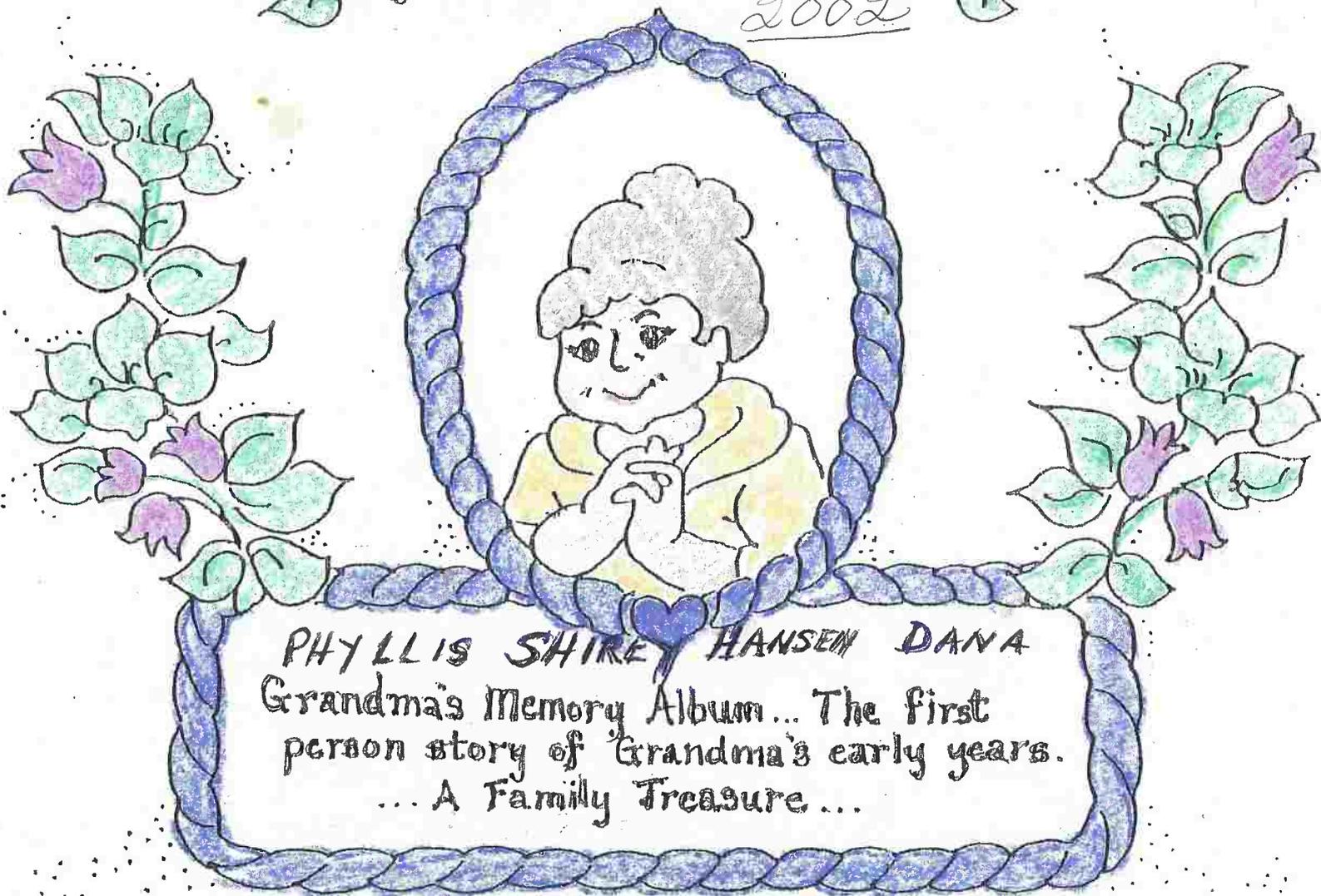


A Gift of Memories

from Grandma

2002

Shirley Dana



HOME

*It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home,
A heap o' sun an' shadder, an' ye sometimes have t' roam
Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef' behind,
An' hunger fer 'em somehow, with 'em allus on yer mind.
It don't make any differunce how rich ye get t' be,
How much yer chairs an' tables cost, how great yer luxury;
It ain't home t' ye, though it be the palace of a king,
Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped round everything.*

*Home ain't a place that gold can buy or get up in a minute;
Afore it's home there's got t' be a heap o' livin' in it;
Within the walls there's got t' be some babies born, and then
Right there ye've got t' bring 'em up t' women good, an' men;
And gradjerly, as time goes on, ye find ye wouldn't part
With anything they ever used—they've grown into yer heart:
The old high chairs, the playthings, too, the little shoes they wore
Ye hoard; an' if ye could ye'd keep the thumb-marks on the door.*

*Ye've got t' weep t' make it home, ye've got t' sit an' sigh
An' watch beside a loved one's bed, an' know that Death is nigh;
An' in the stillness o' the nigh t' see Death's angel come,
An' close the eyes o' her that smiled, an' leave her sweet voice dumb.
Fer these are scenes that grip the heart, an' when yer tears are dried,
Ye find the home is dearer than it was, an' sanctified;
An' tuggin' at ye always are the pleasant memories
O' her that was an' is no more—ye can't escape from these.*

*Ye've got t' sing an' dance fer years, ye've got t' romp an' play,
An' learn t' love the things ye have by usin' 'em each day;
Even the roses 'round the porch must blossom year by year
Afore they 'come a part o' ye, suggestin' someone dear
Who used t' love 'em long ago, an' trained 'em jes' t' run
The way they do, so's they would get the early mornin' sun;
Ye've got t' love each brick an' stone from cellar up t' dome:
It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home.*

By Edgar Guest
from *A Heap o' Livin'*

4D Tuesday, November 14, 2006

FAMILY CIRCUS

By BIL KEANE



11-14

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"Is this YOU? Gee, Grandma,
what happened?"

Fun 'Back When'

Back in the good ol' days,
Whenever chores were done,
The children went to play,
Having homemade fun.

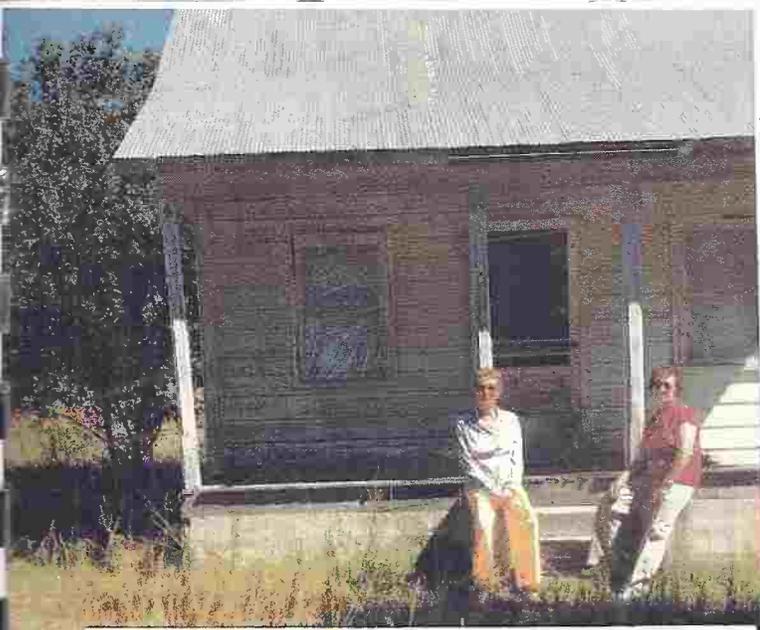
Packed dirt was great for marbles
And mumblety-peg with knives.
Tree limbs made for climbing
Threatened brave boys' lives.

Hide-and-seek was played;
Hopscotch squares were chalked.
Games of tag were frantic,
You'd run and never walked.

Girls' dolls were often corncobs
With umber silk for hair.
Others sewn from rags,
Were plain but held so dear.

There were no fancy playgrounds,
Ballparks, malls or zoos.
But we never even thought to miss
Such things we never knew.

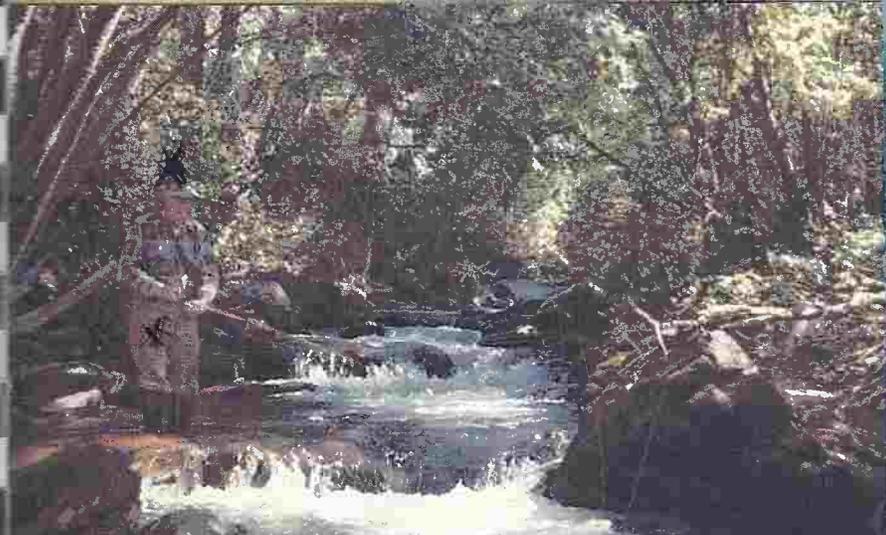
—LaNue Parnell-Reynolds



The house was built
in 1880 by Andrew Allen.
Said to come to
Hayden. (1882)



1983 HOME IN HIGH CREEK
Bev & mother

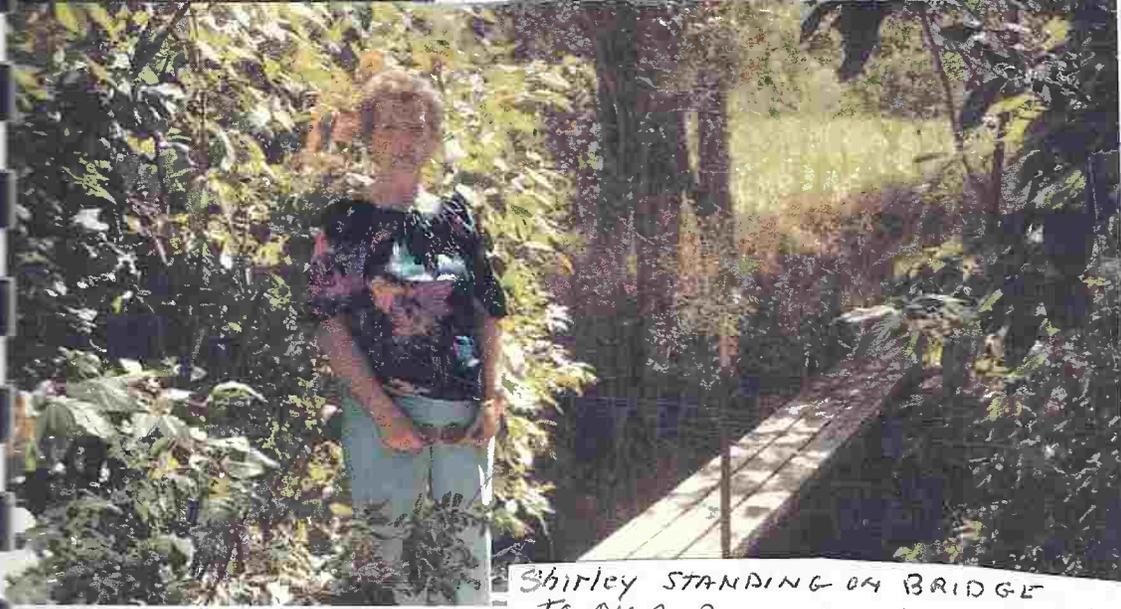


DAD FISHING IN
HIGH CREEK



COLLEEN & KEITH
MILTON BARNES

Shirley H. DANA
Our neighbors & friends
visited our property
in High Creek - our
property joined Barnes &



Shirley STANDING ON BRIDGE
TO OUR PROPERTY - HIGH CREEK

Mildred P. Hansen

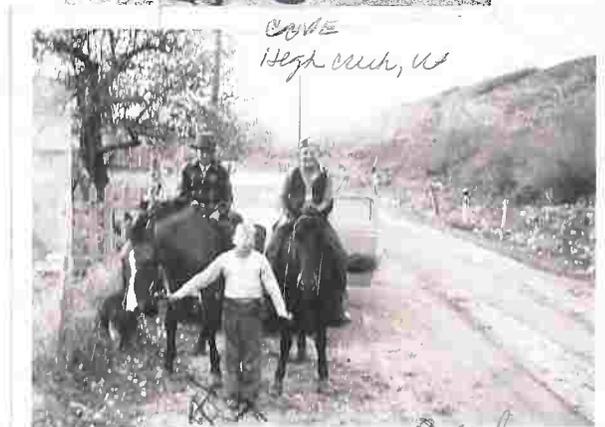


MOTHER 1917

Herold Hansen

1918, 1919-

Dad



CAVE High Creek, W

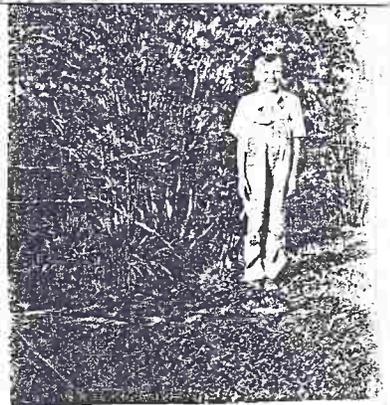
MY BROTHER Bud



MOTHER & DAD 1969



CALIFORNIA
Shirley 1930 5yrs
Beverly 4yrs 3 1/2



BUD



GRANDMA ANNIE HANSEN

THE HANSEN FAMILY
IN HIGH CREEK

had moved away.

COVEVILLE WARD, Benson Stake Cache Co., Utah, consists of the Lat-ter-day Saints residing in a fertile farming district lying between Rich-mond, Utah, and Franklin, Idaho, its northern boundary being the line be-tween Utah and Idaho. Eastward the ward extends to the mountains, south to Richmond, and west to Cub River. The center of the ward, where the meeting house stands, is about three miles northeast of Richmond, four miles south of Franklin, three miles south of the state line and 16 miles north of Logan.

The Coveville settlement, a farming community, dates back to 1871, when Robert Gregory located in that locality with his family and others in the so-called Cove, about 1½ miles northeast of the present Coveville center. Other settlers followed, and in 1877 the resi-dents of Coveville were organized as a branch of the Church with Charles Hopkins Allen as presiding Elder. This branch was organized into a ward Nov. 28, 1882, with John Christian Larsen as Bishop. After a successful admin-istration covering 36 years he was suc-ceeded in 1917 by Hyrum Lester Bah,

→ **OF UNCLE**

who presided Dec. 31, 1930. On that date the ward had 230 members, in-cluding 49 children, out of a total pop-ulation of 259. In 1886 about 900 shade trees were planted around the meeting house, forming a beautiful grove.

Coveville Ward belonged to Cache Stake until 1901, since which year it has been a part of the Benson Stake.

Reverton, etc

When I was born. Dad had came home from working at the sugar factory, to be with mom. Grandma, Mrs. Eve Frandsen and some other lady was there when I was born. Mom said I had lots of long straight black hair and one of the ladies cut my hair and made bangs. Later that summer when mom was outdoors with me in her arms when a few Indians walked by on their way to camp up in High Creek canyon. They stopped by to exchange a few words and the Buck said to mom " me want papoose." Me with my long straight black hair and olive skin I would of fit in the group. I'm glad Mom kept me.

I can remember when I was young the Indians used to walk past our house on their way up the canyon to camp to hunt and fish during the summer months. They did this for quite a few summers. Then one summer they never came. We didn't know the tribe or where they came from or *where* they went. *Shoshone Indians*

AND THE DOCTOR.

HIGH CREEK MEMORIES
OF
PHYLLIS SHIRLEY HANSEN DANA

Daughter of Harold and Mildred Pugmire Hansen; Born 30 November, 1925 in the house at High Creek, Cove, Utah, Cache County, Utah.

The area where we lived was named after the stream of water that flowed down from the mountains east of our house; namely, HIGH CREEK. The melting snow pack provided water year around for everyone that lived there. Man and animals. The mountains and the snows were the life sustaining force of the whole area. The creek ran it's course about 25ft. south of our house down the canyon toward the west to Cove proper. The sound of the running water soothed us to sleep every night and greeted us every morning. During the springtime the fast melted snow rushed down the creek bed and made a booming sound as the water coursed over the rocks. The creek could be very dangerous then. We were cautioned to stay away from it then. A few times it has flooded over the banks when there was high water.

