

MARY MAUDEEN WHITNEY

By Verna Burgess Schmutz, a daughter

Mother was born February 18, 1886 in Panaca, Nevada, the daughter of George Burton and Lovina Syphus Whitney. She was the sixth child in a family of ten. The last child died a few hours after birth and was named Jane. She was buried in St. Thomas but was later moved to Overton when Lake Mead covered St. Thomas. Luella, the fifth child, was born in Bunkerville and was just older than mother. She lived about a year-and-a-half. She is buried in the Bunkerville cemetery.

This left a family of four girls and four boys, Luke, Chrissie, Ellen, Stowell, Maudeen, Mabel, Burt and Ralph. Mother has a few memories of Panaca. They moved to St. Thomas before she was eight but she does remember some things. She remembers playing on "Court Rock," a large flat white rock north of town. This was the gathering place for all of the children on Sunday afternoon. She also remembers a cloud burst on a warm summer day. Water ran down the streets and lots of Panaca. Aunt Chrissie, her mother's sister, and Uncle George Riding had a large two-story house that sat on a little higher ground. Uncle George and Grandfather George Burton Whitney each carried two of the youngest children in their arms and they all waded through the watery streets to the safety of the Riding home until the water subsided.

Whenever anyone in Panaca was ready to mix bread, the children would take a cup of flour up to Mrs. Heaps and trade for a start of yeast. Great Grandma and Great Grandfather Syphus lived three or four blocks away. The children loved to go there and sit in great grandmother's dark clean parlor and listen to Aunt Mary and Aunt Clara play the organ and sing. (This same old Syphus organ is now in the museum at Pioche.)

Also in the summer, they would go with their mother and help pick the luscious black currants. Then there was the big hammock hanging between the two large trees that stood in the front yard. They loved to swing on it.

Uncle Edward Syphus and Aunt Ellen and Uncle Harry Gentry were living in St. Thomas at this time. There weren't enough children there to have a school so they persuaded Grandfather and Grandmother Whitney to move there with their family. This gave them ample children to demand a school and also a teacher as grandfather was a school teacher.

Their first home in St. Thomas was the old Frank Bonelli home. It was a large adobe house with a basement. Besides teaching school grandfather rented a farm planted in grapes. Down the center of this vineyard and across the south end was a row of mock oranges. When mother went there at the Centennial Celebration in the early spring of 1965, the stumps of these mock orange trees still stood in silent stately rows. They brought back a flood of memories of childhood when a small boy (Stowell Whitney) and his little sister Maudeen, walked stealthily down this row trying to apprehend the quail as they came to roost in the evening.

There was a strong and tender relationship that existed between these two that lasted throughout their lives. Stowell was the hunter and Maudeen carried the shot powder, wadding (paper) caps and also, either the noose sack or gunny sack, whichever the occasion demanded. After the kill, she held the sack open and Stowell picked up the birds and dropped them in. Quail for dinner offered a relished change from their unvarying diet so this was a proud experience. Their real money-making adventure, however, was their quail trapping business. A freighter who hauled freight to the little

mining town of White Hills, Arizona, told them he would pay 50 cents per dozen for all the quail they could catch alive. He hauled them to the restaurant or boarding house at White Hills. Immediately they went to work building a pen on the side of the chicken coop to hold their precious merchandise. Then they made wooden traps to catch them in. Every evening they would take these traps and set them under the brush where the quail roosted. A handful of grain was used for bait. The next morning the young trappers would make the rounds. Maudeen would hold the sack but this time great care had to be taken so the ones already in the sack wouldn't get out. Stowell would dig a hole in the sand under the edge of the traps to get them out without having to raise the trap and let others out. This way he caught them one by one. They would be slipped into the sack and taken home and put in the quail pen. With the money these quail brought these two children were rich. They had never seen so much money in their lives. Stowell was 10 or 11 and Maudeen was 8 or 9. This venture was going along smoothly. It served a two-fold purpose – it made money and got them out of a lot of work around home.

It wasn't to go long without disaster though. One day when they were eating dinner in their usual calm and quiet manner, a great commotion shattered their tranquility. Stowell and Maudeen both recognized it as quail noise. They rushed out to the pen. Ralph, the youngest in the family, had been excused from school much earlier than usual and much to the despair of the hunters he had gone to the quail pen and opened the door situated at the top of the pen. Quail are very wild and quick. As the children looked on in dismay, one after another of the quail were making their shrill cries and flying away to freedom. Needless to say, little Ralph got a good tongue lashing both from Stowell and Maudeen and then from Grandma and Grandfather Whitney.

