

# *Adella Ruth Ellison Wood*

## An Autobiography



Adella Ellison Wood

I was born 16 March 1919 in Spanish Fork, Utah at the home of my maternal grandparents, John Israel & Betsey Abiah Bradley Hayes.

My parents, Donald Ellison and Ruth Arsenath Hayes were living on a ranch on the Little Lost River near Howe, Idaho where my father worked but as it was very isolated, they traveled back to Spanish Fork before the time for my arrival.

The terrible flu epidemic of 1918-1919 was still raging and my father was in bed with the flu and quinsy in one end of my grandfather's living room while mother and I were isolated somewhat in the other end of the room. Grandma Hayes taking care of me and mama and staying away from Dad so she wouldn't carry the germs to us. Grandma Ellison would walk several blocks over to take care of Dad each day. We went back to Idaho in the late spring as soon as Dad was well enough to go back to work on the ranch.

By the time I was a year old my parents and I had moved to a little farming community called Rose about 7 miles northwest of Blackfoot, Idaho where Dad worked for several different farmers in that community.

When I was 5-1/2 months old my only brother, John Armstrong Ellison was born. He was a sickly baby and mother didn't have enough milk to feed him properly (probably due to lack of proper food for herself, as we were very poor) so everyday she would walk and carry the baby twice each day to our neighbors who lived  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile away so Mrs. Sorenson could nurse John. After a while of doing this, the baby started to gain weight and eventually was able to eat other things also but it was a very trying experience and mother has said many time that John owed his life to the generosity of that good woman who had enough milk for 2 little baby boys, but he also owed it to a good mother who would carry him 2 miles a day to eat and drag along a 15 or 16 month old child with her.

Finally we bought a small farm on the south west outskirts of Rose and moved there to live. We were still living there when I started to school in the first grade. We lived about 2

miles from the school house and I would walk to school in the good weather but when it got colder, I would ride one of our work horses so I wouldn't freeze to death on the way. It was very cold winters in that area, lots of deep snow and sometimes my shoulders and arms would ache by the time I got to school from hitting the horse with a willow so it wouldn't give up in the deep snow and refuse to go on. Usually the horse was eager to get home to eat in the afternoon so no stick was needed on the return trip home. Every winter morning when I arrived at school the teacher would have to take off my shoes and stocking and rub my feet with snow to prevent frozen feet and toes. Sometimes it would take almost until morning recess to rub the feet of the children who came the farthest.

We were too poor to get back to Utah very often, but it seems like of every summer some of the relatives from Utah would come up to visit us.

We lived by a big canal and so we learned how to swim very young. I remember when Dad taught John at the age of 2 how to swim he just tossed him in the water yelling splash your hands and feet, then jumped in after him and got him out. After 2 or 3 times of this John could swim as well as any of the kids, but Dad didn't teach the others in quite this manner as it scared Mama so that she fainted and almost fell into the canal herself.

The reason Dad taught John how to swim so young was because mama couldn't keep him away from the canal. Every time she took her eyes off from him he'd toddle across the road to the canal (which was big, deep and swift) and lean over the edge of the bank and play in the water. One day mama thought she would scare him so she sneaked up when he was reaching into the water, picked him up by the feet and ducked his head clear under the water. She thought when she pulled him out he'd be scared and crying but he was laughing and said "Do it again mama" so they knew he had to be taught to swim and he took to swimming like a duck takes to water and has loved it ever since.

The only fuel we had to heat our home and cook with was wood and as we lived in rather a flat cultivated area wood was always scarce, but 3 or 4 miles to the northwest of Rose was located an area we called the lavas. It was an extinct volcano bed. I suppose with huge fissures of lava rocks and some of the dead trees were quite large in circumference but most of them were less than 30 feet long and every winter after the farm work was done and the snow was deep enough to use sleighs the men of the community would form parties and take wagons mounted on sleigh runners, behind teams of horses out to the lavas where they would spend 2 or 3 days and nights gathering loads of cedar wood to bring wood home for the winters fuel. Of course while dad was gone on one of these expeditions it was up to mother and us kids to milk the cows and feed the animals. Mothers health was not very good and she used to faint when she would get too excited, overworked, hurry to fast and as she had her children close together she was usually pregnant which didn't help her any as she had to work so hard both in the house and out in the fields with dad. I remember one time when dad was gone out to the lava's for wood, and mother was doing the chores, she had left John and I in the house to tend the baby, Helen, who was born when I was 30 months old. This was the winter I started to schools I would be about 6-1/2 years of age, and John not quite 4 years of age. Mother fixed the fire and it was safe, warning