The House

The house was white frame and the roof extended out to cover the front porch. There was cement steps leading up to the front porch. There was a window on either side of the front door. Two small windows on the north side of the house. A back door. One larger window on the south side in the kitchen. Dad built a small celler under the kitchen side of the house. It had an outside entrance with cement steps leading inside. Shelves were built on one side to hold the canned fruit jars for storage. There was just room enough to put a small bed. Bev and I slept there during the hot summer months. The kitchen was in the NE and back section of the house. A partition seperated the two rooms. Kitchen, living-sleeping room. The kitchen contained a wood-coal burning stove for cooking and heating. A free standing cupboard held dishes, tableware and etc. Frying pans were in the oven. Pots and pans in a little cupboard by the stove. A little washSTAND under the south window held a tin wash basin, and a water bucket. A nail was used to hang the towel on to wipe our hands and face. All of us drank from the tin cup that hung from the side of the bucket. The same towel was used by all. Most of the neighbors had the same drinking and washing facilities. So it wasn't unusual, just a normal condition.

very few clothes to wear - coats - few dresses worn - 1 suit.
1 standing cupboard for 6 peoples clothes =
Nails were used to hang items on.



I ^{didn't} like to see the empty water bucket as we had to take it to the creek to fill it with water. In the middle of the kitchen was a standard size table and chairs. Usually an oilcloth tablecover was on it. Oilcloth had a pattern on it. Sometimes a pretty table cloth was on it. A day bed was in a corner of the room. This bed had two sides that had to be lifted up and locked in place to widen the bed. Each morning the bed had to be made for sitting and each evening it had to be made for sleeping. This is the bed Grandma, Bev and I slept in.

In the front room there was a free standing heater that burned wood or coal that was used for heating. There was a free standing heavy cardboard closet that we hung our clothes in. A sewing machine, a gateleg table, chairs, a regular size bed that Mom and Dad slept in, and a small bed that our younger brother, Bud slept in. There was a small table that the radio was on.

At one time Mother and Dad decided to re-arrange the living quarters. The room in the front of the house became the kitchen and the ~~back~~ room became the living-bedroom. I have no idea why this happened. Our floor coverings were painted linoleum. The design wore off with wear and the black backing showed. It was time to be replaced. The front room was covered with a wool rug. To prepare the floor it had to be swept and mopped and clean newspaper was laid down for padding. A poor substitute for the soft cushioned padding we enjoy today. The floor coverings ~~were~~ always pre-measured and were bought by the size that would fit the room. There was no wall to wall carpeting. To clean the carpet we would hang it outside on the wire clothline and beat the dirt out with a broom. No vacuum cleaner. Our house was always neat and clean. We hung our clothes in the closet or on a nail in the door. We dusted furniture and made the beds. There was no clutter. A place for everything and everything in it's place.

Straw that was freshley threshed was used to fill the tick mattresses. Ticking was a name for a tightly woven material that was used to make mattress covers. I remember sleeping on a feather filled mattress but that wasn't very comfortable either. The feathers moved when we moved and soon they were in a lump under you, or you had no padding at all. We would take the mattress off the bed and throw them over the clothline and beat them to fluff them up. Eventually we bought a spring filled mattress. Hooray.

• Use it up, wear it out
make it do - or do without

Mother and Dad slept in a standard size bed. Boards were placed on a lip of the bed frame and the bedspring was placed on the boards then the mattress. Luxurious queen and king sized beds with pillow top mattress were unimaginable. When Mom and Dad went to town their parting words were "don't jump on the bed!!" Their words were like an open invitation. With us kids jumping on the bed it didn't take long until the boards snapped and broke and the bed sagged. We didn't look forward to the folk's return because there was no way to cover up our deed. Dad had to wire the broken boards together and then replace the broken boards with new ones.

Houses were made of lath and plaster without insulation. They were hot in the summer and cold in the winter. Grandma would find a large smooth rock and heat it in the oven.. When it was time to go to bed the rock was wrapped in an old blanket and put at our feet to help keep us warm in the cold winter nights. We huddled close together to keep us warm. In later years Bev remarked she didn't think it was a bit fair for her to sleep against the outside wall and not sleep in the middle as that is where I slept. Shame on me.

OUTSIDE OF HOUSE

A few families in High Creek had piped in water from the creek and it was cold as there was no water heaters. The other families were like us. We carried water from the creek in buckets. The water to be used for everything that required water. Water to cook with, wash the dishes, wash clothing, scrubbing floors, canning, drinking and bathing just to name a few things. I thought it was a long distance from the creek to the house. Looking back it was a relative short distant. The country experienced a great economic depression during my childhood years. From 1925, 30 goods and supplies ^{were} very hard to purchase. We were blessed as much as anyone in our farming community. Everyone lived in similiar circumstances. Mother and Dad grew a big garden by the creek on the SW. side of our property. There was a few fruit trees and a big raspberry patch on north side of the house. We had red currant and gooseberry bushes, plus there was chokecherry trees across the creek.

The folks bought the basics from the store, such as sugar, flour, lard, salt and etc. Few jobs to be had and very little money. Every thing was made from scratch. Nothing came packaged or boxed. I asked Dad if we were poor, and he said "we are all poor".

We helped weed the garden, pick and can fruit. Mother sold her raspberries for

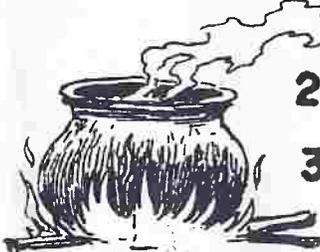
RECEET FOR WASHIN CLOTHES

1. Bild fire in backyard to heet kettle of rane water.

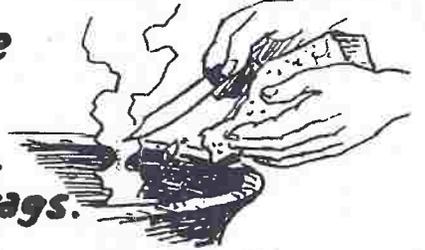


2. Set tubs so smoak won't blow in eyes if wind is per.

3. Shave one hole cake lie sope in bilin water.



4. Sort things. Make 3 piles. 1 pile white, 1 pile cullerd, 1 pile werk britches and rags.



5. Stur flour in cold water to smooth, then thin down with bilin water.

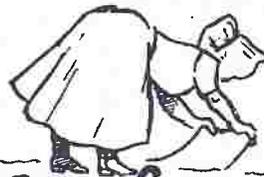


6. Rub durty spots on bored, scrub hard. Then bile. Rub cullerd but don't bile, Just rench and starch.

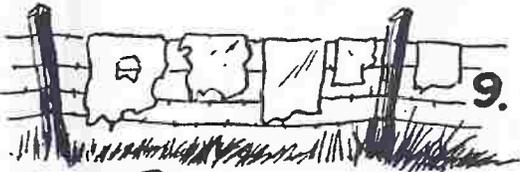


7. Take white things out of kettle with broom handel. Rench, blew and starch.

8. Spred tee towels on grass.



9. Hang old rags on fence.



10. Pore rench water in flower bed.



11. Scrub porch with hot, sopey water.



12. Turn tubs upside down.

13. Go put on cleen dress... smooth hair with side combs. Brew cup of tee. Set and rest and rock a spell and COUNT BLESSINGS.

THE GREAT COVERUP

Whatever became of the apron? We mean the kind Grandma used to wear. Now there was a garment! Not only did it give Grandma almost total protection but also served dozens of other functions as well. Never has any article of clothing been so useful.

A no-nonsense article, it covered Grandma almost from her chin to far below her knees and extended well around the sides. It was secured in back with wide strings tied in a huge bow which helped obscure the only part of Grandma not concealed by the apron itself – her stern. In front were a couple of ample pockets.

Every area of the apron served a vital purpose. The bib, for instance, usually was the repository for safety pins in various size ranges to meet sudden emergencies. Sometimes a needle and thread were also paired in this mobile pin cushion, posing a constant threat to Grandma and to anyone else who came too near.

Grandma generally had two kinds of aprons. One was made of calico or gingham or sometimes for even longer wear, harder service, of lawn or denim. It was usually dark in color so it wouldn't show soil so readily. The only concession to adornment might be bias tape around the edges but it was pretty much a utilitarian garment. On Sunday or when company was expected, Grandma wore a white apron. She also put on this outfit when running errands outside the house. Yet it, too, was rather severe in line and unadorned. After all, an apron was a work garment and Grandma worked all the time. Grandma made the aprons herself.

Sometimes when Grandma, when Grandma was going to do heavy housecleaning, swat carpets, or beat the soot of stovepipes, the apron was accompanied by a shapeless dust cap. For work in the garden, Grandma topped her outfit with a sunbonnet.

Consider the apron's value in the kitchen alone. Holding up the hem of her apron to form a sort of basket, Grandma used it to bring in chips and kindling to start a fire in the big kitchen range, then flapped the apron to fan the infant fire into a blaze. As she cooked, she used her apron as a pot holder both to maneuver utensils and to insulate the stove's lid lifter or oven door handle. Then she used the apron to wipe off the table before placing the breakfast dishes. After the meal was served and she began washing dishes, she used her apron from time to time as a hand towel when she was interrupted at her dishwashing chores. In a pinch, I suppose, the apron also served as a dish towel.

On washday the apron's huge pockets were great for holding a king-sized supply of clothespins. The apron was also used to wipe off the clothesline before the clothes were hung on it. From time to time the apron served as a basket to bring in small or delicate pieces of laundry as they dried.

When Grandma worked in the garden, naturally her apron went along. The huge pockets held garden tools and seeds. Once again the apron was formed into a carryall to bring in fruits and vegetables. For berry picking it had not equal as a soft receptacle for tender fruit, and it was an excellent conveyance for cut flowers.

Grandma also used her all-purpose outfit as a basket for the food she threw to the chickens and for gathering the eggs they laid. If the weather turned bad, Grandma might use her apron to transport fluffy baby chicks, chirping contentedly, to the shelter of the back porch. It was a cradle and sanctuary for all kinds of living things. Time after time the apron was pressed into service for swaddling babies and puppies, wiping crying children's eyes (and sometimes their noses), and serving as a shelter for shy youngsters to hide behind when strangers appeared.

Many times during her busy days Grandma used her apron to wipe the perspiration from her brow and dry the tears when tragedies occurred. When someone said something off color, Grandma put the apron over her face to stifle her gasps and hide her flushed cheeks for women of those days knew how to blush, although there was less reason to do so.

Used as a signal flag, the apron summoned the menfolk in to dinner. It was also used to flag down the mailman or other passersby. Swung vigorously by Grandma, the apron "shooshed" chickens out of her garden, and flies, dogs, cats, and children out of her kitchen.

Throughout the day the apron handled many miscellaneous hand wiping, polishing, and dusting chores. When visitors to the home were sighted, the apron furtively whisked over tables and chairs. Periodically Grandma cleaned her spectacles with it.

In chilly weather Grandma wrapped the friendly apron around her arms when she hurried for something or while lingering at the door with departing guests.

Her apron was the last of attire put on in the morning and the first she took off at night. Even then it was working for she threw it over the canary cage to keep the canary quiet and warm.

Grandma's children grew up and so did her grandchildren with them remembering few of any occasions when she wasn't wearing an apron. It was as much a part of her as her face or arms or legs ---or what you could see of them behind that apron. While her apron didn't give her much sex appeal, it didn't take it away either. How else can you explain those large families of the past?

Today's Grandma often wears slacks several sizes too small over hips several sizes too large. There are no pockets, no way to make a "basket" to carry anything. The only function the slacks serve is to cover Grandma -- concealing but revealing far too much.

Today's Grandma probably has more clothing jammed into her closet than her Grandma saw in a lifetime. But, with all the articles hanging there, not all of them put together could serve as many purposes as one old-fashioned apron.



den doctor - used rarely

Mr. ^{Ezra} Cragun

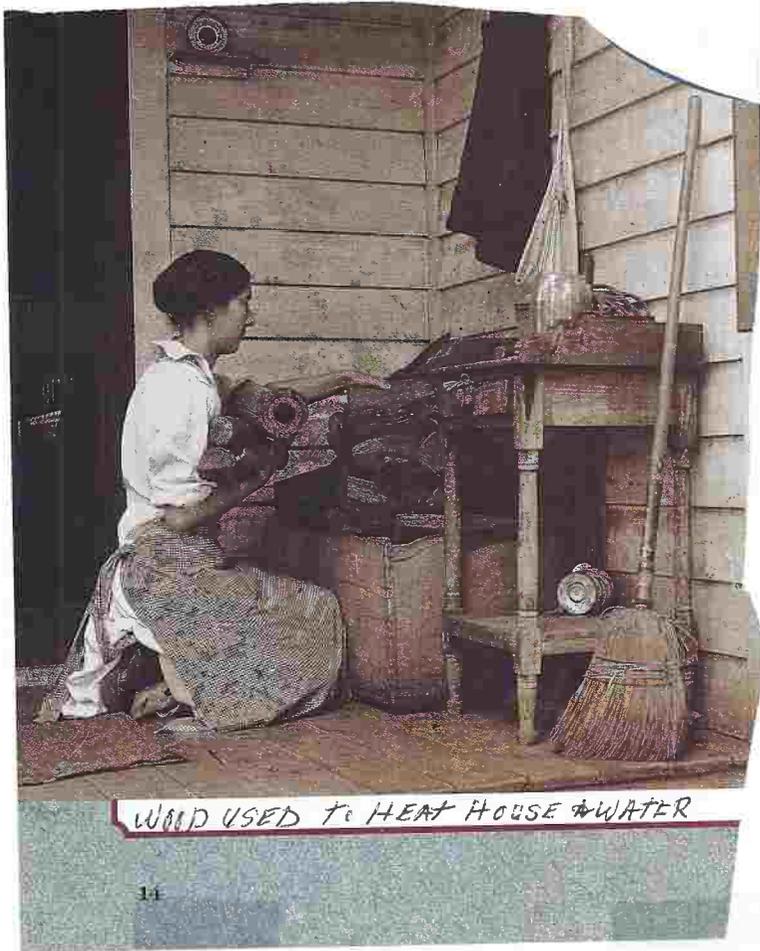
Lewiston, Utah

Worked at Ogden Railroad
Station - Unloaded
boxcars 1942 - 43



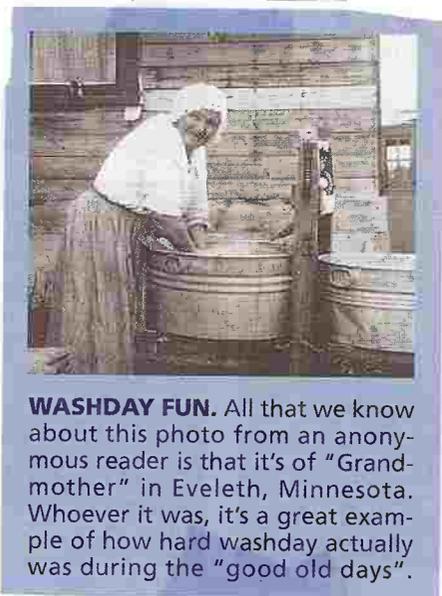
ALL CLOTHES WERE HUNG ON LINES OUTSIDE TO DRY.

WINTER TIME THEY WOULD BE STIFF.

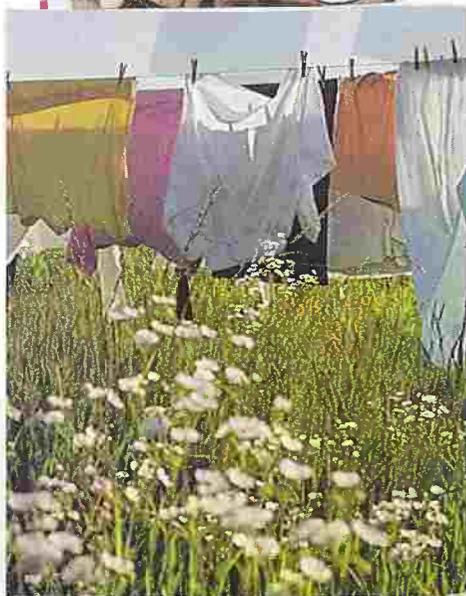


WOOD USED TO HEAT HOUSE & WATER

14



WASHDAY FUN. All that we know about this photo from an anonymous reader is that it's of "Grandmother" in Eveleth, Minnesota. Whoever it was, it's a great example of how hard washday actually was during the "good old days".



The FOLK S GOT A DEXTER ELECTRIC WASHER =

HORRAY

We ALL ^{WOMEN} WORE FRONT
APRONS TO KEEP OUR
CLOTHES CLEAN.

WE USED THE APRONS
LIKE A BUCKET TO
PACK THINGS IN.

A TOWEL OR TO WIPE RUNNY
NOSES.

THIS POEM DESCRIBES
THE APRON USE.

OUR APRONS HUNG ON A
NAIL ON THE KITCHEN
DOOR.

MY MOTHER'S Apron

By Marie Marshall

My mother wore an apron,
A clean one every day.
A part of daily living,
It served in many ways.
When she hung the wash to dry,
Her pockets held the pins.
The apron was a washcloth
That cleaned our dirty chins.
When days were hot and humid,
'Twas used to mop her brow.
When hands were wet
from laundry,
The apron was a towel.
Her pocket hid a needle
To sew the rips we'd get.
In Mother and her apron
Our many needs were met.
Sometimes it was a basket
For eggs or baby chicks.
A bag for garden bounty
And apples that she picked.
At suppertime the apron
Protected Mother's hands,
When taking bread from oven
Or lifting lids from pans.
It was a fan in evening
To shoo away the flies.
But the apron's greatest use—
To wipe tears from childish eyes.

