

A Short Story of the Life of Ida M. Rollins Hamblin by Ida M. Rollins

I was born of goodly parents in a very primitive cottonwood log house with a dirt roof on the 2nd day of October 1862 in a small pioneer village situated on the banks of the Bear River in the southwestern part of Utah. The place derived its name Minersville on account of their being so many miners in that locality. My parents were James Henry Rollins, born in Lima New York on the 27th day of May 1816, and Eveline Walker Rollins, born the 16th of May 1823 in or near Dayton, Ohio. They were early Pioneers of Utah immigrating from Nauvoo to Winter Quarters in February 1846 – lived there through the year 1847 and from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake City – arrived there in October 1848.

At the time of the great gold rush to California in 1849, Father went to California in company with Charles C. Rich and Amasa Lyman. At this same time, George Q. Cannon accompanied them on his way to the Hawaiian Islands as a missionary for the LDS Church. Father returned from California in 1850 bringing a considerable amount of gold dust which he had obtained with him. At this time flour was very scarce in Utah and I have heard him say he went all over Salt Lake trying to trade gold dust for flour but there was none to be had. I have heard Mother say before Father came back from California that she had some mildewed corn meal and she would make bread of it and they would have to hold their noses while they ate it. The odor was so offensive.

Brigham Young called a few of the families to go to California and found a Colony. So in the spring of 1857 Father moved with his family to California in company with C.C. Rich and Amasa Lyman. While Father was gone, he left Mother with three small children, the youngest just a few months old. They hired a young English girl, Hannah Humes, an orphan whose father had died at sea on his way to Utah. Her mother had died in England. When they went to go to California, Hannah wanted to go with them. Father asked President Young whether he should take her or not and he advised Father to bring her to the Endowment House and have her sealed to him, which he did on the 3rd of March 1851.

Father helped to found the city of San Bernardino and was the first merchant there, establishing a store on the spot where there is a large post office building at the present time. They were called back to Utah in 1858 at the time of the invasion of the Johnston's Army. Enroute home from California, Mother got frightened by some Indians at Santa Clara, Utah and it caused her to be very sick. She lost a baby girl which was premature and her life was dispared of. But by the administration of the Elders, she survived and they traveled on until they came to Cedar City. Father tried to obtain a house there to lie in but failed and they traveled on the Parowan to stop for a while until Mother got strong enough to travel on to Salt Lake which was their destination. But while there, the Brethren got word from Brigham Young for them to stay in the southern part of Utah and help to strengthen the settlements of the south. So they lived in Parowan for two years.

In 1860 Father was called to go to Minersville to be the Bishop of that place. While living in California, Mother gave birth to two sons. Charles Lyman was born the 10th of November 1854 and James Watson was born May 24, 1856. Father's other wife, Hannah, gave birth to three children. The first was a boy baby which only lived a day and Caroline and George who were born the 19th of March 1856. While living in

Parowan, Hannah gave birth to a son, Robert Francis, born the 18th of November 1858. Father moved his wife Hannah over to Minersville in 1860 and later moved Mother over. Hannah lost her little girl Caroline in Minersville when she was eight years old.

I was my Mother's tenth child, four of them dying while small. I spent my childhood days in Minersville. I attended school there and learned my ABC's there, as it was then called. The first school that I remember attending was taught by my father's sister, Mary E. Lightner. She taught in an old adobe meeting house which was used for church and all kinds of amusements and a school house.

My Grandmother Walker lived with my mother's sister, Dionitia Walker Lyman. The night I was born, Mother sent my brother Watson up to stay with Grandmother. When it was time for him to come back home, Grandmother pleaded with Mother to let him stay there. So he lived there nine years until Grandmother died. I stayed there a great deal of the time as I liked to be with my Grandmother. When I was seven years old, my sister Melissa got married to John N. Lee of Panaca, Nevada. After that, Mother and I would try and make a trip to see her every year if she did not come to visit us.

My father was the first post master in Minersville. He also kept the first stage station and a Tavern, as a hotel was called. I first learned to read writing as I was handing out letters in the Post Office when Father wasn't in. He was Post Master for a great many years.

Father found and owned in with several others the first lead mine in Utah. A Brother Issiac Grundy built a primitive shelter on the north bank of the Beaver River and run out lead bars of 1 lb and 5 lbs. Father would freight the lead bars to Salt Lake and sell it to make bullets and white lead.

Father and Albert Stoddard bought and installed a molasses mill and the people in town raised sugar cane. They would bring the cane to them and they would run the cane through a mill and get the juice. They had several large vats which were built over a furnace. They would put the juice in these vats and boil it down to molasses. As it boiled they would have to skim it. We children would have a great time. We would get the skimmings and make candy of it. The women folk would make vinegar of it also. We never knew what it was to buy vinegar. Mother had a 5 gallon keg and she always kept it full.

