



William Easton And Margaret Hood Easton

**Mary Easton Hamblin's parents
Mary Lorene Bradshaw's parents
Shannon's great-grandparents**

William and Margaret Hood Easton As told by Beatrice Easton Alleman

Our family consisted of six boys and five girls: William, Mary, Alex, Janet, Peter, Viola, Andrew, Franklin, Anne, Beatrice and Thomas.

We lived in several mining towns as Papa was a fir-boss in the coal mines. My earliest memories were of Glencoe Wyoming. I was born in Elkhol, a short way from Glencoe. The mines in both of these towns have been closed for many years.

When we lived in Glencoe all eleven children were home and it was a very noisy and busy household. Everyone was expected to work as soon as they were old enough.

I remember well, as if it were yesterday, the day Thomas was born. It was a busy Christmas night at our house, but early Christmas morning when I ran into the living room a bare Christmas tree stood in the corner and Santa Clause hadn't come except to bring us a new baby brother. We were all very happy and all of his life he brought love and happiness into our lives.

Another incident I remember about Glencoe is what happened to Franklin. In the town there was a big store that was owned by the minning company and a horse drawn wagon would come around to all to the houses in the morning to take our grocery order and then deliver them in the afternoon. As the wagon was driving away one day from our house, Franklin caught hold of the back of the wagon to take a ride. The driver was a big man and he stopped his wagon and grabbed hold of Franklin and shook him and said, "If you ever do that again I'll grease your head and swallow you whole." Franklin was so frightened he fainted with a heart attack and was never well again. Later we moved to Cumberland where he passed away. When no one was looking, I went into the dark bedroom where Franklin was and saw that he was dressed in a suit and packed in ice in a tub that was dark green and shaped like our bath tubs today. We stayed a long time in Cumberland and a lot of my memories are of that period.

By now William was married to Eula, Alex married Rose, Viola married Leon Rollins and Mary had married Lee Hamblin and had given birth to Lorene. Mary was an angel but not very strong and so when Lorene was born she didn't have enough milk to nurse her. I am fourteen months older than Lorene and mama was still nursing me (they did that in those days) so she nursed Lorene also. I have always thought that it is why we are more like sisters than aunt and niece.

Later Janet married Frank Stones who was a widower with an eight year old daughter. Before Janet married, she worked as a house keeper for several families, and also for a taylor. She was a fine seamstress, as were all of my sisters.

Mary and Lee lived in Lyman Wyoming because that is where Lee's family was. After Viola married she and Leon also lived in Lyman.

When our family was in Cumberland, we had a big house and lots of company. There was also a lot of singing and dancing and wonderful food and goodies. My brothers and sisters made wonderful candy of every kind – chocolates, marshmallows, divinity etc.. One day mama went to the store and saw there a beautiful girl talking to the clerk. She was crying and mama overheard her say she was the new school teacher from Evanston and was looking for someplace to get a room. The clerk told her there was not a hotel in town and he didn't know of any place that could accommodate her. Mama could see how frightened the girl was and walked over and put her arms around her and said "I believe I was sent up here to help a girl in trouble." Her name was Janet

Crawford and after mama introduced herself she told the girl that she had a daughter with the name of Janet and if she was willing she could come to our home and share our Janets bedroom. Janet C. fit right in and was with us for two years.

One night my sisters and brothers were making marshmallow, the extract they use was lemon. The next day when mama went to use her eye drops the bottle was empty the kids had used the wrong bottle to flavor the candy and everyone declared they had come down with sore eyes.

We had an organ and some of my sisters could cord. Janet Crawford could play and it was fun to watch everyone sing and dance.

Andrew was giving my parents a hard time when he was about fourteen years old. He would go out and pick up bum lambs. We had a big barn at one end of our yard and Andrew kept the lambs there at night. One day he told Thomas and myself that we had to watch his lambs while he put them out to graze and that we could sit in his red wagon if we were good. Believe me we weren't thrilled but were afraid to cross him as we were threatened with disaster. We were near tears by late afternoon when Andrew returned. Towards fall when the nights became cold Andrew made the lambs burlap covers to keep them warm but a sad thing happened, they all strangled in the covers during the night. He really thought a lot of those lambs.

