

Stories From My Life
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1905-1986

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2005

AGUA CALIENTE

In my girlhood it was considered fashionable as well as healthy to spend a week or two several times a year at a hot mineral springs bathing resort. Early in the fall we always made a trip to Agua Caliente, a resort almost on the California border. It took us several days to arrive at our destination. A day or two before we started, a couple of hired hands left in a big wagon, carrying feed for the horses, camping equipment and other baggage. The family rode in a light carriage or surrey. My father took great pride in the wire wheels and hard rubber tires on it. We all admired the fringe around the top, the upholstered seats and shiny bay matched pair pulling our vehicle.

The first night out we stayed at Apachewells, an inn about halfway between Superior and Mesa. Here lived the Buchanans, a friendly couple whose place of business was a Mexican style house of about a dozen rooms built in a row. The occasion I remember best must have been before I went to school, because I couldn't read numbers very well and often had trouble finding our rooms when I came back from a romp in the yard. There were big cottonwood trees in the corrals and a great round watering trough, where herds of cattle seemed always to be drinking. Part of the Buchanans' business was providing water for cattle drivers. A fee was charged for each head of stock.

The next morning we ate in their dining room, a hearty breakfast of steak, hot biscuits, gravy and always fig jam. We drove on to Mesa where we spent the night with my grandparents. The next few nights we slept under the stars. By this time, we had caught up with the camp wagon and our provisions. Our beds were made on the ground, a canvas first, then quilts and blankets and lastly my father carefully surrounded our beds with a raw hide rope. He said a snake would never crawl over a raw hide with the hair still on it. We felt safe, comfortable and tired after the long ride.

We arrived at Agua Caliente after about four days travel. The hotel there seemed very elegant to me. There were carpets on the bedroom floors and a grand piano in the dining room. We were assigned a table in the dining room where good food was served, family style and in abundance. We were each given a dinner size napkin, which we rolled carefully after each meal and fitted into a napkin ring. These were kept on a buffet. We were expected to use it for several meals. The napkin rings were each different so we could recognize our own. Some were provided by the hotel, but some guests brought their own. A heavy carved ring with turquoise settings was a status symbol.

A certain amount of time was spent in the baths, but I remember best the evenings on the long porch when we visited with people from adjoining towns and states. There was much talk of cattle drives, ranching and some even of travel. On one of our visits, William Cody (Buffalo Bill) and his wife were among the guests. He and my father were friends, having known each other for years. They had a mutual admiration for one another. About ten years before, Mr. Cody had assembled a group called the "Rough Riders". He took them to England where he put on a Command Rodeo for the queen. He had asked my father to accompany him for Daddy was highly skilled in many rodeo events. My father had just purchased the Star Bar spread so had to refuse; besides, there was a young lady who was beginning to influence his decisions. Mr. Cody's accounts of his ocean voyages and travels were fascinating.

One afternoon as we sat on the veranda, a storm came up, and like most Arizona storms, soon filled the washes and creeks with flash floods. One of the men came in from the corral and told my father that the river was rising fast. About that time, the clouds floated away, the blue sky shown overhead and the bright sun made the raindrops still on the bushes sparkle like jewels. My father suggested to the hired man that he bring up the big wagon. It was fitted with straight chairs and many of the guests climbed in for the short drive to the river and a sight of the raging water. Mr. and Mrs. Cody seated themselves in the wagon and then Buffalo Bill, seeing me still on the porch called, "Come here, sister, you can sit on my lap." He was a kindly man and I felt safe with my father snapping the reins over the horses and Buffalo Bill holding me steady in the rough wagon.

In the evening, the dining tables were pushed to one side. A fiddler and a piano player provided music for the evening dance. I loved to watch the graceful waltzes, but most of all I enjoyed the Varsoviennne. My mother was a lovely dancer, so when the Varsoviennne was called, she was in great demand as a partner. I was always thrilled when my parents led the grand march, which always started the evening.

After about ten days we began our homeward journey, promising to return again next year after the fall roundup.

WE WENT A TRAVELING

My sister Nora, fifteen months younger than I, was my constant companion, my responsibility and source of pride. Her quick wit made our games lively and great fun.

The Ladies Home Journal, which came to our home monthly, tutored our mother in training, dressing, feeding; in fact, in nearly all areas of homemaking. We loved the good things she made from the recipes she found in it, but sometimes felt rebellious at other suggestions. The one we disliked most was the long black stockings we wore on week days. On Sundays and for special occasions we wore long white stockings and our best Mary Janes. Some of our friends wore half socks, except for very cold weather. The stockings were held up by supporters fastened to an undershirt. Mother helped Nora dress each morning. She adjusted her supporters once, then turned her over to me.

One of the earliest memories was the frustration of trying to adjust Nora's supporters. They seemed to bother her continually. When we were sent to the grocery store, we regularly stopped behind a big rock and changed the tension of her supporters. We must have been about five and six when a tragedy almost occurred. We were following the path over a small hill to the store, and had stopped behind the big rock, and, hand-in-hand, ran from behind it directly into the path of a small herd of horses. We were both frightened. We screamed and Nora fell down. An ungainly long-legged colt shied and seemed to run right over her. I cried lustily, running toward our home calling loudly for our father. He dashed out of the house and sprinted up the path, picked Nora up and quieted her. He carried her to the house where our parents decided her fears were greater than her bruises. The experience made us apprehensive about going to the store. Mother sweetened up the task by writing at the bottom of the note we carried, "Jelly beans .05¢."

The family made a trip to the valley town of Mesa about a half dozen times each year. We stayed with my grandparents. Grandmother seemed to enjoy having us. She often asked Grandfather to hitch up her little one-seated buggy. Nora and I dressed in our best, went with her to visit friends. When she introduced us, she would confide in a stage whisper, that I was as smart as a whip and Nora as cute as a bug's ear. We enjoyed the cookies and lemonade they usually served.

On one occasion, we persuaded Grandmother to let us ride in the back and hang our feet out. Grandmother warned me to hold Nora tightly because the road was bumpy. We bounced along the dusty road until we came to a particularly deep chuck hole when Nora bounced out into the dust. She picked herself up and, running after the buggy, shouted and cried out to Grandmother to stop! I also shouted at Grandmother! We went almost one of Mesa's long blocks before Grandmother succeeded in stopping the horse and waited for Nora to catch up. After that, we were very proper and sat beside Grandmother on the seat.

When I was about six or seven, Grandmother took me with her to visit the kinfolks in Texas. Great anticipation and preparation were part of our "getting ready". Grandmother made me a light-weight blue coat with a lace collar. She bought me a new hat with fringe and flowers on it. My mother made me several dresses. New Mary Janes, cotton gloves and a purse completed my outfit. Grandmother was the soul of punctuality. We arrived at the train depot an hour before the train was due. Most trains were an hour or two late, so our wait was long, never dull.

Grandmother made friends with the other passengers. Before the first hour was over, we knew the life history of most of those in the waiting room. During the second hour, Grandmother, with me in tow, went from family to family with advice about their problems. This was always well received, for one could feel the sincerity with which it was given. I can remember how wise I thought her answers were when she talked to one mother whose child couldn't read.

When the train finally arrived, it was nice to settle ourselves in two facing seats and open the shoe box lunch we carried. One of the small tragedies of the trip was the loss of my new hat. A breeze caught it as I leaned out the window and sent it bouncing and skipping across the Texas prairie. Grandmother promised to buy me another when we visited cousin Kate Haskell, who had a millinery shop. I knew the promise would be kept because Grandmother had a hundred dollar bill as well as several smaller ones sewed inside her petticoat.