4

me pullets to sale to help earn some needed money.
me they were little chicks. The day before they
ent to feed and water them she discovered someone had
She was heart broken and we were heart broken with her.
eggs. Many the time I remember whacking the heads
nber how the feathers stunk as we dunked the carcass
athers for plucking. Then cut the chicken open to
npleasant oder when I could smell the chicken frying.
oked with wood. Bev and I had the chore to go to the
er chips to be put in a ^{BUCKET} by the stove. One time
us go out in the dark to get the kindling and we
d grabbed what we could feel and put the wood in
We didn't forget to gather wood again.
chine. We had to help carry water from the creek
akettle to have enough water to wash and rinse
r to heat the water. In the summer the house was
r had it's problems as we had to chop the ice in
ld outside to keep hauling water. After the clothes
clothes line with clothes pins which opened by a
e line. During the winter the clothes would be
rs to be hung around the house to dry out. In the
ning smells better than to get in bed that has
lothes that needed to be ironed had to be sprinkled
ket so the dampness would spread through the
e fabric back then was mainley cotton which
e a hot iron to get the wrinkles out. Clothes
were modern inventions.
e didn't have the luxury of soft disposable
cratched and rubbed and were not to absorbent.

12 quarts for \$1.00. Mother raised some pullets to sale to help earn some needed money. She took good care of them from the time they were little chicks. The day before they planned on taking them to market she went to feed and water them she discovered someone had stolen all of them during the night. She was heart broken and we were heart broken with her.

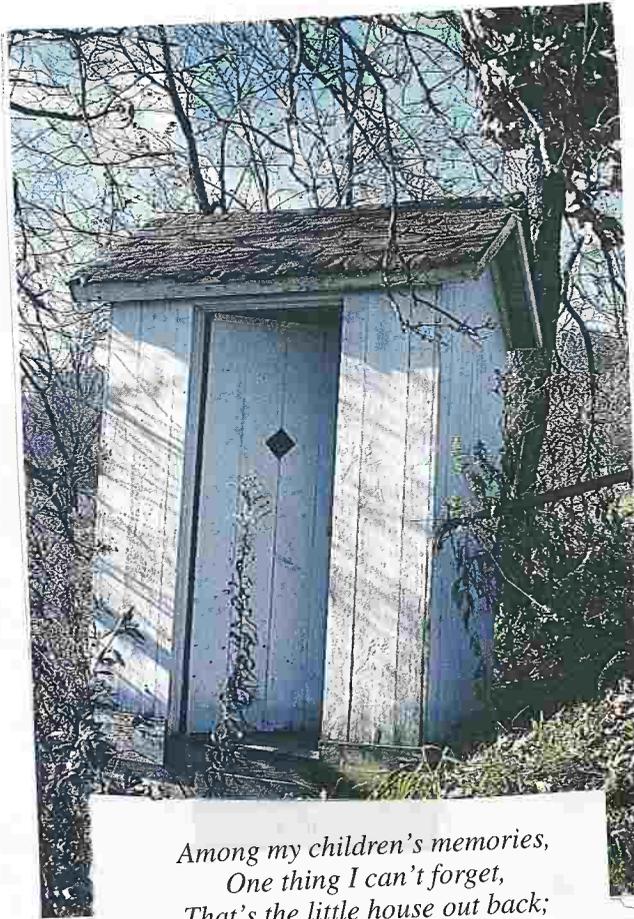
We raised chickens for meat and eggs. Many the time I remember whacking the heads off the chickens with an axe. I remember how the feathers stunk as we dunked the carcass in scalding hot water to loosen the feathers for plucking. Then cut the chicken open to clean out the entrails. I forgot the unpleasant oder when I could smell the chicken frying.

The stove had to be constantly stocked with wood. Bev and I had the chore to go to the woodpile and chop kindling wood or gather chips to be put in a ^{bucket} by the stove. One time we didn't do it before dark. Dad made us go out in the dark to get the kindling and we were afraid of the dark. We hurried and grabbed what we could feel and put the wood in our front aprons and ran for the house. We didn't forget to gather wood again.

* We did own an electric washing machine. We had to help carry water from the creek in buckets to fill the tin boiler and teakettle to have enough water to wash and rinse clothes. The stove had to be hot in order to heat the water. In the summer the house was hot because of the hot stove. The winter had it's problems as we had to chop the ice in the creek to get the water and it was cold outside to keep hauling water. After the clothes were washed we hung them outside on the clothes line with clothes pins which opened by a spring and then clamped the clothes to the line. During the winter the clothes would be stiff as boards and we'd bring them indoors to be hung around the house to dry out. In the summer the clothes dried in a hurry. Nothing smells better than to get in bed that has clean fresh smelling sheets on it. The clothes that needed to be ironed had to be sprinkled with water and rolled and put in the a basket so the dampness would spread through the material and make them easier to iron. The fabric back then was mainley cotton which wrinkled terribly and it was a chore to use a hot iron to get the wrinkles out. Clothes dryers, water softners and fabric softners were modern inventions.

When us girls had our monthly period we didn't have the luxury of soft disposable pads. We had cotton strips to use. They scratched and rubbed and were not to absorbent.

DAY
TIME
USE



*Among my children's memories,
One thing I can't forget,
That's the little house out back;
I can see it yet.*

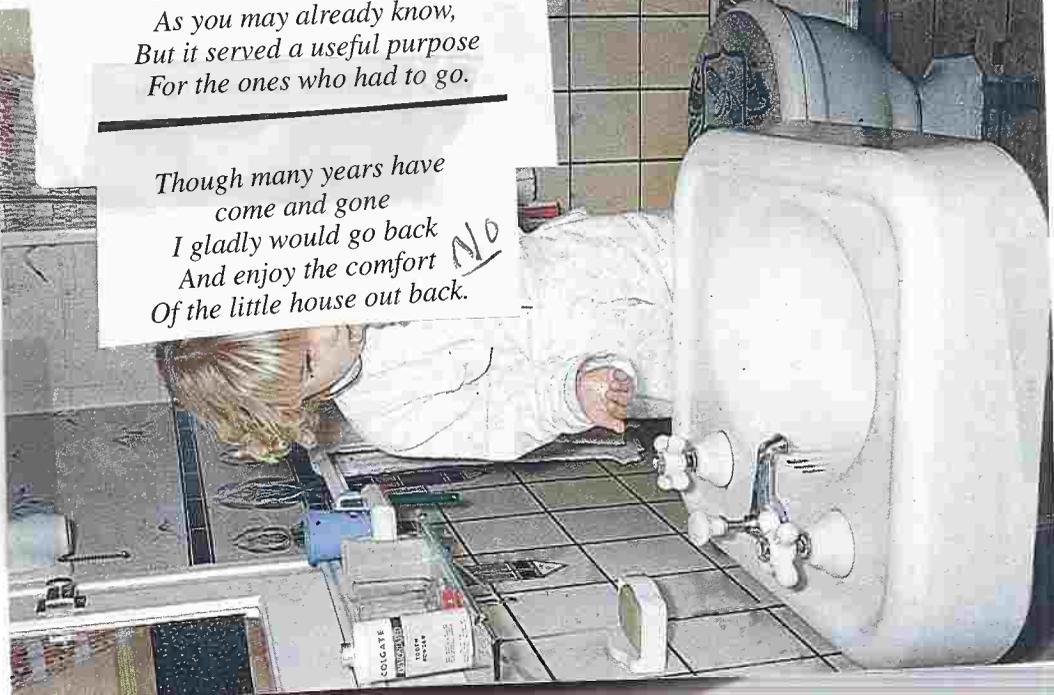
During
support the
toilet. I
family get
little ris
Still it s

*Out there beyond the lilac bush
It stands so drab and bare.
We never called it bathroom,
For no baths were taken there.*

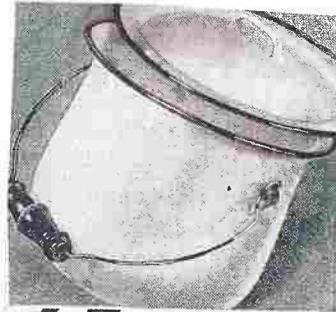
*In the summer there were hornets
And in winter it was cold,
But it still seemed more attractive
To the young and to the old.*

*It was not much to look at,
As you may already know,
But it served a useful purpose
For the ones who had to go.*

*Though many years have
come and gone
I gladly would go back
And enjoy the comfort
Of the little house out back.*



NOW



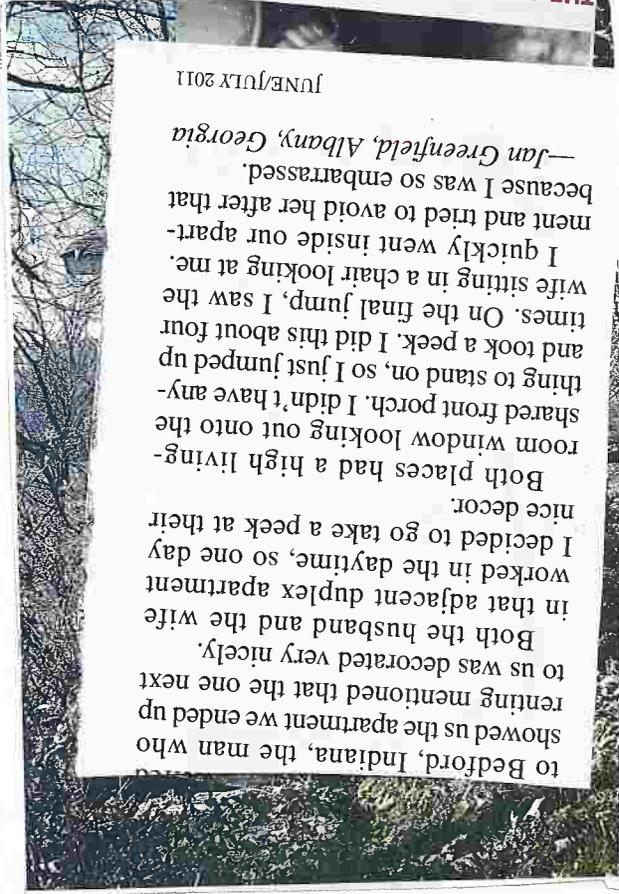
65c for a 9-qt.
Combinet

White sanitary porcelain enamel
Strong steel body. Blue trim
Bail has rubber bumper handle
Compare size before ordering! Note Wards
for a 9-qt. combinet at the usual sale
price for smaller sizes.
U 1318—Ship. wt. 5 lbs. 65c

BED
CHAMBER
THUNDER mug.
Night time u

WPA
work programs so that men could earn money to help
one of the programs. We got a brand new outdoor
a little taller than our old one. We watched
g it behind a tree or bush the men put ours on
e a a ~~SURE THUMB~~ Not a bit of camouflage

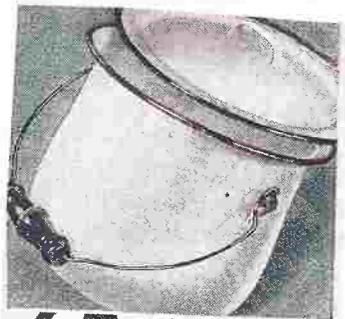
DAY
TIME
USE



THE CHOSEN FEW. Picked to attend a were (from left) Joan Howell, Marilyn ette and Georgia Barker. Read about (

JUNE/JULY 2011
—Jan Greenfield, Albany, Georgia
because I was so embarrassed.
ment and tried to avoid her after that
I quickly went inside our apart-
wife sitting in a chair looking at me.
times. On the final jump, I saw the
and took a peek. I did this about four
thing to stand on, so I just jumped up
shared front porch. I didn't have any-
room window looking out onto the
Both places had a high living-
nice decor.
I decided to go take a peek at their
worked in the daytime, so one day
in that adjacent duplex apartment
Both the husband and the wife
to us was decorated very nicely.
renting mentioned that the one next
showed us the apartment we ended up
to Bedford, Indiana, the man who

THEN



65c for a 9-qt. Combinet

White sanitary porcelain enamel
Strong steel body. Blue trim
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Compare size before ordering! Note Wards
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price for smaller sizes.
U 1318—Ship. wt. 5 lbs. 65c

BED
CHAMBER
THUNDER mug.
NIGHT TIME USE

WPA.

During the depression the Gov. had work programs so that men could earn money to help support their families. We benefitted by one of the programs. We got a brand new outdoor toilet. The new ones were more sturdy and a little taller than our old one. We watched each family get a new privy. Instead of putting it behind a tree or bush the men put ours on a little rise of ground and it stood out like a **SORE THUMB**. Not a bit of camouflage. Still it served it's purpose.



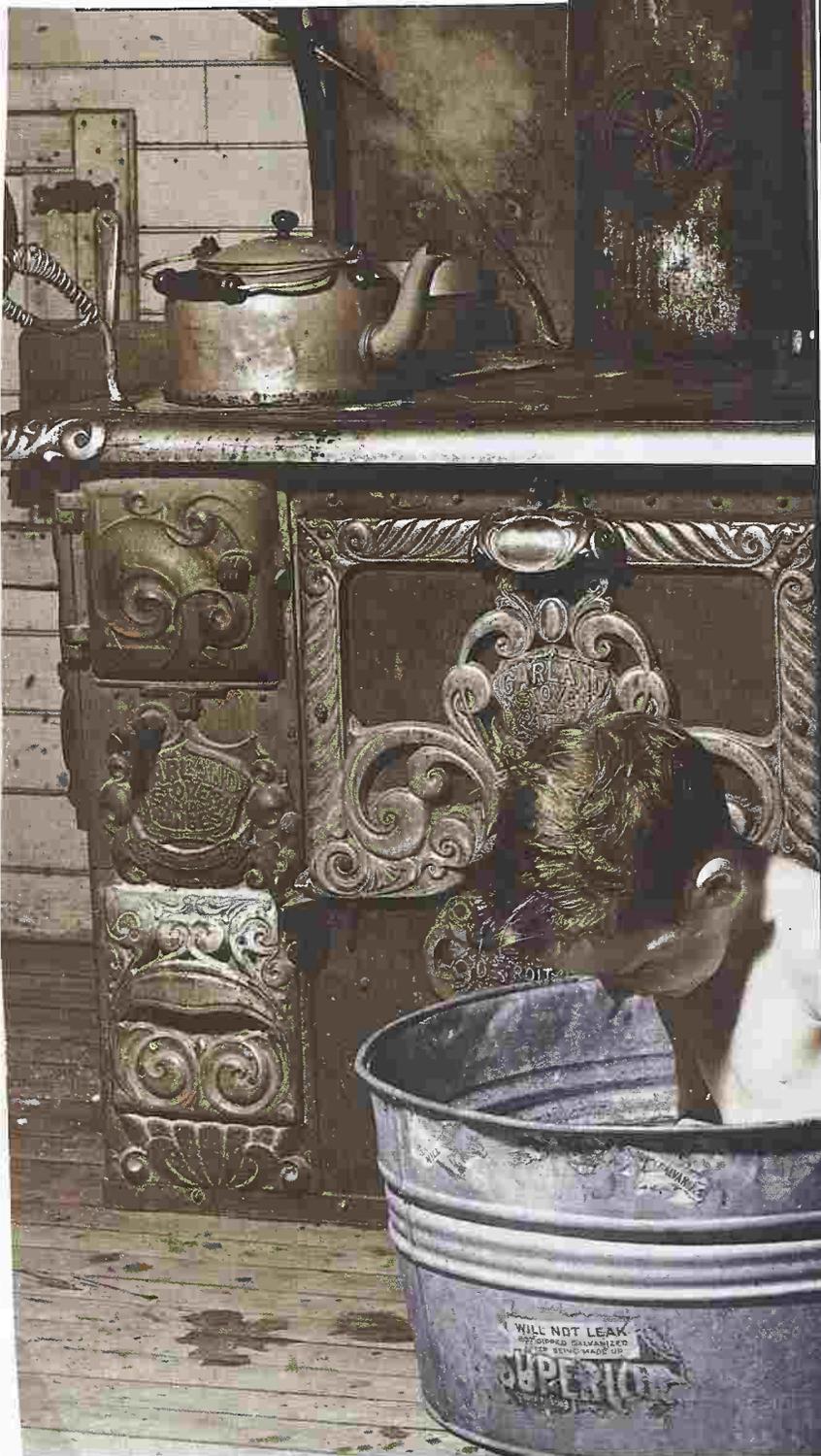
NOW

PAGES

WATER WAS HEATED
IN TEAKETTLE ON STOVE.

WE BATHED IN A TUB LIKE
THIS ONE -

WASHED CLOTHES IN A TUB



Ma's Old Galvanized Washtub

Did you ever take your Saturday bath
An' try to wash an' scrub,
While squattin' down on your haunches
In a galvanized washing tub?
If not, then you ain't missed a thing.
But now I'm tellin' you what's right.
I done it 'til I wuz almost grown
An' every doggone Saturday night!

In summer it was bad enuff
But, in winter it was rough.
Spreading papers, buckets and kettles
An all of that sort of stuff.
Getting ready for that ordeal
Was only half the rub
Of takin' a bath on Saturday night
In a galvanized washin' tub.

