

## **Memories of Ida M. Rollins**

As a child, one does not always pay attention to details of stories and incidents that would like to be recalled in later life. That is the case with me in recalling visits made with Grandma and Grandpa Hamblin.

When I think of Grandpa, his large size seems to be my first thought, and close to that thought, is his big booming voice.

Since Grandpa was always an early riser, when he visited in our home, naturally he got up early as was his custom. He would wake us children by shaking us and pulling at the covers telling us "people die in bed!". Maybe that is why I still get up early.

One of the times I was in Green River to visit at Grandma and Grandpa's house, Faye Eyre was in Green River too. Not only was Faye my cousin, but also my good buddy. Perhaps we were 10 or 12 years old, I can't remember the age, but I do know that we went into the meat market and told the butcher to give us a whole roll of bologna. How we loved bologna! Of course, we didn't have the money to pay for it so we just charged it to Grandma. Then we climbed the hill behind the house and sat and watched the town while we ate the whole roll of bologna. I don't remember Grandma ever saying a word to us about charging that bologna to her.

Ivan M. Hamblin  
Son of Henry Marcene Hamblin

## Recollections of Wallace and Ida Minerva Rollins Hamblin

By Geraldine Hamblin Bangerter

Perhaps my earliest recollections of Wallace and Ida Hamblin were at the time of their 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary, December 14, 1931. I was six and a half years old and judging from the preparations Mama was making, I knew something exciting was going to happen. First, Dale had to learn a little poem which I learned better than he did. It stated like this, "I'm just a small boy of four-years-old and I've come to my grandparent's wedding of GOLD..." That is all of the poem that I can now remember. Mama composed a song to the music of "Somewhere in Old Wyoming" which was sung by she and some other ladies. It started out like this, "Fifty years ago dear, I made you my bride..."

After all the preparations were made, we started out to Lyman, Wyoming in our old Model "T" Ford which was packed level in the back seat to form a bed. We had plenty of warm quilts for the cold ride and plenty of food to last us both coming and going. We had no money to use in buying treats along the way and really no where to buy them anyway, stopping places were few and far between. Daddy did his part by tucking away the necessary tools, shovels, jacks, extra gas cans and a bag full of water which hung on the outside of the car. It was an all day ride, leaving early in the morning and getting there late at night. After leaving Evanston, the roads were of dirt and Daddy meandered around the ruts, bogs and marshes we encountered. We struggled up many dugways often stopping half way up to let the engine cool off. Parley's Summit was famous for the many stops we had to make there before we would get to the top. Although this road was paved it was very narrow. We seldom if ever went to Lyman in the winter but for this occasion we made the exception.

When we finally arrived in Lyman, we stayed for three days enjoying the celebration. The Golden Wedding was held at the school house as it had a large hall for meals, programs, dancing, and sleeping. Everyone in town and in the surrounding ranches came from miles around to help celebrate this great occasion. Grandpa and Grandma's children gave them two, big velvet sofa chairs. I thought I'd never seen anything more beautiful than those two chairs. They could never have been more

enjoyed than they were by Grandma and Grandpa. Grandpa lived six years after that to enjoy his chair and Grandma lived eighteen years beyond Grandpa.

Another recollection of mine is of the times Grandpa would get a pass on the railroad to come to Salt Lake City. We could plan on him for sure every Autumn at harvest time. Grandpa would tell dad in his loud voice, "Marcene! Duella and I will have the car tomorrow! We are going to visit some of the relatives and go see the town." Grandpa never owned a car or even drove one. While riding with Mama he was full of constant praise about what a good driver she was and he would ask her if the street cars and traffic made her nervous to which Mama would always reply, "No, I love it."