Our first stop was at the house of Grandmother's sister, Jenny Ledrick. She was a widow with cattle ranches so large we might ride for hours and not reach the end of her property. She had two grown sons, in fact, they were overgrown, big tall men with black hair and booming voices. They rode handsome black horses (my father usually rode a palomino). When they laughed, they slapped each other on the back with blows which would have floored a lesser person. At first I was afraid of them, but a pony from the pasture and a four-bit sack of candy from the grocer turned fear into friendship.

At home, we always had the blessing on the food with Daddy calling on one of us to say it. Our hosts must have had it only on special occasions. I knew that Grandmother had whispered to the hostess, for as we went from family to family, I was called upon to bless the food. I embarrassed her one time when the minister, who had also been invited to dinner, was just set to begin the prayer when I assumed the honor. He was kind and wished all children had been trained in this manner.

I thoroughly enjoyed the visit at Aunt Jenny's. It was a novelty to be the only child in a family of grown-ups. At home I was the eldest of five and usually considered myself an adult with responsibilities in the care of the younger children. One morning I awoke with a sore throat and a slight temperature. Great Aunt Jenny brought me breakfast in bed and Grandmother fussed over me. The pampered feeling was delightful. I was just finishing my teakettle tea (warm milk with sugar and vanilla) when the boys came in, one carrying a bottle and the other a teaspoon. The eldest one said, "So, the little lady has a cold. We've got some medicine guaranteed to cure it."

He poured out a spoonful of whiskey, added some sugar to it and held it out to me. I sat bolt upright, asking what it was. The word "whiskey," was a physical blow to me. I had been taught that the surest way to hell was a taste of whiskey. I began to cry and asked, through my tears, if old Satan had made it. They must have known who made it for they laughed loud and long, slapping each other on the back and asking each other, "Did old Satan make it?"

I quit crying when I realized I wasn't going to be forced to take this accepted remedy for a cold. I explained that my parents would feel badly if I came home a drunkard. They laughed some more. Later I could hear them in the hall asking each other if old Satan had made it. I recovered quickly

and was glad that our next stop was at Uncle Bert's where there were lots of children. It was nice to be one in ten.

The following year it was Nora's turn for a trip. Grandmother and Grandfather took her by train to Los Angeles. They stayed at a boarding house they had located on a previous trip. Grandmother loved to groom us. She brushed our hair night and morning, a hundred strokes each, polished our shoes and ironed our starched dresses. She declared, upon her return, that Nora, with her fine blonde hair and big brown eyes, had been the darling of the boarding house. They brought back a photo of Nora under an orange tree with an orange hanging just above her head. She was wearing the white coat Grandmother had made for her.

Both my grandparents loved auctions. These were held nightly in the shops along the wide boardwalks in Long Beach and Los Angeles. Grandmother always bought a cheap suitcase and loaded it with oriental rugs, tapestries, fabric, pictures and other articles bought at the auction. We relived each purchase as she told us of the exciting circumstances surrounding the occasion.

We had missed Nora and were glad to have her home, but I was a little jealous when Grandmother would tell people that Nora hadn't cried once on the trip. We all knew that I cried twice on the Texas trip—once when Aunt Jenny's boys had tried to doctor my cold with whiskey and another time when Grandmother had made me sleep with a pillow. My mother had read in the Ladies Home Journal that sleeping with a pillow would give one a double chin. I was disillusioned when I awoke with my usual chin and regretted the tears of the night before. When we reviewed the trip, both Nora and I agreed that the tears at Aunt Jen's were justified for, "Wasn't a drop of whiskey a passport to utter destruction?"

NOTE:

In these true accounts of happenings in my childhood, I have tried to remember not just the events but the feelings I had at the time. It's interesting to remember social conditions which influenced one's thinking. The period about which I wrote in this story was one in which Temperance Societies flourished.

MY FATHER

I suppose most little girls make a hero of their fathers. I was no exception. He seemed tall to me, though now when I see pictures of him and compare him with others, I think he must have been an inch or two less than six feet. His hair was black, parted in the middle and combed back and up in two nice waves. His features were regular, with the nose a little sharp. He was very agile, rather on the thin side, but strong in appearance.

I remember him best a-horse-back. He always had a favorite horse, usually a palomino, sat it easily, with the reins held high and firm enough to keep the horse's head up. He never, no never, 'pulled leather' (touched the saddle horn) which was unpardonable.

My brothers were accomplished riders, but I must have been a trial to him for he often told me to keep my horse's head up, to sit straight and use my knees to guide the horse. On a steep trail I guiltily clung to the saddle horn. Several times a horse threw me. He always seemed to find out about this and insisted that I ride that particular horse the next day. He had a deep laugh and often made little jokes with us. He used to Indian Wrestle with the boys in the front yard. Both of my parents played tennis and we supported the local baseball team by attending the games.

His discipline was just, quick and unquestioned. When the boys pushed each other in the watering trough too often, he took off his boot, held them over his knee and gave them several slaps with the soft upper. They usually obeyed without this drastic measure.

Years before, my grandparents had moved from Texas to Tempe, Arizona, because there was a college there. Grandmother was very anxious that the children be educated. My aunt graduated and taught several years before she married. My father started the fall term at least four times but never graduated. He attended most of the winter, but could not stick it out through the spring quarter. Professor Irish, who was still teaching when I attended Tempe College, remembered him well. When he saw my name on the roll, he asked about the relationship. He related an incident to the class. He said my father was late one day so rode his palomino horse right into the classroom. He smilingly told the class that my father was a good student, but just couldn't stand to finish the spring quarter because of the roundup. After that he was most gracious to me. He chatted with me before or after class, ending his remarks with a "You look very fetching today." I felt a sort of kinship with him because of this early association with my father.

Daddy sometimes told us of his restlessness when roundup time came. He said he would sit at the desk and in his imagination see groups of cattle running over the hills. He'd remember a small herd who fed in a box canyon and would wonder if the cowboys would miss them. Finally he could stand it no longer. When grandmother got up one spring morning, she would notice that his horse was missing from the corral. There would be a note on his pillow,

"Dear Ma, I have to go to the roundup." She knew that he was riding across the desert to join grandfather and the other cowboys in that essential institution the "Roundup". By the morrow, he would be in the foothills where his herd had been for days. Credits or a diploma were unnecessary to him for he had already chosen a way of making a living.

For several years my father worked with grandfather. They had two groups of cattle, one to the east and another to the south of Superior. He probably bought grandfather's interest, for my grandparents began to spend less time in Superior and more in their valley home. The Star Bar spreading to the south, required careful watching to insure drinking water for the cattle. There were watering troughs fed by springs at several locations. Water was not such a problem on Oak Flat where another group ranged. There was a small rock house near Iron's ranch suitable for an overnight stay. There were drift fences to build, corrals to repair and cattle to move from one location to another. Twice a year there was a roundup. The calves were branded and the stock for market selected. These were driven in a group to Globe or Mesa. When the drive started, it required all of us to get them through town and headed onto the trail. After a few hours, Nora and I turned back but the boys usually completed the drive.

I remember a story Bert brought home from one roundup. He said that on this particular drive Daddy was not riding his regular roping horse and that when he roped a calf, the untrained horse, instead of pulling the rope taut moved with the calf. The yearling, who had escaped the branding iron the last roundup, ran frantically among the milling cattle, entangling several in the rope. Daddy was off his horse ready to bulldog him but was having great difficulty. The other cowboys were enjoying the situation. Some were cheering the calf and some rooting for my father.

