

AMORETTE (RETTIE) ALLEN FIFIELD
Autobiography

I was born April 21, 1876, in a little house south across the street from the present Third Ward Mormon church in Logan, Utah, the 5th child, and 4th daughter of Alexander A. Allen and Maria Elinor Cowley. Being a large baby, my birth almost cost my frail, tiny mother her life; but the Lord let her live to the age of 75 and to raise six girls and two boys.

The Weston Branch of the Church had grown large enough to be organized into a full ward. Members living there had been buying supplies from Gentiles in Corinne instead of through the church-owned co-operatives and church authorities felt they needed a leader in Weston who would report what was being done and lead the erring ones to buy from their brethren in Logan. Accordingly my father was chosen to be the first bishop of the new ward.

He went ahead to find a place to put his young family; this done, he traveled 30 miles back to Logan to bring us to our new home. Loading us into an ox drawn wagon, our friends took us to Benson Ward where we were ferried across Bear River -- heavy spring rains had washed out all the bridges -- and we spent the night there. Next day we finished our journey. Mother's health was such that she made the trip with no ill after-effects in spite of her weakness.

I grew fast and was soon running around with other children. Well do I remember my first Primary; Mother called us children in and cleaned us up. Anxious to learn what it was all about, we went eagerly to the church building and soon learned to love the poems, songs, and religious stories we were taught there.

Opportunities for schooling were very poor at that time. Mormons couldn't vote nor hold even the lowly office of a school trustee; their only rights as citizens were to pay taxes. So we had tuition schools and paid the teachers in vegetables, flour, meat, butter or eggs for the two or three months they spent teaching us. Most of these teachers were local girls who knew little more than we did; they would point out a letter, pronouncing it "A-uh" "B-uh" or a number "1-uh", "2-uh" and we repeat it with the "uh" after each syllable as they did.

After the Idaho politicians began to bid for the Mormon vote, affairs took a turn for the better. Teachers began to get cash for their pay and Miss Nellie Merrick from Malad, Idaho came as a teacher for our ungraded school. Although not of Mormon faith, she showed sympathy for our educational and social problems; for the first time discipline came into the class-room and we soon learned study habits which helped us much in later life. We could hear the clock tick even though a class was reciting. To this day there are people in Weston who thank Miss Merrick for the skills and learning she passed on to them.

Because Father spent so much time serving the ward as bishop -- he felt that serving the Lord was most important -- we were very poor and we children had to work whenever an opportunity offered itself, doing whatever job came along. I was 12 when I got my first job; often I got only 50 cents a week for scrubbing and cleaning. Even though Mother begged me not to, I quit school when my clothes got shabby and my shoes wore out. My false pride cost me much regret in later life.

When spring came on the last year Miss Merrick taught, I got a chance to work for a lady with a young baby. Although I wasn't old enough to take much responsibility, she kept me all summer; I received enough to buy my clothes for the next term of 7-8 school months, a long term in those days. Happy to help Father with his problems, I resented one thing: having to share my earnings with Father's children by his polygamous wife, Aunt Lizzie. Our log school-house was so cold that we took turns sitting near the stove to keep warm. Hurrying to school one

morning, I froze my face; the teacher sent me outside to rub snow on it to take out the frost-bite. Pupils in the upper grades listened to the lower grades recite or corrected the work on their slates in order that they could go on with their next lessons.

In spring as soon as the spring had gone and the sego had sent its leaves up so we could find it, we children took off our shoes and stockings and went out on the hills to dig these delicacies. Vitamins were unheard of, but our craving for these bulbs led us to wear out the fronts of our dresses where the sego diggers were against them. We got so hungry for greens, living as we did on dried, wild fruits, bread, milk, and salt pork that we'd go to the creek, wade up and down it in the icy water and pick the short water cress which grew there. Often we found that our neighbors had been there before us. Like all children we had our spats, but life seemed good.

As a child I sang a lot. Father liked his afternoon naps and when I entered the house with a song on my lips and heard him roar "Thunder", I knew he was displeased. I couldn't remember he was sleeping.

When my older brother Ezra was away from home, my lot was to do boys' chores. Annie and Mira pretended to be afraid of cows so I had to go after our cow which fed on the open range. Often she wandered off into the Big Slough among the high sage brush and I didn't get her until the following day; then the family would be without the much-needed milk that night. Once Mira, next older than I, went along to help keep the cow from getting to her calf which sucked her dry before we could get our share of her milk. I lagged behind in the ensuing chase and Mira, in anger, threw a rock which cut a gash in my head; the blood ran so fast, we both thought I'd die. Mira cried as much as I did, but the blood soon stopped and all was forgiven.

Weston used to choose the prettiest girl to celebrate May Day as queen. In the parade each girl wore her newest dress; the boys played such tunes as they had on a hand organ. After the parade there'd be a program, a dance for the children in the afternoon and one for the grown-ups at night when we children sometimes got to dance for their entertainment. I never got to be queen; my hair was always cut short and I wore boys' shoes because father had to spend his small earnings for service rather than style. Both Mira and I complied but Annie, Father's favorite, was too proud and got away with it. When our shoes were too small, we'd pass them down to Alec who finished them out.

The first recitation I gave as a child went like this:

"I love to see the lambs at play; They hop so spry and seem so gay;

"They nip the grass and then are seen To chase their playmates on the green."

We children furnished our own entertainment by acting out home dramatics. Our ward programs were made up of readings, songs, and little plays sent us from church headquarters. By charging a small entrance fee we got money to carry on our town activities. I took part whenever asked and loved it; this developed my talents.

Our first home in Weston was south and across from the old Co-op store. Church authorities advised Father to take a second wife and when I was nearly two, he married Miss Elizabeth Clarke in Salt Lake City. When he saw two women couldn't get along in the same house, he gave the original home to Aunt Lizzie, homesteaded a place on a gravelly hill south-east of town, built a log house there, and spent a week with each wife. Mother was seldom gay when he was away.

Being a sawyer, Father would alternately take one of his families away for a year to work where there was timber to be sawed. We missed Father but it was the custom and we were taught not to complain. When the polygamy raids began, we girls were posted at the windows so we

could warn Father while he ate or slept. Once Charles Fifield, my future husband's cousin and a deputy marshal, called tell Father not to worry, that he would warn him when the real marshals were near; as a result of that and his work in far-away canyons, Father never was caught.

To help keep him out of jail, church authorities called him on a mission. How mother managed to keep us children fed and clothed during this time, I'll never know. With Ezra's help, Mother worked the farm but they had little equipment such as plows, teams, etc. I recall going down over the hill with Annie one day with some eggs in a little bucket to see if the miller, a bitter apostate, would let us have some flour. He gave us as much as we could carry. When we got home, Mother found a five-dollar gold piece in the bottom of the pail.