Mother made candles out of tallow. I remember the first coal oil lamp we ever had. Mother was afraid to light it for fear it would blow up. She had a spinning wheel and loom to weave cloth on. She spun the yarn and dyed it. I remember she made me a plaid woolen dress, and herself and the other children clothes. She made yarn and knit all our stockings. She also gathered saleratus from the ground (we call it alkali now) and would make soap of it to last all winter. Thus the pioneers would work and save everything. To make a living she would also gather straw and braid our hats. We felt very proud of our straw hats.

I attended the schools which were held about three months of the year called a quarter. The teachers would charge three to four dollars apiece for each student which they would take in produce of all kinds and some would have wood to pay their tuition.

When I was about 10 or 11, my brother Charles was called as a missionary to the border between Utah and Arizona to build a fort at a place called Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River against the Navajo Indians. I remember they, the Indians, came up as far as Minersville and would run off the horses and cattle. Before this time, Jacob Hamblin had been called down there to try and make peace with the Indians. Oscar

Hamblin, my husband's father accompanied him with his family and settled at Santa Clara where Wallace and William twins were born April 27, 1862. Several years after Charles returned home, he was married to Miss Ada Dotson. I kept on attending school and when about 13 or 14 we had some very good school teachers. I attended these schools until I was in the 5th reader. That was how the grades were determined in those days.

We had several teachers that came from the B.Y. Academy at Provo. They enthused me so much telling me what a wonderful school it was, that I was so thrilled about it I wanted to go there. At the Christmas holidays in 1880, Apostle F.M. Lyman and his son F.M. Lyman Jr. came to our house on their way back from a holiday vacation to Parowan. F.M. Jr. was a student at B.Y.A. I asked my parents if I could go back with them and attend the B.Y.A. in Provo. They consented to let me go so I got ready in a hurry. This was my first trip away from home alone. Sometimes I would get very homesick, but that wonderful old man, Karl G. Maeser, was so kind. When he would find a student that was blue and homesick, he would put his arms around you and cheer you up and make you feel alright. I only stayed there in Provo until the April Conference. I attended conference and then returned home on account of being short of funds.

While there, I boarded with one of Heber C. Kimball's wives, Lucy Walker Kimball. I assisted in the kitchen mornings and evenings as part pay for my room and board. She allowed me \$1.00 per week for my work and I paid \$3.00 per week cash. I roomed with four other girls namely, Saddie Sheppard of Beaver, Utah who afterward became the wife of Rhinard Maeser, so of Principal Karl G. Maeser, Rosa Lee from Beaver who became the wife of George Southerland one of the Supreme Judges of the United States Court, and Lessa Kimball and Maggie Christmas both of Salt Lake City. Part of the time I roomed with J. Golden Kimball's mother who lived in another part of the house. There were several boys boarded there also. Golden was the senior over the house. We all had to be in the dining room at a certain time of the morning for prayers. Several times some of us girls would not get in there in time for prayers and Golden would always report us to Professor Maeser. We would be called onto the carpet, but he was very kind to us and would say, "Don't let it happen again." Those were very happy days for me.

After returning home from school, Mother, Father and I made a visit to my sister Melissa Lee's in Panaca, Nevada. After we came home, my niece Lydia Osborn was marred to M.C. Morris of Salt Lake. Wallace Hamblin, my boy friend or beau as we then called them, returned home from a trip to Wyoming where he had been assisting in driving some cattle to the market in Cheyenne. My brother Watson and Harriet Eyre were preparing to get married in December so we decided to accompany them and make it a double affair. My brother obtained a white top buggy and Wallace a light spring wagon and we set off for St. George on Sunday morning. It took us three days to get there. We were married in the St. George Temple Wednesday the 14th of December 1881. We stayed over on Thursday and took in the sights of the city.

A very strange thing happened to us while in St. George. The man where we stopped, a Brother Hall, wanted us to take a 60 gallon barrel of wine to Milford to ship North to his son. It was decided that we take it as we had a wagon. We had not traveled very far until a boy came riding up and said something was spilling out of our wagon. On investigating we found some of the hoops had broken off the barrel so we tipped it on

the other end and we went on and pretty soon the hoops broke off that end. Then we turned the barrel on its side thinking we could save some that way, but the staves broke in the center and it all leaked out, and all our bedding was soaked with wine. We tried in all the settlements to obtain a barrel or keg, but could not get one. Brother Hall was very angry about it and wanted us to pay for it. We could not help it, and of course we did not pay for it.