Another way these two spent many pleasant hours was fishing for carp on the Muddy River. Here again Stowell did the fishing and his little sister carried the bait and the fish. Their fishing line was made of twisted thread with a willow cut from the bank for a pole. At this time, it never occurred to Maudeen to be unhappy with her role of helper and carrier. Stowell was her idol and she felt honored that he let her go when he wouldn't let the smaller children. Years later these two again sat side by side fishing on the same stream after Boulder Dam had made Lake Mead. "Well, Stowell, after all these years, here I am with a pole and hook fishing with you." Silent tears rolled down the cheeks of these two (now both great grandparents) as the tender memories of years long ago flooded back through their minds.

All one summer Maudeen had malaria. Every afternoon chills and fever came on and she would go to bed. By the time she had recovered, most of her hair came out.

Stowell and Maudeen went with their parents from St. Thomas to Bunkerville to get wheat ground for flour. They camped at noon for lunch and to rest the horses at the river's edge in the shade of the mesquite trees. After lunch, the children went to the river to wade. The Virgin River nearly dries up in the summer. What water there was, was near the opposite bank. They were busy wading and wriggling toes in the quicksand making lots of noise. Suddenly, they heard a terrible noise. Two Indians camped about a block below, were waving hats and yelling at the children. They wondered what was the matter with those Indians but soon lost interest in them and turned again to wading. As they turned upstream again, they could see what the Indians had been trying to show them. A wall of water as high as a house was coming down the river. They grabbed their shoes and stockings (for they were precious at that time) and dashed back to the side of

the river they were camped on. Stowell could run faster so he half-dragged Maud to make better speed.

When they reached camp, they were so white and out of breath, grandfather ran to see what the matter was. He quickly harnessed the horse to the wagon and they rode to safety just as the flood started licking at their feet. By then, the Indians, after being assured the children were safe, had hitched their team to their buckboard and drove up to where grandfather and family were camped. They started jabbering away in their language and broken English, "No papoose if we hadn't made them see the water." Grandmother and grandfather were indeed grateful and rewarded them with some of their precious flour for their brave deed.

The old Virgin is a treacherous river and floods like that were not uncommon. A cloudburst high up in the head waters had probably sent this one down. Travel on this road was often uncertain as they had to cross the river several times between Bunkerville and St. Thomas. Anyway, they were held up a day and a night at the next crossing along with the Indians and several other parties.

Holidays at St. Thomas were great occasions for the young and old. There were only five or six families and they all celebrated together. One Thanksgiving day they were all meeting at grandmother and grandfather's house for dinner. Mother and a cousin, Anna Syphus [daughter of Luke's brother, Matthew Syphus], were carrying a bowl of ripe tomato preserves from Aunt Lizzie Gibson [wife of Moses]. These girls knew they would have to wait for the second table for it was the custom at that time. The grownups would all sit down, eat and visit, and then the children would be fed. They were hungry and the preserves looked so very delicious. They knew better than to put their fingers in so they scouted about until they found a clean looking twig. With this they fished out a taste for each one. Never had anything tasted so good. All through mother's life she kept searching for a recipe for tomato preserves that looked and tasted like that stolen bite long ago.

They always had a public gathering at Christmas time and Santa Claus would take presents. Santa would pick the presents from the tree and call out the name and then someone would deliver the present to its owner. It would be an earthen doll, candy, or nuts.

One of the prize pets of the Whitney family was a big black bob-tailed dog very appropriately named Bob. One day Stowell and Maud decided to go hunting for the coyotes that had been raiding the chicken houses. They took old Bob and went the two or three blocks from home to the canal, crossed the little foot-bridge and sauntered up the hill in the direction of the cemetery.

Nothing exciting showed up anywhere on the hill and as it was hot and in the middle of the day, they became discouraged and started home. At the foot of the hill they started to cross a wash and out jumped a coyote. "Sic 'em Bob, sic 'em," Stowell yelled. Away went the dog, right at the coyote's heels. The two children tried to keep up but they soon lost ground but they watched as the dog chased him right down to the canal. When the coyote tried to jump the canal he missed and the dog was on him. By the time the two hunters, panting, arrived the dog had the coyote by the nap of the neck and was dunking him in the water. Then he swam out with his prize and laid it at his small master's and mistress' feet. They were so proud of that dog they could have popped. They went on home and told Grandma Whitney. She was proud of the dog and, also, her

young hunters. As soon as they arrived home the dog went to the water ditch by the house and laid in it to cool off. At the children's request, Grandma Whitney hunted something special that she could feed the old black dog as his reward.