The first stop on Grandpa's second day in town was always at the Farmer's Market. This market was between West Temple and Second West and 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> South. All the farmers from surrounding areas would bring their produce there to the platforms and us folks would go there to buy. We always looked first for the Brough brothers from Bountiful. This family had lived in Lyman and at one time Mama was engaged to one of them but dropped him (while he was on his mission) for my daddy. This autumn season was a great time for both Grandpa and my mother as they each bought their baskets of peaches, pears, apples, grapes, or whatever. Grandpa also enjoyed mama playing piano for him while he sang in his very-much-like-Burl Ives-voice. We loved it when Grandpa came for these visits.

The next day would find Grandpa back to the depot heading for Green River with lots of vegetables from daddy's garden and with the makings of winter fruit for Grandma, all the while having a jolly good time for himself.

Grandma came to visit us at other times. Often she had a railroad pass to go visit her sister Melissa Rollins Lee in Minersville and then she would go to Panaca to visit her daughter Addie Hamblin Blad. Enroute she would include a stop with us for a night or two when coming and going. I remember one time when we had the oven door open on the coal range to help warm the room and Grandma inadvertently bumped her shin hard on the corner of it. It cut a deep, three corner gash in her leg no bigger than a 25 cent piece but it was deep. I remember how it hurt her and then I remember that the next time she came she had a big running sore there. That area never healed to her

dying day and she always seemed grouchy about it as we talked, saying, "your mother should never have left that oven door open!"

Grandma and Grandpa had a feather bed and yes it was so much fun. This bed was in one room of their house along with two big chairs, grandma's sewing machine, and everything else they owned. The other room in the house was the kitchen. I never felt that their house was too crowded, I enjoyed the coziness of being with them in the last little home. I loved sitting in the big captain chair at the table at breakfast time while Grandma made me Mormon Tea. This drink was hot water with sugar and canned milk in it and that was all. I could drink several glasses of this tea for breakfast.

When I was twelve-years-old, Grandpa was working in the Round House at the rail road station as an Engine Wiper. The Union Pacific Depot was at that time in Green River, Wyoming and it was as busy as our airports are today. Loud speakers would call for train departures and people would scurry everywhere to catch their trains. Others were there in the depot to help carry the bags and lift them on at the train steps and families were there greeting the arrivals. The depot was the fun and exciting place to go and be in those days. There was one specific time when my parents took me to the depot with my own lunch and a suitcase. They carefully seated me in my seat and told me to stay there until I got to Green River where Grandpa would be to meet me. It was both a fearful and exciting time but I knew Grandpa would be there to get me at the other end and take care of me. When I finally arrived in Green River, my eyes were quick to see Grandpa and the large watch chain dangling from his bib-overall pocket. In quieter moments, he'd pull the watch from the pocket and let me hear it tick and explain what perfect time it kept – railroad time exactness!

As I visited with Grandma, she loved telling me stories of her pioneer parents. She was so proud of her heritage and she had a right to be. I just wish I could sit down with her now to have one of those visits and I know I'd appreciate it more.

Nineteen forty-seven was the Centennial of the first pioneer trek. In honor of the occasion, a mock caravan began making a journey west, traveling in just as many days and stopping at the same stops that the original pioneers had done. One of these stops was at Independence Rock, Wyoming. This was not far from Rawlins, Wyoming where we were living. The members for the church from all around the area went to be there

for the evening that the centennial pioneers would be there. Grandma wanted to be there and my dad wanted her to be there also. He made the effort to go get her and bring her to the festivities with us. She sat on the stand when she got there because she was being honored and she was so proud to be there. She was 85 years old at the time and slept outside all night with the rest of us. Daddy looked after by providing a tent and a camp cot to make her stay more comfortable. Grandma never made a whimper; she was so glad to be there she would have endured anything.

