, making it into a small kitchen.

Her ninth child, a son, was born May 3, 1905. He was given the name Lewis. Then Reta was born on the 27th of November 1907, the tenth child. Marvin was born December 3, 1909, the eleventh child, and Herbert, February 6, 1912, making twelve children in all, seven sons and five daughters.
While living on the farm, when Herbert was small, just walking good, he slipped away form us, and when we found him he was in the flowing well nearly drowned. He was very limp and lifeless, but Mother kept working with him until she brought him back to life again. We had been warned never to let him out of our sight, as he loved to go to the well, stoop down and drink, the way he saw all the men do as them came in out of the fields. This time he had fallen into the deep trough of cold water.

When Brigham had just turned eight years old, and William was ten years old, they both came down with typhoid fever. They were both very ill. Brigham was eagerly waiting the time for him to be baptized, but he died October 23, 1909. William recovered, but was a very sick boy for a long time.

In 1918, when the great World War was on, and the flu was so bad, Myrtle was one of the first ones in Wellsville to die from this sickness. Her funeral was held out on the front lawn with only a few relatives and friends attending. She was twenty years old at this time. There was so much sickness that everyone was wearing masks. All schools and church meetings were closed. Betsey was living on the farm at that time, and Myrtle had been staying at Aunt Julia's place and working as a clerk in her father's store, the "Farmer's Mercantile Co.," in Wellsville. Betsey came to take care of Myrtle. William, who was stationed with the army trainees at the USU or AC, as it was called then, came home with the flu, too. They were so sick, that Betsey spent all her time nursing them, not getting any sleep until she was completely worn out. Then, of course, the rest of us came down with it. One night when Betsey was going from room to room, she stumbled and fell head first down the stairway. She hit her head on her temple and was very ill herself. Marvin got typhoid from drinking water from the irrigation ditch while working on the farm. He was very sick and took a lot of nursing.

Shortly after this time, Betsey became very ill. She lost the sight of her left eye. The doctor said it was caused from the stress and strain that she had been under.

During the war, John gave her a fifty dollar war bond for her own. After the war was over, she took the bond and went to Logan where she bought a nice round dining room table. It had two large leaves in it so that it could be made into a large oblong table. She was very proud of it.
Betsey was a Relief Society teacher for many years. She was a member of the Daniel H. Wells camp of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. She was loved and respected for her benevolent service in the homes of the sick. She was the one who smothered the ruffled feelings of her family when they were hurt or angered by the way some things were done.

When she became unable to care for herself, she spent her time living with her daughters and their families.

When she was eighty years old, the children held an open house in her honor, at the home of her son and daughter-in-law, James and Janett Wyatt in Wellsville. Many of her friends and relatives came to wish her well. It was a lovely day for her.

Betsey L. Wyatt passed away at the age of eighty-eight years, on November 2, 1959. Burial was in the Wellsville Cemetery. She was survived by seven of her children, forty-nine grandchildren, eighty-six great grandchildren, and ten great-great grand children.
History of Sarah Jane Barnes

By Mary Harris

Sarah Jane Barnes was born 20 June 1856, at Spanish Fork, Utah. A daughter of John Barnes and Eleanor Wilson. The Barnes family moved to Wellsville when Sarah Jane was three years old. At the age of seventeen, she married John Horsecroft Wyatt in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, 9 November 1874. John bought a lot and built a house for him and Sarah Jane. He spent his evenings making their first furniture. She became the mother of four children. The second one, Josephine, died in infancy. In 1882, Sarah Jane was stricken with typhoid fever and died 3 August 1882 at the age of 23, leaving a grief stricken husband and three small children. She was laid to rest in the Wellsville City Cemetery.

On 23 November 1882, John married Julia Ann Leavitt, and she raised the three children along with ten of her own. John William grew to manhood and married Martha Hartvigsen. They were blessed with three children. Sarah Jane married George Woods, ten children were born to them. Mary married Gibler Anderson, and they were the parents of thirteen children.
Appendix E: Other Family Histories

History of John Moses Wyatt and Sarah Caroline Horsecroft

John Moses Wyatt was born in the parish of Hove, Sussex, England, May 22, 1829. His wife Sarah Caroline Horsecroft was born in the adjacent parish of Brighton, on January 25, 1829. Their marriage took place December 25, 1848. Thus, before either had reached the age of twenty, was established the foundation of the family we commemorate in our organization (the Wyatts had a family organization which published a family bulletin containing these family histories).

Sarah Caroline had lived in a small fishing village. Many times, as a little girl, she would meet the fishermen as they returned from the sea with their boats laden with fish, and carry her apron full of “smacks,” home for the family larder.