In these days it was the custom for everyone to gather after church and visit. As soon as the meeting let out they gathered in groups inside the church or outside, according to the weather, and visited. One day after church Stowell and Maud heard Rob Gibson complaining to Grandfather Whitney about the raccoons eating all of his grapes. He had a beautiful large grape vineyard and the grapes were just at their best. What they didn't eat or sell, they dried for raisins. Now a raccoon was eating them before they could get them.

That evening Stowell and Maud pondered over the situation of the raccoon. I don't know whether it was Brother Gibson's grapes they were worrying about or whether it was the idea of a strange animal prowling around without them bothering it. Anyway, before long they had made their plans. Without saying anything to anyone they hunted up an old trap from the corral and started out. Just outside the vineyard fence they scouted around until they found what looked like an animal track. Here they carefully set the trap and tied the chain of the trap to a bush. Then they went home and went to bed. I don't know what woke Stowell up at such an early hour but before it was even light he tip-toed into Maud's bedroom carrying a lantern and awakened her. Stealthily, they sneaked out of the house and headed for the Gibson vineyard.

It still wasn't too light and as they approached the trap they heard a terrible commotion. No one could have been more surprised than they were. There was the raccoon caught by the hind-foot. Now the problem was what to do with him and how. They knew he would bite if they got near him. They came up with several ideas but none of them worked.

Now, wherever they went, they always carried a noose sack or a gunny sack. This time it was a gunny sack and it seemed to the children that the sack was the only solution to this problem. Cautiously, Stowell untied the chain from the bush, told Maudeen to open the sack wide, and stand back as far as she could. He then picked up trap, coon and all and started toward the sack with it. Maudeen stood petrified for fear the raccoon would grab one of her hands as he went down into the sack. Much to their joy, he dropped in the very first try. They each took hold of one end of the sack and were back home with their prize before anyone else in the house had awakened. They held a whispered conference and decided that this was a moment of enough importance to awaken their parents. Their new pet had to have a home and they couldn't figure out a place to put him in.

After their parents had inspected the animal in the sack, grandmother decided she would let them use her milk house. She hadn't used it for a long time. The milk house was a screen room with screen doors and shelves built on one end. Carefully, Stowell loosened the trap while the coon was still in the sack until he pulled his leg free. Then they shook him out of the sack in the milk house and shut the door quickly.

Oh, happy day! That raccoon scampered around as frisky as could be. He scrambled up the shelves and sat there surveying his new home. Now a new idea was forming in the busy minds of Stowell and Maud. As soon as breakfast was over, they raced off down town to Uncle Harry Gentry's store and Post Office telling every child on the way that they were having a pet show with a new wild animal. Tickets were one cent

a piece and everyone was invited. Then they hurried back to be there when their paying customers began to arrive. To make it a real festive occasion grandmother brought out a few peanuts to feed the raccoon. Everyone enjoyed watching him eat them. This went on for some time. When the peanuts ran out they fed him grapes. Then one morning when they went to feed him the coon had dug underneath the side of the milk house and returned again to his home in the desert.

I don't know what year [April 1899], but the family moved from St. Thomas to Enterprise where grandpa taught school [they tried to persuade him to teach but he felt he was too old with limited patience and didn't teach] for one season. From there, in the fall, they moved to St. George. They first lived in Will Alger's home on Diagonal Street, then in the Will Sullivan home, then the Chris Chance's home where Glen Prisbrey now lives. Later they bought the home in southwest St. George [the original Henry Gubler home, now restored by Dr. Mark Green] where they lived the rest of their lives – or at least of grandpa's life. By this time Chrissie, Luke, and Ellen were already married but the other children finished their growing up process in St. George. I know that is where mother spent her girlhood and dating years. Near the Whitney home lived the John Sullivan family. The children of the families soon became friends. The one Mother's age was Hettie, who became mother's life-long friend. After they moved back to St. George, grandpa decided he was too old to teach anymore.

Just before mother was to finish school, her sister, Chrissie, needed help. She was living in Key West – Uncle John Abbott her (husband) was working in a mine there. She was expecting a baby so grandma sent mother down to help her. The baby was born and was named Stowell. Before mother came home, Chrissie made her some beautiful clothes (Chrissie and mother were both beautiful seamstresses) to take home with her.

