

**OUR LIFE
WITH
MAMA AND PAPA**

**THE FAMILY OF
EDWARD MONTELL GUYMON
and
MINERVA MACKELPRANG**

**By Cora Guymon Seely
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Papa was born 23 August 1875 in Fountain Green, Utah, and given the name Edward Montell (Tell) Guymon. His parents were William Albert Guymon and Marcella Orilla Fowles. His older siblings were William Albert Jr. and Eliza Elizabeth (Lide). Papa was four years old and Orson Henry one and the youngest living child when his parents relocated to Huntington. Orilla Marcella had died in Fountain Green. Six more children were born in Huntington, making a total of eleven: Hetty Elizabeth, Franklin Marion, Luella, Wilford Eugene (lived five months), Amplis Uzel (lived only seven months), and Martin Ray, who died the day he was born.

Grandpa Guymon was a prosperous farmer and stockman, so Grandma Guymon could dress her family and furnish her home with the best that was available. The children could attend the church school called The Seminary, where the students had to pay tuition and furnish their own school supplies.

Mama was born 14 March 1878 in Cedar City, Utah. Her parents were Samuel William Mackelprang (a convert from Denmark) and Adelia Terry. When Mama was 18 months old, the family moved to Bluff via "The Hole in the Rock" and age nine when the family moved to Huntington. Grandpa Mackelprang made furniture and Mama helped him in the shop. Mama's father died when she was eleven years old. As the daughter of a widow with ten children, Mama had to attend the public school. She was about age fifteen when Montell noticed how cheerful she was. He also noticed that she never attended entertainments that cost admission. When he heard that a magician was coming to do a show in Huntington, he went to her house to ask her mother for the privilege of taking her to the show. Her brother Sam was in the front room by the fireplace washing and oiling a harness for his horse. Mama was very embarrassed when this well-dressed young man came. But Sam wasn't flustered. He talked to Montell and made him feel comfortable. Montell and Sam were close friends from then on.

Mama and Papa were married 26 December 1898 in Grandma Mackelprang's home in Huntington, Utah. They would have liked to be married in the temple but the road to Manti was closed with snow. They went to the temple when spring came. Mama cooked her wedding dinner and invited Papa's parents to it. Father Guymon asked her what he could give her for a wedding gift. She said she would like to call him father because her father had died while she was a small girl. Father Guymon (Al) told her that would please him and he would try to be the father she had missed. And he did. Mama had made a rag carpet and she had hand-embroidered sheets and other linens. She had been working in the post office. Besides helping the family with her wages, she had bought linens for her hope chest. Papa had a small bunch of heifers. He had been working in the Huntington Co-op store and had bought newborn heifer calves, so he had the start of a cow herd. They moved into the house that had belonged to his sister Lide and Archie Kinder. The Kinders had both died.

Lapreal was born 9 September 1899 and Millie was born 1 December 1901 while the family was living in this home.

Our grandmothers were so different. Grandma Guymon was aristocratic, while Grandma Mackelprang was as genuine as homemade soap. Grandma Guymon never came to our house. She had too much arthritis to walk the seven blocks and she and Mama were not compatible. She liked Mama but felt that Papa had married below his station. Grandma Guymon was of English ancestry and accepted their beliefs that the worth of an individual was based on their proximity to royalty, and that social class or status was inherited. Her pride was very real and sincere when she would comment that her grandmother Saunders had been the maid to one of the Queen's ladies in waiting. Queen Victoria was often cited as the authority as to what was right and proper. The irony of the situation is that the granddaughter of a maid to someone who associated with a queen felt superior to another person who was herself a descendant of kings and queens. Neither of them realized it at the time, but Grandma Mackelprang was a descendant of Edward I, King of England; and through him descended from various kings and queens of France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Scandinavia, etc.

Grandma Mackelprang loved to walk. She came to our house about once a week the year 'round. She would walk two blocks to Aunt Maggie Jones', then to our house, then through the block to Aunt Stell Palmer's, and then another block to Uncle Sam's. She worried that Uncle Sam's wife was not taking good care of him. When Grandma Mackelprang had one of her frequent headaches, she would come to our house where there were several granddaughters who loved to comb her curly hair. We would undo her braids and comb and comb until she told us to stop, and then we would braid her hair again. Her hair wasn't long, but it was thick and curly. It was fun. On days when she didn't come to our house she would go to the post office, then a block east to Aunt Lydia's, then back west two blocks to Uncle Pete's, then a walk of seven more blocks put her to the northwest corner of town from where it was a half mile or more to Aunt Mary Ann's. She never had to walk home from there because kindly Uncle Will would hitch up his horse and buggy to take her back home. When a new baby was to be born at our house, we didn't let her know until we could run down to her house to tell her it was all over and all was fine. All of her daughters were so very kind to her. Aunt Ada, who was a professional seamstress, and Aunt Mary Ann, who only had two widely spaced daughters to sew for, did all of Grandmas's sewing. Aunt Lydia's daughter, Ione, did all of her housecleaning.

Millie and I did all of Grandma Guymon's house cleaning. Every fall, after the flies had frozen, she would have us wash her kitchen ceiling. We would stand on her kitchen table and her sewing machine to do it. She would pay us, but not generously. Grandpa Guymon knew she was a little stingy, so he would pay us twice as much and caution us to not tell Grandma. He came to our house at least once a week. We lived seven blocks from him and Papa was his smallest son and the only one who lived more than a block distant, so he worried about Papa overworking. He was a lot of help to Papa and he had a lot of love for Mama. Grandpa often said what a good helpmate Mama was to Papa.

In rural Huntington there was not a wide variety of professions so Papa bought the first available farm. It was a mile and a half South of the SW corner of town so he needed to buy a home nearer to it. He could have bought his grandfather's home across the street from the town park/square, but to be nearer to the farm he bought a city lot at 3rd South 2nd West. A one-room log cabin with a frame lean-to kitchen was on the lot so they moved into it. Cora was born 5 February 1904 in the log cabin. They had \$20 so Papa was able to start building a nicer house for them.

On 12 February 1904 during a mid-winter thaw, his brothers Albert and Marion started helping Papa build the foundation for a two-room brick house with one upstairs bedroom. Oliver (Odd) Wakefield was hired to lay the bricks. Papa was able to buy enough used bricks for the house. Because they had been used, they had bits of mortar sticking to them, so everyday Mama would hand-rub enough bricks for the next day. She often told us she had hand-rubbed every brick in the house. Papa would not go into debt. He kept an account of everything he purchased for the building of the house and how he paid for them in cash or commodities:

| | |
|-------------|--|
| 1903 | paid W.J.Green, for brick |
| Dec. 30 | 132 pounds beef @6 1/2 cents, total \$8.58 |
| 5 Jan. 1904 | to S.S.Grange \$13.52 |
| | to W.J. Green cash \$27.56, cash .50, cash \$1.75 |
| 2 Feb. | potatoes to P. Anderson |
| 29 Feb. | 1520 lbs. hay \$3.80, 16 meals @ 16 cents: \$2.56 |
| | 3 calves: \$29.00, total by work \$40.10 |
| | W.H.Burgess for adobes one cow \$29.00 |
| 8 Jan. | one load of chaff \$1.50 |
| 11 Jan. | 100 pounds flour \$2.10 |
| 1 Feb. | chaff \$1.50 |
| | Recd. from W.H.Burgess 5 loads of adobes @ \$8.80 |
| | one load \$9.00 |
| | nine loads adobes @ \$10.00 |
| | total \$143.00. Sixteen loads adobes. |
| 27 Feb 1904 | I owe C.N. Christensen to order on mill: \$1.50 |
| | board at \$3.00 per week \$6.00, |
| | horse feed \$2.25, order on N.C. Christensen \$3.45. |

By work \$5.00 \$41.50.
 To Ma, \$2.50, sow \$25.80. (sow to farrow July 2)
 (Started house 12 Feb. 1904)
 Paid Staker cash for lumber \$5.00
 To Cook for lumber \$22.00 cash
 to Ferron man for lumber \$6.50 cash.
 Nails 35 cents.
 Hay to Chidister for work \$4.00;
 cow to W.H. Burgess \$29.00,
 8 Jan. to Burgess chaff \$1.50,
 11 Jan flour \$2.10.
 3 Jan. to W.J. green for brick 42.00;
 13 Jan. Chriss Miller lumber. cash 42.65,
 21 Jan. to Howard and Birch frames \$22.40;
 26 Jan. brick from green \$23.40,
 17 Feb. brick from Green \$6.50;
 22 Feb. to T.O. Wakefield potatoes \$4.75;
 27 Feb. C.N. Christensen \$1.50, J.P. Johnson hay \$1.50
 Feb.29 T.O. Wakefield hay \$3.80, W.J. Green cash \$1.75,
 T.O. Wakefield cash \$29.00; W.N. Burgess \$1.50;
 to order on N.C.C. to C.N.C. \$3.45;
 to Ma per C.N.C. \$2.50, cow \$25.80.
 31 Mar. cash for 2 X 4 \$1.25;
 nails \$4.55,
 1 May window \$2.25; nails and molding, \$4.50,
 25 May J.P. Johnson cow \$35.05; Wm. Hunter cash \$5.05,
 28 May Hunter cash \$11.80,
 1 June lath and plaster \$30.65, lime \$4.00, lath and molding
 \$5.00, nails .30, hinge locks and latches \$3.35,
 Henry Hunt \$6.25; J.P. Johnson \$12.50; nails \$.20,
 16 June W.B. Mathie \$36.25; locks \$1.00,
 to Albert for 18 days labor \$22.50,
 Marion 17 days labor \$21.25
 hauling rock \$21.00, hauling sand \$21.00
 tending brick man \$22.50, tending plasterer \$10.00,
 carpenter work \$25.00
 20 June paint, white, lead and oil \$5.50, glue .50
 paper \$4.25, painting \$2.50, hanging paper \$3.25
 W.B. Mathie for lathing and plastering \$30.65
 flour \$1.00;
 16 June labor 3 ton hay \$12.00,
 15 Mar order for time checks \$2.50,
 8 Apr. baled hay \$3.50,
 July loose hay .80,
 20 July bushel potatoes .70,
 Total cost of house \$719.16.

I wonder how many, if any, have actually read these itemized expenses. This account was so typical of Papa. One more item was, "a load from Price." I wonder if that load included doors, window sashes, and cedar shingles. The load from Price cost \$51.68. It should be added to the \$719.16. Papa probably shingled the house alone. He undoubtedly worked and helped wherever and whenever he could. Mama and Papa started the house 12 February during a February thaw, and moved into it when Cora was ten months old.

Papa went by the name Tell. Her mother and siblings and nieces called Mama (Minerva) Nervie. "Aunt Nervie"! It made us children cringe! Once while her father was sick with brights

disease, Estella said, "Maybe they should give him some Nervine." Mama said, "They should give him some Stelline."