Approximately three years after they were married, they seemed to be settled for life. They had their home, and their first child whom they named John Horsecroft, born on December 2, 1849. One evening, when John Moses was coming home from his daily work, he was attracted by two Mormon missionaries who were holding an open air meeting. He afterwards reported that the truth of the message came to him with great force. It seemed to him that the message they brought was what he had been waiting for. On reaching home he said to his young wife, “Sarah, I have heard the true gospel that has been restored to the earth. Tomorrow evening we will go together and hear these messengers again.” Without reservations, these parents of ours accepted the gospel and were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on June 21, 1852, by Frederick More and confirmed by Henry Hollis. The spirit of gathering was immediately manifest in their lives and preparations for immigration to the wilds of the western parts of America, known then as Deseret, were made. They immediately met with opposition. Their families became very bitter toward the church and tried to prevent them from bringing their young son, John, with them by hiding him. Fortunately the boy was found in time for the family to leave with a company that sailed from Liverpool,
England on February 2, 1853. Captain Brown was in charge of the sailing vessel, International. There were four hundred immigrants, in the charge of Elder Christopher Arthur, cramped in this small vessel. This was a stormy season on the Atlantic. The passengers endured many hardships in the ten long weeks they were in crossing.

The company reached New Orleans on April 23, 1853. They traveled up the Mississippi River to Keobuk, Iowa where they were organized in an ox team company under the command of Elder Jacob Gates. They walked, most of the way across the plains and experienced many of the hardships incident to pioneer life. The threat of attack from Indians was ever present. Food and water was often scarce.

Their second son, Charles, was born September 2, 1853, in Green River, Wyoming. They were not able to stop for the birth of the child because of the urgent need of water for camping. When our parents left England they were not aware that a child was on the way and had made no preparation for its arrival. As a result, it was necessary to use pillow slips, underwear, and other available articles to provide for the infant’s clothing. They struggled on in the face of these hardships and arrived in Salt Lake City, October 5, 1853, almost nine months from the time they left Liverpool.

Before leaving England, Sarah had a dream in which she saw Brigham Young. As the company entered Salt lake Valley, they were met by Brigham Young. She pointed him out and said, “There is the leader, and the man I saw in my dream.” They lived in Salt Lake City for seven years working for Brigham Young.

Five years after their arrival, in 1858, Brigham Young led the entire population of Salt Lake City as far south as Provo because of the threat posed by Johnson’s Army. The saints took all the livestock with them. When they returned, the Wyatt family found their home and garden in good condition.

In the year 1860, they moved to Cache Valley. Their plans were to go to Providence but the Little Bear River was in flood, so they remained in Wellsville. The first year they lived in a dug out in the hill just east of the fort. Later they moved into the fort. The houses were close together because of the danger of Indian attacks, and the men took turns acting as sentries to insure their safety. After some time the town was surveyed into blocks of ten acres each with eight lots to the block. The families purchased lots and built houses of logs with dirt floors. John Moses Wyatt bought the lot across the street west
from where his son, John Horsecroft later lived. A few years later the family moved to Franklin where they stayed only one summer. They returned to Wellsville and made this their home until their deaths.

John Moses worked on the Logan Temple as a rock mason for one year, and later he helped to build the school house. His wife, Sarah, was always ready and willing to aid the sick and needy. She went many times to help sister in confinement. She was the mother of eleven children, seven boys and four girls. Three of these children died in infancy. Two of her sons, John and Franklin filled missions to their native land of England. The family did much to build and sustain the Church and community in this pioneer period. Sarah was a brave and hardy woman. On one occasion, after they had moved to Wellsville, she had left her baby outside the cabin while she gathered firewood. On returning, she found two Indian braves with her baby. They threatened to take the baby if she did not give them sugar. Instead of being frightened into granting their request she chased them away with a rolling pin. The next morning the chief and the two braves came to her cabin with a gift of venison, and the chief called her a "brave squaw."

Sarah was always cheerful, neat, and clean in her home and person. She was a lover of flowers, and her children were dressed in clothes made of cloth she had carded and spun. Such a woman is described by Solomon in the Proverbs. Chapter 31:28, "her children arise up, and call her blessed."

Sarah Caroline attributed her long life to "hard work and trust in the Lord." Much of her education came from a careful study of the Bible and the Book of Mormon. Most of her life was spent in working in the church, especially in the Relief Society.

The descendants of these two humble people who came to Utah in 1853 have increased until today there are more than 300 living families which claim them as progenitors.

John Moses Wyatt came to the close of his long and eventful life on March 10, 1905. His wife survived him to the good old age of 85 years and 11 months. She passed peacefully from this life on December 31, 1914.
When the City of Wellsville was laid out in lots, my grandparents chose one on the West side of town, at the foot of the "Basin Hill." Here the family lived for many years. One morning after Grandfather had left to cut wood in a nearby canyon, Grandmother went to dig Sego Lily bulbs for food; she returned to the house and was washing the bulbs, when an Indian appeared in the doorway; he pointed to a bowl on the table and asked for flour. She was frightened, but told him she had no flour; showing the empty bowl, she said, "Only Sego Lily bulbs to eat." The Indian walked over to the cradle, looked at the sleeping baby and said, "Me take papoose." She grabbed a stick of wood near the fireplace and drove him away, bolting the door. The next day the Indian returned to tell her she was a brave woman.