"Five on the calf," one fellow shouted.

"I'm betting on Worth," another cried.

"Let him go until next year," another advised.

"He'll stampede the herd," was the opinion of another.

Finally the task was accomplished, the calf branded and Daddy was back on his horse. One cowboy rode up to father and in a jesting voice, but with an undertone of respect, asked him, "How come, Worth, no matter how ornery these critters are, you never cuss them out?" "Well, I've got a houseful of youngins," my father answered, "I'm bringing up two sons—" The unfinished sentence seemed to satisfy both of them. Our daily living came from the livery stable. Here Daddy bought and sold horses, sold hay, a bale or two at a time, to the miners who kept a horse to ride to work. He also rented horses, often for pleasure rides, but usually to people who wanted to go across the mountain trail to Globe or Miami. The wagon road went around the mountain and was a much greater distance. He had an agreement with a stable at the end of the trail to care for his horses.

Several times a year he would buy a group of unbroken horses. He had help with the broncos but often rode them himself. These were tense days and I knew my mother dreaded them. We'd watch at the corral gates while the men rode the bucking broncos. When the horse "broke" (stopped bucking and began to run), someone would open the wide gate and let the horse and rider out. The half-tame horse would carry his rider wildly through the cholla and mesquite. It might be an hour or more before the exhausted horse and rider returned. This waiting period was the part mother dreaded. I have seen her sink into a chair on the porch and pull her apron over

her face so that we could not see her intense anxiety. Shortly she would arise, composed, and go about her duties. It was a great relief to see my father return, riding the skittish horse, now a saleable piece of property.

My father was president of the school board in Superior. He visited school several times a year. He dignified these visits by wearing his good black suit and his new Stetson from Porter's in Phoenix. We were proud of him on these occasions. He discussed plans for the school with the teachers and principal. He seemed knowledgeable and sincere about wanting the best for the children of the community.

My father spoke Spanish, which he had picked up through association with the Mexican people. Often when they had illness or a death in the family, they came to him for advice or a small loan. After hearing their story, he would tell mother to get the checkbook and help them out with fifty or a hundred dollars. I think he was usually repaid.

We kept a milk cow or two. Morning and evening someone drove her to and from a small pasture across the creek. In the early evening Daddy would say, "Vamous a dar un paseo." (Let's take a walk.)

This evening walk was a pleasant thing. Sometimes at Daddy's suggestion, mother stayed home and read the new magazine which had tempted her all day. The children all eagerly accompanied him. With Daddy carrying the baby, we strolled on the foothills. The canyon breeze swept down and cooled us. We saw and heard the preparations of the wild creatures for the coming night. We heard the throaty call of the sentinel quail as he tried to quiet his brood. We saw the fleeting banner of the cottontail as he disappeared, magically, under a desert plant. Again we heard the distant howl of a coyote, the low of the thirsty cow, all a part of our evening walk.

A rodeo is an exciting part of the life of a cattleman. We attended and my father participated in those held in our own town and in neighboring towns. He often rode in the show at the state fair. The Prescott Rodeo was an anticipated event. He usually won prize money—sometimes as much as three hundred dollars. He brought it home in greenback and silver, poured it out on the bed and let us each count it. He considered this part of our education.

Doc Pardee was a most colorful figure in those early rodeos. He rode a white horse, wore a white Stetson hat and a fringed leather vest and chaps. His saddle and a bridle were resplendent in fringe and silver. Megaphone in hand, horse prancing, he rode in front of the grandstand announcing the events. Even if my father wasn't riding that day, Doc Pardee would call out his name and Daddy would stand to a rousing ovation. He was known and admired in rodeo circles. We had attended rodeos all over the state so knew the participants and watched each event with great excitement.

When my father rode the range, he carried a pistol. He said it was for a rattlesnake or an occasional coyote. Sometimes he found a cow down, and if he judged her unable to recover, he would shoot her.

I remember several drought years when the springs dried up and the desert grass was sparse. When he came home after a day on the range during those periods, he looked haggard. The lines in his face appeared deep as he gravely told us of having to shoot as many as a half dozen head in one day. They were starving and too weak to be moved to a new location. Others distressed him because their mouths and tongues were swollen from eating thorny cacti. It was an anxious time. Each morning a quick glance upward showed only blue sky with a few wispy clouds. There was little chance of rain that day.

Never in my life have I looked upon a rainy day as a gloomy day. Even now, far removed from contact with grazing herds, when rain comes, it gives me a sense of security for I know it will bring grass on the range.

No matter how desperate conditions became, we had faith that in time rain would fall. When the day came that lightening illuminated the sky, thunder rumbled in the distance and dark clouds poured out their blessed burden, Daddy would go out in the yard, toss his hat in the air and give a great cowboy yell that could be heard for miles. Archie Lobb, who lived down the road a piece, would answer with his own personal yell. Mynie Sanders, to the north, could be heard in a great American yodel. All of these cries told that life and hope had come again to the range. Daddy would let the rain fall on his upturned face, washing away the deep lines. When he reentered the house, he gave my mother a hug, then danced a jig with each of us. His face seemed boyish in his happiness.

It was a wonderfully joyous time. The washes and arroyos would run with flash floods, the springs and creeks would fill and within days the hills were covered with grass, blue bells, Indian paint brushes, and yellow California poppies. The tall saguaros wore wreaths of blossoms and the prickly pears produced flowers of exquisite beauty. Several times in my life I have seen a growth of yellow and orange flowers resembling domestic tulips. We called them Mariposa lilies. They are a bulb plant which bloomed only at intervals of about seven years. We thought then that it took seven years for the bulb to mature. I have read since that they bloom only when there is a soaking rain in February and another six weeks later. These conditions occur only a few times in any lifetime. When this does happen, the foothills of Arizona rival the fields of Holland in their beauty.

Our vacations were a delight. We often went to a mountain ranch owned by some friends. Only the hired hands, cowboys lived there permanently. Sometimes we found some of the family or other visitors there. We took almost as many pack animals as there were riders. We rode the first day in a buckboard, then after an overnight stay at an old saw mill, we repacked our provisions onto pack animals, usually burros or mules. The wagon road ended at the old mill.

We all remember especially a summer when one of our string of pack animals was a half broken colt belonging to my brother Leonard. He did such wild unpredictable things that we got to calling him that "Loco Colt". Leonard felt defensive about him and wanted to take him on this trip because he thought it might help train him. After he was loaded with grain for the horses, he gave us trouble running off the trail, first one side and then the other. He refused to follow in a single file as the other animals did. Finally, Daddy assigned him to Leonard and me and let us get at the end of the group. Because of his skittishness, we were soon far behind the others.

Daddy was riding near the front in order to control the leaders of the caravan. As we passed along a particularly rocky hillside, the colt suddenly turned and ran halfway up the mountain. He stopped with his head in an ocotillo bush. We rode up the hill, hit him with our quirts, found sticks with which to beat him, tried to lead him, even threw rocks at him. He refused to move an inch. In desperation Leonard got off his horse and made a fire under him. It burned feebly, not enough to move him.

We knew Daddy would come back when we were missed, but thought it might delay the journey an hour or more. We were embarrassed at our failure and became more determined to move the balking colt. Our efforts were of no avail. I cried openly, hot tears of frustration. Leonard, two years younger than I, was more composed. He got something in his eye which accounted for his smudgy face.