Our Sunday School put on an entertainment while father was on his mission and the children put on a song that went; like this:

The long, long time, dear father, since we have looked on you,
Makes all the clays seem longer; the nights seem longer too.
While in a distant country by God's command you're sent
To preach the glorious gospel, and we must be content.
Yet father, dearest father, we do not -- dare not pray.
For your return to Zion till God shall name the day.

It was necessary that I work so I got little of the education that I needed later in life. What seemed to be a good opportunity proved to be disappointment. Mother's only sister's daughter, Millie Partington, married Newton Woodruff, son of the president of the church. Needing help with her young family, she asked me to come to Smithfield where she lived, help her and go to school. I paid my tuition, got my books and learned my classes. When I got home, Millie was sick in bed and had to go to Logan for treatment. I got no schooling that year.

Next summer I washed pans, churned, tended baby and helped in the kitchen for her sister, Emmie Edwards on a big farm at Petersboro west of Smithfield.

One summer Father left me at Weston to look after the home and help Aunt Lizzie while he took Mother's family up Logan canyon to run a sawmill. It was lonely sleeping in the home nights, and going away during the days. In the late summer I took the chance to go to my parents at the sawmill. At Logan I stayed with my grandmother, Sarah B. Allen Ricks, who spent hours curling my hair so I'd look pretty when I met Father. In my sleep the rags which were to make my hair curly came out on one side; next morning that side of my locks were straight. Grandmother was disgusted, but I didn't mind too much: I was away from Aunt Lizzie's scolding and with my own gentle mother and sisters.

Jobs took me to about a dozen different places, one the home of Apostle Mathew Cowley in Preston; next summer I worked for Father's half-brother, Ezra Ricks in Benson Ward; there I had a special visit from my sweetheart. That evening two other young men called to take me buggy riding but I didn't go. This was my first caller away from home and I didn't know how to act. When it came time for him to go we couldn't find his hat; in an effort to find it the whole household was roused. Uncle Ezra and his hired men teased me about it next morning, but since the caller later became my husband, it didn't bother me too much.

That winter Uncle Joel Ricks hired me to work for him and promised that if I'd stay with him 5 years I could go to school. I loved his wife, Aunt Susette who taught me much about cooking and sewing, but I passed up the offer. After her son was born that spring, she needed more skilled help than I could give; I went home.

At Weston I worked for Mrs. Matt Fifield on the big farm and spent one day a week with my Mother whose eyes were poor and whose health was bad. Mrs. Fifield was good to me; aside

from being teased by her 3 oldest boys it was a good place to work. Her son Wesley was the first boy ever to walk home with me; it was after church one night; neither of us spoke a word all the way home.

About this time I began to realize the drawback of my lack of education. Another handicap was my poor eyes, probably the result of measles when I was young.

Father's home was the gathering place of Weston's young people. Mother made everyone welcome on the theory that it was better to be imposed on than to have her children away from home where she didn't know what they were doing.

I had lots of dates with the three oldest Fifield boys, all older than I. Horseback riding, boat riding on the pond or river. Will would hitch up a team, load the boat in a wagon and we'd go to the river to get away from his younger brothers. Six years older than I, he soon became my steady date.

With great difficulty I convinced Father I should go to the dedication of the Salt Lake temple in April, 1893, even though I had earned the money to pay expenses, and buy myself a new black dress and hat. After I told him who the four boys and girls were that were going, he consented. We took the train after midnight and oh! the fun. None of us had been in Salt Lake before; some wanted to do nothing but ride the street cars, while others wanted to window shop or visit the free exhibitions. One boy led us to the wax show but when we saw the sign MEN ONLY we backed out.

Finally Will, who came with his parents, found us. Then we went to hear the Swedish Warblers who gave a good performance. Later Will joined the gang and the fun began. April 10, Will's birthday, we visited the temple; next day Will gave me a nice little watch, one I still have though it doesn't run. Our trip has never been forgotten.

Missing our regular train, we spent the next day visiting Utah state capitol and other places of interest and took the next morning train to Weston, which was crowded when we left, but we had it almost to ourselves when we got home. This trip was a highlight in my life.

That summer I went to work for Uncle Ezra Ricks helping Aunt Birdie do dairy work washing pans, churning, wrapping butter, and doing general housework when all the dairy work was done. My pay was \$1.50 - \$1.75 a week, hardly enough to keep me in clothes. The Cleveland depression was on and when I quit that fall, Uncle Ezra didn't have enough cash to pay me.

Will herded sheep that summer to get money to go to school on. He wrote me twice during the summer; when he came to visit me in late October, I went back to Weston with him. He had asked me, when we first visited the temple, if I'd go through the temple again with him and I'd consented. I'd been laying away a few pieces of cloth for dresses and buying things that a bride cherishes.

At Weston my sister Eva told me she planned to marry Dave Brown and wanted to know our plans. Since Will's were to go to school, we had no date set. Like most big sisters, Eva began planning for us to be at each other's wedding. When Will came she asked why not have a double wedding, but he felt we should have more time to prepare. The Logan temple was closed through early November, but when Eva's fiancé came they urged and we agreed to go with them. We were married for time and eternity November 29, 1893. After our own ceremonies, we went again in behalf of others, going through the temple rituals for three days. It had been the rule of the church at that time for those going to the temple to be rebaptized. The Weston creek, never warm, was icy in November, but after going with Will to ask Bishop Cark for the recommend,

facing the embarrassment of having company present when our request was made, the freezing water wasn't so bad.

Mother went to Logan with us. Although the roads were muddy because of the storms, we enjoyed our trip. Anyone who knows how the clay, ungraded roads of Cache valley get and realized that the two men had to get out and push so the team could pull us while one of us brides had to drive will understand. We didn't mind the snow, sleet, rain and cold though; we were young folks in love.

Nothing would do but that we had to visit our relatives while in Logan. Our wedding supper was also a Thanksgiving supper at Aunt Esther Wilson's, Father's half-sister. Because it was close to the temple, we spent the night at my cousin's, Sally Cowley Adam's home. Another night was spent with Will's sister Naomi Heninger, whose Louise was a baby. Everyone did all possible to make us comfortable and happy.

After bidding goodbye to our many Logan relatives, we traveled to Richmond and spent the night with Will's mother's sister, Melissa Hoopes McCarry and husband, Billy. The roads were almost impassable but we got to Weston Sunday, because of which we weren't charivareed. Monday our families got together and we had our wedding dinner. Since the hall had been previously engaged we had no wedding dance.

