

" STOOP TO HELP
STAND TALL IN PRIDE "

A LIFE STORY OF
MINNIE W. PAXMAN

BY

MINNIE P. VINCENT

WITH GRATEFULNESS, THE HELP OF THE FOLLOWING IS ACKNOWLEDGED:

Marilyn C. Dalton

Judi P. Ford

and other family members and friends

*"Walk on the rainbow trail,
Walk on the trail of song
And all about you will be beauty"*

Navajo Song

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"Each of us has powers of which we are unaware, each of us has a circle of influence." And for my wonderful mother, Minnie Temple Westover Paxman, that circle was really large - not only for her immediate family, but it spread to all who were fortunate enough to know her. She had the ability to make all feel close to her because of her wisdom, her love, her understanding, and her inspiration which came from her abiding faith in our Heavenly Father.

I am reminded of the Biblical parable about the use of our talents. Some of us may possess ten talents, others only two or three. What counts most in life is how we use these God-given talents. And - my mother used hers through out her life for the comfort and growth of all who knew her.

Her parents, Charles Westover and Eliza Ann Haven met when they were crossing the plains in 1848. Eliza Ann had descended from a long line of New Englanders. For many years before her birth her ancestors had lived in Maccachussetts.- Charles' parents, and also many generations before them, had lived in Ohio.

After Eliza and her parents joined the Church they moved to Nauvoo, Illinois to be with the main body of the Church. Here they became well acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith, who was a frequent visitor at their home. A little story she often told us was how he enjoyed eating bread and milk with them, and how he would jokeingly say he liked shimmed milk, he liked it skimmed into his bowl.

Many times we heard her tell of the heartbreak they all felt when the Prophet and his brother Hyrum were killed by the mob, of the great sadness and gloom that fell over the city. Grandma was present at the memorable meeting when Brigham Young rose to his feet to begin his speech, and she declared that she had witnessed a miracle. As he began to speak his voice suddenly became that of the slain Prophet, and she and others in the audience were electrified by the change in his appearance which became that of Joseph Smith. So lifelike was he that Grandma grabbed her sister in amazement and awe, declaring, "Our Prophet has come back." She, with others in the congregation, convinced that the mantle of the Prophet had fallen upon Brigham, voted to sustain him as leader of the Church.

I have heard Grandma tell of their experiences when coming across the plains, which were always so interesting to hear. It was during the trip that she met Grandpa.

They, Charles and Eliza Ann, were married in Salt Lake City, October 14, 1849, being the first couple to be married in the Endowment House. The newly married couple stayed with Lorenzo Snow's family in order to help them while Brother Snow was on a mission for the Church. Charles had driven one of Brother Snow's teams across the plains, and had really gained his love and confidence.

Charles and Eliza had a large family, mother being their tenth child, and she was given the name Minnie Temple. Their three oldest children were born in Salt Lake City - they were Charles in 1850, Oscar in 1852, and Eliza Ann in 1854. The family then moved to Big Cottonwood Canyon where they bought a large farm. They lived here for a number of years, I imagine until they were called to Dixie to help settle the mission there. While living in Big Cottonwood three more children were born to them. Harriet in 1856, Maria in 1859, and Artamisha (Misha) in 1861. While Misha was still a baby they received a call to go to southern Utah. Accordingly, the farm was sold, and they made the trek to Dixie.

We can say this in a very few words - "they made the move to Dixie". But this move must have taken a long time, and how they passed over those early day "roads" would make an interesting tale. Their recollection of the "goat trail" through Bellevue Canyon over the boulder strewn "road" was probably remembered as an adventure in bumping misery. With good luck they might have covered a distance of about fifteen miles a day. Thus the journey called for many nights of camping out, of selecting a camping spot, turning out the cooking paraphernalia, rustling wood and getting the fire going, finding grazing for the stock, making up the beds, many of them probably among the rocks. I suppose mornings when the stock had strayed, and had to be rounded up - losing valuable hours. There would have been grades or sand blocks, where everybody possible had to climb out and "put his shoulder to the wheel."

All journeys must have an end. We do not know the precise time it took, nor the date they arrived in St. George. But they did arrive in the brand new city, which had been named for Apostle George Albert Smith.

There probably was quite a housing shortage when they arrived in St. George. I think my Grandparents were compelled to live in tents and in their covered wagons. They lived in St. George for about six or seven years. It was here that three sons were born to them - John Haven in 1863, who just lived about one year, William in 1865, and Lewis in 1868. I think it was shortly after the birth of Lewis that the family moved to Pinto.

Minnie was born November 18, 1870 in the tiny, but beautiful little town of Pinto, located in the mountains of southern Utah. About two years after her birth another little girl, Clara Ellen was born to her parents, in 1873. Clara just lived until she was two years old, leaving not only her parent's hearts empty and aching, but also Minnie who felt the loss of her tiny sister and playmate.

As a child and always - Minnie loved the out of doors, and spent many delightful hours wandering over the nearby low hills in the company of other family members. The lovely, wooded hills surrounding Pinto were an ideal place to wander, to become familiar with the different flowers and trees, birds, and small animals. Roaming over these hills became a happy experience for Minnie and her brothers and sisters - probably Maria, Misha, Will and Lew, and Harriet (Hattie) who was always young at heart, who through her imagination could make small tasks seem like play.

The lovely flowers caught their eyes - the delicate pink trailing arbutus and the scarlet lobeia; they would watch for the odd little Jack-in-the Box, for purple lady's slippers. Many of these were gathered and pressed between the pages of old books, and discovered years later.

This little valley is nestled amid vari-colored hills covered with scrub, Cedar and Pinion Pines which provided many "chews of Pine gum". Other treasures gathered on these youthful pilgrimages were odd shaped rocks and bones that caught their fancy.

As I looked through my mother's old trunk I found an invitation to a "Pinto Home Coming" to be held in August, 1923. The things written in the little folder were so interesting, and sounded as if Minnie were telling them herself.

"The creek still follows it's crooked course among the grass, dandelions and willows, and the old bridge where you sat and dangled your feet still crosses it. The field and garden ditch from which you filled your drinking barrel in early morn, and waded in on hot afternoons goes past your old home where it always did and the trees that shaded it's banks are waiting to welcome you now.

The red rock school house with it's memories of school days, festial days, Sunday Schools, and meetings will open both doors for our homecoming and the same old bell will peal it's welcome.

The red hill is still as red and the big rock is longing for a bon-fire. The tracks on which you coasted on sleigh, pan, or shovel, are still distinct. The big cave is still as mysterious and the spring carries it's crisp load of water-cress.

That most beautiful of all grassy stretches, the hay pasture, is yet untouched by plow or harrow. It invites a romp, a picnic, a stolen hour after the shades have fallen.

"North, South, East, or West, we are scattered. Pinto the dear old home town is the magnet that will draw us together."

As I read these interesting lines it made me realize the nostalgia mother felt for her old home town - the wistful yearning for years gone beyond recall. How delighted she always was when we could take her back to visit the old familiar places, and recall the pleasures of days gone by.

Minnie remembered the fun times she had, all the games they played in the tiny country town as a girl - with brothers and sisters, small friends who were almost as close as family members. As they gathered at one home or another they probably "chose up sides" to play "Run my Sheep Run", others games like "Hide and Seek", "The Farmer in the Dell", "King William was King James' Son", "Here Come Two Ducks a-Rowing", etc.

If my memory serves me right I would like to relate one little instance that happened in the family. When Pinto was first settled they lived under the "United Order" a plan where all families shared, and shared alike, with any income or goods made. For instance Grandmother Westover made huge round cheeses, others would provide different necessities. One older sister, I think was probable Aunt Harriet taught school in the little one room school house. She saw her small brothers and sisters practically barefoot - so one month when she received her pay, she made up her mind to "cheat" a tiny bit. Without consulting anyone she used part of her money to buy a new pair of shoes for each younger brother and sister. I don't know the ending, but it must have had one.

Try to remember - and I do remember another story often told by Minnie to her children many, many years ago. And it was a great many years before the telling, when the cloud-busting storm started the whole thing.

I think Minnie was probably about five years, she and her mother were home alone one cloudy, windy afternoon. The clouds and wind had really come up quite suddenly. They watched as the ominous blue-black clouds grew thicker and blacker, lightning flashed, thunder growled, crashed, and popped almost continuously as the terrific wind roared around the house. Suddenly the rain came in torrents, raging violently, beating against the house, as the wind whipped the trees in all directions. They called it a cloud burst, as it was, a frightful, turbulent one, with a force and violence from which it seemed no one could escape.