Finally, we heard a shot and knew we had been missed. Daddy had fired his pistol into the air to help us find the trail if we were lost. We shouted with all our lung power and soon saw him coming back along the trail. He took in the situation at once, rode up to the balky animal and with his quirt gave him a mighty whack across the rump, accompanying it with a great yell that echoed up and down the canyon. The colt jumped as if struck by lightning, bolted back to the trail and gave us little trouble the rest of the day.

As Leonard and I rode along, we wondered why we had failed so miserably in our appointed task. It was a long time before we could see any humor in the experience, but during the following days I think the twinkle in my father's eye and the occasional chuckle came when he pictured again two smudgy-faced kids on a hillside utterly defeated by a balky yearling colt.

All day we rode over the mountain trails until we came to a high pasture land dotted with oak trees. A wide sandy creek bed provided us with a wonderful camp site. We were within sight of the ranch house. We put up tents, arranged rocks for fire places and chose limbs of the cottonwood trees which grew in the creek bed on which to tie our provisions. A slab of bacon left out would have been stolen by a wild creature within an hour. The clean white sand was a delightful place for sand castles and tunnels. We bought green corn and other vegetables from the boys at the ranch.

Each morning my father took the horses, mules and burros a mile or two to a pasture. He hobbled them to keep them from straying. It was necessary to bring them back to camp at night for a hobbled horse could not protect himself from coyotes or wolves. Daddy took the shotgun with him and as he walked back to camp shot at doves or pigeons for dinner. The pigeons were almost as big as a pheasant and had bluish-gray feathers. We carried them down the creek to dress them. Mother baked them with sage and dressing in a Dutch oven. She served them with hot biscuits from another Dutch oven, complimented them with green corn from the garden and watercress we found in a stream nearby.

Our menus varied little. Sometimes we had jerky gravy over boiled potatoes or a couple of tender rabbits fried in the Dutch oven, but our favorite was the baked pigeons. We hiked in the nearby hills, picked apples from the small orchard and entertained ourselves by splashing in the creek.

In the early evening we went up to the ranch house where we played games or danced to the music of a fiddle, harmonica or accordion. There were never more than two squares and these wouldn't have been complete if anyone had been fussy about an equal number of ladies and men. Usually there were not enough ladies. A couple of the cowboys would go into the kitchen and come back with a large dish towel tied around their waist for a skirt. They would act coy and flirt with the other cowboys. We all laughed, the caller sang out "The Texas Star," everyone clapped and the dance began.

One of the elements which had to be reckoned with on these trips was rain. We sometimes had a sprinkle in the afternoon, but usually it was not heavy enough to wet the bedding. I remember one night when lightning played in the sky and we could hear the thunder strike in the distance. We went to bed feeling uneasy. An hour or two later it began to rain hard. My father had been in and out of the tent most of the evening. He was worried about flash floods. He took a short walk up the creek. What he saw made him run back shouting to us as he ran. He told us to get dressed and roll up the bedding. We obeyed as quickly as possible, but it was not quick enough. Hurriedly he told Leonard to get on his back, then grabbing Brookie under one arm and Bert under the other, he sprinted across the little channel of the creek where water was already beginning to run. He deposited the little ones on the bank, called to the cowboys who were already coming out of the house with lanterns, then dashed back to the camp. Nora and I were next. The water was knee high when he carried us across and waist high when he brought mother to the bank.

We went up to the house while the cowboys helped Daddy anchor the camping equipment with ropes to the trees. We spread quilts and blankets on the floor in the dining room and made a big family bed.

Next morning the sun was bright and shiny, and by afternoon we were back in our camp in the creek bed. We dried out our bedding and clothes on the fences and bushes. By evening we were comfortable in our beds. We slept soundly, trusting our parents to meet emergencies.

Mother told me once that Daddy had said to her, "I don't wish for any more heaven than I have right here." I believe that in spite of the vicissitudes of life he was a completely happy man.

HAPPINESS IS

There is a time in the life of most children when happiness is being as nearly as possible like her friends. She doesn't want to be prettier, richer, poorer, or smarter than her peers. I was at this stage when I went through a painful experience.

My straight brown hair worn in two thick braids, my skinny figure, my clear skin, my neat gingham dress trimmed with a bit of ric-rac made me very much like my school mates. I had one real problem though. My cheeks were not just a faint pink or even a blush of rose. They were, I felt, a fiery red. The condition was worse in the wintertime. The frosty morning air of my mountain home became warm sunshine by afternoon. My face was sensitive to the change, so by the time school was out, my cheeks were blazing. It was a real worry to me.

After school, Nora and I had duties which we took turns performing. When it was my turn to get the mail I would sneak into my mother's room and powder my cheeks so they wouldn't be so noticeable. When it was Nora's turn to get the mail I had a lovely afternoon. I read in my room or played jacks or hopscotch on the walk in front of the house.

The post office was at the rear of the drugstore. Some member of nearly every family in town visited this institution within an hour or two of the arrival time of the stage which brought the mail. The mail itself was often of little importance, but it was nice to visit with friends, see the pretty young ladies with their beaux and hear the news of the town.

In spite of my rosy cheeks, I'd enjoyed this chore until the new druggist came. I became aware of him the first time when he remarked about my cheeks. He talked so loud that everyone turned and looked at me. After that he called me "Peaches" and always called attention to my complexion. I dreaded the "standing in line," and when he did see me and called out, I hung my head in shame and felt as guilty as a leper. After that, the trip to the post office was pure torture. I sometimes waited outside until I could see that he had a customer or was talking about the election. Then I would sneak in behind my best girlfriend and try to get out before he saw me. This seldom happened. He usually noticed me and sang something out about "Peaches".

Finally the time came when I refused to go for the mail. My parents were sitting in the living room on this particular day. I had gone to the drugstore, looked through the window, saw the new druggist and ran home. When I came in the door, I said, "I didn't get the mail today. Nora will have to get it."

"But it's your turn, isn't it?" asked my mother.

"Yes, but I can't get it today," I told them.

My father threatened, "Either you get the mail or get a spanking."

"I'll take the spanking," I said. I leaned over his knee. He took off his boot and gave me a few slaps with the soft upper. I wept a little and started for my room. My father called after me,

“Don’t read that book until Nora gets back with the mail.” He thought it was the book which had made me so contrary.

Mother told Nora to take off her skates and go for the mail. She grumbled. It was a thoroughly unpleasant afternoon and all because of the horrid new druggist. Each time Nora went to the post office for me, I did something for her—wiped dishes, washed cupboards, or swept the walk.

Finally Nora exploded with the injustice of the situation, telling my parents the whole story which I had thought too silly to explain. Bringing it all out in the open seemed to put the situation in perspective. I don’t even remember how it ended but only the pain of being singled out by that thoughtless new druggist.

DRAMA ON MONDAY

When I was a little girl my parents left me with my grandparents for two weeks or more on many occasions. Usually it was because of my father's health. They often took trips to Agua Caliente (Hot Springs) for the mineral baths because he seemed to improve there. I anticipated these visits with enthusiasm. It was fun going to town on Saturday for the trading. We mingled with the crowds and saw the amazing displays of fruit and flowers. I was a little afraid of the animals, but wouldn't have missed it for anything.

