

BIOGRAPHY  
Of  
EMMA SOPHRONIA “AUNT FRONE” CURTIS  
By  
Winnie Iverson Hodapp



Persuaded by her beloved and loving niece, Lottie Harris Hayes, “Aunt Frone”, age 81 began a retrospective of her worthy, useful life.

In point of conscience she is comparable to Whittier who didn’t to pass his little school mate in the spelling contest. She fain would honor all pioneers in preference to herself.

Emma Sophronia Curtis Simons first born child of George Curtis and Emma Whaley Curtis was born in Payson, Utah County, Utah, Sept. 24, 1851.

Salt Lake City was only four years old. Payson consisted of a few houses strung along the Peteetneet Creek. I have the distinction of being the third child born in the little community just toddling to its feet.

Picture a crude log house constructed from young Cotton-woods these slim, round trees had been taken from a grove near the lake. The roof was made from saplings and cane covered with soil. It was December 7, 1850 when my father, George Curtis and his brother Joseph stopped their covered wagons in Payson as a likely site for a town. The early winter had made it imperative

that they erect a house at once, and the cabin described above was the best they could do with available materials. They had to content themselves with dirt floor temporarily.

The Walker War, named after Waku, the Indian chief commenced July 18, 1853. I was not quite two years old. The part that I vividly remember was a rap on the window and a man's voice calling father in the night. I sat up in my little pallet-bed. Father rose and dressed and hastily left the room. That night, a guard, Alexander Keel had been killed and father was summoned to take his place. This I learned later. That night all the women and children were guarded in the Meeting house and near-by dwellings. The next morning it was necessary to notify George A. Smith and company at Nephi that the Indians were on the warpath. The companies had been visiting the southern settlements and were enroot home. David Fairbanks was the only man willing to go. As he neared a willow patch thru which he must pass. He thought if danger it is here. He spurred his horse, reached his destination, delivered his message and returned in safety. Months passed. Then Ponawatts, a friendly Indian called at the Fairbanks and told them he had been sent to kill the horseman but his courage failed him when he recognized his white friend. Was David Fairbanks the only man who could make that journey in safety?

When I was six years old I held mother's hand and stood a silent spectator amid a group of anxious people. Everybody in Payson was gathered into a crowd and the "Marshall Band was playing". Alas it did not seem a festive occasion to me, child that I was I sensed a feeling of gloom and sorrow. Mother told me that twenty young men were to leave the next morning for Echo canyon to assist in preventing Johnston's from entering Salt Lake Valley until Pres. Brigham Young Should come to an understanding with General Johnston as to his intentions. It had been reported to Pres. Buchanan that the Mormons were in rebellion. He believing the report had sent U.S. troops out. The air was full of alarm. I remember fretting and grieving and crying in the night over the soldiers. All my anxiety seemed centered around the word "soldiers" until mother said "never mind soldiers are only men. In Due time the excitement died down and our attention was restored to normal activities.

Mother moved into a new house, a white adobe cottage situated a block north and a block east of the present Nebo Stake Tabernacle.

My parents had crossed the plains in 1848. They found one another enroot for Utah. Where will not love travel? During two years they made their home in Salt Lake City, then journeyed south as far as Payson.

Aunt Mary came with the handcart company in 1856. She lived in mother's home until after the first child was born. She always seemed one of the family. One time in my mature years while I was gazing from the big south window in our Payson home mother said "here comes your other mother". She meant "Aunt Mary". Mother was a heroine. I can see that quite clearly now... She and Aunt Mary esteemed one another as sisters in a righteous relationship. Due to their diligence in faith and good works, they were enabled to live this order of marriage with the respect and love of all the children.

Of mother's family seven children were reared to maturity. Sophronia, William, Horace, Harriet, Lilyus, Selena, Lexia. Aunt Mary's children Alice, Clarisse, Lodema, Lettie, Phineas, Esthema, Ray.

Alice was born in August of 1858. I recall that morning quite clearly. Mother was busy cooking breakfast. Aunt Mary did not seem to feel very well. Mother said "If I were you I'd try to take a little walk. It might refresh you." So Aunt Mary & I went for a walk along the Peteetneet creek.

She sat on the banks and rested while I gathered wild flowers. Soon we returned home. That day her daughter Alice was born. How I loved my new little sister. She grew to be such a happy, joyous girl that happiness seemed to radiate from her presence.

The Blackhawk War was the next big event to claim our interest. It was in San Pete County. Men from all over the Territory were sent to aid in protecting the lives and property of the settlers. In Sept. 1866 a treaty was made for peace. Well do I remember the disbanded warriors passing through Payson at the breakfast hour. I saw them reach over the fence for ripe peaches. They were certainly welcome to the fruit and I think they earned their pensions which were granted later. Among the pensioned were half dozen Curtis cousins. About that number of our girls married Black Hawk warriors and they too were pensioned.

The early settlers were not prone to recount Indian raids. We were glad to forget them and let our minds dwell on pleasant topics.

As a family we did not know we were poor. All other families in the community were struggling along the same as we were. When hardships came we bore them without a murmur. Father's motto was "keep out of debt, don't waste anything". He carefully taught us this principle of thrift.