We arrived home on Sunday just as church was dismissed and they gave us cheers of welcome as we passed by them. Our parents had a fine reception for us after our return. On the 28th of December, Wallace was best man and I was bride's maid to a very dear girl friend, Jane Stoddard, and Tine Brigham, a cousin of mine. We had very gay times in our early wedded life. It being the winter holidays, there was a dance or some kind of amusements going on every night, and in those days they would last until the wee small hours of the morning.

My brother Watson and wife and Wallace and I all lived at home with my parents. The men folk spent the winter freighting and hauling ore from the Lincoln Mines to Milford. The following spring, March 28, 1882, Wallace's twin brother William and Mrs. Rosa Wood were married in the St. George Temple. In the spring and summer the men spent their time farming.

The following September 7th, Watson's wife presented him with a fine son, Watson Loraine Rollins – Grandparents and all just idealized him. As for myself, I thought I could not possibly think any more of a baby than I did of him, until the following December 12, 1882. We were happy parents of a fine son, Wallace Eugene. Naturally he was the nicest baby ever born. The two boys grew up together and as far as affection goes I think two brothers could not have loved one another more than they did. After our babies came, my brother and his wife moved to a place of their own and Wallace and I remained with my parents.

In May after we were married, I accompanied my parents to St. George Temple and assisted them in doing work for their kindred dead. While there, Sister Lucy B. Young had my Aunt Mary Lightner, my mother and I accompany her to a room several stories up which had an altar in it. She then gave each one of us a blessing in tongues and then she interpreted them. One thing she said in my blessing was that I should have a son and that he would go to the nations of the earth and preach the Gospel (which was fulfilled). When Eugene was 21 years old, he and Lorraine both went on missions in the same year and returned the same year. Both fulfilling honorable missions.

The years went on and we were struggling to make a living and trying at the same time to build us a home. During the summer of 1884, Wallace and Henry Hall of Minersville made a kiln of brick to burn them. While he was thus employed, we were again presented with another fine son. On the 3rd of December 1884, Claudious Lee was born. We were trying to keep one of the first commandments to multiply and replenish the earth. I thought that was our mission here. There was no race suicide in those days especially with the Mormon people.

The next summer we had a two-room brick home put up on a lot, with an apple and pear orchard on it, in the center of town. We had bought the lot of Wallace's Uncle George Marshall. We did not get our house finished until January 1887. We still lived with my parents. On the 19th of January, the stork brought us another son, Edwin Rollin.

Our home had just been plastered and as soon as we thought it was dry enough, we moved into it with our three children.

We enjoyed being to ourselves very much, although it was hard for me to leave Father and Mother to do for themselves. They were getting along in years and were not able to do everything for themselves. But we were only two short blocks away and we would help them with their hardest work. When the boys were large enough to assist them with their chores, one of them stayed there and helped them all they could.

Time went on and my husband's mother, Mary Ann Hamblin, moved to Salt Lake with her two daughters, Effie and Essie Stoddard. She took up obstetrics and became a very efficient doctor and nurse. This was during a building boom in Salt Lake, and as work around home in Minersville was very scarce, she sent for Wallace and his brother William to come up there to Salt Lake with their teams to work. They took their families with them. They obtained work hauling rock and building material.

We, both families, lived together until the fall of 1890. Just before the October Conference of the LDS Church, we decided we would try and get a house or an apartment and move to ourselves. We set out house-hunting and when we would see a house for rent, we would inquire about it. Invariably they would ask, "Have you any children?" "Yes, we have three small sons." Their answer would be, "No! We can't rent to anyone with children." Very discouraged I went up to Wallace's mother and told her of our trouble in trying to get a house. In a joking way I said, "Well, I'll go home where I can have all the children we want and nobody will bother us." We were expecting the stork to again visit us.

My parents came up to Salt Lake to attend conference and I returned home with them. Wallace stayed in Salt Lake to work. One day early in February, I was returning home from Mother's with Rollin a hold of my hand. As we were passing our corral, a cow that had just been brought up off the range with a young calf took after us. We just escaped her horns by crawling through some bars close by.

The next morning I was quite sick. My sister Birdie was staying with me. She was a child about 12. I called her and sent for my mother and Aunt Dee who was a mid-wife. I got some better but continued being ill for three days. On the 6th of February 1891 I gave birth to twin girls. They were very tiny and no one had any idea they would live. We put them both on the scales together and they just weighed 7 lbs. My husband was still in Salt Lake. My brother Watson and his wife were all with me when I was in trouble. He went for the Elders and brought them to bless and name the babies. We all thought they would die because they groaned every breath they drew. We gave them the names of Ida Melissa and Addie Manerva.