We often went to Wyoming for holiday celebrations. These times always carried a spirit of festivity and excitement to make them gala events for us. Lyman came alive with a long schedule of events, especially important was the foot racing which was practiced for the year around by the men. Daddy was one of the fastest runners with his brother Bob (Robert) right close behind. Daddy tells the story of running the race neck in neck with Uncle Bob and while passing the grandstand hearing my Grandpa Eyre shout with all his might, "Come on Marcene! Come On!" That was all the surge dad needed for the last sprint and he won the race. When Grandma Hamblin saw Daddy after the race she said, with tender feelings for her younger son Bob, "Ya shouldn't oughta done it." Daddy always chuckled as he told this story. Perhaps this is a good time to mention also that one of their cousins – John Flatts – always ran too but he would get going so fast that he would actually fly the track. Daddy liked to tell of this strange phenomenon.

When Uncle Rollin would come to Salt Lake he would often take one or two of us kids home with him (if it was vacation time) and let us join in the celebrations in Wyoming. Our folks would then travel up later on to get us. I always had so much fun out there with my country cousins and I guess that this one specific time (I was about 13 or 14) was the time that I felt more than any other that I was truly living! In connection with the celebration going on there was always a big parade. She and Aunt Ida thought of what I could dress up to be for the parade. Finally they decided that I would be an Indian Girl. They worked on this costume for sometime, braided my hair, took the fringed, bright colored scarf from the piano for my shawl and darkened my skin with cocoa. I remember how cute and how much like an Indian I looked. They walked me up to the parade line to get me in my place when suddenly, without saying a word, I shook

my head "No!" and I firmly stood with my decision. (Shame on me!) What two disappointed ladies were Grandma and Aunt Ida.

At other times while visiting Grandma and Grandpa in Lyman, they'd let me go play in the Ice house in back of Uncle Eugene's Café. It was as big as a barn, filled with the ice they'd cut during the winter and packed with saw dust. Other times when I'd stay with them I looked forward to the traditional outing with Grandpa when he would take me to the old and only café in town (Uncle Eugene's). He'd put me up to the stationary round bar stool and order me an ice cream soda. When you hear of "visions of sugar-plums dancing in their heads," I know what you mean. I'd have these visions for days in anticipation of that ice cream soda. As we would walk to the café, Grandpa was loud in his greetings to everyone and the whole town knew we were coming. Big Grandpa in his blue bib-overalls (standing 6'3" and 250 lbs.) and me tripping along by his side was so special to me. On one such occasion, our outing had been timed such that as soon as we were through I was to meet a ride and go down to the lower bench ranch to the birthday party of a girl my age – Jackie Eyre, daughter of Laura Hamblin and Leland Eyre. We were to first swim in the Blacks Fork River and then eat our picnic on the bank. I'd had my swim and just as we were getting ready to eat I got sick to my stomach. I lost the whole ice cream soda I'd had earlier that day – what a waste!

A few days before Grandpa died he came to Salt Lake to see the doctor. I could tell by the somber return that Grandpa was very ill. The doctor told him he had dropsey, something we never hear of today. It is degenerative heart failure with swelling in the limbs, feet, hands, and abdomen. Grandpa couldn't get his shoes on and only went home in house slippers, which as he left our house, little Darlene and DeMar put on for him. Tears came to his eyes as these little ones worked at getting on his slippers. Word reached us several days later that Grandpa had died sitting in his big chair.

At times, Grandma seemed to have developed a rough, crusty, manner in her relationship with Grandpa. Grandpa was mellow and jovial while grandma had the tendency to be cross. Grandpa was a little hard of hearing and this increased the loud conversations that they had together. From my child's point of view, Grandma was speaking harshly to Grandpa and I determined that Grandma didn't like Grandpa (I'm sorry to say) so when Grandpa died – I was 12 years-old – my first comment to my

parents was, "This will make Grandma happy now, won't it?" This comment startled my mother and dad and then daddy laughed heartily at my comment. Mama sat down to visit with me in order to discover why I'd made such a statement. Soon she erased the misconception I had about Grandma and Grandpa's relationship.