Did you ever stand there stripped to the skin,
A wood stove bakin' your hide,
A dreadin' to put your dern foot in
Fer fear you'd be burned alive?
Finally you'd git th' temperature right
An' into th' tub you'd crawl.
That cold steel 'ud touch your back
An' you'd squeal like a fresh stuck hog!

Then you'd get outa the tub next to the stove
And stand there drippin' and shakin'.
The front of your body is freezing to death
While the back of your body is a bakin'.
Shiverin' 'n' shakin', burnin' 'n' bakin',
That's the price I had to pay.
That awful ordeal'll haunt me
Until I'm old and gray.

I ain't done yet...there's somethin' else
That I've been wantin' to say.
I wuz the youngest of all us kids
Who bathed on Saturday.
We all bathed accordin' to age
And I fell last in order,
Which meant I had to wash myself
In their dad-blamed dirty water.

Now, I'm a guy (gal) o' clean habits
And believe in a bath a week.
It helps to keep me healthy
And freshen my physique.
But if I had my druthers,
I'd rather eat a bug
Than to take my Saturday bath
In a galvanized washin' tub!



B. Vogelfil, Amstrong Roberts

The Passing of the Old Backhouse

*When memory keeps me company
and moves to smiles or tears,
A weather-beaten object looms
throughout the mist of years,
Behind the house and barn it stood,
a half a mile or more—
And hurrying feet a path had made
straight for its swinging door.*

*Its architecture was a type
of simple classic art,
But in the tragedy of life
it played a leading part,
And oft' the passing traveler
drove slow and heaved a sigh,
to see the modest hired girl
slip out with glances shy.*

*We had our posy garden
that the women loved so well.
I loved it, too, but better still,
I loved the stronger smell,
that filled the evening breezes
so full of homely cheer,
And told the night-o'ertaken tramp
that human life was near.*

*On lazy August afternoons,
it made a little bower,
Delightful, where my grandsire sat
and whiled away an hour,
For there the summer mornings
its very cares entwined,
And berry bushes reddened
in the steaming soil behind.*

*All day fat spiders spun their webs
to catch the buzzing flies
That flitted to and from the house
where Ma was baking pies,
And once a swarm of hornets bold
had built a palace there,
And stung my unsuspecting aunt
—I must not tell you where.*

*Then father took a flaming pole
—that was a happy day,
He nearly burned the building down,
but the hornets left to stay.
When summer bloom began to fade
and winter to carouse,
We banked the little building
with a heap of hemlock boughs.*

*And when the crust was on the snow
and the sullen skies were gray,
In sooth the building was no place
where one could wish to stay,
We did our duties promptly,
there one purpose swayed our mind,
We tarried not, nor lingered long
on what we left behind.*

*The torture of that icy seat
would make a Spartan sob,
For needs must scrape the gooseflesh
with a lacerating cob,
That from a frost-encrusted nail
was suspended by a string—
My father was a frugal man
and wasted not a thing.*

*When Grandpa had to "go out back"
and make his morning call,
We'd bundle up the dear old man
with a muffler and a shawl,
I knew the hole on which he sat—
'twas padded all around,*

*And once I dared to sit there—
'twas all too wide I found.*

*My loins were all too little,
and I jack-knifed there to stay.
They had to come and pry me out
or I'd have passed away.
Then Father said ambition was
a thing that boys should shun,
And I must use the children's hole
till childhood days are done.*

*And still I marvel at the craft
that cut those holes so true;
The baby hole, and the slender hole
that fitted Sister Sue,
The dear old country landmark;
I've tramped around a bit,
And in the lap of luxury
my lot has been to sit.*

*But ere I die I'll eat the fruit
of trees I robbed of yore,
Then see the shanty where my name
is carved upon the door,
I ween the old familiar smell
will soothe my faded soul,
I'm now a man, but nonetheless,
I'll try the children's hole.*

—Generally attributed to
James Whitcomb Riley

These had to be used over and over again. We had to soak them in cold water and then wash and dry them. They were miserable to wear. After they were washed they were hung outside on the clothes line like a flag waving in the breeze for everyone to see.

Our personal bathing was done in a round tin tub. During the winter months the tub was placed near the stove. We put chairs around the tub and hung towels around them to make a privacy curtain. Our knees were bent to our chin. Our size determined how comfortable one could sit in the tub. When the water would cool down we would heat it from the hot water in the teakettle that was on the stove. We didn't have luxury baths as they were for cleanliness. I had a bath in a nice long tub in a heated bath room at my friend's house and I thought I was in heaven. I could stretch out the length of the tub and turn a water faucet and hot water came out. We had to pack water from the creek and heat it on the stove. That took the pleasure out of bathing. After several persons had bathed in the same water we packed the tub of dirty water and poured it on the front porch and gave it a scrubbing. Water wasn't wasted.

* Outside and away from the house by a tree was the outhouse. It was a (one-holer). Us kids had to clean the walls with a white wash. The ashes from the cook stove was poured down the hole, as well as lime. This helped keep the smell under control. A few times the toilet was moved over a new deep hole. During the winter months we didn't go out to the outhouse we used what is known as a "thunder mug". We called it the "slop jar". We had to take and dump it every day down the privy hole. We didn't have the luxury of nice soft rolled toilet tissue. We tore the pages out of the old Montgomery Ward or Spiegels catalogs. We could soften the pages by rubbing the papers with our fingers. No flush toilets, no heated bathroom, no soft tissue or a fragrant smell. I don't miss the outdoor privy. Most every home in Cove didn't have the bathroom convenience.

We all had chores to do. Helping with the dishes, washing, ironing, dusting, garden work. Picking raspberries or chokecherries, red currants. We helped put the white beans in the tub and walked on them to help get the dry covering off them. Then they were put in clean jars for winter use. Corn was cut off the cob after it was boiled and cooled and put outdoors on a wire screen with a cover to dry and then put in jars for later use.

There was times when we would run out of flour to make bread until Dad or someone could go to town and buy some. When that happened I remember several times we had to take the big dishpan and go over to Luella Barnes, (Colleen's mother) and borrow a pan full of flour. We always returned what we borrowed when we got a new sack of flour. Times were hard and people helped each other.



▲► HAYING, THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.
Lerry, Shero, Pennsylvania wash

Work

1. When we were young we learned how to do chores in the house and yard - depending on our age.

Carrying a pail of water from the little eddy from the creek each day for drinking or when it was bath time or washing clothes. An every day chore thru the years.

2. Bringing the kindling and wood from wood pile for the kitchen stove or from room heater.

3. Helping pick red currants, gooseberries, raspberries, chokchurrian & Elderberries. We had variety of these bushes. Mother had a large raspberry patch.

4. Weeding the big garden. Learned the difference between a weed & vegetable plants. Raising the garden later picking the vegetables. Cutting corn from cob. cleaning the beans, snapping peas.

5. Kneading the homemade bread. Later making bread - putting it in loaf tin & how to test the heat of oven with our hand to bake the bread.

6. Setting the table & former washing or drying the dishes and pans. Sweeping the floor.

This was a daily job for years.

7. Hanging the wet clothes on the outside clothes line - taking dry clothes off. Sprinkling the clothes & rolling them to distribute the moisture for ironing.

8. Making beds. Starting - mopping floor.

There were from chores I learned from 6 yrs to 18 yrs.

Blad I learned:

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Dad dug a pit by the ditch bank about 3 feet deep and 4 feet long and lined it with straw and then put carrots and cabbage in it to keep them crisp and cold but not freezing to be used during the winter months. Potatoes and onions were kept in the cellar.

We had no refrigeration and food was stored the only way we could. The milk was put in a container and put in the creek to keep it cold during the summer. Dad fixed a little pond like in the creek and put rocks in and about so the water flowed over but not able to carry the items down the creek.

One of our main chores we had almost everyday was to wash and dry the dishes. I hated to wash pots and pans that had dried caked food on them. Dear, dear grandma would say "put the pans in the oven and we will wash them later". Those words was music to my ears and I would be out of the house in a hurry to play. Later came, but no dirty pans were found in the oven. Grandma always helped us do different chores. She made the job easy.

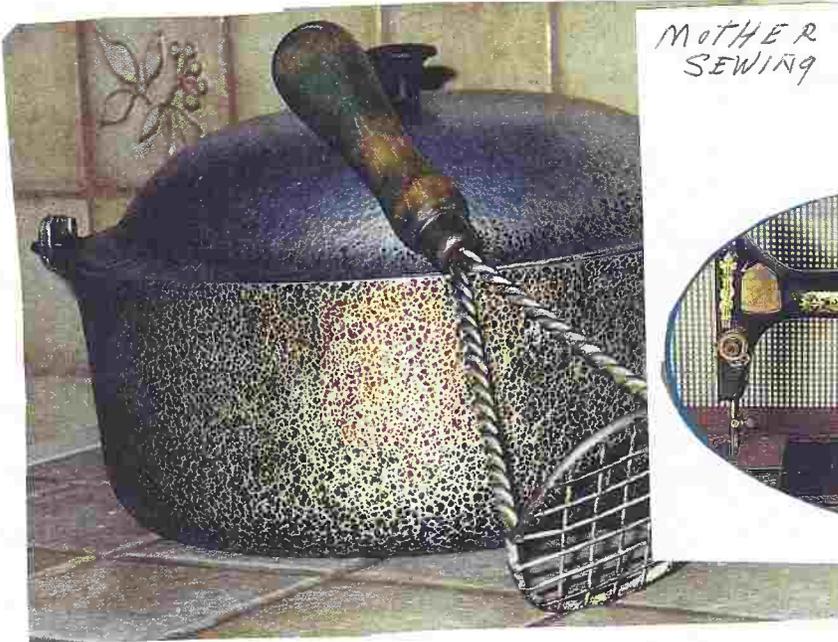
Grandma Annie Hansen

Grandpa Hansen worked on the railroad and the family moved a lot. Lima, Mt., Pocatello, Id. Malad and even Basin, Id. With a large family that wasn't an easy thing to do. Dad is one of nine children. When the family was grown and moved away to work or to marry that left grandma and grandpa alone to care for themselves. Grandpa wasn't well. Grandma had brothers who lived in Cove and when the little house and 4 acres of ground came up for sale for \$300.00 they bought it. Dad wasn't married and just discharged from the army when he met Mom and they married and a short time later they moved in with his parents to help take care of them and the place. That was in 1919. My grandpa died in 1924 the year before I was born. Grandma continued to live there so I always knew she belonged to us. Grandma had other grandchildren and when they would come to visit or we went to visit them I didn't want to share her. I thought she was "my grandma". I have many fond memories of her. I will tell you a few. She liked to drink a cup of tea quite often. She would say "have a cup of tea with me and I will tell your fortune". I had many a fortune told. She would look at the tea leaves in the cup and make up a good fortune. She would get in bed with us and tell us spooky stories. She would start out by saying "fee fie foo fume, I smell the blood of an Englishman, be he live or be he dead I'll grind his bones to make my bread"



GRANDMA HANSEN

During the early 1940's Grandma moved from our home in High Creek to Logan. She lived in a small apartment in the home of her brother in town, so she could participate in Temple work. She would catch the bus and ride up on the hill to the Temple. We missed her. I can remember staying with her at times during the summer and on weekends. She loved to go the movies and we would walk a few blocks to the theatre and watch the movie. I believe it cost a dime for admission. If we did'd have the money grandma would pay for it. It was always fun to snuggle in bed with her, just like old times. Grandma got very ill and Bev stayed with her to care for her but she needed more care than Bev could give. Grandma died from cancer in June 1943. Bev just turned 16 and I was a little over 17. I have happy memories of her.



MOTHER HAD A TREADLE
SEWING MACHINE TO MAKE
SOME CLOTHES



your choice
49⁹⁹ sale
SINGER® Pixie Plus
Sewing Machine or T-FAL®
Ultra Glide Iron. Reg. 59.99-79.99
WEB ID 1552, 42997

I was 8 yrs old

1933

SIZES 3 to 8

Hippity Hops



It Sturdy for Feet that Run, Skip and Play

Choice \$1.25



Hippity Hops are our finest quality for toys. Healthful Footshape nature fast roomfor little toes to grow. Double-tanned leather soles.

Children like these slons. Patent leat year send. Leathe Sizes: 3 to 8. SI 24 F 2887- Black patent... Passage



Smart. Patent leather upper spring heels. Goodyear to please the kiddies. State size. \$1.25

She would make up scary stories we would snuggle beside her and we grey petticoat and go and sit in t I would miss her when she went away

Mother was a seamstress and she of the cloth flour sacks. After the try and get the dye out that was pr had the faint advertizement on them.

and the pantleg band. I don't remember how old They felt so good on compared to the heavy cotton had pretty printed flowers or a design on them an clothes from them. I had very few boughten clothes. At christmas we usually got a new church dress. WE ordered our shoes out of the Spiegel or Montgomery Ward catalog. These were our "wish books". There was a page in the book that we placed our foot on and marked the width and length of our foot. This was torn out and sent in the mail. What a happy day when our new shoes arrived. We also had to wear long sleeve and long leg underwear during the winter months. They were scratchy. The first warm day we would roll the sleeves up and the legs up. We also wore long cotton socks. In the summer time I liked to go barefoot and bare legs. We didn't have extra shoes to wear and when they got a hole in the soles we would cut a heavy cardboard a little bigger than the hole and put it inside the shoe to cover the hole. That would give us a few extra days of wear. I don't remember going to town to a store to try on and buy new shoes until I was older. Nor I remember going to a store to try on and buy a new dress. Mother and Dad did the shopping. Mostly for the necessities. We had winter coats but I don't know if they were store bought. I forgot to add that the winter underwear we wore had a backside opening that had to be buttoned or unbuttoned when we had to go to the bathroom. Very inconvient. Nothing to compare with the pretty briefs of today. At least they kept us warm. I was glad when the weather warmed so we could take the bulky things off.

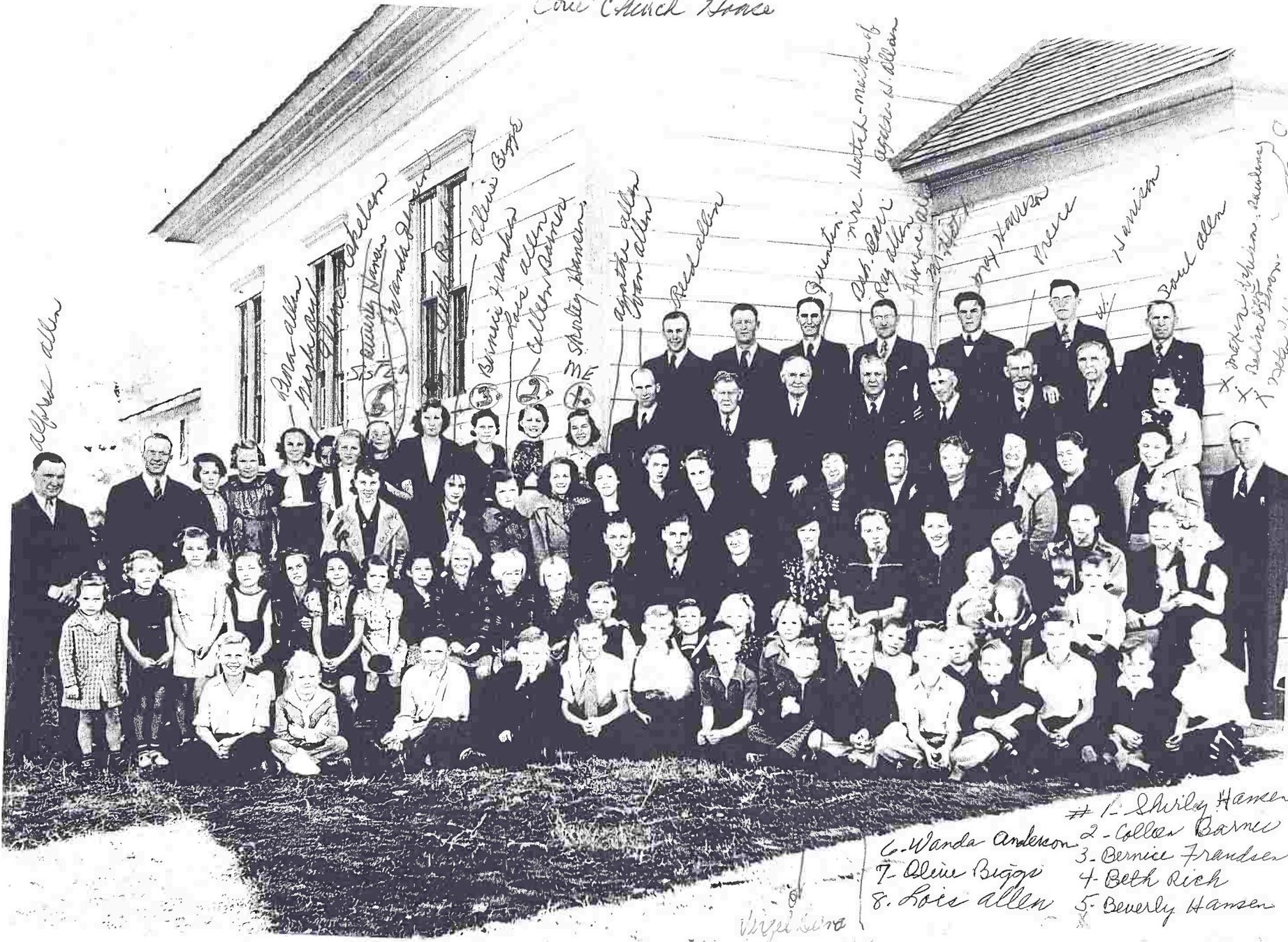
The underwear was our bathing suits for swimming. We would cut the arms and legs off and they served the purpose. Not pretty. Or our bra's were small with straps

She would make up scary stories that would scare us and we would beg for more. Then we would snuggle beside her and we were brave and go off to sleep. She would wear her old grey petticoat and go and sit in the cold creek water with us and say "this feels so good". I would miss her when she went away to visit the family.