us not to touch it until she came in. She left the house shortly before dark so she didn't light the kerosene lamp, just said play there in the kitchen and she'd be back before dark so not to try and light the lamp. We played until it got quite dark in the house and then we started to worry when she didn't come back. We'd open the door and yell at her and watch for her dark coat against the snow. Finally when the baby was screaming and John and I were crying we decided we had to go find her so we put our coats on and went out to the barn yard. We went towards the barn calling for her but all we could hear were the cows bellerering for something to eat. We knew she had to climb up on the haystack and cut some hay loose with the hay knife before throwing it down with the fork to feed the animals. We started around the stack for the cut end, calling "mama" all the way when we turned the far corner we could see something big and black on the ground close to the stack and if ever there were two scared kids it was us. We stood there and cried and called Mama but she didn't answer and we were too scared to go back to the house without her so we forced ourselves to go on and when we got to the dark object it was mama. She had fainted and fallen off from the hay stack and I guess she might have been killed or seriously injured except for the thick snow and the small amount of hay she had thrown down when she fell on to it. I don't know how many have ever tried to move an unconscious person but I can tell you it isn't easy especially when you are 4 and 6 years old trying to drag a mother who probably weighted 115 to 120 lbs. We would try to pull her by one arm and be afraid we'd pull it off so we each tried to take an arm but she was so completely relaxed that we couldn't hand on to an arm and lift it at the same time. We finally ran back to the house and got the little sled and brought it around where mama was and tugged and pulled and pushed and finally got her onto the little sled but it took 2 to pull it and then one of her arms would fall off to the side so we finally one pulled while the other one held her arms onto the top of her and pushed and finally we got her back to the house where the baby had cried herself to sleep on the kitchen floor. Then came the struggle to get mama off the sled in and in though the door. As I have looked back over the years, to that night I think it was a miracle that we didn't do her some permanent damage that night. It seemed like hours since we had gone out to find her and I suppose it was. We covered her up with coats on the kitchen floor and were trying to get up enough courage to go to the neighbors about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile away to get help when we heard the horses snorting as dad pulled in with a sleigh loaded with wood. He praised us for being such big kids and taking care of mama and he soon had her conscious and everyone was so light hearted and happy as she fixed supper while daddy finished the chores. Every time after that when dad went to the lava's for wood I always felt like a heavy weight was on my shoulders cause I was afraid mama would faint again and we wouldn't be able to wake her up. But life goes on and he had to go for wood many times and mother fainted many more times but dad did try to make sure the hay was cut and thrown down or else fixed so us kids could throw it down for mama to feed.

While we were still living at this same place we had another frightening experience. Dad was gone someplace and mama and we kids were doing the chores. We had a bull that was cranky and mean and mama always kept us kids out of the corral while the bull was in there but sometimes she had to go into the corral with a pitchfork and drive the cows into the barn to milk, usually they came in when they heard us filling the manger with hay but this one night, thank goodness it was summer weather, one of the cows didn't come in and mother had to get it. But the bull got mad and didn't pay any attention to the pitchfork mama had and started after her.

Thank goodness one of the cows was still out and her stanchion was open as mama came running into the barn with the bull after her. I was screaming, John was up on top of the stanchions with another pitchfork trying to stop the bull as mama jumped through into the manger, I slammed the stanchion shut and the bull kept ramming into the stanchions even with John jabbing it with the fork, but mama didn't move as she had fainted when she reached the manger. The bull finally moved back but he stood there and watched us as two kids about 8 years and 6-1/2 years old struggled to get our unconscious mama out of the manger and into a coat so we could drag her to the house, all the time scared to death that the bull would break through and kill us.

When I was in 2<sup>nd</sup> grade the county doctor and county nurse came to our school to vaccinate everyone for small pox. The nurse naturally did most of the work, but the Dr. did vaccinate a few children, including me. Afterwards we learned that the doctor had been under the influence of alcohol and had given a double dose of the vaccine to the children he had vaccinated. As a result we were all pretty sick and I still carry an extra big scar on my arm to this day.

About this time Dad & Mama bought a farm from Grandma Ellison over on the northeast end of Rose. Here we lived across the road from two large canals, The Peoples and the American Falls Canals. Our potatoes cellars and pastures were located on a narrow strip of land between the two canals so we had to cross the bridge over the Peoples canal to get the cows, get spuds, etc. and I guess this was a constant source of worry to mama. However we stayed pretty much away from the American Falls canal as it was wider and deeper than the other one and people were always loosing horses or cows who got in and couldn't get out so they would drown in the swift water after they tired out from struggling.

I remember when I was in the third grade, our teachers name was Miss Bush (Margaret) and I thought she was the most beautiful thing in the world. She had such lovely clothes, smelled to pretty and had flaming red hair. Since I've got older I realize her hair color came from a henna pack. She treated me and Jack and Helen especially nice and we kept pestering mama until she finally let us invite Miss Bush to eat supper and stay all night with us. So we did and she flirted so with Dad that I hated her all the rest of the time she taught us. Not that she only stayed this one time because she was always finding excuses to come home with us until I was sick to death of her before school was out.

