

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

BY

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Written before 1962 - with additions in August 1962 & Dec 63
 [digitized June/July 2005 - April Coleman - brackets and bolding are mine.]

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Life is God's most precious gift to man,
 Then let us make the most of it we can,
 And show Him that our love for Him is true,
 By doing what He would have us do.

On this the 11th day of November 1887, the wind beat a tattoo as it blew around the corner and through the cracks of the two room frame building, one of the few houses, the little village of Thatcher, Arizona, claimed at that time. The occupants within were unconscious of anything taking place without on this eventful day, for there was a sound much more welcome than the moaning of the wind, a sound that was as sweet as music to



the ears and quickened the heart beat, it was the first cry of a new born babe. The child **mother** looked up and smiled faintly when she heard the mid-wife (Grandma Borney, as she was known) say, "**Alice**, you have a lovely baby girl". They didn't have to wait for the mother to recover from an antiseptic to advise her of the good news, for God had said through pain and sorrow you shall bring forth children, and women in these days felt He had meant what He had said, not only to mother Eve, but to all her posterity.

Lucy Susan Hendricks waited with welcome arms to receive the tiny bundle, she was very proud, this was her first grandchild. She had given birth to fourteen children of her

own, but there is nothing that can give more joy than a grandchild.

The grandfather, **James William Hendricks**, waited anxiously at home to hear the good news, as did Alice's five sisters and two small brothers.

The father, **William Pedrick Asay**, no doubt was just as proud tho this was no new experience to him, for this was his eleventh child, he being much older than his wife Arminda Alice Hendricks. He had laid to rest his boyhood bride and seven of their ten children so may have had a tinge of fear and misgivings, but never the less he too was proud of his new little daughter and was happy to be daddy again.

Among those most happy was young William, a son by **William's** first marriage. So proud was Young Will that he told of the new baby every where he went. **Mother** even gave him the privilege of naming the new baby. [page 2] He chose the name **Mabel**, from a popular song that was being sung, which went, "Beautiful Mabel Claire no more will we gather the roses to twine in her golden hair". No wonder I have such a morbid disposition. Young Will almost worshiped his new stepmother, tho she was only three years older than he. He once said of her, "If there ever was an angel on earth, it is **Alice**".

I remember I remember the house where I was born

The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn

I also remember the house where I was born. It was a two room frame or lumber building. **Father** had moved it from Central onto a twenty acre tract of land given my **mother** by her **father, James William Hendricks**. In Central **father** had used one of the rooms to operate a small dry goods store and the other room for bachelor quarters. He continued to operate the business for some time after moving to Thatcher, a store in one room, living quarters in the other.

It wasn't what a modern day wife would consider living in, but in those early days of Thatcher, when people were fighting for an existence, it was good as most. Everything had to be freighted in, there being no railroad going through the valley at that time. The people were very poor but were very happy, more so than today with their fancy houses and heavy debts.



When I was one year old my **parents** went to St. George, Utah to be married in the temple, for time and eternity, and to have me sealed to them. H. N. Chlarson, wife Celia, and daughter Hilda accompanied them on this trip. *I was mistaken about Aunt Hilda's father accompanying us to St George. It was her brother and his wife.* [note written in by Mabel.] Hilda, whom we always

called Aunt Hilda, was to become my **fathers** wife in plural marriage. I was too young to remember anything of this trip, but for years I carried a reminder of it, by a scar over my left eye. I received this scar while being handed from one of my parents to the other from the wagon, by being dropped on my head, striking the wagon wheel, and cutting a bad gash. This gash left the bad scar.

I was a few months over two years when Aunt Nancy, who married about the time I

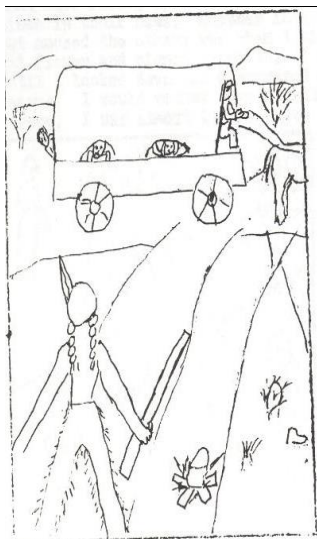
was born, gave birth to a baby girl they named Pearl. I lost my priority of being the only grandchild. I was two years and two months old when my sister Annie came to live with us. *She being born the 6th of January 1990.* [note written in by Mabel.]

The other aunts began to marry off and grand children began coming thick and fast.

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The five of us older children played together. There was Aunt Nancy's children, Pearl and Barbara; Aunt Katie's children, Frank and Katie; and myself and sister Annie. We all lived near each other, and near our wonderful **grandparents**, as **grandpa** had given each of his girls, that were married, twenty acres of land near him.

I was about five years old when the manifesto was passed, putting a stop to the practice of plural marriage. Aunt Hilda left father and married Abe Bowman. We never felt to blame Aunt Hilda as Abe was a good man and much younger than father, but I know that my **father** was hurt in having to give up his wife and two children, Hilbert and Audry, whom we all loved so much. We especially love[d] Hilbert as he was the first boy born in our family at that time. Aunt Hilda was very considerate and taught the children to respect their **father** and to bare his name. She often let Hilbert come to visit us, we worshiped him. Both my **mother** and Aunt Hilda taught their children to love and think the best of each other, they were wonderful women.



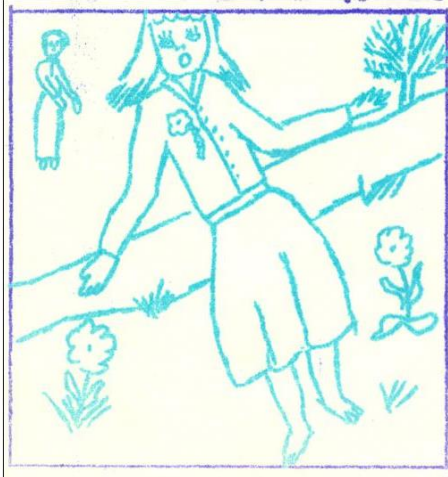
I don't remember too much about the trip to Utah. One day when we were traveling through the indian reservation an old indian came out with his gun. Dad said, "You children better duck down in the wagon, that indian might shoot you." I think he was only teasing us but we took it serious.

We stayed in Utah one year. **Mother** gave birth to a little son which they named James Hendricks for **her father**. Little James was born on 15 June 1893. The main things I remember about living in Utah was the sweet peas that grew in the sage brush and the snow in the winter time. They cut a path between our house and **Grandma Asay's** house and it seemed to me that the snow came to my arm pits. I was at the whiny age during our stay in Utah and Annie was a little spitfire. **Grandma** didn't like me. Someone made the remark that I looked like Estella, my **father's** daughter by his first marriage, that was living in California. **Grandma** said that I didn't look any more like Estella than Ike's ole porcupine which was Uncle Ike's old pig. Of course I wasn't old enough to get insulted and **mother** didn't let it bother her, she was big and only laughed about [page 4] it. She thought her mother-in-law was a wonderful woman and she was. My **grandma Asay** did a wonderful work among the sick, delivering hundreds of babies.

Grandpa Hendricks came to Utah to bring us back home. He, Aunt Willer and Aunt Annie all came in a covered wagon. The trip home was uneventful, at least we weren't scalped, something some people didn't get by without. Such evidence as the open grave on the mountain top we saw on our way home, which haunted as a child. The bodies of people that had been murdered and placed in a shallow grave were removed by some of their

people and the open grave was left as a horrid reminder of the dangers that existed.

One morning on our way home **mother** had gone out to the brush, as there were no rest rooms on the remote deserted road. While she was gone **Daddy** picked up the beds and threw them up in the wagon. When she came back she asked where the baby was and found that neither of her sisters had him. They knew there could be only one place that he could be and that was in the feather bed that **daddy** had thrown in the wagon. Excitedly they pulled down the bed roll, expecting find little Jimmy smothered to death, but there



he lay sleeping as peacefully as a little lamb.

I was six years old the day we reached the Gila River. We camped there over night I was attracted to the many indian bucks that came riding up on their ponies, each with a beautiful ostrich plume in their hats. Another incident that seemed drastic to me but amused the others was when I picked what I thought was a beautiful flower and pinned it on me. I felt very proud of my corsage, until I looked down and discovered a long green worm on one of the leaves. I would rather have a rattle snake on me or anything than a worm. I was almost in hysterics before mother could get the worm off.

Another incident happened one night as we were sleeping on the ground under the stars. A freight train went by with the caboose all lit up with bright lights on the back. My sister, Annie, saw it and began to cry for it saying, "It's mine, I found it first, I'm going to have it."

Everyone was so happy to have us home again especially Uncle Charlie. I guess he missed having us kids to tease. This was in the year 1893.

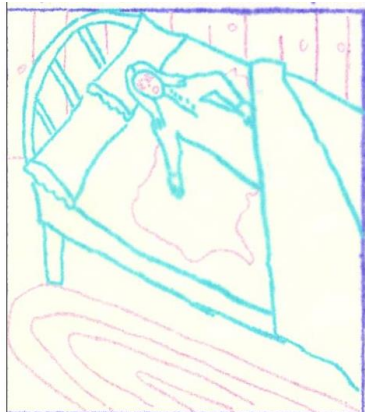
My **father** was an excellent carpenter and went from one end of the valley to the other building houses, but work was scarce and building [page 5] very slow as few people had any money in those days. My **father** worked hard to improve the twenty acres of land, putting in a nice vineyard and an orchard of apple trees. He also had every kind of fruit tree known growing on the place. Though our house was old and dilapidated and we were very poor, we were very happy. We would often sit in the yard in the evening while our **parents** pointed out the big and little dipper and other stars. We felt very close to our Heavenly Father on those evenings.

Before we went to Utah my **grandparents** ran a store in Pima. I was only three years old at the time but remember well the time my **grandmother** chased me across the public square and locked me up in the kitchen for trying to follow my **mother** to church. This is the only time I remember her punishing me or ever speaking cross to me, though I lived with her for years. **Grandpa** used to take **grandma** to the Graham Mountains to spend the summers on account of her having poor health. She would take me along for company or sometimes one of the other children. There is no place on earth more beautiful than the Graham's. One time while we were there **Grandpa** and Aunt Willer came up late one night. We knew that something had happened. They told us that little Frank, [Mabel's cousin] who

was six or seven, was leading a gentle horse to water when some other horses came up and bit his horse. This caused the horse to jump and run pulling the little boy down, as he had the lasso around his wrist. When the horse saw him dragging he became more frightened and began to run and kick faster and faster, until the little arm was broken loose at the wrist. His father picked him up and he lisped, "Oh, Baby!" Baby was gone. [Mabel's note at the bottom of the page: instead of saying, "Oh baby." Little Frank said, "Oh, Daddy." Then little Frank was gone.] This affected us all. Though we turned the lights out and went to bed no one could sleep. It seemed the longest night that I ever spent as we had to wait until daylight to make it out of the mountains. This was the first death in our family and it seemed so terrible to see little Frank lying there so cold and still when he had been so full of life the last time we had seen him. There were no undertakers at that time in Thatcher so the dead were laid out in the home.

Some time after we returned from Utah, Aunt Willer married Fred Hubner. They moved on a farm just below Pima. **Mother** let me go spend a few days with them.

While staying with Aunt Willer and Uncle Fred I had two experiences worth mentioning. The first happened when we were crossing the Gila River. As there wasn't any drinking water on the place where they lived, they hauled their water from over at Bryce, across the river, [page 6] where there was a good spring of water. We put the barrel in the back of the wagon. Uncle Fred and Aunt Willer were riding in the spring seat while I stood up behind. When we reached the river we saw the river was rising. Uncle Fred thought we could make it across and back before the river got too high. But as we went up the



opposite bank the doubletree broke and the horses went out on the bank while the wagon went rolling back into the river. We were all very frightened as the river kept rising rapidly. Uncle Fred grabbed Aunt Willer and swam to the bank with her. All the time the wagon was rolling further downstream and the water was getting higher and higher every minute. It was running into the wagon bed and the barrel floated out and down the river. I was so frightened. I got out on the barrel rack on the side of the wagon and was standing there when Uncle Fred came and rescued me. He hadn't even got me to the bank when the wagon rolled over and over. I felt hurt, I thought since I was the littlest he should have taken me first.

I didn't realize until years after that he took her first because he loved her best.

We never know what is in the minds of children or how they suffer silently. While I was staying at Uncle Fred's home I went to stay with a neighbor girl named Lizzy Mack. I stayed all night and we slept together. When I awoke the next morning Lizzy was up and gone and I lay in a terribly wet bed. I was so ashamed to think I had wet their bed and I hated to meet any of the family, especially the boys. I felt that every member in the family knew I had wet the bed. I worried about it for months and a criminal couldn't have had any more guilty feelings than I did. In later years I met Lizzy's older sister over at the temple. I hadn't seen her for years and I told about that night and how I had worried

about it. She laughed and said it was probably Lizzy who wet the bed, as often as she did. Oh, if only we grown-ups could read the minds of little children, as we might save them a lot of heartache.

Two years after we returned from Utah, on 6 July 1895, a baby girl was born to my parents. She was named Miltha and called Millie for short.

By this time the old store house was so dilapidated that father began to make plans for a new one. He had long since given up the store part but still went around in a wagon with his wares and bought and sold stuff. He loved to sell, and I inherited the same desire. I always loved to buy and sell and was in hopes that I could do so some day. I never did get that opportunity.

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The new house daddy planned to build was to be as fine as any in Thatcher. The walls were high with a good steep roof. Not like the Squatty things they build now days. We sure needed a new house as the old store house was so old and beat up. The floor boards were so rotten us children were always falling through and skinning our legs. Like my sister Annie who fell through and looking down by the dim kerosene light thought it was bleeding and began to cry, "Oh. It's bleeding. It's bleeding." But upon examination, mother found it was only a dirty place on her leg.

The building of the new house was slow as daddy had to work to keep his family going. Another baby came on 5 July 1897. It was a little boy that was named Charles Alfred and called Alfie for short. Oh, how I loved that baby. I loved him as much as I have ever loved my own. I looked forward to getting home and carrying him around, to see him reach up his little hands and call me mommie. I was ten years old then.

Daddy finally got the new house partly built. We were so proud of it, especially me. I felt we would have as nice a house as the Claridge's or the Layton's, or any one in town. The majestic sides rose up from the ground, topped by an adorable, substantial roof that could be seen from a distance as it stood on a foundation two or three feet high. We looked forward to the day we could move in. **Mother** must have felt that getting out of that terrible shack would be like living in heaven. But she never complained because she knew **daddy** was doing the best he could for the family. There were no trains and everything had to be freighted in up until around that time.



I went over to our new house and there was a cat with both front legs cut off by a mower. It was mewling so painfully that I just couldn't stand it. I knelt down and asked Heavenly Father to give it back its legs. I never saw it any more so I felt my prayers were answered (**daddy** probably heard my prayers, too).

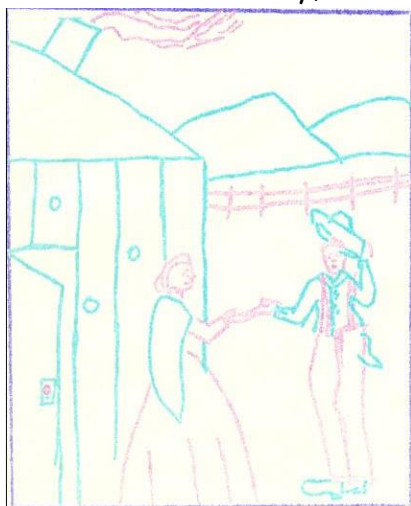
One night we went over to our new house to behold its beauty. That night a terrible storm blew up a small hurricane. The next morning when we beheld our new house it looked like a wreck. We were all sick at heart as the wind had picked up our new house like a toy and sat it down off from the sturdy well built foundation some two or three feet away, as though it were made of cardboard. The sides swayed in like a shriveled turnip, so bad that it looked like it was impossible to straighten them. Dad was quite a hand to swear, so when

he saw his new [page 8] house that he had worked so hard to build, he was heart broken. He walked up and down the yard saying, "Damn such a damned country. Damn and damn man that would live in such a damned country." But the townsmen turned out and straightened the walls and put the house back on its foundation.

Soon after this **daddy** got it finished enough to move in. That is, he got two rooms completed enough to move in. It would be as nice a house as any in town. A big six room house, had my **father** got it completed.

One day my **father** came home with a high fever. The doctor came and after examining him told us it was pneumonia. For five days he raged in delirium part of the time. Then my **father** passed away on 23 April 1898.

They held my **father's** funeral services in the house he had tried so hard to finish. Bishop Zundel rose to his feet during the funeral and said, "I did not plan to speak today, but circumstances have arisen so I feel I should speak. I heard **Asay's** voice as plain as I've ever heard it say, 'Thank the choir, for all is well with me.'"



My **father** left my **mother** a widow, not yet thirty years old, with five children to support. It was then that I learned what faithful **grandparents** we had. **Mother** lived with them part of the time and part of the time she lived alone. Since we lived near the railroad tracks many tramps would stop and ask for something to eat. I can never remember her refusing them, sometimes even asking them in while she cooked them breakfast.

It seemed that so many of the terrible things that we hear so much about today, didn't happen in those days. People didn't frighten quite so easily. We were mostly afraid of the indians, but even though we didn't live very far from the Apache reservation we didn't have any indian scares.

In the spring after my **father** died, my **mother** also lost her two little boys, also with pneumonia. There were many deaths in the valley that year. My **grandfather** wasn't a very religious man, and wasn't gifted in dreams. But one day, before the little boys went, he said he dreamed **Asay** (this is what my **father** was called) came to him and said. He wanted the two little boys. Since there were so many people with measles, which the little boys had originally [page 9] had, they didn't hold services for them. The day little Alfie went there was another funeral procession coming from another direction. Little Alfie's heart gave away and he seemed to fall asleep. But little Jimmie lingered on a month longer, even though he seemed the sickest at the time. He died begging mother to doctor him. He had an abscessed lung which strangled him to death. Poor **mother**. This was a terrible sorrow, and her still so young. I missed little Alfie so much. I just couldn't see why he had to go. [Grandma Mabel always said her little brother died in her arms. Tragic for a ten year old girl.]

Not long after my **father's** and brother's deaths, my **grandfather**, who was a pioneer, decided to move to Franklin, Arizona. **Mother** rented the place out and went with them. They bought a new place and lived in a tent until they got a house built. The tent became our bedroom. This was just across the New Mexico line but we belonged to the

Franklin Ward.

This place hadn't been farmed and mesquite trees grew around. The rattle snakes were thick and we could hear the dog fight them at night. One evening I was in the yard and saw something laying there. It looked like an old hat in the dark. Being a normal kid, I went to pick it up, when buzz, it was a rattle snake. It struck but my guardian angel must have been pretty near, for it struck in the opposite direction. I think that in the next few minutes I could have competed with any high jumper.

I was thirteen years old at this time. This is where I had my first boyfriend. I didn't really want to go steady with any boy but I didn't know how to tell him so, because he was a real nice boy. I was more concerned because my **mother** had a boyfriend also. I guess you'd call him a man friend. He'd been married and had ten children, having buried two wives. I was a selfish little brat and didn't want my **mother** to marry again. I tried to bargain with her that I'd never have a boy friend if she wouldn't, but it didn't work. I went down to Thatcher to visit and **mother** wrote me that she was married. I was pretty broken up over it.