All of the children learned to work and like it; the boys went with their father to cut logs in the canyon, or work on the farm; the girls herded cows on the foothills West of Wellsville. Their father traded a young steer for a pinto pony, which they rode to herd the cattle. When Josephine was eight years old, she was herding, alone, one day, when she saw some beautiful flowers. Disregarding her parents' instruction, to stay on the pony, she dismounted, leaving him to graze by the fence. As she gathered Sego Lily Bulbs and flowers, she heard a swift "Whirr" like a flying bird past her head; looking up just in time to see the "Whirr" or lasso rope coming toward her head. She jumped back, ran toward the pony, climbed on his back and urged him toward home. The Indian didn't follow...her mother asked a neighbor to bring the cattle home.

Grandmother was active in the Church, serving mostly in Primary and Relief Society. She did much practical nursing, going into the homes to aid when new babies arrived; she helped to deliver many of her grandchildren.

Her flower garden gave her much pleasure; she had a lovely
old-fashioned English Garden: Sweet William, Larkspur, Hollyhock, Golden rod, honeysuckle, columbine, daisies, iris, lilies, lilac, pansies. She spent many hours in her garden and was able to pursue her hobbies after her children were grown: embroidery, quilting, making feather flowers, reading and studying. Her eyesight improved in advancing years; she was able to read and sew without the use of glasses. She received what was called her “second eyesight.”

Her son, William never married but provided a spacious, comfortable home for his parents, and his widowed sister, Josephine and her three small daughters. Aunt Josephine, and her daughters, as they grew up, did most of the house work, leaving Grandmother free to her hobbies and Hostess duties. Whenever we had Family gatherings, the daughters and daughters-in-law prepared and served the food while Grandmother gathered the children around her in the parlor, reading to us and telling of her life in England and in America. I was always motivated to read and study more after a visit with her.

Her children loved and respected her; my fahter made regular visits to see her, usually on Sundays (this being the only time he had with the busy schedule of work and church activity). He was Superintendent of Sunday School for several years after he returned from his Mission. I accompanied him to Grandmother’s for dinner and a visit with her, Uncle William and Aunt Josephine. Carol went back to the farm with my brothers to bring Mother and the younger sister to Sacrament Service which was held a 2:00 P.M.

Grandfather liked to walk and would take long walks to work or to help friends on their farms. The first Spring after he moved to Wellsville, he walked to Salt Lake City (90 miles) to plant the garden for President Young. On his return trip, he carried the small wooden casket of their son Charles, back, to bury him in the Family burial plot in Wellsville Cemetery (Charles died at age two in Salt Lake City).

He worked a farming, log-cutting, building, hauling firewood from the surrounding canyons. He helped with the building of the Logan Temple and the Wellsville Meeting House. He volunteered to make fires in the Meeting house during cold weather; which he did for many years.

His son William, who never married, bought a spacious, comfortable home, near the site of their second home, the dugout in Brenchley’s pasture. Here he spent his later years; enjoyed having a garden...vegetables and fruits, helping care for the cow and chickens. Mother said he frequently came out to our farm and stayed for a few
days at a time, doing whatever small jobs he could do (he suffered from rheumatism in the cold weather).

He died 10 May 1905 at age seventy-six of pneumonia and was buried in the Wellsville Cemetery.
History of Isabella Watson Archibald

by Jessie Archibald Atkinson

My dear grandmother, Isabella Watson Archibald, was born far away in Scotland, in the little town of New Maine, on September 17, 1846. She was the daughter of George and Helen Cranston Watson. She cannot tell us much of her early life now in her advanced years, except that her childhood home was one where peace abided and where there was love and plenty of hard work. She married very young, being only sixteen years, to a neighbor lad who also belonged to a large family—namely Robert Russell Archibald, on December 28, 1862.

Just after their first babe was born, they decided to emigrate to Utah, for her husband had been converted to "Mormonism." She could not see the Gospel truths as he saw them, nevertheless, when the spirit of gathering rested upon him, as Ruth of old, she said, "Where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." And through the sixty-three years of their life together, her loyalty and devotion to her man was unswerving, through joy and sorrow, and there was much of both in her life. When he was called to go beyond first, never a day passed, but she spoke of him and his memory was sweet to her.

After she came to Utah, she decided that she would become a member of the Church, even though she could not understand the principles of the Gospel. So one cold November day, when a chilling frost covered the land, she went into the water; the spirit of the Lord rested upon her, and she knew she had done right. A testimony was given her then and there, that the Gospel was true and her soul thrilled with sacred joy. She wondered in her heart why she had not taken that vital step long ago. She has been a true and faithful Latter Day Saint ever after.