The year I was in the fourth grade they built a new bridge across the American Falls canal after the irrigation water would be turned out in the fall. They tore the old bridge out and while they poured cement piling and abutments they laid planks two wide across from each section so you could walk across or ride a horse across if you were careful. I was always a dare devil on a horse and some of the 6<sup>th</sup> grade boys dared me to ride our horse across the planks while standing on my head on the horses back. (We didn't own a saddle) I thought this would be great entertainment for the workers at the bridge site. So I accepted the dare and got along fine until I was almost across, when the ignorant boys jumped out from under the abutment and scared the horse who shied and jumped sideways and I went off into the plank hitting my cheek on the edge of the plank with such a force it laid it open to the bone. I bled like crazy and it scared the boys

to death and they ran home to tell mama while John helped me home, scolding me all the way for showing off and getting hurt. The nearest doctor was 10 miles away in Blackfoot and we had no car or anyway to get to town so mama bandaged it and pulled it together as best she could with a piece of tape borrowed from the neighbors Sorenson's. It was very painful for a couple of weeks but I was healthy and active and it didn't slow me down for long. About 3 weeks after the accident, Dr. Hampton came to our school for something and when he saw the bandage he looked at the wound and said it was healing nicely. When he talked to mama sometime later she told him she did all she could as she had no way to get me to town and he said "if you had, I would have stitched it together and she would have had scars from the stitches all her life, as it is now she maybe will have an indentation there when she gets to be an old lady but not before" so then mama felt relieved that she hadn't done the wrong thing.

About that time we had 7 milk cows and we kids did most of the milking morning and night. It wasn't so bad except when we had to milk old cherry who was a big Holstein and very hard to milk. I'll never forget how my arms ached when it was my turn to milk her. Dad usually milked her when he was home but he was gone a lot trying to find extra jobs to help feed us. I don't believe Dad was a very good farmer; of course he started out in debt, on run down land, with broken, worn out machinery and never enough irrigating water for his farm. It was a constant worry over whether we'd have enough water to save the crops. By the time I was in the fifth grade, we were old enough and had enough kids going to school that we couldn't all ride one horse so dad built a kind of a sled without steel runners just boards over 2 x 4's for runners, it was called a "go devil" and he hitched the horse to it and all us kids, me, John, Helen & Maude, and even the neighbor kids, Carl & Leroy Christensen rode on it to school as long as there was snow enough to slide it on.

Oh the fights and quarrels that went on between me and John over who got to drive. I thought it should be me because I was the oldest. He thought he should because he was a boy so the fight went on between turns and etc. We didn't like the Christensen kids to ride with us because they always had dirty, dirty noses so we made their rides as miserable as possible as they were 1 and 2 years younger than John. In the spring when it would start to warm up during the day the road would be frozen and slick when we went to school in the morning but coming home after 4 o'clock in the afternoon would be quite another story with the puddles. We'd manage one way or another to sit the Christensen kids at the back or over the hole that had worn through during the winter and then we'd drive fast through every puddle so they were always soaking wet by the time we got home. Their folks finally complained to Dad & mama but when they questioned us we couldn't help it cause it was slushy in the afternoons, we weren't forcing them to ride with us and for the next little while they would get wetter still, even if we had to drive over a big bump and dump them off. They'd bawl their heads off but they always wanted to ride with us. I guess we were really little brats when I look back at it.

We played really hard, weren't afraid to try anything but we also worked hard. We always had cows to milk and feed horses and pigs to feed also water to carry from the canal for washing and bathing. We had a well for drinking water and cooking, dishes etc but the pump was always going haywire and so we had to go to the canal.

We thinned beets, hoed beets and potatoes, picked up potatoes in the fields from the time we were 5 or 6 years old. Then as we got to the ripe old age of 8 we would help top beets, pile hay, haul hay and by the time I was 9 I was driving the horse to rake the hay and John who was 8 was cultivating potatoes and driving the team on the hay wagon and for the grain thresher. I guess before we were 10 years of age we had both learned to do everything there was to do on a farm in those days before tractors and power machinery.

Many was the day when we'd be so tired and hot we felt like we'd die before noon came and at 11:30 a.m. dad would say "if we can get to the end of the row or this load loaded or whatever we were doing in time to go swimming before we eat, we can go." Boy would the tired hot workers ever speed up, then run all the way to the house undressing as much as possible to be ready to be the first one in the canal. What fun we used to have. Kids would come from all over the ward to swim at our place. I think mainly because our parents swam with us and played as hard in the water as we unless mama was really big pregnant and then she'd stay close to the side by the little kids. We didn't have fancy toys like the kids have now but we had more fun while growing up cause we had a clean canal to swim in, work horses to ride, trees to climb and mama could cook such delicious meals out of practically nothing.