Schooling

I began school in Thatcher.

1st teacher - Sarah Allred Hunt

2nd " - Jimmie Duke

3rd " - Mary McRey,

I wanted to grow up to be just like her.

4th Teacher - Asa Curtis

5th teacher - By Pace (6th grade)

At the age of 18 I went to Franklin for a while,
then to Richmond where I quit because of pressure on me as L.D.S.

In 1904-04, I attended Gila College until I got married.

I felt I was fortunate in having mostly L.D.S. teachers.

Next to my mother and grandmother they had more to do with molding my
character than anyone else.

I believe our educators should be selected with care whenever it is possible.

Mother sent her step son, Frank McGrath, and her step daughter, Mary, and Mary's boy friend, Ed Packer, down to bring me and the old cow, back. I sure resented it and the old cow probably resented it too, if only she could talk.

When I got there, I told my **mother** I wasn't going to live there because there were fourteen in the family, counting all of us. **Mother** gave me to understand that she was the boss and I was to do as she said. I bawled around for a while then decided to make the best of it. If that was to be my lot, I would try to endure it well. [page 10]

After I got to behaving **mother** said, "You can go live with **grandma** if you like now. I wanted to show you I was still your boss."

I went to live with my **grandmother** and never came back to live with my **mother**

again. Frank went on a mission and Mary went to the valley to work. That left poor Annie, the oldest one to help. I should have had my butt spanked for leaving **mother** that way, but I couldn't see her idea of marrying into such a big family.

There was a boy, Elicks, my age who was a good boy until he went to the army. He lived such a life as the army men did then died with the world war flu. Then came Jean, Joe, Belle, Millie, Bertha, and George the three year old. Grandma Jackson also lived with them (she was Mack's mother). One daughter had married and one had died.

I got rid of the boy friend by treating him mean. I don't think **mother** should have let me go with a boy while I was so young. But I was large for my age and girls sometimes married at fourteen or fifteen years of age, and it took every girl in the ward to make a crowd.

Even though I did resent my **mother** marrying Alonzo Mc Grath, he was a good man, and they had four children I sure am glad to claim as my brothers and sisters.



After we lived at this place awhile the small pox went around. Some folks called it the Manilla itch because it didn't make most people very sick, except John Cosper who had to be turned in sheets because he was so bad.

A few days before I had the small pox, we girls went to a place and helped ourselves to some melons. The folks weren't home, and since they had plenty, we couldn't see why they'd miss one melon. So we ate our fill. When I came down with the small pox, or whatever it was, Annie and Mary came up and wanted to scare me. They told me to walk a ways with them because they had something to tell me. They said the cops were going to arrest us for taking the melon. I believed them and they went on home and left me to go back by myself. I thought I'd never make it back. I lay for days

with fever. Then I went to the dance and danced on my feet with pox on them so bad I could hardly stand. It was all over my hands also.

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We didn't live long on this place because **grandpa** got the moving fever. We moved to the head of the river on the north side. It was called Richmond (now known as Virden), New Mexico. There weren't any Mormon people living near and it was several miles to Franklin to attend Sunday School, Church, dances and meetings. Because of this it was very lonely for me. When my Uncle Charley was away to school. At least my Uncle Balus had married a girl my age and lived near so we could chum around a lot and be a source of joy to each other. There was a mexican community near but **grandma** wouldn't let me go near them. They came and bought milk, eggs and butter from us.

I started to school here because I had only got into the seventh grade when we left Thatcher. I wanted an education so much, but not bad enough to go among people I felt despised me just because I was a Mormon. I was the only Mormon in the school so I quit. I've been sorry I didn't swallow my pride and go on any way, regardless of the remarks about my religion, but I didn't.

In 1904 my brother Will came to see us and persuaded **mother** and **grandma** to let me go to Thatcher and attend the old academy there. He would pay all my tuition and buy all my clothes. Aunt Annie said that I could stay with her, which I did. She had three children at that time.

So In September of 1904 I bid farewell to my relatives and the boy friend I first had. He made the remark that he wouldn't go with me if I were the last girl on earth. I knew that if I played up to him that he would, and he did. We planned on getting married someday. I really thought I was in love and really believed he was. He was five years older and probably knew more than I did.

Not long after we went to Thatcher I saw a handsome young man on the house next to ours, fixing the roof so I asked his cousin, Zilpha Kempton, who he was. She was staying with them and also going to school. She said, "Why that's my cousin **Ray**. Haven't you met him? I told her that I hadn't and that I wasn't interested, that I had one boy friend and didn't want another. When the girls dance came up my folks tried to get me to ask **Ray** as my partner. I said, "No, he's too old and might get serious." Instead I asked his brother, **Guy**, who was my age. I didn't want to meet **Ray** even though I did think he was handsome. He was like I had dreamed a man should be. One inch under six feet, black hair, brown eyes, sturdy build, 185 (probably 140) pounds, light hair, blue grey eyes, [which?] a man of fine character, and no bad habits.[Page 12]



I was sure I was in love with him. So much that I didn't want to go with any other boy so I avoided **Ray**. But chumming with Zilpha took me to their home some times. One evening when I was there, Zilpha asked if we were going to polisophical (now known as mutual). I said, "If you want to go." She said, "Let's go." **Ray**, who was there, said, "I'll walk up with you girls if you don't care." We said it would be fine with us. Then as we were ready to go, Zilpha said, "I forgot, I've got to write some letters." **Ray** said, "Then I'll walk up with you." I couldn't think of any excuse, so he walked up with me, and we've been walking together ever since.

Ray was there to carry my books home for me each night when I got out of school. One evening when we came home the other boy friend was there. **Ray** wouldn't go home and let me go in, staying for a long time.

I didn't want to go with **Ray** and I fought against falling in love with him. There seemed to be some stronger power than my will power that caused us to fall in love I knew then that I had never loved any one else but **Ray**, and he stated that he loved me when he first saw me. It amused his brothers and sisters because he had never gone with any other girl more than once or twice even though he was



almost twenty-three years old. Maybe this great posterity of our's was pulling for us on the other side, who knows?

I went on and finished school that year but that was the end of my education. I know that my brother, Will, who had a college education, was terribly disappointed in me. But he did say in later years that he guessed it was just as well that I did get married, because he thought I had made a good choice. All of my people liked **Ray**. I went home to let ready for my marriage. I felt very happy, for I knew that I had found the man of my choices and that I was the girl of his choice.

Ray came up to the Duncan valley in a buggy drawn by two horses, to take me back home in. Aunt Annie, Uncle Mitch, Aunt Susie and Uncle Tom all came from Thatcher to attend the wedding. **Dad and Mother Lamoreaux** also came with little Mary. It was quite an occasion **Grandpa** killed the fatted calf and pies and cakes were baked by the dozens. Aunt Susie made my wedding dress out of white mull, as I didn't want any fine silk. Only the relatives were invited. They came and stayed all day. Some even stayed for several days.

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I have always been sorry that we didn't have the bishop perform the ceremony since we couldn't get married in the temple. I don't know yet why we didn't unless it was that he thought I was committing a terrible sin by giving up a young man that he thought was so good, and marrying a rough and rowdy boy. **Ray** was quite rowdy. He wasn't really mean but just liked to get drunk sometimes and shoot up the town. He got the reputation of being wild. The bishop was talking to **Dad Lamoreaux** and didn't know he was **Ray's father**. The bishop remarked, "It's too bad a nice girl like **Mabel** is marrying such a rowdy man don't you think so?" **Rays father** said, "Yes, He's my son." The bishop was quite taken back and said, "Is that your son?" Even though **Ray** was quite rowdy, I have always been a judge of good material when I saw it, and I knew **Ray** had good in him.



One night before I knew **Ray**, I was at a dance in Thatcher. Someone began shooting, then jumped on a horse and went down the street as fast as he could go, shooting all the way. I learned later that it was **Ray Lamoreaux**. I didn't know then that I'd ever marry such a man. (How many of his grandchildren knew that their grandfather was this type a man)

On 5 June 1905 we were married by the Justice of the Peace in my **grand parents** house in Virden, New Mexico.

That night they had a dance in Uncle Balus' house. We didn't want the dance but had to go. In those days some boys thought they couldn't have a good time unless they had a snort or two. So we had the lovely odor of whisky, mixed with B.O., a good combination. In those days water for bathing had to be drawn out of wells and a bath had to be taken in an old laundry tub, so some boys weren't very particular if they bathed or not. So against

our will, we attended the dance. During the dance someone caught the middle of my veil in a buckle on their vest and tore a big three cornered hole in it.

At ten O'clock we slipped away from the dance and went home. We weren't even in bed yet when we heard the folks coming. **Ray** said, Hurry, they won't bother us if we get into bed before they get here." But my dress was buttoned up the back with tiny little buttons that I couldn't unfasten, and **Ray's** fingers seemed all thumbs. We finally made it, but that didn't save us, for here they all came to see if the newlyweds got into bed all right. There was Aunt Annie, Uncle Mitch, Aunt Susie, Uncle Tom and even **Ray's mother**, bringing up the rear. They were [Page 14] carrying a coal oil lamp and making expressions that didn't sound very nice. But they didn't stop at this. The next morning they brought a baby back to see how we would look with a baby in bed with us. But they were all so good that I guess we should not object to their little fun. They were all poor, but gave us many lovely gifts, including a full dinner set with blue willow design.

We were married on a Monday and left for Thatcher on Wednesday. When we arrived we were given a room in **Daddy Lamoreaux'** house until they could move across the river. Then we were to have the whole house.

I was so proud of my gifts that I had to put them out where I could see them. I put a pretty white bed spread on the bed and a white table cloth on the table. The table was one with a folding leaf that **dad** had made for my **mother** when they were married. I put all my beautiful dishes out on the table. We then went over the river with **Dad and Mother Lamoreaux** to help them move. When we returned we saw quite a disaster. **Dad Lamoreaux** owned an old hog they called "Old Joel". He was a bar pig and the biggest hog I have ever seen. When we went into the house, there was old Joel. He had shut himself up in our room. Oh, what a shamble.



There was our white bed spread and tablecloth pulled down on the floor. I couldn't believe a pig could mess so much in such a short time, but our spread and tablecloth were covered with mess. And there were all my beautiful dishes, in a heap on the floor. About the only glass dishes that weren't broken all to pieces were some plates. **Ray** picked up a heavy chair and would have tried to kill the old pig if his father hadn't interfered. He carried out two or three candy buckets full of broken dishes. (A candy bucket will hold about four gallons)

When I went to get the bread for supper I discovered that Joel had ate that too. Then he had tipped over a gallon of kerosene. What a mess, pig minukie and kerosene all over. What a mess!

The next Monday after we were married **Ray** went on the thrasher to work and didn't come home except on week-ends. I stayed with relatives at night.

In August **Ray** quit working on the thrasher and we moved to the Graham Mountains. Here **Ray** had a job working in the timber. He would go out at seven in the

morning and return at six in the evening. It was a lonely life for me with nothing to do. I wish I could recall some of those idle hour.

Here in the Grahams we lived in tiny one room cabin, built high off the ground at the back. One day I had my potatoes all fried and ready to eat. I wasn't in a very good humor, so **Ray** said, "I'll [Page -15] dance you a jig to get you in a good humor." It shook the cabin and over went my fried potatoes, in the middle of the floor. He sure looked funny and embarrassed especially because we didn't have anything to eat, other than these potatoes.

We stayed in the Grahams until November, then rented **my grandfathers** place in Virden and moved up there. They were moving to Thatcher we went back in the wagon **grandpa and grandma [James & Lucy Hendricks]** came down in. On the way to Virden we camped alongside the road. It rained and was pretty cold. We made our beds on the ground in a roofless house, in fact, there were just the rock walls standing. The water ran down the walls and under our bed and if that wasn't miserable enough I took the cramps and dysentery, along with my pregnant condition. I have often wondered what would have happened if my baby had come that night under those conditions, especially since I had this same sickness (dysentery) when it was born two months later.

We moved back to the house where we were married. We used two rooms for living room and bed room, with a bed in the living room. Then there was two rooms near, but not connected. One of these rooms had a dirt floor and we used it to cook in. The other had a wood floor and we used it for eating. The house had a dirt roof. It was here on 9 Jan 1906 that our first baby was born. She was a little premature, the smallest baby we ever had. We were pretty proud of her. We had been reading a book called "The Romance of Two Worlds" with a heroine by the name of Zara. We decided to name our little girl Zara.

The midwife that took care of me had been in the asylum. Her daughter had died so she took a baby girl and raised it to the age of thirteen years. The father of the girl remarried and took the girl away from her. This grieved her so much that it affected her mind. She said they just wanted her to help take care of a hotel they were running. She took care of me and the baby okay.

We stayed in this place for one year. Sometimes **grandpa** would come and stay with us.

We then rented a place in Franklin from Uncle Mitch and moved there. We had a little one room house to live in here. **Daddy Lamoreaux [Archibald Orrell Lamoreaux]** gave us a cow.

Zara couldn't walk yet but could talk pretty plain. She would say, "Come on he yeddie." We got a lot of enjoyment out of her before we had moved from Virden, when she was only two months old she took pneumonia. I know it must have been pneumonia even though there was no doctor attending her. The nearest doctor was at Lordsburg, a distance of thirty to forty miles away, a long distance by horse, so it was impossible [page 16] to have a doctor. Aunt Susie came and helped us take care of her. She lay for days, lifeless, not eating a thing, with such high fever at times. At first she would cry such a pitiful cry, then just lay there lifeless. She was so little anyway that we didn't have any

hope of her getting well, but I can see now that God had a great work for her and I often wonder what her children would do without her.

We were near enough to attend Church here on the flat, as Franklin was called, and also mutual. I acted as YWMIA president for a while and **Ray** was active in their ball games, as he was a first class player and had been playing a lot when we first met. I used to think he was so cute in his grey uniform with T.T. on each breast pocket. The TT stood for Thatcher Team.

A few horse and buggy incidents that took place while living at this house stand out in my mind and I would like to relate them here.

We went to church in a buggy pulled by two horses we owned. Sometime the clay would gather so thick after a rain that it would stop the wheels from rolling and we would have to get out and rake the mud off the wheels so we could continue. We also had to catch the chickens after a rain and crack the mud balls off their toes.

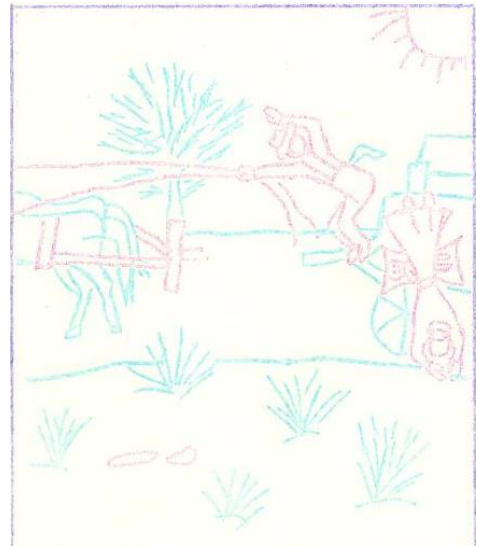
We had no well on this place and it was necessary to haul our water. One day my sister and I started after a barrel of water. At this time **Ray** was at the ditch, camped. The horses got frightened and began to run, one throwing its bridal, and there we were going up the lane at full speed, my sister, Zara and **me**. A neighbor lady, Sister Clouse saw us coming and ran out waving her apron and hollering "Shoo." The horses shied into the fence and stopped.

Another time **Ray** was in the buggy when they started running. The horses broke loose from the buggy. **Ray** held onto the reins and went out on his feet. A quilt went down with Zara on it and I went head first right over her. It sure scared us but outside of being skinned on my leg, I wasn't hurt though I was pregnant with Lela (about six months along).

We raised some turkeys while here. We set an old hen on some turkey eggs and hatched one dozen baby turkeys. One morning we heard a terrible noise and a coyote had made off with one of our turkeys.

We stayed on this place for one year, then moved to an old house owned by my step-father, James [page 17] McGrath. We soon moved from here and stayed with **grandma and grandpa [James & Lucy Hendricks]** though **grandma** was away most of the time taking care of a new born baby or something with Charley, who was going to school in Thatcher. We only stayed here three or four months. It was here that Lela was born, just one-half mile west of the state line in Arizona. This place didn't belong to anything, with Franklin and Duncan just across the river, and was called Day District.

It was on 30 November 1907 that my second child was born. We named her Lela. The day she was born I put out my washing on the board. Some women came and I told them that I was afraid my baby was going to be born soon. They asked me where I carried it and wouldn't believe I was expecting so soon. She was a nice big eight pound girl.



When Lela was two months old **Ray** had a real bad case of pneumonia. It was twelve miles to Duncan and the nearest doctor. The doctor was a dope fiend and only came to see him once. He made **Ray** walk the length of the room, at least twenty feet, to sit by the fire so he could examine him. He said that **Ray** had pneumonia, left some medicine for him to take, and never came back. This was a terrible ordeal for me as I had had no experience with the sick, and with a new baby to take care of. I didn't know what to do. My **mother** said that it was up to me as she had a house full of sick children, with the pneumonia raging that year. **Ray's** sister Mary and brother, Guy, had had pneumonia earlier in Thatcher. How glad I was when one day **Dad Lamoreaux** and brother Orrel came driving up. They had come to take care of **Ray**. One night an old lady came and poulticed his chest, as he was suffering so much with pluracy, [pleurisy] and sat up with him all night. The pictures on the wall bothered him so bad we had to keep their faces turned to the wall. He wouldn't let us shut the door and it was so cold I'd nearly freeze. **Mama** took Zara and I'd wrap Lela up and put her in a rocking chair in front of the fire place, so you can see why I was so glad to see **Dad Lamoreaux** and Orrel come to relieve me.



One night while **Ray** lay so sick I received word that my **grandfather [James W Hendricks]** had died. He had gone to town a few days before and took pneumonia. He was staying with Aunt Willer at the time. This was on 3 February 1908. The news of his death saddened me so much because I thought so much of my **grandfather**. That was a terrible night, the wind blew so hard and made such a mournful sound. The homemade carpet that covered the floor of the room I was in raised like a balloon. I didn't expect **Ray** to last until morning.

[Page 18]

After **Ray** recovered, he went to Duncan to mold bricks. We moved into a tent. **Ray** took me to spend the night with my **mother**. He was always good about taking me or letting me go spend time with my folks. He was to come after me the next night as my **mother [A Alice H Asay]** left to go to a goat ranch they owned, leaving me there all alone. **Ray** didn't show up like he was supposed to and finally I picked up my two girls, one in each arm (Lela was about four or five months old), and went down to Uncle Charlie's. It was a rocky road that I had to walk over but I had an idea where **Ray** was and was determined to get home, if I had to walk all the way carrying my children, a distance of about six to seven miles. Charlie and Ella tried to get me to stay with them but I said, "I'm going home. If you won't take me I'll walk." He agreed to take me on home. Of course **Ray** wasn't there when we got there and Charlie didn't bother to find him, but went on back home. It was about 9:00 PM by then. I put the babies in bed and took off down the railroad track for town, a half mile away. When I got into town some old fool said, "Come on over Honey," guess he thought I was a night woman. It made me mad but I didn't say anything as I was near the saloon by then. For a decent woman to enter a saloon was a disgrace, but I didn't care. I walked

through the open door and said, "**Ray**, It's time you were coming home." He sat there with a deck of cards in his hand. I don't know whether he was winning or losing, and I was too mad to care. He dropped the cards like they had turned to hot coals and came on home. I didn't say anything, but bawled all the way home. He sure felt ashamed and promised not to do it again. I believed he meant it at the time, for he was really a good man, but there was so much temptation. The saloons were all open for the first free drink when a man came into town, and with so many men drinking there was such a bad environment.

