

Rarer Than Air

The Autobiography of William Lewis Elphinstone

“Rarer The Air”

The Autobiography of Wilma Lorine Higbee Kemp

*Age is the top of the mountain high,
Rarer the air and blue.
A long, hard climb, a bit of fatigue,
But oh! what a wonderful view!*

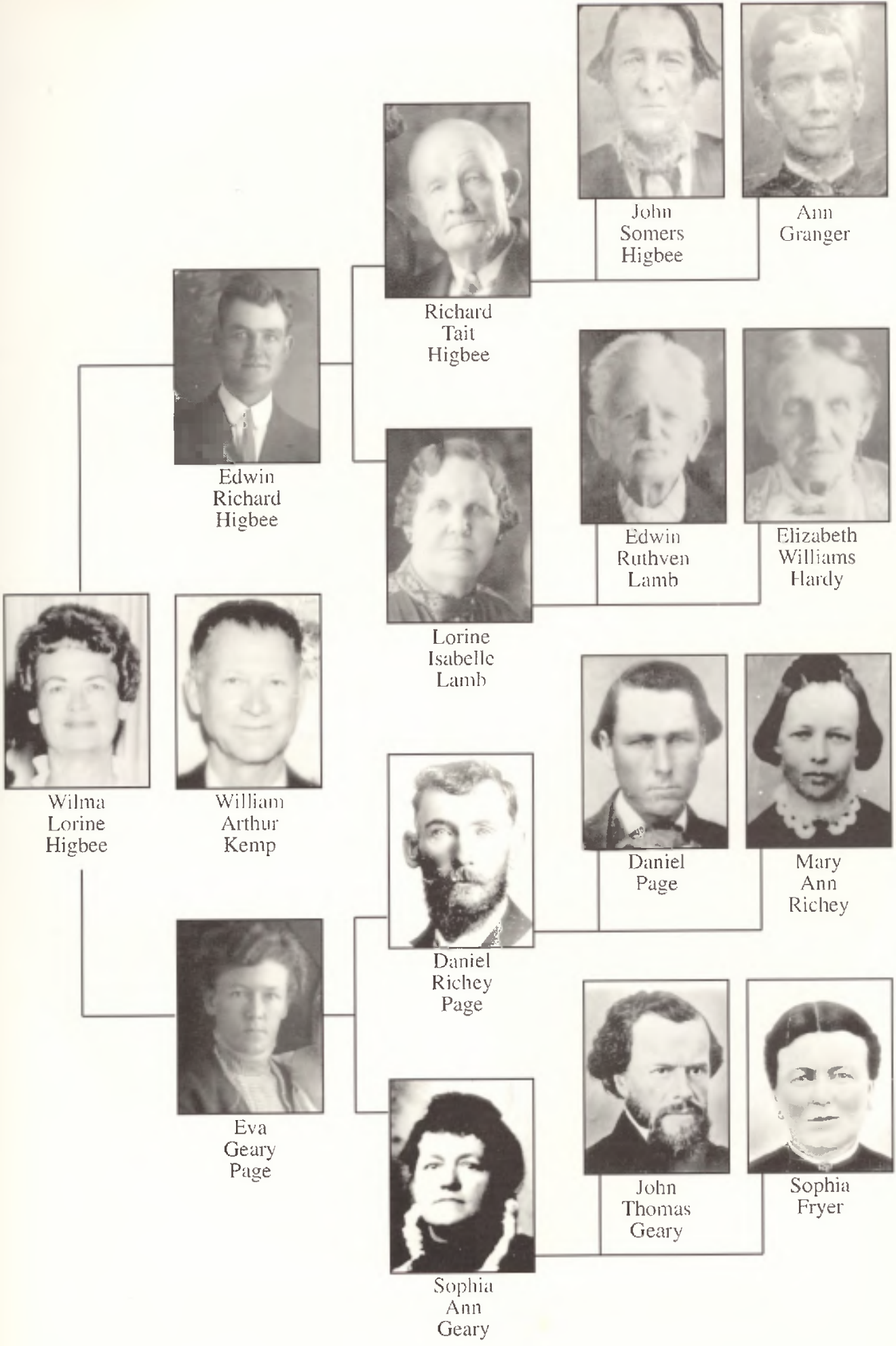
Author Unknown

Dedication...

To the people who made this book possible: William Arthur Kemp, my dearest husband, my sweetheart, my best friend. To my children, Gwendolyn, Carol, Karma, Ellen, and Gloria who were the light and delight of my life. To my parents Eva Page Higbee and Edwin R. Higbee who reared me in love. To my ancestors whose faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ brought them to southern Utah which allowed me to be born in this beautiful place.



Wilma Lorine Higbee 1928



John Somers Higbee



Ann Granger



Richard Tait Higbee



Edwin Ruthven Lamb



Elizabeth Williams Hardy



Edwin Richard Higbee



Lorine Isabelle Lamb



Wilma Lorine Higbee



William Arthur Kemp



Daniel Richey



Mary Ann Richey



Daniel Richey Page



Eva Geary Page



John Thomas Geary



Sophia Fryer



Sophia Ann Geary



Eva P. Higbee holding Wilma Lorine Higbee 18 months old. 1911

In Appreciation...

With out my daughter, Karma, this book would never have been published. I appreciate her time, expertise, caring, and her true interest in my life. And if the computer makes mistakes, I told her, "And if you make mistakes in spelling, Karma dear, said she, remember it's the pen that's wrong. Don't blame the blame on me." I appreciate my son Jack for his help with suggestions, faxing, and giving Karma the time away from him that was necessary for this project to be completed.

I thank my grandchildren Sandra and Paul Criddle for their time and talent in setting the songs to music. Karma and I sang the songs over the telephone to them, and they put the music to the words and faxed them back to us. Without the music, the songs wouldn't have meant what I wanted them to.

I thank my granddaughter Pat Frei for her expertise in making the drawing of the chickens. I explained to her what I wanted, and when I saw it, it brought tears to my eyes because it was almost to a "T" an exact replica of the drawing Arthur had made for me many years before.

I thank all my daughters for their time and willingness to look up dates and find photographs.

I appreciate Gwendolyn Frei, Jack Wasden, and Gracia Jones more than I can say for their time, effort, and eye for detail which gave me a sense of comfort in my first literary effort.

I appreciate Michelle Thomas, the daughter of my dear friend Irma, for her careful final reading, which helped make this a much more correct text.

And last but not least, I thank Tom Backman of Red Desert Graphics for his kind, considerate, and patient help.

I thank my grandson Brian Bowler for the hours he spent measuring the lot size of our home in Toquerville and for drawing it to scale. See page 6.



*This is the fence in front of
my schoolhouse .
(Also on pages 28 and 32)*

**Published by Red Desert Graphics
St. George, Utah
1999**

Contents...

Chapter 1	Childhood	1
Chapter 2	Schooldays	15
Chapter 3	The Ranch	21
Chapter 4	Childhood Holidays	29
Chapter 5	High School	33
Chapter 6	On Cedar Mountain	35
Chapter 7	High School With Arthur	41
Chapter 8	After High School	45
Chapter 9	Married Life	47
Chapter 10	Parenthood	53
Chapter 11	Fun Times	71
Chapter 12	Christmas	75
Chapter 13	Family Grows Up	79
Chapter 14	We Did it Together	83
Chapter 15	Anniversaries	97
Chapter 16	80th Birthday	103
Chapter 17	Church Service	105
Chapter 18	Alice Louise Club	121
Chapter 19	Hand Crafts	129
Chapter 20	Accidents	133
Chapter 21	Our Last Christmas	137
Chapter 22	Arthur's Death	139
Chapter 23	Alone	143
Chapter 24	Family Deaths	151
Chapter 25	Spiritual Experiences	159
Chapter 26	We Remember Mama	163
Chapter 27	Descendants	167
Chapter 28	Generations	175
Chapter 29	Poems & Songs	181



Chapter 1

Childhood

In a small, rented, adobe house on the lower street in Toquerville, Washington County, Utah, 29 October 1909, a baby girl was born, the second daughter and second child of Edwin and Eva Page Higbee. No fancy outrageous \$500 to \$1000 confinement was this--just good hard labor, and the help of a midwife, Sister Susan Bringhurst.

As most babies, I must not have been too hard to look at, for Mother said that when I was about three months old, she dressed me for going out in January. I had on a little red velvet hood with white eiderdown

around the face, and when Grandpa Richard Higbee saw me he said, "Oh what a pretty baby; she is sweet." Of course, he might have been looking at the hood.

Our family eventually consisted of Eleen Rosalia, born 29 June 1906; Wilma Lorine; Magnola, born 24 February 1913; Lamond Page, born 18 July 1919; Maree, born 8 December 1921; and Gena, born 12 October 1923. All of us were born in Toquerville, Washington County, Utah except Gena who was born in St. George, Washington County, Utah. We are of English descent on both our father's and mother's sides.

Edwin Richard Higbee was the son and first child of Richard Tait Higbee and Lorine Isabelle Lamb. Eva Geary Page was the fourth child and second daughter of Daniel Richey Page and Sophia Ann Geary. My parents were married 28 August 1905 in Parowan, Iron County, Utah, and sealed in the St. George Temple 22 November 1905.

My great-grandparents on my father's father's side were John Somers Higbee and Ann Granger Higbee; they helped settle Provo. John Somers became the first



Line drawing by Eva P. Higbee. Wilma at seven months. Because my parents had no means of taking my picture, Mama drew this. (Magnola's hand was drawn later.)

mayor of Provo. My great grandparents on my father's mother's side were Edwin Ruthven Lamb and Elizabeth Hardy Lamb, who came across the plains. He came with the Thomas Johnson company, and she came with the Wilford Woodruff company. They helped settle Toquerville.

My great-grandparents on my mother's father's side were Daniel Page and Mary Ann Richey Page from England. They settled in Mount Pleasant, Utah and later moved to Parowan. My great grandparents on my mother's mother's side were John Thomas Geary and Sophia Fryer Geary. He was well educated, spoke seven languages, and according to family tradition was an interpreter or speaker in the House of Lords.



Papa Edwin Higbee and Mama Eva P. Higbee. Photograph taken in Cedar City at the home of Papa's uncle. Note the old grindstone Papa is leaning against.

You can see that I came from devout, hardy, pioneer stock

The incident that caused my first conscious memory occurred when I was 18 months old. I can remember the circus coming to town. I know how old I was because Mama and I figured it out one time while she was visiting with Arthur and me in Las Vegas. My mother would come and stay with us for three to four months during the winter. While she was there, she would come in where I was making drapes and recite a poem, then I would recite one back to her, then she would go into her bedroom and come out with another one, and I would say one right back.

While we were in this routine, I said "How old was I, Mama, when the circus came to town?"

And she said, "Wilma, you can't remember that."

And I said, "Yes, I think I can."

"What do you remember?" she asked.

I said, "I remember people were lined down both sides of the street in Toquerville, and a circus parade came down the street. What impressed me so about it was the elephants' feet. They were so big that when ever they put their feet down I thought they were going to crush me. I remember putting both my arms around your leg and holding on to your skirt. I have a feeling that you picked me up. But I know I was frightened.

"And that night, I don't know where, but we went into a big tent, and a man came out onto the stage dressed all in black. He had black pants and a black shirt with white buttons. He put

his hands up above his head then brought them down, unbuttoned his shirt down to his waist, and put his hands out on either side of his body. A big snake came out from his shirt and started slithering onto one arm. As it did, he raised his arms above his head until his fingers were fairly close over his head. The snake continued to travel up his arm, then crossed from one hand to another, and down his other arm. As the snake went down, the man lowered his arms and the snake went back into his shirt and around his waist. The man then buttoned his shirt back up again."

"Wilma," my mother said, "I don't ever remember discussing this with you, and I wouldn't have believed that you could remember it except you've told it exactly as it happened and I have a picture to prove it."

The next time she came to Las Vegas, she brought the picture that was taken in the circus tent over at Hurricane the night we all attended.

You can see this life history is going to be fairly long because I was blessed or cursed with a very good memory.

Mine was a happy, carefree childhood. I had a feeling of being wanted and well taken care of by my parents and loved by my grandparents on both sides.

I know we lived at La Verkin a short while. I also remember Eleen's birthday when she set two pieces of cake on the sand behind the willows where we played with her imaginary friends, Glorie and Pracklus. She

had picked these names up from hearing Grandma Higbee's sister Aunt Caddie (Caroline Almira Lamb Slack) say to Grandma, "Come Lori, lets go practice." They sang in the ward choir.

The thing that impressed me was that the next day the pieces of cake we put on the sand behind the willows for "Glorie and Pracklus" were covered with black and red ants.

I was a rather venturesome child. Our home in Toquerville on the main street in the center of town (katty-corner from the original church building) was a two story brick, painted yellow. My parents bought it, then had it remodeled and repaired. Often our mother would take Eleen, baby sister Magnola, and me along with her to check the progress on the house. When she was ready to leave, she would call, and we would go with her. On one such occasion, I had other ideas. I thought if she couldn't catch me, I could stay and play. The stair steps of the very narrow staircase hadn't been put in, but the boards the steps were to be nailed to (stringers) were in place on the walls. Quick as a flash, I ran up those boards, my legs stretching as far as possible to reach from side to side. At the top, I ran straight to the south window; out I went, and I hung onto the window sill. I can still remember how I felt dangling two stories up, when one of the workman reached out the window and firmly took hold of both my wrists.

We moved into this house in Toquerville when I was about four years old. I must have had wily ways, for when Eleen and I would decide to leave our yard and Mama would call us to come back, we didn't always mind. But we'd commence to run away, and sure enough, she would come running after us. When I could see she was gaining on us, I would drop to my knees, cross my hands on my chest, rock back and forth and say, "Oh, bless my poor little heart. Oh, bless my poor little heart," over and over. Eleen kept running until Mama over-



This picture was taken at the Circus in Hurricane. Back row, from left: Papa's two brothers Clair Higbee and Lorin Higbee. Middle row, from left. Eleen Higbee, Wilma Higbee, Lila Higbee. Front row: Lillian Wakeling (baby) Alma Wakeling. I am in the center standing on a chair, and my cousin Lillian is in a doll buggy. She is six months old, and I am one year older than she is, so I am 18 months old.

Our home in Toquerville. Mama was very fussy about the yards around our house. She planted these trees and kept them trimmed as topiaries.



took her, and by then Mama would be out of patience. You can guess who got the spanking! Not me. By the time we were all glad to go home.

I grew up in this house and lived there until after I had graduated from high school. However, for my first, third, and fourth years of high school we moved into St. George for the school year.