They were so small and delicate and quite a care for a long time. My husband being away made it quite hard for me to care for them in my weakened condition. But my dear old mother would come up every day and do all she could to help me and would stay with me until the babies would quiet down for the night. Mother would help me with them until they got so they were better and easier to take care of. After the babies were five months old, they seemed to thrive and grow from then on. By the way, when they were born I did not have anything to put on them as they were too small to dress. So they were just wrapped in cotton and a shawl until we were able to get some clothes made for them.

Their father did not see them until they were three months old. When he returned home from Salt Lake he had been working for a furniture man and brought home two high chairs and a baby buggy and a nice rocking chair for me.

After the twins, came our 4th son, William Clark born on the 20th of September 1893. In three more years our 5th son, Henry Marcene, was born on the 18th of November 1896. These children, seven of them, were all born in Minersville, Utah.

We had five boys and we began to think about their future. There were no facilities or opportunities there for them to branch out. We had only a few acres of land besides our city lot. There was nothing for them to do when they got older, or land to get houses for themselves. There was no room in Southern Utah for the fast multiplying generation to grow into, so Wallace's Uncle Ephraim Marshall and a friend, William McKnight, went up in the northern part of Utah to a place called Lucerne Valley, trying to find a place for their fast growing families.

They returned with glowing reports of the country and several of the married men with large families took their word for it and were very much enthused about the story. Several of them sold their homes and prepared to move to this new place where there was plenty of land and water. A company was formed and on the 7th of September 1897 about 2 p.m. they made a start – for they thought to better their conditions financially. This company was all composed of sons and daughters of the early pioneers of Utah. The company was composed of Ephraim Marshall, his wife and family, James Watson Rollins, his wife and family, Charles L. Rollins, his wife and family, William Hollinshead, his wife and child, William McKnight, his wife and family, Clarence Rollins and his wife, and John Corbridge making a total of 35 souls. The party had 11 wagons, 3 buggies, 30 work horses, 140 head of cattle and some loose animals.

The day of their leaving was a very eventful one in the history of their lives. When they left, sad indeed was the parting, for probably years would pass before many of them would meet again and some of them never. The pioneers were given a fine farewell party in the Minersville Chapel. Fond farewells were taken of their loved ones. Groups of friends on street corners said goodbye and wished them success and God speed on their way. The Bishop of the Ward George Eyre, escorted them for several miles out of the town promptly at 2 p.m. They turned their faces Northward to what they thought would be a new and better home.

They camped the first night near Beaver. Camping was quite a novelty to some for them, especially the young ones. By the time the travelers reached Fillmore, in Millard County, they were joined by John Henry Blackner and wife and family. This enlarged the company by eleven souls, 2 wagons, several horses and 18 head of cattle.

Wallace and I were preparing to go with the company, but we did not get our affairs settled in time to leave with them. We sold our home and what land we had in the field. We gathered up our belongings and just a week after the company left, we started out on the 13th of September 1897. There were 9 souls of us, 3 wagons, 7 horses, 2 cows and a dozen chickens. We joined the other company at Mona, Utah making 10 families with 52 souls in company.

The little band of emigrants struggled along, part of the way made difficult by the sickness of some of its members. My brother Charles' family, all but three were very sick with Mountain Fever. During the entire trip of five weeks, some of the family were very sick. In the evening, at the bedside of some of the sick, prayers were offered up for the afflicted and the sincere supplications were heard and answered. We passed

through many trying experiences, but the march continued on, all striving to make the best of what came. We had one of our wagon boxes built as a sheep wagon with a bed and stove which made it very convenient for the family to eat and sleep. We with four of the smaller children slept in the wagon. The three older boys had to make their beds on the ground. The other two wagons were driven by Lee and Rollin – one 12 and the other 10 years old. Eugene, riding a saddle horse, helped to drive the cattle and loose horses. We had traveled through stormy weather since leaving Heber City, which made it very disagreeable especially for those that had to make their beds on the ground.

On the 15th of October we drove into the far famed Lucerne Valley which is now called Manila. Here we met my husband's brother William and his wife and family and Nathaniel Goodman and his son William. These people had preceded the band in May that same year. My brother Watson and family and us with our family made our camp at his brother William's place. He had a large sawed log house partially completed. Others of the company camped at a place called Birch Springs. We were very much disappointed with the surroundings – it not being as represented. I think we women folk were more disappointed than the men.

They all got busy and staked off some land and then they prepared and went to the mountains to cut logs to build houses with as winter was coming on. They did not seem very enthused over the prospects as some real estate men from Ogden had the water question in hand and they wanted \$1,600 for a water right for 160 acres. After the men folk arrived in the timber, they talked over the situation. They decided to leave the women and families there and go and see if they could find a more suitable place to locate.