The day I anticipated most was Monday. Now this was unusual because Monday in most families was considered a day of drudgery, of aching backs and tired arms. It was wash day. At Grandmother's it was as exciting as a horse race. Before five in the morning Grandfather had the kitchen stove hot, the boiler was full and the tubs had been brought in and set up for the weekly laundry. Our breakfast was more hurried than usual. While I did the dishes Grandmother started the wash. The clothes had been sorted into piles according to soil or fabric.

The first thing in the tub was Grandfather's Sunday shirt, then the table linen, next the bed linen, the coloreds and lastly the work clothes. Grandmother moved in a little trot. She rubbed the clothes briskly, but thoroughly, glancing at the clock frequently. There was an air of excitement and anticipation in the steamy kitchen. Our goal was a worthy one—we wanted to have our wash on the line before the neighbors put theirs out.

As soon as the whites were boiled and rinsed, we began to "hang out." It was a satisfaction as we carried out the basket to look up and down the grassy back yards and see the other lines still naked in the early morning light.

Now that the whites were flapping gaily in the breeze, the second heat began. I stood by the window reporting the activities in the other yards. "The Neals are just taking in their tubs, Grandmother. We'll have to hurry. The Martins are wiping off their lines, hurry! Grandmother, hurry!" I cheered her along.

Now Grandmother rubbed furiously. The perspiration rolled off her face and arms mingling with the sudsy water as she transferred garment after garment to the rinse tubs. These were hung carefully on the line and then we rushed back for the finish. I was allowed to scrub the socks while Grandmother hung out the work clothes. Then she mopped the kitchen floor with the last rinse water. We carried out the tubs and hung them neatly on the hooks on the back porch.

Grandmother couldn't wait to get these last minute tasks completed. She would say to me, "Winnafred, take your book and sit on the front porch. They'll all think we're finished. They know I wouldn't let you sit on the porch with your nose in a book unless we were through."

I would take my book and rock leisurely on the shady porch. In a matter of moments Grandmother joined me, her face freshly washed and powdered. Tattling in hand, she too rocked, both of basking in the satisfaction of our achievement. The neighbors were beginning to hand their "whites" and one had just come out to hang her "coloreds." One, we knew was just

starting, for some of her tubs were still on the hooks. Grandmother clicked her tongue against her teeth in unbelief at such procrastination.

The day had been a success, but the Oscar didn't come until one good neighbor called over the fence, "Why, Mrs. Bellamy! You and your granddaughter have your wash all out! I just told my Millie that we'd have to get up at four o'clock to get ahead of you two." Unsuspecting, she may never have realized what a drama had just taken place and that she was speaking to the happy winners of this fierce competition!

WE SOLD A MOUNTAIN

I believe it was selling the mountain that clinched the decision. With the money from the mountain we could buy it. You must not think it was an impulse purchase. We had been discussing it for more than six months. The Camerons were the only people in town who owned one, but my father was of the opinion that we could better afford it than they could.

Early in the twentieth century, life in territorial Arizona was rustic. Our life revolved around the livery stable, the round-ups and in the spring and fall getting the steers to market. When the cattle were sold, the money was promptly invested in rental property either in Superior, our mountain home, or in the not too distant valley of Mesa. This was an investment pattern my parents established during the first ten years of their married life.

One reason the sale of the mountain was so important, so special, was that the check hadn't come from cattle, livery stable or rentals. The money did not fit into the established spending pattern.

The mountain wasn't a very useful piece of property. It was too steep for grazing and the tunnels dug into its rocky sides hadn't revealed any high grade ore. When the mining company offered to buy it, my father was quite willing to sell. Even after the money was in the bank, there were still problems. One of the most formidable was my grandparents. They didn't believe in automobiles: At least grandmother said she didn't and when she had expressed herself. She turned to grandfather with a "Huh, Papa?"

As always, he answered, "Yes, Mama."

She maintained that the Good Lord never planned for man to ride in a noisy contraption like a motor car. She reminded us frequently that everyone knew the noises scared the living daylights out of the horses, made them run away and killed people—that is, all the people who hadn't been run down and maimed by the vehicle itself.

"Now," she said, "we're hearing about those air eo planes that fly like a bird and those boats that go under water like a fish. Why all these newfangled things are downright sinful."

"Besides," she continued, "think of the money you'll have to spend. You 'll probably die in the poor house if you buy one. Your pa and I would never set foot in one, huh, Papa?"

He sustained her with a "Yes, Mama."

This lecture was repeated whenever the subject of motor cars came up. My father respected his parents, but he inherited a strong will from his mother. One day I heard him say to my mother as he washed at the kitchen sink.

"I told Ma and Pa today." He didn't have to tell her what he told them. There was only one thing he was thinking about. He said, answering my mother's question as to grandmother's reaction,

that she had talked some more about the poor house, but when he told her about the mountain, the record had gradually run down. It had been played so many times.

Friends and the townspeople discussed our plans excitedly. Most surprising was the attitude of the Camerons. They called on us one evening and with seemingly great sincerity advised my parents not to buy an automobile. They told about the flat tires, running out of gas, the motor getting hot and about long anxious hours on the desert while it was being repaired. They dwelt on the expense and dangers of motoring. They were hardly out of the door before my father declared, "I'm more determined than ever to buy one. They just want to continue being the only one in town with a motor car."

On one of our visits to the valley we had been given a ride in an automobile. An uncle owned one. Most of the several hundred people in the mining town of Superior had never ridden in one. Camerons pampered theirs and seldom took people for a ride. When they planned to take it out, Mr. Cameron would go to the garage more than an hour before the time set for the drive. He warmed up the motor, checked the oil, the water, and all the tires. He measured the gas with a special dip stick.

Most of the townspeople were aware, because of the racing motor, that the Camerons were going to drive their automobile that day. A neat little neighbor wearing a long white muslin apron always came over when she heard them crank up.

"Mae," she would say, with great concern, "I heard the Camerons warming up their auto. I just wondered if all the children were in the house. I'd hate to have one of them run over."

Mother always checked on the four of us, two boys and two girls. We were instructed to stay close to the house until the automobile had passed.

Finally, the eagerly awaited day came. We were ready to go to the valley to buy the motor car. Conveniently, one of our rentals was vacant so we lived in it the two weeks it took to decide which automobile to buy. Even then, about 1913, there were several agencies in Phoenix. Studebaker was a familiar name. They had made carriages for years. Some of the others were Buick, Dodge, Maxwell, Packard and Overland. In Phoenix, and to a lesser degree Mesa, there were several automobiles on the street most of the time. Not so in Superior, sixty miles east. Perhaps because it was a dead end road or because it was too far for a pleasure drive, we seldom saw a passenger car. There were two trucks that made weekly business visits to our town.

After we arrived in the valley and word spread that we were going to invest in an automobile, dealers called several times a day. They took us on long rides, avoiding when possible the more deeply rutted, dusty roads. They took us to dinner, and to show places all over the wide valley. They explained, at great length, the merits of their product.

Today, even a ten-year-old boy, sitting beside his mother as she drives, is gaining a motoring background. I'm sure I'm not the only mother who's been grateful for the, "Get in the left lane, Mother," or "We make a right here." Sometimes it was, "shift now," or "You're following too close to that truck."

This boy is nearer to becoming a qualified driver than a thirty-year-old man when the twentieth century was a teenager.

When you realize this, you won't be surprised that the dealer who sold us the automobile came back to Superior with us and stayed a week as our house guest.

There were a great many things to learn about our new purchase besides the skill of guiding it.

