

# *Interview of Esther Hebrew*

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Interviewer: Susan Whittaker

with assistance from Layne Whittaker

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**Esther:** Today is Monday, August 22nd. And I am down at the John Hutchings Museum of Natural History and that is my father. My Mother, his wife, was Eunice Colledge Hutchings. I am the third child of the four siblings. There was Harold, Laurel. Harold was three years older than Laurel. Laurel was four years older than myself then Bud and I was five years older than Bud. I was born on February the 23rd in 1922. My father said that I was a blessing because my Mother had me early enough that he could be to work by eight o'clock in the morning.

**Susan:** Please talk a little bit about growing up in Lehi and what you remember when you were younger.

**Esther:** Harold and Laurel were enough older than I, that I was the baby for quite some years before Bud came along. My brother Harold had a heart murmur so that curtailed his activity and my sister Laurel could not tolerate the sun so she was an inside person with my Mother doing the piano, singing and learning to cook, all those kinds of things. I was number three child so I was my father's handy little boy. I worked with him all the time. When I was old enough to have a bicycle, he talked to Luther Coates up on the hill in the old 3rd Ward and I worked in the cucumbers with him. I picked the cucumbers for him and carried those 100 pound bags to stack them up. And then I did that so well, he called me "Hester." He only had one arm so I was his right hand. I did quite well up there with him so my father blocked out a little piece of land in the lower area of our property to let me grow cucumbers. I planted them, I hoed them, weeded them, I watered them and I picked them. The contract was that when I picked them, I would put the sacks of cucumbers, they were small about four inches is the largest that they would take, in my coaster wagon and pull them all

the way up to the co-op store, this is where the railroad was, and I would put them on the train. They would go to Chicago to the pickling factories. Every month I would get a little check from the pickling company and then I purchased a bicycle-five dollars a month from Sears Rohbock. That cucumber experience turned out to be a very good growing experience for me.

**Susan:** Do you remember how much you were paid for a cucumber?

**Esther:** My memory isn't that good on cucumbers, but I think I got fifty cents for a hundred-pound bag. That's for planting, weeding, watering, picking and taking to the train. Then I would get a little check every month.

**Susan:** What else did you remember doing?

**Esther:** I kept all the gardens for my father. We had raspberries like all people did. These were ever bearing which means you had to pick them every week. And there again, my Mother would get up early in the morning and pick raspberries and I would help her. We had red raspberries, ever bearing, black raspberries, also black currants, gooseberries and all these things needed to be picked. The red raspberries I would put in the coaster wagon and I would pull it all the way down town, two blocks below Main Street to Abe Anderson's home. That would be the payments for Harold, Laurel and my piano lessons. I would do that every week. She would get a crate every week and that paid for the piano lessons.

When you had all this fruit, all the fruit trees, all the vegetables, all the berries of every kind, then that meant work to put the fruit up for the winter. Dry it or cut it off, for instance the corn. You would cut it off the cob and you would take the screen door off and lay it out in the sun and put the corn on the screen door with a cloth underneath and a cloth over it and it would dry. You

would put this in bottles and use that in the bases of your soups all the time.

In the beehives when you were in that organization, they had beehive cells on a bandalow that you had to fill just like the scouts had their scout badges and each cell meant something. One of them was joy through work. I remember that. And we really worked. But it was joyful because you knew you had to do it and it produced your winter food and provided many activities. There were many children in the neighborhood and some of them would try and come to get you to go play but you had to work.

**Susan:** How did you store the things that you didn't dry or...

**Esther:** We dried cherries...pitted them and put brown sugar inside. And that too, would be on the screen door or Daddy made some boards with a screen on it, that way you could use those year to year to dry your fruit. Many people dried their corn on the roof of the house. They didn't cut it off; they would just put the whole ear on the roofs because they were always hot. And in a day or two they would turn them over. The cherries were our candy. They had this brown sugar inside that made them really sweet. We ate these at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

We would store everything. We didn't waste a thing. Like the carrots, cabbage, turnips, beets and those kinds of tubers in the old pioneer washhouse. There was a basement or a cellar and Daddy had made cubicles down in the sand—there were two or three feet of sand down there and would keep it moist. There was a well down there that would moisten the sand. You would put all these vegetables down there in the moist sand. It was cool and colder as the winter came on; you could go down and get all your vegetables that you didn't put up in jars. You know you put up peas, carrots, beets and then raspberries or strawberries, the peaches and pears, the apricots, the prunes, the prunimonias, everything that grew and produced a fruit. You put it in bottles and we did the cold pack. At night we would all sit and peel and peel and peel and put it in salt water and mother would be there putting in the bottles and pouring the water on them. And then she would boil them. We used the old washtub and she would put boards in it and put the bottles in and boil them and we

had to have this stove that kept boiling all this water. So we were warm, but the others rooms of the house were cold because other rooms were not heated.

We had a huge pioneer kitchen so there was room for all of us. And in fact, sometimes when we were through with work or had done all we could, mother would go into the other room... we had a coal stove in there and she would do her projects. The kitchen was our play area. We pushed the table back and made a big circle on the floor with chalk and played marbles or bean bag, even jump the rope. We would have teams if the neighbors were there and we would throw bean bags and roller skate when we were finally old enough to have roller skates. We wore the linoleum out roller skating on that kitchen floor. But that was our entertainment. Usually the neighbors were always at our house.

And we would make candy also, if we had really been good or if someone had a birthday, mother would let us make a batch of fudge...the old fashioned way, you know. And then taffy... you would have to stretch this taffy over and over until it took two to do it. It got so stiff that one would have to pull this way and the other would need to pull that way. Then you would cut it with a knife just before it got so hard you couldn't break it. We had fudge and taffy. Mother would make the divinity because that took a little more expert. And she made good divinity.

We had family night every night. We had no specific family night. Before bed time and if mother and daddy were caught up enough we would go into the parlor, which it was called then, with a big fireplace. We made a fire in the fireplace. On the floor were a big, big mountain lion hide that Daddy had mounted and a big black bear. These covered the whole floor. We would divide up and see who would rest on the bear rug or the mountain lion rug and then Daddy and Mother would tell us stories about the pioneers and their parents...their troubles and their hard work and their crossing the plains. And that's what perked my interest in my progenitors...listening to those stories about the Indians and all those things. We had a wonderful childhood.

**Susan:** Tell us a little about bit about Sunday.

**Esther:** First of all the cow had to be milked. So Daddy would get up early and go milk the cow. We didn't have horses at that time, but we had a couple of sheep and one or two cows. Let me back up a little bit. It was Harold's job to get up in the morning and set the fire in the kitchen. That means that if he didn't get the kindling in the night before, he had to go out and chop kindling. So he always remembered to get the kindling. He would set the fire, light it and put enough wood on it that it would burn and then would go back to bed. Then my Mother would get up next and she would get her morning chores taken care of. There was no indoor plumbing so you had to take the walk down through the toolies and in those days, women always wore corsets, full corsets. And the corset lady came once a year and would measure you. And they had staves in to keep you straight and tall. And my Mother was a fanatic of getting ready for the day. She got up and dressed, combed her hair and made her face up then she was presentable by the time we children got up. But those cold, cold mornings, she would put her corsets in the warming oven on the old coal stove then she would be busy with what she was doing and then she would smell smoke. She couldn't see anything but she could still smell smoke. The corsets were on fire in the warming oven, and you know that was a precious possession, she was burning it up. But anyway, you never threw anything away. She had an old pair that had to suffice until the corset lady came again. They cost about thirty-five dollars even at that time to get a full coverall.

**Susan:** Why did they wear corsets?

**Esther:** It was the style. And when they had children the philosophy was that you lost all your abdominal muscle tone. You had to have some help. So they had these tight things around you to keep you in shape you might say. It was the proper thing to do.

To deviate just a little bit, no one would know what a scultedious binder is but me, being a nurse. When I was first a nurse, when a person had a child they were wrapped in a scultedious binder. And it was about twelve inches high with a piece on the back and from that went all these tails of cloth. And so you would put that on the women and put this tail here and this tail here and this tail and this tail and wrap them so tightly

that if they were bleeding you would wrap from the top down and if they were just a normal case you would wrap from the bottom up. And they wore that for ten days before they ever got out of bed. Torture. And that's just in part of keeping in shape. It wasn't the thing for women to exercise. They worked but they didn't do specific exercises to keep their muscle tone. They just wrapped them up.

**Susan:** You had mentioned to me before about having guests at your table.

**Esther:** Oh yes. Always.

**Susan:** How many were at a normal meal?

**Esther:** Maybe ten people. There were six of us but whoever was there at meal time, and many of them came for meal time. How my Mother was able to feed all these people every day...and some of them stayed. If they were depressed, didn't have a home, or didn't know where they were going, some of them stayed five years. Bert Beckstrom from New York came and he stayed five years. And he was a stamp collector and tried to sell my Father his stamp collection for fifty dollars. Who had fifty dollars over and above keeping everybody fed? They were always keeping some missionaries...and were sending every month a few dollars, a few dollars because missionaries were out without purse or script. Many times they went to bed on the ground or they never had meals for the day. Daddy made sure that those that we could, would always get a few dollars every month for that one good meal or to sustain themselves. For instance, Bert Beckstrom stayed five years. Pat and Flo Dickerson stayed I don't know how many years. We had a couple from Chicago, they were orphans. Let me tell you about this.

When Daddy went to work at eight o'clock, a girl was standing down by the post office, just standing there. He went in and did his work and got his mail for the day then went out to deliver it. When he came back at night she was still standing there. And he asked her, "How are you?" and, "Can I help you?" and, "Where are you from?" She was from an orphanage in Chicago and she was sixteen. When they were sixteen they were pushed out. She didn't know anything about her parents. But she did know that her mother had a brother that was station master out

at Faust, way out in the desert. So she had hitch hiked all the way to Utah and knowing that he was a stationmaster, she had gone to the post office to find out when mail would be going out to Faust. Well, that station had been closed for years. My Father said we don't have mail going to Faust anymore because it's been closed. When the mines closed, Faust closed. And she was like all the hope had been drained out of her. So my Father said, "Where are you going?" and she said, "I have no idea." So he said that he would take her home with us. She came and in about a month here came her intended. They had both met at the orphanage and thinking that she had a place to go to he then hitch hiked out here. So we had the both of them for a while. Daddy through his goodness and his knowledge of people got them into a place in Salt Lake where they could do a little work, so they left. But that's the kind of people that dropped in and stayed.

**Susan:** Was that a common practice back then?

**Esther:** Well, it was for us. It was for my Grandmother Colledge on the river. She always had transients that had been following the river and had no place to go. They would ask if they could work and soon were sleeping in the barn and then they moved in to the house and then became part of the family until they moved on. I think people were trusting and they wanted to help. The main thing that you could give them was a shelter and food. You couldn't pay them or give them clothing but you could sustain them until they felt good enough to go.

And of course the Indians were down there on the river all the time. I would be washing the dishes...and by the way, you wouldn't go to the tap and get out the water, you had to go to the well outside, carry water in and heat it on the stove and then wash the dishes. And then you didn't throw the dish water out because there was so much grease around the edge of the water, that it went to the pigs in the pig swill. Pigswill was all scraps put in a pail, stirred, then all the dishwater to moisten. You didn't waste anything.

Talking about Indians, there was a little window there and I would look up and there would be some Indian looking at me.

**Susan:** You are the only one that I have heard talking about some of the Indians; can you tell me about them?

**Esther:** I can. The Indians from Duchesne migrated to Utah Lake every spring. You could hear them coming. You could smell them coming. Don't get me wrong. They made their fires and they cooked and they would always camp in our hollow. Now where the hollow was is all my back yard. The creek used to go around the house this way and so in that one little area was 150 trees that were native. These had never been planted or cut and the stream went right through the middle of them. They liked to camp in there. And when we get further along, we'll talk about the depression and "tramps"... they would come to the house, and you could trust them. We had pens as long as that wall over there, full of rabbits. We grew rabbits for meat. They never bothered the rabbits. We always had bandies, little bandie chickens because they were small and would dig around and not tear things up and they would keep the bugs down and would lay around the yard their little brown eggs. The Indians may take some eggs once in a while, but they never bothered the rabbits nor killed any chickens. But they would come to the house, they'd bring their sick. They wanted to trade anything that they had that they thought was of value, for some cooking utensils. Their utensils were heavy and they wanted the new tin or porcelain pots that they could cook in. So Daddy and Mother would make sure that they had a few pots and pans. They took care of their teeth...they had horrible teeth. They would put some oil of cloves in their cavities. And that was good medicine.

When they were at Utah Lake they fished and dried their fish, they gathered their grasshoppers and dried those. They got the sunflower seeds and dried those. They would make trips out to West Canyon and get the pine nuts, at fall time, and would gather those. So they were really self-sufficient down there. And they would do the beading on whatever they were working on like their moccasins or whatever. They would have their babies and they would just live down there on the lake shore. By the way, all around the Lake in my day were Indian pictographs, all over. I'm sure that they understood the pictographs.

Anyway, a sad thing happened with that. My father was well known. University people would come and pick his brain and have him show where to find this, that or the other. The University, U of U, went down and blasted them, the pictographs, and took a lot of them for decoration around the University. And that did a way with a lot of it. There are still some.

Utah Lake used to be filled with birds. The island was accessible and you couldn't step because of eggs. You could not. There were the gulls, the Wilson's snipes, the avocets. Not ducks, but all these migrating birds, the pelicans, the swans, the ibis, the bitterns, cranes—they would all live in a big community on the island and they fought for their little piece of ground to lay their eggs. I would go with Daddy out there to collect eggs at that time. We went out there by row boat.

