Verona Stocks...continued

came to the big cook tent, Uncle Felix played his guitar or violin, Aunt Pearl and Uncle Heber and everybody danced. When I was there they could dance a quadrille as it took four couples. There was only three women in the camp. They taught me to waltze too. Oh, I was very proud to be treated like a lady. Uncle Heber and Aunt Pearl were always the life of the party.

One morning Uncle Heber was getting ready to take a load of lumber to Thompson; I was following him around as he harnessed the horses. I did not go around them I just went under. I went under one horse and Uncle Heber grabbed me and told me not to come around that horse again. The spats did not hurt but my feelings were hurt so I stayed away from them both, Uncle Heber and the horse.

Soon it was time for me to start school. Mary and I walked the 2 1/4 miles to school, although I was seven; my birthday being April 1, I could hardly make home sometimes my legs hurt so bad. Mary would almost carry me.

I soon learned I could not just memorize the words, I had to learn them. At recess and noon I played house with two friends when it was warm and if I felt good. One day two boys from Mary's class came and wrecked our play house. Mary came, saw what the boys had done so

she punched one in the nose. Dad had told us if we had to fight get in the first punch, bloody a nose or black an eye. That punch in the nose took all the fight out of that boy when he saw the blood. The other boy got a black eye, One of their friends passing by said no girl could whip him so he came swinging. It was a good fist fight but when he left he knew he had been in a fight and he could not win.

They did not make a feud out of the fight, they needed Mary on their baseball team. Sometimes there was not enough boys for a baseball team in that

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age group. The girls I remember playing with them most was Mary and Amy Stewart. I even played a little because Mary told them if I could hit the ball at all I could make a base. When she said I could I did.

I missed a lot of school because of rheumatic fever so I heard things and watched how people acted. Annie could still not be moved and being so young she required a lot of attention. Mother was having a hard time getting around. Grandma and Aunt Pearl resented us being in their home. They were L.D.S. and Irish, Mother was English and not a Mormon. Her folks had almost disowned her for marrying a Mormon. Mother had no defense against any of

them. I learned to dislike my Grandmother at that time. I was too young to realize Grandma was having trouble with her legs, and Grandpa was old and needed more rest. Uncle Felix made Annie some crutches to use as soon as her leg healed enough and he started fixing up the Log cabin so we could move into it.

When Annie was better, Dad thought Mother could handle her, he went to Blanding after our things. Uncle Jack and Victor went with him and they stayed all winter. They moved the big tent to Dad's farm to live in then they cut fence posts and before Dad came back to Moab he helped Jack get a few loads of poles off the mountain to build corrals.

When Dad got back to Moab he found that Mother was very sick, her baby was born Oct. 28, 1912. They named her Margaret Angeline. She was a sickly little thing. Mother had measles when she was born and they almost lost both Mother and baby. When Mother was able to take care of her baby we moved

into the Log cabin. Mary could and did take care of Mother and she did most of her cooking, Dad was good about fixing breakfast, I did not mind doing the dishes, or bringing in wood.

April 1, 1913 my birthday. I was eight years old and Dad and Mother left for Blanding taking their three youngest daughters with them, also Grandma's nephew and niece Arthur and Claudia Kimble and their daughter from Missouri. They left Mary and me with Grandpa and Grandma to finish out the school year.

I spent most of my time

around the Cabin, Mary did not like to play dolls but sometimes Aunt Pearl would let us have a play dinner that suited Mary to bring the food and fix it for us, she always said the blessing. I left my dolls there until Uncle Victor, who had come home sometime in the winter, started throwing them out in the dirt and telling aunt Pearl that we wouldn't take care of anything. She shut the door and kept us out for awhile. Uncle Felix told her what really happened. Victor was sick alot, bad appendix, he never did much work, he was the right age to be full of pranks, and we were good victims. I got the impression I did not like boys.

NEXT ISSUE: Driving cows to Monticello, farming in Blanding...and goats that eat tobacco.

PHOTOS: Above, Uncle felix delivers the mail across Dry Valley. Below, a wagon team in front of the Moab Merc (now the Poplar Place).



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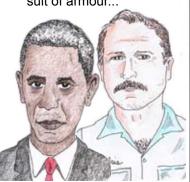
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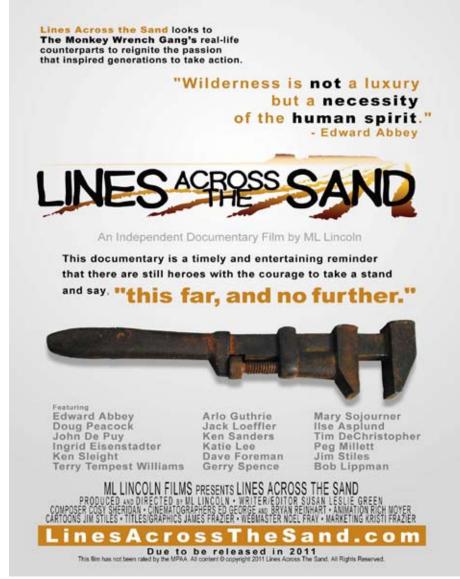
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who, each issue, manages to move The Zephyr into cyber-space, without causing the editor to have a nervous breakdown.





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The Desert Rat's FASCINATING FACT OF THE MONTH!!!

Samples in two cities found that in winter the most common bacteria in the air is from feces—probably that of dogs. Researchers want to extend their air sampling to cities across the country to see how widespread the bacteria might be. MSNBC

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