I remember the summer before our sister Doris the 5<sup>th</sup> child, was born, Grandma Ellison came up to spend the summer with us. We didn't mind except she got rather bossy (we thought) and was a little hard on John and me. She always babied Helen (the 3<sup>rd</sup> child) as she was small and cut and afraid of everything and John and I were dare devils. This particular day John and I had been out in the field hoeing beets and as the pump was broke we had to carry wash water from the canal during the noon hour and grandma said we had to carry it all as Helen didn't feel good and she was too little so grumble, grumble we went, out to carry water. We filled the scrubbing tub and boiler full, then went to play while grandma scrubbed the clothes, but this just made her grouchier so we had to come back and carry water to the rinse tubs; of course when she started to rinse the clothes the tubs weren't full enough so we got called back to fill them. By then we were pretty upset so when we got to the front gate where the milk man had left the ten gallon cans of whey when he picked up our milk, we just filled our buckets with whey, went back and emptied into the rinse water and ran away and hid so she couldn't find us. Poor grandma had to empty the tubs, wash the clothes over and carry all the water herself as mama was sick and Helen was too little. We really thought we were smart until that night when Dad came home and heard about it. Then we received our punishment of pulling weeds, for the pigs every afternoon for a week and that was worse than carrying water.

Our sister Doris was born that fall and she was the prettiest little baby girl but when she was 14 months old she contracted pneumonia and died. It was a very sad time; I was about 9-1/2 years old when she died. While I felt terrible when our little sister died, I really felt worse for mama and her sorrow. Us kids grew up without the baby so we never really missed her except for a very short time, but though mother had 2 other children after that there always seemed to be such a void where Doris had been. I guess mothers just don't forget any of their children no matter how many there are.

We didn't have a baptismal font where we lived. There may have been one at the Stake House in Blackfoot but that was more than 10 miles away and it took a long time to go to town in a wagon so when the weather would get warm the man would flood an old gravel pit over between 2 canals and all the kids that had turned eight years old since the last late summer would come there to get baptized. Of course it was a small ward so there weren't usually too many waiting. I was eight years old March 16, 1927 and mama made me a white dress out of some flour sacks she had bleached really white and pretty. When I put it on I thought I must look like an angel but I was such a bashful shy little girl I was afraid to look at anyone else so I don't know if anyone else was impressed. On July 2, 1927 I was baptized (I think Daddy baptized me) and boy was it ever cold after getting out of the water, but I was so proud to be baptized now and the next day I was confirmed a member at the fast meeting.

Daddy was not a member of the church when he and mother got married and mama's father John Israel Hayes was against the marriage for that reason. However Dad was baptized the 2 October 1920 and was confirmed the next day, the same day that our brother John was blessed. John was born in July but was such a sickly baby and mother was sick and so he didn't get blessed until the day Dad was confirmed. Dad and mother were both very active in church. When we were little kids Dad was superintendent of the YMMIA and mother President of the YLMIA. Of all the children that Grandpa Hayes raised mother was the most active in the church of any of his girls or boys and Dad was the only son in law that was ever really active. The youngest girl, Hortense and her husband, Frank Edwards were married in the temple and attended church but never held any leadership positions or were actively involved like mother and dad.

In June 1923 we all went to the Salt Lake Temple where mama and daddy were sealed for time and eternity and then us kids, me, John and Helen were sealed to them. Dad's sister, Aunt Janey went to the temple children's room to tend us kids and get us dressed in white clothing while mother and dad were going through a session to get their endowments, but that was as far as aunt Janey could go as she was inactive, maybe she was not even baptized. I don't know as she joined another church and turned Christian Scientist. Anyhow one of the temple workers carried Helen and one took John and one me by the hand and we climbed up these beautiful carpeted stairs that looked like they went clear up to heaven and we went into a beautiful room and there was Mama and Daddy kneeling in white clothes and other people in white clothes around in the room. In fact in my young confused mind after hearing mother and daddy planning for this I thought we were going to see Heavenly Father when we climbed those stairs to heaven.

The spring I turned 12 we sold our farm in Idaho and moved back to Utah. In fact, we started our journey on my 13<sup>th</sup> birthday March 16, 1932. We would have moved earlier but we were snowed in and it took until March 15<sup>th</sup> for the snow plows to clear the roads as fast as our place so we could get into Blackfoot and onto Highway 91. When Dad and the neighbors loaded the farm machinery onto the truck, they turned the shafts on the hay rake straight into the air so they really stuck up a long way. All you could see from the truck over the machinery was snow piled up on the sides of the road about 6 inches off the rake tongues up on top of the truck so the snow was pretty deep even in March. We had two trucks loaded to the last inch or ounce of room with all our worldly goods. Mama and Daddy, baby Donna Jean and Maudie in one truck

and me, John and Helen in the other truck with our older cousin, Ferrian Hiatt, who was driving. When we got to the Malad divide, the pass was slick and ice packed and we had a terrible time getting up over it. The horses were loaded on the machinery truck with us. They got so nervous from the slipping sliding and spinning wheels that Dad had Johan and I get out and walk on the snow piled up along the roadside and held the horses reins and talk to them so they would calm down while we slipped and滑ed over the pass. We were higher than the horses loaded on the truck but it calmed them down and we finally crossed over into the promised land of Utah. Dad's cousin Delphin Hiatt had found a farm for us to rent on West Mountain near his, until we could find one to buy. There wasn't any well so we had to carry our water a half a mile up hill from Delphine's place, the house was just an old shack no one had lived in for years but mama was a miracle worker who really worked hard and before long the house was scrubbed and calcined and she dyed some flour sacks and made bright colored curtains for the windows and all of her time was spent sewing and washing, cooking and razing a garden on that dry old hill.