We had decided on an "Overland". We left Mesa early one morning for the sixty-mile journey home. This was expected to take only one day, while a fortnight before it had taken most of two days. Roads were poor; there were no bridges over the washes and creeks, but as the weather was dry, we made good progress. We approached our home in early afternoon. The anticipation was almost unbearable. We were all on edge with excitement at the prospect of arriving home in our own motor car.

About a mile from town we saw a tow-headed boy, Buster Ammons, walking at the side of the road. We stopped the vehicle and offered him a ride. He was almost overcome at the invitation.

"Me! Ride in a real live automobile!" he exclaimed. He bounded in through the open door crying, "Boy! Oh boy!" He took hold of the heavy braided cord on the back of the front seat and jumped up and down for several minutes. He was still shouting, "Boy! Oh boy!"

The automobile was so new and untried, I remember an uneasy feeling as I watched him. I wondered if the floor boards would stand the pounding of his jumps. As we began to move, he quieted and watched intently every move of the driver. When we arrived at the top of a small hill, he heaved a great sigh.

"We made it! We made it! And, at fifteen miles an hour," he cried. He had already inquired about the speedometer.

We arrived home and stopped in front of the house. If a siren had announced our arrival, it couldn't have been more spectacular. In a matter of minutes the street was crowded. As the town extended only a few blocks each way, word spread fast. Buster Ammons was everywhere, telling people he had been the first to ride in it, that it went fifteen miles an hour up hill, repeating himself to anyone who would listen. The family could hardly get out with our suitcases, so many

were clamoring for a ride. My father finally told them to come back at six o'clock. We could hardly expect our guest to go without dinner.

Long before six, the street was full. Daddy and the dealer rode in the front seat. The back seat and jump seat were for the anxious riders. All that evening and the five days which followed were spent taking the townspeople two miles down the road and back again. Mother covered the back seat with an Indian blanket to protect it from the earthy clothes of the miners who came straight from their shift for a ride. This was their introduction to the automobile age.

This new vehicle changed our way of life too. Until this time, our vacations had been a train trip to Los Angeles or a visit, by train, to Texas where we had relatives. We often went camping in the summer. Now when the steers were sold in the spring and school was closed for the summer, we were loaded in the auto for a tour of many western states. Even when my baby sister enlarged the family to seven, we still took long summer trips. Now part of the money from the sale of the cattle was changed into travelers' checks. Sometimes part of it was used to pay the difference on a trade for a new car. We were very conservative; we took camping equipment and often spent the night in fields or woods near the road. A few times each week we stayed at hotels because of the bathing facilities. We took our clothes to a laundry and started out the following day clean and with fresh enthusiasm. Two common institutions, motels and laundromats, were unknown in those days. We almost never drove more than a hundred miles in a day, and if the roads were poor, considerably less.

Sometimes our grandparents—Grandmother had succumbed to progress—accompanied traded in every year or two, but always for a Model T. Grandfather considered the shifting of gears too complicated for him.

We visited museums, state capitals and parks. We read all the historical markers and travel guides. We picnicked in the parks or roadside spaces. One time we had our lunch spread out in a sandy creek bed under what we considered a little used railroad bridge. My father, hearing footsteps overhead, and thinking it was my brothers who had been given permission to run about, called in a commanding voice,

“Come down now and get your lunch! We're all ready to eat.”

“Yes, sir, boss,” came the answer from above, and two tramps scrambled down the embankment and joined us for lunch.

Another well remembered occasion was a rainy evening when we drove into a little town in New Mexico. The damp weather made the thought of camping out unpleasant. We stopped at the general store and my father, speaking Spanish, asked the proprietor about a hotel or room for the night. The gracious man told us that there was no hotel, but did show us a huge store room where he had two beds he rented to travelers. We had no choice so accepted the accommodations.

We were beginning to get settled for the night when we realized that the third part of the building just below us was a dance hall. The out-of-tune piano was redeemed by the exquisite violin music. The clapping and 'Ole's' were produced in a rising crescendo of sound, but we were not

really alarmed until mother discovered, as she walked about the room, that there was a trap door in the floor. She felt sure it was an underground connection to the dance hall and that any minute we would be visited by drunken dancers, probably looking for more liquor. She wouldn't go to bed until she had persuaded my father to move two cases of pork and beans on top of the door. She felt safe then for she reasoned that if we had visitors during the night, they would need to make a great noise entering. Toward morning the town quieted with only the occasional barking of a dog to break the silence. We slept, and in the morning took leave of our bowing host. His "Hasta la vista" was a phrase that seemed to be repeated by the beautiful, freshly washed country through which we passed.

In the cities and towns we ate at restaurants or cafeterias. At the latter, mother went through the line with a boy on either side to control their impulsive buying.

My parents were concerned with our education. They read travel booklets with us, taught us to use maps, let us take turns paying for meals and gas and often told us of events in the history of the region through which we were traveling.

My father sometimes grumbled mildly about the amount of money it took to travel. He expected to cash a ten dollar travelers' check every day. Only occasionally did it take more. When the checks were about half spent, he began to plan the homeward journey. We usually reached home in early August. Our faces were brown and our heads full of geography and history which hadn't been learned from books.

We echoed the feelings of most travelers—Home looked wonderful to us.

The full appreciation and significance of the birth we had witnessed came slowly. This mass of steel and glass with its highly complicated vital organs became a new member of our family. Even grandmother personified it. She groomed and cared for it, while we all took delight in its virtues, tolerated its vices and when it had filled its measure of existence, carried it to its final resting place, an unsightly blemish on our American landscape. Thus, before the 20th Century came of age, the stage had been set for a great "Transportation Era", which almost dominated the lives of many of us.

A DRIVER IN A DAY

As I remember my childhood, it seems to have been a series of dramatic events. My brother Leonard carried the title role on two of these occasions.

Before the automobile period, our vacations were camping trips into the mountains surrounding our Superior home or a trip by train to the West Coast. Here we bathed in the ocean by day and attended a vaudeville or an auction in the afternoon or early evening. My father sometimes paid as much as one hundred dollars for a month's rent on a seaside apartment. We loved picking up shells on the beach, jumping the waves, and dressing up in seaweed. We had learned to swim several years earlier when the Magma Copper Company in Superior had built a dam across the creek creating a sizable swimming pool. Our little sister Brookie had been an accomplished swimmer and diver since her fourth summer. She was short for her age even then. We spent part of our bathing period in a pool provided by our landlord. Here Brookie, in a wet bathing suit, looked to be about two. She made high dives, swan dives, and double somersaults. We applauded with the other onlookers. We were very proud of her.

The motor car changed our life patterns. During the winter now Daddy poured over maps planning our summer trips. We visited most of the western states. For years I had known that my father had a serious health problem. He seemed to have lots of energy and worked hard, but occasionally Mother would mention that his kidneys were acting up and he would have to rest much of the time.

This happened on one of our visits to San Francisco. When Daddy began feeling poorly he went to a San Francisco doctor who prescribed for him much the same as the Arizona doctor had—plenty of rest and certain medicine. For a man heading a caravan of nine people, all far from home, these directions were hard to follow. It was fortunate our grandparents, in their own car, were part of the group for some of us could ride with them, leaving room for Daddy to recline. After an adult conference, the folks decided to forego the balance of the trip and head for home. It was a trip of perhaps a week or ten days. We almost never drove more than a hundred miles a day; the driving was too much for Daddy.