As a teenager, Mama went with other family members to Terry family reunions in Enterprise. While there they saw how the Terry family made cheese. After she was married, Mama decided she would do the same in Huntington, but on a smaller scale, since she only had three or four cows and the Terrys milked a large herd of cows. After the cows were milked, the milk was poured into large pans and left undisturbed for a day to allow the cream to rise. The cream was carefully skimmed from the top and every three or four days, enough cream had been accumulated to churn butter. The skim milk in the pans was allowed to sour and then the pan would be placed on the edge of the stove so it would be warmed, but not too warm. This would cause the curd to separate from the whey. The whey is about 90 percent of the original volume of the skim milk. The curd that was not eaten as cottage cheese was placed in a homemade cheese press. The press was about the size and shape of a gallon paint can, open at the top and bottom. A wooden block a few inches thick and fitting loosely in the press was placed in the bottom. The curd was then added, followed by another similar block on top. Pressure was applied at the top to cause more of the whey to drain out the bottom. Commercial cheese is aged for months, but our cheese was so delicious we would start eating it in less than a week and it would all be eaten in just a few days. We sold some butter but we ate all our cheese.

A city water system was installed about 1920. Until then we obtained our water from the irrigation ditch. Huntington generally slopes to the east, so the east-west streets had a clean water ditch for irrigation and culinary uses on the south side of each street; and a waste water ditch for irrigation runoff on the north side of the street. Papa bought two large wooden barrels from the store that had originally been used to store vinegar. We would put a water barrel on a skid that Papa had made. Old Pet could pull it across the street to the irrigation ditch, where we'd fill it with water, then pull it back so Mama only had to go out onto the porch to get buckets of water for cooking, drinking or bathing. Our number three wash tub was turned upside down on top of the water barrel to keep leaves from falling in it.

Mama had so wanted their third child (Cora) to be a son to help Papa with the farming. It was many years before Mama was able to fully forgive me for being a third girl. When I was a very small girl she told me that when she took me to church I had such big bung eyes that she was embarrassed and had to cover my face with my blanket. It was April when they took baby Cora to church to give her a name and a blessing. Papa chose the name to honor a girl he had known as a child in Fountain Green.

Papa did need a son to help him with the farming. Farming is hard for a large man and Papa never weighed more than 150 pounds. He was a successful farmer because he made up in good management what he lacked in strength. I remember once when he declared he would wear his light-weight kid dress shoes and stop wearing the heavy cowhide work shoes.

On 27 August 1906 they got their first son, whom they named Terry Montell (Terry, for Great Grandfather Thomas Sirls Terry). When Terry was about 1 1/2 years old, he found a dead bumblebee on a windowsill. As he closed his hand on it the stinger released poison into his hand. He gave one scream and fainted. Mama grabbed him up and ran three blocks to a bee man, Bro. Wilcox. By the time she got there Terry had turned blue. The bee man was able to get him breathing again and saved his life. Fortunately, his body became immune to bee stings as our farm neighbor, Ira Marshall, had bees and Terry played with the Marshall children. They liked to be around when Ira was extracting honey. The bee house was through the north fence of our field and Mr. Marshall would give us some of the cappings. We could chew the honey from the honeycomb.

When Lapreal was about six years old, Grandpa Guymon was helping Papa mark and brand calves. They had a fire in a pit with rocks around it. They asked Lapreal to get some more wood for the fire. She filled her apron with pieces of wood. To dump it onto the fire she stepped on a rock, it turned with her, and she fell with her hand on the red-hot branding iron. Papa ran and picked her up and he and Mama grated a bowl full of potatoes and kept her hand in it to draw the fire out. As her hand healed the cords shortened and she was never able to fully open her hand. She was musically talented and tried to learn to play the organ. She took lessons from Aunt Luella Guymon and from Tenie Mathie, but when she couldn't reach an octave, she gave up. This was the first serious accident in the family.

When Millie was a small girl she had a bad head accident. She tried to climb up a rear wheel to get into the wagon to ride into the yard with Papa. He didn't know she was near so he started the horses up and Millie fell off. She landed with her face in front of the wheel. It stopped before it ran over her head but it crushed the bones in her face and loosened her four front teeth so all through elementary school she was what was called "buck toothed." She also suffered bad sinus headaches. In the summer before she entered junior high school, Mama took her to Salt Lake and had her face operated on so her sinuses could drain and they took her to Dr. Paul Christensen. He extracted the four front teeth and made a partial plate with four pretty teeth on it.

On one occasion I felt really sorry for her. She was the cheerleader for our basketball games and a good one, but this time she opened her mouth to speak and her plate fell down from the roof of her mouth. She just pushed it up and went on with the cheer. One day at school she and her friend, Addie Kilpack, were talking about going to the dentist. Addie told about Dr. Christensen renting a room in the Brasher hotel in Huntington. Dr. C. lived in Castle Dale. Addie had a cavity in a molar which he was going to fill. He put a shot of novocain into her gum and while it was taking effect, he went out to the hotel's outhouse. Addie could see the structure through the window. She saw him come back into the room and pick up a small sponge to put into her mouth. When he tried to put his finger into her mouth she chomped down on it. He jumped back in surprise. She told him he wasn't going to put his dirty fingers in her mouth until he washed his hands.

When the people of Huntington realized they needed to store water for use late in the summers, the farmers took their supplies and teams, wagons, scrapers, plows, etc. up near the top of the mountain and built a reservoir. One summer when Papa had been up there doing water tax assessment work, he came home and we all ran out to greet him. He unhooked the horses, removed their harnesses, and turned them loose to go around to the haystack to eat. Little Terry must have thought his daddy had led the team so he followed and as he walked up behind one of the horses he got kicked squarely on the forehead. His body flew several feet onto a pile of boulders that Papa had collected for a future barn. Mama had been busy getting the grub box out of the wagon when she noticed that the chickens had gone to roost so she sent 4 1/2-year-old Cora around to close the chicken coop door so skunks could not steal a chicken. When Cora saw her little brother she screamed for her mother to, "Come quick. Terry has been hurt." Papa jumped onto a horse and raced downtown for the doctor. When he returned he gave Terry a Priesthood blessing.

When the doctor went back down to the saloon he told the men there that he had fixed up Tell Guymon's baby boy so he would look alright for burial. He was surprised when the next morning he was summoned to come and redress the wound. He didn't give the parents any hope that Terry could live and be right mentally. A smear of brain matter had been left on one of the rocks and the doctor removed a quarter size piece of skull bone from the wound. He suggested that Terry be kept very quiet. This happened a short time before Terry's second birthday. Mama stayed in the front room for several weeks with Terry. The family lived in the kitchen. Evenings, to go to bed upstairs, we went outside around to the front door, slipped quietly in and upstairs to bed. A cousin, Beatrice Palmer, came every day and prepared food for the family. Neighborhood boys who passed our yard would stop their playing and walk quietly past.

Here is a good place to tell a story that took place later. We could never see that Terry had lost any brainpower. At about age sixteen he wanted to stretch his wings, so he and Byron Brinkerhoff went to Idaho hoping to get jobs in the potato harvest. At one house where they inquired, they were told they were not needed, but as they started to leave the farmer called "Blondy, come back here, I want to know how you got that scar on your forehead." The scar almost completely covered his forehead. When Terry described his accident the man told him that he had purchased the horse which had kicked him. The man had been a horse trader traveling through Utah. He explained that Mother couldn't stand to have the horse around.

We spoiled Terry badly. He mustn't ever be alone. He mustn't do anything that might cause him to bump his head. When he had to herd the milk cows either Cora or his younger sister Orilla must be with him. Orilla was born 8 December 1908. She was given names of both of the grandmothers, Orilla, after Grandma Guymon, and Adelia, after Grandma Mackelprang. She was a happy baby and had the usual curly hair. Every other one in the family got the curly hair genes from Grandpa Guymon and Grandma Mackelprang. Lapreal had curly hair, Millie's was just wavy; Cora had curly hair and Terry's was wavy, etc.

With Terry being the fourth child, we girls did lots of work on the farm to help Papa. Lapreal was the only one allowed to drive the horse-drawn hay mower. She was large for her age. When Papa got a hay barn built, she could help him unload hay into the barn by using a harpoon fork. There was a set routine for getting in the hay. Lapreal would be on one side of the wagon and Papa on the other, with Terry coming along with a pitchfork gathering up the hay that Lapreal had missed with her fork. He would put it onto another haycock. Tromping hay was a fulfilling occupation, and Cora made a science of it. She would tell them just where to place the next forkful. She would tromp all around, tying each forkful into the load so her tromped loads could be hauled to town without shifting the least inch. (Lapreal's history tells of how she tromped hay the same way). Those loads could be unloaded with the fewest forkfuls. Millie helped some, but because of her allergies she couldn't work in the hay.

Cora knew no one hated doing dishes as much as she did. She would dawdle along until the water got cold, and that didn't help. One morning her mother got an inspiration, "Cora, any morning you can get the dishes done before Papa leaves to go to the farm you can go with him." The only thing Cora liked doing more than going to the farm with her father was going to school, and this was summer. She was happy shocking up grain bundles, and driving the dump rake to rake the cut hay into long windrows was fun.

One of the tasks that everyone liked was riding Old Pet to pull the fork-fulls of hay up and into the barn. Old Pet had been born the same year Cora was so she felt a special affinity for the horse. She was happy when her father allowed her to plow a ten-acre piece of ground with a sulky plow (a plow mounted on wheels with a driver's seat). When Orilla grew big enough she was allowed to plow with the sulky until one day the plowshare was stopped by an especially big, tough root. It stopped the plow so suddenly that Orilla pitched forward falling down between the doubletree and the plowshare. Papa saw what happened and he ran half-way across the farm expecting to find her body badly cut with the sharp edge, but she wasn't hurt in the least except her pride.

We shocked up grain. If the string around a bundle had broken we could grasp two hands full of wheat stalk, twist them together below the heads, and wrap the straw around the bundle and tuck the ends in to make a bundle that would stand up with the rest. We learned how to repair fences, dig ditches and irrigate. Once Papa told Mama that he would rather have Cora set the water on a patch of newly planted grain than any man he could hire. When Terry got large enough he helped Papa chop corn stalks. It was field corn and was brought into town and stood in big fat stalks. We all got our turn husking corn to be thrown up onto the roof of the cow shed to dry for winter pig feed. When we neglected to husk the corn evenings we had to do it before going to school in the morning.

Grandpa Guymon had a cistern. Every summer when the water in the ditches was clear he would pump all the water out of the cistern and go down into it with a ladder and broom. He would sweep the walls and the bottom and have Frank Kinder pull up the buckets of dirty water and the water he would rinse it with. Then he would refill the clean cistern with water running in the irrigation ditch that ran past their home.

Back then women had to make their own soap. The pioneers had used saleratus found in swampy areas to combine with the stored fats, but in the early days of Castle Valley they could buy cans of lie. Most every homemaker had a number three tub just for making soap. It was placed on three similar-sized rocks over a fire. The recipe was three cans of lie to twelve pounds of grease and about nine gallons of water. The mixture was boiled and stirred for an hour or more. Mama would test it by tasting a tiny bit of the brew and could tell just what to add, whether more lie or more fat. After an hour or so it turned into soap. She could tell just when to stop stirring it. It then could be strained through a screen and poured into boxes to solidify and be cut into bars and stored in the kitchen attic. At one time we could buy a perfume to add to the soap so we could more pleasantly use the soap for our hands. Used in the dishwater it caused the scraps washed from the dishes to form a scum around the pan at the water level. We would scoop it off and throw it into the pig bucket. When our hand washbasin got dirty we cleaned it with kerosene. When our children were small, Millie, Lapreal, Orilla and Cora would take our children with us to Huntington on the day we were to make soap, so Mama could oversee the process.