I learned to love our Toquerville home with its big kitchen where Mama cooked many delicious meals. I can remember when the pigs were killed in the fall, after Papa had cut them up, it seemed to be Mama's job of curing the hams, sidemeat, and shoulders, which she did in our cellar, by rubbing them with curing salt, and putting them in brine. Her hands got so cold they were blue.

I can still see and taste the spare ribs surrounded with potatoes and carrots she put in a big black dripper without a lid and baked in the oven. Even the potatoes would be crisp and brown on the outside. I can also remember the Yorkshire ducks, made from all the trimmings and a little liver, cooked and ground and seasoned with salt pepper and sage and made into individual patties, wrapped in the veil (a light abdominal membrane), and then fried. Yum. Yum.

When I was seven or eight, I helped with the rendering of the lard. My job was to grind the fat so it could be put in the oven and baked to extract the lard. The smell of all that rendering fat got to me and about made me sick, but I had to continue. However, there was a rewarding feature. With all that lovely lard stored away for winter, we could have Queen Fritters anytime Mama wanted to make them. To see a little piece of dough the size of a walnut dropped into the kettle of hot lard and come out a few minutes later almost the size of a small teacup, brown and crisp, which Mama drained and dusted with powdered sugar, and put a spoonful of jelly inside-- well, you would have to taste them to know how delicious they were.

Queen Fritters Eva P. Higbee

1/4 c butter (scant)	1/2 c boiling water
1/2 c flour	2 eggs

Put butter in saucepan, add boiling water. Keep over high heat. When it again reaches boiling point, take from heat and add flour all at once and stir vigorously until well blended and mixture cleaves to spoon. Let cool. Then drop unbeaten eggs, one at a time, into mixture and beat well after each. Drop by walnut sized spoonfuls into deep fat and fry as you would doughnuts. Drain on paper, sprinkle with powdered sugar and place a spoonful of jam or jelly inside. Serve hot.

In the summer we bottled hundreds and hundreds of quarts of fruit for winter use in that kitchen. Eileen, Magnolia, and I all washed the bottles. It was a two process job; first they were washed outside in a wash tub by the tap under the big almond tree, then in the house they were washed with hot soapy water. They had better be clean; mother was a real good inspector.

Grandma Page, Mama's mother, and Aunt Golda, Mama's youngest sister, would come from Page's Ranch in a wagon loaded with empty bottles and put up a wagon load of fruit to take home. Aunt Golda always wanted quite a bit of juice, but I can still hear Grandma telling her they didn't come that far to take home a load of water, so the bottles were crammed with fruit.

This all important kitchen, the living room, our parent's room, a pantry, and the "bathroom," completed the first floor. The "bathroom" was where we stored things like 50 lb. sacks of figs and almonds, and our winter coats; the privy was outside and we bathed in the kitchen. We did not bathe as my friend did. My friend's mother just added a little hot water to the tub as the next child was bathed. By the time my friend's family were through, the last child had a full tub of used water to bathe in. But thank goodness, my mother and us each have clean water even if there was only 6 inches in the tub.

In the living room with its fireplace, we enjoyed many an evening, sometimes popping corn over the

e. By this
 r, for my
 ous meals.
 ma's job
 g salt, or
 ack drip-
 I can
 d and sea-
 nal mem-
 at so it
 nd about
 ard stored
 piece of
 st the size
 spoonful
 ing
 ter
 per,
 en.
 e in a #2
 ater.
 Page's
 olda
 o take
 complet-
 and our
 My
 friend's
 mother let
 over the

coals, playing card games such as "Old Maid," "Flinch," and "Steal the Pile." Or Papa would play his banjo and sing songs, some of which he learned from his Grandpa Lamb. Mama and all of us joined in and sang with him; songs like →
 Our bedrooms were upstairs; we called them the Pink Room and the Blue Room, papered in those colors. Many an enjoyable hour have I spent in that Blue Room with the rain sounding on the roof and a fire in our little well-polished, black, cast iron stove that reminded me of a little castle with its two sets of ornate, nickel-plate trimmed doors in front. Through the top set of doors you could see the fire through the Isinglass. The stove was about two feet tall and had a fancy nickel plated top that swung out to the side to reveal two lids through which the stove could be fed or where a tea kettle could be placed for heating water. There were also two beds in this cozy, well-furnished room.

In summer, the Pink Room on the north was the haven where, with the windows open, we could listen to the singing of the birds and the gurgling and splashing of the water as it dashed over the rocks in the big four or five foot wide irrigation ditch just outside our fence.

In these rooms I passed a lot of time making doll clothes, embroidering, playing, and dreaming of the future. My sisters Eleen and Magnola and I slept three in a double bed. When one of us wanted to turn, we all had to turn. We had no problem in doing it. The person wanting to turn simply said, "Turn", and we all turned, even in our sleep. The first pictures we saw as we woke up in this room were in three small, brown, oval frames fastened together holding Cupid Awake, Cupid Asleep, with the Madonna in the middle hanging

Chicken Pie

1. If ya wan - na know how to make a dark - ie feel good, I'll
 2. Ya grab their legs, ya pull 'em down. They

tell you what to do. Just bor - row a chick - en from your
 fight like a bit - ly goat. And if they hol - ler just

neigh - bor's yard and take him home with you. You
 twist their necks and throw 'em in un - der your coal. Ya

go a - round; the night is dark, the chick - eas can - not
 mix your dough; the ya roll it in, and white ya wink - your

see. The watch dog's tied up to the barn, ya sneak right up to the tree.
 eye. Ya get the flavor right up your nose of home - made chick - en pie.

16 Chorus
 Bake that chick - en - pie. might - y hard to wait to see that chick - en so nice and sweet a

19
 steam - in' on your plate. Bake that chick - en pie. Put in lots of

spice. How I wished to good ness - I had a big - ger slice.

25
 Oh Aunt So - san did ya ev - er hear that be - fore where ev - er ya go, you'll al - ways find

28
 lock on the chick - en coup door.

on the wall. After all these years, Cupid Awake and Cupid Asleep hang on my bedroom wall to greet me.

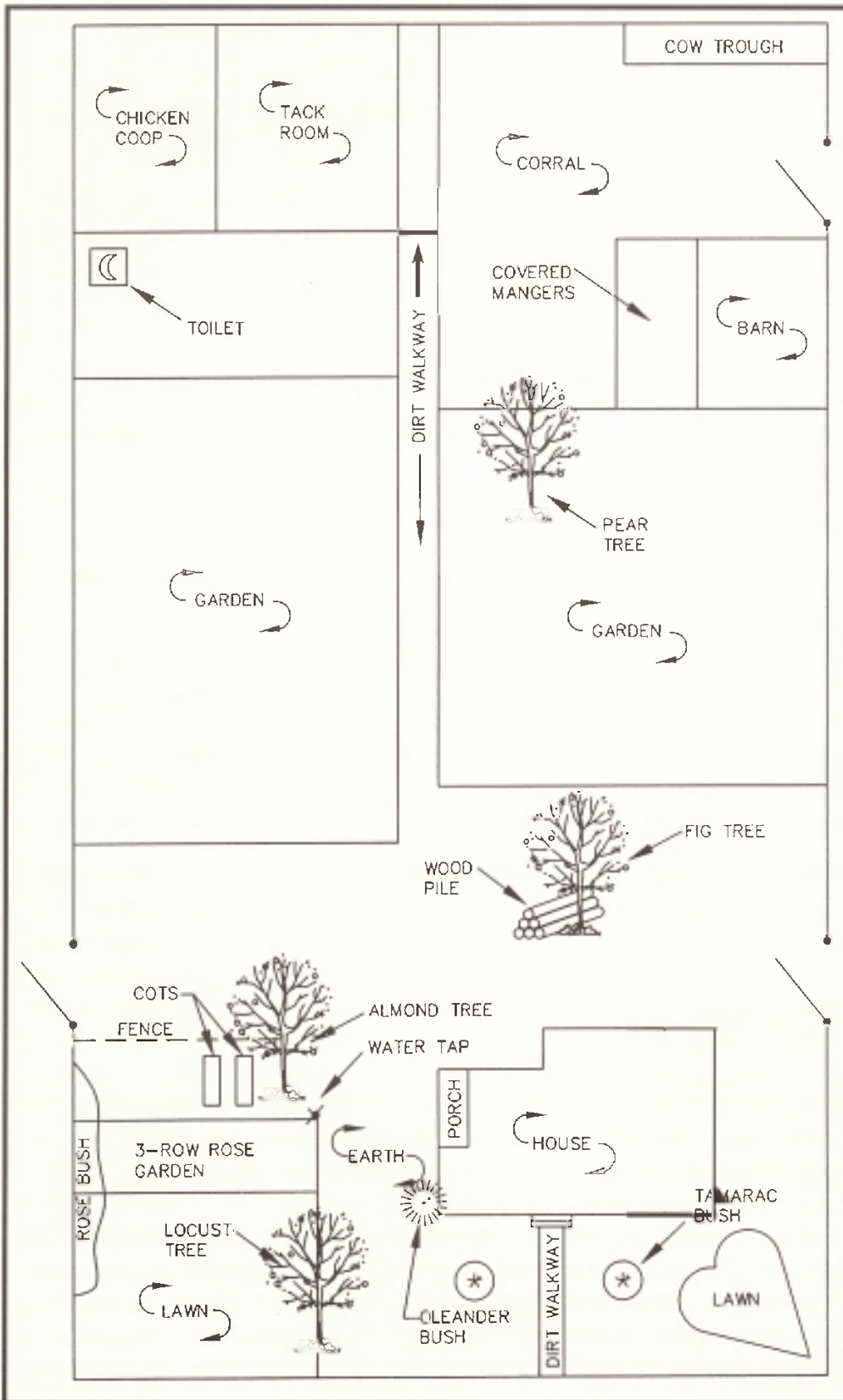
I seemed to always get the croup each winter, then my parents had to keep a fire all night in my bedroom with a tea kettle of water on the stove. And when I would get so I was fighting for breath, they would give me a spoon full of sugar that was soaked in kerosene, which I detested but was glad to swallow because it did help relieve my breathing.

We had an acre lot and the house was set back away from the northeast corner. On the southeast corner facing the street, we had a big lawn and a fence that divided our lot from Uncle Tom and Aunt Rhea

Wakeling's. About twelve feet of the fence was almost weighted down with a rose bush that Mother planted and called The Seven Little Sisters. In summer it was a sight to behold, so covered with pink roses. Joining the lawn on the west was our rose garden with many varieties; the Old Moss Rose was one I always admired. Mother also had garden sage planted there, which I helped pick. Behind the rose garden to the west, we put beds where we slept in the summer.

Behind the house was the wood pile covered by a big fig tree, whose trunk must have been thirty-six to forty inches in diameter. About 18 inches off the ground it forked into three big branches; we used to play house in that tree. Oh, what fun. Eleen, Magnola, and I would each take one of the branches for our house, and we'd use empty carpet-thread spools tied to sewing-thread spools as our telephones. We spent many happy hours there.

The earliest job I can remember being given along with Eleen was when I was about four years old. We were given little buckets with a clean cloth about six inches square and shown how to pick up the fallen figs. Working around the tree in sections, we'd brush each fig clean with the cloth before putting it into our bucket or discarding it if



the ants had been eating on it. Later, we'd help Mama spread the figs on a screen to finish drying. Each day after the figs were picked up, the ground was raked or swept clean ready for the next day's falling. During the season, we would gather one or two seamless sacks full of dried figs for winter and about the same amount of almonds. We used sugar sacks that had held a hundred pounds.

Mother would take several pounds of figs at time, steam them in a steamer, and press them in a little wooden box with a sprinkle of sugar between each layer. The box was about 10 by 14 inches by 6 inches deep and lined with brown paper. Those figs were as good as any candy. Sometimes she would take some of the pressed figs, dip them in fondant, then in ground almonds, or she might slip an almond inside the fig, and then dip them in the fondant--they were extra special Christmas treats.

Farther west was the garden, and to the rear of the lot was the barn, chicken coop, and of course, the three holer. Quite a walk in winter! There was a five-gallon can of ashes standing in the corner, and when you used the outhouse, you just took a great big scoop of ashes and sprinkled it down the hole--presto, no odor, no flies. This little three holer had to be kept clean as a pin. Each wash day we carried buckets of soapy suds water and scrubbed it. We papered the walls with pretty pictures. There was a poem you saw as you entered; we pasted it eye level. It read:

*Here I stand a little maid
Holding up my empty cup
Waiting still and unafraid
For life's hand to fill it up.*

Mother laughed at this little ditty we pasted on the wall. She had many poems and sayings that entertained us and kept our minds busy, and some taught valuable lessons in an unassuming manner. The first thing I can remember her teaching me purposefully was to say my prayers, and keeping in touch with Heavenly Father was a daily necessity. She taught me to love the church, and that I must think good thoughts if I were to do good deeds, that good manners were always in style, and that we must always be kind to one and another. To emphasize manners and kindness, she taught us the poem "A Bunch of Golden Keys."

A Bunch of Golden Keys

*A bunch of golden keys are mine
To make each day with gladness shine.
"Good morning," that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.*

*When evening comes "Good Night" I say
To close the door of each glad day.
When at the table, "If you please"
I take from off my bunch of keys.*

*When friends give anything to me,
I use the little "Thank You" key.
"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too,
If by accident some harm I do.*

*Or if unfriendly thoughts I've given
With "Forgive me," I shall be forgiven.
I'll often use each golden key
And then a child polite I'll be.*



Wilma, Eleen, and Magnola Higbee

I was taught my first lesson on the "Golden Rule" when I was still small. Eleen and I sometimes played with Addie and Evelyn Savage. Well, I was so taken up with one of their pretty little play dishes that I took it home with me. Mother, finding I had it, put me on her lap and asked where I got it. Shamefaced, I told her. She took hold of my hand, and said, "Come, we will return it, and you must tell them you are sorry." I was so ashamed that I pleaded with her to let me go alone until she finally consented. When I got to their place, I stood by the high board fence, on the other side of which was the out door play-house. Finally, I dug a little hole under the fence with my fingers and pushed the dish under. Of course, I didn't talk to anyone. That was the object in my going alone. My lesson: "Do unto other as you would have them do unto you." I have remembered this and tried to put it into practice throughout my life.

My mother also taught me to cook, clean, sew, embroidery, and crochet--and all the homemaking skills that I would need as a woman. Mama was truly the heart of our home. She bought a set of six books, and read them to us when we were small and continued to read to us well after we could read ourselves. The books became our friends and helped us become

interested in good music, good stories, countries and customs, poetry, nature, and in being courteous and well mannered. They opened our minds to the wonders that were all around us. First in the set was a mother's book that provided helps for any mother in raising her children. It was a dark maroon. The other books were covered in tan leather-textured paper with a green castle on the front. These books contained many classic children's stories, poetry, history, and travel. Of course, I liked the poetry best of all, things like "Lady Clair" by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, and "Lockinvar" from Sir Walter Scott's Marmion.