Mother was a seamstress and she sewed lot of our clothes. She made our underpants out of the cloth flour sacks. After the flour was used we would bleach the white flour sacks to try and get the dye out that was printed on them. It said "GILT EDGE FLOUR". Our underpants had the faint advertizement on them. I helped Mother thread the elastic around the waistband and the pantleg band. I don't remember how old I was before we had soft pretty silk panties. They felt so good on compared to the heavy ^{cotton} ~~cotton~~ sack underpants. Sometime the flour sacks had pretty printed flowers or a design on them and Mother would make play clothes or lunch clothes from them. I had very few boughten clothes. At christmas we usually got a new church dress. WE ordered our shoes out of the Spiegel or Montgomery Ward catalog. These were our "wish books". There was a page in the book that we placed our foot on and marked the width and length of our foot. This was torn out and sent in the mail. What a happy day when our new shoes arrived. We also had to wear long sleeve and long leg underwear during the winter months. They were scratchy. The first warm day we would roll the sleeves up and the legs up. We also wore long cotton socks. In the summer time I liked to go barefoot and bare legs. We didn't have extra shoes to wear and when they got a hole in the soles we would cut a heavy cardboard a little bigger than the hole and put it inside the shoe to cover the hole. That would give us a few extra days of wear. I don't remember going to town to a store to try on and buy new shoes until I was older. Nor I remember going to a store to try on and buy a new dress. Mother and Dad did the shopping. Mostly for the neccessities. We had winter coats but I don't know if they were store bought. I forgot to add that the winter underwear we wore had a backside opening that had to be buttoned or unbuttoned when we had to go to the bathroom. Very inconvient. Nothing to compare with the pretty briefs of today. At least they kept us warm. I was glad when the weather warmed so we could take the bulky things off.

The underwear was our bathing suits in swimming we would cut the arms and legs off and they served the purpose. Not pretty. Or our Brasen was made with straps

Core Church Home



Alfred Allen

Bora Allen
 Mrs. Bora Allen
 Mrs. C. Helen
 Mrs. Mary Hansen
 Wanda Anderson

Olivia Biggs
 Bernice Frandsen
 Lois Allen
 Colleen Barnes
 Shirley Hansen

Agnes Allen
 Joan Allen

Reed Allen

Quentin
 Mrs. Walter - mother of
 Mrs. Bora
 Roy Allen
 Mrs. W. Allen

My Hansen
 Irene

W. Hansen

Bora Allen

Mrs. John Hansen
 Mrs. Bora
 Mrs. Wanda
 Mrs. Wanda
 Mrs. Wanda

- # 1. Shirley Hansen
- 2. Colleen Barnes
- 3. Bernice Frandsen
- 4. Beth Rich
- 5. Beverly Hansen
- 6. Wanda Anderson
- 7. Olivia Biggs
- 8. Lois Allen

Wanda
 Bora
 Hansen

1940

COVE COMMUNITY



Cove actually consisted of three divisions. High Creek, Cove and Mountain Home. If one can visualize a horseshoe or a U, that will give you an idea of the area. #1- High Creek #2- Cove #3- Mountain Home. Cove surrounded a big hill. This is an agricultural community. Farming and animals. The men in the neighborhood helped one another with haying, cleaning ditches, cutting or sawing wood ^{AND} butchering animals. My Dad worked for his cousins in the fields or milking cows. Namely Guy or Ambrose Larsen. He worked hard long hours for \$1.00 a day. During the Fall he worked at the Alamagated Sugar Co. in Lewistown, Utah. That paid a better wage. But it didn't last long enough. Sometimes he brought us burnt sugar that tasted like candy to us. He took a lunchpail with him with the food Mother packed for him to eat at break time. Cove was a small community and everyone knew most of the members of the area. Most people was on a first name basis. The older people we addressed them as Brother So and So, or Sister So and So. This was a predominately an LDS community. It is called the Cove Ward. The schoolhouse and churchhouse was in the center of Cove. This was the meeting place for all.

SCHOOL

When I was almost 6 yrs. old I started school in the Two room school house in Cove. We rode in a sheep camp wagon drawn by horse. During the winter months a little stove was burning wood to help keep us warm. I attended this school until the 4th. grade. Each room had four rows of seats each was a grade. So it was an 8 grade school. I was always known as Shirley until the 3rd. grade when there was 3 Shirley's in the room and I never knew which Shirley the teacher called, so I had the school friends call be by my other name Phyllis except family. Now I answer to both names, and it is confusing to some people. My little sister Bev was in the 1st. grade and one day the nurse came to school to give us ^{Vaccination 19-33-34} Small pox ~~inoculation~~ and I had mine and it hurt and I didn't want Bev to be hurt so I took her out of class and we went into a small closet and I locked the door. The teacher had to do a lot of talking before I unlocked the door. Bev got the ^{Vaccination} anyway. (SMALL POX)

I liked to talk when I should of been listening and the teacher put wide tape over my mouth for the entire class period. I wasn't the only one who got the tape treatment.

* March 12
Earthquake 1934

*



I RODE A SCHOOL BUS
LIKE THIS ONE TO RICHMOND
FROM 4th GRADE UNTIL I
GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL

SAUL ALLEN FROM HIGH CREEK
WAS THE DRIVER.

^{brother}
BUD'S POLIO

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My young brother Bud was between 8 or 9. (1938-1939) 9 years old. Probably 1939, when he got very ill with a high fever. When he tried to get up he would fall. He wasn't able to go to school. His best friend would come and sit by his bed many hours even tho they didn't talk. When the fever broke my brother couldn't walk without falling. We never went to doctor. They came to house. Mother had Dr. Ezra Crager come and after checking him. He said he had Polio and he was lucky - it could of been worse. He had Mom take him to a Clinic place & then Uncle Jake Grandma Dawson brother took them to D.C. to a hospital and he had to have his shoe fitted with a brace to his knee. He had to have us help do exercises daily. thru the years as his foot grew & different brace had to be fitted with a brace. He limped as he lost the muscle. He wore that brace for a number of years. He was the only person in house who had Polio. He served in the army. Married - worked. He still limps and the leg still gives him pain at times. But he learned to live with the limp.

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I was probably in the 3rd. grade when my friend Berniece Frandsen, who was older than me decided to paint the inside walls of the girls outdoor privy. When school was out we stole several pieces of colored chalk from the teachers closet and we painted the walls of the privy many pretty colors. Many inquires was made during school the next day and I and Berniece was to scared to admit that we were the quilty ones. To my knowledge no one found out. My Dad would of given my backside a good spanking. In our adult years she and I have talked about our prank ^{AND} we wondered why we did it and not confess. An earthquake put cracks in the schoolhouse walls and it was declared unsafe to use. I started the 4th. grade at The Park school in Richmond. * We were bussed to school. Richmond is 4 miles or so away. Bev and Bud were bussed to Lewiston, about 6 or so miles away. The old schoolhouse was torn down and never replaced. Oral Ballam was the principal in Cove and also the principal at Richmond. I graduated from the 8th. grade in Richmond. I wore a tourquoise dress with a white lace trim. When the folks moved to Ogden, Utah during the war years. 1942-45 we kids came with them and they locked the house up. Bev got a job as a cook at the old Dee hospital. They provided living quarters and she lived there. The folks rented an apt. on 23rd. st. We obtained work for the Federal Gov. Bud didn't like school in Ogden. He was sluffing classes and getting into trouble with the Truant officer. In the fall of 1943 Bud and I went home to live in the old house and go to school, ~~where~~ ^{his} friends were and in famalier surroundings. He was much happier at home.

When I was in the Cove school I had a 1st. boyfriend, Seth Allen. He lived close to school and went home to lunch and sometimes he would take me with him to eat lunch. When we were at Park school he would hold my hand and put his arm around my neck as we traveled on the school bus. He even carved my initials on his cowboy boots. We never dated or even kissed. We were the best of friends. His dad was the Bishop of the ward. Seth is dead now. *but not*

forgotten



when Bev and I were about 9 or so years old we go
 unless asked to do so. We stole a quarter. We walked
 quarters worth of hard candy. We enjoyed what little w
 to bother us as we knew we had done a wrong. We gave c
 but the sack never seemed to get empty. We had been gone for over two hours and knew we had
 to go home. We sneaked away without asking permission. The closer we got to our house the
 more we got scared of what would be the punishment. A little way from the house was a bush
 by the side of the road and we statched the sack of candy as far under it as we could. We
 got to our house and Mom and Dad never asked where we had been or what we had been doing.
 We both had the impression we knew that they knew what we had done. We never confessed and
 we never went back to the bush to get the candy. We knew that money was scarce and not to
 be squandred away. That memory is still vivid in my mind. Bev and I have talked about that
 experience many times in our adult years.

During the summer months for a number of years I wou
 and Aunt Alberta to help in the beetfield or the haying
 about 13 or miles away from home. One summer Bev went wi
 out of the beets. We were there two days. On the second da
 hot sun Bev stopped and said" this is to hard of work and
 with me?" I knew she meant what she said. We went to the
 Uncle Marv and Aunt Albera was gone. So she and I walked
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 go so far up the road and then head for home. When we tried to make him go he would rear up

Fashion Sale 66% Reg. 29.99



110

when Bev and I were about 9 or so years old we got in Mother's purse which was forbidden unless asked to do so. We stole a quarter. We walked to Cove to a store and bought a quarters worth of hard candy. We enjoyed what little we had to bother us as we knew we had done a wrong. We gave out the sack but the sack never seemed to get empty. We had been going to go home. We sneaked away without asking permission. The more we got scared of what would be the punishment. A bush by the side of the road and we stashed the sack of candy. We got to our house and Mom and Dad never asked where we had been. We both had the impression we knew that they knew what we had done. We never went back to the bush to get the candy. We knew we had squandered away. That memory is still vivid in my mind. I have experienced many times in our adult years.

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During the summer months for a number of years I would go to Whitney, Idaho to Uncle Marv and Aunt Alberta to help in the beetfield or the haying to earn a few dollars. Whitney was about 13 or miles away from home. One summer Bev went with me. Bev and I was hoeing weeds out of the beets. We were there two days. On the second day in the field hoeing beets in the hot sun Bev stopped and said "this is too hard of work and I'm going home now, are you coming with me?" I knew she meant what she said. We went to the house and got our belongings. Uncle Marv and Aunt Alberta was gone. So she and I walked ^{down} the road to the main highway. We must of caught a ride to the Cove road and we walked up High Creek. We never went back to their place to work. Uncle Marv or Mom and Dad never had ill feelings about us leaving. They have always been gracious to us through the years and we all have stayed in their home many times. Bev and I have talked about that work experience many times.

As I, Bev and Bud got a little older we had our own individual friends to pal around with. We had our closest neighbors the Barnes family. Namely Colleen, Yvonne, Keith, Janet. I was a pal to Colleen. Bev was a pal to Yvonne and Bud was a pal to Keith. We had lot of fun playing together. Milt Barnes had a horse we would ride now and again if we could catch him. We walked our legs off chasing that onery horse in the field. When we did ride him he would only go so far up the road and then head for home. When we tried to make him go he would rear up

We ALL ^{WOMEN} WORE FRONT
APRONS to keep our
CLOTHES CLEAN-

We used the APRONS
Like A BUCKET. to HAUL
THINGS IN.

A TOWEL or to WIPE
RUNNY NOSES-

THIS POEM describes
THE APRON USES.

OUR APRONS WERE HUNG
ON A NAIL ON KITCHEN DOOR

MY MOTHER'S Apron

By Marie Marshall

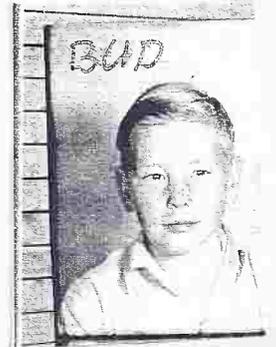
My mother wore an apron,
A clean one every day.
A part of daily living,
It served in many ways.
When she hung the wash to dry,
Her pockets held the pins.
The apron was a washcloth
That cleaned our dirty chins.
When days were hot and humid,
'Twas used to mop her brow.
When hands were wet
from laundry,
The apron was a towel.
Her pocket hid a needle
To sew the rips we'd get.
In Mother and her apron
Our many needs were met.
Sometimes it was a basket
For eggs or baby chicks.
A bag for garden bounty
And apples that she picked.
At suppertime the apron
Protected Mother's hands,
When taking bread from oven
Or lifting lids from pans.
It was a fan in evening
To shoo away the flies.
But the apron's greatest use—
To wipe tears from childish eyes.



The 3 Hanson Kids



SHIRLEY
BEVERLY
BUD
1942



SHIRLEY
MOTHER
BEVERLY
BUD
1980

Sunday Dinner

I remember when I was small we had company for dinner quite often. Namely grandma Hanson's two brothers - Uncle Jake^{2d} and Uncle Matt. Her niece or nephews: Uncle Marvin, Aunt Alberta, Uncle Cliff, Aunt Dorothy, Errol and Farrell. These were the most frequent visitors. thru the years are family members came. Usually a chicken dinner was served as the folks raised chickens. However sometimes Aunt Dorothy would provide a beef roast. Now, I liked to see family and play with cousins. We were taught from an early age when adults were present we didn't sit around and join the conversation or whine and complain. Kids were seen and not heard unless spoken to.

Ben and I helped set the table. When the adults were ready to eat at table to eat the kids were sent out to play. We never ran in and out of house. Later we were called into eat. I always hoped there would be a chicken leg left or piece of beef to eat with the cold potatoes and gravy - unless we rejected the gravy.

These are manners we were taught and lived.



WHEN COOKS WORE APRONS. Sunday dinner at home

COVE FRIENDS

SHIRLEY
HANSEN

MELBA BERNICE
PREECE X FRANSEN

WANDA
ANDERSON X

1943

Me →



Lisa Allen



Bernice Franzen

SHIRLEY BERNICE WANDA COLLEEN MELBA

1984



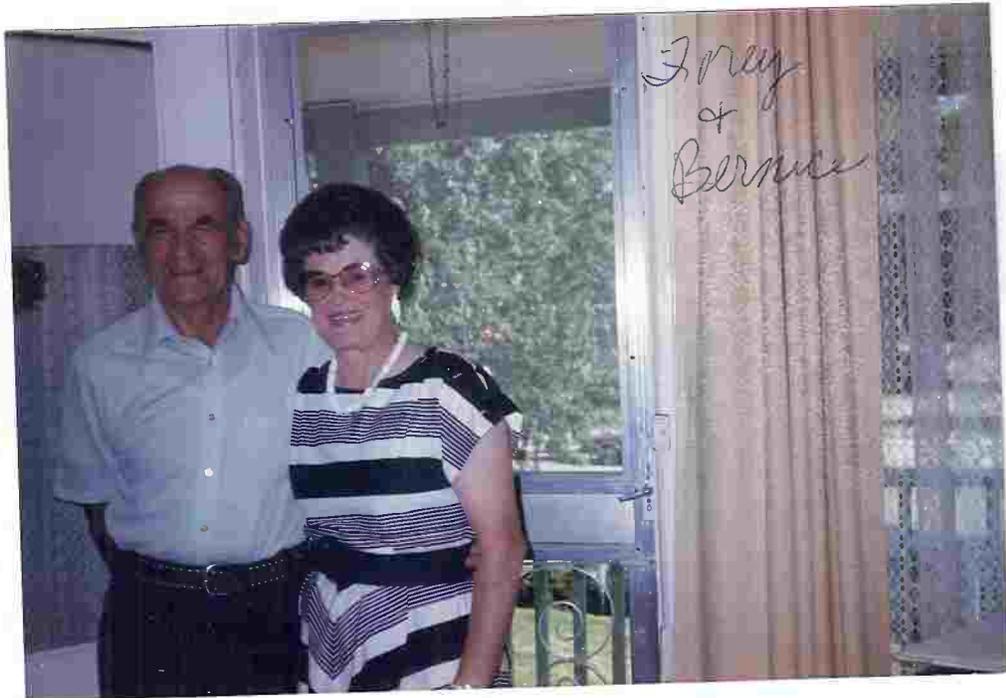


1999
Wanda

Shirley

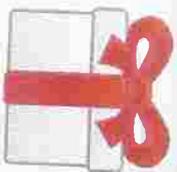
Ris
DIED
2002

Bernice
DIED
2002



Frey
&
Bernice

Both
Passed
away



It's a **SURPRISE** party
for
Wanda Jensen!
She is turning 90 and we
hope you will join the family
for an open house on
February 28th ~~2015~~
from 2-4 p.m.
at the Cove church.
No gifts please.