We stayed here a few months just camping in a tent. Then **Ray** rented my step-father's place and we moved there. This house had three rooms in it and was located one-half mile east of the New Mexico line. While we were living here one day a neighbor was with me, we had just returned from her place. We looked out the front door and there sat a mexican with a heavy black whip around his waist. He sure looked mean to us. When he discovered that we were home he got up and started towards the house. The neighbor grabbed her child and ran. There was I, with two children, so I just stood there since I couldn't run with both of the kids. He came to the door and asked in his broken english where the "hombre" was. He only wanted to see **Ray** about some stump digging.

My **mother** and step-father had sold their Franklin property where they had been living and now wanted to move back into this place. **Mother** was expecting her last child, Bill.

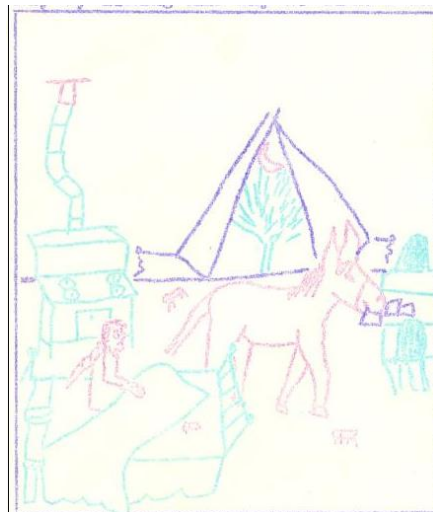
This meant that we had to move again, so we moved onto some land we had homesteaded in Virden. Again we [Page 19] lived in a tent. It wasn't boarded up and just had room for a bed, and stove.

One night I was awakened by a peculiar noise. On awakening I saw what seemed to be a standing object to my half awake senses, standing by the head of my bed. When I got thoroughly awake I found it to be a donkey that was eating bread that had been left on the table. I was alone at the time, **Ray** being off working on the thrasher.

We only lived in this tent until we could get a small house built. This house really wasn't much but to us it was a mansion. No other house have I been so proud of. It was made of adobe and wasn't even plastered on the outside and only with mud on the inside, but it looked mighty good to us. There were three small rooms. In the front room we had a new homemade rag carpet that brightened the room very much, a colorful curtain in the corner that we used for a wardrobe, and a fireplace. Like most common people we didn't have any over-stuffed beds, but did have a bed in the bedroom. There was a small kitchen with the old cupboard **Ray** had made while we were in the Graham Mountains, a little cook stove and a table. We had to carry our water from a well thirty or forty feet deep.

It was in the fall of 1909 when we moved onto this place.

I remember the long brown bugs that we called



potato bugs. They were called this because they were found on the potatoes. They would come in at night and bite us. **Ray** would swell so bad where they would bite him.

He took some of the potatoes he raised into Duncan to the merchant, Mr Taylor. Though Mr Taylor would handle them he was always teasing **Ray** by asking him why he didn't whitewash them and sell them for pills because they were so small.

On 10 January 1910 we were blessed with our first baby boy. We named him Archibald and called him Archie for short. The old midwife, grandma Bunch, came to stay with me a while before he came. I went over a couple of weeks past my due date. This old lady was always saying that she was going to do something if she lived. A couple of weeks after she stayed with me she took a sudden illness and died.

For a while after we lived here we drove a hack. It is sort of like a buggy but larger than a common buggy and was pulled by two horses. We had to do all our trading in Duncan, across the river, as there were no other stores around.

Crossing over the river could be real treacherous and dangerous at [page 20] times like a wild beast on a rampage. Other times it would be as gentle as a lamb. There were many people that lost their lives in this river. One day we went to town to do some trading. As we were crossing the river one of the horses, with a large knee, laid down in the river. The water was rising. Some mexicans helped us out.

I would like to relate an experience that happened just before Archie was born. Please don't think **Ray** was a bad man and always getting drunk and neglecting his family. He loved whiskey but didn't indulge very often. On this occasion we had gone to town for him to get a tooth pulled. He dropped me and the kids off at my sister, Annie's place while he went to the dentist. When he came back it was nearly nighttime. He was pretty drunk as we could tell by his talking. When he came in he said, "The doctor said, 'Is this the tooth?'" in a thick drool, "I said, no.' Then the doctor said, 'Is this the tooth?' touching the right one." **Ray** continued, "I said, 'Hell Yes!'" Annie and John thought he was funny, the way he talked, but I was disgusted.



Presently he left the room and was outside heaving Jonah. Annie told me to take him some coffee, but I was so mad I wouldn't do anything. He wouldn't drink the coffee when they tried to get him to, he just wanted to go home. We piled into our one-horse buggy, pulled by faithful old Nell. We put one child between us and the other I tried to hold on my lap, though I was so big I scarcely had one. We started home and he started heaving. As I was driving he would lean over the side of the buggy and heave, then sit back for a while, then lean over and heave again. I expected each time for him to tumble out of the buggy. We finally made it home, a distance of two miles. I got him into bed and unhitched the horse and put it in the corral. When I went back into the house **Ray** was groaning like a dying man, and freezing. - He said, "Don't you have something hot to put on my feet." We didn't have a hot water bottle but used to heat rocks or bricks in those days. I said, "There's

some red hot coals in the fireplace." He said, "Put some of them on my feet." I felt like doing it. What would I have done if my baby had been born that night, with no neighbors nearer than a half mile away and a husband that was in no condition to help.

As I have said, Archie was born on 10 January 1910. He was such a fine big healthy baby. We were so proud of him and of having a boy, especially his dad, though his dad made over the girls more than the boys. We named Archie after his **grandpa Lamoreaux**.

There was an idiot kid that lived nearby. He was the son of the justice of the peace that had worried us. This boy wasn't really an idiot. They claimed he had been marked by a fight when his mother was carrying him, before he was born. His mother [Page 21] was the wife of one of two brothers that got into a fight with a brother-in-law. The brother-in-law got one of the brothers down and was about to kill him when the other brother grabbed a gun to shoot the brother-in-law. His brother's wife grabbed the gun and kept him from killing the other brother. When the babies of these brothers' wives were born one of the babies had such a large tongue it couldn't get it into its mouth. While this boy couldn't say but a few words, among them was the swear words he picked up from the men that would swear while chewing their tongue. This boy was named Glen. He would come to see us a lot. When he came and saw the new baby he pointed to it and then to himself saying, "Glen, Glen," meaning that he wanted to have the baby named after him.

When I think of the incident that happened when Archie was two months old I wonder how a person so dumb as me ever raised eleven children. **Ray** was working on the thrasher at the time. My little sister was staying with me. During the night Archie took a terrible croup. I had never seen a child with the croup before and I was scared. I didn't know what to do. I had heard my mother had given her children some kerosene, but I didn't know that she had added a few drops of sugar, so I gave Archie a drop or two of kerosene without sugar. He just died, or seemingly so, at least he quit breathing. I gathered him up and hit out for the neighbors, a half mile away. I didn't stop to put on my shoes or dress. I was in my night gown. I don't know how I missed the cactus or mesquite thorns. I hardly touched ground til I got there. As I went under the fence he drew a gasping breath, like an old hen with the croup or a horse with distemper. I was so frightened that I didn't stop to knock but bounced through the open door screaming "My baby's dying, My baby's dying." Mr and Mrs Beaver slept in the front room. He got up and slipped on his pants while she lit the coal oil lamp. By this time Archie's gasps were coming more regularly and oftener. No one slept the rest of the night and toward morning he began to breath normal.



These neighbors, Mr and Mrs Beavers, were not L. D. S. people but were good neighbors. Mr Beavers never got through teasing me about me coming in and waking them so abruptly and walking around in my night clothes.

This was the year that **Haley's Comet** was so visible. It had a tail of light that

stretched clear across the sky. People were so afraid, they thought that maybe it's fiery tail would wrap around the world [Page 22] and destroy it. Some people in the east even took their own lives. We used to sit out under the stars in the evening watching it cross the sky. We said that we would climb down in our well if necessary.

We had homesteaded eighty acres of the richest land in the area, but didn't have any water to irrigate with. We only had what little waste water we could catch from the Sunset Canal. This was before the Mormons came in. At that time the Canal was owned by an eastern company and they wouldn't let us buy any shares in their canal. Our place lay against the Windom Wash in Virden. Since we couldn't get any water we were compelled to sellout to the company that owned the canal. It was in the Fall of 1910 that we sold our beautiful eighty acres for the small price of eighteen hundred dollars. Had we known that the Mormons were coming in we would have held on, as they developed all that ground.

While still living on this homestead we attended a community Christmas Party at the school house. Zara was not quite four years old at the time. They had a Santa Claus with a broken mask. Zara was so worried for days about Santa Claus with his face cracked.

After selling our land I felt that we owed a large amount of this money for tithing but couldn't get Ray to see it that way. We went to Bryce, Arizona and bought 160 acres. Some of this land was river bottom with about 80 acres good for farming. The price of this land put us in debt for \$5,500.00. We stayed there or kept this land for about twenty years, then we lost it.

We moved to Bryce in October of 1910. Archie was just nine months old at the time. We had kept very little money to live on and didn't want to go into debt any more than we had already done. We had our chickens and soon got some hogs, along with our cow. Three months after we moved there I got that eternal sickness, I got pregnant again. We got so hard run we couldn't even afford sugar. For a while we lived on eggs, bread and milk. I was so sick I felt that if we had some sugar I would even enjoy a cup of tea, though I never made a habit of drinking tea. After our crops were harvested it took all we made to make our payments, so we started to charge and go into debt. Every year we would just come out even, then go back into debt again for the next year. The first two years we did pretty well though. Then they did away with the Bryce Canal and went in with the Graham and Hubbard to make one big canal. It seemed the assessments were so high and the [page 23] dam was always going out. The farmers on the lower end didn't get much water.

Our home in Bryce was a two room brick house. The rooms were big. We slept in one room and cooked and ate in the other. We couldn't afford a carpet so we had to get down on hands and knees and scrub both floors. One room was 18 X 20 and the other 18 X 16. Not too many people were fixed up any better.

On 18 October 1911 we were blessed with the arrival of another baby girl. We

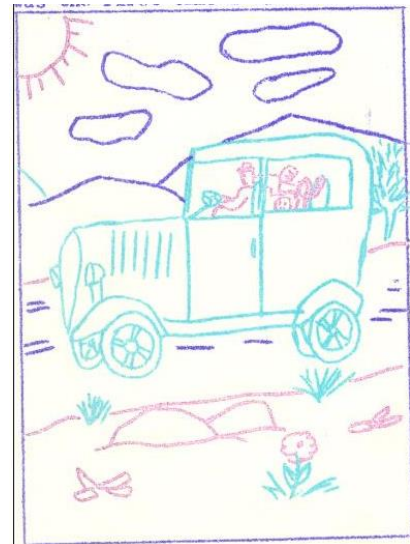


named her Alice. This was the first time I had a doctor attend me in childbirth. I didn't like the thought of a man examining me. I was afraid of chloroform, the only pain deadener used in those days, so I went through the ordeal without it.

I had my hands quite full when Alice was borne Archie wasn't broke from his diapers yet. It seemed to me that the boys were much harder to break than the girls. With two babies to wash for on the board, along with four others, I had my work cut out for me. **Ray** was always good about helping me with the children. We always felt that the one next to the baby was too little to be put off, so **Ray** would rock one of them to sleep while I rocked the other. We always slept with our baby in bed with us and had the next to the youngest in a bed right next to ours. I couldn't have slept a wink if I hadn't had my little ones so that I could reach out and see if they were covered, and as a result of this we didn't have many sick babies.

When Alice was four months old **Ray** hired Joe Nuttall to take us to Duncan to see my **mother**. He didn't go with us this time. This was the first time I had ever rode in an automobile.

The first automobile that I had ever seen was about two years before this. One came down the road one day while we were living in Virden. The children saw it first and came running into the house. Zara, who was a little past four years old, had seen the pictures in the catalogues. It was called a motor car at that time. She came in all out of breath, so excited, saying, "Oh mama, there comes a motter car." Little Lela, two and a half years old, came panting and running as fast as her little legs would carry her. "Oh!" she said, her little eyes opened wide in excitement, "It's a git you."



When Alice was ten months old she had what they called the "summer complaint". So many babies had it after it began to get hot. She would lay lifeless and anything she would take on her stomach would come back up. The doctor advised us to take her to the mountains and get [page 24] her out of the heat. We took her to Chlarson's Canoy. My **mother** came to see me and went with us. She stayed with us for a few days. This was the last time I saw her face for fifteen years, as she was ready to move to Florida." We lived in a tent but it was quite nice, as it was boarded up part of the way and had a floor in it. Hi Chlarson owned and operated a saw mill there so that his and other families lived there.

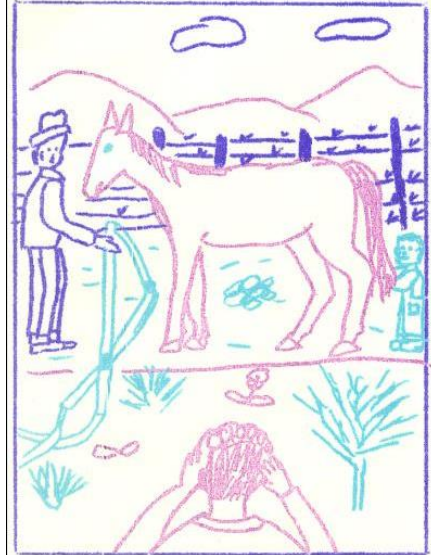
One time when **Ray** came up to the mountain we went down to the mill. We left the children at the tent. Lela and Archie got the can of syrup and drank it. Well, that night we had to have Arch in bed with us. Syrup is a good physic, I found out, and we weren't prepared for it, so **Ray** had to stay in bed while I washed his underwear and dried them in the stove.

These trips to the mountains were hard, as the road was so steep. Everyone had to walk. All the horses could do was to pull the wagon up the steep mountainside. But, oh how beautiful it was once you got there. In eternity just give me a home on the Grahams and it

will be heaven to me.

I always loved our horses and couldn't help but cry when one was traded off. It seemed like trading off one of the family. Our first horse that I remember was named "Old Nell". She was such a faithful old sorrel mare and had the most beautiful colts. One of these colts we raised and kept until we moved away. We called her Belle. She was a beautiful horse. Then **Daddy Lamoreaux** gave us a horse. Old Belle was a horse with a gentle disposition while Dude was a treacherous sun-of-a-gun. Dude would kick at the drop of a hat.

One time we looked around when **Ray** was harnessing Dude and there stood Archie right at Dude's heels. Dude's tail was brushing over Archie's head. We were so frightened for any little thing might fire old Dude and cause him to kick blue blazes. **Ray** didn't dare grab for Archie for fear of exciting Dude so he just eased along talking to him all the time until he could get Archie out of danger. I felt that I would collapse. Another horse we owned was old Henry who was a nice even natured old mare. Henry was a big dark brown horse. She was gentle most of the time but one morning I was walking around with Alice, she was still a babe in arms, while **Ray** was out doing his chores. As I walked up to old Henry who was eating out of the manger, **Ray** said, "Walk up , [page 25] there and let her bite you." I did and she bit me, almost taking a chunk out of my leg. She thought I was another horse trying to tease her.



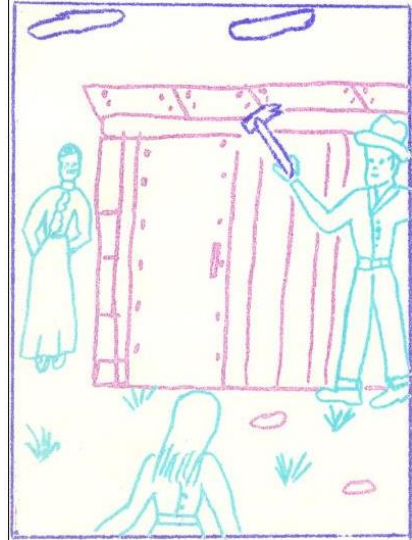
Another horse we owned was old Knothead. He was a raw boned horse with a long neck. He was a great tease. He would walk fast enough to keep us from catching him until he got tired teasing us, then he would stand still while we walked up to him. But sometimes he was very mean. He killed a calf by stripping the hide off all the way up and down it's back. One day I heard Archie screaming to the top of his voice. I went out and there stood old Knothead over him. Archie was in a spring toothed harrow and couldn't get out. The horse would come down and snap his teeth together just over the kid's head. I think he would really finally of bit him.

Horses really have personalities the same as people and have more sense than people. Some time. They are the only animals I ever cared for, I love horses.

Ray always humored Alice. He gave her some candy to divide but by the time she got settled she had eaten most of the candy. Lela resented her and would often slap her down. But **Ray** had humored Lela until Alice came along. He favored Raymond but never Archie, though he was so proud he had a boy.

One night just before Raymond was born, we heard a shot. **Ray** jumped up to see from whence it came. On going to the door he excitedly exclaimed, "For Hell's sake, the chicken coop is on fire." The neighbor, who lived too far away to holler, saw the fire and gave the alarm by firing several shots. **Ray** had to wait to get his shoes on, but I put out

fast as I could grabbing my mother hubbard and putting it on as I fled. When **Ray** and Bob Shipman, the neighbor, arrived the coop was in such terrible flames by the door that they couldn't get it opened. Ray grabbed a crowbar and pried off the roof. The poor scorched chickens came flying out, all but one old hen and her brood of little chickens. The old faithful soul wouldn't desert her brood and perished in the fire. By this time the whole structure was ablaze and so near to our winter hay stack that we were afraid we would lose it too. Ray boosted me up on top of the hay. Here I was as big as a barrel and taking the buckets of water as they handed them up to me so that I could pour them down the sides of the stack. We were lucky that there was a ditch near by. We made a pretty good fire crew. [page 26]



On 15 September 1914 another little boy came. I wanted to name him Ray for his dad. His dad said, "I don't want big Ray, little Ray, Old Ray, young Ray and so forth." So we named him Raymond, the nearest to Ray that I could get. He was called Ray any how. Raymond was a cute little fellow with a great imagination. He was always talking about a little man he called Bill Bake, who lived in the field. So his daddy called him Bill Bake and several people called him Bill. He has been the most religious or any of my children.

Zara was quite a pious little thing, always correcting the children in their speech and the way they ate. Arch and Lela would give her a bad time by trying to see how ill mannered they could be. One night when we asked Zara to ask the blessing after they had been playing out in the yard with toads, she bowed her head and said, "Father in Haven, please bless this toad." Lela sure had something on her and she was so embarrassed when they laughed, and they did laugh even though I tried to hush them up.