When I think of my growing up years, the third stanza of John Greenleaf Wittier's five stanza poem "The Barefoot Boy" comes to my mind because I loved the world of nature and felt so much a part of it.

*Oh, for boyhood's time in June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard and saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flower and trees
Humming-birds and honey bees,
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,--
Whispering at the garden wall
Talking with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, the bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,*

*Larger grew my riches, too.
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy
Fashioned for a barefoot boy.*

My life was very much like this verse. Even taking the cows to pasture was a delight to me as I watched the water in the irrigation canal flowing around the horseshoe bend. I was enthralled with the flowers that grew on the bank and the butterflies that filled the air around them. Hurrying along behind the cows, I didn't get to look around as much as I would have liked to because the cows were eager to get to pasture. Sometimes, if the cows were to come home early in the afternoon, Eleen and I would take our lunch and eat while sitting on the grass under a peach tree; otherwise we'd leave the cows and go back for them at evening before milking time.

When Magnola got older, she herded the cows to the pasture with me. She swears to this day that I wouldn't let her make an onion sandwich the way I did because I'd made it up. I let the thinly sliced onion soak in vinegar, salt, pepper, and sugar for a while, then put the crisp, drained onion between two slices of well buttered bread. Oh it was good. One time when Magnola was going up behind Spilsbury's to eat with some friends and I wasn't home, she made one for herself, and after that she didn't care whether I approved or not, she made an onion sandwich if she wanted. They were that good. But I can't ever remember being ornery with Magnola. She and I always had a close sisterly relationship. Eleen was a good sister to me, but she felt I was too much younger to be buddies. When she started dating, it was OK for me to answer the door for her boy friend but then I must leave. I decided I wouldn't treat Magnola that way.

Although herding cows was fun, it was a job assigned me; however, I also relished just plain fun. One fun thing we did was to go swimming in Ash Creek at a place we called Old Cradle on the far north end of town. We always went as a group of girls: Eleen, Magnola, and I with friends from the town; sometimes we took Geneve Slack, our blind cousin who was my age. When we got to a certain bend in the road, we'd commence calling and waving our towels and yelling, and in the far distance we could see the little white creatures climb out of the water and head for the rocks and bushes. By the time we got there, the boys would be clad in their swimming suits and back in the water. It was about twenty feet from the road down to the creek.

Later, after our swim, we would make our way up stream and gather watercress to bring home. It was so cool; with the mountains towering over us and the watercress so green and deep and beautiful, it was almost over-powering. We brought the watercress home to Mama, and she loved it. We all did.



*Magnola Higbee 13 and
Wilma Higbee 16*

We called the swimming hole Old Cradle because the large rock in the center of the stream divided the water into two water slides. It was high in the center and dish shaped on each side making perfect slides into the pool below. We delighted in sliding down into the pool. Mama only let us go swimming when the water was a "sensible" level. It was a wonderful place to swim, the sand was so clean, the water so clear.

During the summer sometimes we'd have flash floods, and the whole ten-foot deep gorge would be full of churning, cocoa-colored, muddy water carrying driftwood or any thing else in its path. When I was about ten there was a heavy storm, and the creek flooded so much that nearly all the town's people hurried to see it. About five of my friends and I were almost a mile down stream from Old Cradle on the north-west side of town. When we could see little sections of the bank crumble off and slide into the raging mass, it really caught our attention, and we decided to help it along. A small crack would appear about twelve to eighteen inches in from the edge, we'd each straddle a crack and pound with the foot nearest the water until the crack got so big that we thought it was our last chance to jump--hopefully to safety. Papa heard that I

was up there, and he came to see. When he saw what I was doing, he picked me up and gave me three or four good whaps on my bottom and sent me home. This was the only time I can remember him spanking me. Looking back, I guess I deserved it. I don't want to hear of any of my descendants doing such a foolish thing.

We also had sleeping parties. The object was not to stay up all night as they do now, but to be together so we could get up real early in the morning. We would be up by daylight, take the food and pans we'd prepared the night before and go. It might be on the black hill to the east of town, it might be down in a field, or up at the water cress spring, but we had a wonderful time cooking our breakfast. We'd get home by ten or twelve. We usually had bacon and eggs and chocolate and fruit.

I was nine years old when I learned to drive our Model T Ford. Papa owned the only car in town, and I did drive quite a bit. The seat was high, so I could see the road; I could shift my body to use the clutch, reverse, and brake. The gas lever was on the right side of the steering wheel and the spark on the left hand side. So when I got the car started, all I had to do was sit tight and watch where I was going.

Later, when I was about eleven or twelve, Papa got a two-seated Buick, which was much longer than the Ford that I was used to driving. So I had to relearn to turn the car around. I asked Papa if I could go down on the bottom street so I could practice turning around because there was hardly any traffic down there. On my first try, I made a big swing and the front wheels came up on the edge of the big water-filled irrigation ditch, and I hit the brake. So reverse was now in order, which I managed quite nicely. I spent the better part of half an hour turning around and around until I was satisfied, and the space I required to turn in diminished. When I went back Papa said, "Where in the heck have you been?"

I said, "I've been learning to turn around." And he said, "Well, did you?"

And I said, "Yes!" So you can see how that compares with the driving lessons you have to take today.

For two or three summers after I turned ten, at daybreak when all was quiet, we'd hear the sound of Mr. Jackson blowing three long blasts though his cow horn--it was a haunting, far reaching sound--different than any other. That was the signal to the young people who had promised to come pick strawberries for him that he would be leaving for the field in 30 minutes. If you were not there--to his house--you got left. We went down to the field on a hay rack. I suppose it was tedious work for some people, but I enjoyed picking those red berries. Mr. Jackson wanted to have them picked, home, and stored by noon. He paid us at the field. And when I was paid as much as any of them, one of the boys complained because I hadn't picked quite as many berries as some of the others. And Mr. Jackson said, "Come over here, all you pickers." He pointed down the several rows that I had picked and said, "Do you see that. There's not one weed left. Wilma has weeded as she picked, and that's worth it to me." My mother had taught me that when I picked peas, pulled radishes, or gathered anything in the garden, I was to pull weeds as I went. Like the barefoot boy in Wittier's poem, everything in the world was wonderful and magical to me.

Picking strawberries also reminded me of the poem "Little Pearl Honeydew" that Mama recited to us and which I learned. I have a copy of this in my mother's handwriting that she wrote from memory at age 82.

I guess I got part of my love of poetry from listening to Mama recite to us as we worked. The first poem I learned and recited before an audience was at Primary. I wasn't yet primary age, so I wasn't quite four. My mother was the Primary President, and I got to go with her. I remember the children laughing as I stood before them with my book. They said, "Wilma can't read." And I couldn't, but the picture helped. In the picture a mother bird was sitting on a twig above her nest where three small birds huddled with their mouths wide open. The poem was called

If Ever I See
Lydia Maria Child

*If ever I see,
On bush or on tree,
Young birds in their pretty nest,
I must not in play,
Steal the birds away,
'T would grieve their mother's breast.*

*My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so
Should I be stolen away;
So I'll speak to the birds
In my softest words
Nor hurt them in my play.*

*And when they can fly
In the bright blue sky,
They'll warble a song to me;
And then if I'm sad,
It will make me glad
To know they are happy and free.*

Mama also taught me that love made a happy home, that we all had to do our part. We took turns by the week in doing housework: bedrooms, kitchen, yard, and animals.

We always had animals around. When I was about seven or eight years old, I was taught to milk the cow, and continued to do so until I was seventeen and we had no more cows. We usually had only one cow that we milked, but sometimes two. One cow furnished enough milk, cream, butter, and cottage cheese for our family. One cow had a teat that had been cut off part way up, so it was very short; her name was Old Kanarra. Papa must have got her up to Kanarraville. As I milked her other three teats, the milk just ran from the short one. I milked with both hands, and when I was done with the other three, all I had to do was a little stripping on the one that had been injured. I milked fast enough to make foam on the surface of the milk in the bucket.

I liked milking, for one reason I liked to get up early. Eleen didn't like to milk the cows, so when it was her turn, she often traded jobs with me. (She liked to sweep the yard). After Mama had strained the milk, I would cool it. There was no such thing as refrigeration then, and we had to have it for supper, so Mama would put some in a gallon bucket, and give me a nice big wooden spoon for stirring. I'd go out in front of the house where a cool stream of water always ran in the rock lined ditch. The width of the ditch was just about the length of my little legs. I would sit on one bank and brace my feet on the other holding the bucket between my legs in the cold water. I'd stir and stir. By the time I got through smelling the warm milk while milking and cooling it, I didn't want to drink any. Everybody else liked it.

Sometimes if Mama needed me and couldn't find me, she'd tell Eleen to go look on top of the barn. Our barn, like most of them in those days, had a steep pitched roof with an attached sloping shed where the cows were fed and where they could be out of the weather. I'd climb upon the board fence, hop from there up on to the shed, and from there I loved to walk up that steep pitched roof and sit on the ridge top surveying the country around me. It reminded me of the poem by Robert Lewis Stevenson which I sometimes sang to myself as I sat up there on the top of the barn:

The Swing

*How did you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!*

*Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside--*

*Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown--
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!*

Up there I could also look down on the surrounding barns, houses, yards, trees, our chickens, cows, and my favorite riding horses: Old Red, Babe, Chester, and Joe. Old Red was gray and was so gentle anyone could ride him. Babe was a small, sleek, black pacer. She was just like riding in a rocking chair. Oh, she was so much fun to ride. Chester was well-trained with a martingale, so his head and neck were arched high and his chin tucked under. He was a sorrel with a black tail and mane, and he pranced. He was a really big animal, and when I rode him I felt like I was king of the walk. Joe was a fast, frisky horse. Eleen remembered when Papa had us help bring in the cattle off Smith's Mesa. Papa had her riding Joe and she was so frightened she cried, so he let her get off and I rode him. I liked the way he side-stepped and pranced.

Papa was always trading or buying horses. Red Cloud, one of Papa's racing horses, was the cause of scolding that I got one time. Papa had gone into the house and had given me the reins to hold. I flipped the end of the reins around my waist; they went around me two or three times. Papa came out and really scolded me, telling me that the horse could make one jump and paw me to death and I should never to do such a foolish thing again. But I had no fear of horses. Being short, I was glad we had the saddle shop (or tack room). It was situated between the corral and the chicken run--just a big room with the floor about thirty inches off the ground. The east side of the room was open, enabling me to stand at that level and saddle the horses by my self.



About the time we moved into our house in Toquerville. Clockwise: Eva P. Higbee, Edwin R. Higbee, Eleen Higbee, Wilma Higbee, baby Magnola Higbee in center.

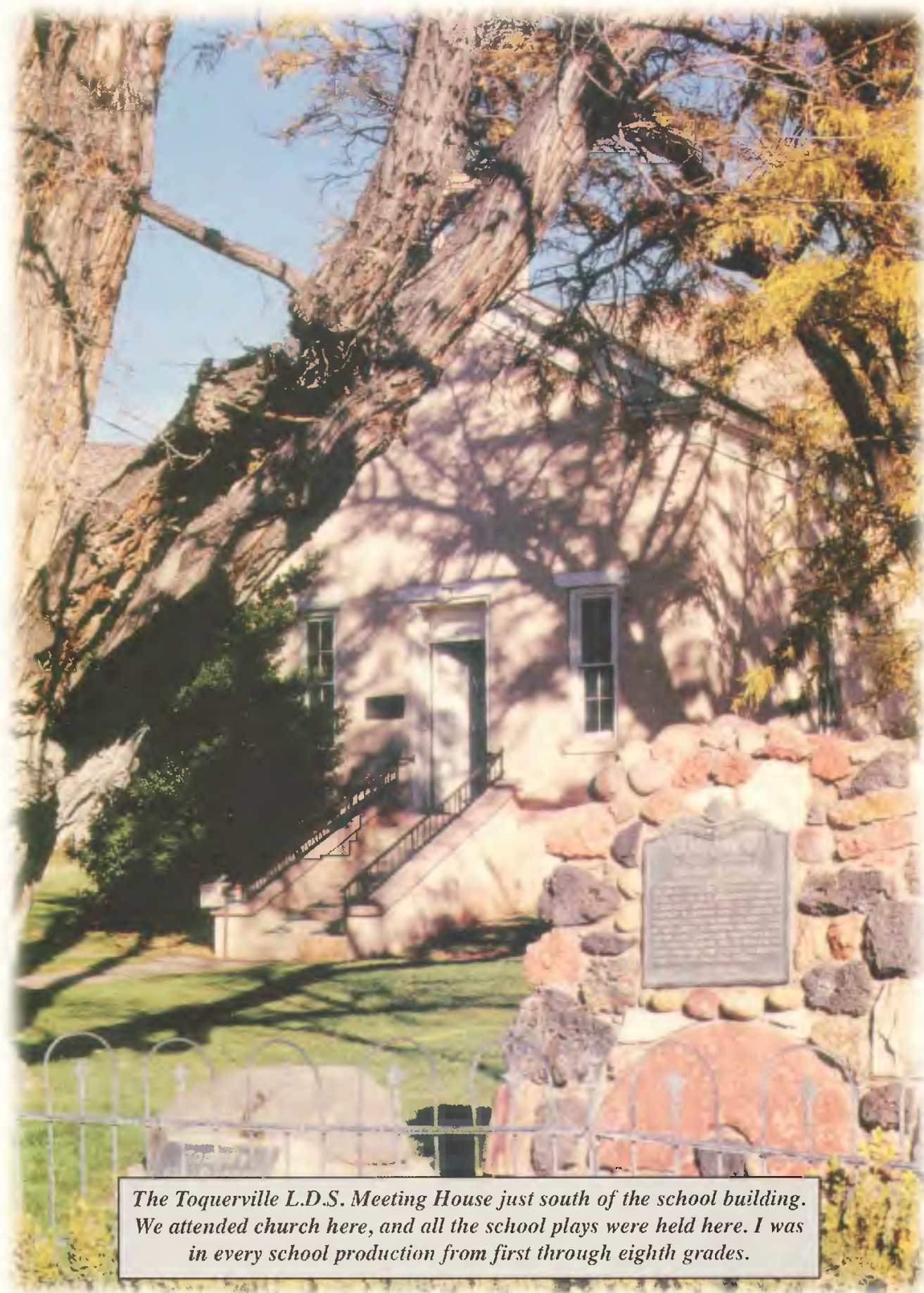
Papa would like to have made a jockey out of me, and I would like to have been one, but Mama wouldn't hear of it. However, we did do a lot of riding; we had horses available at all times. By age eleven, I was riding like a veteran. There were five girls in my group who had horses, and we all rode. We liked to ride down to the lower street where they ran horse races on the Fourth and Twenty-fourth of July. Old Blossom, Ina Kleinman's horse, would throw her head in the air and grab the bit in her teeth, so Ina had no control over her, and would take off racing. Those times, we all reigned in, and when Blossom found she was all alone she would slow down. It was really funny. We made trips all around the country--down to the La Verkin Hot Springs to swim, or sometimes to Hurricane to go shopping. But, oh, I did love horses, and I did love riding them. It was a big part of my childhood.