Daddy first tried to teach Mother to drive. It was a totally unsuccessful experiment. Next he tried to teach me, but I had no background and try as I would, I couldn't learn in a day or two. The task had to fall on Leonard, a lad of less than twelve years. He had to sit on a cushion and have another at his back in order to reach the pedals. There was no question of driver's license. If they existed, we knew nothing of them. The situation was a life or death matter with Leonard the only possible solution.

The first day Daddy sat in the front seat beside Leonard; thereafter we made him a bed in the back seat so he could lie down. Roads were poor so every turn of the wheels was a strain on all of us. Leonard had often been the one chosen to ride with our grandparents because he loved to tease, but under the stress of the situation he grew up. He was no longer a boy. The mental strain of driving was so great that when we stopped for the night he would drop down on a cot or a blanket and fall asleep at once. He could hardly be roused for supper. On our previous trips we

occupied ourselves by counting white horses, red roofs, and out of state license plates (each car carried only one). We told riddles and stories and made up games. Now we were strained and quiet, watching the road intently.

In spite of our anxiety, there were situations which made us laugh. One time, as we approached a filling station on the side of the road, we could see, even at some distance, the attendant standing immovable, legs apart, mouth open and arms outstretched. He stared until Leonard stopped at the gas pump. Then rushing around to the driver's side of the car he exclaimed, "Well I'll be jiggered! I've been watching this driverless car coming down the road, expecting it to wreck any minute. Sonny, try to keep your head above the wheel. It gives a man a terrible start to see something like this."

Daddy gave quiet instructions from the back seat. Leonard followed to the best of his ability. As his skill increased, Daddy began to feel more secure and slept occasionally. No matter how ill Daddy was, we depended on him, feeling that he carried a reserve of energy and judgment which could be called forth in time of need. The week was a strain on all of us. I felt that we, the children, left some of our childhood on that California-Arizona desert. For the adults as well it was the beginning of an era which climaxed a few years later in the death of my father, a young man of forty-two years. Our heritage from him was not just a strong body, the ability to work, a clear mind; but I pray, a strength of honest character able to meet the vicissitudes of life with reverence, honesty, and justice.

We had decided to go home by way of Prescott. Several summers in order to get out of the valley heat, my grandparents had driven to Prescott (less than a two-day drive) and rented an apartment for a few weeks. We had all attended rodeos in Prescott, so we felt ourselves in familiar territory. Everyone felt if we could find housing, it might be a resting place before the final push home.

When we reached Prescott we settled in a campground on the outskirts of town. Next morning grandmother and grandfather drove into town arriving, I am sure, before the real estate office opened. They were hoping to rent a house or an apartment where we could spend several weeks. Shortly after noon they returned, reporting that they had had no luck in finding a suitable rental. We were downcast for the moment but delighted at the good news which followed: They had bought a house! After grandmother had written the check and while the papers were being completed, they had gone to a secondhand store and bought the essential furniture. Within a few hours we were settled in our new home. It was a roomy house with giant shade trees in the yard. We set up Daddy's cot under them and I think he immediately began to mend. The next day grandfather made a deposit for us at the library. We visited it almost daily for a new supply of reading material. Boundaries were set for our other activities. As soon as our chores about the house were completed, we hiked in the fringe of the pine forest back of us and ranged as far west as the covered bridge.

We must have stayed in Prescott a month or so. Daddy improved and was able to drive home. Thereafter the house in Prescott was a summer refuge for all of us. We rotated so that each of us spent a few weeks with our grandparents. In less than a year the house in Prescott was very much like the one in Mesa. There were lace curtains at the windows, rugs on the floors, and the yard

was neat and tidy. The little house facing the alley had been repaired and was now a rental. We helped grandfather make holes in the shells we had gathered for portieres separating the dining room from the living room. We used a hot darning needle. It took some skill to pick it out of the fire with a pair of pliers and make a couple of holes before the shell cooled. Every day was full of learning experiences—few of them artificially set up.

PAULA

The true story of a little girl
who wouldn't speak aloud
outside of her home.

During the nineteen years I taught school, I had experience in all the elementary grades, as well as in junior high school. I believe the middle grades, fourth and fifth, were my favorites.

It was one of the years I taught at Lowell that I had a very unusual experience. It was most interesting and certainly not common. One of my pupils was a pretty little girl named Paula. She was very neat both in dress and working skills. However, she had a serious handicap. She didn't talk with the teachers or with the other children. She had not been known to say an audible word at school in her three years at Lowell. The school psychologist had held meetings about Paula's problem with her teachers and her parents as well as with the principal and school speech therapist. I was a new teacher that year and the psychologist said, "Perhaps this is the year she will talk at school." For Paula could talk; at home she talked to her mother, but not to her father or sisters.

A few days after the opening of school her father phoned, asking for a conference with me. I was glad to observe that both parents seemed quite ordinary, bright people. They agreed to let Paula stay after school several times a week for some special work. I had no idea as to what I would do for her, but I did make friends with her. She communicated with me by writing little notes...or if we were alone, by writing on the blackboard. I knew she could read the reading book, because she answered the questions I put on the board. I began by reading it silently, however. I said parts of poems to her, hoping she would continue the poem. I even counted and stopped suddenly, hoping she would continue. But she never succumbed to any of these ploys.

Finally, just before Christmas a break-through came. She came in one morning, in great excitement and wrote on the board, "My grandparents are coming to dinner tonight, and we are going to bake a big fish. I must hurry home to see them." That afternoon I said to her, "Paula, that's lovely; we'll have to finish with our lesson quickly, so you can go home early. I'm going to let you go as soon as you say the vowels for me." I opened the book to the vowels and while she nodded to each vowel, no audible sound came. I said, "Paula, you'll have to let me hear you say it." She wrote on the board. "Mrs. Cardon, I am saying the vowels." I still could not hear anything, so I put my hand on her throat and could feel the muscles moving. I listened very carefully and this time there was a very small sound. It was indeed a break-through. After that, the sound came through even though it was very soft and low. We did make progress. Within a few weeks she was much better, even though her voice was still very soft.

It was shortly after this that the second break-through came. In a storeroom on the third floor, while I was looking for some books, I found a puppet theatre. The principal was happy to have us use it. I had a few puppets and many of the children had some also. We began to write plays. One mother responded to our undertaking by making a set of beautiful puppets. The children

were excited about the project!! We used our English period to put on the plays. One day I told Paula that she and another little girl could play at the theatre after school. With the puppet in her hand and behind the curtain, Paula said a word that could be heard two or three rows back. I was delighted at the turn of events, for now, Paula had a goal. Her volume improved and she was excited about the plays. For two or three weeks, several periods were used writing and producing the dramas. This was a wonderful achievement because Paula could talk when behind the curtain. She finally talked with the other children, but always softly; it was an effort to hear her.

About this time, I enlisted the speech therapist. She worked mostly on volume, having Paula go from one degree to another.

One day after she had progressed and was speaking freely with other people, I unwittingly made a serious mistake. When her second grade teacher came up to me on the playground, I called Paula and asked her to say the flag salute for the other teacher. Paula froze! Her hands were clinched, the lines in her face were rigid and all her old problems came back. I saw my mistake at once and said, "Paula, we don't have time to hear the flag salute now; the bell is going to ring."

It was almost the end of the school year before I dared try Paula again. This time we decided to have a spelling bee in the room. Paula loved to spell, but I was very careful to keep it low-key. We decided to invite Paula's parents and psychologist. In her quiet, sincere way, Paula spelled the words and won the match. I didn't dare make a big thing of the contest for her as I would have for other children. But Paula had a true satisfaction, and I felt a sense of accomplishment such as I had never known before. Needless to say, it was a very happy occasion for Paula's parents and other teachers. That was the day I learned what being a teacher could really mean.