Mother's life was a precious example of that good old adage "self effort educates". Picture an erect little lady in well starched gingham dress, white collar and cuffs. She often held a book, a paper, or a magazine in her hand. If ever there was a good lecture in town she was there to attend it. If I needed help on any subject she was ready with the information. Her well-stored mind was alert and responsive.

My parents never uttered a word of regret concerning the course of life they had chosen. They were firmly grounded in the essentials of secure religious anchorage. They knew God to be just, merciful, all-wise. He was at the helm guiding their lives. They felt that the cause in which they were engaged was pleasing unto him. This assurance gave strength and stability to their characters.

And now came the Civil War. A Territory doesn't send men to fight that is the reason Utah wasn't in the Civil War. If any of our men went, it was because they were eager to go of their own accord.

Mail reached Payson twice a week. Crowds of men gathered at the post office on Tuesdays and Fridays to listen while John T. Hardy, the post master read aloud the news. Those were stirring times. Had any state in the union a right to secede? This was a question to be threshed out by the citizens of Payson. They were interested in the part Jefferson Davis as the President of the "New Republic". They followed Grant and Lee in their maneuvers as opposing generals in the struggle. They read Abraham Lincoln's "Emancipation Proclamation" freeing the slaves. They were in sympathy with his heroic effort to preserve the union. Already he was wonderful in the eyes of these plain citizens.

And what were the women and girls doing? During the summer we went ever one of us. In 1864 the farms yielded well. Partly from war conditions and partly as a result of drought, wheat was eight dollars per bushel. I gleaned three bushels of wheat and thereby earned twenty-four dollars. My! But that was a fortune! With that amount I was able to two dresses and a pair of shoes. Calico was sixty cents per yard, and as it required ten yards for a dress, my calico cost me more than six dollars. The other dress was of better material, and the shoes, you maybe sure was the very best I could afford.

By carefully watching the current events of our region I surmised that it took us seventeen years to get back to normal financial conditions after the Civil War.

When I was sixteen years of age, father came home from Sunday forenoon meeting with an interesting message. He said, "Brother Brigham has asked the ward authorities to call three young ladies to take a training course in telegraphy." Turning to mother he said, "How about it mother, shall we let Sophronia be one of those girls?"

"I think it would be just the thing" replied mother. Phronia is not a strong girl, yet she will need to earn her own living. I believe that kind of work will be suitable for her strength. Soon three girls, Mary McClellan, Millie Webb and I were taking lessons in telegraphy from John D. Stark. Our class convened in an upstairs room of his father's home. Our hours of study were from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m, with an hour off at noon. That first week we learned the alphabet according to Morse – the dots, dashes, spaces and figures and memorized the punctuation. At the end of the second day our teacher said to me. "Write the word Mississippi", I was startled, and for a moment I thought I couldn't do it. But the teacher knew I could. Said he "If you can spell it, you can write it". I knew I could spell it so I wrote it –Mississippi – My first work on the telegraphy key.

The next week we held our classed in Mr. Starks office in town. This was more to the point. During three months we gave strict attention to this training-course, six hours a day. We were eager to become good senders. To this end our daily training was in the use of the instrument. The most difficult part was to receive. That's where we had the advantage in being in an office. A message sent from any point on the circuit passed through our office.

At the termination of the course Stark arranged to attend conference in Salt Lake City. The superintendent gave him permission to leave one of his students in charge of the office. I was chosen. Little did I dream at the close of the first week that I would be engaged in that line of work for a period of thirty two years.

My first office was at Spanish Fork, Utah. My hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Sundays we had two hours work and on holidays we had 4 hours. I had my office and board at the home of Franklin Pace. They were very friendly and nice, but at the end of my first week I found myself dreadfully homesick. I started to walk towards Payson When I had gone about a mile and a half, a wagon came along. A man and a boy were the only occupants. They stopped and inquired where I was going. "To Payson" said I. "In that case" said the man "You had better ride in our wagon".

Gratefully I climbed into the wagon and continued my journey. In a few moments we met father and mother. I soon ran to them. We returned to my boarding place and spent an enjoyable day together.

That was my worst attack of homesickness

When I began working for the Deseret Telegraph Company the line extended from Idaho in the north to St. George on the south. Labor and material for the project had been donated whenever and wherever possible. As the line neared completion in 1865, twenty young men selected from the larger towns in Utah and Idaho were sent to Salt Lake City to qualify for office work. In 1866 offices were opened.

When I commenced training in telegraphy, Samuel F. B. Morse the inventor of the telegraph, was still alive. He was born April 27, 1791 in Charleston, Mass. He became a graduate of Yale University. In 1843 congress appropriated thirty thousand dollars with which to build a telegraph line from Washington to Baltimore. The name "Morse" has always been an inspiration to me. He devoted his life to the perfection of the telegraph. At first people had little faith in the practicality of his invention, but he lived to see it triumph in spite of their distrust. Upon the death of Morse, April 2, 1872 our Deseret Telegraph Superintendent, A.M. Musser, asked each operator to contribute a small amount toward erecting a monument dedicated to Morse. I gladly did my part, proud to be a donor in such a cause.

I continued my work in the Spanish Fork Office three months after which I was transferred to the American Fork office for six months. After the six months in American Fork I returned home and stayed with mother a year. She needed my care more than I did the telegraph work.