We also had a couple of teams of work horses. Ben and Frank were two big grays--almost as big as the Budwiser team--and Ted and Dez were sorrels. Sometimes when Papa and Uncle Tom went up on Smith's Mesa to get wood, Papa would take both teams. The teams would take turns pulling the wagon up, but it took both teams to pull the wagon home. It was scary to watch the loaded wagon come down a steep hill almost on the heels of the horse--one man driving and using all the brake there was--the other man throwing a pole between the spokes of the back wheel and anchoring it so the wheel slid down the hill instead of rolling.

I rode one of the off-team horses up the hill while Eleen rode in the wagon. Ben and Frank were so big that to ride on their huge backs stretched my legs until I had

them almost straight out. Then when I switched to Ted or Dez, it was almost like riding a razor back. I used no saddle on these big horses, only a blanket. By the time the wood was loaded, my legs and hips were so sore I was glad to be put on the wagon load of wood to come home.

We always had lots of chickens, and the roosters were always fun to watch because they were so highly colored and strutted around. But my favorite hen, Fanny, was a match for them all. She was a shiny black Minorca--but we called it a Minarky. She had a tuft of feathers on the top of her head, and a double comb not too high and bright red. Her feathers were jet black and her eyes were orange. She preened her feathers and strutted. The rest of the chickens were merely chickens, but I loved Fanny. She was also the favorite of the roosters. We had fun watching the roosters fight over her.



The Toquerville L.D.S. Meeting House just south of the school building. We attended church here, and all the school plays were held here. I was in every school production from first through eighth grades.

Chapter 2

School Days...

I attended school in Toquerville from the first through the eighth grades. We met in the old school building which stood just north of and on the same lot as the old LDS chapel. The original building consisted of a great big room about 24 by 44 feet that faced west. The Relief Society used it before it was turned into a school building. For the school, a section was added on the back to the east and north, making an L shaped building. The new section was divided into two rooms. Grades one and two met in the north room; grades three, four, and five met in the south-east room; and grades six, seven, and eight met in the large west room. The rooms had individual doors to the outside and were heated by coal stoves. In winter, we either froze or roasted depending on how far we sat from the stove. There was an old three-holer east by the fence. It was covered by an old apricot tree. In the spring the small apricots would drop and the children tromping through them made the ground a mucky mess.



I attended this school house from first grade through seventh grade.

A teacher rang a hand bell about five minutes before school started. We lined up in front of the outside door to our room, and as we marched in, we took our assigned seat. I liked school, the teachers, and the students. I was not the best reader in the room, and I didn't enjoy it the most. The hardest word for me to learn was "the." It didn't seem to tie to anything. But give me a piece of chalk and an arithmetic problem, and I was in my glory. I liked geography, and I was very good at memorizing.

Once Eleen had to learn part of a poem for school the next morning, and Mama drilled her and drilled her and drilled her. I sat and listened and listened and listened. The next morning when we were ready to go to school, Mama asked Eleen to say the poem, and she must have gone blank because she couldn't remember a word and commenced to cry. But I piped up and said:

*Oh the Circus day Parade, how the bugles played and played
How the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed.
How the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime.
How the grand band wagons shone with the splendor all its own.*

*How the horsemen two and two with their plumes of white and blue
Marched with unconscious capture with a rapture undefined.*

There is more to the poem, but this is all of Eleen's assignment, so it is all I learned. Eleen was an excellent reader, liked to read, and read to me a lot. I always shed tears in a sad or tender spot, so she decided



The Toquerville Church. The church was katty-corner from our home and next to the school house.

to read Tom Sawyer to me so I wouldn't have anything to cry about. Well, when Tom and Becky get lost in the cave, it was too sad. I cried, and Eleen said, "I give up."

My first grade teacher was Fanny Kleinman. We opened school with prayer and the pledge of allegiance. In order to leave the class and go to the outhouse east of the school, we had to raise two fingers like rabbit ears, and then the teacher would either nod "yes" or shake her head "no." One time, Miss Kleinman kept shaking her head "no" when I kept signaling that I needed to go. I sat there and sat there and finally the inevitable happened, and my clothes got very damp. I was so embarrassed I never moved a peg until the recess bell sounded. Then I headed for

home just katty-corner across the street. After a change of clothing, my mother accompanied me back to school and had a private word with the teacher. After that, whenever I held up my fingers, I got the nod. My mother was always there for me.

La Verna Slack taught me in the south-east room for grades three, four, and five. When ever I think of the poem "In School Days" by John Greenleaf Whittier, I think of this room with its worn doorsill. The sill must have been made from heavy board because it was worn so thin in the center it was just like a cradle. This room was another place where I learned to love and memorize poetry. Miss Slack was a really good teacher; she made learning fun.

During this time of the First World War, the government had a program where children could buy savings bonds, a ten cent stamp at a time. When the booklet was full, we could turn them in



Wilma looking through a stereoscope.

for a twenty dollar bond. To my knowledge no one ever completed a book, but we all did buy a few stamps. It was one of those chintzy deals where you never got a return on your money unless you completely filled a book. There was a poem we learned to encourage us to buy the stamps.



A stereoscope is an optical instrument with two eyeglasses through which a person looks at two photographs of the same scene taken a little way apart so that the two pictures blend into one. When the focus is adjusted by moving the picture away from or nearer to the viewer the effect is three dimensional.

Thrift Stamp

*I am green, and I am small,
But I get there after all.
I buy bullets, I buy ships,
Scare the Kaiser into fits.*

*Parts of me are in the air;
Parts of me are in the sea.
Some in France, some right here,
All of me for liberty.*

*I like Wilson, justice, too,
And Uncle Sam, and you.
Can the Kaiser, make him sick
For I'm a thrift stamp. Buy me quick.*

Sometime during my three years in that room, Miss Louise Thurston taught in the first and second grade room. Edwin Slack (my father's first cousin) was courting her; he dropped in to see her during recess time. It was early fall or spring--warm enough to have the windows open. A group of us children peeked through the window to see her sitting upon his knee and reciting "Bobby Shafto."

*Bobby Shafto's gone to sea
Silver buckles at his knee.
He'll come home and marry me.
Pretty Bobby Shafto.*

We all giggled and thought it was hilarious.

Emil Graff taught sixth, seventh, and eight grades. He was a good teacher, strict but friendly. He had orange-red hair. We opened each day of his class with the pledge of allegiance, a prayer, and a song. He apparently didn't know how to beat out different music time because all he did was beat up and down with the baton. The harder he wanted us to sing, the faster and harder he beat and the redder and redder he got in the face. When I think of him, I always think of his red face and orange-red hair vigorously beating ONE TWO, ONE TWO, leading us in the first verse of Wittier's "The Barefoot Boy."

*BLESS ings
ON thee
LITT le
MAN
BARE foot
BOY with
CHEEKS of
TAN.*

The music teachers I remember most were the Misses Adams from Parowan. They always helped with Christmas programs and the operettas. [For some of these songs you may refer to the cassette tape of the songs from the operettas that I recorded in 1984.]

Evadean Crosby taught art in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grade room. She also taught English, and she would read us some descriptive poem like "By the Shores of Gitche Gumee" ("Hiawatha's Childhood" from Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha).

*By the shores of Gitche Gúmee,
By the shinning Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokómis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the shinning Big-Sea-Water.*

Then she'd sketch part of the scene on the board and we had to fill in the details from our memory of the poem she had read. So we had to pay attention. The art class was required of all students. I didn't turn out to be an artist, but this exercise helped develop my love and understanding of poetry.

Another poem that Miss Crosby used in art class was

*. . . how teal and loon he shot
And how the eagles eggs he got
And feats on pond and river done
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold,
Till I the wood the mink
Went sailing down the river brink.*

I learned only this much. And it took me years until I found that this was part of John Greenleaf Wittier "Snowbound" and that I had remembered it slightly different than he wrote it.

Evadean eventually married Lynn Slack, and Louise Thurston married Edwin Slack; both the fellows were Aunt Caddie and Uncle Ren Slack's sons. That made them Papa's first cousins. La Verna Slack, one of the Slack boy's cousins, married Emil Graff. I was getting my education in courtship.

At recess we played games like Hop Scotch, Auntie-I-Over, and baseball. We drew our hop scotch grid in the dirt, and played Auntie I Over using a small abandoned building that was in the southwest corner of the lot. These games were good for recess because they didn't take much time and there wasn't too much to any of it except fun and exercise.

We played baseball right in front of the church--the area was big enough. We didn't have any umpires, and if there was a question about ins or outs, the children would say, "Ask Wilma. She'll tell the truth." And I did even if it worked against our team. Their confidence kept me honest.

To this day I can see one little boy's feet. His shoes had metal caps on the toes and the kids used to laugh at him. I knew why his family paid a little more for those shoes. Because when he was down playing marbles, he'd wear them out fast, and the metal-toed shoes lasted a lot longer. I couldn't stand to see him laughed at. I stood up for him, and tried to put the other children in their place. I never liked to see anyone mistreated.

After school in the winter, when it was really cold, we all had lessons to prepare, so we sat around the table with the coal oil lamp. Later we had a gas lamp; still later, we had an electric light. After lessons were over, the family played games: Flinch, Steal the Pile, Fish, Old Maid, etc. But we had to study first.

As a child I enjoyed visiting the older people of the town, especially my great-grandparents, Edwin and Elizabeth Lamb, who lived in their snug little home and took care of each other.

He had a full head of bushy white hair. She wore her gray hair parted in the middle and rolled in a bun at the back, and darling, dangling, little shell earrings. She got around on a pair of crutches because she broke her hip after she was married, and it was never set properly. She used laudanum to kill the pain for the rest of her life. They always went to church, and on Fast Sunday Grandma always bore her testimony by rising and leaning on her crutches. She would sing the first verse of Come, Come Ye Saints in her clear sweet voice. Then at a nod, she invited the congregation to sing the chorus with her; this was always a special time for me. Now, whenever we sing this song, the picture of my great-grandmother comes to mind. At that time when the Sacrament was passed, we drank out of one large, two-handled goblet. Everyone tried to drink close to a handle thinking no one else would drink there

About age six, I commenced to go with Grandma Page to visit the two Sisters Savage. I continued visiting them by myself through the years. They were very small ladies; one was called Grandma and one called Auntie. They had been married in polygamy to the same man. (He was deceased when I knew them.) Grandma had children, but Auntie never had any. They lived on the lower street, and from the time we

entered the tall green gate to their property, I felt as if I were in an enchanted world. There were tall locust trees covered with vines, myrtle growing everywhere, and a little unkept lawn. They did have a beautiful rose garden which was always well kept. Grandma kept the house; Auntie did the outside work and saw to the chickens and the cow. They both worked at the loom weaving rugs for people. This is how they made their living.

At their place, I sat on the hard string couch and looked at the interesting pictures of historical events, fashions, etc. by using a Come-to-Me-Go-From-Me (a stereoscope), and listened to the three of them visit. Here I learned of their love affairs and their disappointments, which were really tragic. But they taught me a lesson that life does go on, no matter what.

I also liked to visit Brother and Sister Slack; she seemed real old to me. I can't ever remember her going to church; she always had a shawl around her shoulders. She had many interesting things to look at on her mantle; and she told me about the pictures on her walls. She just seemed happy to have me come visit her. Their house was always dark inside.

Then there was Aunt Lizzy Ann Anderson. She wasn't nearly as old as the others, but she was fun to visit, even though she looked dignified and always walked with a real straight back. She had beautiful dishes in her cupboard, and her house was always spic and span. Brother Anderson had sprinkled and packed their back yard until it was as hard as cement; and she swept it every day just as she did her kitchen. The back yard was shaded by big tall trees, and they had a 50 gallon wooden barrel wrapped with damp burlap, filled with the clearest, coolest, best tasting water, with a dipper hanging on the side of the barrel so anyone could have a drink. There were benches under the trees to sit on. When I visited them in the summer, Aunt Lizzy Ann always gave me a cucumber to take home.

Miss Burke was a Presbyterian missionary; she lived on the lower street. She held a Bible school once a week in the Presbyterian church about a block south of where she lived. About thirty minutes before she started the meeting, she would ring the bell that hung in the tower to let us know when she would begin. I don't believe there was a child in town that didn't attend her meetings sometime or other. Even Papa attended when he was young. Once he and Bud Jackson misbehaved, and she locked them up in the room under the tower. When he didn't come home, his mother, Grandma Higbee, went looking for him. And when she found out what had happened, she rescued him. And he didn't misbehave again.

Most of us went to Miss Burke's meeting quite regularly. We all sat in the one big room, and she would pump the organ and sing at the top of her lungs, and we would sing along with her.

Shall We Gather At The River

The image shows two staves of musical notation for the hymn "Shall We Gather At The River". The first staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, and D5. The lyrics "Yes, we shall gath-er at the riv - er, — the beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful, the riv - er." are written below the staff. The second staff continues the melody with a quarter note E5, followed by eighth notes D5, C5, B4, and A4. The lyrics "Yes, we shall gath-er at the riv - er that flows by the throne of — God." are written below the staff.

I don't remember her telling us stories or anything. But she would hand out small cards with a Bible verse and a corresponding picture on it. We all liked receiving the cards. She seemed to like Eleen and I quite well, maybe

because Papa named Eleen Rosalia after Miss Burke. He thought she had money and would leave Eleen some of it some day. Well, it turned out that she was kept by the church and had nothing of her own. Ha, Ha. She liked Eleen and I well enough that she asked us to pick her fruit for her, and we were glad to help. Her place was a jungle; we could hardly find the trees for the tall weeds. When we went inside her house, it was stacked with papers, magazines, and books, was dirty, and smelled of stale wood smoke. I can remember seeing two or three loaves of bread rising on the floor next to the wood stove with a gray dishtowel over them and a cat curled up on a corner of the dish towel. I'm glad we didn't have to eat that bread.