When Zara was three years old her **daddy** had built a shed out of some old beat up tin on top of cottonwood posts. She looked at it and said, "Well! That's a hell of a shed." Her **father's** favorite bywords in those days were "Hell" and "Dammit." Thank heavens he hardly ever uses them anymore.

Another time when she was about this age, her **father** told her that we were ready to go and for her to come and get in the buggy. She pretended not to hear so he gathered up a great big stick and went after her. When she saw him coming with the big stick she got scared, she grabbed her back and cried, "Oh daddy don't hit me with that, it would break my back." It tickled Ray so that he threw away the stick and gathered her up in his arms and carried her to the buggy.

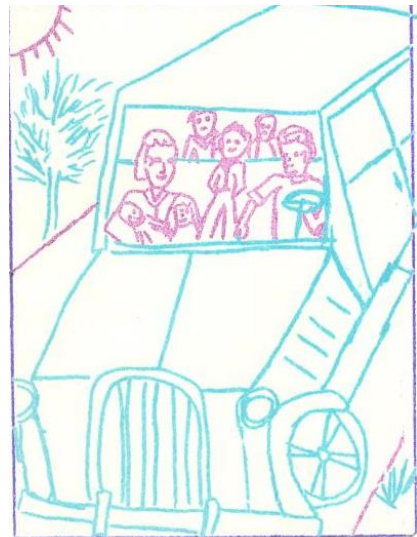
She was a little lady and always there to help with the children when they were sick no matter what time of day or night that it might be. But she would shirk sometime on the house work.

Lela was my little house keeper and cook. I could go out and leave a messy house but when I came home it would be spick and span. I got a good laugh at her one morning when

she got up and put on her underwear. We used to make our children wear underwear down to their ankles and wrists in the winter time, as did everyone in those days. She got up and put on Zara's underwear instead of her own. She looked so funny in those big baggy under [Page 27] wear. She said, "Ether where I put my underwear, Zara puts hers there, too!" She was always saying clever things and was quite a tease. She would do everything her **dad** did even eat the liver of the hogs. This gave them both dysentery for the rest of the year. Zara wouldn't eat it because I didn't like liver and wouldn't touch it.

While living here in this old brick house I met one of the best friends I have ever had. She was just like a sister to me. She was Minnie Dixon. She only had one child, the same age as Archie, and two step children, so she helped me raise my children. She would always go with me when I would go somewhere, and hold the babies while I drove.

One day I went to Relief Society meeting and left the children alone on the place. Ray was gone to a ball game. Zara was still quite young but was very responsible for her age. Archie decided to build a fire on the hearth next to a shelf full of clothing with a curtain hanging over it. The curtain caught fire and set the clothes on fire. Zara told Lela to go tell one of the neighbors to come help. She got nearly there then decided that maybe Zara had put the fire out so she came back to see. Zara told her to hurry back to the neighbors. When the neighbors got there Zara was carrying out armloads of burning clothes and tossing them out in the yard. My dress that was thrown over the head of the bed caught fire. Alice said, "Poor mama's dress." The bed clothes hadn't caught fire so the house was saved.



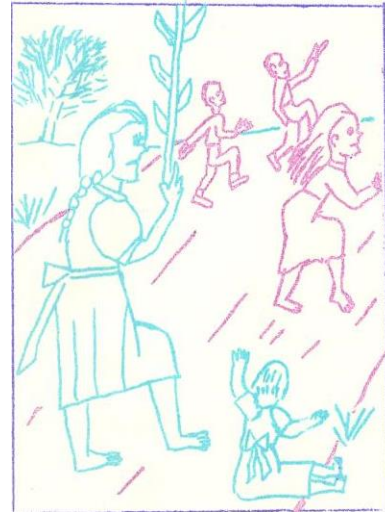
Ray bought another place. I hated that old brick house with such big rooms and so hard to keep up. So we moved to the new place a house built of lumber. I still like lumber houses best. I feel that this is the main purpose that God created timber, to build houses. This lumber house was near the highway, not back in the field like the brick house. This house had four rooms. One room was between the others and only had a small window. We had slept with Alice by our bed up to this time but now decided it was time she could sleep with the other girls. We didn't have a bed for each child as people do now, but was lucky to have three in a bed. Alice cried part of the night saying, "I can't see out in here." Raymond was just a baby when we moved here.

It was in this house on 13 August 1916 that we were again blessed with the birth of a child. This one we named Liddy Lavera and called her Vera for short. The doctor told me that I wasn't strong enough [Page 28] and shouldn't have children so fast. He kept me in bed for fourteen days, telling me to stay down until he came back to tell me to get up. It was fourteen days instead of the usual ten days that women were kept down in those days. When I got up I could hardly walk.

While we were living in this place our kids had a school teacher by the name of of

Buena Mizner. [She spelled it Buenna.] Zara worshipped her. She came from a well to do family in California but was as common as mud. She lived with Gen and Bill Peck across the street and would come over and pick up Raymond and play with him, but she didn't care when he spit up on her. She called him "Governor."

When Vera was big enough to sit alone Lela was carrying her across the street one day. She met three of the neighbor's children, a girl and two boys. These were the Bryce children and they seemed to think they could run it over all the other children. But this day Lela just sat Vera down in the road, and getting a big sunflower stock, she had all three of them running as hard as they could with the sunflower stock coming down behind them at every jump. Zara had begged me to name Vera after Buena Mizner but I wanted her named for her **Grandma Lamoreaux**. [Lydia Lavera Lamoreaux]



We only stayed in this house for a short time, then moved back to the old brick house. At the old brick house on 23 July 1918 another little girl was born. This one we named Lora. Vera lacked only a month being two years old when Lora came. Again Zara begged me to name her Buena but somehow I wanted her to be named Lora. Vera was always so jealous when I would take another baby, so we dreaded telling her about the new baby. But when Minnie brought her into the room and sat her by the bed she looked at the baby and said, "Oh, ain't it cute, ain't it cute," though she was just a baby herself. She loved the new baby.

Little Lora grew and fattened like a little pig and was so cute. She would laugh so much when the children would sing to her. Zara was twelve and got so much enjoyment out of her. She would be as quiet as a little lamb when the car was moving but would scream when it stopped.

We had bought our first car when Vera was a baby, a model T, and we thought it was really something. How we could fly. It would go thirty-five miles per hour, yes thirty-five miles per hour. Really flying. We would make it to Thatcher in half the time Old Nell could [page 29] have got us there. Ray used to take me to the ball games and leave me and the children. One day when Vera was about one year old he left me there. I'd crank up the car and start the car. I'd kill the engine a half dozen times before I'd get it started but by this time I was ready to go home. I could drive and I would drive home with the kids in the car.

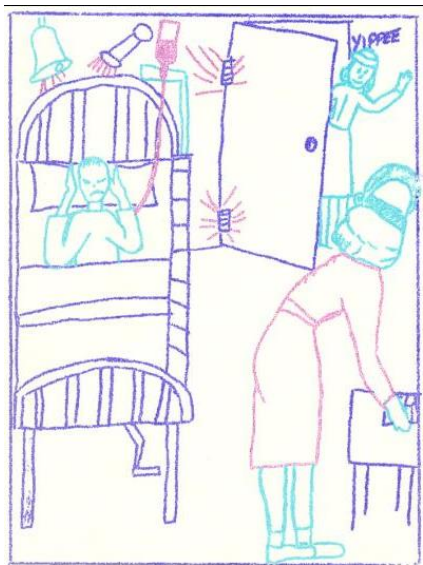
I had had good health after Lora was born, the best I had had since Zara was born. I had been so anemic but it seemed that I was doing real good at this time. It didn't last long. The terrible flu epidemic of 1918 hit the valley, in fact it hit the country. Our first family contact with this dreaded disease was when my sister Millie and her family came down. She her husband and two children were on their way to Arizona from Florida and became stranded in El Paso, Texas with the disease. Millie had pneumonia. Ray, my sister,

Annie and grandmother all went on the train to help them out. As soon as she was able to travel they brought her home to Clifton where Annie lived. The epidemic was raging in the valley. Ray's brother Dave and his family came down with it. Guy's family also.

Ray went to help out Dave and Guy until one night he came down sick. We knew it was the flu. Two days later I came down and I didn't let up for twenty-one days, as I had pneumonia. One by one the children would come down. Dear old Doctor Platt would come in every day and do what he could. He tried to get a nurse to come and help us but every one was so scared of it, no wonder, people were dying like flies with it. Ray would have to get up and take care of the rest of us as long as he could stay up, then would go back to bed for a while. The Bryce people were too scared to even come into the place. Rays brother's boy, came and stayed out in the granary at night and did the chores. I don't know what we would have done without his help as we had several cows and calves to care for. One night a Sister Adams came and sat up and took care of us, then took our wash home and did it on the board. I know such women as this will get a great reward in eternity. When one of the children would come down they would bring them into the big room with their father, otherwise he couldn't have taken care of them.

I got so terribly ill the doctor thought I was going to die. He told Minnie who was staying with relatives across the river, that I'd be dead before morning. The doctor wanted to take me and the baby to the hospital. I think that he merely wanted to get me away from the children to prevent the tragedy of having a mother pass [Page 30] away with so many children around. Ray didn't want us to go but I wanted to go. They put some sacks of grain in between the seats to build it up and to weight the springs so it would ride easier. They put the side curtains on it and at ten o'clock piled us in and drove ten miles over a rough dirt road to the hospital. Those next few days were so terrible. I lingered between life and death and had a terrible abscess in my ear that caused me such suffering.

The baby was well when we went to the hospital but took congestion of the lungs one evening and was dead before the morning. The poor little thing didn't get half the care she needed, as there were so many to care for. They didn't tell me that she had died but waited for Ray to come the next morning. They just laid her out somewhere as there were no undertakers or morgues. Some of the Bryce people met at the cemetery and had a graveside service or just a prayer and a song I guess. Of course I wasn't there. I was so sick I didn't miss the baby until I went home in a week or so, then my arms seemed so empty. I wasn't able to do anything.



The first time Ray brought the children to the hospital Vera looked around and said, "Where my baby?" Bless her heart. She was just a baby herself. Aunt Mary had fixed her up so cute. She was a pretty child with big brown eyes and blonde hair. She had a little toboggan cap

on. When I got home from the hospital and missed my baby at night, I was used to having her sleeping with me, I'd try to get Vera to sleep with me but she wouldn't. During the day when I'd cut her out paper dolls she would say, "I will sleep wif you anight," but when night came and I would try to get her to go to bed with, me she would say, "No, got sore finger," and she would crawl in bed with her daddy.

While in the hospital they put me in a room with a little boy who was dying. His mother couldn't be there but his dad stayed all the time. He kept crying for his mother. This annoyed me terribly since I had such a terrible abscessed ear. I was delirious but not like most people. I didn't mumble but said what I thought not knowing what I was doing. One night the nurse and the little boy's father were talking, he sitting before the fireplace and she standing with her elbow on the mantle. It annoyed me terribly. I do remember thinking if I were like some people I would tell them off. I didn't know until later that I told them off. I guess I had been a bad one. They didn't know that I was not aware of what I was saying.

This was the only time I've [Page 31] been in a hospital if you can call it that. It was an old dwelling house converted into a hospital. They had to pass through my room to get into another room. After I was so mean they moved me from this room into a little room that every one went through. It had such squeaky hinges I thought I couldn't stand it every time the door was opened. They only had about three nurses and I don't think any of them were registered nurses or had even had any previous training.

One night a mexican woman died. They put her in a sheet and took her to a vacant building to lay her out. Since there were no mortuaries in the valley at that time the Relief Society washed and layed out the dead. I wish it was that way now. I hate the thought of some strange man washing me. I just wish they would bury me as is, why wash a person only to place them in the ground anyway.

Poor Doctor Platte. He was one of the few doctors that the service didn't take. He would go from Safford to Fort Thomas. Sometimes he would come in at ten or eleven at night. He never kept the time saying he had his watch to take a pulse with and not to tell time by. He had Safford, Pima, Bryce, Eden, Fort Thomas and Central to care for. I don't know how he ever got around. He would get someone to go alone and drive him so he could sleep while going from place to place.

I was in the hospital the day the armistice was signed. Oh what a day. Every bell in town was ringing and every car in the valley was blowing their horns as loud as posslble. My poor head, I thought it would burst open with all the yelling, screaming and noise going on. It seemed to me as if all Hades had been turned loose, the noise was so terrific. But I was glad the war was over and the boys could come home. I had only had a cousin or two in the war but was still glad.

(Insert on Page 31A) After I got home and had been there a while I began to get so tired that I could hardly walk across the floor. Ray asked to feel my pulse. They were so high he couldn't count them, so back to the hospital I went. This time the doctor told me that I wasn't to set up unless my pulse was down to 100. For five weeks my pulse stayed

up to over a hundred, then for months I had a time with them. This was during the days of prohibition and the court house was full of whiskey that had been taken away from the bootleggers. Some-how the doctor thought that if I would take a sip of whiskey every now and then it would save my lungs, so though I couldn't stand the taste of whiskey I'd take a sip of it every now and than, for medicinal purposes only or course. The doctor authorized Ray to get it from the court house, all that I needed. I think this was part of the reason my pulse ran so high.

I suffered for the next ten years as a result of this illness. I was left with a terrible cough which stayed with me for twenty-three years. My stomach was knocked out, my kidney was infected, and my heart acted up. The doctor said that I had leakage of the heart. I was so poor and looked terrible, but this didn't stop me from having my babies. The Lord must have helped me here. My hair had all come out, I was completely bald except for a little fringe of hair around the edge, which I kept cut short.

Ray decided to take me on a trip to see if it would help my health any. We went to Phoenix and then to Hayden. I wore a carder cap constantly while at Hayden because of my bald head. I happened to take it off when Aunt Nan's boy, Don, about twelve years old, saw me. He just laid down and rolled with laughter. He had never seen a bald headed woman. An old nigger lady said if I had been satisfied like the good Lord made me, I might have had beautiful curly hair when it came back in. But I always wanted beautiful black hair like Ray's mother and sisters had, so Mother Lamoreaux said that if I would oil my hair it would come in darker. It did, [Page 32] just a dishwater blonde where before it was a reddish blonde, a real blonde.

We returned home but I was still having trouble. I coughed, even coughing blood at times. I probably had TB. I used to lay in the sun for hours. This and my faith, I think, kept me going. I used to think that if the Savior were only on the earth I could go touch his garments and be made instantly well, then I thought if I asked in faith he could heal me as well as if he were here among us.

Ray decided to rent the farm and move to Globe and work in the mines. He thought the change might help me. Well I got pregnant and didn't want to die in the mining camp in case I didn't survive the pregnancy, so we moved back to Bryce. The doctor had told me that I was not to have any children for a while. I think that's what saved me from TB, if that is what I had.

When we lot back to Bryce we couldn't get our house as it was rented. We moved into another place, until we could let our old house back. It was in the rented house that I cave birth to our next blessing, a baby gir1. This time we named our girl Zelma. She was born on 26 March 1920. Doctor Driden had gone to the service and was not able to attend to me in this birth. Be had cared for me when Alice, Raymond, Vera and Lora were born. I didn't think that I could have a baby without him, but Doctor Haymore took good care of me. Here I had had two babies in less than two years, besides nearly dying with the flu. It makes me think that the Lord will not take you until he gets ready, then we shouldn't object, though life is sweet.

Zelma was such a robust baby but I was still skinny. I had longed so much for a

baby since Lora had died and was glad when Zelma came, though they were no more alike than anything. Zelma was dark while Lora had been so light skinned. Zelma had what you would call an olive skin, the best for Arizona, while Lora was as fair as a lily with blue eyes and real light hair. Zelma had brown eyes and dark hair and enough hair to cover her head. I thought Zelma was cute anyway and she was one of her daddy's favorites, I think because she looked more like the Lamoreaux'. We both had brown eyes but had four children with blue eyes. My father was the only one on either side of the family that had blue eyes.

A Summary of all our homes

1. Thatcher in Father Lamoreux house for 2 months
2. Graham mountains (lonely)
3. Virden on Grandparents place and farmed for a year.
Zara was born here in, 1906.
4. Franklin on Uncle Mitch Smith farm for one year
5. With grandparents across the river near the line. It was called Day District.
Lela was born here in 1907
6. & 7. Moved two times this year.
8. Rented step-fathers place and, farmed a year just across the New Mexico line
9. Homesteaded a place and built our first home.
10. 1910 moved to Bryce on a 200 acre farm in a two roomed brick house that I disliked. We lived here off and on from 1910 until 1925 where Alice, Raymond, Lora and **Buena** were born (Cont.)
11. We moved to a place $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the brick house.
12. To Globe for 2 months for healing for me.
13. Back to Bryce to another house as the other one was rented. Zelma was born here in 1920
14. Back to the other home for three years where Buena was born in 1922
15. To a nice new home on an 8 acre tract where Max was born in 1924. In 1927, Anna Lou was born here also.
16. In 1927 we sold and moved across from the school and church where Sybil was born.
17. We soon traded places and moved to Pima in 1931.
18. To Mesa in 1933 on Newel until 1938.
19. Built and moved to South Mesa Drive.
20. South Olive as of 1964.

I got much better after Zelma was born. The doctor had told me that I couldn't live more [page 33] than two years. When he saw me after Zelma arrived he was so surprised and said, "What have you been doing to look so good?" I held up my big healthy baby and said, "Having babies." He just snorted.

After we got our old place back Ray went into dairy farming, but was unable to make a success of it. Butter fat went down to nothing and feed went up. He had got a bunch of cows from Wisconsin. They were diseased and would lose nearly all their calves. He had paid \$125.00 per head for them and could only get \$40.00 per head for them when he sold them. When Ray bought them the children were claiming which one was theirs. There was a registered bull with a chain and padlock around his neck to keep the registration tag. Archie said, "Me the one with the watch and bracelet on."

We also raised a garden this year. We had a patch of peas near the house. One day Lela went out to gather some peas. She came running to the house excitedly exclaiming, 'There's a rattle snake out there.' We tried to tell her she just heard some dried peas rattling. "No." she said, "I heard a rattle snake." We went out to investigate and sure enough there was a rattler. We hadn't seen one on the place and didn't know where it came from as they hardly ever crossed the canals to come out of the hills. Nearby, about three quarters of a mile away, several sidewinders had been found in the community, in fact a little girl had been bitten by one. This was before we moved to Bryce. She was in the yard and put her hand out on a sidewinder, not knowing it was there. Of course she died. There is no cure for the bite of a sidewinder. Their poison affects the spine while other types of snakes poison affects the blood stream. One man had found rattler in his wood box one morning near the stove, apparently getting warm. Another time there was one found in the little dog's house. The poor little dog came out yelping. They would only put him back in until they decided to investigate and found the snake. Even dogs didn't like these creatures.

I lived in the yard most of the time, leaving the house work to the girls. I'd take sunbaths for hours at a time. I was so afraid of TB that I'd help in the fields just to be in the sun. In the fall of the year Annie, Minnie and I decided we would make us some money by picking cotton. I took Zelma along and sat her on the ends of the sack and dragged her along behind me. **Ray** was peeved with me over this. [Page 34] He didn't care for his wife to work, it was against his religion. He didn't care how hard I had to work around the house though. He finally said, "Go on, I think one day will do you," he was right, it did.