Tuesday morning Eva and Dave started for their home in Lanark, Bear Lake valley. Snow was on the ground and they had to spend a night camping in Emigration canyon, but pioneers know how to make out under such conditions and they reached home safe. Lanark was to be their home the rest of their lives.

That summer Will worked hard, plantings, getting winter's wood, and, when there was no work for wages, helped his father in the harvest, taking his pay in wheat which was milled for our flour. Then he went to work herding sheep, feeding them for the Hatch brothers in Franklin during the winter, which kept him away from home much of the time. Our town house was almost paid for and we planned to build an addition later on.

When the call came to go on a mission to the Southern States, what we had saved for our building was used to pay his fare. He left, March 6, 1899; Matt was not yet a year old. Since I could scarcely see to write, it was decided that it would be better for me to live closer to Will's parents who could give me needed help. I wasn't strong enough to care for the cattle we had at the time. I moved into the log house west of the big frame house and all went well for about a year.

In early summer both Grandpa and Grandma Fifield came down with Rocky Mountain spotted fever. Their four oldest sons were on missions, Henry Honninger, Naomi's husband was also in Virginia, and Ed's wife, Margaret was in the Hawaiian Islands with him. Counting in-laws, there were six from the Fifield family on missions, funds for which he was entirely or partially responsible.

Every days I sent Will a letter so he would know how we were. Because I couldn't see, someone else had to address it. Allen took butter and eggs to the store and traded them for stamps, which were mailed to Will so he could answer.

June 21, 1899, Grandmother Fifield asked her husband to go to her room. It was their last time together. Their farewell was heartbreaking. That evening in a strong voice she sang, "We thank Thee, Oh God, for a prophet," Her body was badly swollen. About 4 next morning she breathed her last. Fearing his weakened condition would cause his collapse, word of her death was kept from him; but he sensed the tragedy and went into a coma. June 25 she was buried in the Weston cemetery. One of the songs at her funeral was, "Till the Resurrection Day."

Since Grandmother had trained no one to manage affairs, conditions at the home were very bad. The shock of her passing seemed to make the members of the family incapable of action, and when I tried to help, it was resented. It was all right for me to cook, wash dishes, wait on their father, whose emotional condition at the time was such that he wouldn't permit his daughters near him. One event led to another until I could stand their insults no longer. Loading Matthew into my baby carriage, I started for my parents' home, the other two children tugging at my skirts. Along the way Priscilla's husband, Benoni Campbell, met me. After he heard part of my story, he took no back and proceeded to tell them off. His roaring voice seemed to shock them into realization of affairs, and matters began to mend.

Tom and Jess, Will's younger brothers, were too young to take over or do what needed to be done. Grandfather's emotional condition was such that he was sent to the hospital at Blackfoot. Wesley was released from his mission in West Virginia, and upon arrival took over the management of the farm; with that the work was soon caught up; in about six weeks, Grandfather returned in his usual cheerful way and all returned to normal.

Then I moved to my home in town, near my parents; with their help I managed pretty well. My neighbors brought me wood which I could chop myself, helped me plant and water my garden which Grandfather Fifield had plowed for me; those were kindnesses I have never forgotten.

Dave Brown came down from Bear Lake for fruit; since he was coming soon again for another load, it was felt a trip to Bear Lake would do me good. Loading the children into his wagon, we went to Lanark. After he had sold his load of fruit I came back with him. It was wonderful to be away from the scenes of sorrow and confusion for the matter of a few weeks.

Expecting a letter from my husband on my arrival proved to be a deep disappointment, which upset me very much; the postmistress sensing my despair and fearing a shock would upset me in my weakened condition confided that she knew Will was to be released soon to come home.

When Will was not with those returning from the October conference I began to wonder if I had been told the truth. With doubts in my mind, I went about putting away fruits and vegetables for winter. I didn't know what I'd do for wood, but I had given up all hopes of seeing my husband until spring.

One morning about four o'clock a knock came on the door. "Who is it?" I called. The answer filled me with so much joy that I couldn't get out of bed; soon I recovered and let him in. After 18 months of separation the Lord had returned him safe. My eyes were much better. Father's second wife had taken my half-brother Royal, to Salt Lake to learn how to treat his eyes with bluestone. Since my eyes were afflicted the same as his, she helped me with the same treatment.

Will was terribly thin and weighed only 125 pounds. But the children had grown; the baby didn't know him. "Mamma, do I have to mind that man?" Matt asked when his father told him to stop his crying. Although we were happy, we were broke, and Will had to go out and find work. First he went to the mountains for wood; it was an overnight trip but next day he brought in a good load.

Again he fed sheep but was closer home which made it possible to spend the nights with the family. Prices were better, and we began to get on our feet. Will missed his mother very much. Although we didn't suffer while Will was on his mission, we were much better off when we had some means coming in again.

When summer came, we took over the running of the Fifield farm. I had to do for Grandfather and his boys. There was so much to do that I had to have help in the house; it was hard to get. To add to the burden, Grandfather's brother, Uncle Bill showed up one morning. The two hadn't seen each other since 1852, when Will's mother had taken him back to Omaha, in spite against the Mormon church authorities. Uncle Bill had a jolly disposition and the two brothers spent much time fishing and visiting around. After Uncle Bill went on a gold-seeking trip to the Thunder Mountain area near Boise, he went back to Iowa again. We never heard of him until his death.

After the first crop hay was up we decided to take a trip to Bear Lake and invited Grandpa Fifield to go along. Will bought a white-topped buggy and we followed about the same route that Grandfather used to follow when he freighted to the California immigrants years before. Our first stop was at the ice caves near Grace, Idaho. With our candles we climbed down a ladder where the ice was glistening all around; outside it had been very hot; inside we had to put on the coats we brought along. In his last letter, Allen asked about the trip, he still remembered. From there we went to Lava Hot Springs and camped for the night. It was the first time I had been there. After taking a swim we went on to Soda Springs and camped. It seemed a miracle to dip soda water out of the springs and see the bottling operations going on. Grandfather pointed out where the Morris-ites had been colonized by General Pat Conner, and related several incidents about the Morrisite war. Next day we arrived at Bear Lake.

Grandfather pointed out where his wagon was parked when his daughter, Naomi, the first white child born in Bear Lake valley, was born. It was an all day trip and we were as tired as the horses. My sister and family joined us and went to Bear Lake; where we went across the lake, bought some fish and cooked them, took a bath in the hot springs and went back to Lanark, tired but happy with our trip. While there I was able to hire a good girl to take to Weston to help me with my work; her name was Lydia Sleight.