Dad and mother both went to the same school. The first time dad remembers mother was when Dante, his sister, pointed her out to him. "Isn't she a cute little girl," she asked. "See how straight she stands." Mother always did have good posture. She had pretty naturally curly blond hair with a tint of red, soft brown eyes and very fair skin. She stood five-foot-two-inches tall, had a very small waist and was very well proportioned.

Even though everyone, including the children, in St. George worked hard, they realized the need for recreation. Every Saturday night they had a dance with Jim Booth's orchestra – it usually consisted of Jim Booth playing the fiddle and someone playing the piano – when that music started playing, no one could resist it.

Uncle Charlie Worthen was the floor manager and all the girls who didn't have dates would gather at his home. From there he escorted them to the dance. There was never enough room for all the boys to dance at the same time so they all received a number as they came in and bought their tickets. Uncle Charley would call certain numbers for each dance. It might be one to twenty, twenty to forty, or odd or even numbers.

Sometimes they had a box lunch dance. Every girl would make a lunch and wrap it up pretty. When the boys came in they were given a ticket with another number on it. When it was time for refreshments, someone would hold up a box lunch, draw a number out of a hat and the boy with that number ate with the girl who had made that lunch.

The popular dances at that time were waltzes, two steps, shatush, polka, Virginia reel, and quadrille. Another popular entertainment was swimming and picnicking at Walter Dodge's springs.

Mother and Hettie Bentley began a friendship when they were just girls that lasted all through the years. They both worked during the week. At the end of the week they would go to the Booth store and buy peanuts, then go to the Tabernacle nearby, shell and eat their peanuts. This gave them time to discuss all the happenings of the past week and their expectations of the next week. Even though they worked hard, these two girls had all the fun young girls at that time enjoyed. They went with different boys of the town. Finally Aunt Hettie started going with William O. Bentley and mother with Abe Burgess.

A Mrs. Calloway asked mother to care for her children while she spent a week with her husband. He worked and was superintendent at the Grand Gulch Mine and lived there. While she was gone, the children became sick. With loving care and kindness, mother nursed them back to health, without sending for their parents. When the parents did return, they were impressed with her kindness and efficient way. Mr. Calloway said his wife could go whenever she pleased as long as mother would stay with the children.

Dr. [George W.] Middleton at Cedar City heard of her good work and dependability. He wanted her to come live with them and he would send her to nursing school. Grandma and grandpa didn't want her to go and be away from home so she had to turn this opportunity down. Visiting with mother, I could tell she was very disappointed over this.

One time Will Bentley decided to go to Las Vegas [after 1905] with his team and wagon and look for work. As mother had a brother living in St. Thomas, she and Aunt Hettie decided to go as far as St. Thomas with him and do a little visiting. Their parents gave their consent so off they went. The first night out they camped on Utah Mesa. The girls slept in the wagon box and Will on the ground under the wagon. The next day they traveled on to Uncle Luke's home in St. Thomas. They visited there two or three days. While there, mother's brother, Stowell, and Abe Burgess, came by. They had been working at Las Vegas. Stowell came to St. Thomas to visit and Abe was on his way home to St. George. Mother's sister, Ellen, and her husband, Bub, lived on a ranch between St. Thomas and Overton. Stowell and Abe consented to take the girls up to the ranch to visit. While there beds were scarce so beds were made in the grain header – boys in one end and girls in the other. When Abe left for St. George the girls decided it would be a good way for them to go home. Abe, of course, was glad to have their company.

George Worthen lived a block away from mother's. He was always good to her – fought all her battles, took her everywhere she wanted to go if she didn't have a date. One summer the crowd of young people with whom mother associated, decided that they would like to take a trip to Pine Valley Canyon to celebrate the 24th of July. Before they left rules were made. No couple was to be off by themselves. Everyone was to be in sight of the others. This was probably a stipulation made by the parents before they gave their consent for the trip.

The girls cooked food to take and the boys bought food. The girls took turns cooking the meals and doing the dishes. Two or three wagons were taken. The girls slept in the wagons and the boys on the ground. Eight couples made the trip. Some of them that mother remembers were Hettie Sullivan, Mary Maudeen Whitney, Dora

Gardner, Mattie McArthur, Rhoda Cannon, Hugh Bryner, Will Bentley, Frank Higgins, and George Woodbury.