Andrew used to keep a diary which really should have been saved it was very funny. We had a picture show house in town that could only show one reel at a time so while they changed the reel the lights were turned on sisters and their friends would read Andrew's diary and nearly die laughing. Papa always gave Andy a curfew when he went out at night with the warning that if he didn't make it home on time he would be locked out. Andrew solved this problem my making sure one of the windows would be unlocked before he left.

My brothers all had bad tempers and so there was a lot of noise and arguments in our house. One time they went out in the back yard and were going to shoot each other. They counted the customary ten and as they turned around with their guns drawn there stood Papa between them. He removed the pistols, gave them a good scolding and probably never gave the guns back.

Our sister Annie died from meningitis when she was only two years old. Peter and Alex played baseball with Alex as the pitcher and Peter the catcher. They were very good and played all of the towns in our area until the leagues began to play on Sundays.

After living in Cumberland our family moved to Sublet a town a few miles above Kemmerer. While we were there Mama went to take care of Janet when her first son Frank Jr. was born. Thomas went with Mama and I was left in charge of cleaning and cooking for Papa and Andrew. After two weeks Frank Sr. brought them home and I made a lovely dinner of home made bread, a roast and cake. Uncle Frank always said that fresh bread was the best bread he had ever eaten and I believed him.

Later we moved to Evanston and were there for a long time. Our house was a large two story home and while we lived there Papa was called on a mission to Scotland. He was gone for 26 months and he and another elder brother Starkey traveled around Europe before coming home. Peter was supposed to look after the family while Papa was on his mission, but was going with Harriet Turner and they were married. Andrew had to quit school and take a job at the railroad yards. During this time he took correspondence courses and received his high school diploma. When Andy moved to Salt Lake City he took night school and majored in history and minning and

received degrees in both these areas. He worked hard and had some lean years and finally became our families only millionaire. Andrew married Isabel Mills an adorable, wonderful girl.

During World War I, Violas' husband Leon was drafted and because she was expecting their first child she came to live with us in Evanston. After a few months a beautiful baby girl named Myrtle was born. We were all thrilled and loved her. When Leon came home from the war they moved back to Lyman.

Even though we all enjoyed our big house in Evanston, it was sold and we moved to a smaller one as there was only Papa, mama, Andrew, Thomas and myself still at home. Many memoral things happened in that house. By now Papa no longer worked for the mines, but on the highway. He became very brown from being in the sun and one Sunday as he was shaving to get ready for Sunday school, his razor slipped and cut off one side of his mustache. He was so angry as he shaved off the rest of it. This left a very white upper lip. He looked so funny as he finished getting ready. When he walked into church his arms folded there was a look on his face that said he dared anyone to make a remark.

While we were in the small house a sad thing happened, Thomas and I came down with the small pox. In those days when you had a communicable disease you were quarantined and no one could go in or out. Neighbors and our family saw to our needs by leaving necessary things on the porch. When Mama became very ill with a high fever the doctor took some of the matter from under one of Thomas scabs and vaccinated her with it. That kept the pox on the inside and she didn't break out but was very sick and only had Thomas and I with her. At this bad time, to make matters worse word came that our brother William had passed away. Papa went to Cumberland to see him buried and poor Mama just laid on her bed and cried. William had the flu and pneumonia and the first day he was out of bed and dressed his wife Eula came home from a visit to see her mother who was very ill. When she came in the house she was crying and when William asked her what was the matter she told him her mother had just died. William went into the bedroom in shock and died of a heart attack. Just two weeks later Eula gave birth to their third child a little boy. Their children were Grenith, Jack, and now Billy.

Finally all of us recovered and life returned to normal. Another thing that happened in our dinning room that was just off the kitchen, were seated at the huge table and Papa was having trouble opening one of Mama's homemade bottles of rootbeer. Peter stood up and said he could open it and Papa handed it to him. Unfortunately he had the bottle tipped in Papas' direction. The cap came off with one tug, by this time the bottle had been shook up, and the foam poured out hitting Papa in the face and down his clothes. He was furious saying Peter did it on purpose and ordered him from the house. No matter what Peter said Papa yelled "Get out". Well Peter didn't get any supper that night. It was really very funny but Papa just couldn't see the humor.

About this time I was thirteen years old and in the 7th grade in Evanston. There were three seventh grades and I had the highest marks in math, and spelling, but times have changed and spelling seems to be a problem now.