Grandma had a lot of spunk and after Grandpa died she just kept herself so busy. She made me some embroidered pillow cases which she gave to me and said, "I usually give each of my grandchildren a pair of embroidered pillow cases when they marry but someday you will marry and I won't be here and I want you to have these." She gave me these pillow cases while I was making trips back and forth between Rawlins and Salt Lake and I would stop in to see her for a few minutes. My how she enjoyed my stops and always coaxed me to stay longer. (Too bad in this life there never is enough time.)

Grandma was proud to see any of her grandchildren go to school or on missions and she was especially proud of me for going through nursing school and graduating. I still have letters she wrote me while I was in Nurse training. Also in that bundle of letters, are those to Ivan and Dale who were in the armed forces. She wrote news of our cousins off to war and of family news. I sense a tinge of her loneliness as she sat alone in her home far from her family.

Grandma's legs were the weakest part of her body. She always complained that her legs just wouldn't hold her up. She was a large lady but what other problems she had we never knew. I doubt that she ever saw a doctor for her leg problems, she just figured they were tired and worn out. However, Grandma was flexible and to the end of her life she could bend over and touch the floor with her hands lying flat without bending her knees.

On Grandma's 87<sup>th</sup> birthday, my Aunt Ida and some of the others gave her a birthday party. My what a crowd there seemed to be. I have a few snapshots of this great day with Grandma in the rocking chair with her great-grandchildren surrounding her. Following this day she went to Rock Springs to be with Uncle Clark for a few days. She took ill and on the fifth of October, just three days after her 87<sup>th</sup> birthday, she died rather suddenly. (1949).

Grandpa and Grandma Hamlin lived great, they struggled, and they died. They asked for very little. They had come up from the poorest of beginnings and had lived to see their children better off than they were. They knew how to laugh, to enjoy family and neighbors and have time to savor quiet moments. Their docile existence seems so remote from the hurry and scurry of today. They taught us lessons of frugality, of improvising, of patience, of love, of determination, of courage, of hard work, of faithfulness and of caring. They died rather poor but the memory of them is rich. Mine is the struggle to make them proud of me when we meet again.

#### **More Remembrances of Grandma & Grandpa Hamblin**

Grandma was very strict as I remember her. I remember one time when she was visiting us. Loueda, my wife, called me "Gus" which is what everyone else called me then and when Grandma heard her she said, "His name is not Gus and don't you let me hear you call him that again – and she didn't!"

As a small boy I remember going to Grandma and Grandpa's on vacation with Mom and Dad. I was only four or five years old but I remember sleeping out in an old sheep wagon and had a hard time getting to sleep because of the humming of the mosquitoes. They were having a rodeo in Lyman and Grandpa got me and Vaughn to go out in the arena and wrestle; I was always smaller than Vaughn but as I remember it I won the match. He gave us each a quarter which was a lot of money in those days – at least for a little kid.

I also remember Grandma's eyes. They reminded me of an English Setter's sad eyes, but how I loved her.

Grandpas used to put me on his knee and sing "Turkey in Straw" and "Old Zip Coon" as he teetered me. I am proud to be from the loins of such progenitors.

**Carl Blad**

Grandma Hamblin was the only relative that accompanied us to the Salt Lake Temple to be married for time and all eternity. She got after Theda and me for laughing in the locker at temple. Theda's garments were way too big. Mine were too little. We

ended up exchanging each others. Grandma's name is on our marriage license. Bless her dear heart! She always took the time for those occasions.

Grandma went to Aunt Ida's home and left her little two room home to us on our honeymoon. Theda and Don slept in her bed and Carl and I on the kitchen floor. We were as happy as if we had a million dollars.

Grandma spent some time with us after we were married. Very strict and firm she was, but we loved her dearly. She drank some beer because she figured the yeast was good for her. She taught me lots. I felt sad when she left.