Pine Valley had a dance while they were there and invited the group of young folks. Mother was all excited as she had a beautiful new dress to wear. The people in Pine Valley were good to them. Jeter Snow knew Grandfather Whitney and Grandfather Syphus well, also, most of the parents of the other young people. This was the last night of their stay. They invited the girls to stay with them that night. They got ready for the dance at Jeter Snow's and some at Lenora Cannon Gardner's home. They had candles and kerosene lamps to light the room while getting ready for the dance.

Mother was dancing and having such a good time thinking how pretty she was in the new ruffled dress when one of the girls tapped her on the shoulder and said, "Maudeen, you have your dress on wrong side out." Mother's joy turned to embarrassment as she hurried out of the room and ran to Snow's and changed her dress. Back to the dance the joy and excitement returned and the incident was soon forgotten.

The next morning the girls had hot biscuits and stewed gooseberries and what else mother couldn't remember. The breakfast was great fun and mother always remembered how good it tasted; a good way to end a lovely vacation. They started home that morning. By noon they had reached the Jacobson Ranch. They ate lunch in the shade of the trees and watered and fed the horses. They then started on their way down to St. George. Soon the cool air of Pine Valley was behind them. The nearer home they reached, the hotter it became – back in good old Dixie's July weather.

This trip was before dad and mother were going together. When dad first asked mother for a date, he took Will Bentley for moral support. When they reached the Whitney home, Thomas Cottam's horse was tied to the fence. They took the horse up the street and hid it behind some trees. Thomas always had a way of talking to the parents first, so while he was in talking to the parents, dad and Will had come in the front door and dad had asked mother to go to the dance with him. By the time Thomas came in to talk to mother, she already had a date with Abe.

One time a group of young people rode horses over to Santa Clara. The boys went to old man [Conrad] Naegle's home where they bought wine for twenty-five cents a bottle. When the boys weren't looking the girls all took a sip of wine so their breath would smell and shock the boys. They then all went back to St. George and had an oyster supper at Matt McArthur's.

Mary Maudeen Whitney and Abram Burgess were married February 6, 1906 by David Cannon in the St. George Temple. When they went to get their marriage license, the clerk asked their names. Mother gave hers as Maud Whitney. "Is that all – no other name," the clerk asked. "Oh yes, mother said, "Mary." Impatiently now the clerk asked, "Are you sure that's all now?" Completely flustered by now, mother whispered, "Deen." Then she watched with dismay as he wrote Maud Mary Deen Whitney, but by the look on his face she knew she had better let it go. So, this is the name on her marriage license.

The night of their wedding they had a wedding party at her home. They had ham and cheese sandwiches and cake and lemonade. Everyone danced in the parlor on homemade braided rag carpeting.

Dad had cattle and permit that he sold and bought a house up in Sandtown. Grandma and mother sewed rags together and Lizzy Blair wove them. Dad and mother

put straw down and stretched them out and tucked them down on their floor. Dad had a four-horse team and a wagon and hauled freight from Modena. Of necessity, he was away a great deal of the time. As they owned three city lots, it was quite a chore for mother to take care of them herself. It was especially hard for her when the water turns came at night since she was always timid. On these lots they raised grapes, fruit, and shade trees and had a large garden.

On February 8, just two days after their first wedding anniversary, their first child was born. The baby was a girl and they named her Hettie, after Hettie Bentley. No doctor attended mother at this birth but a midwife named Sister Milne took care of her. Dad would go get her and take her home in a buggy. After the baby was born she would come every day for ten days to bathe mother and baby and change the bed. Dad would get her and take her home each morning. A girl came every day to cook and keep the house clean, do the washing and ironing, and tend the baby when necessary.

That same spring that Hettie was born, dad rented Grandpa Burgess' farm in the Santa Clara fields. Here he mostly raised hay and grain. When the grain was ready to harvest it wasn't done by a combine as it is now. The threshers would come from one man's field to another with their threshing machine. They brought a large crew of men with them to do the work. As was the custom at the time, they were fed by the man whose field they were working on. Mother would fix a hot dinner, load it in the buggy and take it to the fields. There were no tables so she would spread a quilt down and then spread a white table cover on it and unload the food. The men would sit on the ground around the "table" and eat. Then she would gather everything up and go back to town. Every thresher or round-up man that ever came to the ranch thought that they had never tasted such good food as mother prepared. All of her children and grandchildren can testify as to what a good cook mother was.