About this time Mama was feeling sick and the Evanston doctor sent her to Salt Lake where they operated on her and found cancer of the uterus. The cancer had spread throughout her body and so they sewed her up and sent her home to die. She lived in pain and agony for some time and when I would give her a sponge bathe every

day she would faint several times. After awhile, I got used to it and wasn't frightened. I gave the bath with the window open and a dipper of water by the bed so I could sit her up and give her a drink. When the end of her suffering stopped all of the family were with her. We all loved our mother very much. She was the dearest kindess person on the face of the earth. Her funeral was the largest one I have ever seen, the church was full and people stood as much as a block away. "Aunt Maggie" as she was known, was missed by everyone.

Our lives changed drastically. I went to Lyman to live with Mary and attended the eighth grade with Lorene. They were so good to me and treated me like their own daughter. At the end of that year, I returned to live with Papa in Frontier and things were very different from when Mama was there. We went to church and joined in all the activities. I spent that year home and went to the nineth grade in Kemmere. At this time Papa began going with a woman named Mrs. Dean, who had been a widow for years and a few months later were married in one of the temples. I have forgotten which one. Thomas lived with them, but I went back to Lyman for my sophomore and juniors. Lorene and I had classes together and spent most of our other hours together. Our lives were full of singing, dancing, and dating. We were like sisters and it was one of the best times of my life.

Papa was having trouble with his new wife because she wanted to be the boss and you can imagine Papa wouldn't allow that. One day while he was at work one of her sons from Evanston came get her and they took everything. All of Mamas' lovely dishes, silverware, bedspreads, everything was gone. They were then divorced and Papa was alone again. He was then living in Susie, another small minning town. Andrew and Isabell lived in an apartment in the house Thomas and Papa lived in. During this time Andrew and Isabell had a beautiful son they named Donald and we all had such fun with him.

I returned home from Lyman and spent the next year there and graduated from Kemmerer High School in 1928.

Every year when the University of Wyoming had spring break, all of the highschoools of the state would use their facilities. We stayed in the dorms and ate at the cafeteria. There were basketball teams, voice readings, debates, commercial studies, and all other aspects of highschool studies that we could compete in. It was a lovely experience. Mrs. Harris was the chaperone for the girl contestants. My freshman year in Lyman I had entered the contest for reading and was chosen to represent the school at Laramie. Then the next year, when I was a junior, I entered for debate and won the trip to the "U". I didn't place, but had a wonderful time. My senior year, at Kemmerer, I tried out for voice and was again chosen. Although there was to be only one contestant form each school, Evanston sent two, a boy and a girl who had trained voices. They place first and second while I took third. All my friends at our school thought I should have had first. It was a busy year, as I also had the lead in our Senior class play. The school operetta practices were at the same time and said I couldn't be in it, but was called to the principals office and he gave me no choice, they needed me. They gave me three solos from the lead role. I was a cheer leader for three years and won the first letter ever given to a girl at Kemmerer High School. It was the school colors, a red and black megaphone. I wore it on my white sweater with a pair of white corduroy bell bottom pants for cheering.

On the train to Laramie, Norval and I made our first date, even though we had known each other since we were freshman we had never clicked before. This was in

March 1928. Norval was a wonderful athlete in all sports but outstanding in football and basketball. He was tall dark and handsome and when I introduced him to Papa they liked each other right away.

About this time it was getting hard for me to get to school, so Papa asked Aunt Miriha and Uncle Andrew to take me to live with them during the week as there was a school bus would pick up the kids who lived in Oakley. I did not like Aunt Miriha and she was anything but nice to me. Of course she charged Papa for my room and board but seemed to resent me. She didn't like me going out on dates and would get after me. The girls were sorry for me and treated me good. That year finally passed and I graduated. Summer came and passed as all summers do with trips and dates. Norval went to Cheyenne for an operation on his lip that had been badly cut when he was a child. After a couple of weeks he came back and brought me a diamond ring and asked me to marry him. I often teased him by saying I only said "yes" to get the ring. We made our plans to get married on the 4th of October, 1928. In the fall I went to Lyman and Mary made me some lovely dresses. One was a beautiful colored silk with a pleated skirt. Norval came to Lyman to take me home. We sat in the rumble seat and did a lot of hugging and kissing. On Oct 4th Papa and Mother Alleman went with us to get our marriage license to sign for us because we were not yet twenty one. All of the family on both sides were there and after the wedding my sisters made a delicious dinner and set a beautiful table with our best china and silverware. There were even beautiful flowers. We were married in Janets home and Pete, who was a member of the bishopric, preformed the ceremony. Mel Bradshaw was our best man and Narvals mother as the matron of honor. Mel helped Narval get ready for the wedding and make ice cream for the refreshments. Earlier they had taken me down town to get my hair done and when I was through no one came for me like they were supposed to. I walked home and found those two having fun with the ice cream. After every thing was ready I came in on Papas' arm and he gave me away. When the ceremony was over the little kids had a chiveree, they pounded on pans until we gave them dimes to stop. We were then given a ride in baby buggies and when Narvals broke down they put him in a red wagon and were given a fast ride down to Peters' Barber Shop where we each were given a mud pack. All of my family stayed over night and we had our breakfast together at Janets again. After a nice visit, Narval and I went to Salt Lake for a Honeymoon. We stayed with Lorene and Mel Bradshaw, saw our first color talking movie and Narval bought me a beautiful dress.