When we moved to West Mountain mother's dad, John Israel Hayes sold us some wiener pigs and we raised them for food. Since we didn't have any grain, us kids were kept quite busy pulling tall weeds for them to eat and we had a cow so all the milk the family didn't use went to the pigs. All our lives it seemed like we had raised a few pigs and when it came time to butcher one for meat for the family Dad would have someone else come to do the killing and dressing and then he would give half the meat to him. This year mother kept telling Dad "if you get someone else to butcher the pig we won't have anything to eat this winter and if you wanted to, you could do it yourself, I'll help you." So the day dawned bright and clear and mother and dad proceeded to butcher the pig.

Dad took an axe and hit the pig on the head to knock it out while he cut the pig's throat. When he hit the pig, it made him so sick he had to stop and vomit and then he came back and stuck the big knife in its throat and proceeded to cut in between vomiting. (Dad was always a man who hated violence of any kind) but in the meantime the pig came to and mama couldn't hold it down so there it raced around and around the pen squealing loudly bleeding profusely, with a large butcher knife hanging in its neck. Dad was getting whiter and whiter and sicker and sicker hanging on to the fencing heaving his head off, mama was white as a sheet and she came running toward the house to send one of us kids to Delphin's house for help and just as she got even with the fruit cellar she fainted and fell down the six steps into the opening of the cellar. The top door was open because they were going to hang the meat down there to cool. The little kids were screaming and John and I were trying to drag mama out of the cellar, to see if she was dead. Dad was out by the corral on his knees hanging onto the fence so weak he couldn't get up, all of us scared to death. Just at that time Uncle Jack Henline (mama's brother in law) came driving into the yard. He helped us to get mama into the house then he finished killing the pig and by then we had to build the fire up around the water barrel to get the water hot enough to scald the pig and scraped off the hair and finished with the butchering job and we still had to share the meat. After, that mama never again asked Dad to butcher anything, except once in a while he would cut off a chicken's head so mama could scald & feather it and we could have chicken to eat. But most of the time mother just took complete care of killing and picking the chickens until John was old enough to help. I helped pick feathers from chickens' but it actually

made me sick all over (not just a queasy stomach) to touch a dead animal of any kind or raw meat either. If I ever tried to eat meat, I'd have to put other food in my mouth with it or I couldn't chew it and I usually swallowed it mostly in bit sizes so I didn't have to chew it or else I would be reminded that it used to be alive and then I couldn't even swallow it.

The year I finished 6<sup>th</sup> grade the principal of the school (Mr. Knight) asked mother and dad if he could promote me from 6<sup>th</sup> grade to the 8<sup>th</sup> grade as it was a shame to hold me back when I was so far ahead of the other kids in my class except 1 boy, Taylor Parkinson who also skipped 7<sup>th</sup> grade. I really enjoyed the school work much better in the higher grade, but the girls my age (2 in particular Lucille Gardner and Lillian Taylor) made life almost unbearable for me because I was put ahead and they weren't. I was so miserable that when the principal wanted my oldest daughter, Judith to skip 3<sup>rd</sup> grade I wouldn't let her as I didn't want her to suffer the misery from her school mates that I had. Anyhow as a result of skipping a grade I started to High School in Blackfoot (8<sup>th</sup> grade) when I was 12 years old. Since I was an extremely shy child in school I certainly didn't enjoy going 10 miles to school each way to a big school where I knew hardly anyone. I was the only girl in my 8<sup>th</sup> grade graduating class so I didn't even have any girls to associate with. All I can remember of that, almost a year in High School, is wandering around that big building, scared to death. We rode in a horse drawn sleigh for the seven miles to the highway and back from October to when we moved in March and I remember the older boys used to take my quilt away from me and I'd get in the school bus for the last three miles so cold I could hardly stand on my feet.