2014
P Shirley M. DANA
MELBA B. LARSEN
PHILLIS R. RASMUSSEN

2014
P. SHIRELY DANA



Bev's FRIENDS



Agatha Allen

Rayla Reed X

Paula Fickus

Lena Allen X

My FRIEND PAULA



Rena Allen

Rene Skidmore

Joy Bingham

No pictures for:
Alora Breece
Anna Breece
Elene Eskelson

BUD'S FRIENDS



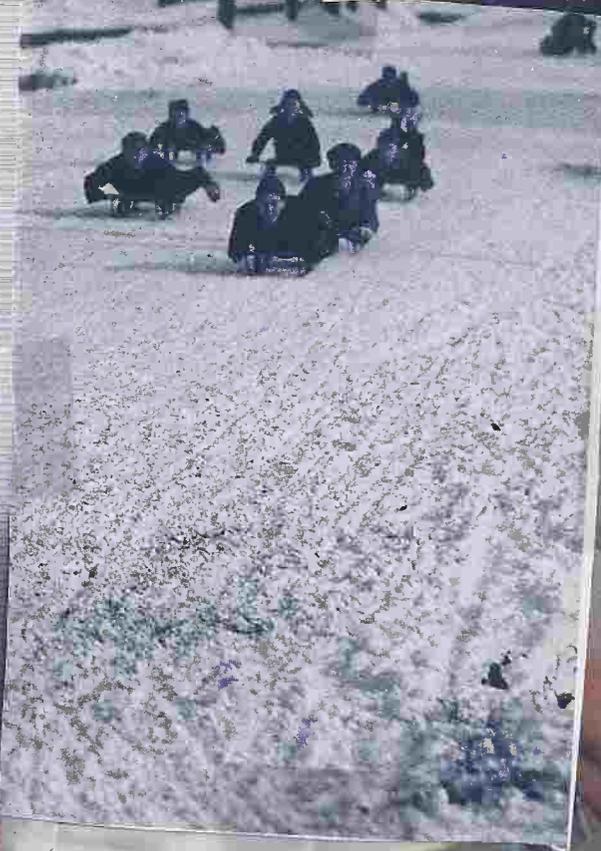
RAMON
FRANDSEY *
1940 BUD HANSEN KEITH BARNES MONT
HIGH CREEK PREECE



Gr. High
BUD HANSEN KEITH
(PALS) BARNES
HIGH CREEK

7-622-X
\$24.95

EVERY DAY LOOK



...and illustrating read, illustrating the fascinating history behind the
...of the flashlight, to the tortuous birth of the television
...of objects great and small, old and new from every
...ally Useful is an exploration of this covert history, a ce
...complex computer, reflect a unique process of evolution,
...offices, and the world outside, everyday things from the
...jects, stuff things—they surround us, and we cannot fi



Winter fun of yesteryear

Shirley Dana

This article reminds me of my childhood fun on sleighs in cone, Utah - High Creek area

As winter weather has its final melt down, a look back at the fun of snow boarding, sleigh riding, skiing, skating, or just having a snow ball fight helps us remember the recreation the season provides for us. As an old timer, my mind goes back to whole winter afternoons or mornings with the neighborhood kids sleigh riding on our hill.

Situated on the road leading up to my home, the hill had the perfect slipperiness and length for great sledding. My father didn't always appreciate this condition and often had to hitch up our team to pull our truck up the hill from where it slid after a failure to negotiate the road. But it was this aspect that made the hill great for a long ride down past a house and pastures below.

Before the sledding began, Mom made sure we were dressed for the cold. Our snow pants were called leggings then, and made of wool. Our boots resembled our father's farm overshoes, with buckles that clasped together to keep them tight on our feet and legs. Then we donned snow hats and mittens. I wore a wool cap that featured a strap under my chin that snapped on the side. If I couldn't find my mittens I raided Mom's mending basket for an old pair of socks that I pulled over my hands. It is possible that we girls also wore some long tan cotton socks held up by a halter-like apparatus that hung over our shoulders under our clothes and had long garters that hung down to reach our socks. (At least, I wore them to school on winter days and was delighted when I got old enough that I didn't have to.) And undershirts, everyone wore undershirts then — boys, girls and adults.

Now, dressed for sledding, I gathered with my friends for a day of fun. Unlike today with tubes, plastic disks and other unguideable devices, the sleighs we used had cross bars along the top front that could be pushed or pulled to steer the sleigh. Probably a Flexible Flyer which were patented in 1889 and still being

sold, my sleigh was just my size and as dear to me as Citizen Kane's Rosebud. I could sit on it and steer with my feet, or lay on my belly and steer with my hands. Often we tied our sleighs together into a

train and with much switching back and forth from the loose ties we'd plummet down the hill. The person on the front sleigh was responsible for steering, but the individual on the last one had a wild ride as the sleigh whipped back and forth. Only the brave liked these positions.

The boys tried all the ways they could think of to be daring in their descent, such as standing on their sleighs. But that didn't last long as they lost balance and tumbled off. Another time four of them lay on top of each other and sailed down. Amazingly, they had the longest run of the day, almost reaching a creek some distance down the road.

My brother was injured when in a mad rush to steer past another sled he fell off and the other sled's runner caught his ear and tore it. That day's fun ended with a trip to the doctor's home to have a couple of stitches put in. But most of the time no one got hurt. That is, until one day I decided to copy the boys' recklessness. Our friend, Dale, lived at the bottom of the hill and a gate led into his yard with posts on each side. I'd seen others sail down and make a sharp turn into the gate, so I decided I could do it, too.

I lay down on the sled and headed down the hill. My turn wasn't quite sharp enough and I hit the post on

one side of the gate.

Dazed, I lay there wondering if I was dead. Then, I realized the funny papers were right when they showed stars shooting out of the heads of people who bumped themselves. As I rose from the ground, I saw stars, all right.

No one noticed my accident, so I slowly walked up the hill towards home and someone to comfort me and help the stars go away.

My sledding for the day ended, but I would be back on the hill the next day, bundled in all my clothes and looking for fun.

Top of Utah Voices

2/7/11



Audrey Godfrey

Commentary

Audrey Godfrey lives in Logan. A Top of Utah native, she is recognized as an accomplished historian and academic. She has authored many books and articles.

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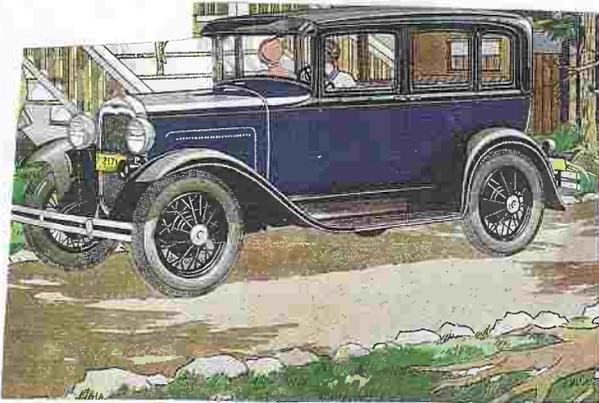
and buck us off. This happened many times. I don't think the pleasure was worth the effort of catching him. We had our friends, the Nelse Frandsen family who lived up on the hill East of us. I would go to visit my friend Bernice. She had a big brother named Lavelle. He would tease us by grabbing us around the waist and pinning our arms to our side and tip us upside down and put our head in the water ditch. We had no choice but hold our breath until he lifted us up. I hated that prank as our hair was soaking wet and water dripped on our clothes. As we grew older he didn't do that anymore. In later years he took Me and Bernice to the dances and out to dinner. When we were young kids we would play in her dad's big hay barn. When it was empty we would swing from long ropes in the top of the barn. It was dangerous but fun. We were like Tarzan. Sometimes Bernice and I would climb the big cottonwood trees to the high branches and swing and sway in the breeze and singing to the top of our lungs. When I was about 15 yrs. old Bernice gave me dancing lessons. She invited me to go to Logan to the public dance hall with she and Lavelle. I asked Dad and he said no. I was disappointed and pouted awhile. Dad knew I wasn't old enough to socialize in the adult world with strangers. I was used to dancing with Bernice and would of made a fool of myself dancing with a strange man. Dad was wise.

Nelse Frandsen had turkeys on his farm and one got loose from the yard and wandered down in the field by our house. Nelse told Mother she could keep the bird if she caught it. Mother, Bev and I chased that bird all over that field for two hours. We never gave up and finally caught it. We were ^(EXHAUSTED) fagged out but knew there would be roasted turkey to eat.

We had fun in the wintertime when there was enough snow on the ground to sleigh ride. We kids in the neighborhood would pile 3 or 4 kids on a sleigh and ride down Allen's dugway. We would tip over and roll in the snow. We would brush the snow off us and go back up the hill and slide down again. If we didn't have a sleigh we would use an old round dishpan or a scoop shovel and come down the Barnes's dugway as it was steeper.

It was so cold and our clothes would be so wet and frozen stiff we could hardly get them off and put them by the stove to dry. Fingers and toes were like icicles. Each winter we did the same thing and it was fun. Now I don't like the cold weather and lot of snow.

When Bev and I was old enough to walk to Cove to go to Church or activity meetings we were cautioned not to ride home with strangers. There was only a few cars in High Creek or even Cove. Each car had it's own individual motor sound. We would know by the sound of the moter who was driving the car. Sometimes we would walk with our friends, Colleen and Yvonne Barnes, and there was safety in numbers. When we were alone that was a different situation. If we heard a car coming either direction and we did't recognize the motor sound we hid by a bush or behind a tree. If there wasn't one close by then we scooted down the embankment on our belly and kept our head down and laid still until the car passed. We then continued on our way. Many times when I was walking alone I followed the same routine.



Milt Barnes always had a herd of milk cows and he always had a calf crop. When the calves were big enough we would get on them and they would buck us off. We didn't have far to fall and it was fun. After a few weeks of riding the calves got smart and they would just stand there and not move. No matter if we kicked them in the side or smacked them on the rump they refused to move. We waited until the next crop of calves came along. This went on for a few years. I don't think Milt knew what we were doing.

During the winter when the snow was on the ground. I would catch Milt by surprise and pelt him with a snowball when he least expected it. He got even. When I would go to his house to play with his kids, he caught me coming around the corner of the house and he would toss me on the ground in the snow and rub my face in the snow. We would end up laughing. But my face was red and wet and cold. But we would have the same fun every once in awhile. He was a good sport and never got mad if a snowball smacked him.

During the summertime Bev and I would go over to Collen and Yvonne's and make a play house down by their bridge that crossed the creek. We had broken cups or dishes and pans and we would mix bird eggs, dirt and water together and make mud pies. We would put them out in the sun to dry and bake over night. They were so hard you could use them for a hockey puck. I don't know what we did with them except they were fun to make.

They had an old dog that like to play with us kids. One kid would hold him while we got a head start and run around the house and grab on to a low tree limb and swing up the tree before the dog would jump up and try and nip us. I don't think he would of bit us. He was having as much fun as us.

We were cautioned to stay away from the creek unless someone was with us. One time Bud and Keith came up missing. All of us went looking and calling for them. Of course we thought they may have drowned in the creek. After a long time they answered us. They had seen and heard all of us, but they thought they had pulled a good joke on everyone. I don't know what they got for punishment, but I was glad to see them and know they were alright. *They hid in the old barn under boards.*

My cousin Boyd Larsen asked me to go houreback riding with him up the canyon. I rode on the back of the saddle. I didn't have riding breeches only thin cotton play suit. After riding many hours the seat of my suit had worn a big hole in it and I had a sore butt and legs. I s mighty glad to get off that horse and get some cold water on my behind and fresh clothes on.

THE LONG WALK

Sometimes during the summer months Mother would need to go to Richmond to buy necessities and me or Bev or maybe one of us would go with her, or sometimes we went alone. Remember this was close to 4 miles from home. Once in awhile we would ride with Mr. Bright the milkman in his old milktruck. This was a slow ride as he had to stop at every farmer who sold milk. This was a couple hours ride. He would deliver the milk to the factory in Richmond. He would let us off at the main road into town. We walked a couple of blocks to Theurer store.

Othertimes when Mother went with us we would walk home on the lower rocky road into Richmond. What items that was bought was put into a pillowcase to carry them home. We would have to rest a few times in the shade to cool down and get some energy. We didn't carry water with us as that was more weight than we wanted to carry. I was always glad to get home to rest.

CULTURAL ARTS

One summer our neighbor, Dora Kennington decided the Cove kids needed to be exposed to the theater arts. She got us involved in an Oprettta. We had to sing of course. Now I'm not a singer. But I could visalize me as a star singing on a stage. My friend, Colleen Barnes got the lead part. I did get a minor singing role and glad to get that. We practiced a number of weeks before we performed before the parents and etc. I was about 12 or 13 yrs. old at the time. We also had us buy to float in our old swim hole.



Us kids looked forward to the summer. We could hardly wait for the ice to go off the creek and the water to warm a bit. We made a swimming hole down West of Barnes field. We get in the water and remove the rocks from the bottom of the creek and pile them up to make a dam so the water was deep enough for us to swim and play in. The water was cold and when we got so cold we would climb out and climb up on the side hill and lay in the dirt and let the sun warm us up. Then back in the water we went. We did this hours at a time. At different times our friends and relatives would join us. We had a neighbor lady, Dora Kennington join us a few times and she taught us how to float and turn somersaults in the water. We didn't have bathingsuits so we all wore our brothers overalls. On a recent visit to my cousin Gene Larsen, he said to me, "do you know what I remember most about you?". I replied, "no, what"? He said, "I remember swimming in the old swimming hole and the overall strap on your overalls came undone and your big brown titty flopped out". I don't remember but I bet I ducked down in the water like a rock. I'm sure I was embarrassed. We were probably 11 or 12 yrs. old.

A WORKING MOTHER

The time dad was sick for such a long time Mother went to work. This was the era that ^{Few} women didn't work away from home. Our neighbor Dora Kennington got Mother a job with her at the Agricultural College in Logan. Mother was the Pie maker. She made pies by the dozens. She had to get up very early in the mornings and ride to work with Dora. Dad had the responsibility of taking care of us three kids and the house. For a time I was up to Uncle Marvs. working. Bev and dad had to cook, do the washing and the canning. Bev always was a good cook and kept a clean house. She and Dad made a good team. When I was ^{at} home I missed Mother as much as the rest of the family. She would be gone ^{at} all day. We were so used to having her there. It was an adjustment for all of us. She was so glad and happy when she didn't have to work at the college anymore. She couldn't of been anymore happier than us kids. Mother was a great pie maker. Many times I would ask her how to make the pie crust or the filling. She would say, "a pinch of this or a handful of that". She didn't follow a recipe but did it by feel or look.

a neighbor who was going to church. I never walked to church during the winter months. To cold and snow on the ground, ^{A 3 MILE WALK} No snowplows to be used to clear the snow off the road. The

Dad was sick one time and couldn't work so we went on church welfare. That provided us with food, blankets, clothing and etc. It wasn't charity as Mother, Bev and I would walk down to Merrill's Spur to the main highway 91. to catch the train to Logan to work at the Welfare building to take the seams out of clothing or whatever we could do to help pay for the items they gave us. We would stay all day and work and then take the train home to the Spur and walk the 1.5 mile or more to our High Creek home. We did this for quite a while and I was glad when we didn't have to do that again.