Going back to Cache Valley, Grandpa pointed out the place in Emigration Canyon where, in coming into Bear Lake valley in 1863, he had pulled around Apostle Charles C. Rich's wagon which was stuck in quagmire and went ahead into Bear Lake valley, the first Mormon pioneer to spend the night there with his family. It was a lovely trip except for a wood tick which fastened itself on my leg causing me much pain as it swelled up considerably. We were all afraid of spotted fever.

That winter Grandpa went to Logan to do temple work; he had tried to get the church authorities to call him on a mission to Vermont so he could do family research but they had other ideas. Uncle Bill had gone to Thunder Mountain and we were more or less alone for once.

September 7, 1901, the day President Wm. McKinley was assassinated, a girl we later called Reah, came to stay with us. News of the president's death was brought me by Aunt Lucy, Byron Fifield's widow; she vowed never again to vote for a Republican candidate, because if she did some fool would up and kill him.

Work on the farm was strenuous and heavy, even with the help of a good girl like Lydia Slaight whom we brought from Bear Lake. When she left to get married, my sisters would come to help when they could, but my weakened condition would not permit me to keep up with the burden. About this time Grandpa Fifield divided the farm among his boys; each was to pay him a share of the crop from the land.

My brother Ezra spent the winter with us; he and Father had some political differences. Since Ezra and Will were about the same age, they got along well together. Will's brothers had

married and wanted to take over the farm which suited me. Uncle Bill went back to Iowa and left us well and happy.

April 15, 1903 a little girl with brown eyes came to multiply our joys. We named her Rachel. About this time Will traded for an old sewing machine and called in a repair man from Preston, who talked my husband into buying me a new sewing machine and taking over the agency for the Singer Company. We hired Joady Dawson to work on the farm while Will was selling. The money he earned helped us much in paying our taxes, assessments on the new canal, and keeping the family going. Will bought a team and light buggy to do his traveling.

One day while I was alone--Joady was helping his father--Allen was leading a stallion colt to water. The colt was being weaned and his mother nearby was constantly neighing. The colt had broken away once before and because Allen had been scolded for negligence, he wrapped the rope around his arm. Hearing the mare's call the colt ran and dragged Allen some distance, the result being a large scalp wound. Seeing the loose colt, Jess mounted the mare and came over to see what was wrong. In the meantime I was trying to help Allen, quiet his sisters who were crying, and figure out a way to get a doctor. Jess rode the mare to a phone, called. Dr. Cutler in Preston; Will, who was in Malad, and John Kofoed, who usually took care of local emergencies and we did our best to stop the flow of blood.

The doctor soon put my feelings right by saying the wound was not deep and the skull not fractured. Allen was put under ether and the skin stitched together. It was one o'clock before the doctor finished the job. To prevent chilling from the effects of the ether a sheet had been folded over Allen who was on the table.

As Will came on the porch he saw the sheet-covered boy through the window and drew a conclusion. As he entered the room his face showed his emotion. Imagine the change when he learned, the truth.

While Rachel was still a baby, Matt brought a sore throat and fever home, symptoms of scarlet fever. We put all the beds in the big front room, isolating Allen as he had no symptoms. I kept watch until about one o'clock; then Will would get up and take over. When the children cried I'd wake and help him. In about three weeks Allen took the fever. I was so worn out that I went to sleep and Will couldn't rouse me. Realizing my utter exhaustion, he sent for mother. After a day and night of sleep, we let mother go home. In due time the quarantine was lifted.

To celebrate our freedom we went to Preston to visit Mira. Clean straw and plenty of quilts were put in the wagon bed on the sleigh; hot bricks helped to keep us warm. Soon as the team stopped Allen and Lois rushed into the house while Mira came from another door to tell us her children had been exposed to measles. When we saw that our two older children were exposed, we spent the night with the Larsons and had a good time; next morning all her children were red with measles.

In due time our children were really sick. To worsen matters, Lois had a boil at the lower end of the spine and spent all her time on her belly, crying. The boys seemed all right but Reah didn't break out as she should so we called a doctor.

After the fever went down Reah had running sores back of her ears which wouldn't heal. The nursing baby, Rachel, didn't come down but we were in quarantine nearly all winter with little school for the children.

Will enjoyed working the Sunday School, Mutual, and taking parts in ward dramas put on to raise funds for the church. Together with his brothers he took out a job to work out their assessment on the canal and I was alone with the children. Again I was blessed with the arrival of another daughter, May 7, 1907. We called her Mae. She had brown eyes and dark hair.

Because father had diabetes he sold his place in 1906 and moved to Logan. Then another jolt hit us. We learned that George C. Parkinson, president of Oneida Stake and treasurer of the canal company had misused the funds we had put into the project to bring water on our dry farm lands. The one man we felt we could trust had sold us short. Will got discouraged, and, getting a chance to sell, he asked my permission. I wouldn't sign until he had another home for my family to move into.

Will's brother Ed had lived in Rockland valley for several years and kept writing about opportunities there for homesteaders. Accordingly Will made a trip, put a payment on the Lyman Barnard place, then owned by Eli Harris, and returned to get me to sign the sales contracts and agreements.

Our journey to our new home began July 3, 1908. The children thought they were being persecuted when we drove through Malad valley July 4th. July 5th we camped at Twin Springs where Grandfather Fifield, who was with us, told how he had come back from California through this place on the Hudspeth-Sublette cutoff in 1860. It was here Mae took her first steps.

Tired and dirty we got to Ed's place in Rockland the evening of July 6th where we stayed one night. When I heard my cousin Margaret tell Ed there would be no gooseberries because our children were picking them, I persuaded Will to find a place where we could be by ourselves. It had been agreed that because Mrs. Harris expected a baby, they could live in the house we had bought until they could buy another place. Will rented a lot where he could pitch a tent and lived in one room of the log cabin until our own house was available.

Our girls began to play with the Howard children, about their own ages. In a day or two the Howard children wouldn't come over to play. Lois overheard Rachel invite Alice "Come over and play."

"I can't; mama won't let me," was the answer.

"Why not?" Rachel wanted to know,

"Cause we got lice."

Never one to be outdone, Rachel boasted, "So have we." She didn't know what lice were. Lois took this story to me. Realizing the stigma attached to such an assertion I armed myself with a fine-toothed comb and invited myself to a neighborly call. After proving we weren't as dirty as we looked, Mrs. Howard and I became fast friends. The Howard's operated a saw mill and often loaned quilts to wandering workers and from these the Howard children had picked up their pets.