**Susan:** When was that?

**Esther:** It was in the thirties. It was so wonderful. These "educated" people started to get degrees in humanities and environmental things. They study the birds etc. and they contributed to the thought that the fish in Utah Lake were dying. Birds were killing them. So they went down there and burned all around the lake. They burned all the rushes and burned all the birds' eggs and it has never been the same since. You don't see huge flocks of pelicans or snowy ibis or much of anything. You know, they are just not here. They thought by killing the birds and their nesting grounds the fish would be more plentiful. In reality the birds ate the sick fish. By killing them, the environment was upset and carp fish (scavengers) took over.

**Susan:** And that was in the thirties too?

**Esther.** Yes. And I have documentation on that some place. I'm coming to get into things that you will be interested in.

Anyway, getting back to the Indians... There was one old Indian that we kids called "Old Ound." He was an old Ute and more or less was a loner. When Indians got old they would put them out in the desert to take care of themselves and die. Ound would show up at our place periodically. He took a liking to me with long curls, and blue eyes. You know, he is an Indian. So he made a moosapah. I was too large for it, but he would put me in this moosapah to carry me around.

I've thought of him a lot. My Mother trusted him explicitly. He and I were good friends. And the moccasins here in the museum—that small pair is the pair he made for me and the large pair, beautifully beaded both of them, was made for my Mother because she would feed him. And in exchange, sometimes he would show up with a dried rattlesnake meat. They knew how to take care of it. He would bring a bear roast that he had roasted. It would taste just like pork, absolutely. He tried to make us learn more about the Indians and he wore his buckskin clothes. I can still smell his big braids, those black beautiful braids, they smelled like campfire. He would camp in the hollow and then he would disappear and sometime later, he would be sitting on the back porch. He was just part of the family. His buck skin clothes had a distinctive earthy smoke smell.

He taught Daddy Indian sign language for the Utes. He went with Daddy and over the years. Stewart's flat where the scout camp was, he would go up there with Daddy and his scouts and teach them how to catch fish by their hands... here's the bank and underneath where the water gets in there, he would reach in there and get the fish. He taught them path finding, how to track animals, how to use a bow and arrow, how to make a bow and arrow like the Indians did... soak the wood and bend it a little bit more and more. He was truly an asset to the boys. He taught them Indian dances and how to cook what was available in the area. He tried to make them all Indians.

**Susan:** So how many Indians were around?

**Esther:** Well, when they were migrating from Duchesne, there would be maybe fifty in groups. They walked and maybe had a horse or two that would pull their, traverse—two poles with a blanket in between, where they would put their old, old people or equipment. They would pull behind the horse if they had one.

But when they came back in the fall, they always had a few babies. And knowing the difficult winters that they had in the Duchesne area, and at that time they weren't getting much government help, they knew those babies wouldn't survive. They would try and give Daddy and Mother these babies. I was old enough to realize, but I was still the youngest but wondered if they were

going to take those babies. But no they did not. That was something that Daddy drew the line. He said that he would not separate the families. It was there responsibility to do the best they could with their children.

**Susan:** We need to go back a little bit. Tell us about wash houses.

**Esther:** A wash house was a one-room home that was just outside the kitchen, ordinarily, so you didn't have far to go to do your work. In ours particularly, my Grandfather had in the basement these sandboxes for vegetables and fruit. Oh, let me just tell you that above the sandboxes, we had shelves. We kept all the newspapers that we could. Newspapers didn't come regularly like newspapers of today. We would fill these shelves with newspapers and we picked the tomatoes that were green and put them on the papers and we would need to go down and turn them so that they would ripen evenly. We would have the tomatoes, the cantaloupes and watermelons, and the grapes on all these shelves. We would have these kinds of things of good eating until after Thanksgiving. Sometimes the watermelons would last until Christmas. The grapes always did. You had to be resourceful to care for your own needs then like Mother and Daddy did, share with everyone in the country. The Lord provides if you are willing and your heart is in the right place. If you have big abundance and share it, the Lord gives you more.

Okay, the wash house. Ordinarily they are just one rather large room. And in ours, Grandfather had the well down in the basement and he had piped it up and with a pump on the 1st floor so Grandmother didn't have to go down in there to get water. She would just have pumped it up in her area where she would prepare the meals in the summertime. There was a stove out there where they would heat their water and do their washings which meant that you had to boil this big tub of water you would put your clothes in there, white ones particularly. And you boil them with lye soap so it would keep them white. Then you took them out of there and you had the #3 tub full of water that had bluing in. You would put the clothes that had been boiling for an hour into this blue water and you would use a squasher. Do you know what a squasher is?

**Susan:** No.

**Esther:** Well, it's like a broom handle and then it comes down and is metal like a funnel this and inside there are various circles smaller funnels with holes around. So when you put this in the water funnel the water comes out the holes and it takes all the soap and everything else out of your clothes. It's like a washing machine, but it's all by hand. Anyway, you squashed your clothes up and down, and then you put them in another tub with a washboard and then scrub them. Then you put them into another #3 tub to rinse them. Then you would ring them out by hand before you had a ringer, then you would take them outside on the clothes line and hang them up. In the winter time that was so hard, I used to look at my Mother and her hands would be frozen. You would put the old underwear out there and they would be frozen stiff...everything was frozen stiff. We would bring them in and we had a wooden "horse" that is what we called them, and you would drape all these frozen clothes on the clothes horses. You would put them in the dining room where you had a pot-bellied stove where they would finally dry. You would have to turn them and turn them...up and down and around.

We made all our pillow cases and our sheets and our under clothing out of flour sacks. Here we would have Lehi Roller Mills...or Turkey red... And these were our dish towels. You never wasted a thing.

**Susan:** And they are still some of the best dish towels.

**Esther:** Oh they are, but they weren't so good for undergarments, but that's what we used. We made all our sheets and the pillow cases and you might be lying on Turkey red but its okay. You never wasted a feather, because they would have to go into the mattress or pillows. You would wash those feathers and dry them and stuff them into your mattress.

**Susan:** You had told me that your mother had been a furrier. Can you tell me a little about that?

**Esther:** My biggest memory was that block of time when I was born in the twenties through the thirties into the forties, because the last of the twenties, all through the thirties and into the early forties was Depression. It was just terrible. People didn't have work, they committed suicide, they lost everything that they had, the

men would desert their families, and the Woman would have to do laundry or iron or scrub floors or whatever to make a few dollars to take care of their children. So that was one of the biggest times of my life was during the Depression years where you really had to be self-sufficient and help care for other people.

Now the furrier. Well, there again Daddy was the mail carrier and was an artist and took correspondence on taxidermy. And he began to do taxidermy and as I said, he was an artist. His works in the Universities looked normal and natural. You could go up and pet them. Everyone in the county brought their trophies to Daddy to do taxidermy. The dining room, and the parlors and our bedrooms were clean and tidy and presentable, but the kitchen...everything took place in the big kitchen and the wash house. So during this time, when he was doing taxidermy, he would have pieces of fur that would be left over...like a bear you would have to trim the sides and so forth, and Mom got thinking of what she could do with these pieces of fur? She would make us fur muffs...oh they were nice...and a big long string around your neck to keep your hands warm. She would trim some of our coats with a little bit of fur and by the way; she had made the coats because you made everything. And people began to notice that and would say, Eunice, I have an old fur coat. The old coats all used to be rabbit and they didn't wear very well and they would split. "Would you mend my coat?" "Sure, I would do that for you." So she began mending coats.

They had these big boas and skins that wrapped around your neck and the noses would wear out and lose their eyes and would ask, "Can you help me with this?" and it just grew. She did furs from every kind. She would remodel fur coats as the styles changed. She would make Chubbies out of long coats.

**Susan:** What are Chubbies?

**Esther:** Chubbies were a little jacket that came to the waist. When I was at BYU for one of the formal dances she sent over a chubby that she had made out of white rabbit. It was so beautiful. And I wore it and everyone just gaw gawed. When I left BYU to go to another University I knew that I wouldn't have a date because it was like a prison where I was going, so I gave it to

Laurel. Anyway, that's a chubby. It's just a short jacket with long sleeves and you had a nice clasp up here (at the neck) with jewels in it to close it...over your formal gown, it was a knock out.

That was a growing industry. When she got to where she couldn't see too well, she still couldn't say no. I gave you a lot of skins, and I gave Madge a lot and whoever wanted skins that were left over and from over coats from people who had died and didn't want them...I tried to contact them and say do you want this old fur coat?

**Susan:** No.

**Esther:** You know that times have changed. Environmentalists won't let you wear fur coats, but I still wear them. That's how come she was a furrier. It was a new kind of vocation, because no one knew how to sew with furs. You have to do it a certain way...the way the fur lays and the way you put them together so there is no seam. She was an artist, she did it very well. So that was the fur business it brought in a little money. You see Harold was on a mission, Laurel was in college, I was in high school, Max Wilson was on a mission and they couldn't give him a dime. Daddy kept him. There was money that was necessary every month for these expenditures. Mama did her part and earned what she could. Daddy did his part with doing everything under the sun.

**Susan:** Talk just a little bit about the hearse.

**Esther:** Oh, the hearse. Well, when the collections became so large that the house wouldn't hold them, we decided to clean out the old washhouse. Mother didn't need to still go out there to cook in the summer time. She endured summer cooking on her coal stove. So it became Daddy's workshop. He began to move collections out there. The artist that he was...I wish we still had those paintings...he painted one full wall of the mountains and the streams and he put the birds that he had mounted in the correct habitat like he did at BYU. He did those over there... their nests and their eggs. The shop was where the water Oozel with a little stream with isinglass on it so that it would look like water.

The city had a hearse that was beautiful. It was white and drawn by white horses. If you see old movies you can see the driver of the hearse up on a seat with big lanterns hanging down on either side with the white horses. They would go

down Main Street. It was quite a scene. It was a beautiful hearse. Well they decided that when the Wings came in, in the Depression that the hearse was to be retired. He became automated and they would take the casket another way. So they just parked the hearse out and forgot about it. Daddy asked for it and they gave it to him. So he took the glass sides off. One side became the cabinet for this water oozel and all the birds that way. The other side was on the same wall which was for mining...a scene that he had painted for the mining items. And the ends became my playhouse windows.

**Esther:** That playhouse that Daddy's built for me, I could still stand up in it. It had a little pot-bellied stove, one that stood about this high. I made fires out there. I could have burned the neighborhood down. And my friend was Lois Larsen, from Larsen's Brothers meat market and when they had a new product they wanted to put into the grocery stores they would give little tiny samples. They would box it up in little boxes like Lamonge Pudding. She would go down there and get all these samples and we would cook things in the playhouse on that pot belly stove. We didn't know when it would be ready to eat so we would put a little dab on the stove, and if it stuck it was done. We were funny. We had a big sandbox outside of it and I could be out in the playhouse all day long, keeping house and playing with my dolls and watching Bud at the same time playing in the sand box. It had a little garden that I planted on the side on the hillside going down to the creek. Oh, we had good times.

I have to tell you about the end of the little playhouse. Harold wanted that playhouse for his two daughters. It was in our side yard, it was so cute and the windows were from the old hearse. It had two rooms, a bedroom and a kitchen. Daddy had made furniture for me to use in the little playhouse. We had a little bench on the porch. Anyway, Harold badgered me for that playhouse, I thought well, if his little girls would love it as much as I did and learn to cook in the old pot-bellied stove, I guess he could have it. You were in trading times like you traded work for a bushel of applies or whatever. So he traded me his tennis racket for my big playhouse. Anyway he took it down a side at a time and then the roof. It sat in his back yard that way...that's as far as it ever

got. His two boys after his three little girls burned it in a bonfire and that's what happened to my playhouse. Burial!

**Susan:** So that's what happened to the hearse?

**Esther:** That's what happened to my playhouse with the hearse windows.

**Susan:** What happened to the paintings?

**Esther:** I don't know. I had been gone due to my husband and I living world wide. When my parents moved from the shop to the new building on Center Street, I was not in Lehi. I don't know what they did to clear out the wash house. Those paintings are not on the walls...the hearse, the glass and everything is gone some place.

**Susan:** Can you tell us about Dry Creek and what that was like as a child?

**Esther:** It was the best baby tender ever invented. And you know our parents trusted us as children. We had free run. It wasn't like today where they drive their children to school and go pick them up and won't let them out of the yard. Heavens, we would walk all the way up to Bateman's, way up there on the hill, and play all day. You would say, "Mom, we are going up to Bateman's to play" and she would say "Okay." Or I would walk down to the river to Grandmother's, you know there were transients along the railroad track and boogie woogie men, but they trusted. There was not the stigma that so much could happen to you like there is now. And when I think of that water, Lois and I...that's a story in its self.

Anyway, Daddy had the scouts build a bridge across the creek. And those that helped were able to make their initials out of wood and put on that bridge so you could tell all the scouts that worked on the bridge. It was very rustic. They would go out to West Canyon and get all this cedar wood and made this bridge. Before they got the sides up, and when they made that bridge, water would be up to the top of the creek, and Lois and I would get a rake a piece. There would be these big logs that would come down and we would get our rakes and throw all these big pieces out to the side. When I think about it, the swiftness of that water could have kept that rake going underneath and us with it, if the rake had hooked onto a big limb this big

around. We threw all that wood out and that was winter wood. With all the fun we were contributing, you see.