When we settled down we lived in a house next to Mother Allemans'. We had only been married about six weeks, when Uncle Tom Hood called on the phone and told us Papa was very sick and would like us to come to Susie where he still lived. We found him very ill with a sever cough and high fever. We docitored him with vicks rubs, aspirin, and hot lemonade. Papa was so happy to have us there. We stayed all night and since the next day was Thanksgiving we took him to Kemmerer and Mother Allemans house for dinner but he couldn't eat so Mother Alleman made him a hot drink out of dandelion wine. We were worried and called Dr. Newman, our friend and family doctor for many years, to come to the house and examine him. It proved to be pneumonia and he needed to go to the hospital. Narval and I stayed with him all day and night.

There just wasn't the medicines to treat them with in those days. Papa lived for two days. We called everyone to come and Peter, Janet and Alex came right over from Evanston, but Narval and his brother Marshall needed to drive to Lyman to get Mary and Viola. It was a terrible winter day. They arrived in Lyman alright but coming back

were caught in a blizzard they were about eight miles out of Carter when the clutch went out on the car. The storm was so sever you could not see where you were walking. Marshall and my sisters stayed in the car while Narval began walking back to Carter. They could of all frozen to death. After walking for hours Narval came upon a house and when he knocked and the man came to the door and was told what had happened the man offered to take his tow truck hook it onto the car and pull them back to Carter. They were very lucky. All of them went to the train depot and stayed until noon the next day when they took a train to Kemmerer. Narvals brother, Winton, was getting ready to go after them with blankets and hot rocks when they called to let us know what had happened. Everyone had been scared to death, but as the saying goes "all's well that ends well".

I had stayed at the hospital all three nights that Papa was there and the family from Evanston joined me but Papa died Friday morning at seven o'clock before Mary and Viola arrived. It was a very sad time for all of us. All of the children went to the house in Susie to see what needed to be done. As we went through the things some of them were divided and others sold.

Papa was sixty six years old, the service were shot as it was a bitter day, and he was buried in the city cemetery beside Mama. There must have been a joyful reunion in Heaven that day where they now dwell in their Heavenly Home. The Evanston Relief Society served us a meal at the church when we came back from the cemetery and then we left to go to each of our own homes. How sad, we were now without our wonderful parents we had depended on all of our lives. We me for Family reunions for many years but now no one is left to bring us together.

I have a few more memories to share. While we lived in Frontier Wyo. And Andrew and Isabel lived by us, one day Andrew wanted to borrow our washing machine. He asked me to help him carry it to his house. I didn't want to because I had been having pains in my stomach but you didn't say no to Andrew. The heavy load made the pain worse and Papa took me to Janets so I could see a doctor. After he gave me a blessing Papa went home. The doctor said I was having an appendicitis attack. The doctor gave me a cup of olive oil and a cup of castor oil. This made me very ill just like the intestinal flu and I passed green hard rock like things. When I went back to the doctor he said "Let me shake you hand young lady you had a poison that would have killed you if it hadn't come through the intestines and been carried out of the body." Papa came to get me and took me to our doctor who told him if it was his daughter he would have operated at once. So I did have the operation. Papa put on a white jacket and mask and came in and stayed with me until the surgery was over. It felt good to have him there with me. Papa was a 'Rock of Gibraltar to me. I thought he was a good man.

We had some hard times in our lives but our father always took care of his family. I've often heard Janet say, "We were never without good shoes, a warm coat, and our stomachs full." That was special because many people went without in those days.