They went to Ft. Bridger. When they arrived at Bridger Valley, a Mr. Sam Strong told them about the Carter Canal and a lot of land on the "lower bench" which was vacant. Without going any further they bought the Carter canal for the sum of \$1,500 and each one of them located, staked off 160 acres of land, and filed on it while there. They borrowed the money to file from Mr. Joseph Guild who was a merchant at Ft. Bridger. They had left their money with their wives and just taken enough for traveling expenses. Wallace filed on a place 3 ½ miles northeast of Lyman located on the Blacks Fork River. They were gone just a week when they returned and told us women what they did. We soon packed up and moved right over. We were just a week coming over from Lucerne Valley to Bridger Valley. There was a big snow storm that came on us enroute. We arrived at Mt. View on the 9th of November in a terrible blizzard. We stopped at the first place we came to which was Wallace Stevens' ranch. They had all of the boys that had been sleeping out come in the house and make their beds on the floor. We never forgot the kind hospitality Mr. Stevens and wife showed us.

The next day we all found houses to live in at Mt. View. My brother Watson and our family rented a small two-room house and each family had a room a piece with no door between us. We put our sewing machines against the door for a partition but the children would climb over them. We managed fairly well with our sheep wagons for the boys to sleep in.

The children that were old enough went to school in Mt. View. Their teacher was a Miss Estella Sullen from Fort Bridger. As soon as we were located for the winter, the men folk got ready and went to the mountains to get out logs for their houses and out buildings. They had the houses partly done by the forepart of March 1898. We moved

into our two-room log house before it was chinked or daubed with a dirt roof and dirt floor. This was the 9th of March and there was a terrible blizzard on.

There was a small branch of the LDS Church here, presided over by Samuel R. Brough. They had Sunday School in Brother Joseph Wall's house which was only partly completed. Brother Henry Voss was superintendent. It was a branch of the Summitt Stake of the LDS Church. When our company came, it swelled the membership quite considerable in numbers. We used to bring our family and drive over from Mt. View to attend Sunday School. Very soon the authorities of the church came out and organized us into a ward with S.R. Brough as Bishop, Ephraim Marshall, one of our company, as first counselor and Augustus Youngberg as second counselor.

We had quite a hard struggle clearing our land of sage brush and getting it fenced. All hands would have to work making ditches and plowing the land. They got a few acres of wheat and oats in and some potatoes. They also put in several acres of Lucerne. They bought the lucerne seed on the road out here.

Whenever the men could get a job working out, they would do so to get money to buy feed for their teams. Rollin, who was 11 years old after we came, hired out to Joseph Strong for 8 dollars per month. He obtained enough money to get him a suit of clothes and other things to attend school with. Lee hired out as a sheep camp tender. Eugene and Lee both worked for a Mr. Marchasault. They managed to attend school in the winter. We had been married 15 years when we moved to Wyoming.

After my brothers Charles, Watson and myself moved here and left our parents in Minersville, they were not contented. They sold their home and came to cast their lot with their children. They arrived here on the 8th of July 1898 and made their home with me. Father's health had been very poor for several years and this climate was very severe on him. He was suffering with Brights Disease and he passed away on the 7th of February 1899 – just living seven months after he came. He was the first man buried in the Lyman Cemetery. Father would have been 83 years old the following May 27.

My husband's mother came up to Wyoming that same winter after we came. She came as Doctor and Nurse for Mrs. Ida Marshall and Mrs. Hannah Blackner and she brought them both fine sons, John Marshall and Bernard Blackner. Grandma Hamlin while here, filed on 160 acres of land just below the Lyman dugway and sent for her son-in-law Lue Pope and daughter Effie to come up. They lived in a one-room log house that she had built on her farm and they farmed the place.

My father and mother would go and stay for a week or so at a time with each one of my brothers but would soon get homesick and want to come back to my place where their bed and things were.

That fall after they came, there was quite a snow storm. My son Lee took his rifle and went over the ridge from our place and shot an antelope. He was only 13 years old. He tried to lift the antelope on his horse but could not, so he came home for help. When he told father he had killed an antelope, he doubted it until Lee showed him some blood and hair that he had got on him trying to lift it on his horse. Father was as excited about it as Lee was. They took a small sleigh and tied a rope around the horn of a saddle. Rollin went out with to help bring it in and then Father showed the boys how to skin and dress the antelope. We certainly enjoyed this meat and sent all our neighbors a fry. This was the fall of 1898.