I remember a tinker man coming through town. He drove a boxed-in wagon. Mama had him sharpen her scissors and she may have bought a teakettle from him.

Papa shaved with a blade razor. He used an oilstone for sharpening the razor. He would put a few drops of sewing machine oil on it. He also had a razor strop. It hung on the end of the wash bench. Each morning before he started shaving he would strop his razor on the strap. We didn't have a whetstone. We sharpened our butcher and case knives by stropping them on the bricks at the corner of the house. It worked very well. I have one case knife like the ones we used during my young life. Our lavatory was a wash bench in the kitchen. On the bench were a water bucket, a granite iron wash bowl and a discarded saucer to hold the hand soap. It was a wonderful day when we could buy Crystal White hand soap and Fels Naphtha for washing dishes. It was a better day when we could buy cans of sal soda for dish washing. It cut the grease on the dishes without forming a scum around the dishpan.

Back in the early 1900s, we made large batches of bread in large pans for it to rise in. We didn't have individual loaf tins. We baked in it long, wide pans that would hold six or eight loaves of bread. It was called a dripper because it was also used to drain the scalded dishes in. The bread was yeast bread. We had live yeast, which we renewed after each mixing by adding unsalted potato water, and a little of the mashed potato to feed the yeast start. Two of Mama's neighbors were her sisters, so between the three of them they could keep the yeast alive and fresh. Mama kept a quart of yeast all the time.

During the early years of our family life, Mama displayed a violent temper. One time she saw a half-grown pig in the garden. She ran out from the kitchen and threw a shovel at it. Unfortunately, the pig's back was broken. It lay there squealing. So Mama got a knife from the kitchen and cut the pig's throat so at least it could be butchered. On another occasion, when Lapreal was a teenager, Mama became angry with her. They were going past the woodpile and Mama picked up an axe. Lapreal ran around the house, went in the front door, then held the doorknob so Mama couldn't open the door. Mama, with one swing of the axe, split the top panel. This may have been when Mama finally realized that, for the safety and well being of the family, she would have to gain control of her temper, which she did. The younger children never saw these displays of temper. They remember her as a sweet, saintly mother.

Until Papa had two bedrooms built onto the back of the house, the children slept upstairs. A good stairway was built up the inside of the north wall of the living room. It was not a steep narrow stairs like in the pioneer homes. A clothes closet was under the stairs and a brick chimney from the front room heating stove was built next to the stairway so upstairs it extended up through the first bed room. It took the chill off the upstairs bedrooms. Each night a large chunk of coal was put in the heater and all the drafts were closed so the coal burned slowly. In the morning the fire was brought to life by shaking the ashes down and adding some wood and coal. Every evening the children had the chore of carrying in enough wood and coal to feed the fires in the kitchen range and the front room heater through the next day.

If you grandchildren haven't heard the Milk Maid song, here it is:

"Oh where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"Oh, yes if you please, kind sir," she said.

He carried the pail and the three-legged stool,
And smiled at the children, coming from school,
As much as to say, "I don't, as a rule,
Go out like this, a milking."

I think, away back, it was the women and girls who did the milking. I imagine that was because they would be cleaner and more careful in brushing the cows' side before starting to milk. Papa always kept three or more milk cows. That way he could be sure that two of them would be giving milk at any time. I think they were guernsey breed. Mama tried to get Papa to buy her a Jersey cow so she could be making more butter, but he never did. When I, Cora, was a milkmaid the names of our milk cows were: Boss, Tamer, and Slocum. Boss got that name because she wouldn't allow any of the other cows to walk in front of her. Tamer was a heifer Papa bought from Frank Black when Black was preparing to take his youngest wife and move to Orderville. He had a daughter

named Tamer so that is what Papa named that heifer. Going to and from the pasture, Tamer would be second in line and Slocum was in the rear. Millie milked Boss or Tamer and Cora milked Slocum.

Rebecca Hawk Brinkerhoff came to Huntington early in its existence. She was the second wife of polygamist James Brinkerhoff. She brought her nine children with her. Her son Jess married the sweet gentle Rosella Riley and built a home two blocks from us as the pigeons fly. He also had a forty-acre farm just across the lane from our farm. They had fourteen children. They had been married in the Manti temple in 1894. I don't know what else he did (besides farm) to support his family, but I do remember how loud he could swear. Their oldest son died and the next two were girls and the rest were boys. Maybe he should be excused for being a swearer. If we happened to be outside of our house at the same time the "Brinks" were, we would hear Jess, the father, cussing his sons and using the most terrible profanity. Their son Robert was in my grade at school and Byron was in Terry's grade. Terry and Byron could walk two blocks together toward home every school day. Terry seemed to enjoy being among that big bunch of boys more than being in the middle of five girls. It is a wonder that he didn't pick up some of their profanity but he didn't. Never did I hear him swear. Terry had two other friends. Joe Jensen wasn't allowed to swear and most likely Lyman Black wasn't.

Orilla had a bad accident with one of the horses. Our father had range cows, which he kept on his farm in the winters. He would have stacks of loose hay and straw in fenced enclosures on the farm. One day Millie took Terry, Orilla, and Grant to the farm in the double-bedded wagon. They filled the wagon with hay to feed the cows. To get Orilla and Grant out of the way, Grant was put astride old Pet and Orilla rode Old Turk. Turk was a flighty horse. Terry was driving the team and Millie was pitching the hay out to the cows as they drove down a patch of grain stubble. They were near the South fence when a rabbit darted out from a bush. Turk bolted and Pet ran with him. Grant fell off down past the wagon tongue. The wagon went over him but not the wheels so he wasn't hurt. Orilla was thrown off on the horse's out-side, but her body was caught in the V made by the hame straps. She would swing toward the fence, then back near the horses' heels, then out again until suddenly her body was wrapped around a cedar post and it broke the post. By then Terry was able to climb out onto the wagon tongue and grab Turk's bridle and stop the team. Grant was crying and running to catch up to the wagon. They got Orilla into the wagon and Millie held her in her arms all the way home. Mama was out on the kitchen porch straining her eyes, looking for them. She had a premonition that something was wrong. Whenever she dreamed of muddy water something bad happened. Orilla was bedfast until a bed sore was formed. They had Dr. Hill come to the house. (That was when doctors made housecalls). Orilla's hip had been dislocated. He would watch Guila walk and have Orilla walk. Orilla would twist and her knee would flip over onto her other knee. He told them he would probably have to break it and reset it, but Papa gave her another blessing and two weeks later she was walking straight. Orilla remembers how Terry would come home from downtown with his friends after the family had retired and he would do things for her, like refilling the hot water bottle for her injured hip. She slept on a couch in the front room while her hip was mending itself. He would talk to her until she would fall asleep.

Orilla remembers the bean patches. In the spring, Mama would go to the farm with her children, where they would plant a large patch of winter beans. In the fall when the pods were dry the family would pick the pods—sacks of them. At home on a windy day, the beans were dumped onto a tarp with another tarp over it. We children would tromp over the pile of beans, crushing the dry pods. The beans were tromped on and the pile was stirred until the beans sifted to the bottom. After the trash part was removed, on the first windy day the beans and chaff were poured from a pan onto a clean surface. The wind blew the chaff away. I remember our having fifty-pound sacks of winter beans. How we liked them cooked with a ham hock.

That reminds me of Papa dressing pork. His system was to do it when the weather was cold enough that there would be no flies. Orilla remembers Mama sending her up to Rosella Brinkerhoff's to ask when was the right time to kill a pig. Mrs. Brink would lift the corner of the oilcloth on her table to check her almanac. Mrs. Brink claimed that the dark of the moon was the best time to butcher a pig, that it made a difference in how easily the lard could be rendered out of the globs of pork fat. Animal fat was used in making soap. The chunks of fat around the kidneys and along the small intestines could be ground up and heated in a large kettle on the stove. If the pig was butchered in the light of the moon, less oil (lard) would be rendered from the chunks of fatty tissue. After the fat was rendered out, the cracklings remaining were enjoyed as a snack.

When Papa got ready to butcher a pig, a number three tub was filled with water and placed on rocks with a fire under it. We children would keep the fire going to heat the water for the scalding of the killed pig. Papa used a block-and-tackle to upend the pig and dip it into a barrel of scalding water. Then we would all help scrape the bristles (hair) off the porker using sharp butcher knives or kitchen knives. If the pig was scalded for the right time in water of the right temperature, the bristles would almost fall out rather than having to be shaven off. The water was reheated and the other end of the pork was scalded. The toenails could be popped off the toes. The palms of the feet could be peeled off. Papa told me there are 24 separate bones in a pig foot. He said he had counted them when he was a boy. We always used the bladder for a football. Isn't a football called a pigskin? My! How we liked the headcheese Mama made from the hog jowls, and the sausage Mama would stuff into ten-pound salt sacks to be sliced for frying for winter breakfasts.

Every spring besides planting a large garden in town, we planted a large patch of potatoes out on the farm. Planting, according to Mrs. Brink, should also be done in the dark of the moon. Planting potatoes wasn't merely putting seed into the ground. By spring the potatoes would start growing sprouts—quite long sprouts—so before the potatoes could be cut up for planting, the family members sat in the cellar while they hand-rubbed the sprouts off the potatoes. Another reason for rubbing the sprouts off was so the potatoes would remain edible until a new crop was raised. For readers who do not know what a potato seed is like, it is the eye of the potato. The whole potato would be cut up so there would be at least one eye on each chunk. Papa would plow a furrow and the family members would follow and drop the potato chunks into the furrow. Papa then made one or two more rounds with the plow to cover the potato chunks and then another furrow was plowed and another row of potatoes planted. It took a large patch of potatoes to feed this Guymon family and have enough to pay in for tithing. When it was a good crop, Papa would take some of the new potatoes to the mining towns and sell them. Mama would go to the farm with the children to supervise and help them.

Mama's and Papa's temperaments, dispositions and their personalities meshed very well. He was an introvert and she was an extrovert. She was an outgoing person and loved to entertain visitors, and he usually cooperated. Often after Sunday School she would invite other couples up for Sunday dinner. One Sunday she took more responsibility than was good for their peace. Usually it was alright with Papa, but this time she would have done better to have consulted Papa first. When she told him who was coming to dinner, he took his Book of Mormon and went into the bedroom, closed the door, and refused to come out and eat with them. I will call the guests Ruby and Ray Larsen. (These are not their real names.) His reaction was because of a prior incident.

Papa had a water turn coming while he would be on his second mission, to Birmingham, Alabama. He took Terry and Orilla out to the farm to show them where the water was to be used. He took them to the ditch and drove a pointed stick into the side of the ditch to show them how much water they could take out of the head ditch because the rest of the water was to go on down the ditch to Ray Larsen's farm, which was below Papa's. When Papa returned from his mission he was presented with a summons to appear in court or pay a fine. The charge was stealing water. Larsen was accusing Terry and Orilla of taking more water than they should have. Terry and Orilla declared they had not taken more than enough to reach the marker stick. Papa believed his children, but rather than have his children suffer a court experience, Papa settled it out of court by paying what Larsen asked and let the matter drop. He figured Larsen was just a chip off the old block. He came from a family with a shady reputation. Now comes Sunday and Mama tells him that Ray and Ruby are coming to dinner. Papa refused to eat with them.