The creek used to go...let me back up. Where Laurel's house is, my sister in the next house north, there was a head gate, a big wide head gate about from here to the wall. So it kept the water in back of the head gate up in that direction for the people who used the water for irrigation. And when the water needed to go further downstream, they would raise the planks by hand crank so more water would go down stream. But when the planks were down as far as it would go there were ties and the water would come over the top in a great big waterfall, then there would be an eight- or ten-foot area that had boards in the bottom and the water would hit those boards and it became very slick with moss, we would slide on that. We would get underneath this waterfall and hide. No one could see you. And we would hide and then we would play and as it dropped off these boards, it made a great big hole...just deep. We would swim in that hole every day, maybe two or three times a day. We would say, "Mom, we are going in the water," and she would say "okay." We would get so cold. There were two barns there and one was Mrs. Manning's one was Mrs. Taylor's...they were sisters and daughters of Evans...Israel Evans. We would stand up against that barn because it would be hot, and the ants would crawl all over you. But that's how we got warm. We would swim and then get warm and then swim and get warm. All this was taken out when the elementary school was built.

The little ditch would take off from the head gate and the little ditch would have a head gate that would allow the water to come down the ditch for us to irrigate our property. Well, we would play in that water all the time and get pretty rocks, skeeters, or water snakes, so it was good all summer long. When we were old enough to go pick fruit, which I think I was about ten, we would get up at three in the morning, fix our lunch. I got so I would fix mine at night because that would give me fifteen more minutes of sleep. Then we would walk from the house all the way up to the co-op on the highway and wait for the truck to come by and pick us up and take us to the fields. And the cement was warm. So we would get two minutes sleep on that warm

cement. Soon came the truck, it was open and we would be standing, hanging on the sides, or sitting on the edge with our legs down the side...you know safety. We didn't know anything about safety. We would go to the fields and pick peas, strawberries...by the way we would get a cent a pound for picking peas. We got fifteen cents for a big crate of raspberries and five cents for a crate of strawberries. If we could make a dollar a day, we worked hard. Most of the time, it was about seventy cents. We worked until about two o'clock and then the truck would bring us back home and dump us out at the co-op. Then everyone would follow me and we would all go jump in the creek. We would sit in the creek, and catch our breath and rest and then we would have a big water fight so it was fun.

So anyway, when we worked here, we had started our home and were sent to Wyoming. When I came home in the fall they had taken a bulldozer and had gone right through out orchard and took out the trees and made a new creek. They had left this big stack of rocks and debris. The creek used to come around like this in a curve below our bedroom window. Not it is straight, going through what was the garden and orchard. They didn't even fill in the area where the old creek was. It went right through my yard. And I won't say the people that did it. I didn't give permission for them to do it, but that's what they did. They decided to straighten the creek when we sold the property to Alpine School District to make the school. They wanted a straight stream through that property.

**Susan:** And were you the ones that owned the property?

**Esther:** Yes, that was part of my Grandmother's homestead. No, we did not sell it, we lost it. During the Depression, again, Daddy kept all the taxes paid, but the county said that the descriptions of the property that he was paying on was down in Utah Lake. So they sold all that property where the school is all the way over to Center Street and down and around. There was no recourse, they said. You didn't pay on the right property. When they did the surveying that was before me. But my Father used to say, that he watched those men. They came from the East to do the surveying out here for the roads and the cities and they were all drunk and they put any old number on any house. Ours was 678 and

across the road was 728 so how could that be? So they did what they wanted to. No wonder our land was down in Utah Lake.

So my Grandmother's homestead and I have to tell you about this. Brigham Young came down to our settlement... Snow Springs, and said you people need to move out of the Fort Wall... you know they had a wall around it. You will never progress until you move out. Move to the foothills and leave this level ground for your farming so you won't have so much work to do. Well, my Grandfather was a friend of Brigham Young, an acquaintance that was rather strong because he had gone back as a pilot to help bring Saints pulling handcarts here to show them the way after he had crossed the plains and arrived here. And he had done that several times. His name was William Lawrence Hutchings... who was my father's father. He died when Daddy was sixteen and his mother had died first. But getting back to this Brigham Young and Grandpa, when the prophet said something, Grandpa did it. He moved out and took that homestead where I live and the other property by the other creek on Center Street. Bishop Evans, who had been a Bishop in Nauvoo, reprimanded him for moving out and Grand Daddy said that's what the prophet said to do. Bishop Evans said, "not to move out because we will all be back in Missouri in ten years, so stay right where you are. He was going to excommunicate Grandpa because he wouldn't follow Bishop Evans. So Grandpa walked to Salt Lake and told Brigham Young. Brigham Young came down here again and said that I told you that if you want to progress you must move out. Well, some did and some didn't. So that's why we have down town and uptown. And we didn't progress for one hundred years. And now we are progressing because the people who did not follow the prophet are gone. So that's how come we have always had two towns... uptown and downtown.

My Grandmother was a plural wife. But the first wife did not have children and she and my Grandfather had been married twenty years when they joined the Church and came to Utah by handcart. This is a whole story in itself other than to say that Grandma was his second wife. A plural wife could not hold property, so the homestead was in Grandpa's name but it was actually Grandmothers. He took from what is now 6th

North over to 5th West up past the highway over to what is now Center Street and down Center Street to what is now 6th North. That was a big piece of property. When people came as emigrants to the Church like the Dorton's, the Grays, the Bones, Prices, Lewis', all of these people were from the same area as Grandpa was in England, he would hunk off a piece of land for them. And the Sykes, whose daughter married N. Eldon Tanner. Grandpa had them stucco or plaster... when they build this house (6th North & 2nd West) where I was raised. They had him do the plastering inside this house and kept them until they were established. He sold them that piece up on the highway there north of Art Powell's. They went to Canada and that's where the Sykes girl met N. Eldon Tanner.

Okay, let's get back to the creek. There was fish in there, trout. Bud and I were practicing what "Old Ound" had taught us and we caught a trout that was eighteen inches. You could stand there and watch them go upstream. There was always good fish in there. Trying to keep everyone out of that area who said they want to fish... if you let one in you have opened the gate. You have to keep people out. In this day they might be trying to get into your house or break up your pumpkins in the garden or whatever. You just have to say I'm sorry, no, this is private property.

Harold was baptized there at the head gate, in that big wash out of dirt because it was so deep. So that's where he was baptized. Bud was also. And to add to that, Laurel was baptized up at Kirkham's farm up there where they had dug all that ground out to make the fill for the freeway and all those homes are built down deep. Now if we ever have a run off like we used to have out of American Fork Canyon, you can hear it coming, there will be water twelve feet high, they'll get it. And I have seen it twice in my lifetime. Laurel was baptized up there at Kirkham's farm and I was baptized in the Jordan River.

That's a fun story. You know you wore overalls or whatever to be baptized. Daddy came home from work and said let's go get you baptized.

"Okay."

So you went down to my Grandmother Colledge, to the river bank. Daddy waved to Bishop Gardner was on the other side. Each kept a

family boat, Gardner's and Grandpa Colledge, so that they could get back and forth across the river. Daddy waved and Bishop got into his boat and rowed over to come and help be a witness with George Barnes...pretty soon we heard this galloping, galloping, galloping...Brother Barnes came down the fields on his horse and he was the other witness. So we walked down into the water and I was baptized and came out in my overalls and I sat on the runner of the old 1927 Chevrolet and they confirmed me right there. And then Bishop Gardner got into his boat and rowed back home and George Barnes got on his horse and galloped home. And I was baptized.

Anyway, the creek was a blessing in the aspect that it has provided a lot of interesting things like the wild animals that used to come down stream, a mountain lion, skunks, porcupine, marmots, muskrats, of course they are always around. Mink and what else...badgers, a lot of badgers. Let's see, I tried to make a list, civie cats and oh, we had coyotes all the time. And some wolves, the raccoons and snakes...all kind of snakes, squirrels and birds.

**Susan:** And all these were along Dry Creek?

**Esther:** Yes. They would be wandering around our property because they came down the creek—and skunks, oh my, and the ringed tail cat—animals that you don't see on the property anymore. We had a marvelous zoo all the time. And the pack rats...Mother said, "There is something upstairs." And Daddy would say, "That's your imagination again, Eunice." When we went upstairs, and this is when we children slept up there, in one room that we didn't use too much, indeed there was an old pack rat. He had come in the window. We didn't have screens and we had kept the window up a little bit for air, and he had come up there and made his little nest. We had a crocono board up there. Do you know what a crocono board is?

**Susan:** No

**Esther:** He had chewed the corners out of the crocono board. He needed stuff to put in his nest.

**Susan:** What is a crocono board?

**Esther:** Well, it is a board about three feet square with four pockets. You would play games on it. It

was painted on one side with all kinds of games. You would flip it over and there was checkers on this side. It was part of everyone's family fun board that you would put on a table and gather around. To play crocono you would have to flip these round bullets and try to knock each other off. In the center there is a hole and if you get in the hole and stay there the whole game your score would go way up. I have an extra one; you ought to have it down here. Well, the kids would like the crocono.

**Susan:** Do we have any other things on Dry Creek?

**Esther:** Well, I've covered the creek that we used to throw out the wood as it came down. And it used to rage. In my place now I have cemented the bottom and the sides of the creek. Prior to cementing the creek, I tried to get the city and irrigation company to help. They would not. And where they have not taken that opportunity to try and help to make the water go through easily, it eats away at the sides. That creek, we used to jump it, but you can't jump it now. The water is constantly eating away the sides. I don't know what they are going to do. What happened was, Daddy tried to tell the engineer when they were doing the Lehi Elementary School which was part of the homestead—they had a huge pipe that they were going to funnel the water through. And that's why they cut through straight and moved the curve that went right by Laurel's door and underneath my bedroom window. They wanted it straight so it would go straight through the school and Daddy would walk up there and say you are putting that pipe too low. And the engineer said, "No. It's too low Frank." And immediately when they turned the water there it filled with silt so it won't carry the water that comes through. Had they raised it, it would have carried much more water. Now it floods all over the school grounds and through my place and over the sides and it causes a lot of problems. And I'm too old to sand bag anymore. I've sandbagged all my life. And I've spent one whole summer home rip rapping through the creek all the way from my property line all the way to Daddy's property line to help out. I would take my trailer all the way to the junk yard and take my big sledge hammer and break up all those pieces of cement that people would take up, drive them down, throw them out of the trailer and get in the creek

and take these pieces and riprap the sides of the creek and then go back and do it again all summer long. And the next year was that flood in Salt Lake in the eighties flooded me, Sterling my orchard down the lane and road to Utah Lake. It took all of it out—it's down in Jordan River. All that hard work was gone.

## **2nd Interview**

**Susan:** I have a few more questions for you Esther and then I know that you have some things that you want to talk about. What smells do you remember while you were growing up?

**Esther:** You could smell laundry boiling on the stove in the old boiler. You know that smell of lye soap. You could smell making the lye soap out in the back yard on a bonfire. You know you would put all that grease in there and the lye. That was a pungent smell. I think the best smell was baking bread. As you came up 2nd West...the closer that I got to home I could smell that baking bread.

**Susan:** How many loaves did your Mom make?

**Esther:** Oh, maybe six at a time.

**Susan:** Did she do that daily?

**Esther:** No, our bread box was half a barrel...a large pickle barrel that was sawed in two and it had a lid. We had a huge pioneer kitchen. We would pull the table up from the back windows to the middle of the floor when we would eat and underneath the table was this half a barrel that we kept the bread in. It was always scrubbed and lysoled or chloroxed and so forth to make it clean. She would always do about six loaves and then always a large pan of hot rolls. And not hot rolls like we make now. They were not light and fluffy but they were like so...like a little loaf of bread. So that would last us depending on how many people we fed. There were always extra people at the table. You know, maybe making bread was two times a week.

**Susan:** Any other smells that you can remember?

**Esther:** Oh, when you are doing fruit; chili sauce and ketchup with all those spices. And one thing about doing fruit, which I have thought about so much, the flies were such a problem. The

screen doors would actually be black with flies. And you would have a fly trap that you made out of screen wire. You would start up at the top with an opening and down into a cone and you would have a corn cob or something down in the bottom. And the flies would go down and they couldn't get out of this tiny little hole. So you would get maybe a gallon of flies a day. You know they were just everywhere. You had to have someone take a dish towel and shoo the flies away to open the screen door or they would all be in the house. It took someone with a fly swatter...you would have to keep the door closed or they would get into the dining room and so forth...just swatting flies.

And I remember my father saying that when they came to Lehi...the pioneers...that flies were such a problem to them that the older people would try to mix their bread down in their dugout and flies would be around and get into the dough. They would say, "Well that's just more protein to fill your stomach." So anyway, flies have always been a big problem.

Smells...let's see, sickness. You could smell sickness. In the springtime, particularly after you had had measles, mumps, chicken pox, whooping cough going from one member of the family to another, you would be quarantined with a big sign in the window that told what you had. That kept you quarantined...that kept you from going out and no one could come in. When you had a disease like that no one could come into the house. Someone had to bring your milk in. Someone had to milk the cow. It was absolutely like a prison. It was quarantined.

**Susan:** Who would quarantine you?

**Esther:** The County. I guess I don't know what they called it but there was a health person. I guess the doctor. If you had a doctor there he would come and look at you and he would say well this is mumps or this is whooping cough and this is diphtheria even. We had a lot of diphtheria. And they would put that sign of whatever you had in the window. And it would be about two-and-a-half feet long and then a foot high on red paper...stay away from this house. But to fumigate the houses after something like that, you would open the doors and you would put big globs of sulfur on the old coal stoves that would burn and in this beautiful blue-green flame. And

it smelled so badly. And that “fumigated” your home. So that was a pungent smell.