She was the mother of thirteen children, six of whom have died. Their oldest babe died in Scotland, their second daughter, Elizabeth, was brought with them. After spending six long, wearisome weeks on a sailing vessel, they reached the "promised land"—America.
Grandmother often said that on reaching the shores of the new world she became an American, desiring to speak the language, learn the customs, and become in every way a true and loyal citizen. They began the long trek westward with ox teams. How wonderful must have been that journey; how marvelous must have seemed the land of their adoption to that little band of Scottish saints unused to such sights and scenes. They, who for generations had known only the narrow confines of their parish and the restricted lives of coal miners.

The family settled in Wellsville, Utah, where Grandfather engaged in mining and in the erection of the Logan Temple.

In May 1883, the same President Thomas E. Ricks and his intrepid band of pioneers settled the Snake River Valley, grandfather and his family decide to cast their lot with them. Grandfather and the two oldest children, Elizabeth and Thomas, came first. Then in 1864, Grandmother came, and there were eight young children in the family, the youngest only a few months old. They traveled over that long sagebrush desert in a covered wagon. From Cache Valley to the Snake River Valley it is two hundred miles; it took them two weeks to cover this distance which can be gotten over today with speed and comfort in five or six hours. Here they shared the joys, sorrows, emotions and hopes felt by a colony of people settling a rather forbidding country thrown largely on their own resources.

The family settled on a homestead north of Rexburg, where they lived until Grandfather and Grandmother, getting along in years moved into Rexburg, buying a home in the first ward.

For years, she taught the primary class in Sunday School in the Rexburg second ward. Much of the time she used to walk from her farm home, a distance of several miles, to be at her post of duty, because the Gospel of Christ came first in her life. So in season and out of season, she was at her post of duty, engaged in her labor of love. As the years roll by, many of those sat before her while she taught them their lessons of eternal life return and tell her how much those lessons and sweet influence meant in their lives. She has been an ardent Relief Society Worker also—for years ministering to the sick and homebound.

She was a wonderful housekeeper and homemaker, as a cook, she was unexcelled. Her home was marked by an unstinted hospitality, no one ever left her presence unless they were cheered by something to eat or some expression of friendliness to encourage them on their way. Her life has been an inspiration to all who knew her, and those who
lover her rise up and call her, "blessed."
History of Robert Russell Archibald

by Jessie Archibald Atkinson

My grandfather, Robert Russell Archibald, was a native of Scotland, and was always true to the noblest and best traits that are characteristic of the true Scot: love of liberty, loyalty to country, steadfastness of devotion to a cause, which when once espoused left no turning to the right or the left, thriftiness of habit, and a love for the truth. These and many other splendid traits of character did he exemplify in his life. These were the principles he strove to teach to his family, children and grandchildren. He gave them much timely and kindly advice. His grandchildren loved to cluster about his knee and hear tales of the dear homeland across the sea, which had been left with many a pang. They came to love and revere their own dear America the more through his appreciation of its wonderful opportunities and advantages.

He was born May 18, 1842, in the little town of Linlithgowshire, in western Scotland. Linlithgowshire, is in the coal mining region, and the men of the family were miners. As a child of nine, he began work around the mine. He went down with the rest of the men and boys into the damp, dark underground to dig for coal, not under the modern lifesaving conditions that are found in such industries today, but in unventilated, poorly lighted dungeons where there was an hourly danger to life from the foul gases. At that time a miner's life was short indeed, measured in years, but so meager was the wage and so great the necessity to add to the family income that even young children must toil at man's work in order to exist. His father died when he was six years old leaving his mother a widow with nine children.

For people who were forced to live under such conditions over which they had no control, the Gospel of Christ as taught by the Latter Day Saints, was veritably a ray of living light, freeing them not only from a condition that was little better than servitude. America with its opportunities and especially those far, distant western valleys which were the Mecca of God's people, whom He had gathered from the four
corners of the earth was a bright star of hope to this family when they heard the Gospel in 1848. Greatgrandfather Thomas Archibald, had died in 1848, and there were nine fatherless children, but the mother, Elizabeth Russell Archibald, was a courageous soul and undaunted under the most discouraging circumstances made plans for the family to emigrate to Utah.

Grandfather had married Isabella Watson in 1862. They had one child when they decided to come to America, for they were true Ephriamites and knew the truth when they heard it. The Spirit of Gathering rested mightily upon them, and they were eager to cast their lot with the Saints in Zion. Grandmother had not yet been converted, could not see the Gospel truths as her husband saw them, but as Ruth of old, she said, 'Wither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' She joined the Church after they came to Utah. So bidding goodbye to home, loved ones and native land they turned their faces resolutely toward the shores of the New World.

After spending six long wearisome weeks on the ocean in a sailing vessel with all the delays and inconveniences incident to a sea voyage before the day of steam driven ships, and before the art of navigation had been perfected as it now is, they landed in American, the Promised Land. Then began the long trek westward with ox teams. How wonderful must have been that journey; how marvelous must have seemed the land of their adoption to that little band of Scottish Saints, unused to such sights and scenes. They, who for generations had known only the narrow confines of their parish and the restricted life of coal miners.