Our living arrangements made, Will, Allen and Jess went to help Ed in his big hayfield. Matthew's chore was to drive our two cows to and from unfenced government land where they pastured. Strange to the country they wandered far and he couldn't find them. Allen and Jess hunted but had no luck. After about two weeks Will learned they were watering at Lupe's Springs across the valley. There was no store in the valley worthy of the name. Ed showed no intentions of selling us vegetables or the milk we needed and I don't know what we would have done had it not been that a stranger, Homer Pease, learning of our plight, gave us vegetables from his dry farm garden.

About two months passed before we could move into our new Rockland home, but once there, we prepared to put the children in school for the winter. With our few cows, the hay on the place and the fruit we gathered we wintered quite well.

One of our truest Weston friends, Harrison Maughan had been elected county assessor, visited us and appointed Will as deputy to assess Rockland valley; this was to include territory around American Falls. Though away from home much of the time, the wages Will earned helped much with the family budget.

One day while he was gone a terrible blizzard came up. There was no doctor in the valley, so Jess, who was living with us then, went to get the local midwife to wait on me. On his return Will found a red-haired daughter, Inis, who was born March 21, 1909. Then he went to Mr. Harris, who had sold him the place and demanded his money back on the grounds that the house was haunted.

"What makes you think that?" Harris demanded. "First you get a red-haired girl, Mable; then I get one." The incident became a town joke.

The time came when a house was needed so we could live on the homestead we had filed on in the Sand Hollow district. Although 79, Grandpa Fifield went with the men to show them how to build a log cabin, living in a tent while the work was done. Even though a heavy snow fell during the time he was there, he enjoyed the experience of putting up a house that wouldn't leak on the corners, laying the boards on the roof and covering them with dirt.

With no floors, bunks for beds, it was like those the early pioneers lived in when they came to Utah, although we did not have the usual clay-daubed fireplace. It took three days to dig the well nearby, the water table being about 28 foot down, but there was always plenty of water for live stock.

Taking my month-old baby, I moved there but the snow was too deep, and I had to go back. When the weather was better, I moved there again, but when it rained we covered the beds with canvas, killing rattlesnakes, grubbing out the service berries, buck brush, before we could plow the rich black soil. With our place in town, where we lived while the children were in school and raised hay, fruit, and a garden, we were able to raise our family.

Living 8 miles from the church, made Sunday a hard day. Will was ward clerk; I took part in the Mutual and taught a class in Primary. Sacrament meeting was at 2; by the time we got back to the dry farm, gathered in and milked our cows, a lot of hours had been put in. Sometimes we couldn't find them on the mountains where they grazed, and they had to 'summer-fallow' as the boys called it. The town property had to be irrigated so Will and I were separated much of the time we were proving up on our homestead.

Liking the dry farm, our children hated to go to town for school in winter. Then Will and I exchanged places, he to the dry farm; I to town. With Grandpa with us, it worked out quite well. He raised a garden, tended the chickens, and split wood for the kitchen; our fuel was sawed during winter months when farm work was slack. Our clothes were warm and serviceable, our food simple and whole-some. We were seldom sick and quite a happy family.

Then a unique incident happened; on the last day of the same month, two girls, not twins, were born; after a few years, Anna, born February 28, 1911 with brown eyes and light hair, had had more birthdays when she was five than Lois. We went to ward plays, school programs, town activities, and went through all the epidemics of children's diseases common to farm districts.

Will built a house on the dry farm that didn't leak when it rained. We soon learned to raise gardens on the dry farm and with the place all plowed and fenced our means to educate our family improved. The older family began to have dates and time passed more rapidly than we realized it would.

Then another red-head came to stay with us January 11, 1913. We named her Ilah, meaning 'Welcome'. My sister Alice and husband Tom Parker visited us soon after and fell in love with the sweet-dispositioned, blue-eyed gift from God. Alice was expecting and after I was able to be up and around, left for their home in Bear Lake. I never saw Alice again. When her baby came, she died and both were buried in the same grave.

Allen began going to the Brigham Young college in November, 1912. We needed him on the farms, but felt it necessary that he got an education too but with the modern trends we were able to make out. Jess and Grandpa were with us, adding to my already heavy burden.

Another daughter came to stay with us, October 16, 1914. She had brown eyes, dark hair and such winning ways that everyone loved her. Here I should tell how Grandpa Fifield used to tend the babies for me. He would dandle them on his knee and sing "Hark, hark, hear the dogs bark, Beggars are coming to town," until they would go to sleep. They all loved him greatly.

Lois had been in Logan taking a dressmaking course the winter of 1914-15 from her father's half sister Priscilla. October 6, 1916, she announced her intention to marry a nice young man, Russell Rock, who could give her a good home. We consented. As our crop had not been harvested, we asked that she wait until we could give her something, but she wouldn't listen. They were married October 14, 1916 by Judge Wm. A Hyde at Pocatello. This was our first additions by marriage.

May 1, 1916 our last girl whom we named after my mother, Elinor was born. Her father fussed over her more than any of the other children; he said he was just beginning to appreciate the little ones. She had brown eyes and dark hair.

By this time World War I had begun. Allen had graduated from high school and spent one year attending the Idaho Technical Institute. Will bought the Richard Hartley place, hoping the draft board would exempt Allen from service, but Allen didn't want it that way and enlisted in the army. It was hard to see him leave. He came home in the summer of 1913 and helped put up the hay crop. Then came the flu epidemic.

My entire family came down, I being the only one able to be about. Will's brother Ed and wife were well, but they were afraid to come near; after some of his neighbors romped on him, Ed came to do some of the outside chores, but Nettie Post, almost a stranger and non-church member came to make it possible for me to get some rest. Our Doctor Logan was away in the war service, and help was not available. Her help at that tragic time will always be remembered.

It was at this time our gentle Oneida was taken from us, October 30, 1918, 12 days before the end of the great war. I stood alone with her when she was put away in the cemetery. Then a stranger from American Falls came to help. She took Elinor, gave her body a jerk and the baby screamed. "Now she will get well," the lady said, and she did. Matthew was very sick, but the elders promised him to get well and do a mighty work. Soon all began to mend; when the neighbors brought soup and other prepared meals the children ate until I feared they would make themselves sick again. But they soon were up and around again. In about ten days we were able to go to help others in the same predicament in which many lost their lives.

At the signing of the Armistice, the whole world rejoiced. Because help was so hard to get, our crop at the dry farm had not been harvested. Will took the children and with hired help headed the wheat, even when snow was on the ground. It was after Thanksgiving before he was done. It took a long while to get over the flu. Those who were able made the coffins, dug the graves and laid away the dead. All public gatherings were prohibited. Those who were able were permitted to go to the cemetery while their loved ones were laid away.

We expected Allen home soon, but though he tried to get released, he was kept in; we needed him badly, but it wasn't for us to say.