**Susan:** What kind of flowers do you remember that grew around?

**Esther:** My father had flowers on every trail all over the property. They were iris, peonies, lilacs, honeysuckle, tuberous like the Easter lilies. Oh they smelled so beautiful. He almost had an acre of old fashioned rose bushes and everywhere you went on both sides of the walk were iris and peonies and so forth. And so at Decoration Day...you maybe don't want to hear this, but it was before perpetual care. And so here is this big hill of graves and you would have to start about ten days before Decoration Day and with your coaster wagon and with gallons of water, with a hoe and a shovel, and we would all walk from home up to the cemetery and clean all the graves. It had been a year and all the weeds and the sagebrush and to dig everything else and identify the graves because all they had was a little piece of cement in the ground like this with names or initials on it. And over the wintertime, the dirt would cover these over and unless you knew where you were going, you wouldn't find the grave.

But we had so many; from the Colledges, the Slaters, the Hutchings, the Wanlass's and all the extended family it would take us ten days and we couldn't do every grave. It just got to be too much. So we would just do certain graves. And we would clean all the weeds, put a little mound of soil on top of the grave and then came Decoration Day, which was a big celebration. All of the relatives came and you would usually have a big dinner out on the lawn with all the relatives that dropped in. Daddy and we older children would get #3 tubs and fill them with water...and all the larger buckets and fill them with water and cut and fill them with all the iris and all the peonies and put them in there and we would wrap maybe five in a bundle. And everyone that would be coming by that needed flowers would just take what they wanted to put on the graves. So we provided...we weren't a nursery, but we certainly provided a lot of flowers. So that went on eternally. And Decoration Day was a good family-oriented day where your relatives came and you visited and you would hear a lot of the stories.

**Susan:** Tell me about Eunice and her education.

**Esther:** All right. Mama's Grandfather was T.H. Colledge. They were emigrants and had some children that died in England. One that did not. He was a professor at Oxford and when he joined the Church, of course, he was fired. His wife was a lady and she divorced him. And how many children they had, I don't know. I know of three, but I don't know of any more. So he began to meet with the Saints as he didn't have a job, didn't have a home where he met a lady there who had also jointed the Church. And over the months they married. Evidently, he took her name which would be Colledge. His real name was not Colledge. He did not want to disgrace his lady—first wife of the family. And so our genealogy there has been very difficult. Mother finally found a marriage certificate that his name was not changed; he just took the name of this other woman.

This Grandfather stayed behind twelve years after the Saints came to America to keep the Church going there...like the presiding Elder or whatever. But when they finally came, he had had one son and a pair of twins with this second woman. The boy by that time was twelve. And the other little boy, one of the twins, died. And so they left England with this twelve year old and this little girl that was about three. And her name was Eunice. That's who my Mother was named after. And outside of Omaha, somewhere, due to the weather conditions, this little girl died. She was buried just outside of Omaha...I don't know just where. But it's near the railroad tracks. After they came to Utah, they became the toll keepers at the Jordan River, they had two other boys. One was my Grandfather, who was the youngest. The other was Hiram and I think he was married and his wife died. I'm just trying to figure this all out in genealogy.

The people across the river were Waycasters. Now that Mrs. Waycaster was a sister to Daniel Boone. I don't think people knew that. But they had a daughter and they couldn't make ends meet on that salerated ground that was across the river. He worked at the Clay Beds there as you would go up the hill to go to Cedar Fort. They were so poor that he had bird bones with a little meat on for his lunch. They weren't very kind to him and would make fun of him. As they were poor, you know. They offered Daddy twenty-

five cents an acre if he would buy Waycasters' ground. And of course Daddy didn't have that kind of money as a young adult. He was sixteen and he took the mail out to the clay beds.

Uncle Hi married the young Waycaster girl whose mother was Daniel Boone's sister. And they went to North Carolina. That's where they have lived and raised their family and we don't know anything about them.

### **Third Interview**

**Susan:** This is Esther Hebrew. If you would take a moment and talk about the Chitagwa

**Esther:** This was a private school. It was run by the Presbyterians. They came out of Boston. They gathered several young ladies who were prepared to be teachers and were brought out here to make ladies out of the ruffians in the west. My Grandfather would bring my Mother on the horse; she was the oldest in the family. He would wait all day for her, doing his business and so forth until she got old enough or the weather got good enough for her to ride her own horse. Subjects they mainly taught were German, the classics, operas, mathematics, and a great deal was spent on English, learning how to diagram sentences, with correct English using the dictionary as a guide, and learning the meaning of many words a day and reading. They had to be excellent readers. Penmanship, you know where you had the lines, half inch high and a quarter inch high. You made your capitals in the half inch high and the rest of the letters in the quarter inch high. You had to be a marvelous penman, in script. They did not print, so my Mother always had a wonderful hand. She was very intelligent. They took their own lunch which was usually two slices of homemade bread and they had a little recess. The school was down on that corner where Lehi Wells Fargo Bank is. That was all just a wagon road in front and so my Grandfather would stay at the Jacobs' up on First North, because their original home was down in the field there by Jacobs Pond. Right near my Grandmother's homestead. They were good friends. He didn't come everyday because she could ride her own horse and she would stop at Jacobs and stop and pick up one or two of the children there and go to the Wanlass's, particularly Stan Wan-

lass who became a well know surgeon in New York. At least four little children would be on that horse with out a saddle.

**Susan:** About what year was that?

**Esther:** It was about 1908, 1909, and 1910 and in that era there. I remember because I have a picture of my Mother when she was eight, she had one little pinafore and they washed that every night hoping it would dry. Put it by the stove so it would dry and they wore high top shoes with the buttons on it and black stockings always. Braids in her hair and if they had a ribbon it was in the braid there. It was a very austere kind of life and the school room was one large room with a long table so that the teacher was at the head and could see what everyone was doing and was very helpful. Mother was very appreciative of that private school. From there she went up to the Central School which is torn down. It was called the High School and they started at the eighth grade. That is where Josephine Cooper's house is, north of the northwest corner of Wines Park. That was a very beautiful building and the hill in the back of it, was where we would sleigh ride and use an inner tube if we had one. Our father made us skis out of staves of a barrel with a piece of leather over it to hook our feet. We learned to ski there. That was my Mother's schooling. My father went to the Ross School which was on the East side of town here. It's still standing I am told, he went through the eighth grade and he went to BYU from there. He was a natural intellect with nature. He was far ahead in that era and that time of what he knew about nature. I think he and his professors had a good time together.

**Susan:** Tell me about when people went to regular public school. What did they wear and what did they study?

**Esther:** Geography. That was the main subject, the history of Utah. Would you want me to say what it was when I went to school? Mother did not send us to kindergarten. She said that I can teach you a lot at home that you need to do with homemaking and that will be all right. I can teach you enough to get into first grade. Kindergarten was not compulsory. It was just a lot of women had a lot of children and it was a place to give them a rest. Anyway we had our own little chairs. We didn't have desks. We only had chairs. I have

mine at home now. We sang and we learned to dance. At the very top of the building in the old Elementary School which was called the Primary. We would go up there and climb all those stairs and she would pair us off a little boy and a little girl and we would learn how to waltz. That was part of our physical education. It was fun, we would sing, or she would have someone play a harmonica, it was before records and all that now are available. So it was one, two, three slide—one, two, three slide—one, two, three turn. We learned to be together as a little boy and a little girl and learned to dance. We didn't learn anything fancy but we learned to waltz. That was our physical education. In the spring time we had the May Poles, we learned to braid the May Poles. That was a huge celebration for the school. There again the teachers would be out with a huge big pole. Each may pole was a different color strips of fabric were flowers on the top of the pole. You would use that waltz step when you were braiding the May Pole. The boys would do the same. So we had these May Poles all over the place. Finally this area turned out to be the football field and that was our entertainment for summer time and spring time. Then we had races all the time, all kinds of races, to teach us to be competitive and to develop that kind of skill. We played baseball and jump the rope, jacks, mumble peg—that is how we spent our recesses. Remember that this was the Depression and people were very, very poor. Come to school without shoes. Some girls had to wear their mother's dress so it would be down to her ankles. The styles were not to be to their ankles but she came to school that way and I don't know if I should say this but when you are really poor you are poor. I noticed the lice running up and down into their hair. I cringe, you know, but soap and water even was scarce. They came when they could and if their mother was having a baby the girls would drop out of school and help at home. For how many months they stayed home it was up to them. When they came back in a year or two they dropped back in where they left off. We had all ages in the same classes. The same with the boys if they had to help at home or had to go to work, they may be out a year, next year everybody would graduate and they would be in the class they left. They would wear their older brother's overalls and anything else that they could wear. Many came without coats.

**Susan:** Did girls always wear dresses?

**Esther:** Yes, girls would never wear trousers at all. The only time I could ever remember wearing overalls was when I was baptized or working in the fields. Our schooling, in the beginning we were taught script and taught printing, taught Utah History. We had to memorize the counties and the county seats and have exercise in class where we would divide the class up and see who could remember the most. Then someone went to the board, the two best went to the board and was supposed to write down all the counties and all the county seats. When you got up there you couldn't remember as well as when you were sitting in your seat. We did a lot of English, depending upon who your teacher was. One of our teachers was Miss Thurman. There were two Thurman sisters. When things would get a little bit out of hand, she was elderly at that time, she should bring out a book called X-Bar B, it was a western and she would read a chapter of that and then we would get back into the swing of the school. I remembered Valentine's Day; we always made a great big Valentines Box and decorated it. It was beautiful. We spent days making Valentines. You would put who you were sending valentines to in the top of the box. Then when Valentine's Day came the teacher would open it and read out these Valentines and pass them out. Some of the children never received any. That really impressed me. I gave everybody a Valentine. You made these at home you didn't buy them. You took crape paper and put glue on it and ruffle it around your heart and cut out figures out of the funny papers. That is what you did for Valentine's Day.

You walked to school. There were no school buses. Or you rode a horse. That was what you did. If you ever had a bicycle you could ride a bicycle. By the way when it came time for the Jr. Prom there were so few automobiles that everybody walked to get their date. Then they walked to the Jr. Prom was always held in the Smuins Dance Hall, which is now the Colonial House. It had that spring dance floor and it was so fun, you would be dancing and you would just spring away. But I remember, I won't say names but he had a bicycle and he went down to pick up his date on his bicycle. She had to ride on the handle bars and she had a hoop skirt. This hoop skirt would keep coming up while they were rid-

ing and he couldn't see, [laughter] they both fell off the bicycle. We had a good time regardless.

**Susan:** Tell us about John being a postman.

**Esther:** Daddy started out delivering mail out at Scranton. Not mail to Scranton, but he went out to Scranton... That was a place to go if you were a young person or an emigrant who didn't speak any English. You could go out there dig the rocks out and wheel the wheelbarrows, you know, have a little work to do. There was a horse and buggy and they had to go to Faust to the train station where the train took on water. So he got the job of taking the horse and buggy out there to get supplies or take the letters from the camp there to be mailed and so forth. That was a long trip by buggy and horse, but he did that. He didn't go every day, but so many times a week. So that's where he began his mail. He also, later then or before, I don't know exactly... the Clay beds out west was a place where people worked because of the fossils in that clay. Beautiful fossils. I remember getting large vugs with beautiful fossils all over it. And it is a phenomenon. They really don't know how come that place is where it is. And of course, now it is practically gone, all bulldozed over in houses. But he took mail out there in a horse and buggy. When the opportunity opened up for a rural carrier here in town, there were post boxes every few blocks and that's where you mailed your letters. You would walk to this box seated on a pedestal that was like one foot to two and a half feet with a slot and you would put your mail in there. The postman would come along and gather that. It would be another thing to carry. He would have to take that down to the post office at the end of the day to be circulated the correct way. His route was seventeen miles a day. He walked it every day but Sunday. What he carried the mail in was a leather bag that he had to carry on his shoulder and all the letters that wouldn't fit in the 100 pound bag he had in a strap on his belt. And as he would go around he would to organize it so that on his belt would be the first to go, because he could manage that on his back better. So when it came spring and fall there was Sears Rohbock, Montgomery Ward, Spiegel's and others, they would send these great big catalogues out. Daddy had to carry those in addition to the mail. He was to carry all those catalogues. It got so a horse couldn't carry it all. And so what they

did, every few blocks required they put stacks of catalogues for those people and then he would work that far giving out catalogues, then load up again and give out catalogues and then go another few blocks to more stacks. Well that wasn't regulation, so the post master really got upset and Daddy got a lot of brownies out of that. But there was no way you could carry all of that. No way. And you had a time sequence to get from here to here to here and get back to the post office, downtown at a certain time.

**Susan:** What did you mean by brownies?

**Esther:** They are degrading marks. This is political position of the postmaster. So if you can give someone enough brownies you could get rid of someone and get someone that you wanted. Daddy was the first they hired and was well-known, everyone loved him and he did good work. He would stop if the old ladies needed their needles threaded because they couldn't see. He would maybe thread five and put them in their curtains so they would have their needle and thread.

And the cold, cold winters that we used to have with cold north winds. Someone would always meet him at the door with a few sips of warm tea. I don't know how he did it. He did that for twenty-five years, he wore the ball and the socket of his femur right off. There was no ball left at all in that socket. And that was the side that he carried his mail bag on... his 100 pounds bag plus every day breaking snow drifts and blistering ice crystal winds.