How many of you can remember listening to the sound of a distant flood as the rain poured down? We, as children, always waited for the rain to stop, listen for the tumbling roar of flood water, then getting our mother's consent ran to the Mill Creek to see the muddy, frothy water come by. What a thrill if we arrived before the flood and saw the first great wall of water down below us in the creek, and we safe on the high bank above. Golden, Lula, Lynn, and I all did this, as I am sure the older brothers and sisters did also. Especially were we thrilled when our mother and father went with us.

Many years earlier than this mother and grandmother Westover heard the flood approach, and could see the menacing torrent as it swept over the creek's banks, and down the little valley crashing and roaring toward their houses, then spreading to both sides, growing deeper each minute. It reached the windows, then to Grandma's horror and dismay, she saw small riverlets coming under the door. She grabbed Minnie and held her in her arms. Suddenly she placed her on the table as it seemed the safest place for her. The water became deeper and deeper, causing the table to float around the room before it became lodged against the opposite wall. Grandma looked out the window in desperation, and with a prayer in her heart, she saw a young man swimming, wading, falling, clingling to fallen trees and fences, making his way toward the house. Grandma knew their only safety was to go with him as the thin, liquid mud was gradually filling the house. This man's name was Joe Platt, a neighbor and friend. Quietly he picked

Minnie up, holding her tightly in one arm, and using the other arm to help steady Grandma as they made their way in the swift water. One time he stumbled and fell, and to the horror of those watching, all three disappeared beneath the muddy, murky water. Then up came Joe still holding Minnie and her mother - slowly they made their way to a wagon which had become lodged between two trees. Here they waited for the rain to stop and for the menacing torrent which roared around them to go down. Not until later did they learn that the cause of Joe's fall was when he stepped on an axe which had become embedded in the mud and debris, leaving just the sharp edge sticking up. His foot had been cut very severely, but he never waivered, carrying them to the safety of the wagon.

The big flood was disastrous to many people, to Grandpa and Grandma it was well nigh ruinous. It was this flood that practically destroyed Grandpa Westover's farm, leaving a great deep gully through the rich land, as well as causing them to lose their animals - horses, cows, pigs, chickens, and even the several pretty tame ducks that swam in the creek. (Herbert Knell told me his father, Charles Knell saved one of the horses. Charles Knell married mother's sister Maria who was eleven years older than she. I think mother and Aunt Maria must have been very close. I always felt as if I knew her so well, and consequently was amazed when I realized that Aunt Maria had died in 1900 - five years before I was born. Had I stopped to think I really would have know this because Uncle Charlie Knell, her husband, had remarried before I was born. I am sure that in my younger years I must have confused Aunt Hilda with her - Aunt Hilda, who Uncle Charlie Knell married a few years after Aunt Maria's death, was such a friendly, delightful person. (I will always remember the lovely tiny sweaters and caps she knitted for mine and Lula's dolls, our favorite colors, and how we treasured them.)

Just how long after the flood it was before Grandpa and Grandma Westover left Pinto and moved to Washington, I don't know. I have heard my mother tell of still being in Pinto when the soldiers marched through there with John D. Lee - how she and the other children watched as they walked him through town, over the hill, and on toward Mountain Meadow, following the trail of the ill-fated group which had passed this way some twenty years earlier. It was in 1877 when John D. Lee was taken over the same route, and was excuted at the sight of the massacre.

It was earlier this summer that Maria married Charles Knell, on March 15, 1877, so I am sure she never moved to Washington, but she and Charlie continued to live in Pinto, where they had their family. Maria just lived until the 6th of June, 1900. She was only forty-one years old.

At this point I would like to digress for a time to relate a short story written by her daughter, Theresa.

This letter was printed in the May 15th, 1900 issue of the Juvenile Instructor, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Little Letter Box,

I thought I would like to tell your little readers of the sad accident that happened to us. One Sunday morning when we were all in meeting but mamma and my two little brothers, Willie and Lewie, aged six and two and a half years, they asked mamma to let them go to the barn to play. She said yes. In twenty minutes the alarm of fire was heard. Everyone in meeting ran, but nothing could be done; our barn was a mass of flames. Of course mamma knew the little boys were there. After the fire was out, the men worked three hours hunting for them. At last under the smouldering hay, they found the little charred bodies, one lying across the other.

It seemed more than mamma could bear - papa was not at home; he came that night. Everyone prayed for mamma, that she might not lose her life or her reason. The young girls fasted and prayed for her the next day. An Elder said there was not a child in town that could lisp the name of Jesus but what prayed for us, and the Lord answered their prayers we know. In a little while papa took mamma and me to St. George, and I was baptized in the Temple, and mamma went through and was blessed. She was better after that. In two months the Lord sent us the sweetest little baby girl. We named her Grace. My Aunt says it was through the grace of God we have her. Mamma says she was sent as a comfort. I want to be good and comfort poor papa and mamma all I can. I hope my letter is not too long.

Theresa Knell, age 8 years.

A granddaughter of Maria told me how they had to hold her at the time of the fire to keep her from plunging into the roaring flames to hunt for her two little boys.

I think probably Eliza and maybe Harriet were also married prior to the move. Eliza, who married Lem Redd, moved to San Juan County. Harriet married Charles Tracie.

When Grandpa and Grandma Westover left Pinto they came to Washington, living on the farm, which is up the river above the rest of the farms in the Washington Field. This, of course, was too far away for a child to walk to school in Washington, so mom lived with her older sister and went to school for several years in Silver Reef, a booming mining town. It was Aunt Harriet and her husband Uncle Charlie, who was connected with minning, so I am sure it was with them that she stayed.

I always understood mother to say she latter went to school in Washington for a year or two, but I am not sure about this. She really liked school, had a fervent desire to learn all she could, and went as far as the schools in this area could take one at that time.

As I recall a few things mom has told me about school, one small instance is remembered, which gives an insight into Grandma Westover's character. One day one of the older sisters went to school after doing the dishes, and left the wet cloth lying on the cupboard, unwashed. Grandma walked to school, got the child, made her go home, wash the dish cloth out, and hang

it up. When in our amazement we queried, "You mean the teacher let her go home just to do this?" she answered, "You can bet he did!" Come to think of it - maybe that was an important lesson well learned.

Uncle Charlie and Aunt Harriet Gracie were always so very special, so enjoyable to have in our home. I think you might say they were young at heart. Maybe because they had no children of their own - they had had one little boy who had died when very young - they seemed to make an extra fuss over us. Both of them so full of fun, always something exciting going on when they visited in our home. One thing we always remembered about Uncle Charlie was his generous nature, and the unique way he had of showing this. Each time he came he pressed a shiny silver dollar into each one of our hands - at least the younger ones.

Aunt Harriet made all little chores seem like play. For instance, when we had to hunt for firewood to heat the wash water in the tub outside, she would tell us we were traveling into the mountains for wood. We all worked like beavers, pulling and dragging the brush and big limbs. Just before we'd get to our house we'd stop to make camp. Here we would make a fire and cook our supper - it always tasted so good as we pretended we really were far from home, getting ready to camp for the night.

Mom's oldest brother, Charles in 1881 or 1882 married Ellen Parker of Leeds, a small town not far from Silver Reef, which at this time was a booming mining town. Later when the bottom fell out of silver, and the town was practically deserted, Uncle Charlie and Aunt Ellen left there, and moved to the farm, the Westover Farm, which they kept in their family for a good many years. When I can remember them they lived in Washington, about in the middle of town, in such a well-kept home, inside and out. Aunt Ellen always made me think of a queen she carried herself so regally, tall and stately, with lovely snow white hair. I can still see her as she crossed the street, coming from the store or a neighbor's house, passing the huge lilac bush not far from their front gate, which early in the spring was a delight with it's profusion of blossoms.

Uncle Lew married Eliza Tunk, I think probably close to the same time mom was married. They then moved to Lewiston in northern Utah near the Idaho border, where he purchased a large farm. We really didn't get very well acquainted with Uncle Lew until later in his life. They had a large close-knit family, some of them live in northern Utah, and several in southern California. Uncle Lew spent many of his later years doing Temple work. Especially did he enjoy the St. George Temple, where mom also joined him many of the winters.

Uncle Will never married. Although he graduated from the B.Y.U., I suppose many thought he never put his education to much use. But I am sure he was always grateful for this experience, and felt that it served him well. He was a gifted writer, composed many articles and short stories, one that he related at a Westover Family Reunion held at Art's and Mamie's home in St. George. I remember he asked Mamie to sing "Listen to the Mocking Bird," which added so much to his story. He had great dramatic ability - reading, acting, directing, etc. He had a constant

merry twinkle in his blue eyes - as if he knew something no one else did. He had special jokes and nick-names for all the boys in town, which seemed to fit exactly and they all enjoyed him as they did the nick-names.