The family settled in Wellsville, Cache County, Utah on October 3rd, 1866. Here Grandfather engaged in farming and mining. At this time the Logan Temple was under construction and he assisted in this enterprise and in fact in every enterprise that would contribute to the good of his fellow men, he could be counted upon for assistance in both time and money.

In May 1883, the same year President Thomas E. Ricks, and his intrepid band of pioneers settle the Snake River Valley, Grandfather and his family decided to cast their lot with them. Here, they settled on a homestead north of Rexburg, Idaho. Here they shared with their neighbors all the joys, sorrows, ambitions and hopes felt by a colony of people settling a rather forbidding country and thrown largely on their
own resources. Instead of the delicious fruits in such variety as we have, they had only the berries that grew native, these they picked and dried. They cooked and served them with but very little sugar and sometimes none at all. They caught fish that came in schools in the streams and dried them, usually boiling them for the table because they had no fat with which to fry them. Through the long winters, which were unmodified as they now are, they had only small sheet iron stoves with which to heat their homes and most of the time only willows to burn. In severe weather, it took one person constantly feeding the flames to keep the room warm. How different are conditions today.

In the summer of 1889, the dread diptheria scourge attacked the community. Many a home sorrowed for their little children as they were carried away by the terrible disease. In the home of Grandfather, the plague came and nearly all the family were stricken. Within two weeks, three of their little children were taken. So fearful was the disease and so busy were the people caring for the sick that the frail little mother, with the help of an elderly neighbor made the little garments in which her babes were buried and Father made the caskets and digged the graves of his children. At that time he was sexton at the Rexburg Cemetery.

Grandfather took an active part in the development of this Snake River Country. In building canals, in helping the community farms, in building churches and schoolhouses and in building the railroad when it came here. He was a counselor to Bishop T. J. Winters in the second Ward and also in the Third Ward for fourteen years. Each of his sons and sons-in-law have been bishops or bishop’s counselors. All of his daughters have filled positions of responsibility and trust in the wards and stakes in which they live.

He had many fine traits of character and citizenship, which he taught by both precept and example to his family and others. For the 36 years he owned and operated his farm, he never placed a mortgage on it, and never allowed the taxes to become delinquent. He never used a piece of machinery or an animal until it was first paid for. He was very punctual and regular in all his habits. He was a great reader, and to his family, he had bequeathed a love of literature and a desire for learning. Grandfather’s farm home was a charming place, adjoining the Teton River, and what glorious time his grandchildren had roaming in his meadows, gathering wild flowers, listening to the choruses of birds and eating the wonderful home cooked meals which grandmother so
generously provided. This home was a favorite gathering place of the family, and on holidays and birthdays there was always such merry making and fun for everyone. One of the big annual events of the year was celebrating Grandfather's birthday on May the 18th. There was such unstinted hospitality in Grandfather's home, the latch string was always out.

Thirteen children were born to them. They are Helen, Elizabeth, Mary, Thomas, Robert G., James, Margaret, Isabelle, Christine, Jessie, William, David and Franklin.

Grandfather has passed to the Great Beyond, but the principles which he loved and lived for are embodied in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus. To his latest generations, he will throw the challenge of his devotion, that they prove their mettle as he proved his in the flames of his faith.
History of Elizabeth Russell Archibald  
(Paternal Grandmother of Elizabeth Archibald Wyatt)  
by Jessie Archibald Atkinson

The district of Linlithgowshire in Scotland has been the scene of many conversions to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. And among the most appreciative and loyal members of the Church was my great grandmother, Elizabeth Russell Archibald. Her religious nature responded naturally and ardently to the words of truth and light as presented by the elders when they came to her native land, where she was baptized in 1848. Of her conversion and the years immediately following we have no record. Her husband, Thomas, was also baptized at the same time.

She was born February 11, 1818 at Sholts, Linlithgowshire, Scotland, the daughter of William and Margaret Marshall Russell.

Her girlhood was spent on a small farm owned by the family. Work and responsibility came to her early in life.

She was married in 1835 at the age of seventeen to Thomas Archibald. She was the mother of ten children. They are James, Margaret, William, Robert Russell, John, Elizabeth, Christine, Alexander, Andrew, and Agnes. Her children loved her with the deepest devotion all the days of her life, and her sainted memory is enshrined in their hearts who she has passed beyond.

Nine years after she and her husband joined the Church, he died. She was left with ten young children. Soon after his death one of the children died.

At this time it seemed the spirit of gathering took possession of her and all her thoughts and ambitions were to take her family to Zion. It was a tremendous undertaking, to prepare to emigrate to American and then cross the plains to Utah with such a large family and no companion to help her. By the time they were ready to go, three of the boys were married. But through her faith, determination and good management, she brought every member of her family to Utah (except Robert and Isabella, who came to Wellsville, Utah in 1866).
She often related how Apostle Franklin D. Richards, that great man who successfully piloted so many companies of British converts to America in early days, blessed her and promised that she and her children would reach Zion in safety. A promise which was fulfilled.