When Mama invited Jim and Jane Jones (not their real names either) to dinner, Papa welcomed them and was sociable with them even though his sister Lide had had a run-in with Jim. For two or three mornings when Lide went out to milk her cow, she was only able to get a little milk. The cow's bag appeared to have been milked. A pole fence separated Lide's cow corral and Jim Jones' corral, so the next morning Lide got up extra early and went out to the corral. She could see a man's legs on the other side of her cow so she picked up a big stick and carefully crept up to the cow and started beating the man, Jim Jones, over the head. He never milked her cow again.

One of Papa's favorite sayings was: Good fences make good neighbors. One of Mama's oft-expressed admonitions was for us to not let Satan hear all of our thoughts. Many times she would say, "Oh! You shouldn't have let Satan hear you say that!" Perhaps she had heard the story of one of the

future church presidents receiving a blessing and then being told that the one pronouncing the blessing had received a prophecy that he was careful to not verbalize. The one receiving the blessing received the thought that in time he would be called as a church president. If Satan had heard this spoken, he would have been in a position to put many temptations and stumbling blocks in the future president's way.

Lapreal was musically talented. She developed and exercised her singing talent. She had a lovely alto voice. She started singing in the ward choir when she was fourteen years old. She had parts in the operas produced in the organizations. Millie had a good soprano voice. She took the lead part of Esther in a high school opera. I remember James Gardner singing "Haman! Haman! Long live Haman! He is the favored one. He is the favored one of all the king's dominion!" You should read the story. It's in the bible just before the book of Job. Millie had the part of Madam Butterfly in another high school opera. Papa had a lovely tenor voice. I don't remember about the ward choir while I was growing up. He didn't sing solos but he sang to his children, little ditties like "Hey This What's That, 'Tis the House That Jack Built," "Heres to Sweet Betsy," "Two Little Girls in Blue," "Everything is Lovely and the Goose Hangs High." He also sang many church hymns. He often reminded us of how fortunate we were because we didn't owe any debts, and we had a barn full of hay, a granary full of grain, and a bin full of flour. Family prayer was a regular thing in our home. We would kneel beside our chairs at Sunday breakfasts.

Mama sang, even though she didn't have an outstanding voice. She sang a special song to her babies as she rocked them:

"I know a wondrous railroad that only runs at night.
From earth to way up yonder where the stars are shining bright.
An angel is conductor, and kisses are the fare.
The train starts from the depot in the rocking chair.
The passenger is baby, the locomotive love.
The stars will show the time to start for skies above.
The engineer is Mother, and when it's time to go,
Just listen and you'll hear her call so sweet and low:

All aboard! All aboard! All aboard for slumberville far away.
Riding on the fairy train until the break of day.
Go to sleep my little one, just lie still.
All aboard, all aboard, for slumberville."

Papa must have been in the Sunday School superintendency for many years. When I think of him singing in public, I visualize him up near the pulpit. When the tune went up the scale, he would rise on his toes and raise his eyebrows. All of the children inherited fine singing voices; however, Cora and Terry didn't sing in public.

Our picnics were trips down to the river farm to gather bull/redberries. They made such lovely jelly and when dried, Mama made bullberry dumplings. They were so good with cream and sugar. There were also trips up the canyon to gather pinenuts from pinion pines. We raked the cones down off the trees, and with greased hands we picked up the cones and put them in burlap sacks. Through the winter we would roast them in the oven so the cone would pop open and let the nuts fall out.

Not all of the children liked clabber and thickened milk. Some would sprinkle sugar on the clabbered milk and relish it. Some also enjoyed cottage cheese. Each day the cream was skimmed off the pans of milk and two pans were set aside to sour and turn to clabber. The clabbered milk, without stirring to break up the curd, was set on the back of the kitchen range. It had to be kept at just the right temperature. Too much heat would turn it to rubber, and too little heat meant it wouldn't be firm enough when the whey was drained off. When it was well drained, fresh sweet cream and salt were added, and it was ready to eat warm or cold. Millie liked sugar on hers, and some liked pepper on theirs. Often it was the main dish for supper, as the evening meal was called. The Danish people called it "smearcase". They called vanilla pudding "busselma" or some who didn't like it called it "kleaster" meaning wallpaper paste. The Indians called cottage cheese "kenapoost."

When Papa had to get along on a cold lunch the family had fried pork and milk gravy for breakfast. We often had cereal or bread and milk for supper, which people now call dinner. A relative

in Orangeville, Frank Killian, who was Stake President for many years and had to visit the other wards, would often stay at our house. He would insist on bread and milk for his supper. There is a story about President Brigham Young ignoring a house wife's lavish dinner and asking for some bread and milk.

Because Grandpa Guymon's two sisters and his brother married and settled in Orangeville, we had many relatives over there. They were all active in the church so would come to Huntington when it was our turn to host conference. Back then Stake Conference was two meetings on both Saturday and Sunday. For many years Grandpa Guymon carried resentments about the Church school, the Academy, being put in Castle Dale instead of being in Huntington where we already had a Seminary. He would start arguments with the Orangeville relatives who had had a hand in the decision. Papa had a good rapport with those relatives and Mama was happy when preparing sumptuous meals for company.

In the summer of 1909 Great Grandfather Thomas Sirls Terry and Great Grandma Mary Ann Terry came up to our valley to visit their three daughters, Allie (Almira) Harmon in Price and Elnora Tullis and our grandmother, Adelia Mackelprang, in Huntington. He was a Patriarch, so most of his granddaughters wanted to receive blessings and wanted him to give blessings to their children. Mama, Lapreal, Millie, Cora, and even three-year-old Terry received blessing. Pearl Mackelprang recorded the blessings in a common school notebook in pencil. For many years Cora had the notebook in which hers and sixteen other blessings were recorded. Of all seventeen blessings, hers was the only one that said that Satan would try to destroy her in her youth, and he surely did. For most of her pre-teen years she was suicidal. Until she heard her father say, "He has just jumped out of the frying pan into the fire!" A man had been visiting the Meeks family and one day he went out into the back yard and shot himself. Cora never again let suicide enter her mind. In time when Pearl's youngest son, Dal Guymon, came to Huntington to live, Cora gave him the book. He was so delighted to get something that had belonged to his mother that he made the trip to Castle Dale to receive the book. Even eighteen-months-old Vonda Mackelprang received a blessing.

Several years later the Terry great grandparents came up to Huntington again. This time Orilla could have received a blessing but she and some other cousins had been playing around Uncle Joe's water trough, the water had run over and the ground was muddy. The children were walking on the rocks surrounding the trough. Mama had stepped out on Grandma's porch and called to Orilla, who looked up and fell flat in the mud. She was wearing a white dress and she had to go home and change her dress. When she returned to Grandma's, the great grandparents had been taken back to Uncle Pete's where they were staying. This must have been a second time that the Terry great grandparents came up to Huntington. This time Vonda Mackelprang was old enough to remember our great grandparents. They were staying at her folks' home. Vonda described the grand folks to me.

Guila was born 12 June 1911. Papa's cousin, Louis Guymon of Orangeville, had recently returned from a mission in Germany. He suggested the name. He said it was a popular girls's name in Germany. When Guila was very young she learned to love fresh warm milk. When the cows were being milked she would go to the corral with a large tin cup. One of the sisters would milk the cup full and Guila would put the cup to her lips, and walk back to the house drinking milk, and never spill a drop.

In about January 1913 Papa accepted a mission call to England. He was happy to be going to the land of his mother's birth. He was completely out of debt and was able to sell enough cows to support his family and pay for his two-year mission. Mama was expecting another baby, but it was not unusual for husbands to be sent on missions in similar situations. On 15 March Mama gave birth prematurely to twin boys. They lived long enough to be named William Edward and Edward Clifton. It was the custom for women to stay in bed for ten days. That proved to be unfortunate for Mama's case. She developed blood poisoning and was bedfast for nine months. She developed acute arthritis, lost her hair, and most of the children had to be farmed out to relatives. Lapreal was 13 1/2 so she stayed home to cook for Mother and the around-the-clock nurses. Millie went to live with Aunt Mary Ann Cook. Cora was sent to live with Aunt Ada Wood who was a seamstress. Aunt Ada was sewing to support herself and three children and Uncle David who was on a mission in New Zealand. Grandma Guymon took Orilla and Aunt Stell Palmer took Guila.

Mama's health continued to get worse. When it looked like she might not survive, the Bishop asked the missionary department to have Papa released. was laboring in Birmingham, England. One

night, a night or two before the message reached England, he dreamed that Mama was near death. When he got his release he prayed all the way home that she would live until he could see her once more. She had protested whenever anyone suggested sending for him. Mama was still so sick that she couldn't turn over in bed. She had bed sores. Papa would try to turn her but she would cry with pain. His one brother-in-law whom he disliked intensely was tall with long arms and big hands. He could slide one hand under her shoulder, the other under her hip and gently lift as he pulled and he would turn her over with not a pain. Papa bought some extra sheets and asked the nurses to start using a draw sheet for turning her. On the Fourth of July she was able to be carried to a chair outside so she could watch the band play as it toured the town. They stopped and played several tunes for her benefit. She lost her hair and even had to relearn to walk. The money Papa had raised for his mission was all used for paying the nurses.

It was about this time that Mama experienced four evil spirits that came to her room regularly for two weeks and tried to make her give up on life. I won't copy what Mama wrote in her history (found in "The Generations of Montell and Minerva Guymon") except to say that they were finally banished through the power of the priesthood.

Millie had a bad experience while living with the Cooks. She hadn't told Aunt Mary Ann how allergic she was to quinine. One night Annie was croupy so she took a bromo quinine pill. She and Millie slept together and just getting Annie's breath caused her eyes to swell shut and her tongue to swell. Her fingers were so swollen she couldn't close them and she was covered with an extremely itchy rash. Papa took enough flour up to Cook's so her body could be covered with flour and, with one person stirring the flour over and around her body she was cooled until her body could conquer the allergy. In time Mama learned that a bath in water with some carbolic acid added counteracted the quinine allergy.

Grant was born 29 October 1914. He was premature but he lived. He was so tiny that he could be wrapped in cotton and laid in a shoebox. We kept him near the stove, often on the oven door. Now he is the largest member of the family. I remember Grant as a little boy. He had an imaginary friend he called Arkens. It was amusing to watch and hear him playing with his invisible friend.

Another premature boy baby was born 23 July 1917. He lived long enough to be given the name Otto. The doctor said the baby couldn't live, so in a hurry to choose a name, Grandpa Guymon, on looking out the window, named him Otto, prompted by the doctor's car standing in the street. Papa buried him out in the orchard. That was a common custom. Another premature baby was born 3 July 1918. He lived long enough to be given the name Mack. Orilla and Guila saw this last baby before it was put into a coffin, so they dressed it in one of the dresses Millie had made for her china doll. Papa dug up the coffin out in the orchard and buried both of these preemies up in the cemetery in the same grave. Two gravestones are inscribed with the names of these four children that died as infants. That is why it looks like there were two sets of twins buried in the cemetery.

Starr Hal was born 26 June 1920. He was always healthy and happy. At that time the Panama Canal was in the news. A prominent man connected with it was Starr Wardrope. Lapreal urged the folks to give this baby the name Starr. Hal hasn't always appreciated his first name.