In his lot were several sour cherry trees which in the spring would be covered with bright red cherries. When the boys in town came up to buy cherries, he would tell them they could pick all they carry for five cents - so the boys filled pockets, hats, shirts as Uncle Will looked out and laughed as they stuffed.

Aunt Misha married Uncle Len Conger, who had the contract to drive the mail out to Enterprise, and the towns between. He had a beautiful team of dark horses which pulled his white-top buggy as he delivered the mail to the different Post Offices. We often visited with Aunt Misha in St. George while father tended to his necessary business. It was always so much fun to go to Aunt Misha's, she made us feel so very welcome. We could climb the hill directly in back of her house; in fact, it sloped up from her back yard. Along the front of her home was a rock and cement wall facing Diagonal Street. If we promised to be very careful we were allowed to walk on the top of this wall, and we were careful so we could do our walking again and again.

Aunt Misha had two children - Vera, who was about the same age as our sister Hattie, and a son named Lewis (Lew) Golden's age. Lew died when he was a young boy.

As friendly as Uncle Len was there was just one thing I didn't like about him - he called our mother "Min". I hated it. I thought it was not her name. He probably did it to differentiate between our two names. I do remember that he sometimes called her "Big Minnie" and me "Little Minnie". And she was not big at all - so very tiny.

As the precious days of Minnie's girlhood and young womanhood flew by she made and maintained many friends - wonderful friendships that lasted throughout her life - others who shared the same admirable qualities of character that she did - considerate, unselfish, delightful - are just a few of the adjectives that could have described her. She was deeply religious, a well rounded and intellectual person. She was full of fun with a merry twinkle in her blue grey eyes. But really, how can one describe her, and convey her warmth and goodness? We know of her appearance, but what is important about her was her deep, protective love for her family, and her heart that reached out to anyone who needed her.

Our Dad did not fail to refer to her grace, her sweet voice, her sparkling eyes, her gentleness and other attributes. He often said none of his daughters was as beautiful as her mother. He never lacked for words, but she was more reticent. Someone once described him "as never being at a loss for an adjective". (In later years he received a letter from an opponent referring to him as "Patrick Henry of Washington".) This made him feel badly, and when I said it was really a compliment, he replied, "I'm afraid he didn't mean it as a compliment".

As time went on Minnie's thoughts of him increased, and she realized the pleasure she always felt when they chanced to exchange

glances and happy words. Intellectually, he was a kindred spirit with her, a lover of the beautiful in the world which they both cherished. He talked easily, and listened courteously to her comments. They attended the Ward Dances where old and young joined in the fun, dancing quadrilles, polkas, schottishches, Virginia rell, and the beautiful waltz.

Their friendship blossomed into a true and ever-lasting love, thus their romance burgeoned into a happy engagement, followed by their marriage in the St. George Temple for Time and All Eternity on November 18, 1887 - mom's seventeenth birthday - Dad was twenty-two.

Their first home was in the south west part of Washington, a lovely home with a lot for a beautiful garden. It was not far from Dad's work, as he was still working at the flour mill across the creek and a little south and west of their home. It was here that their first child was born, Alice Eliza, April 9, 1889. I've heard my mother say she never really cared whether she had a boy or girl, but was always so glad her first baby was a girl because she was such a big help to her with the next babies. Alice had blue, blue eyes, a beautiful pink and white complexion, and lovely thick, naturally curly hair. No wonder it was often said that Alice was the prettiest girl in Washington.

Their second baby was a son, named for Father - Arthur Alfred, Jr. and he was born on the 18th of September 1891. He was very active, very friendly, very compassionate and understanding. He loved sports and excelled in many of them and mom always said she didn't know what she might find in his overall pockets as she turned them to was - it might be a tiny snake or a huge bug or worm.

On the 22nd of April, 1894 their third child was born, Charles Haven, who had dark hair and hazel eyes. As a boy I think he loved the out-doors, as he always did, and spent as much time as possible observing the wonders of nature around him. He was generous and openhearted, very devoted to his family, and was so proud of them.

Hattie Azalea was born December 31, 1896 a tiny, sunny and neat little girl. She had such a deep and abiding love for her parents, her brothers and sisters. This was displayed many times through her generosity, her unselfishness, and devotion. This same great love followed her throughout her life, and carried over into her marriage to Bert. She often said, "I don't need much to make my life complete - just to have Bert and Clinton with me wherever my home."

It was when Hattie was about two and a half years old that Dad was called on a mission - in 1899. It was in September of that year that our parents moved from the home where they had been living, to a home northeast of the chapel lot. This home was smaller than the one they had been living in, with smaller windows, making the rooms quite dark. But they made some money from the sale of the other house to help start Dad's mission.

Dad left for his mission October 4, 1899. The experiences he had while he was in the mission field are covered so beautifully in Eva's (Haven's wife) history of our Father's life that I am not going to retell it. If you haven't read it you must do so -

This one paragraph I am quoting from Eva's history.

"Toward the end of the mission, their prayers were answered, a cook was needed at the Grand Gulch mine, and Minnie took the job. Alice must stay in school as she was a big girl, now past 13, so she stayed with her Grandmother and Grandfather Westover who had moved into Washington from the farm. But Minnie took the three younger children with her to the mining camp, to keep a personal eye on them. Jesus, I verson helped her to get this job, and took her and children to the Grand Gulch mine."

The Grand Gulch mine was a lonely place, a long distance from any town, and it was a great day when visitors arrived, bringing news from the towns outside.

While she was at the mine she had three complete meals to prepare for the men who were working there, with the assistance of several other women or girls. One of these women told me my mother had really taught her to make bread, how long it had to be mixed, or kneaded to insure it's lightness and fine texture. At the time she thought this was rather hard, but in later years she was so grateful for this training.

During the summer Alice went out to the mine, too- also Rose Turner, who was Father's niece, her mother was his sister. Rose was a year or two older than Alice. Rose has told me how deeply she loved and appreciated both our Father and Mother - Uncle Arthur and Aunt Minnie. Probably one reason she felt expecially close to them was because her mother had died when she was very tiny, consequently she had this feeling for them.

She and Alice helped wash dishes, wait on tables, etc. Rose, with a twinkle in her deep blue eyes, she told me how she and Alice used to try to fix up as pretty as they could (both were exceptionally pretty girls, anyway) when they waited on the tables.

Possibly they were trying to appear older as they were so very young.

When Father came home from his mission he also worked at the mine, but I don't think for long as they realized the importance of getting their children back in town, where they could attend school and Church.

When they came back home - to Washington - our parents, after much consultation and prayerful thought, bought our house "on the hill", and the farm just across the river in the field. I know this wasn't too long after our Dad had returned from his mission, because Golden, who was born in 1902, was born in this home, as were the other three younger ones - myself, Lula, Lynn. I often tell people I am still living in the house I was born in, over seventy-three years ago. The house they moved into was in the west part of Washington. The view from here is unparalleled - the red cliffs close by, and farther to the north are the Pine Valley mountains, a lovely range that loom up blue, purple gray, or black according to the whim of the sunlight and the time of the day. Pine Valley is a conifer clad mountain, and clustered around it's base is a rugged range of multicolored reddish sandstone. Toward sundown each little canyon is filled with purple shadows which produce, to all of us, one of the loveliest views

in the world. To the east rises the Kolob plateau with it's many colors and inviting reaches and shapes.

Some of the glorious peaks of Zion Canyon also rise to the east, with it's various formations and multicolored steamboat mountain. Directly to the south lies the plateau of the interesting "Arizona Strip" - the area lying between the Utah line and the rim of the Grand Canyon. To the southwest one can view the Virgin gap, where the gleaming, but often muddy Rio Virgin enters a red walled gorge on it's way to join the mighty Colorado. Through this gorge from St. George a highway has now been built. It rejoins the highway in the vicinity of Littlefield, Arizona - a four-lane freeway all the way.

Golden David, their fifth child was born February 4, 1902. He was full of mischief as a boy, well liked by all. In some ways he was rather bashful as a youngster, as I think we all were. I remember him coming home from the field on old "Olt", the riding horse, and if he discovered there was company at home, no dinner for Golden, who turned the horse around, and headed back for the field, calling "Good-by". He really treasured his wife, Rokah, and their children, had a great love for each of them.