The first Bishop^{that I remember} of the Cove ward was Bsp. Lester Bair. He was a kindly man. He lived east of us on the High Creek road. He also was the mailman. He delivered the mail with a one-horse buggy. During the winter months he put the runners on the buggy. He blessed and named me in church. The Cove church house was a big white frame building. It had wood burning stoves in it to heat it in the winter months. Sunday School meeting was held in the mornings and the Sacrament meeting in the afternoon. I usually attended one meeting, usually Sacrament meeting as I had to walk down the rocky road to Cove unless I caught a ride with a neighbor who was going to church. I never walked to church during the winter months. To cold and snow on the ground. ^{A 3 mile WALK} No snowplows to be used to clear the snow off the road. The

HOLIDAYS

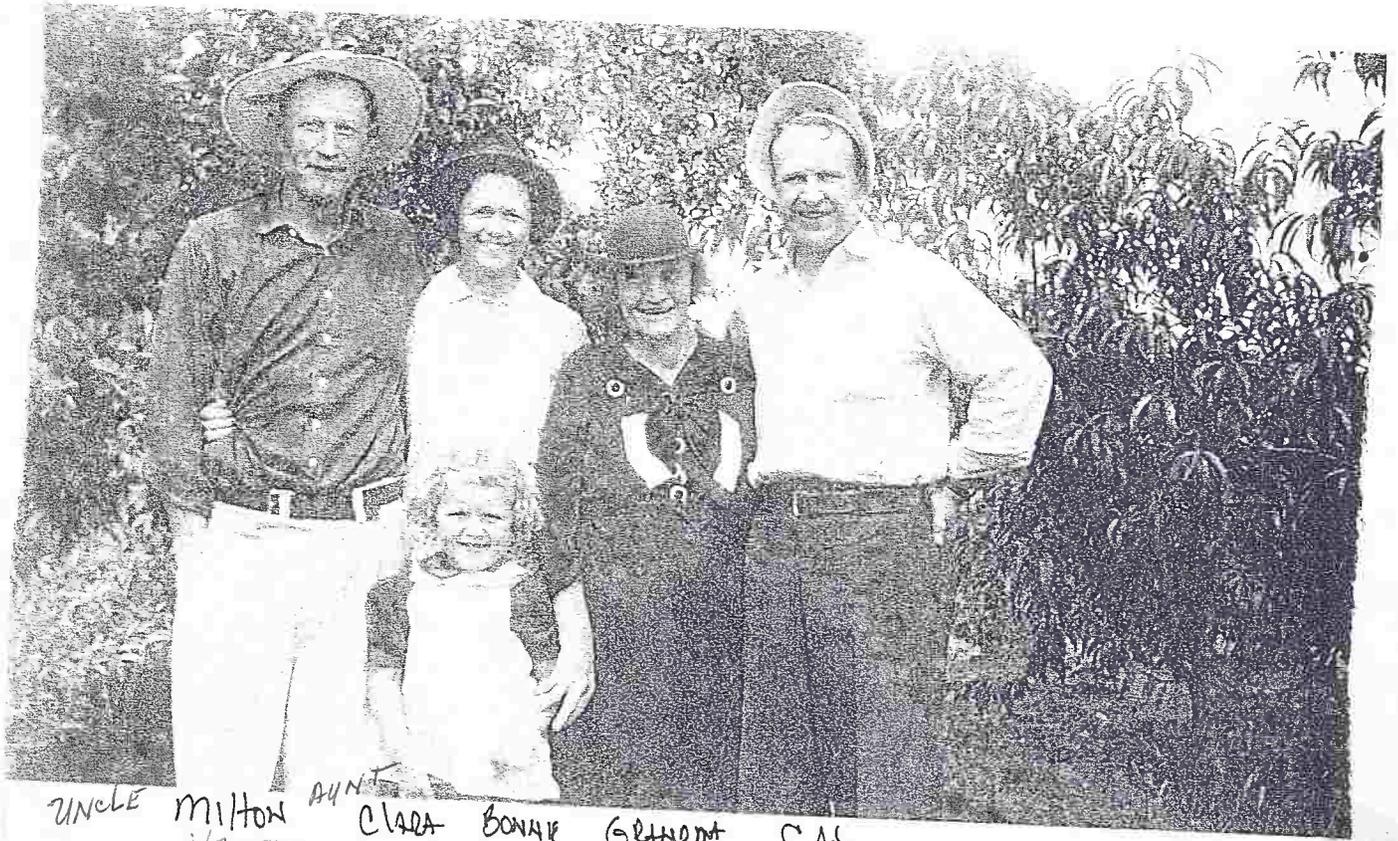
I don't remember celebrating holidays like people do now. I remember two. Christmas was one. We had a Christmas tree. Dad and maybe Bud went up the canyon and cut one down and hauled it home. We didn't have fancy decorations to put on it. We made colored paper chains and strung popped popcorn strings. Later we may have had colored electric lights. We hung long cotton stockings on the back of a chair for Santa to fill. We never got a lot of toys. Bev and I got a doll and necklace. The stocking had an orange, nuts and candy. And not much of that. I remember one time when Bev and I was older we decided to look for Christmas presents. We found dolls and necklaces hidden up in the clothes closet. We went over to Barnes and they ^{KIDS} were snoopy to. We ransacked their house. We found the loot hidden under their parents bed and between the mattress and springs we found a BB gun for Keith. We knew that But would get one to and he did. That snoopy escapade spoiled Christmas surprise for me.

HALLOWEEN

We made a ratchet out of a wooden spool when the thread was gone. We cut notches on the sides of the spool and then tied a string to the spool and wound the string around the spool. We would take a bar of soap with us and the ratchet and go over to Barnes, Frandsens and to a few other houses in High Creek and sneak up to the house and put the ratchet to the window and pull the string hard to unwind the string and the spool would make a scratching sound on the window and then we would mark the window with soap. We would holler out "trick or treat" then we would run like heck so the family wouldn't know who the pranksters were. We didn't know that "treat" meant we was to get a treat. It was just a word.

Christmas Doll

Bev and I got dolls for Christmas. We usually put our dolls behind the kitchen stove to keep warm overnight. We did this many times. One night we put them to bed back of the stove. The next morning I went to get mine and I was devastated as my doll had tipped over and her head laid against the hot stove and it melted into a glub. I tried to play house with her but she didn't have a recognizable head and I had to throw her away. No more dolls until the next Christmas. I felt bad about that experience for quite awhile. I was 8 or 9 years old then.



UNCLE MILTON HANSEN
AUNT CLARA BONNIE GLENDA CAL
HANSEN REYNOLD LOU ANNIE HANSEN WINTERS

CALIFORNIA TRIP



1930 Shirley & Beverly
CALIE X X

BETH
CHARLOTTE
MARILYN
HANSEN

MONTANA TRIP

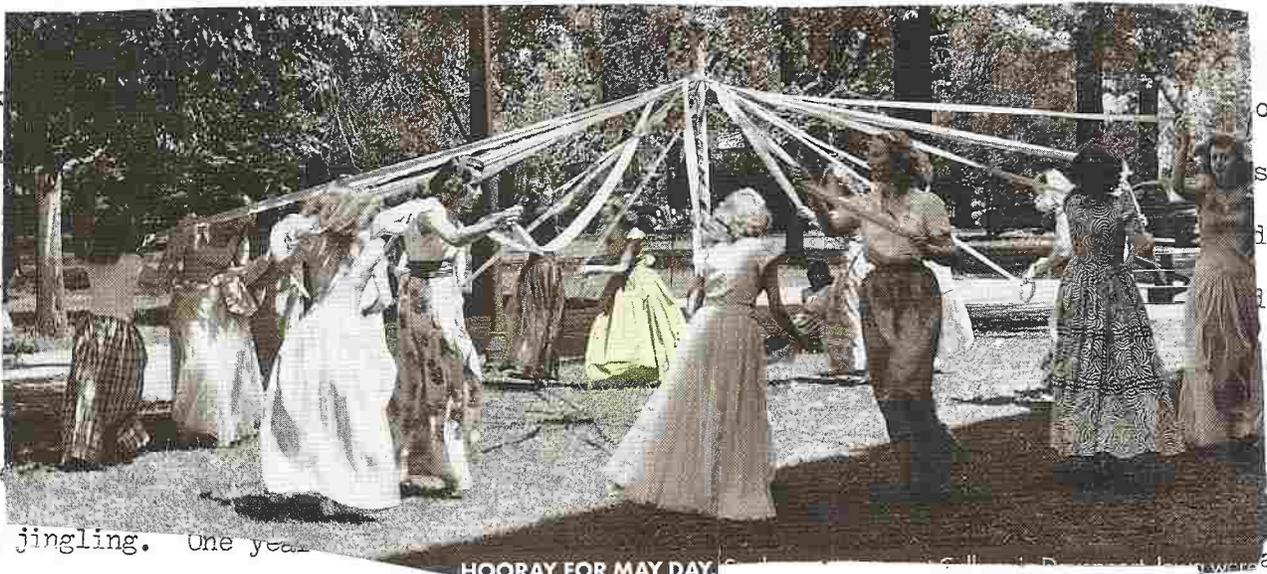


BASIN, MONTANA X 1932-1933
Beverly - Shirley - Babe, Bonnie Lee, Bud 1932-
1933

folks weren't active in church but they supported us in our going. I liked to go to Primary. The School bus would take us to the church house and wait until Primary was out and take us home. I liked to help wind the pretty colored paper on the May pole and put birthday pennies in the penny jar for the Primary Children Hospital. When I was older I attended M.I.A. That meeting was a night. I would catch a ride with a neighbor, especially during the winter months. Ivan and Agatha Allen would put runners on the wagon that was pulled by a team of horses that had bells on the harnesses. It was fun to ride in and hear the bell jingling. One year I was an attendant to the Queen, Norma Preece. We had fun at the Golden-Green Ball. My friend Wanda Anderson had a cousin from Treasureton, Idaho and he brought his friends and we would have group dates to go to Church dances in the small towns around Preston, Idaho. We never went steady and we usually traded boyfriends every dance we attended. I had close and cherished friends from Cove through our association from school and church. Namely Colleen Barnes, Lois Allen, Wanda Anderson, Bernice Frandsen and Melba Preece. We have remained in close contact thru all these 70 plus years. Two of those friends have passed away. Bernice and Lois.

Dad had a few cars at times and I remember of two trips we took. One to California to visit dad's bro. and family, Uncle Milt and Aunt Clara, Beth, Charlotte and Marilyn. Uncle Milt helped dad get work at the Richfield Oil Co. I was about 5 yrs. old. It was fun going to the beach and playing with our cousins. Grandma was there also. Mother was pregnant at the time. One morning Bev and I stood on a free standing cook stove and we tipped it over and spilled hot bacon grease and coffee on us as mother was cooking breakfast. Bev was seriously burned with 3rd. degree burns on her neck, chest and tummy. The doctor came to dress her burns. He wanted the folks to take her to the hospital but they wanted her at home to care for her needs. The good doctor came three times a day at times to care for her. We didn't think she was going to live. She was blind and had to be kept in a darkened bedroom. We kids were never allowed to see her. Because we could carry germs in her room. She recovered from the burns in a long period of time and she had the terrible white scars on her body all her life. At times they bothered her. I only got a few minor burns and a broken toe where the stove plate fell on it. Dad got sick when we lived in Long Beach and he was in the hospital. Mother was in the hospital at the same time as she delivered Bud early. JULY 2, 1930

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bell jingling. One year
Golden-Green Ball. My friend Wanda Anderson had a cousin from Treasureton, Idaho and he brought his friends and we would have group dates to go to Church dances in the small towns around Preston, Idaho. We never went steady and we usually traded boyfriends every dance we attended. I had close and cherished friends from Cove through our association from school and church. Namely Colleen Barnes, Lois Allen, Wanda Anderson, Bernice Frandsen and Melba Preece. We have remained in close contact thru all these 70 plus years. Two of those friends have passed away. Bernice and Lois.

Dad had a few cars at times and I remember of two trips we took. One to California to visit dad's bro. and family. Uncle Milt and Aunt Clara, Beth, Charlotte and Marilyn. Uncle Milt helped dad get work at the Richfield Oil Co. I was about 5 yrs. old. It was fun going to the beach and playing with our cousins. Grandma was there also. Mother was pregnant at the time. One morning Bev and I stood on a free standing cook stove and we tipped it over and spilled hot bacon grease and coffee on us as mother was cooking breakfast. Bev was seriously burned with 3rd. degree burns on her neck, chest and tummy. The doctor came to dress her burns. He wanted the folks to take her to the hospital but they wanted her at home to care for her needs. The good doctor came three times a day at times to care for her. We didn't think she was going to live. She was blind and had to be kept in a darkened bedroom. We kids were never allowed to see her. Because we could carry germs in her room. She recovered from the burns in a long period of time and she had the terrible white scars on her body all her life. At times they bothered her. I only got a few minor burns and a broken toe where the stove plate fell on it. Dad got sick when we lived in Long Beach and he was in the hospital. Mother was in the hospital at the same time as she delivered Bud

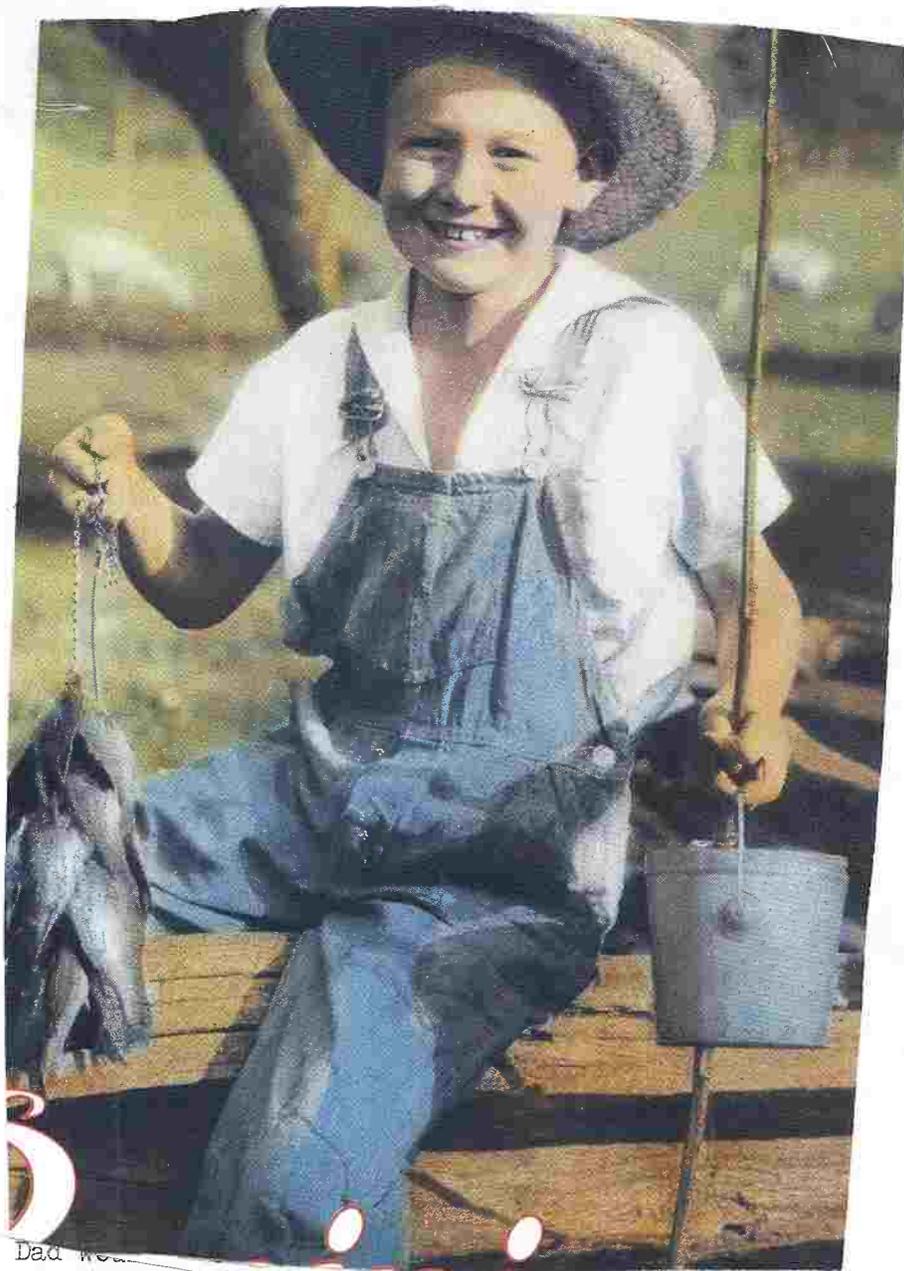
early. JULY 2, 1930

Car - Calf Episode.

When the economy improved somewhat, a number of love families acquired an Automobile of some sort. Even dad ^{had} one. One day while dad was away working mother decided to try and drive the car. Lots of love women were driving. These days ^{we} didn't need a manual to study, or driving test or even a license to drive a car. I think the car was a Model A. Ford - and black. Had had it parked by the barn close to the road. She and I opened the gate and she got in the car. She worked the lever and I cranked. The motor started and mom took off. She didn't steer very well and she went around the field and ran over the calf. Peeled all the hair off its backbone. Away she went. She returned safe and the calf survived. She and I have had a good chuckle over that ^{episode} thru the years.



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THIS PICTURE
REMINDED ME
WHEN WE FISHED
HIGH CREEK WITH
DAD -
- OLD WILLOW POLE.
- OLD BLUE OVERALLS.
- BUCKET OR CAN
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misbehaved. Dad would behave ourselves. Sometimes Bev and I was in the corner and pull faces at each other. Later we tell each other that when we grew up and ^{HAD} kids we would never give ^{THEM} a spanking or correct them. We talked about that lots of times in our adult years when we had kids of our own. The wisdom of youth.

We were taught to say our prayers at night. I was still attending school in Richmond so I was ¹⁴⁻¹⁵ or ~~13~~ yrs. old. Mother asked me go to the grocery store in Richmond to buy a few items she needed. After getting the items I had missed the school bus going to High Creek, but caught the bus going to Cove proper. I got off the bus at Merrills Spur on the highway and started walking the road going home carrying my school books and the sack of groceries. 3.2 mi. WALK

Grandma, Aunt Emma took care of Bev and I and the house. When the folks got better Dad said " we have had to much bad luck here in Cal. and we are going back home to High Creek." and we did.