Elsie was born in the same house as Hettie on May 23, 1908. This time a lady name Sister Harridence took care of mother and the new baby. At the time Elsie was born, Hettie had never worn anything but white dresses. I can imagine the work this involved, washing on a scrub board and ironing with an old black iron heated on top of a wood stove. At this time, a Dr. Atkins and his wife moved into a house across the street from mother and dad. They had moved from California.

Mrs. Atkins worried about all the washing and ironing that mother had to do with two babies. To alleviate the situation, she made Hettie two little black sateen dresses. When she brought them over and they tried to put one on Hettie, Hettie screamed at the top of her lungs and tried to pull it off. So much to the embarrassment of mother and the consternation of Mrs. Atkins, the black dress came off and the white one went back on again. A few weeks later dad made a joke or game of it and finally convinced Hettie to wear the black dresses.

While they were living here, Chrissie Abbott (mother's sister) and her children came down from Idaho for a visit and stayed with them. At the same time Uncle Burton Barnard and his wife Helen came to visit Grandma and Grandfather Whitney. While they were here, Grandfather Whitney tried to talk about the LDS religion to Uncle Burton but he was not interested. He did tell grandfather, though, that if anyone ever did his Temple work for him, he wanted to be sealed to his first wife.

It was during this visit that Uncle Burton told Grandfather Whitney, "George, don't worry about money because when I die I will leave you more money than you or

your children can spend.” All of the family were living in very modest circumstances at that time and as all of us grandchildren were raised we were buoyed up through all of our disappointments, such as not getting a new dress for the prom, etc. by this thought. As we dreamed of it and enlarged upon it, it helped us over our rough spots. This inheritance never materialized. We never quite knew the reason but Grandpa Whitney died before Uncle Burton and Uncle Burton died before his wife, so all that beautiful money was left to libraries and museums back east somewhere.

After Aunt Chrissie and children left, Aunt Mabel and Uncle Chauncey Macfarlane moved into the two rooms. Glenna was born there. For eight years mother taught primary. She would put the girls in the baby buggy and push them to church. The sand was so deep part of the time, it was a real chore.

While Hettie and Elsie were still very young, dad got a job freighting down at Kingman, Arizona. He took mother and the two little girls as far as St. Thomas with him. Then, while they stayed there with Uncle Luke and Aunt Julia, he went on with his team to Kingman. A few days later, in spite of the fact that both Hettie and Elsie had very sore eyes, mother and her children and Edith Murphy (whose husband Jess was also working at Kingman) took the train from St. Thomas to Kingman. When they arrived there, dad, Uncle Stowell Whitney and Jess were waiting at the depot for them. Here dad had a little house for them. Uncle Stowell lived in a bunk house not too far away and took his meals with mother and dad. [Since the railroad came to St. Thomas in 1912 and Stowell was not married until 1914 they probably were in Kingman in 1913.]

When they left Kingman, the two couples and their children went to cross the Colorado River on the ferry. There had been a flood in the river and it took Jess and dad and Mr. Bonelli (who ran the ferry) all one day of hard digging to make a trench to get the water up far enough on the bank where the ferry had been washed by the high water. [Since Daniel Bonelli had died in 1903 this would be his son Frank.] Now as they dug the trench the water came under the ferry and it finally floated. They tied it up against the bank and loaded the four-horse team and wagon with mother, little Hettie and Elsie sitting on the spring board seat. Mother recalls being so frightened it felt like her heart was right in her throat. She was sure some of the horses would become frightened and rear or jump and tip them over.

However, her fears were unfounded for they started across with dad and Mr. Bonelli steering and pushing it along with long poles and with the help of the current and soon they bumped against the opposite bank of the river. Then the men unloaded that load and went back for the Murphy teams, wagon, and family. They stayed in St. Thomas for a while after that. Uncle Luke had a tent and some furniture he lent them and again they set up housekeeping. Uncle Stowell had stayed on at Kingman. Dad freighted from St. Thomas to the Grand Gulch Mine. It didn't turn out very profitable so they returned again to St. George.

They then moved to Mountain Meadows and worked for Uncle Jode Burgess and leased cattle. They sold their home and three lots for \$1500 and put the money in cattle and went to Mountain Meadows. There they, with Uncle Milt, leased Uncle Jode's cattle and farms. Both families lived there. Soon after, they both homesteaded their own ranch. They lived there in summers and moved to St. George in winter.