The day after our baby was buried I went out to look for a strayed cow. Learning that Ira Allen's family was sick, I stopped in to see if there was anything I could do to comfort them. Ira's wife had been buried the day before Oneida. Everything in the home was clean, Ira sitting with his two youngest on his knees. The other children sat around, not wanting to play. One of the

little boys came to me and said, "I wish we had a mamma; won't you be we's mamma?" I was the first caller since his wife had died and been buried. It was hard to control my feelings and gave the large family the best cheer I could muster under my deep emotion.

On my way back to my own sick family I prayed God to comfort those mourning for their lost loved ones. After the plague people were more considerate of others for a time. Soon schools opened again and public gatherings were permitted. With the return of boys from the war, hearts began to heal.

Just when crops were ready to harvest and market, a financial slump came on. A strike was called in the Pocatello railroad yards; because we couldn't sell our crops, Will went there as a strikebreaker to get means to feed and clothe our family and left me to manage the farm. It was hard but it seemed the only way we could devise to pay our debts and taxes. On week ends Will traveled the 40 miles to and fro to advise and help me with the work to be done.

Though I wished to stay on the farm, he thought it best to move the family to Pocatello. Leasing our places in Rockland, we rented a house from Will's brother-in-law; both Matt and Melvin got jobs in the shops. In about a year we learned our move had been a mistake. Living in town was so high and our leased farm so neglected that we again moved back to Rockland,

We took the family out of school during a stormy week in April, 1924, and with our poor under-fed horses pulled the heavy loads over the muddy, ungraded roads to our old home. Midway on the journey word was brought me that my dear mother had gone to the great Beyond where Father had been for ten years. Leaving the furniture on the road, I hurried home, prepared and went to Logan to the funeral, April 9, 1924. Again life's load seemed too heavy, but God gave me strength to carry on. Mother was ready to go; often she asked, "Why doesn't Father come and get me?"

At home again I found the children had brought the furniture to Rockland, cleaned up the house and done a job I was proud of. That braced me up and I tried to show my appreciation for shouldering their parents' responsibilities. Will stayed on at the shops, leaving me to manage both places; this we did to get cash to pay expenses, debts and taxes.

With Inis's help -- she operated a beauty shop in Pocatello -- We bought a Ford, which made it easier for them to travel home when the weather permitted. In winter snow often drifted into the roads making travel impossible. We didn't like to live apart, but it was the best we could do. Marriages reduced the size of the family at home. Then Melvin joined the army and went to Hawaii; I felt very bad but boys will roam and he felt the farm was not for him.

Then the great depression came, we rented the farm to Matthew for two years and moved back to Pocatello. Will got laid off the second year and all our savings went for rent. Inis kept us with what she took in as a beauty operator, but her work fell off too. Sensing that times would get no better, we got permission from Matt, moved our furniture into part of the old home and lived in Rockland. Allen was helping Matthew that summer so Will went to work for George Peck, our son-in-law, in his hay at Aberdeen, while I stayed with Lois. To get Elinor in school, we moved into the old home again in Rockland.

After harvesting his crops, Matthew moved back to his home in Pocatello. His wife's folks had worked in the Pocatello shops for a long time; through their pull, he was again employed by the railroad. After 9 months layoff, Will was called back to his job and I was alone in the big house with just Elinor; it was sometimes so lonely I thought at times I couldn't stand it. To get her children in school, Lois moved over and lived with me one winter. I irrigated, milked cows, made garden, piled hay and did all possible so we could get along. Melvin came home from the army and took care of the dry farm, helping on the town place when it was possible.

Will had to pay board and make monthly payments on the new Ford, so we had but little cash to get along on, to say nothing of a rainy day.

But there was some compensation for our hard, dreary work: passes issued by the railroad to its employees made it possible for us to take several trips we couldn't have made otherwise. We visited with Reah who had married and gone to Spokane there to live; also we went to southern California to see my brother Alec, as well as to Montana. These changes were very enjoyable and gave us new hopes.

Rainfall kept getting less from year to year until dry farm crops failed; we had nothing but weeds for a few years. Irrigation water became scantier too, and our hay crop fell off until we had difficulty feeding our stock. Will's wages kept us going. When Elinor wanted to go to college, it was a great sacrifice we made to send her, but feeling we had done all we could for the others, we put her in the branch of the University of Idaho at Pocatello.

With her away, the farm was very lonely. Melvin would go to town and stay all day. Weekends Will brought Elinor over before the roads got drifted full of snow but after Christmas they couldn't make it anymore. Our holidays that year were spent with Anna and Lee May. Even then the loneliness was depressing. The good times I had had with my large family kept coming into my mind to make life bearable.

The days after Christmas, 1935 we three left for Spokane, via Butte, Helena and Great Falls for a ten-day trip; Anna watched the farm for us. On our return Will stopped at Pocatello; Elinor and I came to Rockland. Then Elinor went back to the University and Rachel moved in with her family after Lee and Anna went back to his teaching job at Landing. We were snowed in; the mail came through with teams and sleighs. Again I was alone, Melvin being at home only at night.

February dragged into March which brought us a sudden thaw late in the month. Water around the house got so deep I was afraid it would get into the cellar. Will came home and got his feet wet trying to keep the cellar from getting flooded. On his way back to his job, he caught cold. The roads were drifted full again, and Anna, came from Landing to have her baby. All possible was done to get her to the hospital; Ivan, his father and Melvin were following the snow plow with her in the car, but had to bring her back. Soon I was called and with a midwife's help, she gave birth to a baby boy, February 27th. Next day, her birthday, the road was opened.

Finding all with her, Melvin and I started to Pocatello to leave them? with Will and imagine the shock it was to find him in the hospital with pneumonia. His doctor told Elinor her father couldn't live long. I felt it impossible to go on any longer without him. I stayed with him constantly, praying for the Lord to save him. The elders' administration was to no avail. We could only say, "Lord, Thy will be done." All the children except Anna were present when he passed away about 4 P.M. March 5, 1936. Having my family with me bolstered up my courage; I'd been alone when Oneida had died. Melvin and Elinor were still single, but they too would soon leave and me to take companions. I wondered why I couldn't go too.

Even though we had been separated much of the time in our marriage, Will had been my mainstay in the family and business world for 39 years. He had worked for the railroad and we had looked forward to his pension and retirement in two months more. He had been with the shops for 20 years. Now my children would have to be my comfort while I waited to be with my parents, Oneida and my husband, who was buried beside Oneida, March 8, 1936.

After my children left I realized what it was to be left a widow; there was to be no looking forward to my husband's return from work. Elinor went back to finish her college work, Melvin to the dry farm and I was alone on the town place.