At Christmas time, the Sunday School had a program and a Christmas tree held in Ephraim Marshall's new house. In January, Father and Mother went to my brother

Watson's to visit for a week or so. While there, Father took quite sick so they came home to my place. He did not get down helpless in bed but would only lie down at intervals. He failed very fast and he passed away while sitting in his chair at 5 p.m. on the 7th of February 1899. Just the day before Father died was my twin girls 8th birthday. Lee had just got him a violin and was trying to play it while the girls were singing and dancing and having a great time. Father got up out of his chair and leaned on the door and watched the children play. He enjoyed them very much and would sit an evening and tell them stories of his hunting trips while crossing the plains and to California.

In the fall of 1899 we sent Eugene down to Salt Lake to school. He was staying with my sister Mary Osborn. He was getting along fine in school when he contracted a cold and had a very severe spell of bronchitis. So as soon as he was able, she sent him home as she was not able to take care of him. We sent Rollin to Carter Station in the night after him, as he was the only one home.

My husband and Lee were away working on the railroad at Spring Valley. Before he left he brought his mother down to stay with me as we were expecting the stork that afternoon. I had a terrible hemorrhage and gave birth to a fine baby boy, but it never lived. My life was dispared of and only through faith and prayer and power of the priesthood through the Elders, Bishop Brough and Ephraim Marshall, was my life spared. This was the 22nd of November 1899 – the same night that Eugene came home sick. I was a long time gaining my strength and before getting around, I had a severe spell of pleurisy.

Time went on and we kept on improving our farm and every year getting a little more land under cultivation and fenced. But the men folk would have to go away from home and work whenever they would get a chance. In the year 1901, Cumberland coal mines had just opened up and there was a lot of work over there. Eugene and Lee went over and obtained work. Along in the summer I decided I would go over and cook for the boys. I was not very well and would consult the Doctor there about myself, as there was no doctor here at that time. When the crops were all gathered and taken care of, my husband came over to Cumberland and obtained work in N.2 south mine.

About the middle of September I took sick with another terrible hemorrhage and as I was expecting the stork again about the first of December, I was frightened very bad. My husband was over to Lyman. I aroused Eugene and had him go across the street and get Erastus Hollingshead to go to No.1 Cumberland for the Doctor. He had a team there, so he got the doctor and gave me some medicine and told me to stay in bed until I was better. I did so for several days and I would feel alright then. As soon as I would get on my feet and try to do anything I would start to hemorrhage again so I lingered on that way for three weeks and on the 7th of October my baby came. He was premature and was very small and delicate. He was a fine boy – if he had been much finer we could not have found him. Lee came in and saw him all done up in a small bundle and says, "Hello, Bobby" and that is how he got the name of Bob. I was confined to my bed from then on until the middle of December. We still lived in Cumberland until the next Spring, when we moved back to the farm.

Eugene was called in September 1902 with Loraine Rollins, Thomas J. Brough and Jay Marshall to go to B.Y. Minerscity and take a missionary course. Then in April 1903 he was called on a mission for the LDS Church to what was then the Colorado Mission. We only had two weeks to prepare him for this mission. He left Salt Lake on the 22nd of April. He filled a very honorable mission. Sometimes we did not know where

we were going to get money to keep him on but somehow by scheming and working it came. Lee and Rollin worked out most of the time and helped to keep him, and Wallace, his father, would take care of the farm. Then to help out, every week I would take a team and buggy and go around the Valley and gather up butter, eggs and vegetables and go to Spring Valley and Cumberland and peddle them. So with all of us working, we managed to keep him. He was released and returned on the 23rd of July 1905.

He went to Salt Lake and obtained work as a street car conductor and afterwards worked for the S.L. Hardware and Implement Co. He worked for them for several years.

Rollin, my 3rd son, was called to go to Paris, Idaho to take a missionary course. He was called to go the Australia. He left for this mission the 19th of October 1908.

In the spring of 1909 Lee leased a hotel in Elko, Wyoming, a coal mining camp near Kemmerer. He wanted the girls to go and run it for him but I would not let them go unless I went with them. We rented our farm and moved over there and kept boarders for the Company. We had as high as 60 boarders at the time. There is where Lee met Miss Mary Easton. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple on the 11th of November 1909. While there we were able to send money to Rollin on his mission. Wallace worked in the boiler house.

They had a ward of the Church there with Wallace Cragon as Bishop. I was put in as Relief Society President and Lee was put in as Y.M.M.A President. I had my Counselors, Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Christenson. I remained president until we moved home in the spring of 1910.

After moving back home to Lyman, the girls went to Salt Lake to obtain work to help keep their brother Rollin on his mission. They got work in the Troy Laundry and their brother Eugene was working for the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Co. so they rented apartments and cooked for him. They worked there until Rollin returned from his mission.