Papa bought his first automobile that summer. Lapreal had learned how to drive a car while dating Wilford Staker. Now she was living and working in Price, Utah, and she needed a way to get home for visits and back to Price, so she coaxed Papa to buy a car and even gave him the down payment for it and taught him how to drive it. It was a four-door, two-seated model T Ford sedan.

Maurine was born 16 January 1923. Mama had been reading a book, a story written in poetry. The heroine was named Maurine, so that was the source of that name.

Maurine would be born just two months before Mama's 45th birth day. Mama felt she couldn't survive this pregnancy. That could run into a long story so I will leave it for later and go back to more about the whole family, etc.

After the irrigation system was laid over the whole town of Huntington, with water ditches down beside every side walk, many areas in town became very swampy. The people discovered that a sheet of slate was under the town, deeper in some places than in others. To walk to the downtown area, the family had to traverse the one block of 1st West between Center street and 1st South. We would joke about sinking down to China. All of the men in the SW corner of town got together with their teams and wagons and hauled enough rocks and gravel to cover that sidewalk at least one foot

deep. For a few months we had a good sidewalk but within one year it was deep mud again. The men hauled more rocks and gravel. The second year after a rain storm the street would get muddy, but not so deep that we couldn't get along with ankle-high rubbers over our shoes.

I should tell about the icehouse. Grandpa William Albert Guymon had a very fine barn and attached sheds. He built a six-foot-high bin under one part of the shed. It was square. He and his boys used sawdust for insulating the large blocks of ice they cut and hauled up from the town pond, above town to the west, and placed in that shed. The blocks of ice were three feet thick. During the summer the families could get ice for homemade ice cream.

With the family getting bigger every two years, Papa could not give his children all the spending money they might want on the July holidays, so Mama would make a twelve-quart freezer full of ice cream. She bought ice cream cones. The freezer was wrapped securely and placed in the back of the blacktopped buggy in which Mama would ride downtown to the park. When the children wanted a cone, she would go to the buggy and fill a cone with ice cream from their own freezer. That way the children could spend their money for popcorn or gum, etc. Maurine doesn't remember taking ice cream to town, so the practice apparently was eventually discontinued.

We could buy sticks of popcorn. It would be pressed into a brick about eight inches long and two inches wide each way. For girls a fancy paper fan was wrapped in the cellophane covering. For boys there would be a long whistle.

The Fourth of July and Pioneer Day, July 24th, were celebrated in a grand way. Uncle Ira Brinkerhoff always set off dynamite blasts at sunup in the public square. A parade would start about 9 a.m. Papa always stretched wide red, white and blue bunting around his hay rack and drove it in the parades loaded with children as "Utah's Best Crop." Every child that wanted to ride could climb aboard and be in the parade. There was always a program in the church house at 10 a.m., and a children's dance in the Relief Society hall at 2 p.m. Later in the afternoon there was usually a baseball game followed by horse races, and a married folks dance in the evening.

Papa and Mama loved to dance. Poor Mama. Papa couldn't remember to control his compassion. He would dance with Mama and then with his widowed sister Hetty. She would be sitting with the Lemmon spinsters. Feeling sorry for them, he would and dance with both Mable and Florence Lemmon. That would leave Mama sitting. Other husbands would be dancing with their wives. Mama would get so upset that she would usually be sick the next morning with liver trouble. Papa had a cure for that. He would have the older girls fix a picnic lunch and he would insist on Mama going with him up into the hills to get a load of coal or a load of wood. Or they might just go to the field where he would have her advise him on things about the farm. He would always bring her back well and happy.

When Papa was working in the field on a hot day he would lay down by the irrigation ditch for a drink of water. The water would be warm and he would not feel refreshed. He would even feel waterlogged. When he would get home at evening if we didn't have a bottle of homemade root beer, he would add vinegar and soda to a glass of cool water. He said it was more refreshing than twice that much plain water. When he came home from his mission in England he brought a recipe for English root beer. It called for dandelion root tea made from dandelion roots and hop tea. We had a hedgerow of hops growing on the fence line across the street from our home so getting hops was no problem.

I don't know how to place a date the winter Papa had pneumonia. It was his second bout with it. He had had a siege before he got married. Mama's mother had tried to discourage her marrying him, saying he had one foot in the grave. There was no hospital nearer than Provo. Cotton could be purchased in bats for filling quilts. Mama peeled off sheets the size of his chest and back as the base for a mustard plaster. The plaster was a mixture of dry mustard and flour with a tablespoon or two of lard to make it so it wouldn't burn so much. The cotton was smeared with the mixture and one about twelve inches square was placed on his chest and the other on his back over the lung areas. They drew the congestion from his lungs and he recovered.

Papa got his barn built, but while doing so he fell from the square. I don't remember the incident, but when he died years later, Mama blamed the fall.

Papa's father was so very good to him. He was proud of his wanting a large family, and he felt sorry for Papa's small stature and the hard work he had to do so he came up to our home often.

He would go around the yard pounding in nails that were coming loose and attaching better hinges and locks on gates.

I should insert how on the holidays when Grandpa would meet one of his grandchildren he would give us a nickel or a dime.

With no hospital in our valley, it was a custom for people to be called on to nurse the sick. Mama and Papa got such calls very often.

Papa always had a church job: Sunday School superintendent or counselor, gospel doctrine teacher, or bishop's counselor. He had many scriptures memorized with chapter and verse. On many cold winter mornings he would spend his time reading the Book of Mormon while waiting for the weather to warm up. Many mornings while we children were getting ready for school he would ask us to stop a second while he read special scriptures to us. For many years he was secretary and treasurer of the 71st Quorum of Seventies. I remember the leather pouch in which he kept the Seventies funds. It was a no-no for Mama to charge anything at the stores. When she didn't have butter and egg money to pay for what she badly needed, she would get the Seventies money pouch out from between her feather bed and the straw tick under it and take out what she needed. She always put in a paper with a large IOU written on the paper. The debt was always promptly paid to the pouch.

The next calamity was when Terry and Byron Brinkerhoff were racing down a field lane. When the lane turned Terry's horse was crowded into the barbed wire fence. The barbs cut a long deep gash in the horse's breast and sawed a bone-deep gash in Terry's leg. Dr. Hill was called and he poured iodine into the wound. The doctor remarked that Tell Guymon's family was having more than its share of accidents.

The next could have had severe consequences, but didn't. We had taken supper to the field to eat with Papa. (I use the names "field and farm.") Orilla and Guila had climbed an old dead tree. Guila was above Orilla. They were above the sharp stub of a broken limb. Guila either stepped on or grasped a small limb that broke with her and down she went. As she passed the sharp stub it stuck into her clothes and ripped them to the collar. Orilla expected to find Guila's stomach ripped open. Fortunately, she was only slightly scratched. Papa wasted no time in sawing off the dangerous stub so it wouldn't be a future danger.

There was a canal at the side of the lane leading to the south farm. There were always dragonflies among the mosquitos and gnats. One of our childhood fantasies was that we had to keep our mouths open in this area or the dragonflies would sew our lips together. That evening going home, I don't think we were concerned about the needles (dragonflies) sewing our lips together. I think we were getting another lecture about taking foolish chances.

It is a wonder Millie and Terry didn't have more accidents than they did. They would challenge each other in climbing to the top of the barn. They would call Cora a fraidy cat for refusing to climb. They would sometimes climb out of the South upstairs window, grasp a limb, use it to help them get a foot onto another limb and climb down to the ground. When two more bedrooms were built onto the back of the house, they would climb out the north window onto the new roof and jump off. Again they would call Cora a fraidy cat. Cora had heard that remark of the doctor's and she sensed the expenses of having the doctor come. She did have one accident, which I'll describe later.

Even careful Cora took a turn having an accident. The hay in the barn in those days was loose hay. She needed to fill the horse and cow mangers with hay. Mother would often tell her daughters that their father would be very tired when he returned from his day of work and she didn't want him to have to do any chores.

Cora was using the pitchfork to pull hay out of the side of the stack to fill the mangers for the cows and horses. She wasn't careful enough and one pull drove a tine of the fork into her shin, right past the bone. She tried to push the fork to get it out but couldn't. She slid down off the hay, out through the horse stable, past the pigpen, and past and in front of the granary, where she could call for help. Her mother heard her and came and jerked the tine out of the leg. Soon after that Papa bought a hay knife for cutting a forkful of hay loose from the stack.

Cora had had her turn being an expense to her family. When she was in the second grade and Papa's widowed sister, Hetty, was the teacher, Hetty thought Cora was missing too much school with tonsillitis. She walked home one day with Cora and demanded that Papa have Cora's tonsils out. His opinion was that if God meant for people to not have tonsils, He would not have given them to us.

The parents didn't realize that Cora suffered from rheumatic fever. Her mother called her leg aches "growing pains." At Christmas time Doctor Lon Leonard came home from Salt Lake City where he was practicing medicine and was home to visit his folks. Country doctors probably didn't know about rheumatic fever. Papa asked him if he would take Cora's tonsils out. He hadn't brought any instruments home with him, so Papa took him to Castle Dale and he borrowed some old instruments from the doctor there. They were rusty and dull. The day after Christmas Cora was laid on a blanket on the kitchen table and her tonsils were taken out. It was such a ragged job they grew back and had to be removed again when she was age thirteen. It would have been a good thing if the doctor had told the family what the growing pains had done to Cora's heart. Most of them thought she was "just plain lazy." Actually her heart valve was not opening wide enough to let enough blood out to pick up enough oxygen to support her muscles. The scar tissue on the heart valves was letting part of the pumped blood leak back to be pumped over again. (Now in her old age, the doctors ask her how old she was as a child when she had rheumatic fever.)

After that, Dr. Leonard made regular trips down to Huntington to do tonsillectomies. One day Orilla went from her day in school into the store where Lapreal was working. She complained of her throat hurting. Lapreal gave her a note to take the two blocks down to Grandpa Guymon's for him to come up to the hotel where Orilla would have her tonsils removed, and from where she would need to be taken home in his buggy. Lapreal took Orilla to the room in the hotel where Dr. Leonard was operating and told him to take this child's tonsils out. I think he had Lapreal administer the anesthetic. A few years later when he was in Price, Uncle Orson had him take his daughter Florence's tonsils out. He had Lapreal administer the anesthetic. He asked her to travel with him through the outlying towns doing tonsillectomies and be his nurse, but Uncle Orson said, "No! No!" (The doctor had a reputation for being a womanizer.) At that time, Lapreal was living in a small cottage of Uncle Orson's and working in Price Trading Store.

Throughout these years people were using kerosene lamps and lanterns and candles. In time people could buy gas lanterns. Papa bought one and hung it in the middle doorway so the light would shine through the middle door transom to light both the kitchen and the front room. In the summer of 1915, the Huntington City Council commissioned Roy Strong to bring an electric line from the coal-mining town of Mohrland. He wired the church and his home, which was nearby. In time we got poles, wires, and electric lines all over town. When we saw the men planting tall poles up our street we ran into the street so excited. But no longer could we blame our not having done our homework on the lamp chimney getting broken. When the church had been wired and the night all the lights were to be turned on, the people celebrated with a potluck dinner in the church.