**Esther:** They had little pigeon holes that they would put letters in for certain blocks. They had to know the city really well. He had from Wine's Park West and to the highway all the way down past town almost to the Lake over to 3rd West. He would start in the morning and do down below town. He had to do all that. Then he worked his way up and come home for lunch and then he had, what we called "the line" from our house all the way up to the highway and over a block and down and all that 3rd Ward area on this side of the highway to be done after lunch. Sometimes he would be so tired of fighting the weather and carrying this heavy load that he would take a ten-minute nap lying down on the floor or something like that. And then he would walk his way down 3rd West and the street that

doesn't go through because of grandma's home-  
stead, and he would go down that street and do  
all the rest of the west side of town. And then he  
was required to be at the post office, hopefully,  
at four o'clock.

**Susan:** Where was the post office located?

**Esther:** The post office used to be near Geral-  
dine's is. That was the bank. And next to that  
was Goodwin's Golden Rule, a big store similar  
to ZCMI. Then next to that was the post office.  
Next was Ian Webb's jewelry store and next to  
that was Power's Wrangler cowboy store. But  
that's where it was. Then as it became larg-  
er...the community began to grow a little bit, it  
moved across the street to M.S. Lott's, plumbing  
building, and it became the post office. And then  
from there, it went from there to the new build-  
ing. Mail carriers don't walk anymore. You know  
it's interesting that the balls of Daddy's femur,  
it's the long bone that comes up the leg. The ball  
that's in the pelvic area was worn right off on his  
right side because that's usually where he carried  
his mail bag. And not only was the bag full, but  
they would have straps, long regulation straps  
with bundles of mail hooked all over the belt.  
You know. It was criminal, but that's what you  
did.

**Susan:** Do you remember how much a stamp  
was?

**Esther:** One cent.

**Susan:** About what year was that?

**Esther:** Well in the thirties a card was one cent  
and a letter was three cents. And then it went to  
five cents and then maybe nine cents. The post  
office always runs in the red for a purpose, so  
that they can get more funds and then they filter  
those funds off to other places. So they don't in-  
tend to make a profit and so that's why they can  
make stamps go up.

What I was going to say in regards to price, I  
remember when gasoline for the cars was nine  
cents.

**Susan:** What year was that?

**Esther:** That would be in the early thirties...  
nine cents a gallon. And of course, you could go  
forever on a gallon in your old Model T. Then it  
went to thirteen and then about fifteen and the

seventeen and then nineteen and then twenty-  
one and twenty-three was the highest that I  
remember before we really got serious about  
buying gasoline. But nine cents...you could get it  
easily enough.

**Susan:** Let's switch topics and let's go to some of  
the medicinal remedies and some of the proce-  
dures that you can remember for medical type of  
situations.

**Esther:** Okay. Well, I told you about burning  
sulfur to fumigate. And to put you out into the  
sunshine was the next best thing and let the  
vitamin D from the sun help you. Brigham's Tea.  
You always drank tons of Brigham's tea. Now  
that's the weed that has a little tiny yellow tuft  
on top and with our spraying now to kill weeds,  
we are killing everything. So you can't always  
find these weeds. Dandelion Tea was a great  
one. And if you were really hungry you would  
eat the dandelions, you know the leaves of it.  
Cabbage...you know, this was for a woman who  
had just given birth and she is having difficulty  
with the milk coming and going, they used to call  
it "milk leg." And by that time you had Phlebitis  
in your legs. Because you never were out of bed  
for ten days or more after a child was born. You  
had engorged breasts. They were very painful.  
There was no way to get rid of the infection. So  
they would boil a cabbage and take those leaves  
off one at a time as it was just the right size to fit  
on a breast. It was hot and then they would bind  
you and that would draw the infection out.

Then you had Scott's Emulsion, when vitamin  
D became available in a bottle. It was white like  
milk; otherwise it was just plain castor oil. It was  
horrible. Castor oil did everything. I can't eat a  
raspberry to this day because here would come  
a spoonful of castor oil and a spoonful of rasp-  
berries, supposedly taking away the taste of the  
castor oil but it ruined my raspberries.

And then they had Arnica, the weed Arnica.  
They would make a suave with lard. They would  
boil up the weeds, strain it, and put it in the  
suave and that would be a good ointment to  
draw anything that you had. Boils which were  
terrible. Scrapes and bruises and everything that  
was infected.

Then they used comfrey. They used it as a tea to  
drink or you would dry the leave and you would

crush it and put it with a little apple cider vinegar and make a poultice of it. That would help draw out. If you didn't have any of that you used homemade bread and milk. You would saturate the bread with milk, just wet and didn't drip, and put that on your wound and bind it up. And that was a great drawing for infection. It worked!

**Susan:** Tell me about the rituals when you gave birth.

**Esther:** There was nothing...only a little chloroform if they were having a difficult time. They would pour chloroform on a mask you breathed through your nose. That is a quick way of going to sleep. You better be careful and not give them too much. Otherwise, they are gone. And then came ether. You would drip ether...put a mask on...drip to count ten drops and drip it again. When you are trying to put someone to sleep when they are fighting you and in pain and trying to get them to help you, you had better be careful because you can give too much wanting to get this thing going. And they do sometimes have death, you know, from that kind of anesthetic. Now they do it entirely different. It was a long enduring kind of procedure where you just had to grin and bare it.

**Susan:** You had told me at one time that after the baby was born that the woman had to stay in bed for 10 days.

**Esther:** Or more.

**Susan:** And why was that?

**Esther:** Well, they were fearful that they would get a clot. But the problem was that it caused clots. You need to get up and get your blood circulating and all your vital organs going. You can't just let them lie there. They had so many hemorrhages because they didn't have the meds and the pitosin that they use now. The only thing that they used was massage. This massage, massage, massage... That didn't work always. Then they would put you in these scultedious binders. You know, it was a different ballgame than we know now. And I am surprised that so many survived. Sometimes you had a mid-wife that was trained by observation. Some of them did have a little training, but ordinarily it was a mother and a Grandmother helping.

By the way when I worked in Alaska—that is the chore of the mother and the Grandmother. They get a piece of wood about this long (three feet) and about this big around (six inches) and they would lay it on the upper abdomen with the mother and the Grandmother on each side and they would pull down on this girl while she was lying down to help that child be born. They didn't work with the normal procedure of birthing. They just wanted that baby out. So everywhere is getting to be quite normal, more normal, and more humane.

And I would watch the Indians sometimes. You would see them coming up the creek...always two of them. One that was having the child and one there to help. And what they would do is reach in the back when they got to a certain point, and grab their skirt and just yank it hard and out would come the baby. You know it's a natural process if we would let it be natural, instead of doing all the things that are used in various places.

**Susan:** Please share with us some of the things that you have written down to share with us.

**Esther:** There was a curfew, a ten o'clock curfew. No child would be on the street, caught dead, after ten o'clock, because the police would get you. And about two minutes to ten, you would see all the children running just as fast as you could...now this is everybody under eighteen had to be home before ten o'clock. And I thought how nice that would be now. But they had an old firehouse down on Main Street where the bakery is now...next to the bakery; it's a parking lot now. That used to be Beth Peterson's mother's home, the old Smith home, and then the parking lot further going east was the fire station. They had a big bell in the belfry and they would ring that bell about five minutes to ten and that gave everyone time to get home. And then it rang again at ten and that meant if you are not home, we'll get you.

But whenever there was a fire, that was anywhere in the vicinity, that bell would ring. And everyone would grab their buckets and run or take a horse, but go to wherever you could see the smoke to help. That was the fireman in those days.

**Susan:** Were they all volunteers?

**Esther:** All volunteer, you know. If it was haystacks you would need a lot of men to move hay, to move animals and all that sort of thing. So it took a lot of people to help. There were always young people out with what they called lucifers. Do you know what a lucifer is?

**Susan:** No.

**Esther:** It's a match. Because it has a flame they were called lucifers. And so these young boys, particularly, would get some of these lucifers and see what they could do. And they would start fires. Many a farmer lost his haystack with these lucifers.

I wanted to tell about what we did for fun. I have a lot here so if you want me to stop, just say so. First of all, the 24th of July was a very important celebration. Usually your parents, my Mother, would make you a new dress for the 24th of July for me and my sister. And sometimes maybe a little bonnet to go with it. And if you really could afford it, you had a new pair of shoes to take us through the rest of the summer into Christmas time. So that was a big outing on the 24th to do that. And on the 24th of July you always made homemade ice cream, not only that day, but other days—but you always on the 24th of July.

You gathered ice in the winter time and cut it in blocks from Utah Lake. And the iceman would come with their wagons of ice and you would buy so many cubes of ice and put in down into the cellar of the wash house in all that sawdust. It was cool down there and the sawdust kept it from melting. And then our creek...I've seen it when the ice was about four inches high. You know you could cut that also. So we made homemade ice cream. Someone would have to sit on the freezer and crank it and crank it and crank it. And you made it with Junco to make it solid. But if we had run out of ice we would go down to my Grandmother Colledge on the river because they had their own ice house and there would always be ice all summer long. So we would have ice cream down there. And that was a long walk pulling a coaster wagon because you would walk everywhere. You didn't get in a car...we didn't have an automobile until 1927. We walked a lot. We climbed apple trees and had war throwing apples at one another in the next tree. When apples were green you would

take a salt shaker, sit under the tree and eat salt and green apples.

Then we cracked black walnuts. They would lie on the ground and be nice and dry. You would crack those and sit and eat them. Eat, eat, eat. And then if you wanted to make some fudge you would put them into a container and make the fudge with black walnuts. And by the way, the black walnut trees, the English walnut trees and the burning bush, that's the four things that I can think of, my Grandfather...that's my father's father, was sent by Brigham Young went back to Missouri to help the Saints coming forth to guide them. They were called Pilots. They would guide them and help them across the plains. So he went back twice to do that and help get other Saints to get here.

So having been raised by Lord Bredfort, he knew everything about an estate. He would take a log and peel the bark back a bit and put in moss from the lakes and rivers that they would have to cross. Then he would take these nuts or whatever and put in there and keep them as moist as he could and wrap some kind of burlap or whatever around it. He brought all those starts...oh the grapes...he brought the grapes also, particularly the Delaware Sweets. So he brought all those starts and that's where Lehi obtained all their trees and starts and so forth. Perhaps he taught others. But mainly all those things were obtained from our homestead. So the people got starts from them.

We used to sleep out at night. The nights were cool. The breeze would come down American Fork Canyon and we would put blankets out on what we called lawns under the trees or whatever with a blanket over us. And we would sleep out at night. There was no fear...we had the old dog right there with us. But the thing of it is, if some of the boys found out as they cruised the town on who was sleeping out, they would take buckets of water and throw on you. So you would have a wet baptism in the middle of the night.

And the band wagon on the 24th of July would always make the rounds. The cannons would go off at four o'clock in the morning and wake everyone up, and then the band wagon playing for you. It was a fun time. People appreciated it. We made a big event out of it.

**Susan:** Tell me about the band wagon.

**Esther:** It was volunteers of course. And it was always drawn by these great big work horses that would plod along. Their hooves were like Clydesdales. In the later band wagon, Brother Stewarts had Clydesdale horses were like the wagon in the beer commercial. Well, we just had plain old work horses. It would be filled with these musicians. The earliest that I can remember was Chell Jackson, Dr. Laeson, and Dean Worlton and they are all dead of course, and also the Hadfields. I was small, but I knew all of these people. We would get up out of your little bed you had slept outside in, wet and all, and maybe they would stop at your house and play a tune or so. You would wave them on and away they would go. But it was fun and you felt honored that they would stop at your house and play the tune.

**Susan:** They would just drive around?

**Esther:** All over town. This went on for a couple of hours at least, playing and waking people up and getting them going, happy to be alive. It was a fun time.

**Susan:** Did they just play on the 24th or did they play other times?

**Esther:** Every Sunday we had a program in the park. A lot of times it was the band wagon that played. And you wouldn't miss that because you had been in church all day.

At 8:00 a.m. one Sunday "Fast day" once a month, there was Prayer Circle with the men who had the Melchizedek Priesthood who would be at that time, like our High Council, they would go to the Holy of Holies in the top of the Church and meet in temple clothes. They would have their prayers and would pray for the problems of their ward. So each ward had their own high council you might say. But it was called the Prayer Circle. After they had to walk home and get their families. Church began at ten until noon. In our old 3rd Ward it was just one big room. You would pull the curtains and that would make into classrooms. A big old pot-bellied stove there. And if the fire was made good it would be warm if it wasn't you would keep your coat on. Now that was an ordinary Sunday. Then you came back at 7:30 at night till 9:00 for night meeting simply because the farmers had

to get home and milk the cows, feed the sheep and whatever. We would need to go home and come back again. There was all this coming and going and coming and going. And some people, depending on how far away they lived, would bring a lunch for lunch time. Like my Grandmother's people would come to our house and have lunch.

On Fast Sunday, I was a naughty little girl; I remember the pioneers and those that homesteaded Canada. Some finally came home and they would get up and bear their testimony. And they would go on and on and on. Bless their hearts. You know from them the forest fires, the lightning fires that swept all the grain fields and how they would have to run to get out of the way. That began at noon after our first ten to twelve...then we had Fast and Testimony Meeting. And it would go on as long as people would want to bear their testimony. Many of them started their testimony and would start to sing hymns and everybody would join in. Then someone else would choose a hymn and they would begin to sing and everybody would join in. And sometimes we would get out of there at four in the afternoon. I remember walking home...I'm dying I'm so hungry. I'm never going to bear my testimony because someone must just die right in the building. That's how Sunday went. Then we would go back to church for the night meeting 7:30 to 9:00 p.m.