I'm wondering why we ever lived so long on a place without water. For years we had to haul our water and dip it up out of the canal to wash with. We had a pump at first but the water was so salty we couldn't drink it. We finally got the water piped from over the river, but it was out part of the time. We were offered a good price for this place either during the war or just after it was over.

[Zara was ward clerk in 1921. Ray was ward clerk 1922-1923.
Spencer Kimball was stake clerk at the same time.]

On 6 October 1922 we were again blessed with the birth of a baby girl Zara finally got the name she wanted for one of our girl's. We named her **Buena**. At this time Zelma was just six months past two years old. **Buena** was just as fair as Lora was. She sure didn't take after the Lamoreaux side of the family. She had blue eyes and what hair she had was a mousy, almost gray. I thought Zelma was the prettiest baby, as **Buena** had a narrow forehead and such fat cheeks when she was born.

[See page 25 for Buena Mizner]

Doctor Driden, our faithful doctor had turned his practice over to a Doctor Morris. He had a little goatee and reminded me of a German, and of course everyone hated Germans at that time. I didn't know whether I wanted him or not as he was crabby looking old scamp, but I had no choice for Safford was too far away for someone that was as fast in labor as I was.

Ray was still in the hills cooking for the Bryce round-up and I was not due for three weeks yet. When I took sick I sent one of the children for faithful Minnie. She sent someone to ask George Peck to go for the doctor. When the doctor got there it was after dark. He examined me and said that he didn't think the baby would come until morning or for some time at least but said he wouldn't leave me since my husband was not home, provided I had a place for him to sleep. So we fixed him a bed in one corner of the room. Minnie went to bed with me. They all went to sleep and was snoring but I lay there having pains ever now and then. Presently they got pretty severe Everyone got up and the baby was there before midnight. Most of our babies were born at night.

When **Buena** was a few days old I noticed that her foot was turned in pretty bad. The doctor [Page 35] examined it and said that the cords or leaders in her little leg was drawn. He said for me to bring her to his office and he would put it in splints or a cast in about six weeks. I had the Elders administer to her and kept some oil by my bed to rub it with. I'd rub her leg every few minutes and by the time she was, six weeks old her foot was straight. I asked our Heavenly Father to bless her that her little foot wouldn't be turned. When I see her running a dancing school I feel that my prayers were certainly answered.

When she was old enough to crawl around she ate something that poisoned her and she came close to dying. The Doctor thought it was crayolas. He said the black crayola had quite a lot of coal tar in them. The doctor had me give her warm water, all she could drink. Zara was going steady with Les and Lela with Lawrence at this time and they came in that night and sat up with me for a while.

It was not long after this that Zara and Lela made their desires known to get married, both on the same day Lela was so young, not yet sixteen. I wanted to kill Lawrence Hancock. I hated to see her get married so bad that I wanted to break them up when I saw them getting serious. But their **dad** said that if I break them up and she ends up



marrying someone not worth a darn that I'd be sorry. I didn't care so much about Zara, she was older, still I was disappointed. Zara had wanted to be a school teacher and was going to Gila Academy the year before, but didn't start that year as she was planning on getting married. I didn't have anything against Lawrence, only that Lela was so young.

The girls told us one night that the boys were going to ask for them and asked us to sit up for them. It was the custom in those days for the boys to ask the parents for the hand of their daughter. So this night Les and Lawrence were going to ask for the girls. I was up alright as I usually was up sewing. (I had to do a lot of sewing to keep all of my six girls in clothes. We had to sew all the clothes we wore in those days.)

We slept in the front room as most people had beds in their front rooms in those days, because they didn't have anything else to put in them.

So that night I was up sewing, but **Ray** had gone to bed. When the kids got home Les and Lawrence drew straws to see which one would get first crack at it. It fell Les's lot to go first. Zara and Les stepped in while Lela and Lawrence waited [Page 36] outside until their turn. Les said to me, "Well I came to ask you for your girl." Vera, who was seven years, had heard the girls say the boys were going to ask for them so she lay awake to hear it. When Les said, "I came to ask for your girl," we heard a silly tee hee coming from the crack of a slightly opened door leading into the bed room. I said, "You will have to ask her dad." So Les said, "How about it **Ray**." We were so young that the young folks called us **Mabel and Ray**. **Ray** pretended to be asleep and made him repeat it, poor kids. It was such a silly custom.

On 28 November 1923 they were both married at the same time, or the same evening. This was two days before Lela's sixteenth birthday. It sure made me sad and left me with out any help as Alice wasn't any help. The girls would say, "Get her out, we don't want her around, we will do all the work.'

The night the girls were married, Zara first then Lela, I couldn't keep back the tears so I had to leave the room for a while. They were married at home with only the families present. Afterward they had a reception in the schoolhouse.

After the reception some of the kids took the girls and put them in the back of a car and were taking them away from the boys. Lawrence got Lela away, then he and Les went to hunt for Zara. Lela hid behind an old trunk. The cars would come down to the house and turn around in the road. I expected someone to get killed. The school teacher was the main one in the crowd. They were just having fun, so they thought.

They took Zara and the crowd went down on the river bottom and built a fire. They stayed down there most of the night, until most of them got so sleepy they fell asleep. Then Zara and a cousin, Clara, slipped away and waded through the cockle burrs and mud and stuff until her wedding dress and white shoes were a mess. They went up to a house



Lawrence owned, where he and Lela first lived. Lawrence had gone and got Lela and all five of them spent the rest of the first night of their marriage sleeping in one bed. It upset Zara so much she was nearly a nervous wreck, she had just gotten over her period and it started up all over again. I sure am glad people are more civilized today.

It was about this year that I had the only dream that had any meaning to me. **Ray** had gone into partnership with George Peck in the purchase of a thrasher. An old skunk of a lawyer, named Sprigs, held the note on it. The note came due [Page 37] at a time that **Ray** had gone out in the hills again to cook for the cow out-fit. I dreamed one night that someone was hauling off our hay. The next morning when I looked out there was a man loading our hay on his wagon. I went out and asked him why he was taking our hay and he said that Sprigs had attached it and hired him to haul it for him. I told him that **Ray** didn't know anything about it. He then told me that he needed the job pretty bad but not bad enough to take a man's winter feed when he knows nothing about it, so he went. Another man came but when I told him he left. I told him not to tell Sprigs until I could get **Ray** home. Gil Hubbard went for **Ray**. Well, Sprigs didn't get the hay.

We were having such a hard time paying for the place after we went into the big canal with the Hubbard and Graham people. We never got the water we needed and the expense of keeping up the canal was so great. We decided to give up the place. We had enough money to build a new home on an eight acre tract we owned. So we built a new house with four rooms and a screen porch across the back. We thought it was pretty nice, though we didn't have enough room.

Ray had been doing some road contracting and we had been camping out on the road with **Ray**. George Pecks were also camping on the road. This was just before Max was born. Lois, our first grandchild, was born just before we moved into our new house. Les's mother took care of Zara and the baby but she didn't seem to get strong so she came to stay with us, so that I could care for her. This was in the latter part of August.

In September Annie had a boy they named Johnnie. As the children were in school I would go take care of her and the baby.

Then on 27 November 1924, while living in our new house, our third son was born. This one we name Max. Zara and Les were still with us. I had had so many false alarms that when I took sick Ray wouldn't believe me. He finally got Les to go after the doctor. Annie came over and was in the kitchen helping the children get breakfast. Ray was outside getting wood or something. When the baby came I screamed and Annie came running. She bent over me and I said, "The baby's here." I yelled but she didn't have her hearing aid on so she didn't understand until I yelled again as loud as I could, "The baby's here." She nearly jumped through the ceiling it scared her so. Someone ran out and looked down the road, returning with the good news that the [Page 38] doctor was coming.

Ray was highway contractor and was doing pretty well. We bought a new car, the first we had had since the old 1917, and this was 1925 or 1926.

Ray was counselor to Jim McBride in the Bishopric. He had acted as counselor for several years for George Peck when he was Bishop. He had acted as Sunday School Superintendent and as young men's counselor in the mutual presidency. I was president of

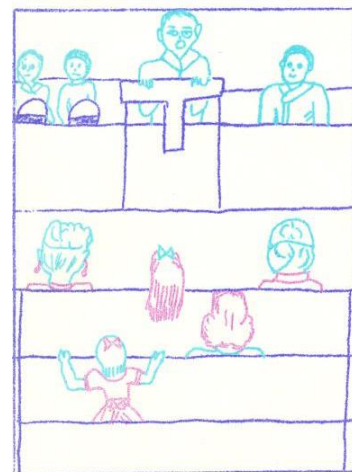
the Young Woman's association so we could work together. We did have good mutual meetings, always having a crowd. Some folks that had never attended before started coming out. Ray run the dances for some time. He was real good with the boys. I guess that being a wayward boy himself, when a boy, helped him understand them better. I had such a family that I hardly ever went to the dances with him. But when Buena was a baby I decided to go with him to the dance. Other people had went with their babies. These dances were held in what was then the school house, church house and amusement hall all in one. There were nice wide benches that we used to lay the babies on. This was before Zara and Lela had got married and they were with their boy friends, leaving us with six children to take along. When we got ready to go I forgot to count heads. We only got a little way when we ran out of gas, someone had borrowed the gas without asking. About that time we heard blood curdling screams and in the full moon saw Vera coming, hitting high "C" at every jump. We had left her asleep on one of the benches. Poor Vera it seemed she always got the worst, or was the most neglected.

Some of my Church Work

With all my family, I never had time to do much church work outside of being President of M.I.A. in the Franklin ward in 1906,
M.I.A. President in Bryce ward in about 1922,
Second Counselor to the Primary President in about 1914
Counselor in Relief Society from 1927 until we moved to Pima in 1931.
I have been a visiting teacher since 1911 and
served two years on a stake mission in 1952 and 1953.
I have done a lot of genealogy and church Temple work.

Ray always got in such a hurry when we were going to church or anywhere. He was always rushing us so. He would get his watch out and say, "Just fifteen minutes." It got to be a byword with the kids. If that didn't work he would go start the car so that we would all come running. I would give the kids spit baths on the way and maybe their clothes would be on wrong side out, then we would be the first ones there. I had to leave part of the dressing of the children to the children themselves. One time they forgot to put panties on Vera. It wouldn't have been so bad but she had to go up on the amen row with her daddy. She was only about two years old at the time. I was so embarrassed when she turned her little white "tether end" up to the audience.

I can't say this was my most embarrassing moment for I was just about as embarrassed [page 39] when Raymond was a little fellow. A man came selling Fuller brushes or something like it. He had a beautiful white mixing bowl that he offered as a premium. Raymond, coming in from play, spied the bowl. "Oh," he hollered, "A nammy, I want to pee in that man's nammy" " The more I tried to hush him



the louder he hollered, "I want to pee in that man's nammy." Well, the man got up and left. I guess he didn't want to take e chance on getting his pretty bowl peed in.

Another embarrassing moment was when Ray, Lela's baby, and Max were little. Lela had made a cute little suit for each of them, just alike. There were three months between them. We took them to Safford and Lela went somewhere leaving me with them. I was quite proud of them as everyone thought they were twins, though some would say they didn't look as much alike as so and so's twins. They ran up behind me to where the water was running under the street. When I caught up with them they were standing there trying in their small way to increase the stream of water running along the sidewalk then disappearing under the street, unconscious of the fact that peeing in public is a misdemeanor.

There ware two elements in Bryce. It was such a small place that it wasn't big enough to be divided but there was a group of men folk that would collect under a tree on Sunday and play cards all day. They were alongside the highway where everyone going by to Hot Springs could see them. They would sit there all day, moving only to follow the shade around the tree. I was so happy **Ray** didn't take up with this element but went with those that went to church. I felt that he had come a long way from when we were married. At that time he wouldn't attend Sunday School, saying that he had put his time in Sunday School when he was a little boy and **his father** made him go. Many a time there was just enough people attending services to administer the sacrament of the priesthood. A man from Thatcher came to church one day. He talked a little broken and when he got to the stand he said. "Where is all the men when der iss so many children, there must be some men somewhere."

Lela's baby was born in February on 1925. I'll never forget how pointed his head was. His dad asked if I thought he would be all right and I said yes, but I had my doubts. Lela came home to stay while recuperating from the birth.

I sure had my share of caring for babies that year. First it was Lois when Zara came home to get strong, then Johnnie who I had to wash and [page 40] dress every day, then Max and then Ray.

Ray ran out of a job and we had payments to make so he decided to go on the railroad. This was in 1925, Max was a year old. He went down on the Globe branch and hired out as a carpenter on a bridge building gang. He would leave home on a Sunday night and get back the next Friday night.

After Ray had been on the railroad a year or more he got me a pass to ride the train as far as New Orleans. It would be necessary for me to pay my way on from there. I was so happy to have the opportunity to see my mother and sisters and brothers again. I had not seen them for fifteen year.

I had never rode on a train before except only to Globe, so this was quite an undertaking to take two children and go so far. I only took **Buena**, who was four and Max, who was two, leaving the rest of the younger children with the girls. **Buena** was a little lady but Max got so tired and would cry, and as most of my kids did when he cried, he bellered like a bull.

We made it as far as New Orleans pretty good but had to hurry to catch a train there. I had to carry Max. When I got on I began to have Pleurisy. I had to change at eleven that night and get back on at twelve midnight. I was so worried and was feeling so sorry for myself when I finally got the kids settled in a seat. We couldn't afford a sleeper. A lady came up and said, "Lady, you look sick, you look so bad." I burst out crying. I was sorry I had started. We made the change o.k. and was soon in Lake City where we had to make another change, this time a longer wait.

Here at Lake City, I left **Buena** and went into another room. This room had the door propped open with a brick. Max was tagging along close at my heels. He decided to move the brick and shut the door. Well, it had a catch but no knob to open it with. There we were locked in the room. I finally found a door opening onto the street. It was fastened with a big spike nail but being in a damp country it was swollen tight. I managed to get it bent out and open the door. It was nearly train time.



When the train came in and was almost stopped, I looked down and Max had disappeared. I ran through the depot and there he was on the other side.

We finally got to Florahome where **my mother** lived, but I didn't know it as they didn't [Page 41] callout the station and the depot being a box car and the place just a wide spot in the road. The conductor had such few passengers that he forgot me until we had went through the place. He felt awful bad about it, but there "as nothing he could do about it. We went through at eleven in the morning and returned at five in the evening. We had to layover all day until the train went back in the evening as there were no other means of transportation or even telephones to call my folks. The conductor took me, and the children out and bought our dinner, saying he felt that it was the least he would expect any man to do it they had treated his wife that way. **Ray** had been teasing me about making a mash on a conductor. I would have given anything if he could have come walking in then, only the conductor was old enough to be my father and homely as a mud fence. But it wouldn't have made any difference if he hadn't been, I don't think I could have ever seen anything in any other man after I had selected the man of my choice.

My mother had changed so much in fifteen years that I was disappointed. I wonder if she wasn't disappointed in her daughter, there had been a great change in me. I stayed with her for six weeks. That was a long time to be away from my little children that were back in Arizona.

I put in many hours of worry and fear while there. My sister's husband, who was "off", was running loose. He had nearly killed her several times so that she had to leave him. I was afraid he would get it into his head that I was going to take their children West and make Mormons of them. **Mama** had to go to our brother's home. Alonzo and Ruthie had their first child so **mother** went there to help them and I would be left all alone I don't think the doors even had locks on them.

I thought one of the prettiest sights I ever saw was in Florida. There was about six

or seven red breasts in a blossoming plum tree. I thought the spanish moss hanging from the live oak trees was interesting also.

I returned home on 19 February 1927. Ray and the children were all so happy to see us and I was really happy to be home again with my family.

On 14 June 1927 I gave birth to another baby girl. This one we named Anna Lou. I had Doctor Driden to take care of me again because of an incident that had made Doctor Morris mad at the whole family. Zara and Lela had given birth to their babies, Lavora and Lavar, within one day. Zara was with us while [Page 42] Lela went to Lawrence's folks, Aunt Fannie and Uncle Rass. A few days after Lela's baby came she got terrible sick and run a high fever. Doctor Morris was her doctor at the time and said that she had appendicitis. Aunt Fanny, who was a pretty good nurse, and some of the others, didn't think that this was her trouble and wanted to change doctors. I finally gave in, so we got Doctor Platt (Doctor Driden hadn't got back yet from the service). Doctor Platt said that she was suffering from blood poisoning. Her fever would go up so high, he said it was the highest of any he had ever seen, except one other woman and that was just before she died. Doctor Platt wouldn't take the case unless we notified Doctor Morris. Doctor Morris was so mad he could eat ten penny nails. He said that I was the cause of it and came over and demanded all the money Zara and Les owed him and then sent a dun to anyone that he found to be our relatives. But I didn't care. Doctor Platt and the faith we had in our Heavenly Father saved our girl.

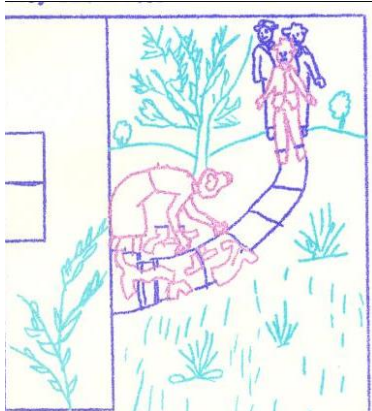


[1927-1931 Ray was Bishop's Counselor.]

Getting back to the birth of Anna Lou. Doctor Driden had returned to the valley but was awfully worried over his wife, who had been badly burned while camping out, and died not long afterward, Anna Lou was born in the evening. Les, who was living near by on Annie and John's place went for the doctor. The doctor came but my pains had stopped. He said the baby wouldn't come until morning. He hadn't got home before I was doubled up again in labor. Les rushed back after him and caught him just as he was driving up to his house. When Les told him I was in bad labor and we thought the baby was coming he said, "I know damn well she ain't in bad labor," but he came back anyway and the baby was soon there. I had wanted her to come on her father's birthday but she waited and came on Guy Dixon's birthday.

While I was still in bed, **Ray** came home from Ward Conference and said, "Well, I'll bet you can't guess what job they gave you." I couldn't. I had been counselor in the Primary and President of the Young Woman's Mutual Association but this time I had been chosen by Minnie to serve as counselor to her in the Relief Society presidency. She hadn't asked me. I told her that I wouldn't be any good but she said I could fill the vacancy as good as any one. I think that's all I did, but stayed in that position for six years, until we left.

The summer of 1927 found us trading the little house we had built for twenty acres



across from the school house. We got a four room house with the place. The school house was also used for our church house. So now [Page 43] when Ray started rushing me on Sunday to get to Church I would just say, "Now listen, I know the way over there, so you go when you get ready and I'll come when I get ready. Well, I never got there on time once during the time we lived in this house.

A sort of embarrassing thing happened while we lived there. The girls were always going off and leaving their night clothes scattered all over the house. I thought I would teach them a lesson so I just spread the clothes out on the steps and walk. With no one living near I felt it wouldn't hurt as no one would see them but the kids and they would be a reminder to them when they came home. I forgot all about it until I heard **Ray** coming up the walk. With him was Brother Nash and Brother Payne, the stake president, coming to have dinner. I was terribly embarrassed, and began gathering night clothes as fast as I could, but not fast enough to keep them from seeing them. I guess they thought I was crazy or maybe a little touched. It was the duty of the bishop or one of his counselors to entertain the visitors when they came. As the Bishop was unable to entertain them it fell **Ray's** lot as a member of the Bishopric, to invite them home, and my duty, without warning to prepare the meal.