The Toquerville Relief Society

Back row, from left:

Katie Dodge, Mrs. Barton (Her son Teddy called and purposed to me by phone when I was in the 3rd year of high school and going with Arthur.), Emma Neagle, Cora Slack, Eva Higbee (My dear Mother, whose love, teaching, and example have been guiding light.), Edna Bringham (One of my mother's best friends and Ruthven's mother.), Luna Jackson (Fay's mother; they always had a barrel of yummy pickled grapes for winter.), Mary Bringham (My second Primary President; she had the job after Mama.), Sarah Dodge (The mother of Iola, she made the strong string baseball's we played with at school.), Evelyn Lamb (Elva's mother; she helped make the ice cream for the 4th of July.)

Center row, from left:

May Ann Savage (Grandma, whom I loved to visit and who loomed rugs.), Anise Neagle (The best Primary teacher I ever had; she played the piano.), Nonee Jackson (Melva's mother at whose home they played the Ouija Board at our party.), Adlaid Savage (Auntie, whom I loved to visit and who also loomed rugs.)

3rd row, from left:

Liza Ann Anderson, (Standing stately, hands folded; my Sunday School teacher and fun to visit; she always gave me a cucumber.), Adlaid Slack (Wife of the bishop, Frances's mother.), Mrs. Jackson (I picked strawberries for her husband.), Lorine Higbee (My grandmother, whom I was named for.), Annie Spilbury, Rozilia Spilbury (Grandmother of Ila, Arlington, and LeGrande--Eleen, Wilma, and Magnola's playmates.), Elizabeth Lamb (My Grandma Higbee's mother and my great grandmother, who told us stories of her crossing the plains.), Vilate Kleinman (Standing with a fur over her shoulder. She was also Irene's grandmother. She made us wilted watercress sandwiches. Her daughter Fannie was my 1st grade teacher.)

2nd row, from left:

Laura Bringham (Scott's mother, whose place we got the melons from.), Amelia Slack (Mother of Elwin and LaVerna. Elwin was a classmate; LaVerna was one of my school teachers.), Lillian Bringham, Rhea Wakeling (Papa's sister and mother of Alma and Lillian.), Annie Neagle (Who made 3 color layered candy--pink, white, and chocolate. I accidently ran into her with a wet lanthis branch--stink weed--dipped in water. She retaliated by grabbing the branch and whapping me on the bottom.)

Front row: Mrs. Louie Duffin, Mrs Millie Neagle (Married to same man as Annie--4th row--and mother of Anna Lee and Kepple.)

Chapter 3

The Ranch...

In the summer, we looked forward with joyous anticipation to the trips we made to visit Mama's mother, our Grandma, Sophia Ann Geary Page, and Mama's sister and brother, Aunt Golda and Uncle Geary, out at Page's ranch near Pinto. (Grandpa and Grandma Page were divorced before I was born. Grandpa had remarried and lived in Parowan or out to his mine with Uncle Rob his brother.) We traveled by horse and buggy or wagon, and in later years by car. We always stopped at Roy and Sadie Grant's ranch just north of New Harmony. Roy was Papa's friend. Here we were welcomed and here we rested. Sometimes they fed us a meal. I can remember eating the most delicious turnips we pulled from his garden. On one trip, just beyond Roy's property, we came upon an old creek bed of the most beautiful white sand. When I saw it, I said, "Oh, how I would like to roll over in that sand." Papa pulled on the reins



Page's Ranch House about 1904 or 1905

From left on balcony: Dettie G. Page, Grandma Sophia Ann Geary Page holding Geary Page, Grandpa Daniel Richey Page, Eva Page with white bow in hair (my mother), Amy Page, Golda Page. Seated in yard, from left: Richard Forsyth--friend, Mr. Door--miner, Mr. Gorlinske--State Surveyor and miner, Mr. Kimberly--miner, John Tullis--friend, Neil forsyth--friend, Alfred Gunn--Grandpa Page's hired man, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Jones--drummers with the Colorado Fuel and Iron Mining Company. Photographer: Mr. R. Savage of Salt Lake City.

and stopped the horses, and I was out of that white topped buggy in a flash and rolled in the sand to my heart content. Eleen stayed in the buggy; Magnolia was too small to roll in it.

On up the canyon from Grant's, we all commenced to look to see who could first spot the two chimneys of Grandma's house above the tree tops. What a joyous outcry resounded when the chimneys were spotted. Very soon after that, we would be greeted by a good sized dog, running so hard he was panting with his tongue hanging out. It was Old Tramp, our very own, dear dog that we had given to Grandma. Out of the buggy we went, patting and loving him, and he so excited. He rode in the buggy with us back to the ranch. We wondered just how he knew when we would be coming. Grandma and Aunt Golda would be there at the pole bars to greet us and what a welcome with tears flowing. (We were and are the cryingest family I have ever known--joy or sorrow.) The bars were down ready for us to walk through, while Papa took care of the horses and buggy--or whatever conveyance we were using.

A short distance to the right of the big house, spring water flowed from a four-inch pipe into a ditch. At the ditch's rock-lined mouth, we filled buckets with clear water that we used for drinking, house-hold use and washing. This was a natural place to stop and stoop down for a drink before entering the house.

The memories of this dear place are so many: the good smell of the house as we entered the kitchen, the homeyness we felt, the big iron range that was solid clear to the floor, the bench in the kitchen where sat four or five shiny brass buckets filled with water ready for use, the shelf above where the lamps sat that were brought down from upstairs each morning to be cleaned if needed and at night taken back upstairs to show us the way to bed; the pantry that was about ten feet long that connected the kitchen to Grandma's bedroom. It was lined with shelves on one side filled with pans of milk, cream, eggs, pies, and all good things to eat, and two bins, one for flour and one for sugar. Grandma's and Aunt Golda's bedroom with beautiful furniture, the dresser and wash stand with marble tops, a big cupboard on the west of the bedroom fireplace where cans of salmon were kept--which Grandma made into sandwiches when we went on a picnic, to Watercress Springs, Aunt Sarah's, or up to the Lion's Mouth--how yummy! To this day I would rather have a salmon sandwich than a tuna fish any day. The dining room with it's welcome fire in the fireplace, the wainscoting painted a muted mulberry with wallpaper above it of a bright burgundy flocked design on a background of dusty pink, making this a delightful room; the big dining room table resting on the home woven carpeting, the sideboard or buffet with a carved head of a lion--mouth open, teeth showing, seven by seven inches placed between the two top drawers. If you put your fingers in the mouth and yanked up, out came the head to reveal a secret compartment. When I opened the compartment, Grandma laughed and said, "Trust Wilma to find it."

The cupboard doors to the left of the fireplace opened a pass way to the kitchen through which platters of ham and eggs, steaming bowls of cereal and hot bread were passed for our breakfast (and food for all other meals) on beautiful dishes. The pass-through saved many steps. On the mantle was a darling little iron bank about nine inches across the blue base; three steps up on each side to a platform where a little man was standing behind a table. He was wearing white and black striped pants, a black swallow-tailed coat, white shirt, red bow tie, and his hair was parted in the middle, holding his stove pipe hat out in front of him. We would place our coin on the little table in front of him, and as we pressed the lever, he would bow his head, put his hat down over the coin. When he brought his hat up, presto! the money was gone. We kept Uncle Geary busy getting our money out so we could start over again. The big front entrance hall and door with its large, opaque, oval glass etched with a beautiful big ship, riding on the waves. This hall connecting the dining room to the parlor and extending two stories high, was perfect with its staircase going up thirteen steps, across a landing and up four more steps to the second floor making nineteen steps in all. On the north wall of the landing was an interesting little window. The clear center pane was about 12 by 14, surrounded by panes of colored glass in shades of pink, amber and clear panes covered with a tiny blue vine that made the whole pane appear blue.

Oh, what fun it was to slide down that long banister, that is if Grandma didn't catch us doing it. If she did, she would click her tongue and shake her head at us; she never scolded us. I would rather have been spanked than have her click her tongue; it made me feel so guilty, but not guilty enough to stop me from sliding down it every chance I got.

The parlor was sort of off limits to us, that is we didn't play in it. Oh we could go in to read a book b

not to play. It was an extra pretty room with wallpaper in a soft pink with a design of pink and gold. The drapes were off white with swags edged with pink ball fringe, and hung on wooden drapery rods with fancy ends; the carpet was green. There was a pretty hanging lamp in the center of the room. The furniture was Queen Ann style covered in satin brocade in different colors.



Piece of the blue, vine-covered window pane from the landing window at Page's Ranch



The large settee from the five piece furniture set in Grandma's living room. I had this piece rebuilt and covered with my own needlepoint work.



These vases were Eva Page's gift to her mother Sophia G. Page. She bought them with the first money she earned at age sixteen.

The big settee was in green and cream, the small settee in maroon and cream, the stationary rocker in gold and cream, the man's chair in blue and cream and the lady's chair in salmon and tan. On the mantel were the lovely vases fifteen inches tall with hand-painted pink Russian thistles that Mama gave to her mother with the very first money she earned when she was sixteen. I now own them. There was a fancy piece of furniture (a secretary, I believe), a table with a velvet covered photo album on it, and a piano. We did go into the parlor to listen when Aunt Golda played the

piano and sang. She had the softest touch on the piano of anyone I ever knew; her fingers seemed to roll over the keys. She had a lovely voice, and I can still hear her singing: "There's a long, long trail a winding into the land of my dreams." I still think this song belongs to the ranch.

There's A Long, Long Trail

1. Nights are grow - ing ve - ry lone - ly. Days are ve - ry long.
 2. All night long I hear you call - ing. Call - ing sweet and low.

I'm a grow - ing wear - y, on - ly list - ening for your song.
 Seems I hear your foot - steps fall - ing, e - very - where I go.

Old re - mem - bran - ces are throng - ing Through my mem - or - ies,
 Though the road be - tween us stretch - es Many a wea - ry mile.

Til it seems the world is full of dreams Just to call you back to
 I for - get that you're not with me, yet when I think I see you

Chorus
 me. There's a long, long trail a wind - ing In - to the land of my
 smile.

dreams, Where the night - in - gales are sing - ing and the white moon beams. There's a

long, long night of wait - ing Un - til my dreams all come true, Til the

day when I'll be go - ing down that long, long trail with you.

To sit and listen to Aunt Golda play and sing were special times for me. Sometimes it was a little melancholy but magical; it struck a cord in me that made me feel very humble. When Uncle Geary played, he played mostly ragtime; the feeling was altogether different. He played by ear.

The rooms upstairs had numbers on the doors; Mama's was #6 with two double beds always made up ready for us. Mama and Papa's bed had a feather tick. We children's tick was filled with fresh straw or corn shucks; what a wonderful smell and so fun to settle down in to sleep.

Room #1 held Aunt Golda and Uncle Geary's used playthings. To mention a few: the rocking horse, the little iron range with pots and pans to fit, tea dishes, two beautiful china-headed dolls with kid bodies and arms and legs that would bend, the milk pan full of arrow heads that had been found on the hills around the Ranch that we all contributed to--it was like many games in itself. In one of the closets was Grandma and Aunt Golda's fur pieces, hats with plumes, and clothes out of season (which we helped ourselves to in dressing up. Of course, we never ventured down stairs in them!!)

Aunt Amy's room was #3, and many the time she would bring her family from New Castle to spend a week which doubled our fun. Or on Sunday, we all went to New Castle to go to church and spend the day with Aunt Amy and Uncle Frank Knell and their children: Virginia, Georgia, Nevada, Leo, Page, Kay, and Luzon. I could write a book of the fun time we had together. (If we stayed at the ranch on Sunday, it was observed as a day of rest. Mama told us Bible stories like a Sunday School class, and then we read or wrote letters.)

Then there were other places to explore. The granary, the outhouse, and the chicken coop were built of the same kind of brick as the house and were all made right there on the place from their own clay and burned in the kiln. The granary outside was a two story building, but the bottom story was about 2/3 underground making the top story high off the ground but not as tall as the house. The granary was filled with food ready for winter: large bins of grain, and smaller bins filled with different kinds of apples, squash on the floor, and hams Grandma had cured and smoked hanging from the ceiling rafters.

East of the big house and slightly to the south were the remains of a long clapboard house of five or six rooms all in a row with most of the windows and doors all in place. This was the original home that my great-great-grandfather Richey built for his wives, Elizabeth Gwinn Richey my great-great-grandmother, and his second wife, Sarah Ann Hollister Young Richey, and later his third wife Annie Jordan. Great-great-grandfather Richey and his first two wives homesteaded the land, and in 1860 they received a deed from the U.S. government stating the land belonged to them free of debt. My Grandpa and Grandma Page lived in this old house and raised their family there until they moved into the big house on Christmas of 1900. We never played in this old house, but we always had to check it out. To me



Clapboard house built by my great-great-grandfather Richey about 1860. From left: Daniel Richey Page, my grandfather; in front of him Golda Page (Smith) Mama's youngest sister; Uncle John Page, Mama's brother; Dettie Page (Tulloch) Mama's younger sister; Amy Page (Knell) Mama's oldest sister; Eva G. Page (Higbee) my mother holding her youngest brother, Uncle Geary Page.

there always was a hallowed feeling as I stepped into the first room, almost as if my Great-great-grandmother Elizabeth Gwinn Richey was still sitting there in her rocking chair, everything neat and clean with white starched curtains at the windows. Mama had told us how Grandpa Daniel Page and his brother Robert Page had been faithful in keeping their promise to their Grandfather Richey, that in exchange for the ranch they would take care of their Grandmother Elizabeth until she died. When Uncle Robert Page decided he wanted to prospect, he sold his share of the ranch to Grandpa Daniel. Grandpa and Grandma Page fulfilled the

promise of taking care of Grandma Richey. They all just adored her, so it was not really a burden, but a joy.

Behind the old house were two cellars where Mama told us they kept their milk, cream, butter, and potatoes. In the summer when cream was plentiful, they made it into butter and salted it down in a heavy brine and kept it in a fifty gallon barrel in one of the cellars for winter use.

By the time we visited there, the roofs had fallen in and the cellars were partly filled with dirt. It was fun for us children to run down in and up the first cellar, then down and up the second, past the Porter apple tree to the end of the old house, down a slight incline to the creek, where we would jump from rock to rock or wade, on our way over to the barn to look for bird nests.

Eleen, Magnola, and I, at one time, had twenty six bird nests that we kept watch over from the time the eggs were laid until the birds hatched; we watched the father and mother feed them--by that time they were used to us; we even watched many learn to fly. We found these nests from the barn through the apple orchard and to the west of the house where there were three ponds. The nests near the ponds we found in bushes near the ground; they were nests of white- and red-winged black birds.