A Page From My Journal - 1970

THE ISLE OF CAPRI

Thursday morning we drove to Sorrento, an interesting Italian sea coast city. It was built on the side of a hill. There were many hotels and inns, mostly of white masonry topped with red tile roofs. Tucked into every foot of otherwise unoccupied space were grapevines. They had been planted singly, in dozens, and in hundreds. All had been trained to climb poles or creep across wide areas of wire. The cobbled streets teemed with the coming and goings of tourists. Everywhere they were bargaining with the natives for their wares.

We quickly made our way to the port where the night before we had arranged to join an excursion to the Isle of Capri. Our guide Mario was a pleasant fellow, solicitous of our comfort and tactful with the complainers. Recognizing us as Americans, he drew us to one side and berated the English who were in the party.

“I always like American tourists,” he said. “If they can’t afford to travel, they stay home. English travelers carry sack lunches (the fee for the day included lunch) and complain about 60 lira (10¢) fee for the restrooms.” There were English, Asians and Americans on the tour. There was an American couple from Colorado Springs and another from California whom we had met a month earlier on a mountain road overlooking Oslo, Norway. To meet again in this strange land made us feel like kinsmen.

We boarded a large motor launch, and with five other companies of about twenty-five or thirty each, we began our tour of Capri. Among many less familiar tunes, musicians, with stringed instruments played the song made famous by the beauty of this isle. I sat next to a young lady from Java who had just completed a law course in England and planned to leave the next week for her home. She expected to practice law there.

The ocean was a beautiful clear blue. My husband indulged his delight in its blueness by taking pictures of it. I think his Arizona and Colorado background made him appreciative of great bodies of water. When we arrived at the pier, we transferred to a smaller boat, just large enough for Mario’s group. In this second boat we rode almost completely around the island. It was a lovely picturesque place with big white hotels and homes up the side of the mountains. Some were even on top commanding a view of the Bay of Naples and Vesuvius. There were many trees, flowering vines, tropical bushes and bold bright flowers everywhere.

We arrived at a little inlet where we found a dozen or more rowboats waiting for us. This was when I realized that we were to see the Grotto Azzuras (Blue Grotto). It probably was on the folder, but I didn’t remember it. Mario told us to get into the canoes by pairs, not to bump our heads and not to rock the boat. Louis and I got into a canoe with a native oarsman and headed towards a small opening in the side of the mountain. Now I remembered the brochure had described it as a cave under the sea. Our oarsman told us to sit on the floor of the boat as he rowed through the opening, barely large enough to admit the canoe and its three occupants.

I was totally unprepared for the sight inside. It was a pool of water unbelievably blue. The light coming in underneath the small opening gave the effect of underwater lights. When the rowboats disturbed the water, a lacy fluorescent foam appeared and surrounded the boat. When the paddle was dipped into the water, webby foam dropped back into the pool. The foam seemed to contain jewels which caught the bits of light and made them sparkle as they fell. It was a truly awe-inspiring sight and I think I had never been so impressed. I felt as if I had stumbled on the source of all the blue in the world. It was a great caldron of blue just waiting to be distributed throughout the world. I have seen some of it splashed on the skies of Colorado, some, diluted a bit, in the lakes of Switzerland, some stirred generously in the harbor at Acapulco, and some of it captured on the tapestries of Lucat. All the shades and hues of flowers and birds as well as the deep blue of the eyes of a child must have originated here. I hope that I may be able to store this wonderful sight in my memory and enjoy it over and over.

The balance of the trip was an anticlimax, but my cameo broach and earrings purchased that day are concrete evidence of our visit to the Isle of Capri.

Winnafred Cardon

THEA HOLLYBERG

It took us five hours to drive the thirty miles from London to Lingfield, the site of the London Temple. We studied the map and decided on a route, not the “main carriageway” but a route through the country and several small towns—so we thought. We found mostly three or four-story apartment houses on either side of the road. The people who lived here took the tube daily to their jobs in London.

The road signs were quite different from those we see in the United States. *NO PARKING* was indicated by signs saying *NO STOPPING OVER* and *NO LAYING BY. KEEP TO THE LEFT ON THE CARRIAGEWAY* was one we had been expecting. We asked directions of the people who lived in the apartment houses. They could direct us only a few blocks. Often that was the extent of their travels. (After all, how much traveling would you do if you didn’t own a car?) One man of whom we inquired reminded us of a man in Copenhagen. When he tried to direct us, he said, “I always keep some change handy so I can call my wife. She was born here. I’ve lived here only thirty-five years.”

Tall hedgerows hid the temple until we were right on it. It was magnificent rising above the green of the English countryside. It was surrounded by pools dotted with water lilies and edged with clumps of dwarf dahlias. In front of the temple there was a giant spreading oak tree. It was labeled the David O. McKay Oak.

We stopped at the visitors’ center where we found Brother David Merrill and his wife in charge. They made us feel welcome and suggested that we go to Edenbrook, a big guest house owned by the Church. Edenbrook had once been a family estate. The Church bought and remodeled it so there were twenty-four bedrooms and eight small kitchens. The fee was very reasonable, about \$1.25 per person per day. We were given a comfortable room with twin beds. We shared a kitchen with a family from Scotland.

The next day we attended three sessions at the temple. We ate lunch at the temple cafeteria and also went downstairs for the five o’clock tea which was a full meal.

Back at Edenbrook we changed into walking clothes and went for an evening stroll. We walked through the fields, pastures, and lanes until we came to a small brook. It was here that we met Thea Hollyberg. She too had been walking in the cool of the evening and was quite relieved when she recognized us. It was almost dusk and she was a bit frightened at being alone. We had seen her at the temple that day and had given her a ride when we were ready to leave. As we continued down the lane to Edenbrook, she told us her life story. We guessed from something she said that she was about forty, but appeared to be younger.

She was a native of Sweden. In fact, she had been born in the north of Sweden in the part known as Lapland. The Lapps are a minority group in Sweden and are discriminated against. She was especially grateful to her parents who at a great personal sacrifice sent her to college educating her as a missionary (Church of Sweden -Lutheran). She had spent twelve years as a missionary and teacher in the Belgian Congo in Africa.

While on leave visiting her home and parents in Sweden, she met the Mormon missionaries. She told us that she had always had many unanswered questions in her missionary work. She felt she was doing a good work but the church itself didn't satisfy her. To the sorrow of her parents, after several months studying with the missionaries, she decided to join the Mormon Church. Her brothers and sisters were greatly distressed at her decision. She promised them that she'd wait several years before going to the temple because of the obligations she would have to assume there.

However, to qualify herself for social work, it was necessary for her to go back to school. This she did at great financial sacrifice. Now she has a supervisory position in the department responsible for older people. Most people in her position live in a two or three room apartment. However, she lived in a single room and saved her money for a trip to Utah and Colorado.

Two years ago she visited us here in Grand Junction. She is strong in the Church, but lonely. Her family is still unfriendly.

Thea was greatly depressed after receiving her patriarchal blessing. The patriarch in Sweden told her that she was of the tribe of Benjamin. This, together with the fact that she was a Laplander, gave her a feeling of inferiority. She discussed her blessing with Louis and seemed to feel much better afterwards. We correspond with her now. Her testimony strengthens ours because she seems to grow stronger in spite of the difficulties she endures.