The boys put the lawn into crops, some cotton and some higaray. One time when they were across the wash irrigating Max, a child of four was with them He got tired and wanted to go home. They tried to get him to go on but he said, "No, a rattle snake will bite me." So they set him on a dry spot and irrigated around him. When they were on their way home they found the dog in a fierce battle with a big rattler. They killed it and started on. Then they ran across it's mate. Had Max gone on alone he would probably have gotten bit.

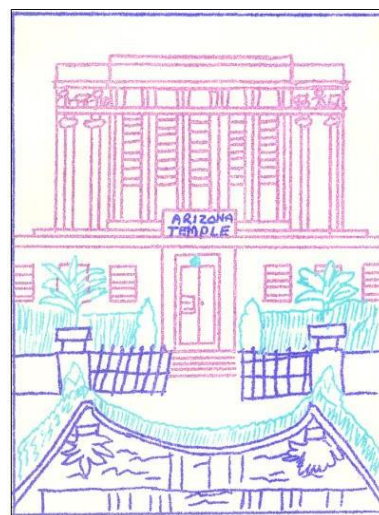
On October 25, 1927 our beautiful Mesa Temple was dedicated. Ray being in the Bishopric we were priviledged to sit in the Garden of Eden room, the most beautiful I think of all the rooms in our temple. [Page 44]

This was a glorious day. The spirit of the Lord was so reverent one could feel his presence there all through the dedicatorial prayer. Yes, our glorious temple was built and a dream come true. We could hardly wait to go and have our work done, so planned to go as soon as possible.

Ray quit the railroad for a while and drove a car to haul school children from Lizard Bump. This didn't prove satisfactory so he went back on the railroad and I took over the hauling of the children, there weren't over six.

On 23 January 1930 Alice was married to Arthur Chesley.

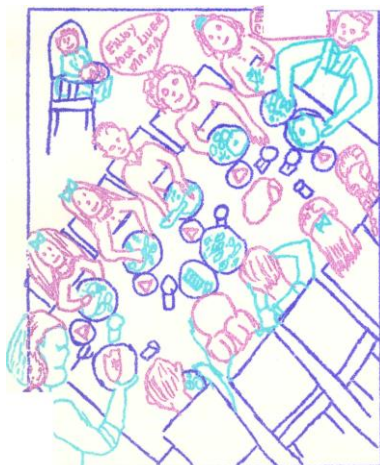
On 15 March 1930 Sybil was born. I took sick with dysentery and didn't know when



the labor pains started until they were real serious. Ray said, "I'll go for the doctor." I said, "Help me fix my bed then go for Zara to stay with me." He had just got gone when I had such a pain that I knew the baby was coming. I told Raymond, "Go get Wyona and tell Alma to go for the doctor." They were neighbors and were having a party at their house. Raymond had no more than left the room when the baby came. At first she didn't cry so I shook her. She let out one cry then hushed so when Wyona got there I was sitting up working with her. Raymond went for Minnie and she had the baby all taken care of by the time the doctor arrived.

When Sybil was eleven months old the measles broke out in the valley. It was the worst epidemic I had ever seen. Children died with it and others were terribly ill.

Buena and **Max** came down with it first. **Buena** wasn't too sick but **Max** had some kind of hemorrhage. The doctor said that if it was a certain type of measles there was no hope for him. We weren't to let him have one drop of water and he was running a temperature of 104 and sometimes 105, degrees. Sometimes he would beg for water. I'd keep telling him that I couldn't let him have any water." He would say, "you can there's cold water in the cistern." We were hauling our water and keeping it in the cistern. He kept begging for water. It was heart breaking to hear the little fellow. Next morning his fever was down some and the doctor let him have just enough water to wet his tongue. When



they got better Anna Lou and Sybil came down. Anna Lou was never very sick but the measles seemed to go in with Sybil. She was so sick the doctor said to watch for meningitis signs, sores like bruises. Her little body was all swollen and I turned the [Page 45] cover down to show Lela how she looked and there on her leg was blue spots like bruises. I sent for the doctor and after he looked at her he said, "Mrs. Lamoreaux you can't have meningitis in your family. You've had enough to kill six women already." He could be sure without taking a spinal test, and he didn't believe in that. After that her little mouth would draw to one side and her legs and arms would draw up in knots. After she got better she would shake all over like an old lady with the palsy. For weeks she was that way and every thing she ate passed right on through. It took her a year to get over it. Old Aunt Nell Peck said she was the sickest person she had ever seen to have lived, and Aunt Nell nursed plenty of them.

Soon after this we traded the place in Bryce for five acres in Pima and moved over there. This place had a shack or a house on it, but it did have running water in the house, the first I had ever had, even though I had kept house for twenty-five years After Sybil's sickness she seemed to have no resistance. Every year she was sick with something until she was about ten years old. She had pneumonia when we moved to Pima.

I had a miscarriage and nearly hemorrhaged to death and was sick so long the doctor said I was to eat liver. I hated liver but would try to eat all I could. **Ray** killed a calf and would cook the best steaks. He was a good cook, but I would have to eat liver.

Sometimes he would feel sorry for me and put steak on my plate. The liver did the work and I got my strength back again. How lucky for the people today that they can get their iron from shots and not have to eat liver.

Ray was cut down to three days a week. [This was depression time and he was lucky to have a job.] He had to go and bump some one as a helper and go to Hayden and Phoenix. When he would come home he would first have to go into Phoenix, get a cot for twenty-five cents per night, and a stack of hot cakes for ten cents. He would stay one night in Phoenix then come home and stay one night, then go back to Phoenix, then go out on the gang again. His salary was sixty dollars per month and us with a family of seven children, one in college, one in high school and two in grade school. Then to make things worse Anna Lou and Sybil built a fire between our hay stacks and set fire to all our winter hay. If it hadn't been for Lawrence Hancock I don't know what we would have done. In his goodness and mercy he let us have hay enough to get by. I was so sorry that I had wished he would die when he wanted to marry my almost baby, as she was so young. [Page 46]

After living for some time with **Ray** so far away we decided we couldn't stand that. So we thought of moving to Phoenix. **Ray** said that he would like to have me come down but for me to do as I wished. The decision was mine and decisions were so hard to make. I prayed about it then had my patriarchal blessing. It was promised that the things that were preying on my mind would be made clear and it was so decided to move to Mesa.

We couldn't sell anything at that time so we had nothing to buy a house with. But we decided that we had to have a home. We looked at several homes. We found one on Newell Street (now Grand) south of the tracks, not a very desirable neighborhood at that time. If you came from Stewart addition you had your mark, but as we had nothing to buy with, we felt we must get what we could get for the cheapest price. Mr. Furr the real estate man said he could help us get or borrow money on our cows, we had two, and an old Model T Ford coup. We could buy the place for \$575.00 with \$50.00 down and \$10.00 per month. So we borrowed the \$50.00 but had to pay it back at \$12.50 per month. Paying both the house payment and the loan payment sure made it hard, until we got the \$10.00 paid back.

One fourth of Mesa was empty at that time and houses were cheap. The house was a little four room lumber structure, not modern at all. Since the sewer didn't run into that end of town most everyone had outside toilets. Think of an outhouse on every fifty feet. Oh, what a stink in the summer. And the flies they would cover the screens. I don't know why we didn't all die with some dreadful disease, but except for Sybil having pneumonia and her annual tonsillitis and Raymond having an appendicitis operation we were extremely healthy. This was all in 1933.

The Temple was so far ahead of names. They called people to do so many names in a year. Mrs Western, a neighbor lady, and I used to walk from Grand Street to the temple, sometimes at night, and run a chance of getting a ride home. I don't think we ever had to walk home.

We were hard up as our income when we first moved to Mesa was only sixty dollars per month, a small income for a family of nine. By the time we paid our six dollars for

tithing and the twenty-two dollars and fifty cents for our house payment for the first four months. Ray got his board on the railroad part of the time, that helped out.

We had moved to Mesa in August so that the children could start school in September. [Page 47] Raymond stayed with dear Aunt Annie Smith. She had kept me and now she was keeping my child. I have always felt that I owed her so much, she was a second mother to me. We were getting fifteen dollars rent out of our house and five acres and we let Raymond have it to go to school on. We had our own cows and had our own milk, so that helped. It was terribly hot and we didn't have coolers, not even a fan or refrigerator or ice box at first. We cooked on a big wood stove. When we could afford it we would buy some ice to cool the drinks, we didn't have any left over foods to keep. We had a screen box attached to the kitchen and would keep wet gunny sacks over it by having a pan of water on top with the sacks hanging from it. In the early days when there were eight children in the house we never bought flour in less than fifty pound sacks at a time. I would make twelve loaves of bread every other day. It took 200 pounds of flower every month. The flour always came in muslin sacks that really came in handy. I would piece them together for quilt linings and for sheets, even for dish towels and baby diapers. Most of my baby diapers were flour sack diapers. We even made our little gir1s panties out of them. They might have the "Lily of the Valley" across their "tuther end" but at least they were covered, something you can hardly say for the girls now.

We only had a few months of this terribly hard times, then **Ray** started back on full time again. Now he got \$80.00 per month. That extra \$20.00 sure went a long way. At that time we could go to town and bring all the groceries we could pile in the old Model A Ford Coupe for \$10.00.

We were quite crowded when we first moved to Mesa. We only had three rooms in our house and they were quite small. We boarded up part of the front porch to use for a bed room so we managed to get along.

In the Fall of 1934, one year after we moved to Mesa, **Ray** got to be foreman of a fence gang. He only had six Mexicans under him but they loved him and when they promoted him to a bridge gang foreman one of them cried, "You are the best foreman we ever had." So it was with all the men on his gang. They all loved and respected **Ray**. Just the other day one came to see him, he hadn't seen for fourteen years.

As soon as we could afford it we built a room across the back of our house for a bed room and also built an eating room [Page 48] on the kitchen. Though we had plenty of room for the children to sleep they all slept outside in the summer, as did everyone else. One day Zelma told Anna Lou she couldn't sleep with her if she didn't do something. Anna Lou didn't mind her so Zelma told her that she couldn't sleep with her that night. So Anna Lou would come and bang on the door, as I slept in the house then when she would hear me coming she would take off down the street as if the devil was after her, screaming at the top of her voice. I would go back to bed and she would repeat the performance. All this took place at about ten o'clock at night. The next morning the neighbors asked Alice, who married and lived next door to us, what her mother was doing to that child to cause her to scream the way she did. It sounded as if she was about to kill her. Alice told them she

guessed I would have if I could have caught her.

In October after we moved to Mesa, Vera and Lawrence were married. I cried most of the night because I was so disappointed I had wanted her to go on to school so much. She was a pretty girl. Lawrence at the time didn't even have a job. There was five of our children now married, not one with a high school education, and I had wanted them to have an education so much. Raymond went to Gila College for two years before he got married and ended his education. Zelma quit high school and ended her education. **Buena** finished high school but wouldn't go to college unless we let her go to California to a modeling school. She wasn't seventeen when she would have started to college. [When her youngest daughter went to college **Buena** went with her and got a PhD.]

I have been so disappointed because my children failed to finish their education but when I look at my wonderful posterity of fine clean children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, I can't really regret it too much.



In December of 1934 **Ray** got his foreman's job. He had an old coach on the tracks for living quarters. He was so happy to have his family with him in the summer (we went out and stayed after school was out each summer). We loaded what we had on the old Model A Ford and started for the coach. Zelma, who was only 15 at the time, thought she must do all the driving. Ray had told us how to get through Tucson, as we were going to Benson, but Zelma got tired of me asking for directions, as her dad had told me to do when we got to Tucson. As we got out of Tucson I said, "Well, roads don't always go like they seem they should. We went on a few miles then I said, "I believe we are on the wrong road." She said, "I guess you would like to stop and ask?" [Page 49] I said, "Yes, I would." When I did I found out we were on the road to Nogales. We had two flat tires, one some Mexicans fixed. They followed along behind us for a long way. I said, "Bless their hearts, they are coming behind to help if we have any more trouble." But when we had the second flat they gave us the high ball and away they went, leaving us to fix our own tire. We carried along patching materials, so we took the tire off, patched the inner tube, put it back on, pumped it up, let the jack down and was off again, quite a job for womenfolk. There were seven of us in the car along with all our bedding, cooking utensils and groceries. I guess we were too heavily loaded. We had a box of linen tied on the back and had to untie them and take them off to get to the spare tire. **Buena** wanted to ride on the side and hold the rope. When we got to the top of the hill there was a windmill. The children all got out and went running like a bunch, of wild steers to get a drink of water. When we got back we forgot about the rope not being tied so as we started we heard a peculiar hissing sound. Zelma cried, "Oh, we have another flat tire." When we stopped there sat our box of linen on the rope and was

being dragged down the hill behind us.

I was glad to get out of the heat and be with **Ray**. It seemed we had been apart so much for so many years. But some of the children hated the bridge gang, especially **Buena**, I think she had as leave gone to prison as on the bridge gang. She would say, "When we have a home why do we have to go out on the gang." I would tell her, "If dad can stay out there twelve months of the year, then we can stay for three when it gave him so much pleasure to have his family with him. Zelma didn't mind as she liked to read and didn't go so much as **Buena**. The other children could play so didn't mind it. As soon as Max got big enough to chop cotton he went to Lawrence and Lela's in the summer time.

When we first went out the old coach was full of cockroaches, the great big ones. They would crawl over the children at night as the smaller children slept on the floor. They nearly had a fit. I can't see how the people ever let the roaches get such a start. We put out borax and sugar and soon got rid of them.

Two years after this, on 29 May 1931 Zelma and Alton were married. I felt she was getting a good boy because he came from a religious family. But I've been terribly disappointed as they are so indifferent to the church. But I'm still praying for them, as I know his parents are, that they quit their smoking and go to the temple so that they can have their family with them [Page 50] in eternity. But they aren't all, there's Vera and Lawrence, Max and Joy, Anna Lou and Buster, and Alice that haven't been to the temple either. But I'll still pray and pray as long as I have life and when I don't, then maybe I can plead at the throne of our Heavenly Father for them, if I'm worthy. But I've done such a poor job of teaching my children the gospel that he will probably say, "Get thee hence, I know thee not."

I used to hear people talk from the pulpit and say how we would regret it if we didn't train our children to love God and to keep his commandments. I thought that I was doing this, but I have failed terribly.

I feel sorry for Joy she wants to go to the temple. I know how she feels for it took **Ray** fourteen years before he quit his tobacco. I thought he had quit when we were married, as he promised, because he never used it before me. Molets tried to tell me he was using it when we were first married, but I guess I wouldn't listen because I wanted him to quit so much. I had said that I would never marry a man who smoked. Oh, how hurt I was when after Zara was born I found a plug of tobacco under the shuck tick. I don't know why I lifted the tick up as we usually just put our hands through an opening to stir the shucks. Well, I went down under a tree and cried my heart out, not so much because he was using tobacco, but because he had deceived me and I couldn't stand deceit in any way. Abraham Lincoln wasn't any more honest than my **grandparents** and I guess I expected every one else to be the same way.

Soon after we had moved to Mesa I became a teacher in the primary. I met so many wonderful people through their children that I was teaching. Such as the Glazier family and Bertha Kleinman, I had her grandson, Dickie Johnson, and others who were so appreciative of my efforts as a teacher.

We went every summer on the gang. We camped from Yuma to Stines Pass, New

Mexico and Nogales, Arizona. Most of the time we went in the eastern part of the state, where it was cool. Sometimes we were in the Gila Valley or Benson or any place between Bowie and Tucson and all along the line from Bowie to Stines Pass.

Ray was getting some overtime so we began to do better and paid our place off as soon as possible. In the fall of 1937 we had saved a little money and bought a new car, a Plymouth. This was our fourth car that we had bought new. First a Model T, [Page 51] then a Baby Overland, A Chivvy, [Chevy] and now a Plymouth.

In the summer, as usual, we began getting ready to go on the gang. Max and Anna Lou had gone to the Valley. Melverda wanted to go to the valley to visit and Vera wanted to go stay on the gang with us. Vera had Larry and Pat and Melverda had Andre and Jeneanne. With all our clothes and vegetables and groceries we were so loaded I decided Buena and Sybil could go through on the train and we would pick them up in Bowie where Melverda was getting off to go to the valley on the Globe branch train. When we got to Tucson we stopped at the depot to see if the girls were there but Melverda, who went to inquire, if the train made connections and didn't see the girls, and decided that they had made it o.k. When we got to Bowie we found that the train hadn't made connections and the girls were still in Tucson and would have to stay there all night. We had so much trouble we nearly missed the Globe Trail. It had just started out when they hailed it down so that Melverda could get on.



We were dragging a little two wheel trailer. On it we had Max's chickens and rabbits. I planned to ship them to the valley to him. Just as we got in sight of the depot the rabbits fell off. So I left Vera to pick them up while we took Melverda on to catch the train. I went back and got Vera and the rabbits. We took the trailer into Bowie, then started for Tucson. Vera was driving. A tire blew out and she lost control of the car. We weaved all over until the car tipped over. Some people coming in a truck helped us out. We sent to Benson for the wrecker. I caught a ride into Tucson with some college boys and Vera came into Benson with the wrecker. When we boarded the train it was dark, thank goodness, As Vera was covered with blood where her children's noses were bleeding and the battery acid had eaten holes in

her clothes. The old conductor said he wouldn't stop the train at San Simon to let me off as it wasn't a regular stop. Ray was so consoling and said he didn't care if the car was tore up as long as we weren't killed. But when I told him a bout the rabbits and chickens he jumped up and began to walk the floor. He was so mad and said, "I told you not to bring them damned chickens and rabbits."

Our living quarters were portable and was moved by the trains to new locations when the work moved from place to place. Maybe a freight train would come by and throw off an order saying that the next train would pick the outfit up and move it. We would all

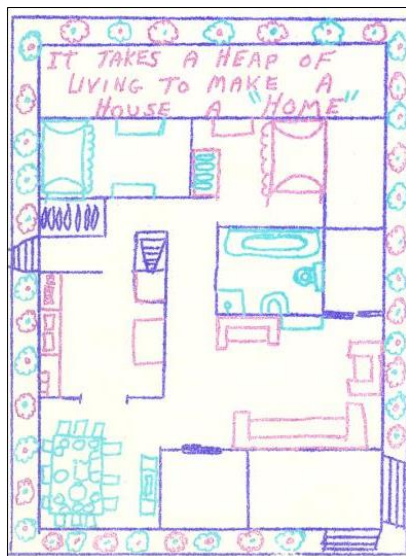
have to chase chickens or sometimes we would have to go back at night after them. We weren't supposed [Page 52] to ride on the car's when they are moving but sometimes Ray would leave us in bed when we moved at night time. I would have to keep the children real still. Some of those rides were real rough.

We saved some money by 1938 and decided to get a lot and build a house. So every Sunday afternoon when Ray would come home we'd go riding around looking for a lot. We finally found a place on South Mesa Drive and decided to buy it. The price was \$225.00. We didn't have that much money so I got on the train and went to Bowie where **Ray** was camped, then on to Bryce. Lawrence Hancock again proved to be a good fellow as he went with me to the bank and made arrangements for the bank to let us in after banking hours as **Ray** couldn't come until after work. Les went to Bowie after **Ray**. Les and Lawrence were the best boys to help us out, but so are the other six in-laws. It was so much bother for everyone I wondered if it was worth the bother.