There were many varieties of apples in the big orchard that extended to the north. The Porter apples seemed to be everyone's favorite. Mama and her sisters made up this song about the apples and the hired man and his family. Grandma Page would never let her children say anything unkind about anyone, so they sang her this song to let her know they knew what was going on. And Mama taught it to us.

Porter Apples

The musical score is written on four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive. The lyrics are: "Ev - ry - bo - dy sleeps but Jane - y, and she stays up all night. Steal - in' our Por - ter ap - ples, hi - ding 'em a - way out - a sight. Burt, he sits in watch - in' and so do all the kids. Oh, ev - ry - bo - dy sleeps but Jane - y, and that's no fib." The score includes measure numbers 1, 3, 5, and 7 at the beginning of each line.

Beyond the orchard was the house gardens where the vegetables grew so lush, the barn with the cows and horses, chickens roaming, and the rather mean turkeys.

Sometimes Uncle Geary would hook up the wagon, and Grandma, Aunt Golda, Mother, and we children would ride to the "Lion's Mouth" to explore and have our lunch. *****

This is a large old cedar tree that the cattle had milled under making plenty of room for us to stand beneath it out of the sun. Or we'd go up to Aunt Sarah's sometimes called the Lockridge Place to gather watercress to eat with our lunch.

I can remember going to Grandma Page's for Christmas one year. I don't remember Christmas Day, but the trip I well remember. I must have been five or six. We went in a covered wagon. For several days in

advance, our fireplace was lined with good sized rocks and bricks, and a fire was kept to heat them clear through. The wagon box was lined sides and bottom with hay, and the hot rocks and bricks were well wrapped in paper and burlap sacks and nestled in the hay in the center of the wagon. We had plenty of quilts and pillows--all this to keep us warm. We left early in the morning, and it was getting evening when we got to Roy and Sadie Grant's place up Harmony Canyon and everything was white with snow. We were made welcome, given a good warm supper, and beds to sleep in.

Next morning after breakfast we were eager to be on our way to Grandma's. It was cold and the snow was deep; it was hard to find the road which we knew came very near the edge of the dugway. Papa and Roy decided it best that we forget the road and keep to the east of the ravine where there was no road. We had to go slantwise up and over a rocky knoll. Roy knew the terrain like the back of his hand, so on horse back he was out front leading the tugging team. Sometimes the hind end of the wagon would slip

down the hill: Papa, holding the reins, stood on the upper side of the wagon adding his extra weight to keep the wagon from flipping over. We were huddled inside the wagon, still warmed by the rocks but holding our



The "Lion's Mouth" was about five miles from the ranch. It is a large rock outcropping at the top of a hill. From a distance, the shallow cave beneath the large stone (where there are Indian petroglyphs) gives the rock the appearance of a reclining lion with its mouth open. We would eat our lunch there, sheltered from the rain or the sun. We always stopped at the "Lone Tree" when making this trip.

breathes. I don't suppose it was more than 30 to 45 minutes we were in this precarious situation. But it was scary. We eventually got onto the road lined with bushes and trees but so white with snow that the road bed was obliterated. Here Papa got into the wagon. We thanked and said good-bye to Roy, and were on our way to Grandma's. What a welcome, and what a Christmas!



The Lone Tree. Back row, from left: Geary Page, Eva P. Higbee, Edwin R. Higbee, John Page, Sophia G. Page, Dora H. Page holding her baby Pearl Page. Front row, from left: Wilma L. Higbee, Magnola Higbee, Glen Page, Eleen Higbee, Rita Page, Joseph Page.



Close -up of the fence in front of my schoolhouse (Also on page 32)

C

C

four-c
we ca
was fi
of icin
age, I

than a
made
flour
very a
lump
sides

to atte
I was
corner
went
hardly
the m
he'd g

were c
pour
got cl
long;
the fir
was g
up the
Christ
and he
ing fin
to Sar
childr

electri
They
Dress
mante

Chapter 4

Childhood Holidays...

Christmas is always a magical time to me. I can't seem to find words to explain the wonderful feeling that comes over me at this season. My childhood Christmases started right after Thanksgiving when Mama would make the two big fruitcakes. Oh, what a spicy aroma filled our home as they baked in four-quart milk pans. When cooled, Mama coated them with a heavy icing, wrapped, and stored them in what we called the Baby Box to cure until Christmas. By then the icing would be hard and cracking off. The icing was flavored by the fruit and spices, and we could eat it now. So yummy! Mama would then put a thin coat of icing on the cakes just to keep them moist. These cakes set the stage for Christmas. Even at that tender age, I savored the different flavors in foods.

About this time Mama would be steaming the figs we had so carefully dried. I like these figs better than any candy except Patience. There would be fresh bread or a ham baking; her dressing was a delight, made with the fresh dried sage from her garden. Her plum puddings (that were boiled in the corner of a cloth flour sack) looked like giant candy kisses. Mama was not only an excellent cook, but she served the food in a very attractive manner. I still see the mashed potatoes piled high in a dish looking like a volcano with a big lump of butter in the top. She would dip her knife in hot water and make regularly spaced furrows down the sides of the mound.

Then there was the school Christmas programs that we were always in--costumes to be made, practices to attend, and finally the performance, the feeling of accomplishment, and Christmas just a little closer. When I was six, we practiced for the Christmas program in the church hall which was heated by a big stove in the corner. At our dress rehearsal the morning of the performance, I stood by the stove and got very warm, then went on to the stage which was cold and got chilled. That afternoon I started with the croup. By night I could hardly breathe, and Mama and Papa told me I couldn't go to the program. I felt so bad I cried and cried, and the more I cried the worse my breathing got. Papa said that if I'd stop crying and be content at staying home, he'd give me a dollar. I knew I couldn't go, so I stopped crying and got the first silver dollar I ever owned.

At Christmas time, the Sears and Montgomery Ward catalogues played a big part in our lives. These were our store windows filled with toys. Papa called them our Wish Books. Eleen and Magnola and I would pour over them, choosing the doll, tea set, ironing board, etc. with much enthusiasm and anticipation. As it got closer to Christmas, we made our lists, and Mama or Papa would say, "Now, don't make your lists too long; remember Santa Claus has lots of children to take presents to." This didn't deter me in the least. When the fire was booming in the fireplace, we would give our lists to Papa. Now he was no ventriloquist, but he was good enough for us. He would put his hand up to the side of his mouth, and call up the chimney. "Hello, up there," and a strange little voice would answer back, "Hello." And he would say, "Wilma has made her Christmas list. Please fill it the best you can, Santa." At that he would light it from the fire in the fireplace, and hold it until it was almost nothing but a piece of charred paper, and with a toss and a draft from the booming fire, it would be carried up the chimney. We would clap our hands and be satisfied that it was on its way to Santa. He did the same for Eleen and Magnola and later on for Lamond and Maree; even the neighborhood children would bring their notes for him to send.

We usually had a Christmas tree. To begin with we had candles on them, but we later graduated to electric lights. Oh, I well remember the cute little candle holders that clipped on the ends of the branches. They looked like little cups ready to hold the three inch candles. Then Christmas Eve was pure magic. Dressed in our flannel nightgowns, and by lamplight, we would watch our parents hang our stockings from the mantel "in the firelight's fitful gleam." Then off to bed, we'd say our prayers, and Mama would kiss us and

tuck us in. Usually sleep didn't come easy, but by daybreak we were up, there was a fire in the fireplace, and the candles on the tree had been lit for the first and only time during the season, since Mama and Papa were afraid the tree would catch on fire. What a sight. Our joy was overflowing. The first thing I looked for was my doll. She'd be tucked in the top of my stocking.

A few years later, the first item on my list was a medium blue velvet hat, but I had little hopes of getting it. How delighted I was, Christmas morning, that Santa had been able to bring it. I remember many a Christmas morning after presents were open, and we were quiet, holding our dolls, I thought, how much love, peace, and harmony there was, and such an air of contentment. I just wanted to hold the feeling and make it last forever. I hardly wanted to breath. Then my thought turned to the Baby Jesus in the manger, for Mama had taught us that He was the center of Christmas.

I always felt sorry for our friends across the street, who were not allowed to see their Christmas until after they had had breakfast. To me, the dark early morning time was pure magic. We even got to go see Aunt Rhea and Uncle Tom's children to see what Santa had brought them before we went home to breakfast.

Yes Christmas was, and is, a wonderful, hallowed, yet joyous time.

The Fourth of July

The 4th of July was almost as exciting as Christmas. The town was wakened just before dawn by the big noise of a charge of dynamite going off. And almost before we had our breakfast, a horse drawn hay rack would come down the street carrying the martial band playing in a loud booming way. This set the stage for the fun we all anticipated to take place on the lower street starting about 10:00 A.M. We always had a new dress for the 4th of July, so all decked out, we were on time for the races. There were foot races for nearly every age group, and there were games and exhibitions for men and women. There wasn't such a thing as ice cream in the store, but on this day, my dear mother and Aunt Evelyn Lamb made vanilla ice cream for everyone to enjoy. They made it in Aunt Evelyn's cellar in five and ten gallon ice cream freezers. They had big boys to crank the freezers. They sold it by the cone or by the dish--five cents a cone or fifteen cents a dish. Mama had to have the cones shipped in. I don't think I will ever find any ice cream that tasted as good as that did--creamy, sweet, and cold. It was yummy. The day ended with a dance in the Town Hall. What fond memories.

Childhood Games

As I said, we had no ice cream parlor, no movie hall, no skating rink, no TV--only home-made entertainment. So on summertime evenings, we children played games in the middle of the street because there weren't any cars, and the horses and cows were in the corral. We played Run Sheepy Run, and our play area would cover the entire town. We played Pom Pom pull away; it's almost like Three Ducks A-rowing, and we played Steal the Sticks. Our games were very athletic.

We did a few things that were dangerous, now that I think about it. It was when we first had electric town lights. The main light was on the street by the church. The ground wires went from the tops of the big poles right down into the ground. We'd line up about fifteen to twenty five kids, or how many wanted to come out to play, and we'd all get hold of hands. The guy next to the ground-wire would grab hold of it, and the electricity would go through all of us like a streak. When the charge came to the person on the end, it would just pop him right off. We knew what it would do, but we thought there wasn't enough power to kill us. And no body got hurt, but we got awfully charged up. I'm sure our parents didn't know.

Although there was one activity they did know about. We'd use a horse with a single tree, and with a rope we'd hook on a 2" by 10" plank about 8 to 10 feet long. Then as many children as could would stand on this board. Whoever was driving the horse would get it walking, slowly at first, then increase the speed slightly. Suddenly he would slap the horse on its rump with the reins to see how many could stay on the board when the horse made a sudden jerk. Usually we'd all fall off.

If we wanted to have a real party, some afternoon we'd play jacks--the boys would stand the girls--to see who had to give the party. We usually had anywhere from sixteen to twenty kids in our group. We'd sit in a ring in somebody's living room each taking their turn. If the boys won, the girls gave the party; if the girls won, the boys gave the party. Depending on the season, we'd play for an onion supper (where we had bread and milk and onions), a watercress supper, a strawberry supper, or a candy pull, or whatever we designated. We had some great times with these parties--boys and girls helped with everything. Sometimes we went "stealing watermelons." We really didn't steal them; we went to Uncle Howard Bringham's. He had a great big melon patch with cantaloupes, watermelons, casabas, and Crenshaw melons (Mama's favorite). I found out later that when Scott went to "steal" the watermelons out of his own father's patch, Uncle Howard and Scott had already picked the melon's and placed them off in one corner. I often wondered why they only went to that one corner of the patch instead of out in the middle.

We did everything together; we didn't pair off. Scott was supposed to be my beau. And he knew he was my beau, although we didn't do anything alone, just with the group. We had these parties up until we were fifteen or so.

Once we were playing in the street and Scott's brother George was there, he was Eileen's beau. I asked him where Scott was, and he said, "Scott's in bed. He goes to bed before it's dark under the table."

One night we were having a party at Melba Jackson's, and in one of the rooms some of the kids were playing with an Ouija Board. This was a board that was supposed to answer questions. The players put their

fingers lightly on a flat iron shaped piece that rested on a board. One and then another would come out and laugh and tell how the little piece was jumping up and down, and how it would spell out the word. I went into the room, and they asked it a question. I laughed and said I don't believe in Ouija boards. They kept asking it questions, and it wouldn't work. Finally they said, "Wilma, will you please leave. It won't work because of you." And I said, "Okay. I didn't think it would work." They said when I left it worked. I don't believe in messing around with evil spirits.



Toquerville School picture. The first two rows are my class. Front row, from left: Ruthvan Bringham, LaVell Sylvester, Harvey Theobald, Alma Wakeling, Scott Bringham, Teddy Barton. Second row, from left: ? headless body, curly headed Wilma Higbee, ?, Fay Jackson, Christina Gregerson, Leah Dodge. The other students are older.



Chapter 5

High School...

When it was time for Eleen and me to attend high school and Magnola to attend grade school, we came to St. George because there was no High School in Toquerville. We rented Dodge's duplex at 184 North 200 West. Gena was born there the 12th of October, and I turned 14 on the 29th. A lot of responsibility was placed on Eleen and my shoulders to see that everything was done. Sometimes we got up before light to get all of the washing done, because we knew that Mama needed baby clothes. Mama was ill for quite some time, so we had to see that Lamond, four years old, and Maree, aged two, were fed and dressed before we went to school. We ran home at noon and saw that Mama's needs were met and everyone fed. After school, we did our homework, took care of the children, cooked supper for the family, and if Papa wasn't home, I had to milk the cow. It was a hard year.

I had taken two grades in one year--my second and third grades--so I was only thirteen when I started High School (9th grade), and I weighed 79 pounds. Everyone was bigger than I was. It was the most devastating year of my life. To me, I was alone and the school big. I was lonely, lonely, lonely. In Toquerville, I had always been in the center of things, and in St. George I was out of everything. So school was no fun. By spring I did start to make friends; it was a little better then.

Mama was up and going when Christmas rolled around. We had a lovely decorated tree, and it felt like Christmas. This was really Lamond's Christmas because when we woke up there was a Shetland Pony tied to his bedpost--saddle, bridle, red striped blanket, with a sweater for Lamond to match the blanket. Imagine our surprise! The horse was jet black, so we called him Coaly.