That summer was hot and dry; we had little crop, and no means to send Elinor to school. Melvin left Rockland to find work, and it was necessary for me to do the chores during the cold winter months. Because we had not been on relief projects which politicians had devised to keep the Roosevelt administration in power during the great depression, it was not possible for Elinor to get work at the high school, where others with less ability and education found remunerative jobs.

Harland Rock came to take care of the place while I attended my brother-in-law's funeral, John Larson. After marrying, Melvin rented the farm and moved into part of the house. I sold the farm equipment for what I could get, a fraction of its real worth, and paid the mortgage on the dry farm and funeral expenses; the home place was clear. It was the first time we had been out of debt in 40 years, but I felt free and began to look for another smaller home.

That summer Elinor and I were alone. Oren Taysom rented the dry farm, Melvin the town place and things went very well. That fall Melvin and wife went to Logan to school. Elinor married Ivan May September 16, 1937, and I sold the big town place to Lee May, an emotional struggle because my family had been raised there. Will's advice to always keep a home of my own was not forgotten, but my furniture was moved into the two west bedrooms and I wandered about like a lost sheep for nearly a year, wondering what to do.

After visiting with Inis and Reah in Spokane, I went to do temple work in Salt Lake, living and sharing expenses with Annie. But I didn't feel I should spend all my time and money living in a rented home. Because Melvin and Elinor were in Logan, I tried living there. After they left school, I returned to Rockland.

Allen and Inis lived in Salt Lake and I went back there to live but was not contented. Learning that Lois and Russell wanted to sell their lot and house in Rockland I bought that. There was lots of work to be done on it, but with Ivan and Allen's work on it, it was possible for me to hire Mr. Kelly to put it in a livable condition. The basement was enlarged, kitchen cabinets installed, and soon it was almost like I wanted it, handy and comfortable.

Then I rented it and went to Salt Lake, where Allen got me interested in genealogical research for which I am very grateful. We gathered some names and put them on temple sheets so work could be done for them. I also prepared my own records in order that my family could carry on after I was gone. My work soon became a habit; I engaged a lady to teach me all that was required to complete my records and put them in acceptable condition. Allen helped me when he could and I got much satisfaction from my endeavors.

Before the church required careful, systematic research, Grandpa Fifield had gathered names and had work done for anyone with the Fifield family name. When experience proved that such procedure wasn't as it should be, all his work had to be checked and done over. The Allen family has proved very difficult to connect with blood lines, there being so many of them I never got very far on that line, much as I desired it. We knew my grandfather, Ezra Heely Allen, was born in St. Lawrence County, N.Y. and that his father Jonathan was married in Dutchess County but that was about all we could get. Means spent to get names was to no avail. (At the present, we have established a direct line to Wm. Allen who came to America in 1632, two years before the first Wm. Fifield came to America.)

My summers were spent making my home in Rockland attractive and livable. Trees were planted, a garden raised and I took my filled fruit jars to Salt Lake for food while I did temple work. Thus it was possible to get a great many of my husband's ancestors on the records with my limited means.

Then Annie's health got so she felt she should live alone, and I shared the home of Wesley Fifield's widow, Laura Peters. She had lost her mother and we had much in common; living expenses were also less, but there were tickets to buy to get to the library. Skilled in genealogical work, she proved a great help, but even then I got lonely. My diary shows I was with Annie in 1939. We enjoyed our shows, concerts, church visits, window shopping and living together. After Millie moved to Salt Lake we visited with her, or we'd call on Father's half-sister, Aunt Esther Wilson, who was getting real old, or on cousins or Annie's children.

Holidays we took trips to Logon or Preston. Inis lived at Murray where I sometimes visited her. Because her husband drank, she left him and went to Spokane. Allen was also having the same sort of trouble, but I let him work out his own problem.

For five years after Will's death the railroad gave me a pass over any part of the Oregon Short Line system, and I took advantage of this and went to visit relatives who lived in Washington state. Rachel took her car once and we went to visit Allen who lived in western Washington on the coast. After he moved to Nevada, she took me to visit him there, and I enjoyed the trip very much.

Looking over my history I find some important events have been left out. Those I'll jot down now:

When Oneida was very small, the younger children caught whooping cough. For 6 weeks neither Oneida nor Ilah was out of my sight. After their first cough they would pass out; it seemed they would never come out of the spasm in which they lay limp with no strength to move. Anna was stronger; she would lie over a chair, cough, vomit, and then be ready to play again.

That next spring a severe snow storm came up on the dry farm. Melvin's chore was to bring the cows off the range, but he had failed to get them the night before and went out into the storm after them. They had been in the habit of crawling through a fence north of Lewis canyon hollow to feed off a neighbor's wheat, the fences being very poor. Falling snow limited Melvin's vision to about a rod, and, realizing he was lost, Melvin, wet to the waist and almost frozen, gave up the search and followed the hollow; he knew it would take him into Sand Hollow where he could again get his bearings.

His long absence in such bad weather worried me; I sent the other boys out on a pony to hunt for him. Snow had completely covered his tracks. Our nearest neighbor, Curls, had seen nothing of him, and a long search failed to bring any trace of him. He was not dressed too warm, and, fearing he had perished in the storm, I sent one of the boys to town for help. On the way he met Melvin coming from the Morris home where he had been fed, his wet clothes removed and dried out. He had walked about five miles and was completely worn out and didn't get home until the middle of the afternoon.

One day I was making butter and set the barrel churn outside until I had hot water ready to wash it. Two bucket-fed pet calves smelled the salt in the churn, and used to getting milk from pails, they eagerly put their heads into the churn. Caught by the rim, they began a frantic struggle to get free. Choked for lack of breath, both fell to the ground. I thought them dead, but taking the ax, I broke the rim of the churn, and one came to. Our neighbor, Mr. Newton Curl, pulled the other off up the canyon. Today my family laughs at the incident, but it wasn't funny at the time.

At another time, Will was bringing a load of wheat from the sidehill granary. Some of the children were also on the load. As he reached for the brakes, a sudden jolt caused him to miss it and he was thrown from the load. He lit on his head and shoulders. Having driven horses all his life, he yelled "Whoa" habitually and the well-trained team stopped. Dazed, he got up, made sure

the children were all right and came to the house in great pain. Despite this, he drove the team to town next day where the doctor told him his collar bone had been cracked; it was lucky his neck had not been broken.

INCIDENTS AT WHICH MY FAMILY LAUGH.