I was married July 24, 1869 to Quincy Simons; we resided in Payson where I continued working in the telegraph office for a period of ten years.

Our line has now extended from St. George, Utah to Pioche, Nevada. My salary, which had been four dollars per week, city scrip, was raised to fifty dollars per month, it being in "tithing pay". The term "tithing pay" means produce paid out of the Bishop's store house. During those years the members of the church paid tithing from the products instead of cash.

There was usually hay, grain, eggs, and butter at the tithing office. My fifty per month wage lasted as long as Pioche boomed. When the camp failed my salary was made twenty five dollars per month. Fifteen of it was in tithing, ten in cash.

At the end of ten years employment was offered me at Provo which I accepted, my salary was twenty per month cash, plus fifteen dollars in tithing script. I learned to look ahead and dispose of hay and grain in a profitable manner.

As years rolled on I began to take my tithing pay in sheep. James A. Bean, a prosperous sheepman paid one hundred dollars a year tithing in sheep. I bought the sheep which were left in his herd. In course of time the price of wool increased, the price of sheep doubled. I sold my sheep and received a check for one thousand dollars. What a thrill to hold that check in my hand! It was quite an achievement. The money was out at interest in a few days.

April 24, 1876 the Brigham Young Academy. (Which was later known as the University) was organized in Provo. Three years later, May, 1879, I came to Provo. I could see at once that attendance at the Academy was an opportunity for young people. I decided that my sisters, with my urging and assistance, should enjoy this blessed advantage.

Each September near the opening of the school I wrote home asking "How many of you have finished the grades and are planning on attending the B.Y.A. this year?"

The first year Selena and Clarissa came. They had already had one year under Hattie's care. They were old enough to realize the value of an education. We had two cozy rooms in Mother Shaw's house situated on center and second east. I enjoyed having the girls with me. They helped make home life worth while. I felt it a privilege as well as a duty to see that they had their chance for the best education possible. Our Territory was greatly in need of school teachers, and my sisters were eager to qualify.

Father always felt that my load was too heavy. He held the opinion that his children might have to get along without higher schooling. Each fall I made a special trip to Payson, remained over night and talked earnestly to mother on the subject of educational advantages for our girls.

“Your father thinks its placing too much of a load on your shoulders” said she. “But I am willing to carry the responsibility. Will you talk to father and win his approval?” She promised. That settled it.

When the B.Y.A. opened one or two of the girls were always there. I paid their tuition and bore the cash part of the expense. Home folks furnished all the provisions they could. In this way I assisted with the education of six sisters – Selena and Lexia of mother’s daughters, and Clarissa, Lodema, Isolette, Esthma of Aunt Mary’s daughters.

Each fall of the year I had to exert my will-power in behalf of schooling for my sisters. Father – bless his heart - stoutly maintained that it was too much for me, but I just as firmly contended that it was for the best. In the end he reluctantly gave his consent. The humorous part about it was that we had to go over the same ground each year to get the project started. My beloved sisters! It was their only chance for an education. I felt that socially they would meet the right kind of young men and form attachments that would bless their lives here and hereafter. Therefore, I couldn’t be easy of passive in regard to their welfare. Now, after a lapse of years, I look at it exactly as I did then, and I feel grateful that I did a sister’s part by them.

At three different times, three different business men said to me “You’re carrying quite a responsibility, Permit me to help you”. I refused as graciously as I could. In fairness to my sisters I cold not accept help lest they might feel under a ban of obligation to someone. I wanted them to feel independent.

I had always vowed that I would never live in a mining camp, but when Supt. W.T. Dougall offered me sixty dollars per month cash and my expenses paid by the company I forgot my prejudice.

Sister Lexia was placed in the Provo office. Soon I was on my way to “Silver Reef” near St. George, Utah. After twenty four hours in a big rocking stage-coach I arrived at my destination. Within a few hours I was at work in the Silver Reef office, thirty miles north of St. George.

My office was in the bank with only a board partition between it and a saloon. In addition to my regular office work I received a mining stocks report which was sent each morning and brought us ten dollars per month. Financially it would have been better to close the office.

For my home I rented a one room house near a larger one, the walls being about two feet apart, one night while returning home after eight o’clock, I felt that I was being followed. When I reached the dark shadows of the larger buildings, I ran, and then slackened to my usual pace where the street was fairly light. I arrived home alright and went to bed with out lighting the lamp.

There was at Silver Reef a jolly faced Negro who kept a short-order restaurant. He advertised his inn continually to his acquaintances. I saw him daily as he ordered his supplies by telegraph. “Come to my restaurant and have chicken dinner” he would say and add, “It won’t cost you a cent”.

On Christmas day I went to my office to perform the regular holiday service. There was so much shooting in the saloon next door that I became alarmed. (There was only a partition wall between the office and the saloon) I closed the office and went home, the next morning Supt. Dougall called up. Said he, "We couldn't get in touch with you yesterday." I explained the conditions, and he made no further remark.

Silver Reef boomed until the miners struck a vein of water which flooded the mine. I could see our company was not doing a prosperous business. Financially it would have been better to close.