When Mary was born on February 9, 1915, they were living in two rooms of Grandma and Grandfather Whitney's home.

I think it was when they were leaving Uncle Jode's ranch and after they had homesteaded just south of there, moving to St. George in the winter and renting there, that I, Verna, was born on October 25, 1917. They were living at the Bentley apartments at that time.

By the time Joseph Burton Burgess was born five years later, they had bought the old storehouse. He was born on my birthday, just five years later – October 25, 1922. Before he was born, however, dad bought a house out in Fay, Nevada. He took it apart and hauled it to the homestead. There they put it together again. I remember it. It was a red frame house with black trim. We were still moving south every winter, cattle and all and back to the ranch in the spring.

While at the homestead, we would only leave about once or twice a year, at the Fourth or Twenty-Fourth of July. We would go in a white topped buggy or wagon. We usually went to Central but I can remember going to Enterprise.

Later we traded the homestead for Central property and bought a cement block house and property from Jess Holt. Later we sold our house and part of our farm to Clyde Gray. Dad then took the frame house apart again at the homestead and moved it to property we owned at Central, built a kitchen on and painted the house yellow with white trim. Mother always had a beautiful flower garden and dad planted fruit trees again – mostly apples. The house was right on the highway to Pine valley.

A creek ran through our property and we loved to go fishing there many times. When we would go over to the creek in the afternoon and fish up stream or down when we were coming back to where the trail leads up out of the creek over to the fields, we would smell such a great smell. We would practically run the rest of the way to our little special place where we first met the creek. There we would find a cheery fire and mother would be there cooking our supper. She had walked the distance from our house to the creek and carried everything she needed to cook us a good supper. We would eat, leave our willow poles in the oak trees and divide the load and hike together back home.

Mother was such a fun person. At the "drop of a hat" she would scare up a lunch. Maybe we would just go to the top the pasture to cook our supper. Sometimes, if we had to weed beans or potatoes, she would say, "Let's just go for a picnic." When we discovered we had been "duped" it didn't seem to matter as we had a good time anyway.

Whenever it rained and we were shut in for a day or two, we always made candy. Even to this day when it rains I feel the urge to eat candy

Mother and dad lived in the little yellow house from the time I was in the fourth grade until after I was married, July 1936. Emerald Cox, my sister Elsie's husband, had bought the old Platt ranch. Dad leased it from him and they moved over there. It had been a hotel or way-stop on the Old Santa Fe Trail. It had a basement and four large rooms on the ground floor, a good wide stairway and five bedrooms upstairs. The numbers were still marked on the doors. It was a large old rock house.

At the time dad and mother moved there, only one large room (the dining room) was livable. They had beds in there and I remember sleeping there. It was a pleasurable experience with everyone in one room.

Pigeons had taken over the upstairs. I can just imagine the work they both must have done because before too long the house was livable and very comfortable. One summer Elsie and Emerald and children came up and lived in part of the house. Clark

and Sherm were just young boys. Burt and Kay nicknamed them George and Alma after the Platt boys who had lived there earlier. These names stayed with them for a while.

One summer day, dad walked out in the grain field. It was ripe and the threshers were due there any day. Before dad could get back to the house a thunder and hail storm hit. He had to hold the shovel he was carrying over his head to protect it from the hail. That storm threshed the grain. There was no more need of the threshers.

Emerald had been suffering from hay fever and allergies while he was there. That finished it for him. He was in the mining business and he said, "Don't tell me mining is a gamble. I'll take it over farming any day." He sold the ranch to dad and they moved back to St. George.

Dad and mother lived there until pa decided it was time for him to retire. They bought Aunt Kate Burgess Milne's home after she died and lived there the rest of their lives.

They didn't quit doing, however. They were always doing something for some of us. Also, they took many trips with mother's brother, Ralph, and his wife, Doris. Sometimes, they went fishing, sometimes sightseeing and sometimes pine nut picking. I know they went to Idaho to go salmon fishing and to Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico.

All their lives, even when they lived at the homestead and at Central, they would go north in the spring and usually not get to a store again all summer. I can't imagine how they knew what to bring to last all summer. They always had chickens and maybe two pigs to butcher all year. They also raised a large garden. Dad always planted fruit trees so we had fruit.

Regardless of this, mother could fix a picnic in ten minutes. She could fix a delicious meal even when unexpected guests showed up. Looking back, we all wondered how she ever did it.