Every Saturday the family prepared for Sunday. Clothes were pressed and shoes were blackened. To do the latter, a stove lid was turned over and a bit of vinegar poured into some of the grooves. This vinegar and soot was applied to the shoes with a brush and used for blackening the family's shoes. Mama would prepare as much of the Sunday dinner as she could. There was usually a three-layer white cake with blanc mange (vanilla pudding) for the filling between the layers and whipped cream topping and coconut added. It was Papa's favorite cake. His favorite main dish was chicken noodle soup (homemade noodles) or chicken soup with homemade dumplings. Mama didn't like chicken prepared in any way but she would cook them for Papa. She had gotten sickened on chicken while working at the hotel. A traveling man would order fried chicken so she would run out to the chicken coop, catch a spring chicken, chop its head off, skin and fry it, sometimes while the flesh was still quivering. That would be under the hotel operator's orders.

I must mention our flour sack underwear. When Louis Johnson was the miller, he started putting flour into white cotton sacks with CASTLE VALLEY'S BEST FLOUR printed in huge letters on one side. The mothers would use lye water to take the printing off and then make dishtowels or underclothes out of the sacks. Mama would make our summer shimmies (sleeveless low-necked shirts) and panties of the flour sacks. Once at school Lapreal got so angry with Lola Leonard that she threw her bottle of ink at her. The teacher hurriedly took Lola's blouse off of her and there across her undershirt was the flour mill logo. I think Lapreal was a little sorry. For winter we wore long-legged cotton knit underwear bought from mail order companies, Sears or Montgomery Ward. We would also wear bloomers made of black sateen.

Grandpa William Albert (Al) Guymon Sr. was a prosperous livestock farmer. That made it so Grandma could buy readymade dresses for their daughters. She would get a catalogue called

Godey's Ladies Ready to Wear, a Chicago company. The dresses would be made of velvet or satin and were trimmed with lace or braid, embroidery, or beads or sequins. The daughters only had to wear them until they got tired or just wanted a new dress.

Mama was a naturally talented seamstress. She was the only daughter-in-law so talented. Too, she had been taught at home to make over clothes. At about age twelve she had been hired by the wife of one of the store owners to wash dishes when the family ran out of clean ones. The woman stored the family's dirty dishes in a large tub. The woman would give her baby boy laudanum (opium) to keep him asleep so she could work in the store. It eventually made him a slow learner. Mama would get paid, not in cash, but in the family's old cast-off clothes. She had vowed many times she would never work for the woman again, but when she considered the nice clothes Grandma Mackelprang could make out of the clothes, she would go back again.

That was Mama's example, and that was why we were given our Guymon aunt's dresses. We would help to pick out the old stitches and Mama would make beautiful, expensive looking dresses for her daughters, and pants and jackets for Terry. If all the coats, hats, jackets, dresses, pants and underthings she made were now on display, half the women seeing them would say, "Maybe seeing is believing, but I still don't." Since the material had already served one term, she would make the clothes so they fit the wearer. Most other country kids had to have their clothes made too large so the child could grow into them. That was for the sake of economy. Mama didn't use a pattern. I don't think the stores stocked patterns then. Occasionally she would start with a piece of wrapping paper or newspaper, measure the needy child with her eye, then snip and she would have transformed the paper into a useable pattern. Often she just held the various sections of the original garment up to the child and pinned and shaped and cut where necessary. All of these Guymon girls have followed the economical practice of making over clothes.

As to Christmas, each of the nine children will have his or her memories of Christmas. The house didn't have a fireplace, so the stockings were hung on the front room chairs. There were four chairs and two rockers. Cora still has two of the chairs. The baby's stocking could be hung beside the mother's on a rocking chair. Mama always made sure that Papa had about two quarts of peanuts just for himself. The stores would stock oranges only at Christmas time, so an orange would be in the toe of each stocking. In the fall when Papa would go up the canyon for a load of wood or coal, he would cut a Christmas tree to bring home. I do remember a year we had a tree with real candles on it and they were lighted. We heard of a fire or two in the town started from the candles. A DUP lesson book tells that Brigham Young's home had Christmas tree candles, but he did not allow them to be lighted for fear of fire. At one point the stores sold half-pint-sized, clear, hard candy animals, either red or yellow. That year we each received a candy animal. There would also be candy and nuts in the stockings. One of our Christmas customs was to try to shout "Christmas gift" to our neighbor cousins before they could shout it to us. Our cousins, the Joneses and Palmers, were big boys larger than we girls so they always got the greeting on us. That was alright because Papa always bought enough candy and nuts so we could treat all visitors. Aunt Estella was a widow taking in washings to support her large family. Our Uncle Will Jones had a hard time supporting his large family. Papa was a prosperous livestock farmer.

Aunt Mary Ann and Uncle Will Cook lived a half mile above town (west) so their children were somewhat isolated. For many years Aunt Mary Ann had a party during the winter holiday and she invited all the cousins who were old enough to walk up to their house. There were Mark, Laverl, and Edwin Palmer; Ray, Earl, and Glen Jones; Ione, Calvin, Afton and Mae Brinkerhoff; Milton and Elvin Mackelprang; and we Guymons: Lapreal, Millie, Cora and Terry Guymon. Our Cook cousins were Gus, Annie and Phineas. We played Run my Sheepy Run, Ante-I-Over The house, and in the wide snowy area out in the road, we played Fox and Geese. When it got dark we went into the house where we had hot chocolate and cookies after which we played indoor guessing games. As I remember it the walk home was the most delightful part of the evening, being with our cousins, young and older, whom we seldom saw or associated with, and feeling so friendly and chatting on the long walk back home. It was like frosting on the cake. I guess it showed me that I belonged to a big family, not just the one named Guymon. The Mackelprang families didn't have family dinners in the winters like the Guymon families did. I guess that was the difference in having a prosperous Grandfather Guymon and a struggling, widowed Grandmother Mackelprang.

We children down to Orilla attended our elementary grades of school in the large two-story school building at 90 West Center Street. When the Mohrland and Lawrence students were being bussed to Huntington, some of the students had to be housed out in the Relief Society hall and other houses. About that time high school buildings were built in Huntington and Ferron.

By then Aunt Hetty had married Andrew Anderson, a widower with one son. She had the misfortune of having a series of miscarriages. Lapreal was hired to live with them and keep house. When she was about sixteen she went into the Miller store. Mrs. Miller was having a sale. She told Lapreal to put her books on a shelf and start waiting on customers. She worked for them after school and on Saturdays until they decided to retire and sell their store and home. It was about then that George and Minnie Miller sold their store and home to Ross Bowen of Tooele. He brought his small family and two of his younger brothers with him. Mr. Bowen hired Lapreal to clerk for him. Millie took over the housekeeping duties at Aunt Hetty's.

Lapreal attended two years in the high school and wanted to go to college. Papa encouraged us to get all of the schooling we could. Mr. Bowen arranged for Lapreal to live with his brother George and family of three small children in Logan and attend Utah State. She did, but just before Christmas the notorious flu epidemic of 1918 hit the cities. Lapreal nursed the George Bowen family through their siege of flu and didn't catch it.

Lapreal came home for Christmas and the holiday and was available to nurse all of us. Many people died in that siege. Fortunately no Guymons died. One day Cora awoke and she was being given a cold sponge bath by her Aunt Estella. Her temperature had gone up to 105. She had gone into a coma. It took the sick ones three weeks after they were able to be up and around to gain their strength back. To pass the time, Papa had the children parch dried sweet corn. They did it in a heavy flat pan called a skillet. The kernels were stirred around and around until they would swell and brown. Then he taught them a game to play with the kernels. They played in pairs. Each player picked up a few kernels of corn. The game went like this: A says, "Jack in the bush." B says, "Cut him down." A says, "How many licks?" B tries to guess how many kernels A has in his hand. If B over-guesses, he gets the difference. If he under-guesses, he has to pay the difference. The schools did not resume that year.

I have left out our experience with the First World War. I remember how all men were subject to the draft. Papa and Mama took all of their children with them down to the home of the Justice of the Peace, Mr. Godfrey Defrieze. Papa was judged exempt.

Papa liked to take Terry with him whenever he could. One summer he took him with him on the mountain when he went up to the reservoir to do his water assessment work. Just before they got to the pond, they crossed a small stream. Papa stopped, took a burlap bag, anchored one edge of the opening to the bottom of the stream with rocks, stood astride the stream and held the bag open. He told Terry to go up stream about 50 yards, remove his shoes and socks and wade down stream driving the fish down. They caught enough fish to share with the other workers. One afternoon the work manager suggested that Papa take the afternoon off and go get them some more fish.

Many times in the fall Papa would load his wagon with farm produce, a dressed pork, potatoes, dressed chickens, sacks of flour, and Mama's butter and eggs, and take them to the mining camps to sell. One year he took Terry with him. When they returned Terry told us that when they had sold everything and were driving out of Hiawatha a man tried to hail them down like he wanted a ride. Papa whipped the horses into a run and explained to Terry that the man meant to rob them. He knew they would have a bag of money from their sales. Papa was so in tune with the Holy Ghost that he would often receive inspiration.

Another Old Pet story. One day Millie rode home from Aunt Hetty's with Papa in the one-seated, black-topped buggy drawn by Old Pet. Papa had been helping Uncle Andrew butcher a beef and some porkers. When they arrived home, Mama told them to not unhitch the horse. She had saved two day's gatherings of eggs and had churned several pounds of butter, and wanted Millie to take it down for Uncle Andrew to sell with his other items. He made regular trips to the coal mining camps, even to Helper, Castle Gate and Synnyside. By the time Millie started back home it was twilight. Millie was tired and not meaning to she slumped down onto the seat in a sound sleep. Old Pet took all of the right turns to bring the buggy home and Millie awoke when she heard Old Pet nudging the gate with her nose.

When the early settlers started colonizing Castle Valley, they encountered very few Indians. They claimed it made the squaw's necks big. They referred to the enlarged goiter caused by the lack of iodine in the soil. One Indian family came through the town when we were young. Terry had seen them when he passed the bishop's place as he was coming home from Brink's. Millie, Cora, Terry, and Orilla were curious about them. I doubt we had ever seen Indians. We went up to Bishop Antone Nielson's to see the Indians. I suppose they had asked directions to the bishop's home. They were camped in his yard. They had a strip of tarp in a half circle, held up with tent poles around their campfire. They were jabbering in their Ute language as they prepared their supper. We didn't stay long. When we returned home, we laughed when Orilla said, "Mama, their baby cries in Mormon."

I hope my posterity will be thankful for modern conveniences like indoor plumbing and indoor clothes dryers. We had a washer, even though we had to operate it by hand. We had to hang the clothes outside on a clothesline, and in the winter they would freeze by the time we applied the pins. They would be so long drying we had to bring some articles indoors and hang them on chair backs around the front room heater. They would be frozen so stiff they could stand alone.

We seemed to have much harder winters back then than now. The snow would be as much as 25 inches deep. Papa would get his team and scraper out and scrape trails down to the schoolhouse. He had a half-aunt (what else would you call a half-sister to his father?) two blocks beyond us, Laura Brown. She had seven children and was a widow, so Papa scraped a trail for them also. Our long-legged winter underwear was a blessing and a curse. Long stockings pulled up over the underwear were always bumpy and untidy looking. The first warm day of February we would beg to be allowed to change but there was still March to come in like a lion and cold April winds to gather up the frost which could not fit into March. We had miserable springs but usually lovely autumns. Well, almost.