I returned to Provo in May 1884. I was anxious to purchase a home. A new house of two rooms was offered for six hundred dollars. It was situated on first north five blocks east of my office. I had only half of the amount on hand. When the president of Utah Stake learned that I desired to buy the property he told the tithing clerk to advance the money. It took about three years to make payments, no interest being charged. Since then the home has been enlarged and improved. It is still in my possession.



*Above picture Provo home of "Emma Sophronia Curtis"*

In the spring of 1880 while visiting my mother's home I met a beautiful little girl, Lottie Harris, age four years. Her brother Hyrum S. Harris was sister Lexia's husband. She had large brown eyes and dark hair. To me she seemed ideal in every way, and I was irresistibly drawn toward her.

Two years passed and Hyrum and Lexia were preparing to go to Ann Arbor, Michigan where he was to study law. I entreated them to leave Lottie with me.

Late in May 1891 they yielded to my request. I needed Lottie. She filled a big place in my heart and became my life's bright morning star. Later I asked Hyrum to permit me to adopt her as my legal heir, but he said "How could I do such a thing". She was really in her brother's guardianship, her parents being dead. Her father Dennison Lot Harris had been appointed a special mission I e of leading out in the establishment of various settlements in Utah. His principal homes had been Springville, Smithfield, Virgin City and Monroe. During many years he had been bishop of Monroe. His death occurred a week before Lottie was born. The child's mother, Anna Maria Messerli, never recovered her health; she lived only until the little daughter was four years old.

On October 12, 1892, the World's Fair was opened in Chicago in commemoration of the discovery of America. The general public was not admitted to the fair until the next spring. In August 1893 I was given leave of absence for one month, so Lottie and I went to Chicago. My fare was sixty two dollars round trip. My home in Chicago was with Sister Hattie. She and her husband, Dr. J.H. Greer were ideal in their hospitality. Each day except Sundays she accompanied me to the fair grounds often called the "White City" How I enjoyed it all.

Every civilized nation had its own exhibit. In the galleries the walls were covered with paintings by world renowned artists. Marble statues claimed attention for hours and left you wondering how such delicate designs could be executed in stone. The transportation Building contained every kind of conveyance used in travel, from the lowly hand-cart to the most beautiful and expensive carriages, not omitting royal chariots.

On Lake Michigan (in replica) the three ships used by Columbus – the Nina, the Pinta and the Santa Maria were moored. A plank extended from the pier to one of them. I crossed over and entered the vessel. In one corner was a large iron anchor. Near it was a bunk covered with quilts, old and worn. I stood there and reflected on the hardships of the great explorer. How little appreciation Spain had for him. The vessels were only fishing smacks not to be trusted out of sight of land; the crew were men from prison ready to make any promise for a chance to gain freedom. As if in contrast to the three Spanish vessels, "the Great Eastern" – a magnificent vessel was anchored a short distance from shore.

The "Hall of mirrors" the entrance to the Alhambra was one of the never-to-be-forgotten sights. To me it was all a fairy land. To this day August, 22, 1932, I recall with joy my holiday beyond the confines of our state.

I had hoped never to experience another war either directly to indirectly, but in 1900 the Spanish American War broke out. It was the result of the sinking on the "Maine" our battleship which had been sent to Cuba at the earnest request of the Cubans to protect the island from Spanish oppression. The Maine had two or three hundred men on board whose lives were sacrificed. The Spanish claimed it was accidental. When it was proved otherwise and a peace treaty was formed the Philippines were given to us. The war lasted about a year, not many lives were lost except in the sinking of the "Maine"

Of all the vast territory acquired by Spain thru the discoveries made by Columbus, Cuba was her last possession. Where is the remnant of the two billion in treasure seized from South America? But to return to the Philippines – was it an over Ruling Power that placed the Islands in our hands for the purpose of advancing. The natives to higher grade of intelligence.

It had never occurred to me that I would ever be out of employment. However I passed thru a brief season of anxiety. Lottie remembers how I paced the floor and wept.

When the Deseret Telegraph Company sold to the Western Union in April 1900 I commenced working in Skelton's Printing office at four dollars per week. This kept up expenses during the summer. With the opening of the B.Y.A. that fall I taught telegraphy and served as assistant librarian in that institution. I also held the office of Provo City Treasurer. The salary was small, but only one hour a day of my time was needed. I served two terms from Jan, 1904 to 1908.

My home continued to be an abiding place for B.Y.U. students all of a dozen nieces or friends stayed with us while attending school.



My Aunt Charlotte Whaley Bower made her home with me for fourteen months. I cared for her in her last illness. She died Dec 29, 1900. We buried her at Payson Dec. 31, with the expiring century.

I maintained my office as telegraph operator in Provo for twenty years. April 5, 1900 the Deseret Telegraph Company was sold to the Western Union Telegraph Company. For a period of thirty two years I had been in the employ for the Deseret. Only one other, Supt. Wm. B. Dougall, equaled or surpassed me in length of time of service.

About 1902 I met Esther Orullian and her brother James, recent immigrants from Armenia. Esther was only eighteen years old yet she bore the imprint of one who had suffered. During a period of turmoil and treachery in Syria, she had the ear rings torn ruthlessly from her ears rending the flesh. The massacres were brought on by bands of marauding Turks who came down from the mountains and plundered the Armenian villages.