I, Minnie Elizabeth, who was born September 11, 1905, was always so grateful for, and proud of my parents, my brothers and sisters. Each was so special.

Lula, the fourth girl in our family was born October 13, 1908, on Dad's birthday. Such a sunny, happy, delightful little girl, with golden blonde hair and blue eyes. She was extra special to all of us - just one little thing she did really annoyed Golden and me. And because of this we used to be quite happy when it was time for her nap. Golden and I would build little fences, corrals, etc. and Lula with one little swipe of her tiny foot could make the whole thing come tumbling down. However, it wasn't but a few years until she and I were practically inseparable, playing with paper dolls cut from the Sears Roebuck Catalogue and hiding in the waving, golden grain to keep from doing the dishes.

Lynn Westover, the youngest in the family, was born May 18, 1912. Lynn was always so wonderful to all of us, and still is. He is compassionate and considerate, generous and concerned; he always put other's desires ahead of his own. I always thought it was like a miracle when he was born. One morning mother was holding Alice's first child, little Elma, who was born three days earlier than Lynn, and I said, "Oh, don't you wish we had a tiny baby like this one!" Mom agreed. Then the following morning the girl who had come to help, came in to wake us up, and told us we had a tiny new baby brother. I knew he just had to be right from heaven.

One thing that always amazed me as a child was that no one other mother was as beautiful as mine. I was so proud to walk by her, watch her sparkling, happy face as she stopped to visit other women about her age who would leave their kitchens and come out to visit with her. I would look around at all of them - maybe two or three neighbors had joined the tiny group - and each time the same though would go through, "I wonder why none of the other mothers are beautiful, just mine." And the warm, happy

feeling, I would have each time this happened. To me it was so obvious, so true.

Another thing I recall about these trips "down town" perhaps wasn't so pleasant. It must have been wintertime, because I had on long stockings, probably knitted by my mother, and they just had to be of wool yarn. I sat down on the sidewalk, and begged her to please let me take my stockings off, to walk home with just my shoes on. Of course I had to suffer it out and keep the "itchy" things on until we arrived home. Speaking of stockings, in the summer time we had long white stockings to wear on Sunday. We were the envy of all the other girls, because sometimes our mother would make very strong "bluing water" to color our stockings a lovely light blue to match our dresses or just the blue ribbon sash tied around our white summery dress. We always had a new Sunday dress for the Forth of July, usually made of white embroidery, and a Christmas dress usually made of either navy blue or red serge. One color one year, then change to the other color the following Christmas. We would look in the catalogue - probably Sears Roebuck, or Montgomery - pick out the dress we like, and mother would make a pattern exactly like the picture, cut our dresses out and sew them up. In fact, practically all our wearing apparel was made at home - our underwear, slips, dresses, shirts - by her. I marvel now at the many things she accomplished. Washings were done the hard way, scrubbing on the board, white clothes had to be boiled to keep them white. Lots of times home made soap was used, which was made from waste fat saved from cooking. This was combined with lye and water, then cooked and either poured into molds, or left in the tub to harden. Before it became too hard mom would use a knife to slice into bars.

Now as I put the jigsaw pieces of memory together, I recall the numerous tasks she performed each day, both great and small. She combed our hair, braiding it in long braids, most of the time two on each side of our head. She wiped away our tears, sometimes caused them, or so we thought. Now I realize we really caused our own tears, it wasn't her at all. When our shoes needed blackening we turned the stove lids over, placed a few drops of water in the spot, mixing vigorously with a brush to blend well, then rubbed this mixture on our shoes.

We all remember our old fireplace, where we gathered at night, brothers and sisters, oft times friends. We'd pass the evening with all sorts of fun - toasting delicious slices of homemade bread on long forks, or maybe parching corn, we didn't always have popcorn. Then the lovely evenings ended with a chapter or two read to us by our mother, who had such a clear and lovely voice. Want to mention one book we all thoroughly enjoyed. I can still hear mom's voice as she read "The Last of the Mohicans" by James Fenimore Cooper. How the tears ran down my face when she came to the part about the death of Incus and Cora, the Indian boy and white girl who loved each other. I remember Golden teased me, but our understanding mother told him she was crying, too. Really I think Golden was also, just trying to hide it. Many years have passed, and happiness lingers as I recall these delightful hours together.

The clear bubbling stream of water which ran in front of our house not only furnished water for irrigation, but for culinary purposes, however, not for drinking water. This we

carried from a clear cold spring down across the creek, directly east of the factory. Just east of the factory fence was a sandy plot, dark, we called it the "black sand". How the sun poured down on that spot making the sand scorching hot. On our way down to the spring with our empty buckets we could run across this place, and thus save our bare feet. Coming back with our full buckets we had to go slower, but we found a remedy, or so we thought. We'd pour water on our feet and the sand - how cool and wonderful it felt. But to our dismay, by the time we got across the sand our buckets were practically empty. So back to the spring again. I'm afraid sometimes we let those at home get mighty thirsty before we arrived with a fresh, cold drink. In later years our dad made a sled, put a fifty gallon barrel on it, and with one horse could go to the "warm spring" north of town and bring back a full barrel of water. With wet sacks and canvas around the barrel the water could be cooled. An amazing thing about this water was that it stayed "good to drink" and didn't taste stale as the water from the tiny factory spring did.

Like all children we, too, had so many happy joyous times wandering in the hills, to the north, usually not much further than Lion's Head. Our mother would say, "Don't go so far that you can't see our house." Up in this area is where we could find so many flowers in the spring time, about in April. Nestled in the rabbit brush we'd find clumps of bright pink and red "Red Heads" as we called them, or sometimes we called them "Indian Paint Brushes" - I imagine they have a name completely foreign to either of these. There was one spot we could see when we climbed to the top of Lion's Head. Just across the creek was a slope that would be completely covered with purple violets, as thick as a carpet, truly a vision of loveliness. Sometimes the beautiful Sego Lily could be found just north and slightly west of our old Lion's Head. Once in awhile we'd dig one of these up - had to go quite deep to find the tiny bulb as we wanted to taste it to see what the pioneers ate when their food was scarce.

On other days our jaunts took us to the head of the ditch. Here the water bubbled out of the red sandstone, the course so straight and perfect for several feet that it looked as if it had been carefully laid by hand, as it had, but not by man. Coming home we followed the water ditch, gathering the delicious water cress as we went along. Needless to say it was more fun to gather than it was to clean, but was delicious to eat. Now the water cress has almost disappeared along this ditch, I suppose because so many cattle have grazed there.

Other fun things on these jaunts was gathering odd shaped bones, completely bleached, smooth and white. The tiny bones, coupled with our imagination, became our adept at making little farm fences by using string for barbed wire, sticks for posts. How clever I thought he was when he completed small gates that could be swung open, then closed again, and fastened shut just as the gates on Father's farm did.

Sometimes we could go to the field with dad, which, since we younger ones didn't have to do anything, was always very exciting. We understood that we couldn't go near the canal unless our dad or mom was with us. So this large stream of water was always rather mysterious to us - we knew it was there, but was carefully avoided. Across the canal rises an

odd shaped formation that had been named Shinob Kibe, which translated means God's Mountain. We always understood that the Indians were very superstitious about this mountain, and wouldn't sleep on that side of the river near it.

One thing we loved to do was wander over the little knoll which was located on our farm, not too far from the canal. Here we found numerous arrowheads, pieces of broken pottery, and beautiful colored flint-yellow, red, pink, white, black. If we had only saved our "treasures", but through the years they have become lost. Who knows? Maybe someone, sometime will find them again.

Lunch time was, of course, a picnic as we sat under the long row of cottonwood trees, and father opened the box. Inside we'd find sandwiches, fruit, milk, (if we could keep it cool) and once in awhile an extra treat might be a piece of cake for each of us. Somehow we didn't mind the heat, the knats, the mosquitos, it was worth it just to go. And when time to go home, another exciting trip across the river in the wagon, each time wondering if the "quick-sand" would get us.

Father spent many hours, weeks, years working on the farm. He loved his farm, and wanted to level it as much as possible. I suppose it was mostly during the winter months when he did this work, his only help being the team with a plow and scraper. I'm sure the summers were harder with longer hours, hay and grain to be planted, watered, harvested. I have seen him come home, and lie down on the ground outside the kitchen door to rest a few minutes before going on to the chores.