All this time, Addie was corresponding with Levi Blad of Panaca, Nevada, who went to Australia on a mission at the same time as Rollin and returned at the same time. They came home in February 1911 and Addie and Levi were married the following November 15th in the Salt Lake Temple. After having a reception here at home they went to Panace, Nevada to make their home.

When Addie left and separated from her sister Ida, it was one of the hardest things I had to put up with in life. Within the next seven or eight months, three more of my children were married. Eugene met and married Miss Pauline Zabriskie on April 9th 1912. Rollin married Miss Cora Roberts on the 28th of February 1912. Ida married Eugene Eyre on the 5th of June 1912, so that left our home kind of desolate. My mother was still living with me.

During the summer I made a trip to Panace, Nevada to visit my daughter and sister Melissa Lee. While there I was called home on account of the illness of my mother. My sister Melissa from Panaca also came home with me and my sister Mary Osborn from Salt Lake was called. We found mother very bad and she passed away on the 25th of September 1912. She was buried by the side of father in the Lyman Cemetery. Mother's children were all at her bedside at her passing. Mary, Melissa, Charles, Watson and myself. She was then in her 90th year.

Addie remained home that winter as she was expecting the stork. She was presented with a fine baby girl, Phyllis, on the 29th of November 1912. On the following December 7th, Rollin's wife presented him with a fine son, Edwin Wallace. Rollin lives on

a farm in Milburn. He has lived there since 1918. He has a family of seven children, five boys and two girls. Two are married and each have two little girls to bless their homes. Lee has a family of three, two girls and one boy. A girl Lela died of Diphtheria at the age of 10. Eugene has one boy.

Eugene came to Lyman to live and kept the post office and a small confectionary. He has always from infancy been afflicted with bronchitis. When the terrible plague of the Spanish Flu came along he contracted it and pneumonia set in. He passed away on the 16th of October 1918.

Pauline and their son Robert were very sick at the same time and was not able to attend the funeral. My husband and son Robert and Lucille were all down with the flu and Robert had pneumonia. They were all very bad. These were very trying times for me. I was just recovering from the flu myself. Eugene's son, Robert, died four years later on June 22, 1923, with diphtheria in Salt Lake City.

In the year 1916, the United States became involved in trouble with Mexico and our son, Marcene, enlisted in the National Guard June or July 5th. He with three other boys went to Cheyenne and from there to the Mexican border and served there until March 1917. He returned home March 10th and went to Cumberland and obtained work in the mines there. He only worked a few shifts when he was called back to World War I in April. He helped guard the Aspen tunnel, then was called to go to Kemmerer and train men for the war. He went from Cheyenne then to Camp Dix, North Carolina. While there he was taken sick and went to the hospital. He had two quarts of water drawn off his lungs. He went to Camp Mills, New York. After being there for several months, the company embarked for France. While off the coast of Ireland, their ship was torpedoed by a German submarine but it missed its mark about 50 feet. The United States ship turned their guns on it and it went down. Their ship landed at Belgrade, France between Christmas and New Year's Eve. We received a telegram from the Red Cross on New Year's Eve that their ship had landed safely, which was a great relief to us all. Marcene remained in France until March 1919, when he was mustered out and returned home on the 11th of March. Through prayers and supplications he never had to face the firing line, but was kept very busy hauling supplies and training men with the gas masks. Our son, Eugene, passed away during Marcene's absence.

The next year, on September 25, 1920, Marcene married Miss Duella Eyre. From this union there are four children, two boys and two girls – Ivan, Geraldine, Dale and Darlene. They are living in Murray, Utah.

In the spring of 1922, due to a strike in the mines in Cumberland, Lee, Clark and Marcene all came home. We let Lee have our farm and Clark stayed there and helped that summer.

That fall on November 1st, my husband obtained work in the Union Pacific shops in Green River. Clark went to Reliance, Wyoming, and obtained work in the mines there. Marcene went to Salt Lake and then to Murray, Utah. I stayed in Lyman that winter with Robert and Lucille in school. In May, 1923 we moved to Green River and Robert worked for the Union Pacific and Lucille was working for the Union Telegraph Co.

While working in Green River, we bought a two-room house and a lot in Lyman. On December 14, 1931, Wallace and I were married 50 years and our children got together and planned a celebration. They gave us a lovely Golden Wedding reception at the high school. They served a lovely dinner and presented us with a beautiful overstuffed set of chairs. All our children and grandchildren and two great grandchildren

were present. Our son Eugene and three grandchildren had passed away. We had a very pleasant time meeting so many relatives and friends.