The first summer we lived in Utah I was so homesick I was sick. I couldn't eat and felt like crying all the time I wanted to go home so badly. Finally that fall, Dad & mother had to go back on business and they took me with them. Some of the kids stayed with relatives but I begged so hard they let me and John go, and it was a miraculous cure for homesickness. When we got back there our old home had changed, it looked shabbier and rundown, the canals were empty right at that time and before we had been there one day I was asking to go home to Utah and I was never homesick for Idaho again. We lived in that place from March 1932 where I finished the school year at the Payson Jr. High and graduated from Jr. High. In Idaho kids went to grade school from 1 through 8 then to High School for four years 9<sup>th</sup>, 10<sup>th</sup>, 11<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> however, in Utah they went to grade school 1<sup>st</sup> grade through sixth, then 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> & 9<sup>th</sup> grades Jr. High, then 10<sup>th</sup>, 11<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> grades High School, so I graduated from Jr. High school after attending only 3 months. But for Seminary it was a different thing. In Idaho they had Seminary during 9<sup>th</sup>, 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> grades while in Utah they had seminary during 10<sup>th</sup>, 11<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> grades so I started in Blackfoot part of a year there then started again in Payson the year I started High School in 10<sup>th</sup> grade when we moved to Lake Shore, Utah. I changed to High School in Spanish Fork in March 1933. When I got to Seminary in Spanish Fork, they were studying a different course that year so I had 7-1/2 months of New Testament in Payson 1-1/2 year of Church History in Spanish Fork. Then the second year we studied the New Testament again. Then the third year we studied church history and it came close to graduation time and the teacher realized I hadn't had any Old Testament or at least that I hadn't had 3 years of Seminary of a different course each year so the teacher and principal E. Cecil McGavin told me I could read the old testament and he would give me a test on it and if I passed it I could graduate, but I'd have to hurry. Well I

hurried like mad and read through it and didn't learn anything but I was scared to death when I went into Mr. MrGavins room to take the test. He sat me down in front of his desk and asked "did you read the Old Testament?" I answered "yes sir." He said, "that's fine I hope you will study it more thoroughly as you get older, you're excused. That was the test and I was so relieved, but as the years have gone by I have realize how much I missed by not having a class as I've never learned much of the old testament to this day.

When we moved from West Mountain to Lakeshore Dad bought a 40 acre farm in Lake Shore. There was an old adobe house (3 rooms and a lean to) and it was in terrible shape but our mother was truly a home maker. In no time at all she had calcimined the walls, scrubbed and painted the floors where we didn't have floor covering and made curtains for the bedrooms out of bleached flour sacks and dyed flour sacks made the kitchen curtains. Then for our front room curtains she took burlap sacks apart and dyed them dark, dark green then made drapes out of that for the windows. They were beautiful and I don't think any of our neighbors or friends had any idea that she hadn't bought material to make all of the curtains. I guess because we were always so poor financially that mama had to do anything she could to make ends meet, to this day I wash up feed sacks, burlap sacks and take the seams out of some and fold all of them put and put them away. I don't know what for. It isn't that I haven't had to make curtains and drapes etc., for our homes because I have, but we've usually been able to get new material for them. But anyway whenever anyone needs a sack I've always got a few put away in a box somewhere.

Of course when we were first married I remember I made our first kitchen curtains out of flour sack and trimmed them with bias tape and they were really beautiful.

After we move to the farm in Lake Shore dad bought a truck and stared hauling coal to Idaho and produce of various kinds back to Utah, mostly grain and potatoes, it was kind of up to us kids to run the farm. We really thought we were picked on but it was something that kept us healthy, taught us to enjoy work and helped take some of the hard work from mama's shoulders. Our youngest sister, Ann, was born July 8, 1936 and I remember how mother arranged for us kids to all be away from the home that day, in fact she was so insistent that we go to the neighbors to play or go horse back riding that it made us uneasy.

So instead of going for hours like we always coaxed to do, we rode down as far as Wrides pond about a half mile and then hurried right back home. There was a strange car in the yard and we sat there on the horse wondering who this was when out came the doctor and scolded us and told us to go on back where our mother had sent us, so we did, for awhile and then when we came back again the Dr. was gone and we had a little baby sister. I was 15 years and 3-1/2 months old when Ann was born and I think I was really a help to mother in taking care of the baby. Of course no mother ever has enough help as all children think they do 4 or 5 times more than they actually do.

When we lived in the adobe house on our farm in Lake Shore we had only a kitchen, a small front room one large bedroom and a little back room so we were crowded, since there were mama, daddy, me, John, Helen, Maude, Donna and Ann. Mother and Dad and the baby slept in

the bed room, John slept on a couch in the front room and that left the little back room us four girls. It was quite crowded so mama put a cot in the kitchen and we took turns one sleeping in there. When I was a Jr. in High School it was my turn to sleep on the cot in the kitchen. Ever since we had moved to Utah we had been amazed and scared of the large flying bugs (dad called them June bugs) that was quite plentiful. They were a beetle type bug and very large and they'd fly into the window glass at night when the lights were on in the house. This night we all went to bed and to sleep and about midnight as I turned over something dropped down the neck of my nightgown, I grabbed at it through the gown and hung on and screamed as loud as I could. Mama and Daddy came running in and I was standing on my bed screaming. I really thought it was one of those big beetles that had fallen down my neck. Mama kept saying "open your hand and let go so I can see what it is." I kept crying and hanging on, nothing could make me let go for fear whatever it was would touch my bare body again. Finally when mama could see I was too hysterical to let go, she got the scissors and cut my nightgown up the back from hem to top and took it and the thing away from me. When she opened up my nightgown there was a tiny baby mouse which I had crushed to death. Mother couldn't figure out where it had come from, not that we didn't have plenty of mice in that old house, but his particular bed was in the kitchen and so every morning mother took the bedding off, folded it and put it away to keep clean and put a heavy cover she had made to dress up the kitchen a little. Finally Dad found a little hole in the wall up next to the ceiling and they decided the mouse had fallen out of there into my bed. I had played with baby mice when I was a little kid and thought I didn't particularly like them when I got older, I could help mama chase them with the broom etc. But after this night I was terrified of them, if I thought there was one in the house I'd get out before I'd chase it out for fear it might touch me.