Some of the things they had to do in by-gone years almost seem unreal, like getting yeast for bread making. It was not a trip to the store, but across town to Sister Weaver's. Every other night a fun excursion as we met some of our friends, who were going on the same errand. We didn't take money to pay for the yeast, but in our bucket for carrying it home, would be found either flour or sugar, usually flour. It's a wonder we ever arrived home with enough yeast left in the pail to make the bread rise. Ever so often we just couldn't resist sampling the delicious contents, and we would each take a tiny swallow. But I think Sister Weaver probably knew what would happen, and so was generous when dipping the yeast into our pails. As one of my friends said to me a few days ago, "no wonder we sometimes had sour bread, so much yeast disappeared on the way home, there wasn't enough left to make the bread rise properly." I can't remember having sour bread, but I can remember mom sometimes saying, "Doesn't seem like there is as much yeast as usual tonight." So the next time we'd be a little more cautious, our swallows be smaller. Mom would mix the bread at night before going to bed, then the next morning she made a large pan of biscuits for breakfast, and the rest was formed into loaves.

Our mother didn't "back down" from trouble, great or small, not anything, even something that probably frightened her. We have heard this incident that happened in earlier years related by her. It seemed we had a full grown steer, very vicious in nature, almost dangerously aggressive at times. One day this steer broke the fence of the corral down enough to allow it's escape, and free to come down to the house. Here it attacked

mom, who grabbed a board picket which had been pulled loose from the fence in front of the house, and was fortunately within her reach. As the steer charged at her with lowered head she beat it back. Again and again the angry animal advanced, only to meet someone who would not give up, who was just as determined to hold her ground. She stumbled and fell to one knee, but kept her hold on the trusty picket. Finally the huge animal gave up, and retreated to the safety of it's own yard. As angry as mom was at that steer, she remembered being more angry at their neighbor who lived to the east of them, he and his wife, Al and Nora Bostain. They and mother and dad were the best of friends always, and enjoyed each other's company very much. Al must have thought it was a Rodeo Show just for his benefit. He rolled on the ground in laughter as he watched her beat the animal off. Later she said she believed she could have used the same weapon on him had he been closer, which, of course, she really didn't mean.

After Al and Nora moved to northern Utah, Stein and Bertha Sandburg lived in this house, and they also became some of our parent's closest friends all through the years. We kids thought they were pretty special also. Stein had a Blacksmith Shop, which he worked in day after day. When I had to memorize "The Village Blacksmith" Brother Sandberg was the picture that came into my mind. With an apron over his clothes, he heated the metal implements in the white hot fire in his forge, then pounded them into the desired shape while still red and glowing. Even more interesting, at least to Lula and me, was the work being done by Sister Sandberg. Day after day she sat at her loom, weaving beautiful and varied colored rag carpets. Her loom was set up in a small building north of her husband's blacksmith shop, and how special we felt when we could stand and watch her as she threw her spindle filled with the "carpet rags" across the loom which was threaded, or filled, with carpet warp. After each toss of the spindle she would pull down on something securely locked the last row to the previous one. How fascinating to watch the roll of carpet grow. The carpet warp was obtained from the factory, usually in bright shades of red, green, or gold - sometimes black and another fun thing was she saved the tubes the warp came on for us to use in our play.

Something else recalled about our neighbor, Sister Sandberg, was that she was here with our mother when grandma Westover passed away. Aunt Misha came later, and said, "Oh, is she could have just been home," meaning Aunt Misha's home. It was then that Sister Sandberg spoke quietly and softly, "She was home. She was right where she wanted to be." This thoughtful and kind remark was so comforting to mother. I have heard her say how grateful she was Sister Sandberg was there.

Sometimes we were allowed to go to the factory with our mom when she went to buy cotton batting to put inside quilts, or maybe some of the plain material called "Factory" from which sheets and pillow slips could be made, after bleaching out very white - also our underwear.

The cotton factory was of great help to the families of Washington as it furnished much needed employment. It turned out gingham, sheeting, jeans, broadcloth for men's clothing, linsey blandets, carpet warp, stocking yarns, and cotton batting

It was here that the first carpet for the St. George Temple was woven. The color was a light gray, striped with light blue, and was very pretty. All of the cotton used at the factory was grown within a mile or so of it, and it was ginned and spun in Washington.

In our living room we had carpeting woven by Sister Sandberg. Our worn out clothes, sheets, etc. were dyed, some of them in beautiful bright colors, others in black or brown for contrast. They were dyed in large batches each time, in the "black tub" as we called it, the tub wash water was heated over an open fire. As this brightly colored material was hung on the line, it must have resembled a brilliant rainbow. Later it was cut into strips, sewed toghther, then rolled into huge balls, ready to be taken to the loom.

The carpet in the front room was taken up at house cleaning time, taken outside where it was shaken vigourously by as many of us as were available, at least one on each corner. It was then placed over the line, or on the grass, to air, or maybe to be given an extra beating. In the meantime the room would be completely cleaned from top to botton. After the floor had been scrubbed, fresh new straw would be brought by dad from the stack where the grain had been threshed. Such a delightful clean ordor. Must tell you about the loose board by the south window. No matter how much mom had to do before it became dark, she would always let us take this board up and look for treasures. Maybe a long lost marble or a small piece from an old clock, a piece of ribbon, or it might be a top, or a top string. Anyway a plesant surprise usually awaited us, and each time we woundered how they got there.

After the fresh clean straw was laid over the floor the carpet would be carried in, carefully put down so as the carpet would not disturb the straw. Then came the stretching and hammering as it was tacked into place. This was usually done by our mom, although if dad didn't have to hurry back to the field he, too, helped. The older brothers and sisters could help, and each of us grew old enough to take part, we felt pretty special.

All through the years our mother was noted for the delicious butter she made. Twice daily the many gallons of milk were put through the separator. This did just what it's name implies, it separated the cream from the milk. This was turned by hand very interesting to watch as the cream came running out the smaller spout, the skimmed milk out the larger one.

The cream was kept in clean tight containers, ususally bottles or large jars, and was placed in the coolest spot possible. Mom liked the cream to be sour when she churned it, but not stale. In summer time it wasn't difficult to get it to turn sour, but winter time was quite different. She sometimes added a tiny bit of buttermilk kept from the previous churning to the sweet cream, then set in a warm place for several hours. Another obstacle to having perfect butter each time was to have the cream the right temperature when poured into the huge churn. If too cold it was so slow in "separating" or turning into butter, the butter separating from the buttermilk. But worse than being too cold was for the cream to be too warm. Mother did everyting possible to have it just right.

Sometimes in the hot summer the cream was put in a large tight bottle, this placed inside a larger bucket, then carried to the cool Factory Spring, and left overnight setting under the cool water falling from the tiny spout. Early the following morning the churning would be done before everything got too warm. Every other day was churning day, fresh sweet butter, delicious buttermilk - natural buttermilk with tiny, tiny, pieces of butter floating in it. Honest, I'm not always thinking about something to eat, but when mom called, "The butter has come," we'd come, too, and have a fresh drink of the refreshing buttermilk, maybe with a slice of her bread, as only she could make, spread with the new butter.

After the buttermilk had been drained from the churn, cool, cool water would be poured over the butter, and the churn turned a few times to wash the butter. The butter would then be taken from the churn and salted. No color was necessary. Because of our Jersey cows, it was a rich golden color. Other women sometimes asked, "How much coloring do you use to get such a beautiful yellow?" And were always astonished, almost unbelieving, when she told them, "None."

Using her well worn paddle the butter would next be worked to get out just the right amount of water. Mother could tell exactly when to quit working, pressing out the moisture. Now it would be measured in the wooden one pound mold, using her paddle to push the butter down into each corner. The butter was next pushed out of the mold on to the moistened wrapper. These papers were made of a parchment like paper, stamped with "Mrs. Arthur Paxman, Washington, Utah" and on the bottom 1 lb. on the left side, and 16 oz. on the right. And the butter was always so well molded and rounded up that anyone buying her butter was assured of an extra measure - sixteen ounces plus.

For many years this butter was sold for 25¢ a pound, when the price was raised to 30¢ a few people grumbled. However, anyone lucky enough to get her butter felt very fortunate, and liked to be on the list of steady customers.

Mom always said one of the hardest things she had to do was to tell someone she had no butter, when pounds of it were being formed on her table - but each one spoken for ahead of the churning. It hurt her to see the look of disbelief in some of the eyes as they looked from her face to the pounds of butter as she tried to explain.

A short time ago one of my friends, Allie, told me once when she was sick she had asked her husband to get a pound of butter at the store, but reminded him it had to be Sister Paxman's or she wouldn't eat it. None of her butter was left in the store, so he bought another pound. After arriving home he and Allie's mother removed the original wrapper, then taking the wrapper from the last pound of mother's, substituted it, thinking she wouldn't know the difference. But Allie said, "Nothing doing. That is not Sister Paxman's butter."