His tail and mane were long and curly. The kids all over the neighborhood came to see. From then on I was given one more task. Because the horse was a mean little cuss (he wanted to bite, and Lamond was too small to manage him alone), Papa told me that I was to ride him each day. My first chore after school was to saddle and bridle him and take off. I went west on to Diagonal Street, and let him have his head. He needed the exercise and was so eager to move that he fairly flew up the street. It was good for both of us. It worked out my frustrations and relieved his pent up energy.

That continued until spring when school was out, and we took him home to Toquerville with us. That summer I was back with my own group. We had all matured, so I enjoyed life much more. We dated and danced and had a good time. That year Lawrence Kleinman was my special boy-friend.

That fall the new school building in Toquerville had been completed. It had IN-DOOR PLUMBING! I went to the 10th grade there. It was a wonderful year. I really got in and studied hard. Wyatt Miles and Glen Snow were two of the teachers who were very good. Wyatt became a doctor and Glen became a senator from Utah.

The following summer I met Arthur Kemp. His father had the contract to build the big bridge over Ash Creek north of Toquerville,



Lamond on Coaly two or three years after the memorable Christmas when Coaly arrived.

which took most of the summer. Wes Nelson also came to work with them, so that made two new boys in town. Arthur was so dashing and handsome--a cross between Gregory Peck and Gary Cooper--that all the girls would find any reason to walk by his house, but I wouldn't have any of that. I thought Arthur was cute but a little bit fresh.

He kept paying a little more attention to me, and I didn't want him to think I was chasing him, so in order to get to my friend Irene Kleinman's house at the south end of town, I would go down around on the lower street, missing the house the Kemp's were renting. I didn't want to give Arthur the satisfaction of seeing me. If we were approaching each other on the sidewalk, I'd cross the street to the other side and pretend I was going somewhere else, so I wouldn't have to face him. However, we continued to have our parties and invited Arthur and Wes to come.

There was a dance in the Town (Church) Hall. Edwin Slack who rented part of his house to the Kemp family, told Arthur he'd get a date for him with the cutest girl in town, Fay Jackson. But Arthur said, "No, I am going with anybody, it will be that cute little, curly haired Higbee girl." Since he didn't dare ask me, and didn't dare look at him, he and Wes came to the dance alone. He was a little

embarrassed, because he had just washed his hair, and like all naturally curly hair, it had gone rather high and frizzy. Of course, during the evening we finally got to dance together--several times. I called him Arthur, and then after a while we called him Arty after a popular song.

For Art's seventeenth birthday, we girls got together and had a backwards party for him at Lillian's, Aunt Rhea's daughter. We wore our clothes backward, came in the back door, served the lunch first, and played games after. One of the games we played that every one enjoyed was "Spin the Bottle." By now I liked Arthur quite well.

Later that summer, we all went to a Swimming Party down to the La Verkin Hot Springs. Arthur got his father's Ford truck with a flat bed. He and Wes put hay on it, and the whole crowd went; it was like a hay ride. I rode up in front with Arthur.



Wilma Higbee and Irene Kleinman the summer I met Arthur.



Thanksgiving Day 1924. Front to back: Eleen Higbee, Wilma Higbee, Irene Kleinman

Arty

1

Art - y, Art - y, hap - py as a lark ev - ry bod - y makes the same re - mark

5

Is - n't he a dai - sy Art - y sets them cra - zy All the girls are dead in love with Art - y.

Chapter 6

On Cedar Mountain...

I would never have met Art that summer had we gone to Cedar Mountain as we usually did. Papa bid and got the jobs building roads on Cedar Mountain during most of the years that I was 11 to 16. He made the first improved roads over Cedar Mountain. Up till then, the roads were more like cow trails. He made the roads up Parowan Canyon, in Fredonia, Kiabab Forest, Circleville Canyon, the first road into Bryce Canyon including the two tunnels, and many other places in Utah and Nevada. In the summer our family went with him; we now had Lamond, Maree, and Gena. Uncle Tom and Aunt Rhea Wakeling, (Papa's sister) also took their family--Alma, Lillian, Wendell, Winnie, and Luree.

Uncle Tom was the camp cook assisted by Mama and Aunt Rhea. He was an excellent chef. Eleen, Lillian, and I set tables and washed dishes for the crew of at least thirty men plus our families. We all lived in tents, and the cook shack was an extra large tent where both cooking and eating was done. The men ate first, and the families afterwards. When the bell sounded, the food was ready. The food was served family style--first there, first served.

By the middle of the summer, we were quite familiar with all the men's habits. One man was always first, came in, heaped his plate, and ate like a pig. Because of his greediness, Eleen, Lillian, and I felt that he ought to be taught a lesson, so when he came in one day, he found that he had for his dish a great big flat bowl, and his spoon was a stirring spoon about fourteen inches long, and his knife and fork were the butcher knife and fork that Uncle Tom used for cutting the roasts. He looked a little chagrined, but I'm sure he got the message. He was more mannerly after that.

Other than setting tables and doing dishes, we had lots of time to roam the mountains both afoot and horseback. We learned the names of almost all of the flowers from Aunt Allie Knell who spent a



From left: Lamond Higbee in front of Papa Edwin Higbee, Mama Eva P. Higbee, man in hat, Annie Neagle, ?, ?, Alma Wakeling, ?, Tom Wakeling, Reah H. Wakeling, Eleen Higbee, Nels Empey, Ethyl Forsyth. Seated in front, from left: Wilma Higbee, Lillian Wakeling, Lenore Thurston.



Back row on horse: Eleen Higbee, Ethyl Forsyth. Front on Coaly: Lillian Wakeling, Wilma Higbee.

month on the mountain. (She was a sister of Uncle Frank Knell who was married to Aunt Amy, Mama's sister). She and a friend had their own tent, and did their own cooking. They camped near us because they didn't want to be alone. She enjoyed nature, hiking with us, and teaching us the names of all the flowers and ferns. And on rainy days, she taught us to play "Five Hundred," a card game which was to me, a real interesting game. It was a challenge because since you only had one bid, you had to evaluate your hand and put in the highest bid possible. It sharpened your mind, and you had to keep your wits about you in order to play. I mastered it and was pretty good at it. Before she left she said that we all had become a challenge to her.

We also made candy on rainy days, even though the experts say if you make candy in rainy weather it will go grainy. But we got along just fine. We did a lot a crocheting and hand work. We also made daily trips in a buggy to the sheep camp nearby where we bought the meat for the camp. We sang as we traveled coming and going over the mountain. The songs we sang then, I sang to our own children along with the songs that came from Art's family. This next one is representative of the kind of story we sang.

Grandmother's Old Armchair



1. My Grand - moth - er she, at the age of eight - y
 2. I thought it hard - ly fair. Still I said I did n't
 3. What the law - yer said was true. For in a year or
 4. Now one night the chair fell down, when I picked it up, I



three One day in May was tak - en ill and died. And
 care, And in the eve - ning took the chair a way. My
 two. Strange to say I set - tled down in marr - ied life. I
 found the seat had fall - en out up - on the floor. And



al - ter she was dead, the will, of course, was read by a
 broth - er at me laughed. The law - yer at me chafed, Saying, "Twill
 first a girl did court. And then the ring I bought. Took her
 there to my sur - prise. I saw be - fore my eyes. A



law - yer as we all stood by his side. To my broth - er, it was
 come in hand - y. John, some day. When you sett - le down in
 to the church and then she was my wife. Now the dear old girl and
 lot of notes, ten thous - and - pound or more. When my broth - er heard of



found, she had left a hun - dred pound. The same un - to my
 life, get some girl to be your wife, You'll find it might - y
 me are as hap - py as can be. And when my work is
 this, the poor fell - ow I con - fess, Went al - most mad with

na's sis-
they did-
s and
l interest-
put in
play. I
her.

weather it
daily trips
and coming
things that


y
n't
or
l

a
will
her

as
d
r

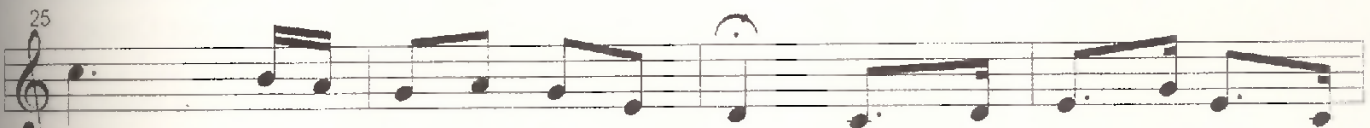
y
h

21



sis - ter, I de - clare. But when it came to
hand - ys, I de - clare. On a cold and frost - y
o - ver I de - clare. I ne'er a - broad do
rage and tore his hair. But I on - ly winked at


25



me the law - yer said, "I see. She has left you but the
night, when then fire is burn - ing bright. You can sit down in your
room, but each night I stay at home. And stay seat - ed in the
him as I sly - ly whis - pered, "Jim, don't you wish you had the

29

Chorus



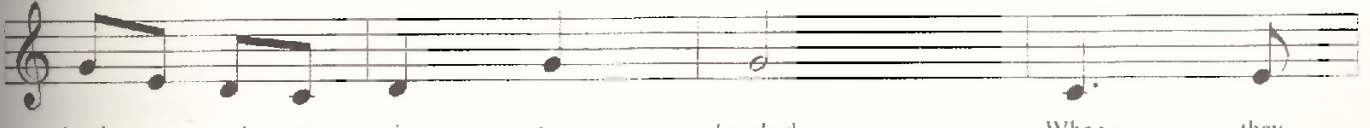
Old Arm - chair." 1. 2. 3. How they
Old Arm - chair".
Old Arm - chair.
Old Arm - chair." 4. No more they

33




tit - tered, how more they chaffed. No How more my
tit - tered No more they chaffed. No more my

37



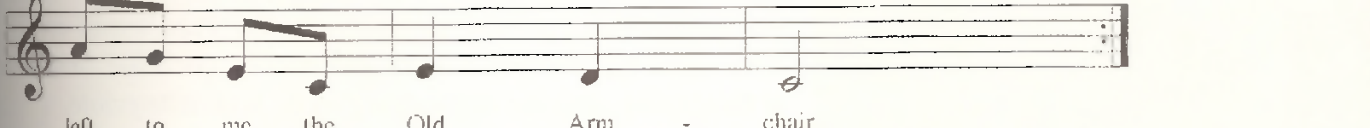
broth - er and my sis - ter laughed. When they
broth - er and my sis - ter laughed, When they

41



heard the law - yer de - clare. Gran - ny had
heard the law - yer de - clare. Gran - ny had

45



left to me the Old Arm - chair.
left to me the Old Arm - chair.

In 1923 when I was thirteen and a half, Grandpa Higbee's brother, Uncle Isaac Higbee, who was in his eighties, had visited us on the mountain for about a week and had to meet the train in Cedar City to go home to Nevada. So someone had to take him. Also, Papa had ordered a new motor for the car, and it was to be installed when the car arrived in Cedar City. Papa chose me to be the driver. The morning we were to leave,



This is the Studebaker Coupe I drove off the mountain. This photograph was taken two years later in 1925. From left: Eleen Higbee, Harold Slack, Lillian Wakeling, Laurence Kleinman.

against the mountainside embankment where it had slipped off the road as he tried to negotiate a turn. He had really hugged the mountain. There were two fellows with the car, and one asked me if I would hook on to their car and pull them back on the road. You must remember I was short and small, only about eighty pounds. I told him I didn't know anything about pulling another vehicle out, especially as the road was wet and on a downhill slope. The other man spoke up and told me to go on, that they would wait for another car. I was relieved, although I hated to leave them stranded. Imagine, sending a young girl of that size and an old man who couldn't drive a car, off Cedar mountain in a rain and hail storm. The times are so different now. I wasn't afraid then, but as I think of it now, I should have been.

We made it to Cedar on time for Uncle Ike to board the train. I stayed with Grandpa Higbee's sister,



Wilna on Cedar Mountain - 1926

it was really stormy, with hail as big as quarters. Mama didn't think I should go, especially as the car motor was about shot. Papa said I was the best driver and could make it.

It was a large tan Studebaker Coupe with a black top and a jump seat. We started about eight thirty or nine. It was still hailing, but beginning to let up a little. The roads were wet and narrow. Part way down the canyon, a man stepped out in the road and waved his arms for us to stop. His car was leaning

against the mountainside embankment where it had slipped off the road as he tried to negotiate a turn. He had really hugged the mountain. There were two fellows with the car, and one asked me if I would hook on to their car and pull them back on the road. You must remember I was short and small, only about eighty pounds. I told him I didn't know anything about pulling another vehicle out, especially as the road was wet and on a downhill slope. The other man spoke up and told me to go on, that they would wait for another car. I was relieved, although I hated to leave them stranded. Imagine, sending a young girl of that size and an old man who couldn't drive a car, off Cedar mountain in a rain and hail storm. The times are so different now. I wasn't afraid then, but as I think of it now, I should have been.

We made it to Cedar on time for Uncle Ike to board the train. I stayed with Grandpa Higbee's sister, Aunt Charlotte Haight in Cedar City for a couple of days while the new motor was installed. The mechanic told me that with the new motor I should not try to go fast as the motor needed to be broken in gradually so not to exceed a certain speed; he didn't want the engine to over heat while I was alone. I had to drive up Highway 91, go over Bear Valley, through Panguitch, and then meet my folks on top of the mountain on Highway 89. None of the highways or roads were paved; they were gravel roads. The slow speed and the distance made it a very long and lonely drive. But they were waiting for me as planned.

The last time we went as a family on Cedar Mountain was the summer of 1925; that year we didn't live in tents. We rented a house in Glendale, near Orderville. Aunt Rhea, Uncle Tom, and family didn't go with us this time. But Papa's road crew were close by, camped in tents just outside Glendale. They ate at their camp, and we had nothing to do with it anymore.

It was a real fun summer; there were dances in Orderville. We were in a small town where we could go to church, shop a little, and receive mail. This suited me because by now Arthur and I were corresponding--a letter was very important. We lived across the street from a big house that had been turned into a hotel and run by "Aunt" Mary Smith (no relation). She

made us all very much at home, especially Lamond who was six years old. He found a friend in Tony, a Basque, who was Aunt Mary's right hand man. This friendship lasted all through the rest of Tony's life, which was after Lamond was married to Janice and their children grown.

In front of the house where we lived was a large ditch full of water. The big Studebaker was parked by the house. One day, Mama decided to take a ride. She hadn't driven much. In her effort, she backed into the ditch which was wide enough to accommodate the whole car. When Papa came with the team to pull the car out, he didn't ask Mama if she was hurt, only if the car was alright. She never tried to drive again. I was real upset about him putting the car before my mother.