When they landed at the Customs House in New York, it was found that every thing they had had been stolen. Their trunks of clothing and all their possession were gone. Among the treasures that were taken was a gold wedding ring which had been handed down in the family for several generations. The loss of this grieved her greatly. In telling of her trip to Utah, her joys and sorrows she would always say, 'I didn't grieve over anything so much as the loss of my grandmother's wedding ring.'

With the loss of all their worldly possessions, it was impossible to go on to the Valley that season. The boys of the family had been coal miners in the Old Country. So that being the only kind of work for which they had been trained, and as it was necessary to gather some means before they could go on, they worked in the coal mines of Pennsylvania for some time. Then with the aid of kind friends who were raised up to them, they were able to start westward the following year. They reached Utah in 1862.

The family settled in Wellsville, Cache County, Utah. This settlement was largely made up of families from Scotland, who had come to Utah for the Gospel's sake. In this community, she lived for the remainder of her days, and they were many because she lived to be more than ninety-one-years-old.

When she was past fifty, she had the misfortune to slip and break her leg. Because of the rude surgery of those frontier days, anyone suffering a broken leg was almost invariably doomed to be lame the rest of their days. And so with Grandma, the imperfectly set limb caused her much distress, and she walked with a limp. But in spite of this handicap, her days were filled with industry, and she enjoyed life and lived richly.

Her son's wives adored her. She had the ability and tact to deal justly and diplomatically with the members of her large family. At regular intervals she visited the families of her sons and daughters to help with the mending, the knitting and to darn the homemade stockings and socks. These were gala occasions for her grandchildren, who looked forward to these visits with so much anticipation. Grandmother's favorite chair and her cushions were arranged just right
in the place she loved best by the sunny south window. The entire family held a consultation as to something to make Grandmother’s visit pleasant, and to have something extra nice for dinner when she came.

She had a lovely speaking voice and could tell wonderful stories which were enhanced by her rich Scotch brogue. When the children of her sons had become grandparents themselves, they looked back with deepest pleasure to those visits of grandmother among their sweetest memories.

She loved the theater, and in her youth delighted in taking part in plays. She attended all the performances presented in Wellsville in those early days, even after she was eighty years old, in winter as well as summer. The manager of the play house saw to it that there was always a seat of honor in the middle aisle near the front for Grandmother Archibald whenever a play was presented.

Her eyesight was always good, and she never wore glasses in all her long life.

Her embroidery work was exquisite. As each of her grandchildren and great grandchildren arrived, she presented them with a dress or slip made the old-fashioned length and elaborately embroidered.

People loved to be in her company and to do her honor. As she grew older, it seemed her pleasure in the society of others deepened, and she drew people to her because of her sweet understanding and broad sympathy. So many parties and anniversay gatherings were held in her honor in which the best talent of the town contributed their part. When the program was finished, she would say, ‘Now, let’s all sing some of the songs of Zion we sang long ago in Bonnie Scotland.’ Her favorites were ‘The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning,’ and ‘Come, Come, Ye Saints.’ At her request, all joined in the singing.

On the occasion of her ninety-first birthday, a grand family reunion was held. Her loved ones coming from far and near. One grandson came down from Alberta Canada to be present. Her picture was published in the Deseret News showing five generations of direct descendants. At the time of her death her posterity numbered four-hundred and thirty-two. She had ten children, one hundred eighteen grandchildren, two hundred seventy-seven great grandchildren and twenty-eight great, great grandchildren.

She remained true to the faith, a devout member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints all her days. Her last words of counsel to her family was to live the Gospel. With her death which
occurred peacefully in Wellsville, Utah, in February 1909, passed a lovely soul who will be a shining jewel in our Father's crown.
Appendix F: Photographs and Illustrations

The Family of
FRANKLIN HORSECROFT WYATT and ELIZABETH W. ARCHIBALD

Franklin (Frank) Genevieve Hoff

Genevieve Ross Ralph

Elizabeth (Beth) Carl D. Winn

Weston P. Maughan Elsie

Robert (Bob) Mary O. Hall

Rulon P. Keetch Caroline (Carol)