We lived in Green River nearly 10 years. My husband was laid off on his birthday when he was 70 years old. The Union Pacific gave us a pass on the railroad to the Western States and the Pacific Coast. We started out from Green River on the 4th of May and went on the O.S. line to Murtah, Idaho, where we visited an old neighbor, William Goodman and family. We went from there to La Grande, Oregon, and visited a grand niece, Wanda Mathews Zanejg and then went to San Francisco, California and visited my niece, Daisy Rollins Hollingshead and family at San Leandro. Then we visited another neighbor, Mrs. Cora Shurtz at Santa Cruz, California. She took us all around. We went to the big giant redwood forest and on to the coast where we gathered sea shells and watched the tide come in. We had a very pleasant time while there.

We went from there to Burbank, California, where my sister Addie Rollins Colton lives and visited with her and family for ten days. We went to Long Beach and saw two of my nieces, Mrs. Neva Osborn Davie and her sister Hattie Kennedy and their families and grand nephew, Clarence Grenig and wife and family, also his father, Dan Grenig. We also saw a girl pal of mine, Jane Bingham. We went to Los Angeles and saw a niece and nephew, Linda Rollins Scott and Guy Rollins.

We took the train from there and visited San Bernardino where my parents lived from 1851 until 1858. We were shown the pioneer house and where my father's dwelling was and also his store where there is a very large post office built there now. We started from there on the S.L. and Los Angeles line. Our next stop was at Las Vegas, Nevada. We visited our daughter Lucille at the Blue Diamond Mine where her husband, Earl Long, was teaching school. We went to the Boulder Dam which was under construction. From there we went to visit our daughter Addie Hamblin Blad and family. While there I was quite sick, also Lucille who accompanied us there. My husband had the hay fever quite bad and was anxious to get home. This was the 1st of July 1932 and it was the last time I saw Addie alive.

We went from there to Minersville, our former home town, and spent the 4th of July there. I had a sister and brother living there and a great many relatives and enjoyed visiting them very much. We journeyed on to Salt Lake and Murray where our son, Marcene, and family live. We stayed there for a few days and arrived home in Lyman on the 13th of July 1932, having been over two months on our trip which we enjoyed very much.

We moved in our two-room house and enjoyed it very much. During this year I had a very bad foot with varicose ulcers and was not able to be on my feet very much.

In February, Addie took very sick with what we thought was the flu. Her trouble seemed to be all in her back. She got better for a while, but at intervals would be very bad so they decided that she must go to St. George. They took her to Dr. McGreager and he took an x-ray of her and found that she had a stone in one of her kidneys. But her heart was so bad that she was not able to have an operation at that time so she returned home. In May she returned for an operation. While on the operating table they took a stone out of her kidney 2 ½ inches long and then they decided to take out her kidney as it had started to decay. She passed away on the operating table on the 12th of May and was buried in Panaca, Nevada on the 14th of May. Surviving her was her husband, Levin Blad, and eight children, her parents and five brothers and two sisters who all attended her funeral.

That same year after Addie's death, Lucille came home to stay with me as she was expecting the stork. But she was in such a condition we took her to Rock Springs Hospital and she gave birth to a baby boy, Demar. She had two older children, Vella and Donnie. As soon as she was able, she worked in the Ideal Café for Ida. At present Ida has a maternity home and has taken care of a great many cases. We were living in our little home very comfortable when my husband's health began to fail. We did everything we could for him and took him to Salt Lake thinking the change of climate might do him good. But it was too late. We returned home on the 30th of September and he passed away that evening at 7 O'clock while sitting in his chair. He had enlargement of the heart. His children were all to his funeral but Lucille and she was in Washington State and would not get here in time. I have lived alone since then but several of my children live close around. This is February 1939. I have five sons and two daughters living, one son and one daughter dead, 38 grandchildren living and 4 dead, 14 great grandchildren.

My Church Activities

When the Primary Association was first organized in Minersville, I was chosen second counselor to Mary Ann Hamblin when I was 18 years old. After I was married and had three children, I was put in President of the Y.L.M.I.A. in Minersville. I acted in that capacity for several years. Then I was Relief Society teacher there. In 1892 was chosen secretary for the Relief Society of the Minersville Ward and secretary for the Relief Society of the Minersville Ward and held that office for five years. I was Relief Society teacher for several years in Lyman, Wyoming. We moved to Elko and I was put in as Relief Society President. I acted there until we moved home and then was chosen Stake Secretary in 1919 and held that office until Addie Brough the Stake President moved to Salt Lake. I was Ward Secretary of Lyman for five years. When we moved to Green River in 1923 I acted as Ward Relief Society teacher there, then I was chosen as second counselor in the Relief Society to Mrs. Ruth Manwaring. Later I was chosen as her first counselor, and still held that position in 1932 when we moved back to Lyman. At the present time I am Captain of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers of the Bridger Valley Camp.