Loueda Blad

The first think I can remember about Grandma and Grandpa Hamblin is how we loved and looked forward to them coming to stay with us once in a while – never for very long at a time, for just as soon as Grandpa got there and saw us, he was ready to go back home again. I can only remember a couple of times that they came.

The think I remember about Grandpa was how we all loved him. He used to get us on his knee and sing the song of, oh! I can't really remember the title of it but I remember something about when "the old gray mare laid on the tongue," and he would let us slide to the floor. Would we ever laugh! He used to get the biggest kick out of us.

Another thing he used to do is removed his false teeth and pull faces at us. Jack and Norman used to be so fascinated with his teeth and they were always wanting him to take out his teeth. Grandma used to get so mad at him for doing that, she would scold him all the time about it. So, it wasn't long till the boys caught on to that and they would take him off to the corral with them and the first thing we knew we'd see him and all the surrounding kids in the haystack yard, and he was entertaining them with his teeth. We could hear him just laughing up there. Grandma would go to the door and yell at him, "Wall, cut that out." I remember hearing my mom laugh and say to Grandma, "Let him go, he's not hurting anything, and he seems to be having the time of his life."

He was one that was hard to keep too long in one place. He was always ready to go back home as soon as he had seen everyone. So I think that was one of Mom's ways of keeping him or them as long as she could. We lived so very far away and she saw her parents so seldom, I couldn't blame her.

Then there was the time when the Golden Wedding was planned for them, and all of their family was there. We all had such a good time. It was the first time I could remember much about Wyoming. I know I was there before when I was very small, still I know that at one time in my life when I was ill Mom had to move to Wyoming where there was a doctor to save my life. So, I had been there before but was too young to remember and too sick. So I'll always be grateful to Wyoming and its cool climate and Dr. "Someone" for my life. But getting back to the wedding anniversary, we got snowed in while there in Lyman at Aunt Ida's and Uncle Gene's house. After the rest of the family went back home to their homes, we were still there for about two weeks. I remember us kids were sleeping upstairs and Grandpa, bless his good ole' heart, he would tramp across the street in deep, deep snow, clear up to his knees or so, climb up all those stairs just to reach up under the foot of the bed covers to tickle our toes, and wake us up. I remember how fun it was to wake up to his chuckle. My how we loved that dear old man.

Sometimes I used to feel sorry for him because Grandma used to get on his case so, about everything, till sometimes he would just get up and walk out to the corral and stay for the longest time, I thought. I remember asking Grandma one time if she thought he had run away and wouldn't come back, and she would say, "No, he'll be back."

I remember hearing Carl telling about their trip one time to see the bridge dedication at Kanab, Utah. Grandma and Grandpa came down from Wyoming and they and Mom and Dad and Carl got to go down to it. He and Grandpa got to ride in the back of the old overland pickup truck, while the ladies and Dade rode in the front. He told how much fun Grandpa was and how many deer they counted together as they went through the Kiabab Forest, and what a good time they all had. Of course, we were wishing we could have been there too, because it was so seldom that our family ever got to go anywhere very far away from home. Oh, we went out in the hills to gather wood and sometimes even stay overnight, but generally always stay long enough to cook our supper out, or the whole family would go together rabbit hunting. That was always fun.

I can't remember too awfully much about Grandma. Only once while they were living in Green River, Wyoming, and Grandpa worked for the railroad, I got to go stay with them for a week or so, and how good she was to me. She even let me look at Aunt

Lucille's doll that she had in her trunk. It was even a porcelain china doll, and I remember how beautiful I thought it was and sure did want to play with it but couldn't because it was breakable and Aunt Lucille might not like it.