William R. Parker Edna
Franklin H. Wyatt, 20 years old.
Men who took missionary training course at the BYC in 1901. Standing--Adam Glen, Parley Gunnell. Seated--a Poppleton, Frank H. Wyatt.
Elizabeth Watson Archibald (seated) and Cousin Murray
Elizabeth was seventeen years old.
Elizabeth W. A. Wyatt in the backyard of the Wyatt farmhouse, 1918.
The Wyatts in 1902. (Standing) Ralph, Robert (seated) Franklin, Caroline, Elizabeth A. and Beth (Franklin H. was on a mission.)
Fourth of July, 1913. (left to right) Carol, Edna, Elsie and Beth Wyatt on the family farm.
The Wyatt women, 1924. (Standing) Beth Edna; (seated) Carol, Elizabeth A., and Elsie.
On Utah Agricultural College Campus, 1919. Beth Wyatt Winn with Earl Oliverson--one of the few students who owned a car.
On the Utah Agricultural College campus, (center) Beth Wyatt Winn.
Beth Wyatt Winn on her college graduation day. She made the dress and hat.
Beth Wyatt Winn on the Wyatt farm.
Beth Wyatt Winn, February, 1986.
Beth and Edna Wyatt. Note the pinwheel taped to the car hood.
Elsie Wyatt with dog in back of the Wyatt farmhouse.
Edna Wyatt with "pet pig."
Edna Wyatt (left) with friends.
Edna Wyatt ready to milk, 1919.
"At the swimming hole," from Edna Wyatt's photograph album.
Edna Wyatt.
From Edna Wyatt's photograph album.
The Wyatt farm at Clearcreek (near Strevell, Idaho), 1913. (Left to right) a neighbor, Robert Wyatt, Ralph Wyatt, a neighbor, John Meyers. The black dog is Watch; the brown and white dog is Duke.
From Edna Wyatt's photograph album.
Three different photographs of John Horsecroft Wyatt.
John H. Wyatt's farm, which was located across the highway from Frank Wyatt's farm.
John H. Wyatt's store in Wellsville. (Right) Annie Leishman standing on the entrance step to the store.
Robert Russell Archibald and Isabella Watson Archibald.
Elizabeth Russell Archibald.
The Family of
ROBERT RUSSELL ARCHIBALD and ISABELLA WATSON

Robert Russell Archibald
Isabella Watson

Elizabeth W.

Robert George
Margaret Agnes
David W.
Isabelle

Thomas W.

Robert R. Archibald family.
In memory of John Moses Wyatt.
Maternity jumper

Worn over a blouse or a dress.

Women's dresses and skirts were ankle-length.

Typical woman's maternity dress (left) and skirt (right) worn by Beth Wyatt Winn. Drawing by Beth Wyatt Winn.
Map of the Wyatt farm drawn by Beth Wyatt Winn.

The cow shed had stalls for cows (look under in winter, over in cold weather)
Layout of the first floor of the Wyatt farmhouse as remembered by Beth Wyatt Winn.
Detail of the west kitchen wall in the Wyatt farmhouse drawn by Beth Wyatt Winn. The hooks on each side of the mirror were for hanging towels. There was a shelf underneath which held cleaning supplies.
The Wyatts's first kitchen table, 1896. Drawn by Beth Wyatt Winn.
The chair on the right is what the kitchen chairs looked like, and the chair on the left is what the six golden oak dining room chairs looked like. Drawing by Beth Wyatt Winn.
Light gray chiffonier in Elizabeth and Frank Wyatt's bedroom. Drawn by Beth Wyatt Winn.
(Left) This is the pattern the Wyatt children stamped in the snow to play fox and geese. (Top right) This is the swing in the front yard and the narrow board bat (bottom right) they used to play baseball, rounders, or one old cat.
Frank H. Wyatt's passport.
To all Persons to whom this Letter Shall come:

This Certifies that the bearer

Elder. FRANK H. WYATT

is a full faith and

fellowship with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and by the General Authorities of said Church has been duly appointed to a Mission to

PREACH THE GOSPEL AND

administer in all the Ordinances thereof pertaining to his office.

And we enjoin all men to give heed to his teachings and Counsel given in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Signed at Salt Lake City, Utah.

March 12th, 1912,

in behalf of said Church.

First Presidency.

Frank H. Wyatt's missionary certificate.
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**Sources of Information:**
- Wellsville cemetery rec., Temple Index bureau, Anderson Fan. rec.
- in poss. of Mrs. DeLoss Hill, Endowment House Sig rec.

**Other Variables:**
- Age: 1875
- Occupation: Farmer
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**Sources of Information:**
Leavitt, Robert

**Notes:**
- WATTS, John Horsecroft
- LEAVITT, Julia Ann
- Temple Ordinance Data
- Married in 1849
**HUSBAND**  
NAME: STATT, John Kappesraft  
* (Farmer) (Cont on sheet #2)  
BORN  
7 Dec 1849  
PLACE: Nova, Sassa, Exit  
MARRIED  
3 Nov 1870  
PLACE: Wellsville, Cache, Utah  
DIED  
13 Nov 1929  
PLACE: Wellsville, Cache, Utah  

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**WIFE**  
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BORN  
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PLACE: Wellsville, Cache, Utah  
MARRIED  
3 Nov 1870  
PLACE: Wellsville, Cache, Utah  
DIED  
13 Nov 1929  
PLACE: Wellsville, Cache, Utah  