Esther was in our Fifth Ward Sunday school. Presently she had distressing news of a threatened massacre. She became exceedingly concerned over her people. Wishing to smooth her path I went to Bishop Moroni Snow and asked if I might undertake soliciting an immigration fund for Esther's parents, brothers and sister who were in Syria. He seemed pleased with the idea and gave me encouragement. I began at once on the project.

I presented the case of the needy Armenians by writing letters to missionaries who had labored there. I secured their various addresses from the mission president, J. Wilford Booth. Each missionary thus solicited made his contribution. Two wards, Provo Fifth and fourth each gave a sacred concert to aid in the cause. I explained my project to persons I met in my office.

Each person I interviewed gave something. No one refused. I placed the money in a savings account, and it had drawn fifty dollars interest by the time I was ready to take it out.

Meanwhile Esther's brother had an opportunity to work in the mines in Eureka. Clearly it was her duty to go and keep house for him.

"But I can't leave Provo" said she, "Why not" I asked her friends. If I go, in my absence Mrs. Simons will lose sight of the immigrations fund". I heard about her fears and assured her that I would not lose sight of the enterprise; I had started for her relatives. She seemed relieved and happy in going with her brother. Each payday she sent money to increase the fund – as much as she could spare from the money that had to be sent to her family.

During three years the fund had grown to five hundred dollars. I sent it to the mission President. J. Wilford Booth. It paid the fare for the five already mentioned. In this way I was enabled to repay my debt of gratitude for my own dear mother's immigration to Utah. The way had been providentially opened up for her.

"No ocean voyage for me" said I. "But I would like to pay the fare of at lease one saint from the old world to Utah."

"You want the other person to experience the sea-sickness do you" my mother answered laughingly. I little dreamed at that time that I would be instrumental in assisting five people to get here.

Late in the eighties I had operators cramp which is similar to penman's cramp - I began using my left hand. I could do very well while in Provo but when I went to Salt Lake where there was so much more to do, and speed so necessary it was humiliating not to live up to my reputation. However Mr. Dougall desired me to make the effort - - the weakness lasted three years and then my right hand grew stronger but it has never been normal. I was in the Salt Lake office six months.

In May 1905 I became interested in an eleven year old girl, Vinna Haws, who had been sent by her father, William Haws, from Le Grande, Oregon, to live with his aunt Donna Meacham. I was well acquainted with Mrs. Meacham. I could see clearly that she was overburdened.

Her daughter who was married had failed in health and Mrs. Meacham had to assume her care and also the responsibility of her four young children.

There was not much of a place for Vinna to fit in. So I said "I'll take Vinna, care for her as a daughter, and educate her". Mrs. Meacham wrote at once to the girl's father asking him what was to be done. He gave his full consent to my taking her. Late in May she came to live with me. She brought a recommend from Le Grande and was made a member of the Provo Fifth Ward.



*Vinna Haws and Leah Jones taken approx 1908-1910*

Three months after she came to me home she was stricken with Typhoid fever, with careful nursing she recovered. The doctor was reasonable with his charges. Her father sent ten dollars towards paying the bill.

Vinna was a wide-awake sympathetic girl. She drew my attention to the case of Leah Jones bereft of her mother and denied a home by both her Aunt Sophia Jeppson and her step-mother. The one would send her to the other knowing she was unwelcome in either place and the child wandered on the streets. When these women wished to know of her whereabouts they would call up the juvenile officer and request him to find her. "Let Leah come and live with us" said Vinna. "How can I" was my response. That night I could not sleep for thinking of Leah. I tossed from side to side in bed. It was Leah, Leah, Leah, at last I said aloud "Oh, if I can get a little sleep I'll see about

the poor dear child in the morning.” Next morning I made inquiry for Leah Jones from the clerk of the Juvenile Court. He looked up quickly and said in an irritated tone. “Leah Jones! If her Aunt and her step mother think I have nothing to do but concern myself about that girl they are badly mistaken.”

I took Leah into my heart and home. She came to me April 24, 1908, the ten year old child of Minnie B. Jeppson Jones and Thomas H. Jones. A new era now opened up in the life of the child. I let her stay out of school the remainder of the year. I wanted to get acquainted with her and let her feel at ease in my presence. I spent all the time I could with her.

She was like a little tree that had been subject to drought and blight. Vinna was a watchful kind girl. She helped me with Leah and we got along very well.

During the time that I had care of my girls until they were married, could account for every hour they were not in my presence. They were very dependable. Vinna would come home from school and prepare an inviting meal from the supplies on hand. She had a remarkable knack for making the most of everything.

Leah was artistic. She was also talented in the use of the needle. About 1910 a stranger from Fillmore called to ask if I could take his two motherless girls, a Provo woman urged me to adopt a homeless little one. I explained to both parties that while my heart went out lovingly to all children, I was a woman of moderate means and could not venture farther along this line.

Vinna graduated from Normal Training School B.Y.U. with every intention of teaching. She became engaged to Clarence Lichfield, a worthy young man from Goshen, Utah. She married shortly after finishing school and now has a family of six children. Their home is near Etna, Wyoming..