I must not forget the threshing. Ferra Young and Alf Chidister each owned threshing machines. They would go from place to place doing custom threshing. I always wondered why they had to have such a large crew of men, because the housewives had to prepare meals for the men. If a woman was not a very good cook, the fact got advertised. Mama was a good cook. The only time we had coffee in the house was when we would have the threshers. I read now that some researchers think coffee can interfere with a woman's fertility. No wonder the Mormon women have so many children. Well, maybe. It needs more research.

Papa and Mama both had strong testimonies. Mama was a Relief Society visiting teacher from the time she got married. For a long time she would take the horse and buggy, pick up Sister Ipson, and they would be gone most of the day, traveling clear out across the creek to visit sisters who lived out on farms. I recall one particular day it started raining before Mama returned. Little Grant stood at the window crying and saying, "Mama will get drowned. I know she will." The rain was coming down in sheets. It would hit the hard road and bounce five feet in the air.

I used to have a copy of one of Mama's Spiritual Living lessons that she had prepared and given. Mama and Papa were strong in paying tithing. Their children all learned the importance of paying tithing.

When Maurine was about three years old, Papa accepted another mission call, a short-term, six-month mission to Birmingham, Alabama. Jess Tuttle, of Orangeville, was one of his mission companions and a Christiansen from Emery was another one. Papa thoroughly enjoyed that mission. When getting ready to leave for this mission, he needed a tooth extracted, so rather than pay a dentist to pull it, he used his wire pliers and pulled the tooth himself.

When Papa had been on his mission two or three months, he wrote home asking that a certain amount of money be sent to him. Mama had that much on hand, but she needed it to pay tithing. She asked Terry's advice about sending it and hoping they could later get some money with which to pay the tithing. Terry told her to pay the tithing first and trust the Lord. That evening he went down to the pool hall to socialize. A strange man came and announced he was in need of a pig and did anyone know someone who might have one that was ready to butcher? Terry told the man he had one that was ready. He stated the size of it and the man bought it right then. The money Papa needed was in the mail the next morning.

Terry, with some help from Grant, was taking care of the farm and range cows. Some of the married children were contributing what they could. When Lapreal was working in the Miller and the Bowen stores, whenever a member of her family came to the store she had us go to one of the other

clerks to be waited on so the manager would know that she was not favoring us. She was very good to share her earnings with the family. Often she would bring a bag of groceries or other items home, things she thought we needed.

When she was working in the stores in Price and living in Uncle Orson's rental cabin, she often needed Mama to make her a new dress. To make it easier for Mama to do that, she came home one day with materials for a dress form. She had Mama and me go into the bedroom with her. She stripped down to her hips and pulled a mesh tube down over her body. She had us stick strips of glued tape to the mesh tube until it was covered with three or more layers of paper tape. Then Mama cut it up the front and up the back and took the two sections off of Lapreal's body so when the two were taped back together, Mama had a dress form the size and shape of Lapreal's torso.

One time after that Lapreal needed a new dress for a dance. She mailed the material home with instructions. By the time Mama finished the dress, it was the day of the dance and the mail and stage had already gone to Price. She had twelve-year-old Orilla saddle and bridle the riding horse and, with the dress folded into a package and secured behind the saddle, Orilla rode the horse to Price and delivered the dress.

In the spring of 1932, Papa lost his appetite and started complaining of distress in his stomach area. We all tried to help whenever and however we could. He thought a trip down to Robbers' Roost would be interesting and help him ignore his misery. The next day, his son-in-law, Karl Seely, was to make a trip to take sheep herd supplies out to the Robbers' Roost, an area overlooking the Colorado River. Karl took him along so Papa could see where the notorious Wild Bunch robbers had holed up. Papa had been a night watchman in the Huntington Co-op store at the time the Wild Bunch: Robert Leroy Parker, alias Silver Tip; Butch Cassidy; and Elzy Lay were planning the Castle Gate payroll robbery. They were living with and working for a Nielson out across the Huntington creek. After closing time they would come to the back door of the store and knock till Papa would let them in, and with a lantern he would find the things they wanted to buy. They paid cash for everything. They were not small-time crooks. They were making supply caches for their getaway. One of the three would stay outside as watchman.

Papa continued to get weaker and in more distress. Doctor Hill suggested he go to the L.D.S. hospital for some tests. Mama went with him. The tests were so hard on him he only lasted about four days. He died in the hospital at age 57 on 19 September 1932. He was buried in the Huntington cemetery at the side of his four infant sons. He died of internal cancer.

He was a counselor to Bishop Ole Ray Johnson. He had helped to install a pipe organ in the church. That church had a gallery, or balcony, like the one in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, but smaller, of course. Another of the last services he did was to bring seedling pine trees down from the mountains and to plant them around the church. He took the trouble to mark each tree's north side so he could replant it as it had been.

Papa's sons, Terry, Grant, and Hal carried on with the farming and livestock raising. Grant did the bulk of the work to install a bathroom in the north part of the large kitchen. The bathroom wasn't a complete bathroom, consisting of only a tub and washbasin. The toilet never was installed while the family was living there. If Mama had been a man, she might have done the bathroom by herself. She seldom asked Papa to do small carpentry jobs around the house. She did them herself. She had helped her father in his carpentry shop when she was a very young girl and she liked the work. Many years before this time in the family's life, she had wished there was a window in the west wall of the northwest bedroom so she could look out to the barn yard. One day she took a pick and broke a hole in the brick wall the size she wanted the window to be. I can't tell the rest about the window, I don't know the rest.

My brothers all graduated from high school. Terry did not choose to go on to college.

In high school Grant started developing his natural singing talent. He soon joined the Huntington Glee Club. He developed other artistic talents and achievements. (See his history in the Guymon book.) In 1933 he went to Utah State University in Logan. He hoped to be a Forest Ranger. He only had \$10 so he had to find paying jobs. In 1935 he was home in Huntington. Guila had taught him to dance so he went to the New Year's Dance. It ended at 3 a.m. The dance in Price was to continue until morning. Grant and three friends, Lindon Jones, Luellen Mathie, and Paul Cavallo, wanted to go to Price to finish the night. Francis Otterstrom had come down from a mining camp where he was working and he had picked up two girls in Price and come to the dance in Huntington.

Francis told the boys they could ride with them to Price. One of the girls insisted on driving the car. As they were going down the hill toward Sand Wash she was driving too fast, lost control of the car and went off the road into the wash. As it hit the far bank, Francis went headfirst into the windshield. It broke his neck and killed him. The four boys in the back went out through the roof of the car. It cut a gash in the top of Grant's head, cracked a vertebra in his neck, and filled one shoe with broken glass. The other three boys were dead, probably with broken necks. The girls didn't get hurt. They walked up onto the road and hailed the first car. It was a car of girls from Castle Dale, among them Estella Ungerman. They were on their way home from a dance in Price. They took Grant back to Huntington to the doctor and they reported the accident. Grant had to wear a rigid neck brace while his neck healed.

It was 1940 before he was able to enroll in school. In 1937 he accepted a call to a Spanish American Mission. The last eight months of that mission he was District President of the Colorado-New Mexico District. Most of his time was in Colorado with Mexicans. In the fall of 1940 with \$100 borrowed from Guila and Waldo, he enrolled at the Agricultural College in Logan with Forestry for his major and Spanish for his minor so he wouldn't forget the Spanish he had learned on his mission.

On 8 December Franklin D. Roosevelt signed the declaration of war against Japan. Grant enlisted in Coast Military Corps on 3 March 1942. He applied for Officers' Training School and passed the review with a Second Lieutenants' commission 16 October 1942. He had interesting and educational experiences. On 16 May 1947 he was commissioned a Captain.

While stationed in North Carolina he married Elizabeth Lee Breece 14 August 1943. After attending automotive school he was transferred to Camp Haun in California. On their way they bought a 1939 Chevrolet Coupe for \$700. They visited his home in Huntington. They became the parents of five children, four sons and one daughter. They had had their marriage solemnized in the Manti temple. It was a great shock to him when Elizabeth filed suit for divorce. They had been married 17 years.

On 10 December 1963, he married Estella Ungerman Geary. She had grown up in Castle Dale and they had known each other since high school. She was now a widow. It has been a very good marriage.

When Hal was sixteen, he was on the Gentry Mountain. He got bitten or stung by an insect. The poison spread so fast through his body that he had difficulty riding home horseback. He was bedfast for four months with Tularemia (rabbit fever). Later as an adult, he was one of the few in this day and age to contract typhoid fever. It is interesting for him to have suffered from two rare diseases.

Hal graduated in 1938 from North Emery High School and then spent three years working his way through Carbon Junior College, now College of Eastern Utah. He majored in auto mechanics.

Between college and the war he dated Madge Johnson, also of Huntington. He worked at various jobs (see his history in the Guymon book). Young men were being drafted into the Second World War so he came home and volunteered for the draft. As a soldier he went to Lake Erie; Fort Bragg, North Carolina; and then to Maryland for specialized training in mechanics. In Maryland he sent for Madge to come there to be married. She was working in Salt Lake City. A small-town girl, she traveled across the United States alone during wartime! 14 July 1943 in Baltimore, Maryland, they were married by Bishop Charles Steven Hatch of Idaho, who was a doctor at John Hopkins Hospital In Baltimore. Later they were sealed in the Manti temple. After six weeks Hal was sent back to Fort Bragg so Madge returned home. After another training session at Fort Bragg he was sent to England, then to France, then to Germany with General Patton's army in the Battle of the Bulge. He was in Prague, Austria, when the war ended. He was shipped back to the United States and discharged as a Staff Sergeant with five battle stars. Seven is the maximum.

At one time while he was serving in the German area, it was his assignment to go to outlying farms, and if the farmer had any gasoline he was to dump it out so the enemy couldn't use it to help in their war effort. At one farm the farmer had several large containers of gasoline buried in his stack yard. The farmer used a tractor and he had a large family. Hal had a friendly feeling for this farmer so he let him keep his gasoline. Hal can explain it better than I am doing.

Maurine was less than a year old when she started getting nieces and nephews, first Kenna Petersen, then Ross Frandsen. She enjoyed their visits and growing up with them. Her niece, Betty Jane Seely, was born on her fourth birthday, and they were always close. Being the last two children,

Maurine and Hal developed a close relationship. They played together, sang together to Mama, and danced together in the kitchen.

All of Maurine's sisters were married and had homes of their own so she grew up with her three brothers. She remembers when Grant and Hal made stilts for themselves and for her and taught her to walk two or three feet above the ground. She, like her siblings, had chores. She gathered eggs and carried in wood and coal for the fires in the kitchen stove and front room heater. When the nieces near her age were visiting, they liked to dress up in the clothes stored upstairs in a large humped-back trunk. Passengers on ships purchased that type of trunk. Because of its rounded top, it had to be placed on top of the stack of trunks in the ship's storage. Maurine and Hal and their friends would jump from the cow shed across onto the hay stored in the barn. One day Grant, Perry, and Iris Norwood were playing with them. When Iris jumped she lit on Hal's foot and broke her arm. These children were Aunt Estella Palmer's grandchildren.

They liked to climb up in the big cottonwood tree by the kitchen and Maurine would carve the names of the boys she liked at those times. Thanksgiving was a happy time for her. The extended families would come home. A long table was set up in the large front room. The sisters would bring foods to add to the menu. After dinner young and old would play ball out in the street. If there were snow on the ground, they would tromp a large ring with spokes so they could play Fox and Geese. I agree with her that we had more snow in the winters than nowadays.