I moved the cot out in the middle of the room to sleep and made sure all the quilts were tucked in so a mouse couldn't climb up them. And to this day I can't sleep in a bed that is against the wall even when I know there are positively no mice in the house nor any way for them to get in.

I was always an extremely shy child except when I was around my own immediate family. I remember when we first moved to Lake Shore I was 14-1/2 years old, we had an old 2 story church house and it always had a lot of hornet and wasps in the upstairs rooms. The teacher would say to the class if you just sit still and don't move or make a noise, they won't bother you. Nearly every Sunday I'd sit there still as a mouse, too shy to move for fear someone would notice me and quite regularly I'd get stung. One day I got stung 3 times, but I was too scared to even say ouch and I'd close my eyes so no one could see the tears. To this day when I see a bee flying around in a meeting I have goose bumps and cold chills.

In the late summer or early fall of 1935 mama and daddy and the little kids were gone to Idaho as Dad had a trucking business then besides the farm. He hauled coal up to the Blackfoot area and brought grain from there back to Utah to sell. I and John and Helen and Maude stayed home to do the work and take care of the animals but mother usually took the baby Donna when she went with Dad. One night after dark, I think it was about 8:30 and us girls were just doing the dishes as I had felt sick with cramps and headache all day and had just laid around and played

all day, anyhow a knock came on the door and John answered it and there stood a tall skinny boy asking if this was where Della Ellison lived. John called me to the door and I remember I looked a sight, the front of me was wet from doing dishes and my hair was all messed up from lying on the couch all day and this boy said "My name is Ferris Wood and I was wondering if you could go to the show with me." I stood there feeling embarrassed because of how I looked and said "I'll have to ask my brother." Then John came back and said, "We are not allowed to go about when mother and dad aren't home and anyhow she's been dumpin around all day because she doesn't feel good. If you want to come back when Mamma and Dad get back that's ok." Then he asked him where he was from and etc. Found out that he had seen me at school in fact that I was in 2 or 3 of his classes. I had never seen him but I was still so shy that kept my nose in a book most of the time at school and I only saw the class mates that sat next to me or were up in front etc. However when Monday came I still didn't dare turn around and look for him but I listened when the teachers called the roll and sure enough he answered "here" in a couple of the classes. Then as the school year wore on when the teachers would call the roll, half the time one of the boys would say "Ferris is over to shop." I remember sometimes the teachers would send one of his friends over to tell him to get to class and quite often they'd come back and say, "Mr. Bohne needs him, he'll mark an excuse for him," and so it went on until early spring. Ferris and his twin brother were seniors but, Ferrin missed a lot of school on account of various things and Ferris tried to take 8 hours of shop every day. Then Ferrin fell off a horse and broke both of his arms and so he dropped out of school and it wasn't very long until Ferris quit too, so neither of them graduated from High School. We went together some, that winter then the next summer we went to all the dances at the Salt Air Pavilion Northwest of SLC on the Great Salt Lake and many trips up the canyon. Ferris loved fishing, hunting and going up the canyon to camp and whenever we had a date in the warm weather when it was daylight he always wanted to drive up the canyons. I had been raised in a very flat country and I was always terrified of the mountains when we were little kids and would come down to Utah to see Grandpa & Grandma Hayes. (They live on a ranch in the mouth of Diamond Fork Canyon about 10 miles up from the mouth of Spanish Fork Canyon). We would hide down on the floor on the car with our eyes hid while we drove along the mountains. When I first started going with Ferris and we went up the canyon, I was so scared that I was sick with a terrible headache and shaking all over but I was too bashful to say anything about it. Finally by the time we were married 4 Jan 1937, I had been to the mountains so many times with Ferris that I learned to love them as much as he did. I would truly hate to live where there were no mountains ever again. I graduated in May 1936 from Spanish Fork High School and Seminary and Daddy traded some coal to a dress shop in Spanish Fork for a beautiful long white dress for graduation. I guess that was the first ready made dress I ever had. I had 2 dresses and a skirt to wear to high school and some friends gave John 2 v-necked sweaters for Christmas the year before I was a senior and when school started, John gave me one of the sweaters to wear with my skirt. Since I was quite large busted all my life, I wouldn't take my coat off when I wore the sweater so mama made me a pretty 3 cornered scarf and we tied it in back and the one corner hung down in front something like a collar and the I enjoyed wearing it.