The lot had an irrigation ditch running in front of it so we had to pay another \$70.00 to get the ditch paved, making a total of \$195.00 that the place cost us, Now the two lots that were located just south of us are selling for 30 or 40 thousand, though they are corner lots and ours wasn't.

We started saving money to build. **Ray** was getting more money as foreman. In a couple of years we decided to get an FHA loan and build. We found that we could only get an FHA loan for remodeling and not for building. So we moved our four room house from the other place to this one and built onto it. We really made a beautiful house out of it, so many people would stop to see it as they thought we had really worked a miracle. **Ray** being gone so much of the time, it became my job to see about the men working on the house. We didn't contract the job but hired it done by the day. The electricians and plumbers and plasterers were all separate jobs. Sometimes I would have all of them working at the same time and would have to go over to see them work and go to the lumber yard to see to getting materials.

When we moved the house we left the lean-tos but didn't have any wall on the side.



We put canvas over that side and slept in them and cooked out under the car port. One night it rained and I had to help get the kids beds inside. So I waded out in the mud and got them in, but there was my feet, mud up to my ankles and no water to wash them with. I had to wipe the mud off the best I could and crawl into bed. [Page 53]

Building this new house was a lot of worry and work but I have found that the things worth having are the things we must fight the hardest to get.

When we moved into this 'new old house' we still had four children at home.

Buena and Var were married two and a half years after we moved into this house. They stayed and took care or the place that summer while we went on the gang. They

had a devil of a time getting by as Var didn't have any steady job at that time. He got a job with the Santa Fe Railroad. Most of the children didn't have jobs, so we didn't only have our own problems to worry about.

Like when Archie and Molverda were married. There wasn't any jobs anywhere. Archie had always said that when he got married he wasn't ever going to bring his wife home to see me for a month. Poor kids had nowhere to go so they had to move in with us. Though we had only five small rooms and a family of nine, eleven counting them, we let them have one room.

And when Vera was married it was the same way. There just wasn't any work. Men with college educations were working at anything they could get. Raymond, when he would come home from school, would irrigate all night for one dollar and take it in milk and bread as the guy ran a dairy. Man begged for work at a dollar a day. That was when we first came to Mesa in 1933. We didn't have to go hungry or on relief but I had to put the bean kettle on or we wouldn't eat.

After we moved to Pima dad fixed Archie and Molverda a house on the place. It was more like a shack but let them live alone. He had to go on WPA for a while, though he hated it. He felt it was like taking alms. He finally got a job and made ten dollars. He said, "I owe one dollar tithing," and so he paid it! The next morning they went to conference at Thatcher. When they returned they found the fine Holstein cow we had given them was bloated. They stuck her but she died any way. I said, "That was too bad, when you paid your tithing and went to church, to have your cow die." He said, "Well, maybe we were supposed to go, but because we were living our religion the Lord took the cow instead."

So in 1940 the depression had let up some but jobs were still scarce. In the summer when I'd go out to the gang it was heart breaking to see the [Page 54] flock of men that would pile off the freights when they would stop at the gang. They were hungry men and some times there would be whole families going to and fro trying to find work. We couldn't feed them all but did feed a great many of them.

Things didn't get much better until the war of 1942, when the government took so many men. Max was just a boy and he would say that he guessed when Uncle Sam wanted him he would come and get him, so I wasn't worried. So many kids talked of going but not Max, until January of 1943 after he was eighteen. One day in November he had come in and said he was going with some of his chums to see about registering for the service and before long he was ready to go.

We had a get together the night before he left. Gas was so scarce and we could get enough only to go as far as Globe and the girls could get enough to come up as far as Globe, so Max met them there. Ray couldn't get in and Raymond, who was running a service station at Maricopa, said, "Oh, mom can't get her kids all together," so he went hunting or fishing or something and was the only one that wasn't there of the kids, though he was the only one that could get all the gas he needed. I felt like choking him and think I would have had I been able to get my hands on him. I didn't have a picture of all the family together, so I got one minus Raymond.

That night when we were together, think of my surprise, when Max sat on the arm



of my chair and said, "Well mom, I'm married." I was shocked, it seemed incredible. I knew he was going with Joy but didn't know they were even going steady. Though he had a wife he never neglected writing to me. That was a hard thing to take, having your little boy go into the service, but there were thousands of mothers standing the test as well as I and some of their boys never came back, so I felt like I had a lot to be thankful for. The Lord has been kind to me, more some times than I deserve. My blessings have been so numerous they would be hard to count. When Max told me he was married all I could do was just catch my breath and gulp. He said, "You are not going to cry are you?" I felt like it, but probably her mother was just as shocked and considered having it annulled.

These weren't the only little mixed up kids, too many married. Think of a girl married and no husband. If they did step out some they could hardly be blamed.

Our family had now dwindled to four in number. We were still going to the gang in [Page 55] the summer. Then in July of 1943 Anna Lou and Buster was married. I had let her go stay a while with Zara. One day we got a call saying that she and Buster had gone to Lordsburg with Lois and Ebbie and got married. I had hardly met Buster. She had talked before about getting married and said they came near to running away and getting married. I talked to her so much then that she finally said, "If I wait until I'm seventeen will you give your consent?" I said, "If you still want to marry then I won't object." So I didn't think that she would go ahead and get married. Max wrote and told me that I shouldn't have let her marry so young. I wrote back and told him that it was too bad that I didn't always have control of my kids, as he should know.

Anna Lou said she thought Buster was older than she was. Several years after they were married she said, "I always said I'd never marry a boy older than I." Buster looked up sorta pitiful and said, "Did you, I said I would never get married," The poor boy wasn't quite sixteen when they got married. But he has been a pretty steady person for such a kid. If he would only join the church and go get his family sealed to him I'd be well enough satisfied.

Well here we were, left with one little chicken. But **Ray** had come home and was now working out of Phoenix. He had a carpenter gang in Phoenix and would get home by four every night.

Sybil was a pretty girl and we could do more for her than we had been able to do for the rest of the kids. We sent her to college in Provo, where she got her degree and was a teacher. Her dad used to tease her saying he was going to sue the school because it was claimed to be a matrimonial school and she didn't find a husband there.

Sybil started teaching in Mesa in September of 1950. She taught that year and the next. On 12 December 1952 Sybil was married to Narvel, She continued to work while he completed his college education. [Sybil was my teacher in 2nd grade. April]

Ray retired from the railroad on 8 June 1953, after twenty-eight years. Shortly

after this we left Mesa to go east on a wonderful trip. I would like to relate a few of our wonderful experiences on this trip.

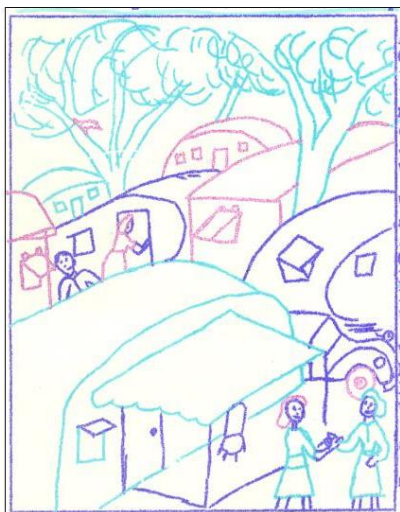
We bought a little trailer house and towed it along with us.

Reminiscing

Dad and I, we sit all alone thinking of days past and gone.
When the children were crawling on our knee
And we were busy as could be.
We have precious memories, and they,
Are ours to treasure through each day.
Our life is filled daily with tender thoughts,
From children, grandchildren, and their little tots.

The first part of our trip took us to Kansas City where we spent a few days with Max and Joy. Then they went with us to the Lake of the Ozarks, where we spent [Page 56] several wonderful days fishing and resting. Max and Joy went back home and we went on with our trip.

We next came to Kentucky where I met some of **my mother's** cousins, and had a wonderful time visiting them. I visited my **great grandfathers** grave. I had heard my **grandmother** speak of him so often that I felt I really knew him, though he had died long before I was born.



From here we went to Mammoth Cave where we camped for several days and met several nice people. Some of these people still send us Christmas cards. This was such a nice park with everything for free. There were nice rest rooms and a place to wash, running water near each camp site, and outside tables with plenty of wood for those who wanted to cook out. We expected them to charge, but they never did. I don't know how they kept it up.

From Mammoth Cave we went to Lincoln's home and birth place, then on to Washington D.C. We stayed in the nation's capitol for two weeks. We camped in Fall Church a few days, then out to Arlington. These were poor trailer parks and were full of undesirable people. One lady came to our trailer and said she would like to talk to us as we were not like the other people, and she didn't have anything to do with the other people. We were always hearing these remarks, that we were different, and people liked us. We felt that this was because of our testimony in the gospel, making us stand out among the others. While here we went to church and met Brother Benson. He is a wonderful man. I told him that I was there to find genealogy and he said I would be able to have success. We sent in 340 names from that trip.

After two weeks in DC we went to Camden, New Jersey and camped for two weeks. It was just across the river from Philadelphia, where **my father** was born. We would drive

from here to Trenton, New Jersey on every day, but Sunday and work in the library.

We then returned to Washington DC and stayed for two more weeks. I spent each day working in the Congressional or the Genealogical Library. **Ray** would take me to the library and then wait in the park until I came out.

While here we took Verba and Russel with us and went to the Hill Cumorah Pageant. It was wonderful. Russel was attending the Naval Academy in Maryland and Verba was working there to be near him. They wanted to get married on that trip but every state required a three day stay [Page 57] in their state before a marriage license could be obtained. They did get married not long after we left there.

When we left Washington we went to Norfolk, Virginia and visited Harold Lamoreaux and his family. They were so nice and we enjoyed our stay with them very much.

We went from Norfolk to Charleston, South Carolina, and visited my brother, Richard McGrath. We visited many historical places while here.

We went from South Carolina to Floral [Flora] Home Florida and visited my **mother**. Here we also were able to visit with my brothers and sisters, an aunt and uncle and cousins. My sister Millie went with us. We also went to Miami and Key West while in Florida.

A few places and wonders we have seen.

1. Grand Canyon
2. Petrified Forest
3. Painted Desert
4. Carlsbad Caverns
5. White Sands, N.M.
6. Mammoth Cave, N.J.
7. Silver Springs, Florida
8. Tama Ama Trail to
9. Key West Florida
10. All the states but a few New England ones.
 11. New York City
 12. Salt Lama City
 13. Washington D.C.
 14. Chicago
15. St. Augustine, Florida
16. New Orleans
17. St. Lewis
18. Missouri
19. Kansas City, Miss.
20. The Hill Cumorah Pageant which every LDS should see just as every citizen of the U.S. should see Washington, D.C.

This was a very enjoyable trip. Before leaving Washington we had received a letter from Anna Lou telling us that she had undergone a serious operation. I had wanted to go home at once but **Ray** wouldn't agree to return home. He made me go on to Florida. We finally completed our trip after nearly four months of travel.

This was my 7th or 8th trip that I had been privileged to take. I have seen a lot of this beautiful earth and am grateful to my Father in Heaven for having placed me here. I have never traveled abroad but have been in almost every state in the Union, except for 3 or 4 New England states. I have stayed in many of these states.

I remember one trip that I made to El Paso, Texas. I stayed there for twelve days. When Linda was a baby, Lela had to have all her female organs removed and Annie, my sister, had a gall bladder operation performed. This was done in El Paso and I went there to be with them. Their husbands rented me a room as close to the hospital as possible. Well, when I went to bed the bed bugs got up. There must have been jillions of them. They were crawling up the walls and on the floor and bed. It was a hot night. I had a ground floor room but still had to leave the window open and the lights on, as the bugs were not quite so bad when the lights were on. I have always had a squeamish feeling about the dead, and here I was in a room that I could reach out the window and touch the walls of the morgue next door. I was sitting there scratching, with my back to the window, when a gust of wind blew the long thin window [Page 58] curtain and wrapped it around my neck. I wouldn't have been more scared if a ghost had grabbed me. How silly to even mention ghost. No person comes back to this earth unless the Father permits them to, and only then if it is for some good purpose.

On 5 June 1955 we celebrated our golden wedding anniversary. Our family rented the 5th Ward Chapel and gave us a wonderful reception. There were about two hundred people in attendance. **Rays** nephew, Tennie Lamoreaux, was the master of ceremony, and did an excellent job. Our daughter, **Buena**, outlined the program. Narvel sang "Silver Threads Among the Gold". I wanted "This Old House" sang so Buster and Anna Lou sang it, though they had never sung before an audience before and had not practiced. They did very well. Several of our little grand children, under the direction of **Buena**, put on several cute dances and songs. Ray Hancock composed a reading and gave it. Our grand daughter, Patsy Taylor Manor, composed a poem that Janette gave. **Buena** composed a song to the tune of Davey Crockett which was sung by the grand children and great grand children.

Our grandson, Coy Johnston and his wife, Myrlene, came out on the stage dressed like we were fifty ears ago, crossing over and taking seats on the far side. They then went over our life story while the grand children acted it out on the stage. First they spoke of our first meeting and the curtain raised showing **April** and Ronnie on the stage. **April** said, "You are **Ray Lamoreaux**." "Yes" he answered, "and you are **Mabel Asay**." "Your mother said I could have an Ivy plant," said **April**. "I'll dig it for you," he said. An ivy was in a pot on the stage. Ronnie acted like he was digging, then she took a sprig off and left the stage. He then rubbed his hands like they were hurting him and said, "Blame girls any way."

In the next scene Myrlene said "Do you remember what happened to our wedding dishes before we had used them." Then the curtain raised with Gordon coming out on stage

on all fours grunting like a hog, knocking over a card table with dishes. **April** came on stage crying, "Look at my beautiful dishes, all broken." Ronnie put his arm around her and said, "Don't cry, I'll buy you more dishes."

In the next scene they were acting to out a trip on the train with the children. There were some of our grand children representing our children and others representing passengers. After some annoyance [Page 59] to their parents, little Chris ran to **April** and said, "I gotta go, I gotta go"," **April** said, "Come on, I'll take you," They all acted their parts perfect.

After the program they had a dance. Nate Combs and another man donated the music for the dance.

All in all it was a wonderful day for us. Nine of our eleven children, along with their companions, were in attendance. Only Raymond and Lucy, and Archie and Meverda were unable to be there. All but 18 of our 45 grand children were there and most of our great grand children were there. At that time our family consisted of 122, all living except six. We had 12 children, all living but one, 49 grand children, all living but three, and 33 great grand children, all living but one. We also had 26 that had married into our family, with one of these having passed on. We love everyone of them and are thankful for these wonderful spirits that our Heavenly Father has sent to be ours, especially these fine clean young men and women who are keeping God's commandments as most of them are. We know that if we are worthy they will belong to us for eternity and will be a comfort to us there as well as here.

On 20 August 1959 I went to have a test run to see if I had cancer of the lungs. I was feeling that morning like I think a criminal feels while he is waiting for the verdict, of course the test checked out negative and I am still around.

DEAR RAY

I thought that you would like to know
That someone's thoughts go where you go;
That someone never can forget
The hours we spent since first we met,
That life is richer, sweeter far
For such a sweetheart as you are,
And now my constant prayer will be
That God may keep you safe for me.

I feel my Heavenly Father has blessed me with many wonderful blessings. With a wonderful husband that has been sealed to me for time and for all eternity and has fathered my wonderful children. One of the most sacred things to me was the day we went through the temple for the first time, the day I was sealed to my husband. I had waited many years for this day. We had not been able to take the trip to Salt Lake City to go through the temple there and had to wait until the Mesa Temple was completed. We had been so happy when the temple was completed and we could finally have our greatest wish

fulfilled. But our hopes were thwarted the first year by sickness among our children and Zara and Less had to go on through the temple without us. The next year on 10 October 1929, our dreams were fulfilled.

Ray and I, with our ten children, were there, and our little grand daughter, Lavora, acting as proxy for our darling baby Lora who had died. When we knelt at that [Page 60] sacred altar in that sacred temple and as I clasp my husbands hand across the altar, with our ten children on the other side, it was the greatest thrill I have ever experienced or ever hope to experience in this life. I felt the presence of our baby, Lora, so plainly that I am sure that she was there. We had our eleven children sealed to us, Sybil not having been born yet.

Our daughter, Lela, was also sealed to her husband, Lawrence, and had their two children, Ray and Lavora, sealed to them.

I was so thankful for this day and still am. I sometimes wonder about my children when I see them not keeping the commandments of the Lord, for they are good children, everyone of them, and I hope and pray that some day everyone of them will heed his commandments and try harder to keep them. That we will still be one big family on the other side, knowing and loving one another there as we do here in this life.

Sacred to me is the knowledge that so many of our wonderful grand children have been to the temple and have also been sealed for time and eternity. For I know that if they deep [keep] Gods commandments they will inherit a mansion in his highest kingdom, for He has promised this to the faithful. There are others who have the desire to go and I hope this opportunity comes to them soon.

My Prayer

December, 1963

This day is mine to do with as I will.
To spend in idleness or with some achievement fill.
This day is mine to scatter sunshine along the way.
Or make some sad by my gossiping today.
This day is mine to go, the second mile.
To give a cheery word, a handshake, or a smile.
Comfort give an aching heart in time of grief.
In some way, try to help or give relief.
To help someone who has strayed to find his way
back to light and truth today.
Instead of judging, I can give praise
to help discouraged spirits raise.
Yesterday is gone, tomorrow may never be.
Then help me live as thou would have me be.
Father, help me as I travel along the way.
To make someone glad that I have lived this day.

When God gave Abraham the greatest gift that could be bestowed on man he was

given a promise that his seed would be as numerous as the sands of the seas. So according to this, our Heavenly Father has truly blessed us. For we have a great posterity of wonderful children and I am very proud of each and everyone of them and those who have married into our family. May God Bless and keep them to the end, that they may remain faithful to his commandments. And May God Bless those who don't quite understand and are indifferent to His commandments, that they may come back into his fold. I pray for this constantly and I do believe some day He will hear and answer my prayers. I would gladly give my life if giving it would help them to understand.

[page 61]

August 1962.

It has been some time since I have written anything on my life story. Since I last wrote, we have sold our place on South Mesa Drive and through the Lords blessings and help, we bought a nice place on South Olive. We have gone to the Temple a lot and hope to go a lot more. Our neighbors are mostly L.D.S. and are all wonderful.

My cataracts on both eyes don't seem to have got any worse in the last three years. **Ray** isn't well, but I seem to be as well as anyone my age, even though I have had as much trouble and sickness as anyone.

I was blessed with the opportunity of getting a start on painting. Ray encourages me and makes beautiful frames for my pictures. I have painted many scenes for different ones of my family and friends. Very often my conscience tells me I am wasting precious time fooling with this hobby. But in Relief Society they keep saying, "Develope and use lour talents." And my family keeps showing so much interest and appreciation that it is hard to quite. But if they bring genuine pleasure and love into the homes of my loved ones, then it must be worth every doubt and effort.