As a wife and mother she was by nature tender and affectionate, although reserved. As a neighbor and friend she was always obliging and kind, always truthful and sympathetic. Have

Have you ever stopped to think how important it is to feel the comfort that only your mother can bring to you, especially when as a child sickness comes? It is not right at anyone else's house, not your sister's, not your brother's, although they were so kind to you, you would still feel the need to be home, and with your mom. Just her very presence seemed to help as she laid her cool hand on your forehead, smoothed your bed, and fluffed your pillow. Then she always found time to read a story. Amazing how much you'd improve as you became lost in a favorite story, and you would tell her, "I feel so much better when you are here reading to me." She took such wonderful care of us always, through minor illnesses as well as more serious ones. No one in the family that didn't know, understand, and feel her great love, her compassion, and her ability to always know just the right thing to do. She was always there, we could depend on her completely as she efficiently moved from one task to another, neglecting no one.

When we were children there was much malaria in our community because of the swamps of the Rio Virgin, and up in the "green" as we called the grassy pasture north west of our house, which bred the mosquito. Many in Washington suffered from this, as our family did. Usually every other day we'd have a chill and then a fever, first be covered with blankets, then later feel as if we were burning up. That weird feeling the fever gave, felt as if I was being rolled along in a sea of murmuring sand, and my head pounding with each roll. What a relief to have it pass, but horrifying to know it would return so soon. And then not feel too perky on the day in between.

When it came to help with our school work we had the best two people imaginable - mother could help with reading, spelling, arithmetic, history, and geography. When she read any of these subjects to us they seemed to come alive, and the people and events more real. And she could help us with arithmetic long after we had passed the grade that she had finished in her school of long ago. If we needed help with a special paper or story - which we usually did - our father could give us the information and in such beautiful language. He would talk, and we could write the message down - on any subject - just amazing how complete his knowledge was, and the special way he could express himself. The same thing was true if we had to compose a poem, whether on a serious subject or just a fun one. And debates that we had to compete in when in grade school, again on subjects that were just plain nonsense, or some of the issues in current events he could always come up with convincing arguments for either side, although I have seen times when he strongly agreed with one side of the problem, and he would say, "I wish you had to be on the affirmative side of this. We could do pages." But he could see the other side, too.

This reminds me of the debates he engaged in with his opponents when competing for County offices. We all went, and how proud we always were of him - his special, deep, and complete knowledge, his keen wit, bringing him quick responses; his amazing ability to grasp each problem that was raised, and to clearly state his solution.

His friends were numerous, he felt completely at ease with all he chanced to meet - people from all the towns in Washington

County, the rich, the poor, they all felt close to him, and that they had something in common. So many names are remembered whom he counted as his special friends, men that he had a great respect and love for, and who returned this same feeling to him. I would like to mention two - Bishop Morris Wilson of LaVerkin and Bishop Edward Frei of Santa Clara. Because they were special to him, they were special to all of us, along with many others in St. George, Washington - all the town in our County. Many times some of these men stayed in our home, at least long enough to share a meal or a visit, as I know he did in their's. Mother always said she was happy to fix the meals as long as he was there to keep the lively conversation going - and he was there at her side in all situations.

Summer time always brought fruit canning time, hundreds of quarts of peaches, pears, apples, apricots, tomatoes. Especially do I remember the peaches, tubs of them covering the back floor or bed of the wagon, or maybe the "white top Buggy". I'm sure many hands helped to make this work lighter, but the blunt would fall on mom. I know many helped with the peeling, etc. but a picture that lingers in my mind is Art and Mamie sitting on the seat of the buggy, each with a pan of peaches and a paring knife - peeling, pitting, slicing, and singing. Art often said maybe he really couldn't sing, but he sure like to try. In later years he said, "The best thing they can say about me is - 'He sure was good to let Mamie go to practices, and to take her'." But so many things were wonderful about him.

After the peaches were bought in Santa Clara, a long day being required to go for them. I think the peaches were usually obtained from Bishop Frei. One time when we were there, Bishop Frei, who just had sons, told my father he would trade the peaches for me. A little nagging fear lingered until we were safely on our way home, although I was quite sure they were really kidding, or so I hoped.

Other times trips were made to Hurricane and also to Berry Springs to obtain peaches. Later dad planted two rows of peach trees in our lot, long rows running from the house west to the corral. How grateful mom was to have the peaches there, to be picked as they ripened, and put into the bottles.

Mother always worked in the different auxiliaries of the Church. As she often said anytime she felt unequal to the position she had been asked to hold, encouragement always came from father; he never faltered in the faith he had in her ability to do the many things she was called to do. And this faith was never mis-placed. She was a wonderful class leader or teacher, conuncilar, President, or any office to which she was called to do. She enjoyed all ages, and accepted all challenges.

Often she was a Gleaner Leader in the M.I.A., a position she held for many years. One winter in addition to the regular lessons, they studied "Good Manners". After the book was finished they decided to put all the lessons into practice. The dinner mom prepared included some of her specialities, like fluffy rolls - rolls for which she had won renoun - chicken which had been browned then covered with cream directly from the separator, then put in the oven to gently simmer until just perfect. Other delightful

things, also, probably salad, and some of her delicious pies. When they were ready to eat one girl laughingly exclaimed, "Let's don't worry about our manners, let's just enjoy this wonderful dinner." I suppose she felt it was impossible to do both. It is really amazing how frequently some of these girls - now grown women - will speak in endearing terms of mom, then end up remembering her delicious chicken, and recalling the details of it's preparation.

When grandpa and grandma moved from the Westover Farm, which was up on the Virgin River, and belonged to their son Charles and his family, they bought a house and a large lot in the north east part of Washington. A tiny cold spring bubbled from the ground close to the entrance gate south east of the house. Nearby was the Spring House, a small one room building through which ran this cold stream of water in a rock ditch. This ditch was wide enough to make it possible to set pans of milk on it's floor, and allowing the water to spread out until it was very shallow. All perishables were kept in the Spring House, if not directly in the water they were placed in the cupboard setting close by. The building was really tight, kept extremely clean, and the door opened only when necessary to either get something or to put something in.

What a fun time it was to go visit with grandpa and grandma. We thought everyting about the house and yards, and of course, grandpa and grandma were extra special. The hammock swing between two trees, and partly over the irrigation ditch, sometimes full of water, the house with it's upstairs, and two fireplaces where huge logs burned in the winter time, the sour cherry trees, covered with bright red cherries, the beautiful black walnut trees which yielded a crop of over-sized walnuts. What fun to sit in the back yard and crack these nuts, usually between two stones, a large stationary one, and a smaller one for our hammer. The dinner bell which grandma rang when she wanted to call the men into dinner. What fun we could ring it!

Equally happy and exciting were the days when they came to our house. Grandpa had a little one horse, two wheeled buggy, think was blue; how thrilled we all were when we saw them coming around the corner, and how we all raced to try to be the first one to greet them. A special visit was when they would stay all night. In the summer we moved our beds out to the west of the house as it was cooler there, a delightful breeze usually came from the north west down across the green. I can still see grandma as she walked along this side of the house, and hear her laughingly say, "Well, the fan has started."

When grandma Westover was in her eighties she and grandpa were still living in their own home, and taking care of themselves. This completely changed when late one afternoon she was preparing the evening meal, and as she walked across the kitchen floor stepped on a round stick, probably a broom handle, which rolled with her, causing her to lose her balance and fall to the floor. Her hip was shattered, she never walked again. For weeks she hung between life and death. However, she did recover enough to sit in her chair, an old wooden rocker which she could hitch from side to side, and thus go from one room to another. Her mind stayed so clear and active, she could relate such interesting stories from her past life. With a magnifying glass could read some, also write letters. Often Sunday School and Primary classes or other

groups would come up to hear her relate stories from her past, especially were interested in the transfiguration of Brigham Young.

Most of the time after her accident they lived with us, although they did live with Aunt Misha in St. George some of the time. One winter Aunt Harriet rented a house in St. George so she could care for them. Sometimes Aunt Harriet stayed with us so she could help mother. I remember one winter there were eighteen of us. Now that seems like a large number for one day, one meal.

Grandpa died the winter they were in St. George living with Aunt Harriet. Grandma passed away several years later in our home, both past ninety. They are buried in the St. George cemetery.