Then I remember scaring Grandma nearly to pieces. She said I went over to the neighbors across the street to visit with them for a little but and it must have been right after lunch, because I fell asleep in the neighbor's frontroom big chair. The neighbors had gone out to the yard to rake leaves or something and forgot about me. In fact, they though I had gone on out again. Pretty soon Grandma came looking for me and when she asked the neighbor if she had seen me, she said I had left quite awhile ago. Well, she had never gone back into the house to check, and I guess Grandma and Grandpa had looked just about everywhere. They were really getting upset and worried when she went once more to see if anyone else might have seen me, cause they were about to think I had been kidnapped or something worse. But anyway she found me curled up in their big chair sound asleep. Well, needless to say, she was really mad at me, so the rest of my stay I was not allowed to go anywhere without Grandma or Grandpa being with me. So to entertain myself out in their backyard all alone, they had some big rocks and I remember how for hours I would gather tiny little rocks of different colors and on one big old rock I'd borrow Grandpa's Hammer or with another smaller rock I would pulverize those tiny rocks and put the different colors into a bottle that would show the different colors of sand. I enjoyed the colors and how fascinated I was with them and to see how many colors I could find.

Theda Blad Bowler

**Memories Spoken by Wilford Stoddard  
at the Wallace Hamblin Family Reunion**

**July 1982**

I want to put in a few words here about Grandpa Hamblin. We moved into the country, my folks, about the same time, 1897. Course, we all had to break new ground and dig canals and everything to get the water out for irrigation. As I got the story in later years, I didn't remember at the time, 'cause I was pretty young. Grandpa Hamblin was quite a gardener and my Dad, he was quite a gardener and they raised turnips mostly. In fact, my Dad raised turnips and traded them to the saw mill to build a house, first house we had outside of a log cabin. But they used to argue who could raise the biggest turnips. I never did learn which one of them did, but I know that I seen a turnip that just fit nicely in the bottom of a water bucket that Dad would raise. But they had these arguments every once in a while, who's getting the biggest turnip.

I didn't remember Grandpa Hamblin then, I didn't until later years, really until after Myrtle and I were married. It seemed like Grandpa sort of adopted me, I don't know, I guess everybody's the same, but in their life, there's certain people, especially older people that they get attached to, and he's one that I did, even in later life. It seemed like every time I would go to see him which was quite often, he would have some little job for me to do. I went there one day and he had a job that wasn't so little. He says "I've got a tree out here in my yard that's goin' to fall on my house if it don't get moved and I wonder if you'll cut it down for me." I was working on the railroad down at Green River at the time. I came to Lyman to catch the bus to go to Green River and I had about an hour to wait, I guess. So I took his axe and went out and chopped his tree down. But I enjoyed doing things for him because he showed his appreciation for it so much and I thought an awful lot of him and I missed him after he was gone. You know, times I would go to Lyman and Grandpa wasn't there anymore to go visit with. I just wanted to leave these few remarks with you that I'm in the family too and he's meant a lot to me, I really though a lot of him.

**Story Told by Genevive Blad Dalley**  
**at the Wallace Hamblin Family Reunion,**  
**July 1982**

I want to say that we were always jealous of our Wyoming cousins, cause they lived closer to Grandma and Grandpa Hamblin. We didn't get to see them very often except when they would come to see us with their Railroad pass, down to Panaca. But one time Grandma came to visit us and I don't think grandpa was with her and I was just a little kid, and I used to not come home after school. I would go and play at a friends house, then I would always get a licking when I got home. So when Grandma came to visit us, I thought, well, Grandma was there and Mama won't even think about me being gone, so I'll just go and play. So I went and played and played until it was nearly dark and when I got home my mother said "Well, I guess I'm going to have to give you a licking the first day Grandma's here." And so she did. To add to what Myrtle said about our Green River visit, Grandpa took us out to dinner, maybe Myrtle was there, was you? (Myrtle answers; No, you got to take over). Anyway he took us out to dinner at the café and that was real special and he ordered RAW oysters! I though that was so terrible and he tired to get me to eat some of them and he would just open his mouth and swallow those things down and I never did forget that. I thought he was terrible for eating that kind of stuff. Anyway we sure did love them.