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**Additional Notes:**  
2. Wellsville Cemetery and Sexton records, Betty, Besse, Parley, Poyt, pg 50.  
3. LG Temple rec Liv'ry Endow Betsey Book A nr. 234 #'s:  
   1 Child a) 19a Book B pg 259 #316  
   "Child a) 19a Book B pg 259 #316"  
   2. Wellsville Cemetery and Sexton records, Betty, Besse, Parley, Poyt, pg 50.  
   3. LG Temple rec Liv'ry Endow Betsey Book A nr. 234 #'s:
HUSBAND

Name: John Ross
Birth: 25 Jan 1860, Devon, England
Death: 16 Feb 1905, Wellingham, New York

WIFE

Name: Winnie Ross
Birth: 1 Jan 1865, Devon, England
Marriage: 25 Jan 1880

CHILDREN

1. John Ross
2. Winnie Ross
3. Alfred Ross

OTHER MARRIAGES

1. John Ross (2) 23 Jan 1882 (1st 23 Jan 1872)
2. Winnie Ross (2) 7 June 1890
3. Alfred Ross

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

1. Birth record of Mrs. Elizabeth M. Ross, 3064 Anserwood Lane, Sebastopol, Calif.
2. Annual Reports, Wellingham, Utah, 1873

NOTES

- Winnie Ross was also known as Ellen
- Alfred Ross was also known as Fred
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**Source of Information:**
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**Sources of Information:**
- Wolfeville Ward Records
- Personal Records of husband
- Funeral Records at Flem Funeral Home, Rexburg, Idaho
- Church records of Rexburg 2nd Ward show:
  - Husband born at Marthill and at Greenridge, Linlithgow County, married 28 DEC 1869
  - Wife born 17 SEP 1847
- Rexburg Cemetery headstone shows:
  - Husband died 12 JUN 1926
  - Child #1 born 1886
  - Child #2 born 1892 died 1892

**Other Marriages:**
- #4 Thomas d (2) 29 NOV 1940-Charlotte R. Smith
- #12 Lillie died 8 MAR 1965
- #12 David m civil (1) 10 JUN 1967 Francy Davenport
- #12 David m civil (3) 20 AUG 1974 Salma Somer

**Additional Information:**
- Rexburg was organized on 11 Feb 1881 and the Rexburg Ward was organized on 11 Mar 1883. It was a part of Cache Valley Stake to 4 Feb 1983, in Bannock Stake to 25 July 1897, was known as Fremont Stake to 1935, and known as Rexburg Stake since then.
- Rexburg was a part of the Oregon Territory and the Shoshone-Bannock Indian Reservation from 1846 to 3 March 1863; was in Idaho Territory to 3 July 1890 when Idaho became a State; in Owyhee County from 22 Jun 1864 to 13 Jan 1885; then in Bingham County to 4 March 1913; then in Fremont County to 7 Nov 1913; and in Madison County since then.
Appendix H: Release Forms

RELEASE FORM

I, Elizabeth W. Winn, knowingly release to Jeannie Banks Thomas the contents of oral interviews with myself recorded on March 7, 1986, March 11, 1986, March 20, 1986, March 26, May 13, 1986, and July 9, 1986 for inclusion in the appendix of her thesis. I stipulate that a statement be included in Thomas's thesis directing other scholars to a version of these interviews which I have added details to and checked for accuracy. This version will be turned in separately from Thomas's thesis and can be found in Utah State University's Fife Folklore Archives in the Merrill Library. Any scholar quoting the interviews, should quote the interviews contained in this latter version, and they must give proper credit to the informant, Elizabeth Wyatt Winn, and to the collectors. I have allowed Thomas to quote the tapes in her thesis because of her research interest in the oral aspect of the interviews.

I also give my permission to Jeannie B. Thomas to include the following materials, which I have written, related, or were in my possession (the author of which is deceased), in the appendix of her thesis.


( ) See below for further stipulations. ☒ No further restrictions noted.

Signature __________________________ Date 30 Mar. 1987
PERMISSION REQUEST

March 29, 1987

Clair L. Wyatt
Providence, Utah

Dear Mr. Wyatt,

I am in the process of preparing my thesis in the English Department at Utah State University. I hope to complete in the Spring of 1987.

I am requesting your permission to include the materials listed. I will include acknowledgements and/or appropriate citations to your work as shown and copyright reprint rights information in a special appendix. The bibliographical citation will appear at the end of the manuscript as shown. Please advise me of any changes you require.

Please indicate your approval of this request by signing in the space provided, attaching any other form or instruction necessary to confirm permission. If you have any questions, please call me.

Thank you for your cooperation.

I hereby give permission to Jeannie B. Thomas to include the following materials, in their entirety, in the appendix of her thesis.


Olsen, Mabel Wyatt, “History of Betsey Leavitt Wyatt.” Wyatt Family


Signed: ___________________________ Date: (April 87)