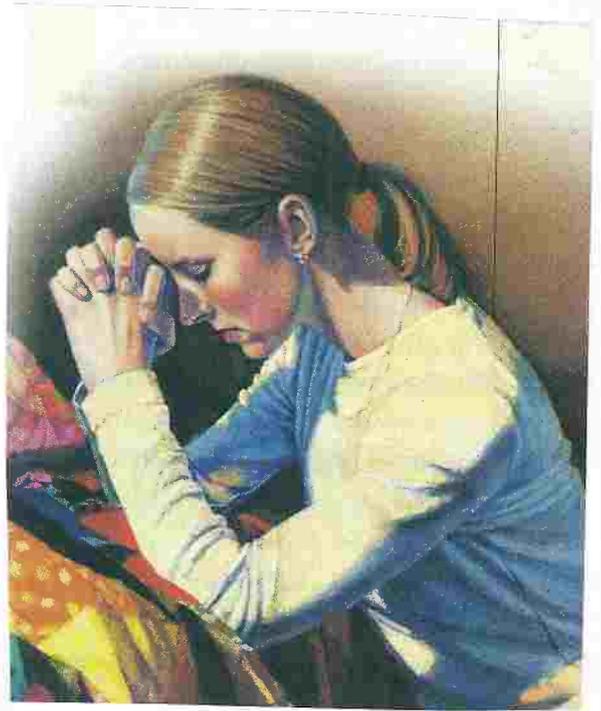
The one fun trip we took was to Basin, Montana where Dad's sister lived. Aunt Vera, uncle Joe Dini and daughter Bernice, who we called Babe. They lived on a cattle ranch. We got to ride a famous horse that uncle Joe bought. We had fun playing on the haystacks and in the big corrals climbing up on the poles. We had lot of good food to eat. Also on that trip was my cousins, Cal, Lucille and Bonnie Lou Winters. They traveled in their car and we in our car. We had lots of cousins to play with.

* Dad liked to fish. He would ask Mom, Bev or me to walk the Creek with him while he fished the holes for trout. Sometimes he would take us way up the creek to the campground. He knew every good fishing hole in the creek. He taught me how to fish. I had to learn how to put a worm on the hook. If I caught a fish or he caught one I had to learn how to clean it. I still like a good trout to eat.

PRAYER

We always said a blessing on the food. One day dad asked me to the saying the blessing and for some unthinkable reason I said no. Dad asked me again and I said no. I defied Dad and I had never done that before. Dad got the razor strap and he gave me a few hard wacks with it. Dad never did give us a licking like that before or since. I learned a hard lesson not to defy again. Usually Mom would chase us with the broom and give us a swat when we misbehaved. Dad would tweak ^{us} by the ear and make us sit in the corner of the room until we would behave ourselves. Sometimes Bev and I was in the corner and pull faces at each other. Later we tell each other that when we grew up and ^{HAD} kids we would never give ^{THEM} a spanking or correct them. We talked about that lots of times in our adult years when we had kids of our own. The wisdom of youth.

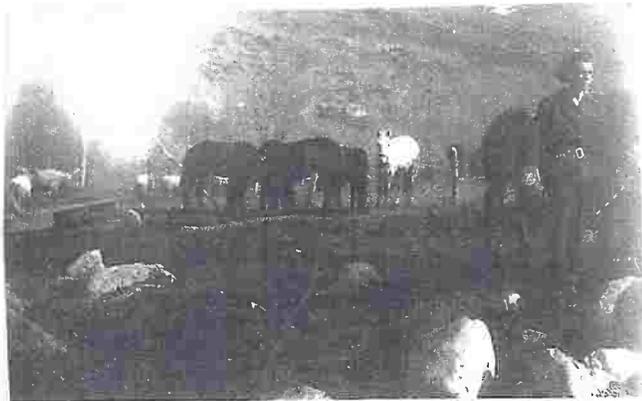
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While I was walking I could see a person up on the east hill using farm equipment. Then the person stopped what he was doing and started down the hill. I had a premonition that it was the man from Richmond. It was common knowledge that he "liked" girls. He was safe when he had a parent or a member of the family to be with him. I was a schoolmate of his sister. ^(Kathryn) I decided to turn around and go back down the road to my cousin Barbara Larsen and her husband Doug Hendricks. I knocked on their door for a few times but they weren't home. I knew I needed to get home as Mother would be wondering why I was so late. I started walking again. Looking toward the hill I saw this man running down the hill. I went down in a dry irrigation ditch and knelt in prayer and asked Heavenly Father to help me. I resumed walking and felt a little relieved that I couldn't see him anymore. As soon as I got to the rise in the road to start down an incline there he was standing in the middle of the road. He had a smirking grin on his face. A quick glance and I saw where he had cut the barbed wire fence and a ^{Burlap Bag} gunny sack was by it. I kept walking. As I approached him I said "hello, I go to school with your sister Kathryn!" He grabbed both of my wrists as I tried to pass him. At that same moment my hands flew up and I grabbed him by the throat. He twisted my wrists really hard and the harder he twisted them the deeper my fingers pressed into his throat. Suddenly he let me go and he ran back through the opening in the fence and up the hill in the bushes. I can remember screaming and crying, but it sounded so faint and far away. My legs felt weak as I ran down the hill to where Milt Barnes was working in the water shack by the creek. I barely squeaked out the words, "he got me". Instantly Milt ^{Wilson} knew I was talking about. He took me to a neighbors house and they got Mother and Dad and they took me home. I had nightmares for a long time and had to sleep with the folks. It was a very traumatic experience for me. It was even worse when the sheriff from Logan and the man's father came to interview me. I was a grown woman and married to even talk about my experience. It was a terribly thing to keep remembering. I know the Heavenly Father heard my plea for help and caused that man to let me go before he could do further harm to me. I know my prayer was answered that day.

DANA + KRISTOFFERSON FAMILIES IN HIGH CREEK

HIGH CREEK KRISTOFFERSON GIRLS



MAX DANA - MTAH
HIGH CREEK



1940
-41

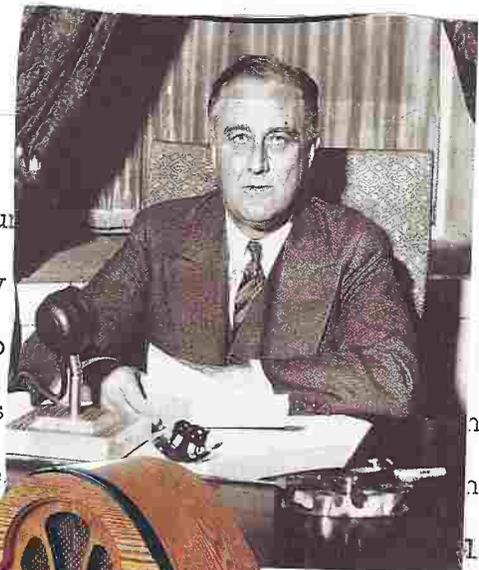
EDWARD - SHIRLEY
DANA HIGH CREEK HANSEN



Sunday December 7, 1941. I turned 16 years old a week before. The weather was warm and beautiful and I had walked home from church in Cove. When I got in the house Dad said, "Sis we are in war. The Japanese has bombed Pearl Harbor." I said to him, "what does that mean?". He told me that men would be called to go and fight and people would be killed, I didn't comprehend what that meant. I knew Dad had been a soldier in France during the 1st. World War. I remember Dad kept the radio on a lot to get the latest news. I finished school that year until school was out for the summer. There was a call for men and women to go to work in the defense plants and etc. to help the war effort. That brought a change of lifestyle to everyone. The first one to be killed in action from High Creek was my friend and schoolmate, Blaine Eskelsen. Eventually many more schoolmates were killed. People were moving to the cities where the ^{DEFENSE} work was. People were now getting a steady job and paycheck. The war was the reason the folks moved us to Ogden. The move changed our country way of life. Now we became city folk. The childhood days of High Creek was now a memory.

VOTING

Mother and dad was very patriotic. They were also staunch Registrar for the Cove community. One time she was very the Register Book for her. This was my introduction to were also election judges. They got to count the votes elections. A few times during my adult years I have he example was set by them. I have also used my privele This is the American way. These are examples set by



President Franklin Roose-





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My Favorite Says

MEN AT WORK. One of the New Deal organizations that many look back on fondly is the Civilian Conservation Corps, a program that was started in 1933. It was a part of the New Deal and this daily prayer: Each in his own way, let us do our part for the good of our country. The show also features a march around the breakfast table. **Don McNeill's Breakfast Club** are "Be good to yourself". The show also features a march around the breakfast table. **Radio:** Four words heard often on the radio are "Be good to yourself". The show also features a march around the breakfast table. **York's Football Giants, 23-21.** In the first NFL championship play-off, the Chicago Bears edge out New York's Football Giants, 23-21. In the first NFL championship play-off, the Chicago Bears edge out New York's Football Giants, 23-21. In the first NFL championship play-off, the Chicago Bears edge out New York's Football Giants, 23-21.

VOTING

Mother and dad was very patriotic. They were also staunch Democrats. Mother was the Registrar for the Cove community. One time she was very sick and she had me take care of the Register Book for her. This was my introduction to the voting process. She and dad were also election judges. They got to count the votes and get paid for it during the elections. A few times during my adult years I have helped during the elections. The example was set by them. I have also used my privilege to vote whenever there are elections. This is the American way. These are examples set by them.



Rumble Seats

THE DANA'S

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*Edward Dana -
I met Shirley Hansen
"She is young, chubby and
homely"*

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: brother of



Max had a car with a rumble seat and he would take a few of us girls to Casper's ice cream plant and we would buy an ice cream cone. Probably 5¢ in those days, if you could even get a nickle to spend. We felt like "hot stuff" riding in that rumble seat. Edward's other brother Kenneth came to visit his grandma and cousins and I met him. Once Lee and Larue showed up there to. So I knew some of the Dana family from the time I was a little girl. Years later Edward came home from his 1st. hitch in the army and we dated and became engaged. By mutual agreement we broke the engagement as I was to young and he had to be in the army and went away to war. Mother and Dad was living in Ogden and working. I graduated from North Cache high school and L.D.S. seminary in May 1944. The folks came to stay a few days. The night I graduated I wore a Kelly green suit and white blouse and wore white shoes. Mom was home with Bud and Dad and I caught a ride to Richmond to the attend the graduation exercises. After the program was over we caught the train and got off at Merrill's spur and we walked home to High Creek. A few days later we packed our belongings to go to Ogden. Bud didn't want to go with us and arrangements was made with Ivan and Agatha Allen for him to live with them and work on the farm. They were good to him and he was happy to be with his friends and be in familiar surroundings. I moved in with the folks and got a gov. job. I corresponded with Edward. He sent me love letters with drawings on the letters and envelopes. We planned on marriage when he returned from the war. Which we did on 26 May 1945.

I wasn't there when the folks sold the High Creek property and closed and locked the door the last time. The place has changed owners several times. Time goes by and many changes has came into our lives. But we were making memories to savor in later years.



young on

THE DANA'S

I was about 9 yrs. old when I first saw and met Edward. His uncle Leslie and aunt Virgel moved to the Hy Bair place further up the canyon road East of us. While they were living there Edward's uncle Barney and aunt Katie Kristofferson and family and grandmaw Dana moved in. I became a close friend with one of the daughters, Eleanor, who was my age and in the same grade in school. To me Edward was just another relative visiting family. Beside that he had a crush on his cousin Virginia Kristofferson. I met another brother of Edward. Max and his friend Eddie Hartbertson came to live with the uncles and aunts. They also attended school in Richmond. They were fun to be with as they took us sleigh riding. Max had a car with a rumble seat and he would take a few of us girls to Casper's ice cream plant and we would buy an ice cream cone. Probably 5¢ in those days, if you could even get a nickle to spend. We felt like "hot stuff" riding in that rumble seat. Edward's other brother Kenneth came to visit his grandma and cousins and I met him. Once Lee and Larue showed up there to. So I knew some of the Dana family from the time I was a little girl. Years ¹⁹³⁸ later Edward came home from his 1st. hitch in the army and we dated and became engaged. By mutual agreement we broke the engagement as I was to young and he had to be in the army and went away to war. Mother and Dad was living in Ogden and working. I graduated from North Cache high school and L.D.S. seminary in May 1944. The folks came to stay a few days. The night I graduated I wore a Kelly green suit and white blouse and wore white shoes. Mom was home with Bud and Dad and I caught a ride to Richmond to the attend the graduation exercises. After the program was over we caught the train and got off at Merrill's spur and we walked home to High Creek. A few days later we packed our belongings to go to Ogden. Bud didn't want to go with us and arrangements was made with Ivan and Agatha Allen for him to live with them and work on the farm. They were good to him and he was happy to be with his friends and be in familiar surroundings. I moved in with the folks and got a gov. job. I corresponded with Edward. He sent me love letters with drawings on the letters and envelopes. We planned on marriage when he returned from the war. Which we did on 26 May 1945.

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WHEN WE WERE SICK WE GOT A DOSE OF CASTER OIL. MOTHER WOULD PUT A BIT OF SUGAR IN A TABLESPON - ADD THE MEDICINE - PINCH OUR NOSE - OPEN MOUTH - POUR OIL IN AND SWALLOW. A FEW TIMES DR. CRAGUN FROM LEWISTON WOULD MAKE A HOUSECALL IF WE WERE VERY ILL. BEV & I HAD OUR TONSILS OUT WHEN I WAS 12 YRS. AND BEV WAS 10 YR. OLD.



IF AN EMERGENCY - WE WOULD GO TO WILLIAM HARRISON'S - HALFWAY TO COVE TO USE THEIR WALL TELEPHONE. A PARTY LINE PHONE - FEW PEOPLE HAD THEM.



[Faint, illegible handwritten scribble]

COURTING DAYS

1941



1942

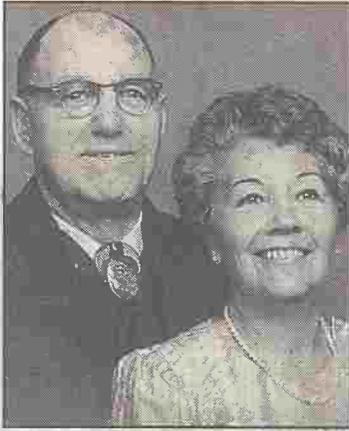
Shirley KANSEN 1941



16 yrs. old



ANNIVERSARIES



Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dana

Dana

Edward and Shirley Dana of Farr West will celebrate their 60th wedding anniversary with an open house from 3 to 6 p.m. on Saturday, May 28, at Westwood Village Club House, 1111 N. 2000 West, Farr West.

They were married May 26, 1945, in Ogden. Their vows were later solemnized in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple in 1947.

They are active members of the LDS Church and served in the California Oakland LDS Mission in 1989.

He was born Aug. 5, 1917, in Marriott, the son of Edward S. and Nellie Knight Dana. He served in the U.S. Army for over six years and is a veteran of World War II.

They lived over 10 years of their married life on a farm in View, Idaho, before moving to Ogden. He retired from Hill Air Force Base. He has had a life-long interest in art.

She was born Nov. 30, 1925, a daughter of Harold and Mildred Pugmire Hansen in Cove. She retired from the Internal Revenue Service in 1975. She takes pride in her role as homemaker, wife, mother, neighbor and friend.

Their children and their spouses are Evelyn and Bruce Giles, Morgan; and Bruce and Brenda Dana, Hyde Park.

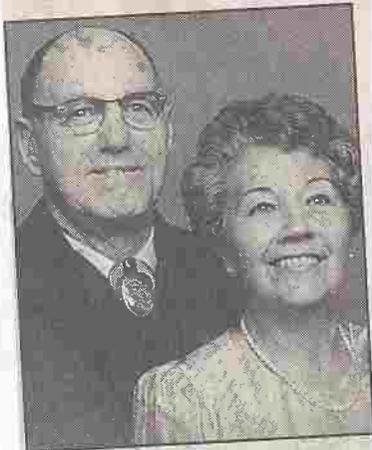
They have 12 grandchildren and 24 great-grandchildren.



1943
 416
 Ed. Dana
 Mrs. Dana
 Shirley Dana
 Jim Builders
 Deals Slide
 NORTON
 HATH

on his 1st birthday
 Oct. 21, 1943

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High Creek is no longer like it was when I was a girl living there. The water is now piped in from a spring east of our house further up the canyon below the Hy Bair place. Now the homes have running water in the house with sinks and bathrooms. They have furnaces for heat. Progress has made life easier. A number of years ago the farmers needed more water for their crops and etc. and the water was diverted further east of our place to be sent in ditches to Cove and to Richmond. The only excess water that runs down the stream bed is the spring snow melt a few weeks during the year. That leaves a dry creek bed that exposes the rocks and they look like gravestones. No longer the sound of bubbling water flowing over the rocks. No longer the sunshine sparkling on the water. The bushes, trees and grass are dry because of the lack of constant water. No longer fishing in some old trout holes the year around. No longer playing in the old swimming hole. Progress altered the creek. My memories of High Creek and our old home are priceless and are in my heart and now to be shared with my posterity. This is my legacy to them. Once in awhile we take a ride up the High Creek road and look at the old house with fond memories of it.

Mom, Dad, Grandma, Bev, Yvonne and Keith Barnes, Bernice and Lavelle Frandsen, Monte Preece, Seth and Lois Allen have passed away. These are but a few loved ones, and cherished friends.. All of them are woven in the fabric of my memories. I loved High Creek, our home where Mom and Dad and Grandma loved and cared for us. A happy childhood to be remembered.

Written August 2002

Phyllis Shirley Hansen Nana