Our mother had a genuine interest in the needs and problems of other people, and gave a generous measure of herself as she reached out to touch the hearts of people, not only those to whom the spiritual life was meaningful, who treasured it as she did, but to all who were reaching and calling for help.

One woman in our ward had lost her oldest son in a sudden and serious illness, kept repeating she had nothing to live for. Mother with her great love and understanding was able to comfort her and help to bring her peace. This woman would say, "I feel so good, so at peace when I can talk to you".

Her compassion made her a wonderful nurse in any field. She not only tended to emotional and spiritual problems, but sometimes she was called into homes to give help in a physical way as nurse. Very often in those days when a hospital with its efficient care was impossible to have, mother came to the rescue. At times a mother in a home felt so helpless when a member of her family was sick, and she would need someone to aid in carrying out the doctor's instructions. I can think of one little girl who was extremely ill - so ill that she had to have constant twenty-four hour care. Mom spent many days and nights in this home where the child had a frightful infection. The little girl did recover after many weeks of intensive care, and now is a mother with grown children.

Have you ever thought about the many sounds we hear? Day time, night time? The lonesome distant sound of a rooster crowing early in the morning, or even more lonely when coming on a warm quiet afternoon? Water running, such a happy, bubbling, comforting sound, tiny birds chirping, the distant mournful howl of a coyote? But there was the middle of the night - the sound we dreaded to hear, especially in the middle of the night - the sound of a horse galloping up the hill, and over the street to stop in front of our house. We always knew it was bringing a rider with bad news, either of serious illness or a death. As the horse came to a stop at our front gate we'd hear a man's voice calling, "Sister Paxman, _____ needs you so badly". Maybe a sick child, a mother, or it might be a death in someone's family. In this case mother and probably a helper would go to the Relief Society Building to get the necessary thing to "lay the person out". This was before mortuaries were in this area, so as soon as possible the Relief Society Sisters made all the

necessary preparations. In the case of a man's death these rites were performed by members of the Priesthood. Arrangements were then made for two people to come into the home to watch over the person. I think this was called "the wake".

In addition to the compassionate service which was rendered while our mother was President of the Relief Society, the regular Relief Society meetings, these are some of the other things accomplished. The Relief Society hall was renovated, including a partition, new ceiling, new cement steps were built at all three doors, and the outside of the building was stuccoed. Eighteen hymn books, and a sewing machine were purchased. Also a water system and frontage were paid for.

Whether a man or a woman the colthing must all be made-trousers, dresses, slips, all the Temple clothing, including the shoes. Several women would be called to help, those who were noted for their beautiful and efficient sewing. Some of those I can remember mother working with on these projects, which were prompted by love, gratitude, and a keen desire to give service, were Matilda Andrews (Aunt Till), Lydia Stephens, and Martha Tanner. (Rokah's mother)

They would go to the Relief Society Room where they had at least two sewing machines and a large table for cutting out. The Relief Society kept some material on hand for these emergencies, at least some fine linen that was used for robes and shoes, possibly a softer woven material for dresses and slips.

I remember a time while mother was President of the Relief Society when an Italian man came to her home to show her a bolt of exquisite, finely woven linen, which she did buy for the Relief Society. I suppose one thing that impresses this on my mind was because of his reaction when he saw our twin baby boys, Ronald and Donald. He was so excited and amazed as he exclaimed in his broken English, "my wife seven times a baby and we never see a boy!"

Along with our mother's deep religious beliefs she had a high courage which was expressed in every aspect of her life. Someone once asked her if she wasn't afraid as she walked home after taking care of the dead, and she replied that the thought never crossed her mind. Only once did she ever remember being frightened. She was returning home really early in the morning, still very dark. About one block east of the bridge over Mill Creek she thought she could see a man standing close to the road, had the figure moved or started walking she would have thought nothing of it. But she knew she had to go on, although her heart was pounding and her feet were reluctant to carry her forward. The closer she came the more amazed and frightened she became because the figure was still standing so quietly, without the slightest movement, completely immobile. She was right next to it before she could see it was a post at the side of the bridge. Needless to say this was one time she was especially thankful to reach home and safety.

After Alice and Lou were married they lived in Gold Strike or Bull Valley for a few years. Other places were Modena and Enterprise. Each summer a delightful trip would be planned to visit them. Our wagon would be loaded with hugh ripened water-

melons, musk melons, grapes, tomatoes, and peaches to be enjoyed by all. I was always so happy I could go - Lula, Lynn and I. Golden stay home to help milk the cows and do the other necessary chores. I always felt a little sad that he couldn't accompany us on these trips.

Mom and dad were extra busy for days getting ready to go. Fruit and vegetable to be picked, packed, and placed carefully in the wagon. "Grub Boxes" to be filled. Cooking utensils, towels, dish towels, bedding, all the thing necessary for a camping trip, as this is what it was, at least to the younger members this was part of the fun and excitement. Of course, the two horses had to eat, too - so hay for them.

Usually we left home in the afternoon, thus making it possible for father to help with the chores that morning, and other last minute preparations. On the Bull Valley trip we went as far as the Indian Farm, just the other side of it, close to the Santa Clara Creek. Lying snug and safe in our blankets, our parents close by, it was so exciting to listen to the night sounds. Quite large to us was the Santa Clara Creek running close by, tumbling over the huge rocks. From a short distance down the stream were the sounds of Indian children playing and calling to each other, older Indians laughing and talking around their fires. Like all children I think stories about Indians had always been our favorites. We had been assured by our parents that Indians were now peaceful and friendly, but I think some of those stories of early days still lingered in our minds, adding a bit to our excitement and sense of new adventure.

Early the following morning we'd be on our way, leaving the Santa Clara Creek very shortly, and going almost west. To say it was a road we followed is almost stretching it. There were wagon wheel tracks sometimes. At other times we followed a creek bed, very little water, but no shortage of huge boulders. Father carefully guided the horses and wagon through this area, bumping from one large rock to another. I can also remember going up and down steep hills, making it necessary when going down some extra steep grades for dad to get out in front of the team to hold them back, as mom held the reins and did all in her power to keep them steady. On these grades they would take Lula, Lynn and me from the wagon, have us walk down the hill, and at the bottom into the wagon again. But it was worth it to have a delightful reunion with Alice and her family.

Right by the side of Alice's house a tiny creek ran. Each morning we'd see old miners - old? - I suppose they looked old to us because they had long whiskers and hair, making them look so unkempt. Anyway two or three of them would be on the creek panning for gold. Lula and I thought this sounded pretty exciting - find real gold. So Alice found a pan for each of us, we'd take some of the water and sand from the creek, shake the pan vigorously from side to side. I think the gold was supposed to sink to the bottom, then the water and sand could be drained off. Needless to say we didn't get rich. But we did find tiny sparkling grains of gold, at least we thought we did.

After our visit with Alice and her family we went on up the creek reaching the Enterprise Reservoir that evening. Another fun place to camp with the many odd, but beautiful shaped white

rock formations. Such fun to climb on. It was here that I tasted my first trout. Father got some from one of the fisherman there. The meat was deep orange, we thought rather tasted like salmon.

The next morning we left early to go over to Pinto, Mother's birth place, and where some of her relatives still lived. How we enjoyed Uncle Charlie Knell and his wife Aunt Hilda; Herbert and Phoebe Knell; Nellie and Joe Eldredge and their children. Nellie was Uncle Charlie and his first wife, Aunt Maria's oldest daughter. One time when Nellie was recuperating from an operation she stayed with us, and mother took care of her - it was during this time that Nellie's husband Joe painted lovely pictures on transoms in the front bedroom. One of them is still there - 1979.

Alice and Lou also lived in Modena for several years where Lou worked in the general store. Summer time when we made our yearly trip to visit them the same preparations and excitement would be part of the fun. On these trips we'd go as far as Dameron Valley the first afternoon, then an early start the following morning. On the return journey we always camped at Chadburn's Ranch. Chad's Ranch, right on the Santa Clara Creek. Here dad would sometimes rent a room for mother, and we others would spend our last night of the trip beside the creek, which as usual seemed a little mysterious as it rolled by in the night. It's a bit difficult to realize that the time required a day and a half, now it can be accomplished in about an hour and a half.

Another amazing thing remembered about shorter trips, like to St. George, was the time and preparation required for them. In the winter time mom would have us get fairly large sand stones, or bricks, which she would place in the fireplace to heat. When all other preparations were completed she would wrap these heated stones, put in the buggy where we could put our feet on them. We then covered up with quilts, and were off in our white-top buggy. As we jogged up the black ridge on the other side of Middleton our father would often remark as he pointed to the black hill below us "Someday a tunnel will be built right through that hill, and it won't be necessary to drive over the top of this one." The tunnel was completed in the spot he had pointed to many years earlier, and more recently a huge cut has been made through the hill south of the tunnel, wide enough for the four lanes of the freeway.