The things we played were called "Kick the Can." Do you remember that? And we had a lot of races. We were good runners you know and you wanted to beat everybody so we had races. Get on your mark, get set, and go. Whoever was shouting that would be half way up the way before he said go. And we played tag. You know, you would just tag each other. Then we jumped the rope and played with tops and with jacks. We would play Washington Poke or any hi over, or ring around the rosies.

**Susan:** How did you play Washington Poke?

**Esther:** Well, someone was it. You were up against the telephone post because you played in the street. There were no houses. Why not? So you were up against there and you were to count to ten. By that time everyone should have been scattered. You closed your eyes and someone poked you during that count, one to ten. And

you were to find out who poked you. They were hiding all over. But the game was whoever could get back to the telephone post without being poked or found, they were free. And whoever who had poked then they had to be the one that was poked and be “it” at the telephone pole.

**Susan:** We called that Hide and Go Seek.

**Esther:** Well, we called it Washington Poke, just the same thing but a little different.

We played Ring Around the Rosies and played baseball. Our bat was always a two by four. Daddy had made us a smaller place for your hands and I remember when I thought I had killed my brother. I was a vicious batter. And I just hit that ball and I forgot to lay the bat down and I went all the way around and hit my brother in the head with this two by four. He had a goose egg out there immediately and he was lying on the ground and I thought that I had killed him.

**Susan:** Who was that Harold or Bud?

**Esther:** That was Bud. No I didn't kill him, but Daddy came a running and Bud had this horrible hematoma on the right side of his temple.

If there was an empty old tire around we liked to roll tires down the street. We would run after them and see who could make them roll the farthest.

**Susan:** Did you ever use old tires for swings?

**Esther:** No, because my father made swings. In fact I have to tell you something. The older children had a responsibility of helping the younger children because Mother was busy with all this work that never ended. Harold and Laurel were to watch me. Daddy had built a swing with the top as high as this ceiling. So when they pushed—one would be on either side as they pushed me—I would be clear up in the air and I got so tired of swinging hour on end, I said I wanted out. Well, that became a game. They wouldn't let me out. And they said they wouldn't let me out. Here I am the smallest of the three and they wouldn't let me out so I just let go and I went flying like a missile. I landed on my head and fractured my skull terribly. Mother heard what she thought was a cannon but it was my head. She cuddled me like you do and she put two chairs together...one this way and the other direction next to the first chair, both against

a cabinet or wall. Then you put a quilt over it and that was your bed. You were always there in the kitchen with mother on your little bed. She would try to do her work and take care of me and I just fell asleep which was the wrong thing to do but I did. When I woke up it was the next day. Mom decided that I better go and see the doctor and she tried to comb my hair and the comb went right in and then she knew that something was the matter. They didn't do anything anyway, but I have a big dent in my skull... it's a good thing I'm a girl as my hair covers this dent. We loved to swing and climb trees.

When I think how high we would go in those trees, I shudder, sometimes we would fall out and get the wind knocked out of you and you couldn't breathe. Everybody would stand around and look at you. But you knew if they didn't turn you over and hit your back to inflate your lungs, you could not breathe. Oh dear.

When I became a little older I found a friend in the 3rd grade—Lois Larsen whose father owned the Larsen's Meat Market down town and they had a delivery van at that time with canvas sides that would roll up. When they had a delivery to make, whatever it might be, like a piece of meat, lettuce or whatever, you would let the sides down so the sun wouldn't get in there. So many times they didn't have any deliveries. When we were about twelve maybe, we would borrow that delivery truck—they would not be using it, you know, and she would drive.

**Susan:** And how old were you?

**Esther:** About twelve maybe. And we would go all the way to Grandma's house because I knew the way past the Jordan River and out on those hills towards Pelican Point. We took guns with us. I had a 4-10 gun and she took her father's 10-gauge shotgun. Coyotes and rabbits and everything were running everywhere. We would do a lot of shooting, you know. That 10 gauge—that's a powerful gun. She would shoot and always fall down after and get up and shoot again. There was one time when there had been a barbed wire fence put up by some farmer out there on his dry farm and from here to eternity, I thought, were coyote hides hanging on that fence for bounty. I must have been over a block long with nothing but coyote hides.

**Susan:** There were that many?

**Esther:** Oh, yes. And at nighttime you could hear them, their eerie call. That is the most shivering call I think, and wolves too. The deer were there and lots of rabbits. Anyway that's what we did in the delivery truck. When that got to be a little old at 3:00 a.m., we got on our bicycles with our guns across the handle bars; we would go to Grandmother Colledges' and pedal down to the horseshoe at the Jordan River. We would lie down there in the cattails and as the ducks would go over...dumb us; we would shoot at the ducks. You know that you shouldn't lie down and shoot because that's hard on shoulders. We never got any ducks.

But then we would go hunting pheasants and we took our dog with us, Mikki. He would go up those rows of corn...up and down...We would be after him with our gun pointed all the time. We found out he was following mice, not pheasants. Anyway, we got a few pheasants; we were good enough to do that.

In the summertime, we got so hot that we would take out our Neptune rake. A Neptune rake is a rake that with three prongs, like Neptune the ocean man. We would go down and spear carp down in the river. We always told Grandmother because there are whirlpools in the Jordan River, down from the banks that were very dangerous if you got too close to the whirlpools. And she would always know that we were there doing carp spearing. We took buckets to bring our carp to put them in the big horse trough, by the windmill. The windmill would keep this horse trough full of water. We would empty our carp in and go back and do more carp and come back. We would do that all day and just have fun.

The tall grasses before you sat down, you would always separate it and look in the grass because the snakes were so prevalent. They would be in a bolus as big as a basketball and maybe have a hundred snakes just climbing on each other. We didn't want to sit in that kind of a situation.

**Susan:** What kind of snakes?

**Esther:** Oh, water snakes. Harmless, but to have that big of a bolus of snakes, it's a little disgusting. At the end of the day we had to pedal our bicycles all the way home. We went up to get a few fish to take home, because in the Depression

you ate carp. The pigs, because you didn't keep these animals penned up, would run free, had eaten all these carp. Our whole day's catch was nothing but a little piece of the heads left. So we didn't have any carp to take home. I had caught a few catfish, and my Grandmother would not cook a catfish because they jump out of the pan. They do. You put that catfish in a hot pan and it will jump out every time.

**Susan:** Even though they are dead?

**Esther:** Yes. You know they didn't fillet it. They just cooked the catfish and it would jump out. Grandmother would say, "Anybody that wants to eat catfish has to cook it themselves." When the catfish was hot, the muscles would tighten and out of the pan it would go.

**Susan:** Talk a little bit about the scouting program.

**Esther:** I'm not giving my parents enough credit, I'll say that. I could talk all day about their expertise and what they've done to help Lehi...the people of Lehi. Daddy was in the Bishopric in the old 3rd Ward about 25 years. They had an old pot-bellied stove. When it came primary time he would try to get off work with enough time to get up there and build a fire, so we wouldn't freeze to death. Now this was one great big building where you would pull curtains for the classrooms and so forth. And then they remodeled it and put in a furnace. Well, in the interim...well we don't know what winters are anymore. We tromped through snow up to our knees to go to school or church. There was no snow plow or anything. We got so we would meet in the primary teacher's home because she would have a fire in a kitchen and so we would have primary in a teacher's home. I'm just going to digress for just a moment. Our teacher was Mrs. Edwards. And as a younger person she lived at the top of 2nd West where the highway is. The house, not on the corner, but the next house, I can't tell you here, but one of the three Nephites came to her and she documented this and told us this in our primary class about it. And I think that was the basis for my knowing how great the Gospel was. Okay, now I will go back to Daddy.

We were in the 3rd Ward, and as I said, the wards were very cohesive. There was not a lot of mixing. There was the 3rd Ward, the 4th Wards,

the 1st Ward, the 2nd Ward and the 5th Ward. And they were wards and we didn't mingle much. The 3rd Ward was considered the poorer of the poor. It was called Dogtown because of all the little prairie dogs up there. It was called "Skunk town" because they trapped the skunks for bounty and kept them under their house so it was always really skunk town. It was called the Junction because the train came up there and changed at the junction point, two different train companies. It was called anything that you wanted... because we were 3rd Warders. Everybody was poor, but the help from one another was wonderful. Anyway, Daddy saw all these boys and he was in the Bishopric and he realized that something needed to be done because they were ruffians. So his friend in Provo was A. A. Anderson who was the scout executive in Utah, and Roy Passey who was the truant officer for Utah. And between the three of them they got Daddy in the scouts. And then he gathered up these ruffian boys, a lot of them, and made them men. What he did was to involve them in his trips of collecting. He involved them in learning. Here we are sitting in Lehi, as dry as a desert and he wanted them to have the swimming merit badge. So they built benches...just flat benches and had a bench long enough for two people. They would learn their strokes lying on this bench and it was high enough that their hands didn't touch the floor. He would get half of them practicing this stroke and half of them observing to correct them and then they traded. Every one of those boys passed their life-saving merit badge. When they got one stroke down, they would go to Saratoga in the Bishop's old model T Ford...they were hanging all over it and they would get in the pool and pass it off in front of Daddy. So that is how they got their swimming merit badge. Then he wanted them to excel at signaling, because the only thing they had was Morse code and flags from ship to ship. He got the idea that everyone should be home at 4:15 in the afternoon...and this is summer and fall, and gets a ladder so you can get on top of your house. Our home had a ladder to get on top of the house forever. Okay, 4:15. Harold was not old enough but he was always with them but he would start it. He would start the signaling. He would get on top of the house with his signals and he would signal to Herchal Manning. Herchal Manning would signal up to the Hadfields. The Hadfields would signal

to Rex Dennis. Rex Dennis would signal to the Trinnamans. The Trinnamans would signal to the Hickmans. The Hickmans would signal to the Sunderlands. Now if I have left anyone out, I'm sorry. Oh, the Bones. Did I say the Bones? Okay, after Herchal Manning it went to the Bones. They would signal all the way up...clear on top of skunk hill and then they would signal back. And they would do that for a half hour practicing, and then they were free to go milk their cows and do whatever they had to do. But they became so good at signaling, that one particular, Homer Trinnaman, was the signaler for the Admiral of the Pacific Fleet as the signaler. And the others didn't do quite as well, but did well.

**Susan:** Were there other scout troops in town?

**Esther:** I'm not aware of many other scout troops because the scouting program was new. Baden Powell...this came before World War I you know. Baden started that program in England. Powell tried to make this worldwide movement and it was catching on. But it took someone like Daddy to gather these ruffians up and make them want to learn. And they did. We had this big hollow on the creek where there were 150 trees. They would camp, they would sleep out, they would fish with old Ound teaching them all these things and they would make their mulligan stew...that's how they would pass their cooking. They would make it in a big pot and then they would all have to eat it. They learned beading, they learned how to tan hides, they learned how to fish, they learned how to track animals, and they learned how to shoot bows and arrows. They made their own bows and arrows. You know it was exciting. They made root beer beyond root beer in our house. Outside our kitchen door were places for specimens. We could not get into the house, like World War I German helmets and American helmets. None of them had liners in them; they were just these awful tin things. I can see it yet, one of the scouts came in and said, "How's this?" and another scout in back of him picked up a baseball bat and hit him on the head with a helmet on. It knocked him out. You know, there was nothing in there to keep out...that tin helmet from his head. Anyway, they had fun doing all these things.

And at Halloween, instead of going out tipping over outhouses, which was the big thing to do, and taking people's gates and putting them

up on the telephone pole, Daddy had a ritual. They met at our house and they had a rope. He had drawn this rope all over our property. Now its night and they have to follow this rope. We could hear them scream and yell because they would fall into a little ditch...had to cross the creek on a bridge. You know, it's dark. And some of the trees Daddy would have we children up there in a ghost costume and we would jump out at them...anyway, the end of the story was that they had to climb the ladder onto our roof and go through the open window of that room. The rope then led to the banister of the stairs. But little did they know that we had a carpet stretched tight down the stairs. So the parents knew that we would not kill them. They had fun. They would lose their steps and down they would come into the dining room. Everyone else that had come before was sitting there watching and laughing and then we would end it by making popcorn and candy, drink root beer and eat the homemade doughnuts. They loved to come, always. Daddy became overseer to some that were delinquent. He took everyone, but that was scouting. He got the first whole troop to be eagle scouts in the state of Utah...everyone of them.

**Susan:** Tell us about the Relief Society House.

**Esther:** It's on Main Street and it's on the National Registry. It's an occupied home but it is still registered. They have remodeled some of it. It was once a large room. That's where the Relief Society kept the quilts, ordinarily. They met once a month there, because not everyone had room in their little buildings to do what they needed to do. And there was no storage. So all the wards would meet there once a month to quilt, and teach quilting and keep the quilts and materials there. Otherwise, they went to their own ward, had a lesson and usually they took their mending with them. Darned their stockings...you know they had to darn a stocking...you didn't throw them away. I remember my great Grandmother in the minutes of the 3rd Ward which was stored in the ceiling of these rooms downstairs. When we remodeled we got all these city minutes and church minutes. I don't know how they got there. Well anyway, they had my Great Grandmother Colledge's name. She had walked from the river to the old 3rd Ward for every meeting had bore her testimony to the truth of the Gospel. So that was quite a thing. But in our own

wards, the Relief Society isn't what it is today. They did indeed, help with funerals. But people didn't live close together. It was a difficult thing. And the bodies were kept in the home. They weren't kept down at the mortuary. I know that when all of my relatives died down at the river, they were always in our home, that body. You had a great big black bow on your door that said that there was a death here. So the Relief Society building as we became more affluent, they realized that the Relief Society needed their own room and space in the ward houses. So then that it now is vacant.