Leah stayed with me until she was eighteen. She then went to visit her sister in California, Aunt Sophia furnished the money for her trip. While attending an MIA Social she met Tracy Stout, from Hinckley, Utah. He was a soldier training for the world's war. They were married before he left for France. Since his return they have made their home in California. She has six children.

The Worlds War, so significant in history began in 1914. Our entrance into the conflict was two years later after Germany had sunk the “Lusitania” with about 1500 people on board and refused even to apologize. Woodrow Wilson was President of the United States and spent a few months in Paris in an effort to establish permanent peace between the nations.

About 1917 it was discovered that the supply of ammunition was nearly exhausted. Marshall Foch of France, Gen. Pershing of the US and Gen. Haig of England met in council and decided to call the best chemists in the allied armies and place the case before them. The problem at issue was to find a substitute for a certain ingredient essential in the manufacture of gun-powder. The successful chemist was a Jew. In appreciation of his service the Allied commanders said “Name your price - - be it wealth, honor, or preferment”. The Jew replied. “GIVE MY PEOPLE A HOME.”

The above incident was edifying to me because I could seek out its relationship to other interesting happenings, among which I will mention Joseph Smith's prophetic insight. In 1841 he sent Orson Hyde, who is of Jewish descent to Palestine to dedicate that land to the return of the Jews.

During the 80's Baron Hirsh, a wealthy English Jew, believed the time for the gathering of his people was near. When a piece of land was available for purchase in or near Jerusalem, he bought it paying his own money, and at the same time soliciting aid from others.

Late in 1918 the English General, Allenby found himself in Palestine with his army. Just how it happened is a mystery, but the Turkish Government that had held possession of the sacred land for centuries surrendered to him. The Mohammedans and Arabs believed the surrender was due to a large payment of American gold, but there was no foundation for that belief.

Knowing of the dedication of Palestine in 1841 I was puzzled to account for the land remaining in its desolate, barren condition. Had it become an oasis, a land choice above all others it would not have been turned over to Gen. Allenby by the Turkish Government which seemingly regarded it as a worthless possession. Recall the Holy Land was dedicated to THE RETURN OF THE JEWS. There was no opportunity for their home gathering until the war closed. In 1918, many changes have been wrought in the last 14 years. The homeless nation now has partial possession of Palestine. That land is becoming fertile, a desirable possession for Arabs, Mohammedans and Jews, who all claim descent from Abraham.

For nearly two thousand years the Jews have been wanderers, strangers in strange lands, reviled, hated, persecuted, massacred, yet thru it all they've been as missionaries teaching that there is one Supreme Deity who rules over all nations.

Since the war closed, wonderful changes have taken place in Palestine. England, France and the U.S. have advanced means and sent men skilled in agricultural projects to build dams and canals for irrigation and conserve water-power for the production of electricity. Already the land is becoming fertile. The wanderers are returning, but only in limited numbers as they are too numerous for all to find an abiding place there. But the multitudes will be able to make pilgrimages and worship at the sacred shrines.

It has often been remarked that truth is stranger than fiction. An incident in connection with one of the soldiers in Allenby's army during the war comes in here.

In the 90's, Emma Geneva, a daughter of Bishop Price of Goshen came to Provo as a student of B.Y.A. She was a beautiful girl of about twenty years; she soon made her way east. Later she went to England. In the course of events she became the wife of a titled nobleman who was several years her senior. She had one child, a son. This youth almost a Utahn was one of Allenby's soldiers.

In the Allied army, enlisted for service were twelve of father's family. Some of them were in France, others were in training camps. All returned in safety.

Ezra Curtis, a grand son of Uncle Joseph was in the Argonne Forrest 27 Sept. 1918. Wounded men were falling all around him, suffering intensely many of them begged him to take their lives and thus end their suffering. It was difficult to get even this brief statement from him. Then he remembered he was thirsty - - as he lifted the canteen he discovered it had been punctured by a bullet and in that way his life had been spared. He returned home in safety.

In 1912 Lottie's brother Hyrum S. Harris and his wife, Lexia, with their 4 children returned to Utah as a result of the Mexican Exodus. He had spent several years in the City of Mexico studying law.

On his return he took up school work in Colorado and Utah. Later he was made Patriarch of the Timpanogos Stake.

I was always interested in Mexico as a neighbor of the U.S. Under the reign of Pres. Deiz Mexico offered many inducements to home seekers. U.S. capital was desirable to aid in the development of its resources. The Colonies of Dublan and Juarez were settled by families of our faith. Schools were established. Native children were encouraged to attend. The mature people, the natives were taught farming and industries. The entire nation prospered and made rapid improvement towards a higher civilization.

Pres. Deiz was re-elected several times. He was a dictator and ruled with an iron hand. When the malcontents voted in a president from their own party Deia was banished. A reign of terror followed wherein one president after another was killed. This resulted in the exodus followed by heavy financial loses.

Lottie graduated from B.Y.U. College, Normal Department in 1905 and taught in the District schools of Provo 4 years, she attended summer school in California, Utah, and Chicago, New York. She was at Columbia University one year. She had charge of the Domestic Science Department B.Y.U. for several years and she very remunerative offers had she cared to go from home. In November 1916 the Government offered her \$1800 if she would act as demonstrator for Virginia with the prospect of \$2200 within a year.