No matter how long it took to go to St. George and return, our parents always had time to stop and wait while we picked some of the beautiful lavender daisies, huge daisies about a foot high, and the black hill would be covered with them each spring.

During World War I, right after Haven and Eva were married, Haven left for the army, and was almost immediately put in with a New York company that was being sent to France, to the front. How we all looked forward to his lettersto came, the time when weeks went by with no word. Then came the happy news of the Armistice, the whole town went to the city square, where a huge bon fire was made, "Kaiser Bill" was burned as he was in thousands of towns and cities across the whole United States. As we were walking home I heard our father say to mother, "If only Haven is alright now, we can be sure all will be ok." More time went by, still no word, then came the day when four letters'

arrived all at once. In these he told of being wounded, had been hit in the hip with a machine gun, but had assured us he was getting along fine. A few weeks later a telegram was delivered which read, "Deeply regret to inform you that it has been officially reported that Private Charles H. Paxman was severely wounded in action about November 2". How grateful we all were his letters had arrived ahead of the telegram.

During World War I our father had been on the draft board, and I'm sure at times he had to make difficult and sometimes unpopular decisions. One family really was up-set when the board decided the son could not be exempt, and each member refused to speak to our dad, really were exceptionally cool toward the whole family. Especially was this true of an older brother of the drafted man. When dad met him and spoke in his usual warm and hearty way, this man would sourly turn his head, and not answer. But this did not phase dad - he just continued to be neighborly and cordial. Somewhere in memory is the recollection of walking in the dark along a familiar street, past houses lighted for the evening - well known people inside, holding my dad's hand, sometimes finding it necessary to run a few steps to keep up with his quick long stride. A man approaching from the opposite direction, and in the darkness saying, "Good evening." Quickly came dad's friendly, "Good evening." And how he chuckled when I said, "I'll bet he was uncomfortable when he realized he had spoken to you."

As soon as the Armistice was signed a complete change came over this entire family, as they went out of their way to be friendly to all of us. How well I remember the mother of this particular man grabbing mom and saying, "Come on, Minnie. Sit on my lap." All the women who had sons in the service had got someone to take them in an old Ford jalopy, and they had ridden around town, flags waving, horns honking and all singing and laughing.

Anyone who is privileged to be a grandparent knows how wonderful and beautiful all grandchildren are. Our parents were no different - each child was extra special. They all loved to come to grandpa and grandma Paxman's place, could find so many fun things to do. After Art and Mamie were married they with their first little girl, Melba, were living in St. George. At this time Melba was several years old, old enough to climb in the wagon and hide under a quilt in the back of grandpa's wagon on one of their visits to St. George. Melba, upon deciding to hide, laid so still not daring to move, hardly daring to breathe, thinking she would be discovered as they jounced over the bumps. As soon as the wagon stopped, out bounced Melba. A few months ago when Melba came to see me she moaned. "What have they done to my Lion's Head?" Maybe a feeling we all share, as we look over the beautiful familiar hills.

As the years sped by our dad and mom were busy and happy; but they found the time and patience to make each of us feel important and loved. They were dedicated - this was reflected in their lives as parents, as friends to everyone and as Church leaders.

This picture is still fresh in my mind - father with his snow white hair and quick step walking up the Church walk and on up the steps to the Chapel as he came back from a call to the home of William Weaver, who was gravely ill. This was almost

the last Sunday he was to attend Church in his loved Ward. Several days later this man passed away, March 13, 1925. Father, who was Bishop of the Ward spoke in the funeral. Among other things he told how important it was for each to live in order to be prepared when the call came because we never know who will be next, and unknowingly added, "It could be me."

It wasn't too long after this when the terrible pain in his side re-occurred, as it had been doing for several years. This time nothing seemed to relieve it. I was going to school in St. George, and came home Thursday evening and I told mom I was going to stay with her. I have a very treasured memory of this evening, although touching. I heard my dad tell mom he would like to see me. When I went in to his bed he hugged me, and told me softly how much he loved me. The following morning Frank Staheli came to take him and mother to the hospital. As we walked him out to the car, he whispered, "Good-by, dear home," as he looked around this special and dear place.

Someone went to get Golden who was working on the road up by the Belview Ridge as our father expressed a desire to see him. That night we talked long, remembering things past, and hoping desperately that all would be well. The following morning, Saturday, March 28, we all went over to Alice's, and at first it seemed all would be well. Then we were called to the hospital when father's condition had really worsened. Before he went into the operating room he had said to our mother, "I know that my Redeemer lives, and I hope he will take me by the hand." Then he also told her to tell us all to live so that we could go where he was going.

We were all standing on the porch on the west side of the hospital, when Mary Whitehurst, the nurse at the hospital, came to the door, and softly told us, "He is gone." I shall always remember the look on Dr. McGregor's face as he sat so still in the room with dad when we all went in - he looked so dazed and grieved, maybe stunned.

How our hearts all ached for our dear mother - we felt and knew her great loss, and the despair she felt, as well as the feeling of hopelessness we each shared. How could life go on without him?

Numerous numbers of young boys as well as men came and wanted to do something for this man so loved by all. Monday came, and as the hour of his funeral service arrived so did hundreds of people. It had been with much surprise and great pain that the news of the death of our father had been received in our town, and surrounding ones. Very few of the older residents in the County but knew him, and mourned his passing. Unceasing labor had been one of his chief characteristics. He was a man of intelligence, strictly upright, compassionate and honest. He had been entrusted with important offices in civic and religious affairs, and invariably filled them with honor and with such scrupulous care as to win the confidence of all. They felt as if his death was an irretrievable loss to any community, for it is rare indeed where one finds a man so active, so industrious, with so many worthy characteristics. All who knew him - and to know him was to love him - mourned his sudden and unexpected death, mourned the loss of a friend. Our street was lined with cars in both directions, as they were at the site of the new gymnasium,

the building for which he had worked so unceasingly to get for the young people of the town.

The services were so like him. I, too, remember the things Eva mentioned in her history of his life, the tributes, the song which was sung by a men's quartet, with Eldon Larson as soloist, singing the song which expressed his last words, "I Know That My Redeemer Lives."

Life did go on, although at times was so difficult for our mother. However, in our home a feeling of peace seemed to abide. I think of times when after going to other places, we felt pushed to get home, to our special sanctuary, as it seemed a place of safety. A great feeling of peace was there.

Our mother still went on with her great work of helping others and of being our refuge and guide. The great depression arrived, many were in need. Victor Iverson told me he can still see our mother as she walked down town when the huge load of wheat and other staples arrived, and how fairly and justly she saw that this was distributed to those in need. She never waivered in her desire to be just and fair.

In about 1935 or 1936 mom went to California to stay with Alice and Lou and their family in El Segundo. Before long Lynn joined her. For a time they all lived in a large home, sharing the expenses. Then mom and Lynn decided to rent a house for the two of them, which was in the same town.

While she was living in El Segundo she was asked again to serve as Relief Society President in their Ward. When she told them she didn't drive, and would thus be so difficult for her to do since the Ward was really scattered over a large area, several of the members willingly offered to take her to all the places whenever the need arrived. So she accepted this call again, and performed so well in this important office. It was not new to her; many, many years of compassionate service had served her well, just as she had served in so many offices in Relief Society, as well as in all the Auxiliaries of the Church.

Sometime after Lynn and Irene were married, mom came back to Utah, where she had dreams of building a small new home, close enough to the Temple to allow her to work there as often as she could. She frequently said would be so nice to have all her things together, in one place. She sometimes spent time in Las Vegas with Hattie and Bert, sometimes in Washington with Vince and me. It's understandable that often when she wanted to use something, and upon searching for it would discover it was 150 miles away. She kept busy - sewing, quilting, helping. Vince always said each of her sons-in-law felt as if she was his own mother, as she was a friend to each, and each was so happy to have her in his home.

My husband always said what a pleasure it was to take mother anywhere, said she never asked, "Where are we going?" Just slipped her apron over her head, asking, "Do I need a coat?" She always said she liked to go places with Vince because he never came back the same way he went, always found a new route home. Often we took her to the Democratic Rallies, which she thoroughly enjoyed, maybe partly because so many of the people knew her and made her feel so welcome and special. We would hear them say "Arthur's