**Susan:** So let's talk a little bit about medicine, remedies and a little bit about the doctors.

**Esther:** We need to back up. I need to say these things as I remember them. When there was this disputation and Brigham Young came and said, "move out of the fort wall" and the people would not do it. They were going to excommunicate my Grandfather because he did move out. Brigham Young came down and he said, "Those who want to follow the prophet and have documentation of being a member, we would like you to show your membership." Because there were people who were "hanger oners," dissenters and so forth. And he said we will dig another baptismal font here in the street and everyone who doesn't have a record and who is undecided who they are going to follow we will baptize them and give them a record if they give their consent. Well, they had a whole big baptism day in the middle of the space by the old 1st Ward. So there was a rebaptism there.

**Esther:** Now you want to know...

**Susan:** Cure, remedies, medical practices...

**Esther:** Most of the children even when I was going to school wore an aciffinity bag around their neck full of herbs to keep diseases away. They would breathe these herbs all the time. Now I never wore one. My Mother didn't believe in that. But it was a common practice. They never took it off like some people never took their long johns off in the winter time. Oh my.

The remedies were usually herbs. Haws for hearts. Haws were a little berry. You would dry those and boil them and drink that tea. Or you would chew the haws. The Indians never had heart problems at that time because they chewed

these all the time. It's a great heart medicine; the digitalis is a heart medicine. Brigham's tea was great for the immune system. That's the little weed that has a little yellow nodule on top. Dandelions. You could eat that as a salad or you could stir it up and have that tea. Enemas. You could cure anything with an enema. It was the old remedy where you would hold the bag up in the air...oh gosh. You would use those in the hospital all the time when I was in training as a nurse. There's an art to it. Anyway, it will cure anything. Castor oil will cure anything. I told you about the sulfur.

**Susan:** You better go over that one more time.

**Esther:** Well, when spring started to come you opened all the doors and windows to get the air in and clean your house out. Then you took big pieces of sulfur, yellow sulfur, and put broken pieces all over the stove top and it would catch on fire and have this pungent sulfur smell. You would breathe that and that was supposed to fumigate the whole house and you too. Oh my. Most people used that. They did house cleaning to wash and calcimine walls and ceilings to remove smoke. Feather ticks and pillows were taken out and put on the clothes lines to be turned when the sun was hot on them. You would beat the rugs on the clothes lines and try to wash them off. You tried the best you could to get rid of termites, lice, knits, and be clean. And people who didn't do that were recipients of all these little creatures.

Anyway, you used Scott's emulsion. It was white like that paper over there. It was liquid, but it was thick. And that had your castor oil in it and your vitamin D. That was a little easier to take than that horrible tablespoon of castor oil that was just plain.

**Susan:** How often did you take that?

**Esther:** Well, it seemed to me all the time.

**Susan:** Was it just when you were sick?

**Esther:** Well, you couldn't afford to keep all this on hand. It was a preventative thing. If you felt like you were getting a cold you would get a spoon of castor oil or Scott's Emulsion. You know, if you felt like you didn't want to go to school you would get castor oil. It was a stand by.

**Susan:** Tell me about mustard plasters.

**Esther:** Oh, yes, one tablespoon of mustard to four tablespoons of flour. You took a piece of white flannel if you had it, if not it would be your father's handkerchief. You would make a paste with water of this one tablespoon of mustard and four tablespoons of flour and spread it thinly all over this cloth. And then you would take another napkin or piece of wool and make a sandwich out of it and the other piece. Then you would rub your chest with Vaseline and plop this thing on your chest. Then you would take a hot water bottle, if you had one, if not a warm cloth to put on top of that, and that was supposed to take care of all chest problems. And it did to a point. You would have to keep looking because if you left it there for more than about twenty minutes you were blistered. Then you would roll it up and put it in a mason jar with a lid because it would keep. You could use it another time, and you might use that four times a day, you know. It cured a lot of deep coughs and sore throats.

Oh, sore throats. You always had arnica—arnica on your throat and a stocking. You had to have that stocking on there to keep your throat warm. Coughing was cured with vinegar and honey mixture to drink—or honey, pepper with a few drops of lemon extract.

**Susan:** Did you know much about Dr. Eddington or Worlton?

**Esther:** I was born when Dr. Worlton was here and he was my doctor. My Mother had a difficult time with me because I weighed 13 pounds. Anyway, she had an appendectomy the day after I was born. Then she got pneumonia. I didn't see my Mom...I was turned over to a wet nurse until some months later when my Mother was strong enough to take care of me. I think that's where my father and I bonded...right then. He was the caretaker for me, other than the wet nurse.

This was the old Lehi Hospital. It had an elevator that was water-controlled like a bucket. And if you got the heavy Strasburg girls on there, the speed was very slow. Someone in a hurry...you might as well run up the stairs because the water was a weight thing. As the weight would go down the elevator would go up. But the heavier the weight in the elevator was, the slower it went. Anyway, one of the Strasburg girls did the cooking, one the laundry; one was the nurse, such as they were. It was very Spartan...old time. Old

methods. You never got out of bed when you had a child for at least ten days or two weeks. And the same, if you had any kind of surgery, like an appendix, you were flat on your back for at least a month. It was hard in the aspect that they didn't understand the value of activity to keep your circulation active to deter clots and things of that nature. But Doctor Worlton was, as I remember, was a very kind man. And in those days if you couldn't pay, then he'd take part of your property, or something like that. I remember my Father, when Bud was born, one day in a crack in one of the sidewalks, he had his head down most of the time sorting his mail walking, he saw something and he went like that and it was a twenty-five dollar gold piece and that paid for my brother. He said that was a lucky find because we didn't have any extra money. It was 1927, the Depression was just beginning, and the crash was coming on. Anyway, that was a lucky find. The medicines, they dripped chloroform to put you to sleep which is very dangerous, fast but dangerous. They found if you got too low you were in trouble. They finally turned to Ether, and dripped ether. It took a knowledgeable person to recall how deep to put a person under, because it's easy to slip from aware to way down. And that's too far down. But that's how they did it. And they got along pretty well. The instruments were barbaric and they used them barbarically.

**Susan:** Did we have anything on here about the cemetery?

**Esther:** About having to clean the graves. I don't know whether I told you or not, but my Grandmother Wanlass' father was buried up at the head of 2nd West. And when they put the highway in they took those graves and put them in one mass grave up in the present cemetery. And when they put the road in up there they went through this mass grave, so we just put a memorial plaque up next to my Grandmother Hutchings who was his daughter. By the way my Father and his scouts planted all the trees in the cemetery.

**Susan:** Are there any still buried in the original cemetery?

**Esther:** There are.

**Susan:** Just some were moved out when the road was built.

**Esther:** Yes. They were very deceptive in the way that the pioneers did their burials because they didn't want the Indians to know how many had died. It was a safety measure. There were skirmishes, I remember the stagecoach down by the Jordan River, and Indians chased that stagecoach driver, killed him and ate his heart. You had to be cautious. And when the Indian war at Blackhawk, Pleasant Grove was on, they got the militia together and almost killed each other. You had to bring your horse, your gun, and all your own needs. When the leaders would say "about face" some would go the wrong way and shoot someone's horse as they turned. It's hilarious. But they did prevail.

**Susan:** What other things? Because I've completed my list, what do you have on your list that we could go over?

**Esther:** Well, I wanted to take a little more about our school. In the primary school we stayed there three years—1st, 2nd, and 3rd grade. And then we moved over to the grammar building. And those both were where the Legacy Center is. Right south of those two buildings were a couple of big tennis courts. All that is gone, also the track field, it's a parking lot now. When we went to the grammar school we had 4th, 5th, and 6th grades. These were both two story buildings, so you had a home room, more or less, and you rotated around for your different subjects. I remember Geography, Brother Loveraige was our teacher. He would pull down big maps, not from the ceiling but from the wall. It was after World War I, so we saw the outlines of all of Europe, what they were before the war, and he'd pull down another and we'd see how the boundaries had changed. We'd study those maps of Europe. And then, Utah history was a great subject we had that all the time, including the Pioneer to give us an understanding of our state. We did all of the states, their capitals and their county seats, also we did the whole United States. We would know capitals, states, common things they grew, etc. So we did a lot of studying that way. He had an instrument which had the earth on its axis. He would turn this handle, the sun and the moon would rotate around the earth, and the earth would change, on its axis. We could see about how night came about, what position the sun was in and so forth. So we learned a lot about that.

Like I said we were in poor conditions, and some of the children didn't have lunches or milk, so we were all asked to bring milk to school in these little tiny bottles. Those that didn't have a bottle of milk, the school provided. And I don't know where it came from, because there was no refrigeration. But I remember in the 4th grade there was a corner door and our milk was stacked in there. Of course it would get quite warm, but we had to have a ten-minute break for everyone to drink their milk before the end of the day or it wouldn't be drinkable. But it did give those children some kind of nourishment that didn't have any. I remember I weighed 55 pounds in the 5th grade.

We're through with primary, and the secondary. If our physical education teacher called, who ran the races, we'd get together and have a day of competition. He made a big announcement; if you don't have shoes you can't run. If you don't have a gym suit, you're not allowed. So that eliminated half of the boys right there. How terrible. Because they had been running, and the best runner in the whole school ran barefooted. But he couldn't compete because he didn't have shoes.

We did the 6th grade and then we get to the 7th grade. Here comes all the 4th Ward students down to the 7th grade, in mass, walking. Then here comes Cedar Fort and Fairfield for the 7th grade. We all met in the high school for six years, everybody was there. And a 7th grader looking at a twelfth grader, there's a big difference.

I wanted to tell you about Cedar Fort and Fairfield. They were very unique because they were part of our school. They did have a bus. Ralph Smith was, Messersmith actually, but he changed it to Smith, and all of the Smiths in Cedar Fort are Messersmiths. He would start in Fairfield to pick up the Carsons out there. They particularly all were Carsons and some others. Then he'd come to Cedar Fort and get the Aults and the Andersons and the Hackings and the Barrys and Smiths. They all came to town, and that's a long time to be on a bus so early in the morning to have to face the school day. Sometimes they got a little rowdy, and if they were too rowdy he'd stop the bus and let them out, whoever was the rowdy maker. And he'd drive on about another mile and wait until they caught up to the bus then he'd take him on. He carried his rifle there

in the bus. You can imagine how that would go over these days. If anybody saw a coyote, he'd stop the bus quick, somebody would jump up who never had had a turn, grab the rifle and shoot the rifle at that coyote. He was allowed three shots. If he got the coyote, then he had to go get the coyote and drag it over. He draped it over the radiator of the bus and then Mr. Smith would drive on to Lehi. And by the time they hit the railroad tracks down on Main Street, he started to honk. He honked all the way to the high school and everybody came running to see this coyote draped over the radiator. That was their sport. That was his way of keeping them in control.

Our winters, as I say, used to be so hard. And we're talking about old dirt roads, and the rain and the melting snow; the mud would be knee deep thick. And they couldn't get up the hill going up to Cedar Fort so everybody would get out and push. They'd push the school bus to get it up the hill and then they'd get in and away they'd go. When the snow was too deep, that they couldn't have a bus take them home, the principle would go to the different rooms and say we need volunteers to take students home. I always took two, Ora Anderson and Gail Hacking and usually another one of the Barry girls, but it was so fun. My Mother never knew when you were bringing three more bedfellows home. In the springtime you would go and stay with them, over the weekend. So it was an exchange kind of thing. And it was great because you made good friends. Anyway, that's the way Cedar Fort took care of their people. They could never enter into the activities because they had to get on the bus and go home. If they wanted to be in the activities, and they were great athletes, because they were strong farmers, again you would have to take them home, we being on the girl's baseball team. We'd take them home so they could be part of the school. That's what we did to help them. And I've talked about the 4th Ward group. They were poor, also. Not quite as poor as 3rd Ward, but they were poor. I remember this one little boy had ten cows to milk before he came to school. And ten cows to milk after he went home. And he was paid a nickel for milking 20 cows. And that was his job, his mother was a widow and he was the oldest. When school was out off he'd go, they all went together, no one

left each other. They all walked home together. But they knew what they had to do.

I wanted to go back to the smells. You asked me what smells I remember. In those days when there were no roads particularly, it was just a wagon trail, wild roses were everywhere. The smell of those roses was always so delightful. It was like perfume with you everywhere you went. And when the lilacs come on, that was another marvelous time. The fruit blossoms from the fruit trees—everyone had fruit trees, particularly Orem. You could smell them even from Orem that was a marvelous time. You knew it would produce something. But the odor, the fragrance, was so pungent and so good. Orem used to be all fruit orchards.

Now I wanted to go back to tell you how much Saratoga was part of our lives.

**Esther:** All the celebrations in town would end up at Saratoga. We'd all go swimming. The men would have a baseball game. All the men...it didn't matter which ward or whatever. You just got together and played a big round of baseball. There were always a lot of pies and we would have races and get a nickel. And we would go swimming that was part of our exercise. If we could go to Saratoga and swim it would be marvelous. I was really sad to see it not there for the public anymore. The water outside was warm from the springs and you could go there late in the evening and swim and hear the birds. It was great...it was like going to Park City. It was a fun thing to do. And it didn't cost much. You could also go to a movie that would cost five cents until you were twelve and then it was ten. We the first talkie movie...well, it wasn't even a talkie but it was the first motion picture that I can remember had Harold Lloyd in *Welcome Danger*. They let school out to go to the movies because it was the first time that it had come to town.