She married John E, Hayes, and Registrar of B.Y.U. in 1920. Provo is their home, When she quit teaching she was getting one thousand per year. They have two daughters.

A word about each of my brothers and sisters will fit in appropriately in my story.

ALICE was always a joyous girl. One time Sister Lillie wrote to me saying "Oh, if I could only hear Alice laugh" Alice had dramatic ability and was a clever actress in ward entertainments. She taught school three years and the married Levi Colvin. They made their home in Payson until the children needed better educational advantages then they bought a home in Provo. Levi died in 1928. Alice lives in her own home in Salt Lake.

CLARISSA attended the B.Y.A.. Taught school one year. Married William A. Hardy. Who died three years ago. Her home has always been in Payson.

LODEMA was a born home-maker. She married Harry McClellan, a cousin of J.J. McClellan. She had the largest family of all of father's children, ten sons, and two daughters. For years they lived in Payson, and then they moved to Oregon. At present her home is in Myton, Utah. Harry died two years ago.

ISOLETTE received her Normal training in the B.Y.A. taught two or three years, then married Joseph Barker, a lock-smith of Salt Lake where she has since resided. She too is a widow.

ESTHMA received her education at the B.Y.A. She was full of zeal for learning and ideal in her devotion to her parents. She married Caleb Tanner a professor of the B.Y.U. and was a successful teacher for several years. During the summer of 1931 she and her daughter Ida visited the Panama Canal. Their home is in Provo.

PHINEAS became a successful farmer. He married Elizabeth Crook and purchased mother's white adobe home one block north and one block east of Payson Tabernacle. I cite the location because a noted Box-Elder tree in the doorway. - - the oldest tree in Payson. The circumference of this tree is twelve feet.

Phineas has improved and enlarged the home. For sentimental reasons, I am proud of the way he's kept it.

RAY became a carpenter as well as a farmer. He married Lydia Crook. They lived in Payson about twenty five years. Lydia died in 1928. Later her father and only sister moved to Provo and since then have made their home with Ray's oldest daughter, Dora O. Taylor.

GEORGE WILLIAM and HORACE the two oldest brothers in the family, were father's right hand men from early boyhood. They tended horses, plowed, sowed, hauled wood from the canyons, freighted merchandise from Salt Lake City to Pioche, Nevada. freighted ore from Tintic to the rail road terminus at York. I can remember how faithfully they chopped wood - - Horace for Aunt Mary's family and George for mother's family. As they grew up Will found work in Park City in the Ontario Mill at four dollars per day. He worked for several years, saved his money, and purchased a farm at Newton in Cache County. Later he sold this farm for twenty nine thousand dollars and moved to Logan where he still resides. His wife is Permelia Haws off Logan.

Horace became interested in farming and sheep. Later he sold his interests in Utah and moved to Mexico. He was a financier but he lost heavily when driven out of Mexico. He married Martha J. Wightman of Payson both have passed away.

HATTIE received her education in Payson under J. L. Townsend. She taught school one year and had the telegraph office at Provo four years. She married Dr. Joseph Greer of Chicago. They've made their home principally in Chicago. Dr. Greer died in 1928.

LILYUS received her education in Payson under J. L. Townsend. During two years she was a clerk in Hancock's store and about one year in the Payson Co-operative store. She married Jonathan S. Page Jr. and they resided in Payson. He became President of the Nebo Stake. Both have passed away.

SELENA won distinction as a student under Karl G. Maeser. She taught school three years. Married James L. Brown of Pleasant Grove. He attended college in Ann Arbor, Michigan, four years, taking his entire family along. Selena and James joined me and Hattie in Chicago during the World's Fair. They were then on their way to Ann Arbor After his return to Utah he became Supt. of schools for Utah County also professor in the B.Y.U.

LEXIA, Mother's youngest child. Scarcely had she begun her work under Karl G. Maeser when she was called to Fillmore as assistant teacher. Teachers were greatly in demand those days. The following year she finished her Normal course under Prof. Maeser. She taught three years, also assisted one year in the telegraph office. She married Hyrum B. Harris, a teacher, the son of Dennison Lot Harris of Monroe. He studied law four years at Ann Arbor, then he and Lexia went to the City of Mexico. He was president of the Mexican Mission and also of the Colonization Company. He studied Mexican law five years and was in the city of Mexico eleven years. At the time of the exodus the Harris family was in Colonia Juarez.

My love for these my brothers and sisters – each so dear in childhood – has deepened during the passing years. I, being the oldest of the family feel that they have enriched and blessed my life.

In retrospect I find my life colorful with pioneer experiences. I remember when Salt Lake City looked like a country village – no street lights, no cars. It took two days to make the journey from S.L.C. to Payson by covered wagon. When we came to the point of the mountain it was a long steep hill which all conveyances had to make. The well defined markings of the upper highway can still be seen from the broad level road at its base.

It was customary for Pres. Brigham Young to make a trip to southern Utah once or twice a year. He was always accompanied by other leading brethren, their wives and their daughters. They rode in carriages drawn by horses. The announcement of a visit from Brother Brigham was joyful news to all. At one time he said “When I leave my home and my business to visit you, I want to see every man, every woman, and every child in the community. We all headed his word.