Maurine got to help with some of the farming like tromping hay and she rode the horse to pull the hay fork up into the barn. One time she was tromping on a load of hay and she threw her arms out to regain her balance just as Terry threw a fork full of hay her way. One tine of the fork punctured her hand. She remembers it being just a slight injury but Terry took it very hard, thinking he had hurt his little sister. Her brothers were very protective of her. She, like all the rest of us, remembers the trips into the cedar hills to get pinenuts and down on the creek bottom to get bullberries.

Maurine reminds me of the flies. With all of the homes having animals in corrals, swarms of flies were expected. At corn bottling time they were the worst and on days that promised to be stormy, the flies collected under the porch roof. Whenever the screen door was opened, some flies got into the kitchen. She reminds me of how at the end of the day Mama opened the door and let the flies into the kitchen. All of the doors were closed and she would spray DDT to kill them. Once she wasn't careful enough and inhaled too much of the spray and was quite ill for an hour or two. DDT rid the West of bed bugs.

Maurine remembers going to the farm with Hal to cultivate the field corn and the potatoes and winter beans. She rode the horse and Hal held the cultivator in the row. She, like myself, felt guilty if she sat down to read a book in the daytime, as there was always some work that could be done. Mama didn't have a natural love for books like Papa had. She would always lie down for an afternoon nap, but was back up within a half-hour, saying she had slept as she had dreamed. Many winter evenings Maurine and Terry played checkers. She enjoyed the games even though he always won.

Maurine and Hal helped Mama with the church custodial work to help support Grant on his mission.

Maurine was nine years old when Papa died. She became a blessing to Mama. They became close companions. They slept together, walked to church together, hoed in the garden together, and kept house together. Maurine had a happy childhood. With all of her sisters married, cherished the company of her three brothers.

Guila wished Maurine had been born twins so she could have one Maurine and Mama could have the other, but I would have wished she were triplets so Karl and I could have one. I had had such a share in her babyhood I felt rather possessive of her. One June evening when the folks were gone to Salt Lake City, and Karl and I went to Huntington to check on the family, he asked Maurine who was taking care of her, she said "Me Widdie Guidy." She meant she was with Orilla and Guila.

Maurine did well in school, and she too developed her singing talent. They had a Victrola phonograph with a crank for winding it. They had a good supply of records, which she played often. Their favorite radio programs were Amos and Andy, and Fibber McGee and Molly.

By the time she was seven all of her sisters had left home. She often visited in their homes and went on trips with them and their children.

After graduating from high school, she went to Spokane, Washington, to take a beauty course, living with Guila. Hal also went up and worked awhile. He and Maurine attended the M.I.A. Gold and Green Ball. They were asked to dance in the floorshow. At that dance she met a handsome soldier named Dail Nielson. He had grown up in Ephraim. They were attracted to each other. Six months later Mama went to Washington to meet Dail. Guila took them to the Cardston Temple where they were married.

With only Terry and Maurine at home now, Mama had spare time on her hands. It had been nice getting a cash income while Grant was on his mission. She learned of the school starting a school lunch program so she applied for a job. Maurine remembers it as being a full lunch, and she enjoyed eating there. I think Nora Kartchner was Mama's partner on that job.

While the FDR Work Project Assn. was running, a mattress project was introduced in the rural areas. Mother was trained to manage that in Huntington. She was glad to get mattresses for her beds and to get rid of the straw ticks. Mama was a go-getter! She officiated as the nurse at the birth of all of her older grandchildren down to Cora's last. When Cora learned that Maurine was expecting her first, Dail Dee, about the same time she was expecting, she gave Mama the wrong date for her own so Mama would feel free to go to Maurine. The two grandchildren, Dorothy Seely and Dail Dee Nielson, were to be born just a few days apart. It was the first time Cora hadn't had her mother's help at the birth of a child. Mama had been with me with the other five. Actually, Mama was back home when Cora's Dorothy was born, but didn't assist. Maurine's first baby (Dail Dee) was two weeks late, and Mama had decided to go home to be with Grant and his new bride, who had come to visit. So Mama missed both births.

Mama insisted we stay in bed for the customary ten days. When Millie's third baby, Donna Ruth, was seven days old, Mama had a gall stone attack. It happened that Mama's two sons-in-law, Ivan Huntsman and Karl Seely, needed to look at Karl's account book. Millie's husband, Vern, was Karl's bookkeeper so they got to Millie's house and found Mama down on her hands and knees in excruciating pain. Now the baby was only seven days old so Millie must not get out of bed even to help her mother. Millie said, "Now, Karl, Mama needs an enema to stop her pain. I know you know all about enemas. The syringe is on the back of the bathroom door." So Mama's two sons-in-law helped their mother-in-law take an enema.

Here is another ten-day story. When Cora's second son was born it was during the notorious depression of the 30's. They couldn't afford a hired girl and her mother had sickness at home so couldn't help her. On the ninth day she could see that Karl needed her help in the kitchen so she got out of bed and was in the kitchen when her sister-in-law came to visit. When the sister learned this was the ninth day, she ordered Cora back to bed because, "This is the day everything will go back in place!"

After my babies were born it was easy to forget the stress, but I was with my sister, Orilla, when her son, Ned was born. That was a horrifying memory for me for several years. When I think of Mother going through it with all of her six daughters, I am astonished. She was a super-brave lady.

Mother was a widow for 14 years. One evening Karl Seely stopped in at the pool hall. Fred Anderson was there. Fred asked to ride with Karl when he went home, as he would be passing Fred's house. When they got to Fred's he remarked about the dreariness of going into an empty house. Fred's wife had been dead about two years. Fred was retired and living alone. Karl asked Fred if he would like to meet a very nice widow about his age. Fred replied in the affirmative. Karl told him to get dressed up tomorrow evening. When Karl told me, I called Mama and she was delighted. We picked them both up and took them to Price to a picture show. About a week later Fred came to our house and announced that he and Mama were getting married. This was the winter of 1946. For a few weeks they lived in Fred's house in Castle Dale, but then she suggested they both sell their homes and buy a house downtown in Huntington.

Mama and Papa's last church job was stake genealogy teachers. Fred had not been very active in the church. He had been a bricklayer and traveled to other towns on jobs, even down to Moab. I don't know what his priesthood was, but Mama soon had him advanced in the priesthood, and he was a High Priest when he died.

Soon after they got married, they closed up their house and moved to an apartment in Salt Lake City and started working in the temple. They were able to work in the temple for seven years

until Fred got sick and they had to move back home. Fred was now age 76 or 77. Mama took care of him until he died 8 June 1961 at age 85. They had had thirteen years of happy married life together.

I have to tell this story: We got a letter while they were in Salt Lake. She was trying to put on a one-act play for the Relief Society. I don't remember the exact deficiencies of the other ladies, but they were not good enough actresses to please her. She wrote, "It looks like I will have to take all of the parts myself."

Their honeymoon had been a trip to visit Guila in Portland, Oregon. After Fred's death she seemed tired. She would have liked to live with Millie—they were so alike—but Millie had her hands full with Vern's incapacitation. He had an enlarged heart. Guila had moved back to Salt Lake City so she went to live with her. She interfered with—well, she didn't think Guila disciplined her children well enough—so there was friction. One day Guila called Orilla, who had also moved to Salt Lake City with her husband Lorin Ungerman. Orilla helped Guila move Mama into a private nursing home where there were only three other women. On one trip to the city Cora and her second husband, Leland Bohleen, went to visit Mama. She was so homesick they took her home with them, not to Huntington where she begged to be left, but to their home in Ferron. On about the third day she phoned Madge while Cora was at Primary. She asked Madge to come and get her. She explained to Cora that she wouldn't live in Ferron for any man. It was the jumping-off place. It was too far away—too far from Huntington. Actually, it was the same distance from Ferron to Huntington as it was from Price to Huntington.

Her heart doctor had moved from Price to Provo. She asked Cora to take her to Provo to see her doctor. At Mama's insistence she left her at Maurine's in Provo. At some point she went to another nursing home in Salt Lake. One day Maurine visited her there. Mama was so unhappy, Maurine invited Mama to come live with her. She prepared the north bedroom at her house for Mama, buying a new single bed so Mama would be comfortable. It apparently lasted a few months, then Mama began to see that Maurine's young family required a lot of effort. She felt guilty that she herself was no help because of her advanced age and not feeling well. She had Maurine telephone her friend, Bertha Christensen, who had turned the old Anderson Hotel building in Castle Dale into a nursing home. She asked if Bertha had room for her. Bertha did.

Mama was comparatively happy and contented there. Cora tried to visit her twice a week, never letting it be more than a week between visits. Hal and Madge were very good to visit her and so were Grant and Stella. When Montell and Kathryn moved to Castle Dale they tried to take her to church, but it tired her too much. Mrs. Manchester of Huntington was at the nursing home so they could visit. They had many visitors from Huntington, it only being ten miles between the two towns.

In addition to her heart problems, Mama developed an enlarged liver. It must have been coming on for many years. It hurt all the time. She would be holding her side every time I visited her. Early the morning of 21 April 1966, I received a phone call from Bertha. Mama had just passed away. She was buried beside her beloved Montell and near her four baby boys in the Huntington cemetery.

In writing these remembrances, I have tried to be factual. I have had to write most of it from my memory. Orilla suggested that I write it, as she thought I remembered more of the past than she or our sisters did. Maybe reading these pages will help our posterity see how their grandparents and some of their older aunts and uncles dealt with the time in which they lived.

None of the Guymons with whom I was closely acquainted were economically wealthy. Their wealth was in their spirituality and their integrity. Never did I hear of any relative taking unfair advantage of another person. Time has shown the Guymons to be a missionary family. Some years ago, when a group of cousins were together, they counted forty-five missionaries among their blood relatives, starting with Papa. Since then there have been many added to that number. While I have been writing this history, my daughter Jane and her husband Lyle Poulsen have served at Nauvoo. My son Jim Seely and his wife Joyce are near the end of their second mission in the Family History (Genealogy) Library in Salt Lake City. There are also three grandchildren in the mission field, Mark Seely in Alaska, LeAnne Seely in Texas and Jonathan Barlow in Argentina. I believe nine other grandchildren have already served missions. Jim and Joyce are near the end of their library mission and have received a call to go to Portugal. This is the summer of 1995.

Why would the family not be missionary-minded, as we have seventeen pioneer ancestors who owe their Church membership, with all its attendant blessings, to missionaries? Four of my children have married into families with several pioneer ancestors. Joyce Johnson has pioneer ancestors, as

does Lyle Poulsen. Kathryn Pincock Seely has a Smith ancestor. Her Grandfather Smith was one of the leaders of the San Juan mission and his heritage goes back to a cousin of the prophet. Gary Barlow is a descendant of Israel Barlow. Jonathan is their fifth missionary. A count of the missionaries in the families of my nieces and nephews should show the number to be equally impressive.

I am 91 1/2 years old. We must thank Jim for giving me this computer and thank Kathryn Seely for her instruction and helps.

I am filled with awe and thankfulness when I think of my ancestors and consider their faithfulness. I marvel that so many kept their testimonies of the truthfulness of this restored gospel in spite of the trials they faced and endured, trials that came because of the era in which they lived.