I have had many experiences in the years I have lived. Some are tragic and some I can look upon now with amusement even though they didn't seem funny when they happened. For instance. One time **Ray** was going to California to the hospital. For some reason, he didn't want me to go even though Alice lived within 60 miles of the hospital and said she'd take me to the hospital to see him. I decided I'd go anyway and just not tell him. I'd wait until he got on and went one way then I'd get on and go the other way. Then when we got out of Phoenix, I'd come out and say, "Well, here I am going to California with you." Then I thought, "Maybe he has a girl friend, and that is why he didn't want me to go." all kinds of things passed through my mind. But one thing was sure, I was going to go regardless. As he was going on Sunday, I would have to check my bags on Friday because he would be home Saturday. So I did. Well, when he came home Friday night, he sat down on the couch all so composed and said, "Well, I'm not going to California for the operation. I'm going to Tucson." He had so much to tell me but all I could hear was the train coming in and taking my suitcase with all my best clothes. I dared not tell him what I'd done. I just sat there on pins and needles until he went to take a bath, which I thought he would never do. Then I jumped in the car and drove to the depot as fast as I could. And believe it or not, there sat my suitcase. It hadn't been picked up and put on the train yet and I was so relieved and happy. This was the first and last time I ever tried to deceive my husband. I decided, 'Crime Doesn't Pay.'

[page 62]

Another experience I had was when I was in California. I had gone to see Alice. We had gone over to Los Angeles. She suggested I wear her black velvet hat and take her black velvet purse, which I did. On returning home, I decided I'd go to Mesa. I had a very short time to catch the train which was about 2 miles away, Alice or Jim took me to the depot and we just barely made it. I bid them farewell and got on the train as it pulled out. I found a seat and as I was about to sit down, the conductor came up the aisle hollering, "Tickets Please, Tickets Please." I opened my purse and my heart sank to my toes. I found I had left my billfold in Alice's black Velvet purse. I had no ticket, money, or anything. I said "Oh conductor, stop this train, I don't have any ticket, I don't have any money, I don't have anything." He said, "I can't stop the train here." We will let you off at Colton, 25 miles away. You can phone your folks to come get you." My folks don't have a phone." I said. He said, "I can stop the train in Ontario 8 miles out." So at 9 o'clock at night, I got off and went trudging down the street feeling like a lost cat. But I did have one dollar Anita had given me to get her something in Mesa. So I didn't feel quite so helpless and I knew some friends that lived near my daughter. So I didn't let myself get too panicky. I went into a drug store and called and called, but no answer. So I went to the police station as the conductor had suggested. They told me to be seated and not worry that they would get me to my daughters. But as Alice hadn't lived there long and I hadn't been there before, I didn't pay any attention to the street and didn't know what the name of it was. But I had got the address of the friends from the phone book. So I felt that if I got there, I had it made. But when the cop stopped in front of the place, I had heart failure, I said, "Oh Mr. Policeman, I've never seen that place before." so he called in and found it was where they used to live. Any way to make a dreary story short, they helped me find Alice and I finally made it back home naturally.

We just go through each day now, excepting what comes, and enjoying life with our friends and families.

One of my older poems was - Murder in #2 (see page 57) [she includes it here]

I

Born in Logan in Utah State,
Moved to Thatcher where he found his mate.
When he saw sweet Mabel he said, "Great horn spoon - -
I'm a'goin to marry that pretty, girl soon."

By Buena

Chorus

Grandpa, Grandpa Lamoreaux,
The man who we want near.
Grandma, Grandma Lamoreaux,
To us she's very dear.

II

He worked on the railroad for quite a spell,
Fixing up the buildings and the bridges as well.

Mabel was kept busy, so we hear tell
To her the lot of raising eleven children fell.

III

When he came home, his railroading done,
It seemed his family had just begun.
Cause kids, great and grand, were sure to come,
And if it wasn't a daughter it had to be a son.

IV

Their family's biggest, their families best,
From Kansas City to the mountain crest.
They're the head of us all and meeting the test.
They're not a legend yet but they're sure the best"

"Count Your Many Blessings" [the song is included here.]

Just like the special church song says, "Count your many blessings." And I have many blessings I wish to bear my testimony to.

I am thankful my Heavenly Father gave me life and permitted me to come to this beautiful earth. I appreciate the earth's beautiful mountains, small streams, great rivers, mighty oceans, blue sky, golden sunset to light the day and moon to give us light by night. I enjoy the beauty of nature and the comforts our Father so thoughtfully placed here for us.

He has blessed me by permitting me to come to this beautiful country of America instead of a place like Russia where the Government and living conditions are not half so good. I am grateful for my freedom. No other country on earth could compare to our great United States. I have been blessed with the opportunity of traveling a lot and enjoying much of this land.

I was given a good heritage. My forefathers were honest people on both sides. They sacrificed much for the church. **My mother's people**, the Hendricks, were one of the first nine families to come to Thatcher. They have given up loved ones for the church and came west for its sake. **My father's people**, the Asays, also left their loved ones and a good home to come west in 1860 to be near the church.

I have been blessed with a good home in my last days. I am among fine people in a wonderful, beautiful, peaceful place. We live near our beautiful Mesa Temple. I can walk there in a few minutes. And looking out my front door, I can see its sacred walls. At night it is all lit up and is beautiful. [I lived there in the 1990s. April]

I am thankful for Mesa, the city in which I am privileged to live. It has beautiful homes, parks and broad streets, a peaceful atmosphere, and many churches where people can worship in the one of their choice. Yes, I am proud to be a citizen of Mesa. I am grateful for the friends I have here. We have a lovely chapel to go to and worship our Father who has given us so much.

I am thankful for my soul and the body to house it in here on earth. My body has plenty of food to eat, water to drink, and clothes to cover it with. I am grateful for a nice

bed to rest my tired body on when night comes. I appreciate my health. I am glad I am able to get around and do for my self and my husband. I am thankful that I have something to do to occupy my time so life may be more interesting. I am grateful for my big feet. Though they were a number nine shoe, they never give me trouble and they never complain, no matter how much I stand or walk on them they never get tired. I appreciate the fine dishwater color hair I have. I could have gone bald, and that would be much worse than my fine, unmanageable hair. I am thankful that my body is not deformed in any way or too awful fat. I am grateful for my eyes even though they only half see and have cataracts. At least I can still see to read and work some, and see the features of my loved ones. I appreciate my hands. They aren't beautiful hands but they have served my well and have been very handy. With them I have been able to accomplish much. I am thankful for my ears, that I can hear beautiful music, the lisping of little babies, the song of birds, and the voices of friends and loved ones. Yes, I am thankful for all my organs that keep my body functioning. Maybe not so properly, but enough to keep me going.

The Lord has blessed me with a large family. I am so grateful for all my wonderful posterity, and I love every one of them. All the grandchildren and great grandchildren bring me great comfort and joy, pleasure and satisfaction.

But, my greatest blessing of all, is a true testimony of the gospel. I am thankful for my testimony, what it stands for, and it's great and marvelous truths. I have always tried to keep the Word of Wisdom and all the commandments that the Father in Heaven has given us. In return the Lord has blessed me, just as He promised He will do if we try to be worthy.

The Powerful Siggrette [Grandma includes a poem here about cigarettes. She worried about several of her family members who smoked. It was one of her pet topics.]

I have personally known Spencer Kimball and have met George Albert Smith and other Apostles. I am always thrilled to shake the hand of an apostle.

My patriarchal blessing came in 1933 when we were very poor because it was at the height of the depression. But I was promised the means to do much work for the living and the dead. I have been fortunate to do a lot of traveling and to acquire reasonable amounts of genealogy. I do know that if we live for it, all that is promised, it will come to pass, and God will keep all his words.

[After page 65]

A blessing given by Edsil Myror Allred, Patriarch, August 13, 1933, Central, Arizona, on the head of **Mabel Lamoreaux**, daughter of **William Asay and Alice Hendricks**, born November 11, 1887, Thatcher, Arizona.

Dear Sister Lamoreaux, in the name of Jesus Christ our Redeemer, at your request, I place my hands upon your head and give unto you a Patriarchal Blessing, and pray our Heavenly Father that such things that would be for your good and advancement in this life, that it might be made clear to your understanding.

You were greatly blessed, to be born in this dispensation when the gospel is restored in its fullness. Your Heavenly Father was very kind unto you to permit you to

come to earth through such a noble lineage, and to let you be born of goodly parents who were desirous to raise a family that would bring honor to the name they represent, and to be willing to help people the earth and fulfill every requirement made of our Heavenly Father, and who have pioneered this great western country, and willing to stand the hardships that they could teach their children to trust in the Lord to lead and guide them aright.

Sister Lamoreaux, you were greatly blessed. The Lord spared your life from sickness and death's door, and blessed you with a companion that was willing to unite with you in rearing up God fearing children. You are the lineage of Ephraim, a descendant of Abraham, the great Patriarch. A record has been kept from the days of the Apostles down to the present time. And there is a great labor for you to perform in this life in a vicarious way for there are many of your kindred who have past this life without hearing the gospel, that are patiently waiting that their ancestors will open the prison doors and make it possible that they might go on and on in the great eternity.

Dear Sister, if you make it a matter of prayer that the Lord may cause you to solve the mysterys that are preying on your mind, and if you will abide to the calls that are made of you, the necessary means will come to you that you can do much good for the living and the dead. You will, gather volumes of records of your ancestors for they came down through noblemen and kings.

I bless you that your body may be strong upon the earth, that you may live to fulfill the measure of your creation, that your mind may be enlightened, that your tongue may be loosed, that you may speak comforting to poor and down cast and broken hearted.

Dear Sister, lift up your head and rejoice, look on the bright side of life, be true to your husband, be true to your family, be true to your God, clothe yourself in the bond of charity, for charity begetteth love. Charity endureth much. Without charity you cannot accomplish anything. I would say unto you, store your mind with useful knowledge. Prepare for the labor that is before you. For your last days will be your happiest days. You will have children hold fine positions in this church. Among them shall be rulers, law makers. Some will stand up and defend truth and righteousness and help to frown evil and overcome temptation.

Be free to converse with your husband and talk of the great [Page 66b] spiritual labour and the Lord will guide you aright.

The sorrow and trials you have past through will only make you stronger, more determined to serve the Lord and your fellow man.

I bless and seal you up against the power of the destroyer that the enemy may have no power over you, that your mind may be quick to grasp and act in confronting the problems of the earth.

You will live long upon the earth and do a mighty work. It will be said of you, "There was a noble woman." And your children will gather around you and bless you and thank the Lord that they were born of such a noble mother.

I bless and seal you up to this end, and it is all through your faithfulness and the effort you put forth that you will receive these blessings.

I pronounce them upon your head In the name of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, even so.

Amen.

Edsil M. Allred
Patriarch

Tribute from the Grandchildren
Written by Patsy Taylor Maner
Given by Janette Maner who died of cancer
at twelve years of age.

Our grandfolks sure are grand. Just like the word does say.
That's why they deserve much happiness every glorious day.
Fifty years of toil and strife they have spent together.
They have cried and laughed as one, through dark and storm weather.
You couldn't find a greater pair no matter how you tried.
And if we are ever in need or help, they are there by our side.
To help us in our sickest hour. To laugh with us when gay.
To make us strong when we are weak. To show us how to work and play.

-- So Grandfolks --

There are many things that we could say to show our love to you.
But fifty and more years of happiness, we wish in everything you do.

I feel I have been very fortunate as I have never been in a hospital but one time. That was in 1918 with Flu and pneumonia. I was very sick and haven't had very good health since. But I have never had an operation. I feel my Heavenly Father has blessed me greatly and I do thank him very much.

[This history is followed by poems - she loved collecting poems and sayings... she went around with a pair of scissors cutting things out of the newspaper and magazines she kept scrapbooks .]

[Included in this History are the following:]

Tribute to Mabel Asay Lamoreaux

A Poem Mabel recited as a youth

Little One

Our First Home

Such lovely poem as this has always been an inspiration

Columbus

Hands

My Title

The worth of a soul

The Shoe Full by Ray Hancock

I enjoy special sayings such as:

Poor Richard Sayings:

Dating

The greatest problem that I have

I love poems and this is one of my favorite ones.

Invictus by Wm Ernst Henley

Arizona

One of my other poems - Murder in #2 page 62

Count Your Blessings

Some Parting Prayers for Anyone That Cares

If by Rudyard Kipling

I love music. Here are many beautiful sacred songs after page 64

The Powerful Sigarette [Cigarette]

Family Trails by John C Huston - 2 ½ pages - after page 65

Our family Tree

[Some of these poems are original; some are favorites.]

[Next are Family Group Records for herself and every one of her children's, and grand children's families Dated 1963. I was married in 1964 and am not included.]

[After these pages is a list of "**Dates To Remember**" a chronological list of birthdays & anniversaries, etc of her children and grandchildren & spouses.]

[A short piece to finish the Life of Mabel A Lamoreaux has been written -.]

Mabel Asay Lamoreaux

The last 20 years

In 1965 Ray Delos Lamoreaux died in Mesa. Mabel continued to live in the house on South Olive for a few months. The house was larger than Grandma wanted. She recognized a rental potential in it and asked to have a small house built on the back of the lot. She could rent out the house and live in the back. Then she wouldn't have to move away from her neighbors, the Paynes, the Millers, and her lifelong friend Minnie Hatch. Later, Charlotte Web moved in next door.

Grandson, Ken Rowley, offered to build the small cottage behind the older house. She came up with a list of things she wanted the house to be. She wanted a second level with a sun deck where she could sit and look out at the temple. She wanted it to be quite small. Many of the family members helped build the apartment both with labor and with materials. Ken, who did most of the work, at the time, was on crutches with a broken foot.

Grandma Lamoreaux, that's what everyone but her kids called her, they always called her, "Mama" and then "Mom." was restless even then. We thought she would stay in the large house till the small house was built, but she didn't want to stay. She moved around a lot. She stayed with several of her kids and roomed with friends.

For a time, Grandma moved in with Ken at 65 N Barkley, in Mesa. Ken's household then consisted of himself, his daughter Debbie, a brother, Gordon and a sister, April. Grandma kept her



"cough medicine" on a table beside the bed and her "honey pot" under it. It was an interesting time. She had an idea about nearly everything around her, and shared it.

She finally moved in to the "the little house" about 1967. She loved it but was still restless.

The last years of her life she stayed with one or another of her children. She lived many places and with many people. She could not find her home after Ray died. She stayed a little while with everyone, never really belonged. It seemed she could not be happy. She was constantly discontented and constantly looking over the fence, seeing greener grass. Some say she was that way her whole life.

Grandma Lamoreaux stayed for a while in California with her daughter Alice. Alice tells of her shuffling down the sidewalk, not picking up her feet till she was within eyesight of her friends. She then stood a little taller and picked up her feet so they wouldn't think she was old.

She stayed with Sybil and Narvel in Washington, D. C. for a short time. While she was in Washington, friends of Sybil's daughter Jenny "T.P.ed" the house... decorated the outside with rolls of toilet paper. Grandma couldn't stand to see it go to waste, so she gathered it up and stuffed a pillow with it for Jenny.

Some of the other places she lived were "The Towers," an apartment building close to her house on Olive. But her neighbors weren't friendly. She roomed with Bro & Sis Baker. She spent a month or more at a time with her daughters Buena and Lela and with each of her children in turn. One New Years grandma was with Buena, who had planned a party. Every one was worried about grandma being kept up so late. She ended up being the last one to bed after everyone left.

Another apartment she lived in was on South Pioneer, just south of the temple. Each week I would take two or more of my four small children with me to visit. I did her hair and took her shopping and on errands. I remember having to go through the house checking for open bottles of prescription medicine and pins and needles left out. After the safety check I would take out the rollers she had put in her hair. She had a bar of lye soap she loved to use on her hair. She said nothing else ever got it clean. She would wash it and set it and I would come comb it out.

One week, after doing her hair, Grama and I spent most of my free time that day going to book sales and other places of interest to her. I got home in time for my older children to arrive from school and my mom, Buena, called. She asked what I had done I told her about our day. She next called her mom, Grandma Lamoreaux, and asked what she had done all day. Grandma said, "Nothing. Nobody ever comes to visit. I sit here all alone all day." Mom reminded her of my visit. Another time Ken called Grandma and asked if she had had any visitors. She said, "No, nobody ever visits me." I piped up and said, "How about me? I'm here."

One time they put her in the hospital because she was really sick. Buena went to stay the night with her. In the morning she was very cold, just like marble. The doctor came in to take her blood pressure and all he said was that she was gone. He was about to call a "Code Blue." Mabel opened her eyes and said, "Doctor, I think they are trying to starve me to death, here." Of course, she finally got out of the hospital and lived many more years after that.

In the early 1970's, Mabel went to Florida. Grandma traveled free by train because Grandpa had worked for the railroad for so many years. She almost caused one of the conductors to have a heart attack on this trip. He was being very kind and helping her and talking to her. As he seated this little frail, white haired old lady, he asked her where she going. He almost fainted when she said, "I'm going to visit my Mother." Her mother, Arminda Alice Hendricks Asay McGrath lived in



Florida. She lived to be 104 years old. Mabel was very upset when people would see them together and ask if they were sisters. Alice was only 17 when Mabel was born.

She loved to travel. She went to Hawaii with daughters Buena and Sybil and a granddaughter, Donna. She was probably past 90 at this time. They took her to the beach, Fern Grotto, and up about 12 flights of stairs where a band was playing. Sybil offered to stay down with her cause the stairs were so high. Grandma headed right up. She had endless curiosity and energy for what she was interested in. She was fine until they took her to get Hamour's Saimin. These are Chinese noodles done up royally. She sat there on a stool waiting for the saimin and then, finally, she said, "Honey, I don't think I want any—eh er, soup."

The last place she lived was with her oldest daughter, Zara. Zara cleaned out her back room and Grandma moved all her stuff in. She enjoyed the activity of the household. Zara was into bowling and tournaments. She still loves bowling. Grandma wanted to go bowling every time Zara went. I don't know if I ever told Zara how much I appreciated her care of Grandma. She did it in love. At this writing, Zara is almost 94 years old. I hope her children take care of her with as much love as she gave my Grandma.

When she was 96, Mabel broke her hip and was in the hospital for a time. After this she was placed in a rest home. Zara wanted her to come back to live with her. Her daughters who lived in town visited her daily. Buena lived in Tuba City and came as often as she could.

Mabel Asay Lamoreaux died, peacefully, on 22 Jan 1984, in Mesa, Arizona. She left 11 children, 49 grand children, and 164 great grand children.

For years she had taken us to her room and showed each of us exactly what we had given her for each birthday and Christmas. She remembered every broach. She said they were ours when she was gone. I also remember her saying we'd probably come by one day find her body lyin' dead all alone days after she died because she lived alone.

She outlived all her friends. Still for her funeral, the chapel was over flowing with her kids and theirs. She always loved counting her posterity. I bet she was there counting us. She also always loved having us all together and near her. I bet she had her ones on the other side with her there.

Mabel nearly died several times in her last few years but the times she did get really sick all her family gathered around, and it pleased her so much, she'd decide to stay. I guess that's why it was such a surprise when she actually did die.

Many people have left tributes to her. I think the one she would be most impressed with would be to see how many good, worthwhile, beautiful people have come from her lineage. I bet she's somewhere in heaven counting us right now. I hope to always be true to the principles she taught me and to my family both through her life and actions and through the wholesome and healthy body and rearing she gave to my mom.



We love you Grandma.