On one occasion when we knew of his coming we weren’t sure of the appointed hour. The streets on either side were lined with men, women and children. A young boy kept a sharp lookout for the approaching company, and waved a white flag as a signal that they were nearing. As the carriage of brother Brigham passed thru the street he raised his hat to the people, first on one side then the other and greeted us a graciously as a king.

We crowded into the Meeting House. The officials sat in a semi circle on the platform. Brother Brigham occupied a rocking chair on the north side of the platform.

The painting of Brigham that hangs in College Hall B.Y.U. is an excellent representation of him. I saw him occasionally in public gatherings up to the time of his death, and shared in the hero worship accorded him. I also knew Bro. Heber C. Kimball, George Albert Smith, Orson Hyde, Erastus Snow, Orson Pratt, Lorenzo Snow, Wilford Woodruff, Etc.

Eliza R. Snow, the president of the Relief Society, was a prominent figure in the Territory. She was a fine looking woman, refined and lovely. She wielded a wonderful influence over the daughters of Zion. To my mind she was indeed an elect lady.

For many years I’ve watched the improvements on the Temple Block. This ten acre tract has been made a little more beautiful year by year

I remember when John Hafen rented a room and opened an art studio over a millinery shop in Payson. Johnny Fairbanks took lessons from Hafen. Both were then young unmarried men.

John J. McClellan grew to manhood in Payson. He was the oldest son of Jasper and Leslie Deem McClellan. His parents appreciated his gift and gave him all the musical advantages Payson could offer.

J.L. Townsend did a wonderful work for Payson as teacher of the young. He was talented as a writer of hymns.

The Deseret News has always been my favorite paper. Some of the greatest events I’ve watched thru its columns. (a) The Atlantic Cable (b) The Bell Telephone invention (C) wireless by Marconi. The experiments of the Wright brothers interested me though their success was limited

Mother used to say "it's only a question of time until people will fly." I've seen her words verified by Lindberg and others.

The electric light by Edison is the invention that appeals to me more than any other. "Let there be light." He gets the name for his lamp from A-hy-ra-Mazda, one of the great leaders in ancient history.

I've watched the automobile crown the horse and buggy off the highway.

Oh, if you could but realize the contrast between Utah as it was and Utah of today.

Looking back over the past there is still one momentous question young people love to ask, "What of Mormonism?" Let me answer. ***With each year that passes I'm more and more thoroughly convinced that the Later Day Saints are under Divine guidance, and that the Gospel plan as restored by the prophet Joseph Smith will yet extend to all nations and tongues and peoples on the earth.***

*August 1932. This finishes the work of Mrs. Hodapp.*

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#### **The following comments are from the History of Charlotte Lichfield Hays 1918-1966:**

My grandparents were Joseph Thomas and Annie Matilda Till Lichfield of Goshen, Utah on my father's side. My mother's parents were William Marquis Haws and Adeline Hunting Haws. Adeline had died while my mother was very young. Grandfather never remarried. He was a government trapper and a skilled taxidermist, but spent most of his years in areas where his young daughter could not be taken and so she was raised and educated by a foster mother, Emma Sophronia Curtis Simmons of Provo Utah. She became Auntie Mamma to her fifteen foster grandchildren and a marvelous part of our growing up.

Aunt Frone had never been able to have children of her own and after her marriage failed, she took in three motherless girls and raised and educated them.

She was such an integral part of the lives of Mothers five oldest children that of necessity much of her life became entwined with ours. She introduced us to a very large world of literature and learning by the telling of classics in language us young ones could understand. When was a great influence in our desire for learning and good books.

Aunt Frone was already an elderly woman, when I was born, but will always be a dominating factor in the lives of our family; though she has long since returned to her maker.

She was childless and this fact served to make her life one of faith and charity. She partly raised and educated three girls who were homeless, one of them being my mother.



She was a telegraph operator and while caring for her girls and earning her own living she found time to teach and mend library books for the Brigham Young University. She helped raise funds to free some of the Armenians from the tyranny of the Turks and bring part of them to Provo.

She never stopped studying and learning, until the day of her death at the age of eighty one. Many were the hours she spent with us children at her knee, telling us ancient history and myths in understandable language. However her natural use of "big" words helped to enlarge our vocabularies. We never realized, till later years, what a store of useful information she instilled into our young minds.

She was easily hurt, however and subject to "moods". I'll never forget calling her an "old rough neck" when I was about five years old. She grieved about it and I was in the doghouse; for sometime.

Another time I was in the dog house and justly so, for inviting all my playmates to a cherry feast at her home while no one was home. They all accepted promptly and stripped the tree. It seemed I was always doing such things and yet I was more or less her favorite. She left legacies to her three girls at her death, and building loan accounts practically paid up for most of her "grandchildren".



*Aunt Phrone holding Nerene Lichfield .. left to right: Mable Haws, Charlotte, Howard and Robert Lichfield*

Mother was ill a great deal of the time and we depended a lot on Aunt Frone. While Aunt Phrone Was not related by blood she was in every way our grandmother. Her devotion to Mother and the Other two girls gave them the tools they needed to progress in this life. But to us she was Auntie Mama our grandmother and she belongs to us.