The summer after I graduated from High School I got a job doing hours work for a lady (I can't remember her name) in Payson, Utah. Since I didn't have any way to travel back and forth I had to live over there. She paid me \$3.00 a week and my meals (but they only ate two meals a

day) and a place to sleep. She traveled around on a selling job somewhere so she was gone a lot. They only had one child, a girl, who was about 2 years younger than I was so she was still going to High School and she had lots of pretty clothes and a lovely bedroom (where I slept too) but she was lazy, rude and selfish. She treated me fairly well when her mother was home but when she was gone, I was treated very rude by this girl. The husband was a farmer I think, and he only came in the house for meals, he even slept in the barn. I was to homesick all the time I was over there and I only worked there for about a month and a half. Then when she paid me, she kept some out for my meals so I only earned about 9 dollars but I used it to buy a few things for my trousseau, and material for a new dress. Mama, made the dress, a pale green (I think Celanese silk). Thin shinny material with the same color petticoat underneath. It was the prettiest dress I had ever had and I wore it up to Salt Air to the dances and to the amusement park and when we went to get into the car to come home, Ferris noticed that I had a great big streak of black grease on the back of my dress. I guess it had come off from something at the amusement park but it sure spoiled a lovely day for me. I worried all the way home because I had ruined my new dress but mama worked a miracle with some gasoline and got it all out so I had it to wear even after I was married.

In the summertime when we ran out of cedar wood to burn, Dad & mother used to go out and gather up dry sage brush from along the sides of the roads to use for firewood during the summer. One summer when I was about 6 years old, and John was 4-1/2 years old, Dad got an old model T Ford built something like a pickup with just one seat inside and a small bed at the back and he and mama took us four kids and went out in the Model T to gather sage brush wood. Since the car had to be cranked by hand and was hard to start and kicked like a mule, dad would drive off the road and stop the car but leave the motor running while he and mother gathered the wood and loaded the truck, then every so often he would get in and drive the car up a short distance. Then they would gather all the wood up to there. Finally we got bored with sitting in the car and John and I decided to drive ahead for Dad one time. We couldn't reach the foot pedals from the seat, so I sat on the seat and steered the car while John sat on the floor and worked the foot pedals. Dad heard the car motor start up and looked up just in time to see us driving away. He dropped his wood and ran as fast as he could to catch us. Mother looked up and saw her 3 children & baby driving off and she fainted. Dad caught us before we got into any trouble, backed the car back to where mother was laying and we all went home and I can tell you we didn't even offer to drive the car again for at least two years. However we had agreed that we would each take a turn at the wheel and at the foot pedals and John was quite resentful since he didn't get his turn at the steering wheel. So about 2 years later on a Sunday afternoon when a family there in the ward had stopped after church to have dinner and visit, we decided to show off for them. So John and I went out by the front gate and cranked the car to start it and got in and drove off. Thank goodness there was a very wide level place on each side of the road where the milk truck turned around and we just kept circling around and around. The adults came running out to see what the kids were screaming about just as John finished his turn and I took the wheel circled around once and ran into the front gate post and killed the engine and stopped the car just in time to receive my punishment. Believe me; I didn't drive a car again until my dad told me to.

This is the end of where mom wrote to. I will now add some items that were used for her life sketch at her funeral.

Mom was a very shy person when she was growing up and practically lived her life (what free time was hers) between the covers of a book.

Probably until the day she died she read more books in a year than most people read in a lifetime.

During their marriage of 46 years, Mom and Pop spent a lot of time camping, fishing and hunting as well as dancing. They were beautiful dancers and were Stake Dance Directors for several years together. They took more than one group of stake youth to Salt Lake City to participate in the all church dance festivals.

Her special gifts and talents included superior quilting, sewing, and carpentry, gardening and automobile mechanical repairs. Once when pop owned the garage in Lake Sure, she accepted and won a bet that said she couldn't remove, rebuild and replace a carburetor correctly.

While they lived in Lake Shore at the garage, mama dropped a whole kettle of grape jelly on the tiled cement floor. Before it was over, she skated, fell and rolled around and around in the jelly until she was covered from head to toe. She laid there in the jelly until a friend came to the rescue and sent her to the showers.

She was famous for rearranging the furniture or the architecture. She was a fair carpenter and it was right down dangerous to leave her alone for any length of time.

She loved to work and was happiest when she was working whether it was hanging wall paper or picking potatoes.

Mom loved people and was forever helpful, loving and kind to anyone who crossed her doorstep. She was a good friend and always went the extra mile whenever she served.

Mom went just like she wanted to, with a shovel in her hand and her boots on. She died January 12, 1998 of a heart attack while shoveling snow in the front yard.

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