C

F

es
s
everyo
going c

meet A
year I w
Mr. Ke
build th
Enterp
whole y
father.
been to
look at
way. I
school
senior.
through
in Toq
missed
Enterp
same c
when v
Since h

one of
anothe

dark.

the ba

peppy

the hor
his gy

lege, I
had ju

Wilms



Chapter 7

High School With Arthur...

For my third and fourth years of high school, we moved back to St. George for the school term. We rented from Uncle Urie and Aunt Temp McFarlane at 112 South Main, the second house across the street south from the old college. They weren't really related, but he was the Dixie College custodian, and everyone in town called them by these endearing terms. Living here put me in a position to know everything going on at school.

The reason I didn't meet Art in school the first year I was at Dixie was that Mr. Kemp had the contract to build the high school in Enterprise, and Art took the whole year off to work with his father. We would both have been too shy and scared to look at each other then, anyway. But he was back in school when I was a junior and senior. Since I had gone through two grades in one year in Toquerville, and he had missed that year working in Enterprise, we were both in the same class. And that was when we commenced to date.

Since he had been in Toquerville that summer, we already knew each other.

Some of the girls in his class told him that he didn't have to go to Toquerville to find a girl friend, any one of them would have been glad to have gone with him. He laughed. He only had one other date with another girl one summer when I was on the mountain.

These next two school years in St George were as different from my first year there as daylight is from dark. I had grown a little, I had matured a lot, I had friends, and studying was now a pleasure.

Music, drama, and athletics were a big part of Dixie. The gym was always packed--the main floor and the balcony--every time a game was played.

Art and Wes were the cheerleaders when we were juniors. They were enthusiastic, and we knew many peppy cheers. We almost raised the roof off the gym when Dixie played Cedar City. What rivalry!

Coach Chester Whitehead wanted Art to play basketball, but Art was more interested in working out on the horizontal and parallel bars doing acrobatic stunts. In fact, Art took over teaching the gymnastics part of his gym class, so the coach could spend his time with the ball team.

I was very good in my gym class. At a track meet which included the high school as well as the college, I won the hurdles, breaking the school record. The girl running for the college started crying. She said I had jumped the gun. The officials said I hadn't, but then asked me if I would run a second time against her. I didn't have to, but I did, and I beat her farther than ever.



Higbee Family, from left: Gena, Maree, Lamond, Magnola, Wilma, Eleen, Eva (Mama), and Edwin (Papa). Taken in front of the McFarlane's rental house 1925.

Wilma Higbee and Arthur Kemp. Summer 1927



Gym class pyramid. Top: Wilma Higbee. Center row, from left: Mary Wadsworth, Kathleen (Kay) Lund. Bottom row, from left: Voile Stucki, Lula Hunt, Velma Hall.



Me and My Banjo 1927

I really liked my church history class taught by William Harrison, my drama class with Miss Ruby Bryner, and my cooking class (Domestic Science) under Mrs. Mae Ward Hunt. Cooking was my last class of the day, and Arthur used to wait for me at the door. One day Mrs. Hunt said, "My, you have an attentive brother." We both had curly blond hair. We all got a good laugh out of that.

My father thought I learned a lot of high toned etiquette in this cooking class. We learned everything--from both inside and outside a coal range and how to cook on it, to setting a formal table. After Mama's youngest sister, Aunt Golda, and Uncle Heber Smith were married in the St. George Temple, we had a wedding dinner for them at our place when we lived at Uncle Urie's. I helped Mama prepare and serve the dinner. Papa kept kidding me by asking me if I had the right knife and the right forks in the right place. But everyone enjoyed the meal, regardless of the spoons.

I wanted to take piano lessons, but Papa wouldn't hear of it, because he said, "Eleen didn't practice enough." !! ? He liked the banjo and thought I would do well with it. So when I showed up with my new banjo for my appointment with the music teacher at Dixie College, Earl J. Bleak (who played both violin and trumpet), he told me he could read string music, but he didn't know how to play the banjo. So he called in Ray Whipple, who was two years older than I was. Ray played in the dance orchestra at the college with Mr. Bleak. He could read music, but he also played by ear. Well, his fingers flew up and down the neck of the banjo, with his other hand going even faster on the strings. I was overwhelmed, and my heart sunk to the bottom of my toes. Between the two of them, I took lessons one winter. But it wasn't for me, so that ended my musical career.

I wanted to take typing, but Papa said he didn't want me sitting on any old man's lap. So that was that. What I should have had was business course; I liked figures, and I could have done well at it.

I truly wanted to take ballet, but there was no teacher, no opportunity, and no future in it. I ached inside whenever I saw a real ballerina performing on the screen, and I still do to this day.

These two years were fun years. Art and I went steady; we usually went with Wes and whoever was his date for the evening, which finally was Althea Snow. We danced every Friday plus special dances like the Prom, Christmas, and the D-Day Dance when the hall was really decorated. For all the dances, including the weekly ones, we wore long formals. I loved to dance, and my card was always full. Dancing was so important to me that if I didn't dance at least once a week, I was as unfulfilled as if I had missed church. Which was saying a lot. Because if I didn't go to church and partake of the sacrament, I just couldn't face the next week.

On D-Day we all went up on the Black Hill and cleaned and whitewashed the "D." Every class had an assignment, so we also

William
my
rd Hunt.
to wait
have
We all
quette in
inside
ng a
la, and
mple, we
ved at
ner.
nife and
d the
hear of
? He
o when I
h the
ved both
asic, but
Ray
yed in
could
flew
going
heart
m, I
ical
itting
d was a
it.
pportu-
l balle-
e usual-
which
ial
n the
weekly
as
nce at
ake of
d
e also

ate our lunch up there by classes. We were always assigned food to bring. After the first time I brought Potato Salad, that was my assignment from then on.

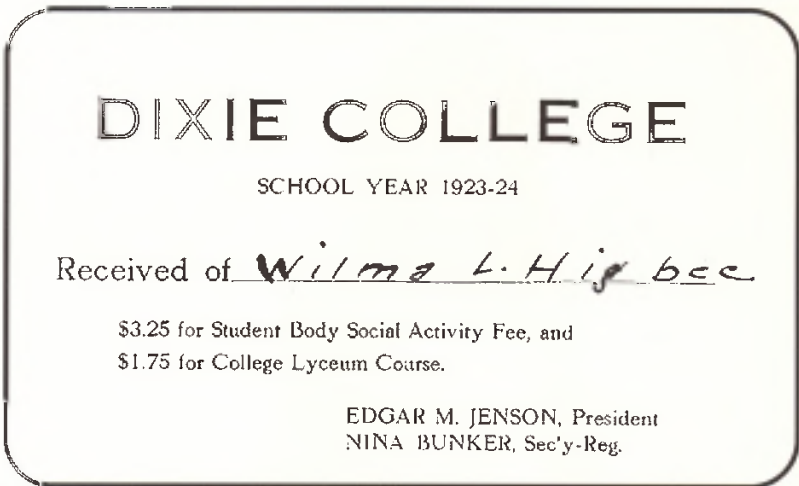
I always enjoyed the Shataqua Series. They were included in our student body tickets. There were four or five of these professional entertainments each year. There were musicals, dramatic readings, one-act plays, and dance. One of the dancers was so graceful and fairy like up on the stage that I was surprised to see her after the performance and realize that she was really between fifty and sixty years old.

Our senior year at Dixie, Arthur was class president, which was fun for both of us because we were involved in everything. Art and I tried out for parts in the school play. He got his part, but I wasn't so lucky. That is a long story and some underhanded work went on and that is the "Plain Truth."

I didn't get to be D Queen that year, either. Voting was a penny a vote, and after the polls were closed and the officials were counting the money, at a knock, someone opened the door and accepted a \$20 check, putting another girl a few points above me. In both cases, some of the offending parties tried to make amends afterwards, but they couldn't give me back what I had lost. It took me a long time to get over my hurt feelings. I did learn that sometimes even good, respectable, church adults don't stand on firm, fair principles. So I have tried very hard throughout my life to be fair in all things. It is so much easier for everyone.

Art and I were really an item. Every one knew the couple involved when this feature appeared in the school newspaper.

A Romance!
Where?
Art gallery or behind stage scenery
When?
Any time. (7:40 to 7:40)
Acts?
One--the last.
Scenes?
One and two. Scene two (seen too) by anybody who looks.
Characters?
Heroa marcelled blond.
Heroine ditto.



My Dixie College Activity Card 1923-24 school year. Imagine, everything for the school year for only \$5!



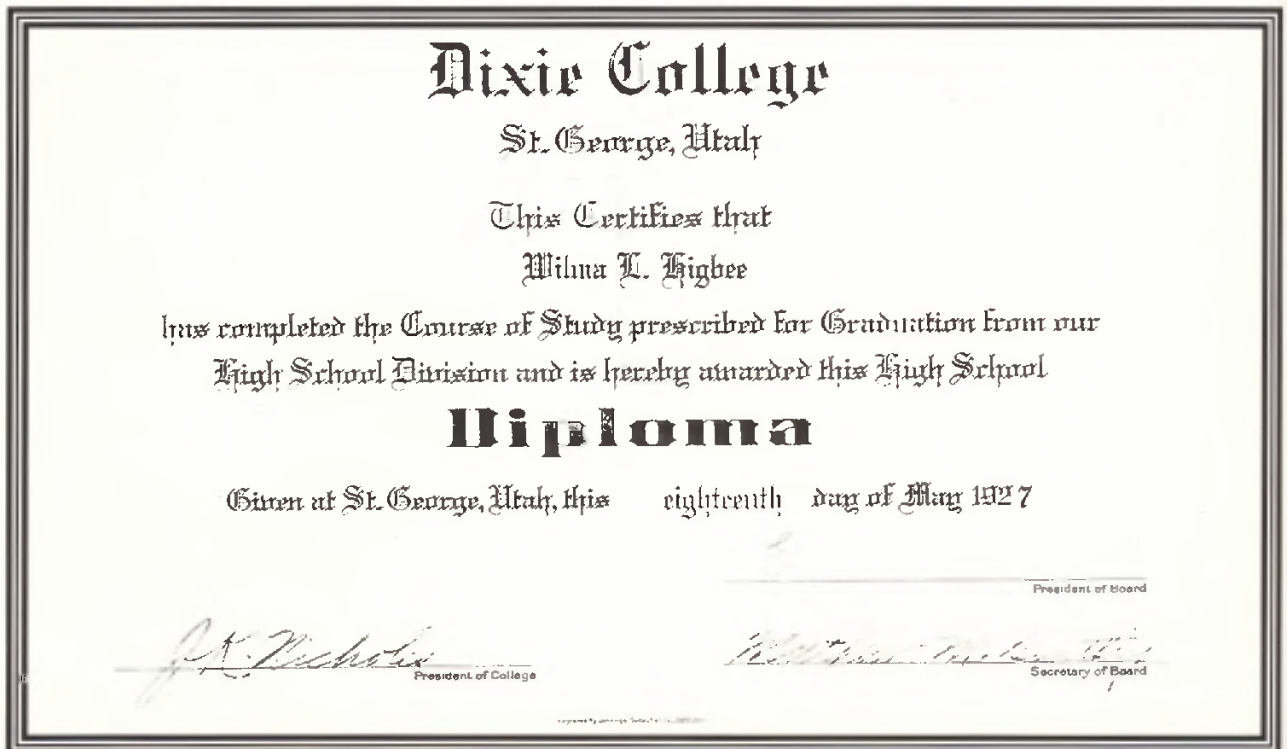


I graduated from High School 18 May 1927, when I was seventeen. I had a very lovely dress. There was only one year when this type of skirt was in style. The front of the skirt is up to the knee, and gradually goes down in the back until it is almost ankle length. It is aqua georgette, with 18 inch deep lace of the same color at the bottom of the skirt and also forming the shawl collar. It has a spray of silk ribbon flowers at one side of the skirt with a small rosebud on the collar. Underneath at the hip line there are two small bone hoops that can be tied with ribbons making the side poof out to the wearers pleasure. I can still get into my graduation dress, but it is a little snug around the waist.

Arthur didn't graduate; he had more than enough credits, but he hadn't taken the required church history class, and Dixie High School was church school at the time. But that didn't hamper us from having a wonderful time at the graduation dance. Like all graduations, the meeting beforehand was long, tedious, and dry.



Sandra L. Frei, granddaughter, modeling my graduation dress. The color has faded a little since I wore it 71 years ago.



Chapter 8

After High School...

The spring of 1927 my father and mother decided to sell or rather make a trade of our home in Toquerville and move to Cedar City. We moved into a big house about a block south of the Rock Church on Main Street with the intentions of making a deal with Arch Spilsbury for it. It was a nice house, no better than the one we had in Toquerville, but by fall we all decided we would rather live in St. George.

It was a good summer in Cedar, much cooler than in Toquer or St. George, which agreed with our dear mother. She had had a sun stroke a year or so before, and the heat bothered her. Aunt Golda, now married, lived in either Enoch or Cedar and came to see us quite often. Grandma Page, who had had a stroke, and who could only sit and hold her hands in her lap with her fingers straight out because they were so swollen, would look at them and say, "These confounded hands." I felt so sorry for her. She enjoyed being with us for a month. We all enjoyed taking care of her; we loved her, and she had always been so good to us.

I was so glad when Arthur could come to see me. He came about once a month and wrote every few days. He was my steady, but I also went with a fellow who lived next door named Mel Thorley. He was about Art's age; he liked to dance and so did I. There was an open air dance once a week, and we went dancing and to dinner.

When we came to Cedar City, we brought our cow along with us, as usual. I was the one who did all the milking. How embarrassed I was one evening when I looked up, and there was Mel with his arms folded on top of the fence watching me milk. OH, WELL! I guess they all had to find out I was the milk maid. The summer Art was in Toquerville, he came to the corral with me to milk. I started, but he wanted to do it for me, so half way through he took over. He was milking okay when the cow picked up her foot and put it straight into the bucket three-fourths full of milk. He had forgotten to keep his head in her flank.

While we were in Cedar, Eleen went to work at Jones Photo helping to develop film. It wasn't as steady as she wanted, so she got a job at a dry goods store, and I took the one at Jones' when they needed help.

We moved back to St. George, so our younger siblings were there in time to start school in September. We rented a house from Sandburg's at 139 South 100 East. It had a kitchen, a living room, dining room, three bedrooms, and a bathroom.

There weren't a lot of job opportunities in town. Eleen went to work at Andrew's dry goods store. I started to work at the St. George Cafe on Main between Tabernacle and what they now call the Boulevard. I worked there for a year and a half for \$30 a month, but the tips put me well over a hundred every month. Eleen and I bought Mama a new washing machine and



Wilma in Cedar City summer 1927