Mother was such a good sport and all through her married life she took a lot of good natured joking. It never seemed to bother her any. She laughed along with us when her cooking didn't turn out like she planned (this was seldom) even when the results were hard on her. She was the best steal stick player and was also good at fruit basket, baseball, and all the games we played. When we divided up sides, everyone chose mother first.

Dad was always trying to get her to drive the car. She didn't want to but one time when they came to a gate, he said, "Now Maud, you drive through when I open the gate." He opened the gate wide enough for the car to go through. "Come on Maud," he said. Mother slid over to the driver's side of the car and stepped on the gas. She was looking at dad and headed right for him. Dad tried to run but his pant leg caught on the gate and he couldn't get it uncaught. He started to yell, "Wow, wow, wow." He was backing up fast and taking the gate with him. Mother finally got it stopped when it was right up to dad at the gate. I never heard him try to get her to drive after that.

It seemed to me that all the gates on the farm that would open and shut decently were made by ma. She gathered boards from anywhere she found them and made her first built-in-kitchen cabinets.

She was always busy making quilts out of all our old cast off clothes, etc. I lived up at the ranch one summer. We moved a little one-room house from Toquerville and then added a room on the back with railroad ties. I would hurry to get my work done and go up the lawn in front of the old rock house. There was a row of poplars on the west

side of the lawn and it made great shade in the afternoon. Ma would come out of her house and we would visit for about five minutes. Then she would say, "Don't you have any socks to mend. Let's get them done." Another time she would say, "Come on, let's go down and finish building your pig pen." With her doing most of the work, we made a pen for our pig.

The best I was ever dressed was when mother was making my clothes out of the three other girl's clothes. I especially remember a green wool dress that buttoned up the front. She had taken one of the girl's coats, undid the seams, turned it wrong side out, washed and pressed it and made me a beautiful dress. It was very stylish and I received many compliments on it. Also, I remember a Christmas dress. It was red and the skirt was made with layered ruffles. I wore it to school at Central and went to a dance and party at Veyo. I thought I was the most elegant one there.

Mother had a way of making everything she did turn out right. I was in high school and D-Day was approaching. The style right then was for riding boots and pants. I just thought I couldn't live without some for D-Day. Money was scarce as usual but some way they came up with black riding boots for me. Then Mother took a pair of one of the older girl's jodhpurs and dyed them black. Again, it was what I called a "knock-out" outfit.

Among many other positions, mother was Primary President for a number of years. Dad was Sunday School Superintendent for quite a while. Every time a stake visitor came to attend church, they always came to mother's for lunch. Also, every time a school superintendent or board member came to visit the school, they came to mother's place for lunch.

Dad was 80-years-old the first day of October. He died the next February 4, 1964. He had an enlarged heart for some time but he was still carrying coal for the old coal furnace. When Hettie and ma tried to stop him, he said, "I will live while I am alive." He died of a heart attack.

Deloris remembers that when they had a new baby, ma would send or bring down good things to eat; cake, baked bread, or boiled beans, etc. They, like all the other families, loved ma's good cooking.

Many times when I was working, I remember coming home wondering what I would cook for supper and pa and ma would have been there and left a delicious hot dinner for us. I am sure she did a lot of that for other family members as well.

Mother lived ten-years after dad, died. For a few years she had fairly good health. She was still a very optimistic and fun loving woman. I was living in Orangevale, California, at that time. She made several trips there to see us. How we looked forward to those visits. She loved to go to the flea market. On one trip we left her sitting in her proud new purchase of a lawn chair. However, when we returned from a walk around the market, we found her sheepishly smiling at us and standing – her newly purchased lawn chair had broken.

Her good health was not to last. She had a sick spell and was confined to her bed for the rest of her life. She was still loving and kind. When I would come home from California, I would sit at her bedside and talk to her. That is how I came to have as much of her history as I have. I would always bring paper and pen with me.

My, what loving care Mary and Hettie gave her those last years of her life! No one could had had better care. She died of a stroke in her home on September 16, 1974.

Looking back we all realize what a loving, giving, person she was. All of us, including the grandchildren, still feel the love and kindness she had for all of us.

Pa and ma had such a love of home and family. I sometimes still long for those summer evenings when we would all sit around in that small living room and visit and Mary or Elsie would play the piano. From these evenings I think we all developed a great love of music. They left us a great heritage of honesty, integrity, dependability, hard work, and family loyalty.

Retyped and minor editorial changes made by Waldo C. Perkins.