

VERONA STOCKS (CONT)

us a lot. He never worked or helped out in any way. He was bossy with us kids and he always sat in Mother's rocking chair. Mary and I mocked his way of eating, that helped us because we learned to eat with our mouths closed and did not smack our lips. Mother never stayed in that room when he was eating and she never caught us making fun of him.

He went too far when he ordered Mother to cook his dinner one day when she had very little to cook and he was a big eater. Mary had a scheme, he always went to sleep in the rocking chair after he ate. We got soot out of the stove, Mary put a little water in it and painted his bald head. Got some on his face too. Then we put a looking glass right in front of him. We got tin pans and beat on them with sticks. That woke him up, and when he saw himself in that looking glass he was really mad. He went after Mary and she grabbed a pan of soapy water and threw it in his face and eyes. We got out of there fast and found Mother.

Eph packed his things and went to Joe's place but he was not welcome there either so he soon went back to Moab. Dad never did say a word to us kids for giving Eph a bad time.

I did not like to go to Blanding. The mountains were all wrong and not in the right place, the sun did not come over them. There were no beautiful tall cliffs and no red rock hills close by. The town was not right either, even though there were some beautiful homes there were no rows of tall green poplars, no spreading cottonwood trees and no orchards. Even after all the things that were wrong, I was not unhappy after we reached the dry farm, I was just too busy, Mother was happy and Dad worked six days a week most of the time, when he was home on Sunday, he read the Bible to us and asked us questions. When we finished the lessons, if we listened closely it took about an hour then we played game or went on a picnic to the spring. We had to haul our water and Dad made it fun.

After Dad had typhoid fever he stopped drinking. He liked to sing and read, he read to Mother, because she did not like to read. They did not intend to go back to Moab that fall so Dad bought a lot on the outskirts of Blanding, west of Redd's store. There were Cedar and Pinyon trees all around the lot.

Dad needed those work mares the stallion had stolen, especially Queen. Nickle was alright working with Bally for light loads, but for hauling logs or doing road work he was too small.

Dad went looking for tracks to see if those wild horses were near.

He took Mary and me along. Mary was riding on Mother's side saddle, but I was riding Nickle bare back with just a rope around his neck when we came onto that herd of horses suddenly. The ones near us were mostly domestic animals so they did not panic like the wild ones would. Dad jerked the rope off Nickle, told me to hang on or those horses coming behind me would run over me. He hit Nickle on the rump with that rope and told him to go home quick he did, about 30 head of horses behind him, Dad coming behind them yelling and using the rope on any horse that tried to slow down, Mary coming behind him screaming and scared I would fall off. Well I had no choice but to hang on and ride. Nickle was running all out, the horses behind him were running and some of them were right beside us. He went into that corral fast, those horses right with him. I got back to the gate where Dad was and said "Well let's go get the rest of those horses." Dad laughed and said we don't need any more.

We got our mares, Queen, Sal and Bird who had a beautiful red colt with her, he was big and built like the red Stallion. Dad kept a few more of the horses for their owners and turned the rest loose.

The Bishop says the kids are wild.

Soon after that Dad hitched Bally and Queen to the buggy and sent Mary and me to the store. We sure made a fast trip, Mary scared me much worse than riding after wild horses. She decided we should have a horse race. Bally and Queen hooked to the buggy and to each other she got them on the run alright, only they stayed close together so she got down on the buggy tongue between them, that's the way we came in to town. The horses were glad to stop at the store. It was not so bad going home, she told me about this good drink she had and told me she would make me one. She did too, she made it with vanilla sugar and water. The vanilla was the real thing, mostly alcohol.

Mother and Dad did not pay much attention to us then, later when we went to bed they did. It was a hot night so we all thought it would be great to sleep by the haystack. Mary and I thought it would be fun to climb on the haystack and slide off. Dad told us to stop it and go to bed so we climbed up it and slid right down on his bed, giggling and talking loud. He caught us and discovered we were drunk. He told us to slide off the other side of the haystack for awhile. It was years before I could even eat vanilla ice cream.

The Bishop got after Dad because he was bringing up his girls to be so wild. We thought we would be a little wilder so when we rode into Blanding on our way to school we would stand up in the saddles, get the horses to go on a high lope then change horses, I would step across to Mary's saddle and she would

step over to mine.

Then one morning on our way to school the double tree bolt broke and the buggy tipped over--it was going to her side, if I went toward my side I had to go up so when she jumped out. I followed her and landed halfway in the ditch. She unhooked the horses, tied them to the fence nearby, then she made me go to school wet to the waist. I sure was embarrassed because there was a girl in my class that always wet her pants and I thought the kid would think I did.

The reason we had the buggy was because Arthur Kimball saw us riding into town on a lope and changing horses. They thought it was safer in the buggy. Some guy saw the buggy and horses and rode all the way to the ranch to tell Mother we had tipped over on the bridge, the water was deep and running swift, and he couldn't find us anywhere. He hitched a couple of horses to the wagon and come as fast as those horses could travel. The first thing she saw was those horses tied to a fence, so she came to school and found us safe. She had a good visit with Claudia Kimball.

I think this happened in 1915 but it could have been 1914. We were sleeping in the cabin when we were awakened by this awful commotion. Mother was yelling at us to light the lamp quick and help her, and there was a cat squalling. Mary got the lamp lit and saw Mother fighting with a great big cat. It would get away from Mother jump back on the bed where Mother's youngest child was sleeping and put his mouth and nose over hers. It took all three of us to get that big tom cat out of the house. Mother's arms face and neck were all bleeding where the cat had scratched her. She awakened her little Margaret, she seemed so drowsy and hardly able to wake up. Mother did not sleep the rest of that night. She had come awake just in time to save her child's life.

The next morning Mary and I hunted all around for that cat, it was close to the house, we had long sticks to beat it with. We could chase it but it would not go far. Finally we set the dog on it. He killed it. That cat seemed evil to us all. He did not belong to us and we did not know where he came from.

Dad finally got our cabin built up near Blanding. We did not mind the short walk to school. After school Mary and I usually had to bring the cows home.



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One of them had a bell on so we could easily find them. They usually grazed along Cottonwood Wash. One evening when we found them some Indian women and kids were trying to drive them toward their camp. Mary picked up a stick and yelled at the boss cow, Baldy, she started for home and the calves, the rest following her. The Indians did not give up trying to turn them at first. But the cows were going home. One young squaw kept running along side me and pulling my hair. I had fairly long braids. Mary kept yelling at me to keep running. Of course I had no intention of stopping. I could dodge the Indian by going under trees, she could not because she was fat. Most of the Indians were laughing at her so she gave up the chase and let us go home.

We were very crowded in the little log cabin there in Blanding, but Mother and Dad were both happier than they could ever be in Moab. Mother was going to get another baby, Mary and I kept watching her as the weeks went by, still no baby so we decided it was surely two babies and one at least had to be a boy. Mary said she was going to love and take care of that boy the most. I said I would take of the baby girl because boys grew up to be mean and destructive.

I was ten and Mary was twelve but we did the washing that winter, Mother could not bend over a scrub board. Dad still had to haul water just a short distance, When the snow came we melted that to wash the clothes. I know Annie was going to school so she must have walked with us in the morning, she did not come with us from school, so she probably got out earlier.

Next month: The twins are born. The family moves back to Moab.



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