When Will returned from his mission he was finicky about his clothes, brushing them carefully and hanging them up when he took them off. In the rush of work, however, he got careless and sometimes left them lying on the floor. One Sunday I decided to teach him a lesson and left them where he had dropped them. While he was outside, some important visitors came. I called him to come. When he saw his clothes where he had left them, he shamefacedly picked them up, hanging them in the closet. He was neat after that.

It was Will's custom to go into the canyons in summer, cut and haul out wood and then during the slack winter season, work it up into stove wood. As a result, I seldom was out of fuel for my cooking during the busy summer. One year after a long winter, we run out right in the middle of the harvest. I gathered chips as long as I could and Will promised to see that I had enough for me to carry on; but the work was so urgent with a hired crew that he forgot.

That day I put the mid-day meal uncooked on the table. When he heard the snickers from the hired help and saw the raw food on the table, he took them all out to the woodpile where they cut enough wood to finish the meal; afterward enough was cut to finish out the harvest season.

Our good neighbors borrowed or lent as occasion arose. When they wanted to take their entire family on a trip, it was their custom to borrow our white-topped buggy. They had a well-bred bull which was kept in their pasture across the road, but in the summer our bull went to the dry farm with the herd. One summer the neighbor's bull broke through our fences and came into our herd in the early fall season. Mrs. Nelson sent her boys after it, and put hobbles on it. A few days later she sent over to see if she could borrow the buggy. Word was sent back that our buggy had been hobbled. Nelsons were better neighbors after that.

Notes written November, 1956

63 years ago today I was married in the Logan temple. My sister Eva married Dave Brown the same day. Mother went with us and we got endowments for ourselves that day; the following two days we worked for our ancestors.

The weather was very stormy and roads were muddy, but what's that to those in love? At Weston we were given a lovely wedding shower, but not the usual chariviri because it was Sunday when we got back; no orchestra was available for a dance and the place where we danced was out of service. The Browns got to Bear Lake before snow closed the mountains, but had to camp one night in the snow.

Both Eva and I had large families. Both our first babies were named Allen, and born two days apart. They are old men now. My husband, Eva and Dave have been at rest many years. My husband's family are all dead but Jess. Except for Millie and me, my father's family are gone, Annie being laid at rest at Idaho Falls, June 21st. My youngest daughter, Elinor, mother of 8, died of cancer, was buried in Rockland early the same month. Her oldest was 20 -- the youngest 18 months. We don't know what will happen to the children, but Dorothy Peck Bezer has three of them now.

July 4, 1958 I arose at 6 and picked raspberries to keep the birds from getting them. After doing my Saturday's cleaning, I watched the parade, a good one for a little town. I stayed away

from the rodeo. After a lunch of soup and ice cream, I rested, talked to Anna, washed my head; then Bobby Peck's family came with his wife's father and we rode around and visited. That's how Independence Day was spent.

A long time has passed since I wrote anything; not much has happened, but I feel much older. My eyes are about gone, so I can't read, write or work on genealogy as I used to. I feel I'm imposing on people's patience when I write letters, I can't see what I have written so I don't know how it looks.

Reah asked me to spend the winter with her; last winter was spent helping Elinor, who was so sick I was glad to help her. I'm thankful I can see to get around and do for myself. We have had two nice family reunions; I'd like to have them continued while I'm with you and after I'm gone; it should help to keep the family together, I'd like my grandchildren to become acquainted with their uncles, aunts and cousins.

We have kept the Allen family reunions pretty well, not many years have gone by without one, only when gas was rationed during World War II. Mother's family has only Millie and myself left. In Aunt Lizzie's there are Ethan, Nettie, Ivan, and Luella. My half-brother, Oren, was killed in a hospital where a German bomb was dropped during World War I. Before Oliver died, I called on him and his family in Weston; he didn't know me. Because of bitterness between the two families, we have drifted far apart.

On the morning of January 17 I couldn't sleep and thoughts of my trip to Logan yesterday with Anna and Lee to the funeral of Sister Lambourne. When I reached the Third Ward church, memories of my father's, mother's and other relatives' funerals came to me. What Mother had told me of her father's home south across the street came to mind, of her childhood there playing with her brothers and sister. I wondered what their associations were in their heavenly home, and thought how they, like my own children had married one by one and left the home place to make a living in other places. Grandfather Cowley, too, had been buried from the Third Ward chapel. So many of my ancestors rest in the Logan cemetery.

The question arose: Why did my parents ever leave so pretty a place as Logan and go to dry old Weston? It was the call -- the call of God's church; when that call came no one questioned. He saw his duty and did it meekly to the best of his ability.

My parents had us children close together. My frail, tiny mother went down to death's door to bring me into the world, it taking all her strength and substance to get me here. Except for one of her brothers, no one felt she would live; he said he could not let her go. He prayed at her bedside constantly and urged everyone else to pray. When the crisis was over, she went to help Father in his Earthly mission as bishop of Weston.

Being a young man, it took lots of courage to keep going. His father had been killed while he was still a baby not yet two years old, and his life with his step-father was very unhappy. Grandfather Fifield said Grandfather Allen's second husband was a slave-driver and didn't know the meaning of mercy. As a result, his early boyhood was not too happy because of the work unjustly imposed on him, not only by Mr. Ricks but also by his boys. In his young manhood, he lived with his sister Amorotte and her husband, Doc Ricks, or wherever he could find someone who would keep him for his board. Hence one can understand how he cherished my own mother's love and help.

I cherish memories of my life in Weston where I grew into womanhood. It was there I learned to know my husband; we went to the same school; he teased me because my hair was cut like a boys' and wore boy's shoes, but when I could put my hair up and wear girls' shoes, all

became different. Though we got little formal education, our parents gave us a good moral education and that is much more important.

At first Mother couldn't take her place by Father's side in his church duties, her strength forbade it. Had it not been for the kind people in Weston, she could not have kept on. Sister Thompson was like a mother to her, the mother she had lost when only a girl eight years old in Salt Lake; except for her brothers, she had no one to depend on. Her father married, and it was her brothers who guarded her against her step-mother.

Mother served as president of the Young Ladies' Mutual improvement for 25 years; many of the Weston women regarded her as a mother to them when they needed emotional and social guidance. Our lives are shaped and made happy by the right counsel at crisis in our young adulthood, and Mother counseled many in her work in Mutual.

Rockland offered Will and me opportunities to give our children advantages we felt we could not afford had we stayed in Weston. All of my family has moved from here but Anna; it is the place where I raised them, and I cherish the memories of the good times we had here. When the call comes, I cherish the thought that I shall be laid beside my husband and little Oneida.

At this writing, September, 1958, all my immediate family is gone except Millie and me. Anne is still in Rockland to help care for me. I appreciate the trip to Logan and the recollection of incidents in my past life.