**Susan:** So did you go to the theatre down town?

**Esther:** Uptown—they were brothers you know, the Taylor's who had the two movie theatres. The words written underneath the posters,—Harold Lloyd in *"Welcome Danger."* A time or two during the school year they would let school out and we would get to go to the movie picture.

I wanted to mention something about Scranton. Scranton...when they got on a big vein of min-

erals they would send word to Daddy, "Did he want any specimens?" They had already collected some for him but they said to come out and see what he wanted. He would finish the days as early as he could and he usually took me because the two older children were older than me enough, that they were always involved. We went out there and got marvelous specimens. I always had a little backpack...it was a cigar box with cotton in it, and we would put the most precious small ones in my backpack. That's how they were carried. Daddy had boxes of things and miners would help him down the mountain.

**Layne:** Could you describe Scranton?

**Esther:** Scranton is out west in Rush Valley. It was a mine for mostly silver, and some other minerals. Daddy had been out there as a young man...there are some things that I can't recall...anyway, he had a lease and he would mine an area and ship it, assay it and he would get the proceeds of what had been dug out. Well, when he left and did the mail full time, he knew everyone; they would call him and tell him that we've got into this wonderful vein with marvelous specimens. We've collected some, but if you want more come out. So we went out to Scranton. We went out there rather frequently; you know not everyday, to collect. Daddy said, "Well, so let's get these down"...it was just going into evening...they were having their mealtime in the mess hall. He said, "Let's just go in and thank the men." Well you know that Scranton took in all the emigrants, ne'er-do-wells, all the people that needed work who didn't know how to do anything else...mining was the place that they went to. Right? So we had young emigrants that didn't speak the language. Most of the people carried side arms. That's what you did because of the mountain lions and bears, rattlesnakes and the skunks and other things. You always carried a gun. My Mother was the best shot ever. She would kill them all. But anyway, as we were starting up the stairs, there was a young boy emigrant, sitting on the bench...you know they split trees and put in four legs...sitting there taking off his shoes. He screamed and jumped right into my Father's arms. "She ringeth za bell, she ringeth za bell (very slurred speech)." Of course, he was screaming. Everybody came running out of the mess hall. What had happened is he had stopped to take off his shoes, he was only about 16,

when he put his foot down like that and wiggled it, there was a big rattlesnake stretched under this bench that had gotten out of the sun into the shade. Of course that foot down there...he coiled and shot and the boy recognized the ringing of the bell "she ringeth za bell". A miner just took his gun and killed it. I will always remember the boy flying into my Father's arms. She's ringeth za bell (slurred). He didn't know what else to say. That was the climax of that day.

Then we went to Mercur quite a bit. That was for gold. Ralph Smith the bus driver, was always working around there with the miners and Daddy, they would go there. Ralph got the contract to take out all the old wooden pipes that went into the smelter. They were made of wood and were wrapped with wire; I think one of them is here in the museum. Anyway, there was so much gold that had been left in the pipes that he really made out very well. No one else would ever think of such a thing. When they were smelting the gold had to go through these pipes. There were little dugouts in the mountains everywhere. The mountain was just like an anthill where people were working. They always had a thresh hold you know, like over the door as an entrance. We as kids would get in there...not too far. My father would say "You never know what's in there." He knew we would explore. Well, Daddy went in one, and across that thresh hold was a rattlesnake. Daddy had his head down and had his miners hat on which happened to be his new one that was a hard hat, that snake zipped him right here (forehead) on that hardhat and then fell to the ground. You don't realize what is around the corner that you might get accosted with. But that was lucky for him that he had that hat on.

**Susan:** How long would it take you to get out to places like Mercur?

**Esther:** Oh, a good hour or more.

**Susan:** What did you drive?

**Esther:** We had one car, a 1927 Chevrolet, two doors. Daddy made boards straight across the running boards because we couldn't carry the whole family and everything else. To open the door he would make a slot and we would fill all these places on both sides. If we were good coming home, he would always let the two who

talked the loudest to sit on the wheel humps outside and play like we were driving. We could ride, and get gnats up your nose...these big bolus' of gnats. But we had a good time. My parents, I can't give them enough credit. That was Mercur.

**Layne:** Can you explain where the emigrants came from?

**Esther:** They came from everywhere. You know, I am not speaking for the Chinese or the Japanese, these are Scandinavians usually and Germans, too. Germans wanted to get away from World War I so they would emigrate. The people of a country don't always agree with their leaders and they want out.

I was going to tell you how free we were. We would ride our bicycles to Pleasant Grove to go to Strawberry Days when they gave away free strawberries. Three or four of us would get on our bikes...our parents wouldn't worry about us. They would just say...there weren't that many cars...they would just say "stay out of the middle of the road." And in American Fork...we would get on our bicycles and ride to American Fork. It wasn't as far to down the river as it was to American Fork. We would ride to Cedar Fort on our bicycles. It was a great life and I'm sorry that we don't have it this way these days. Have I left anything out?

**Susan:** Railroad?

**Esther:** Okay. It's called the Junction because it was where the Utah Central uptown near where the old station is, that was the hub for Utah Central railroad. And it was where all the supplies came and supplies for other trains were stored there.

**Susan:** Is that where the train depot is...the one that they have redone?

**Esther:** Yes. There was a spur line from here to the Junction to a point high up on the hill north and a little west of the old 3rd Ward church. That was the DNRG. And that's what it was...it was just a junction where it went from here to there and you got on the big train and then left until they changed the routes. But that's what the junction was. You know we used to have a lot of little Mom-and-Pop stores. So you didn't have to go downtown. They were just for basics. There

wasn't the variety of things that they have now. You got a little meat, usually bacon, from someone who had butchered a hog. A little meat, milk...sometimes you would get eggs, but usually from your neighbors or you had it yourself. But these Mom-and-Pop stores were a Godsend because the people didn't have any transportation. That's where the word Junction came from, it was a feeder line from one railroad to the other.

During the Depression we had hobos. They would get off at the Junction and start to walk the railroad down to town and as I told you one time before, we grew rabbits for our meat. We had several pens and we had our little bantee chickens that laid eggs all over. By the way, chickens don't lay eggs in the winter so we would use a water glass. Do you know what a water glass is?

**Susan:** No.

**Esther:** Well, you would purchase this powder from the apothecary. It wasn't a drug store, it was an apothecary. You would mix it with water and you would put it in a large pickle jug, you know that you made pickles in a crock pot. You mix this water glass in there, it was thick and milky. When you had eggs you would put the eggs in this water glass and fill this crock pot full of eggs. You would have two or three of those.

**Susan:** Were they raw?

**Esther:** Yes, they were raw eggs. You would get the eggs and put them in there. The water glass mixture would keep them fresh and you would have eggs all winter long. That's a marvelous thing. Anyway, we kept missing rabbits and missing eggs and missing a few little chicks. And we couldn't imagine why. Mother never did turn anyone away that came to the door for a meal. "Do you have any kindling that you want me to chop; do you have anything for me to do? I haven't eaten." And she would always come up with something for them to eat. As I said, my father brought a lot of people home that lived with us forever. But the ordinary man that just wanted a meal and move on, my Mother fed. Now they weren't asked to come into the home. They sat in a warm spot on the porch and ate their meal. Anyway, my father said, "Something is wrong here." So he said, "I'm going to follow some signs that I have been aware of." Outside on a telephone post, further up from our home, in tramp

language...they had their own language...and arrows that pointed to our house where they could get rabbits and eggs and chicks. It went all the way up to the Junction. So that was the kind of place that they could get food without asking.

**Layne:** Where was the Johnson store?

**Esther:** The Johnson store was right near where the train stopped at the Junction. It was on to their home...you know, a little cubby hole onto their home and it was right south of where the train stopped. So people that had money could go in there to get something to prepare. But it was easier to follow the signs.

**Susan:** You know, you have mentioned about how trains would pull into the water stop, how did the water get into the barrels that were up high to load into the train?

**Esther:** It had to be pumped. On the tankers that go through with the trains, the rounded cars, they had water tankers that would bring water to the tower when it got low and put the water in. But being that it was in the desert and the engines were steam, sometimes they would use more water than they would otherwise. So that is why they had a station out there to provide water in the ordinary sense of the word, otherwise, they didn't need to stop. It was a mail station too. I told you about the little girl that was hunting her uncle and she stayed with us. Anyway they would pump the water. They had a great big handle that would come down and then pump water back into it.

#### ***Additional notes from Esther:***

##### ***Irrigation***

Once a week you would get a half hour for each share of water you owned. Daddy was the Water Master for water on the Hutchings Creek. The creek water was divided in areas where water was used. Irrigation was used on a 24-hour basis which meant it was during day and night. So turn times were rotated. Each person on this creek was notified each week with a "water notice" of their turn on a receipt paper. Daddy made out their receipts and we children delivered them every week. He also had us take older person's turns so they wouldn't have to get up at night. Lawns were flooded then as sprinklers were not

invented. Cattle, sheep, and goats grazed on most lawns instead of using a heavy-hand pushed mower. Besides, it provided food for the animals.

Hutchings Creek comes off of Dry Creek above the highway to the north and is divided there. Dry Creek is the natural channel that goes out of American Fork Canyon to Utah Lake. This left the homesteaders in west Lehi no way to irrigate. My grandparents built on the hill, 6th North and 2nd West in 1902-03, leaving their little home at about 190 West and 2nd North on Dry Creek. The newly formed irrigation company came to my grandparents and asked to build a new creek through another part of their homestead which would flow through their property turning west at 6th North. This would supply water to the people out west so they could irrigate. The water would finally empty into the Jordan River, not the lake. The idea was to have some control over some water. Salt Lake had filed on all water here that came out of Utah Lake via the Jordan River from June of each year until late fall. The new creek would secure the homesteaders water before it hit the Jordan all year long. Salt Lake then drilled 300 wells along side the Jordan to leach more water. Most have been capped now. In winter-time it is possible to see a few of these wells by the frozen designs spurting out of the caps. Of course my grandparents gave permission, the stream of water to the side of my house is the Hutchings Creek. To strengthen the sides of the new creek my Grandfather cut starts of willow trees and planted them all the way to the Jordan. He cut the starts from trees around Johnson's Army Camp where he worked as a butcher. Many of these trees are still alive, however, with so much pasture and farmland being housing areas, now the trees are fast disappearing.

### ***Childhood Fun***

More fun for us children was catching tadpoles in the puddles, where the Lehi Elementary school sits. We took our buckets with water, caught the tadpoles, brought them home and placed them in an old #3 tub with water. We watched them mature into frogs and jump out.

Our orchard was full of every kind of bird and nest. We also had ducks, quail and pheasants there. It was an adventure to find their nests and watch the hatching from a distance.

For all the winter birthdays Grandfather Colledge put sleigh runners on his wagon. He would come over the fields, through the drifts to our house. There was fresh straw and hot rocks, and robes for us children. We went about the town until we were cold and then came home for chili and hot chocolate. Sometimes we skated on Utah Lake when the ice was thick before the wind broke the ice and piled it as high as a house around the shore.

Before there was a real mortuary in Lehi, there was an embalmer, Bishop Lewis of the old 3rd Ward. He had a small lean to by his house which was only one room. This was up the street from our house; 7th North and 2nd West. When we walked to church we walked on the other side of the road. Sometimes we could see through the dirty, half covered window that a body was laying there. We always ran past this structure as we were frightened.

During the drought in the '30s, Utah Lake went dry except for a small stream that you could step or jump over. From the pumps where the Jordan River begins, it was possible to walk from there across the lake to Provo.

### ***Church***

The old 3rd Ward meeting house with the large meeting room had a spring floor. Everyone came to dance after a bazaar or country store. The benches were moved to around the walls. At a certain time children of all ages would be stretched out with a little blanket and would be fast asleep, in spite of all the noise. Usually Carter's Orchestra was the music. The people danced the Virginia Reel, Quadrill, or Waltz, jumping with the spring of the floor.

Bazaars were an all day affair. Women came early to make pies: raisin, apple, cherry, goose-berry, apricot, rhubarb, currant, etc. Remember the kitchen was tiny with one regular cook stove. Baked pies were lined up on the open window sills. Everything was made from scratch and water had to be carried and butter made. Occasionally a pie from the sill was missing. Some wandering boys smelled the goodies and could not resist. Pies were auctioned off and families gathered around to eat or carry them home. When cooked they were put on cardboard plates like a heavy crust. One person stated that was the

hardest crust he had ever eaten. He had eaten the cardboard crust the pie was placed in. All this ended in dancing.

### ***Country Store***

There was singing and a program, and then baskets containing a small lunch were auctioned. Every lady brought a basket decorated to be the prettiest containing a lunch, they were lined up in front of the room. Young people hoped to have a dollar to bid on one a pretty girl had brought. When a basket was purchased, they chose someone to eat with him. Men tried to have some change to buy his wife's basket. Everything ended in dancing.

### ***Water Wagon***

As there was no hard-serviced roads, everything was dirt. In late spring, hot summer, and windy fall there was the Lehi Water Wagon coming down the wagon trail street. This was a wooden cylinder on a wagon pulled by two large horses. The cylinder was filled with water. Two men were in the driver's seat. There was a lever to be turned to allow the water to spray out the back of the big cylinder like a waterfall. This was used on the roads within the city which had the most wagon or buggy traffic. It was wonderful to have the streets watered down to settle the dust. If it did not rain we saw the water wagon more frequently. Whenever it came down our street there was always a group of young boys in overalls, no shoes, hanging on the back of the wagon running with it the best they could. The boys would get wet all over and have a great time in the water before the drivers shooed them off.