

HISTORY AND EXPERIENCES - MELBA HENRY TULLIS

Part One, Written at Vernal, Utah, August 5, 1953

Since my children have requested that I write a personal history for the purpose of family genealogy, I shall attempt to relate my experiences in a manner which might be of interest to them.

I was born in Naples Ward, Vernal, Utah, on January 12, 1912, the daughter of Abbie Viola Goodrich and Albert Monroe Henry. I had an older sister, Elsie, and an older brother, Loyd. My mother had also had three miscarriages or still-born babies.

Most of my childhood was spent on the old homestead in Naples Ward which originally belonged to my grandfather Goodrich, located one-and one-fourth miles east from the old Naples Store corner.

My grandfather and his sons had constructed a two-room house with hand-made adobes which they dried in the sun. This was my home until I was almost eighteen years of age. It had become very run-down and shabby by that time. In fact, we were even afraid that it might collapse in a hard wind some time. (This was an unnecessary worry, because the house still stands at this time, 1953, although it is abandoned and completely dilapidated.) The walls had two thicknesses of adobe. The inside walls were plastered with a mixture of sand and lime (and perhaps other things). We would "whitewash the walls occasionally. The floors were wide wooden boards, fairly smooth, which we scrubbed with homemade soap and lye. We later had a congoleum rug in the kitchen.

At the back of the house, my grandfather had planted a large grove of cottonwood trees. The trees were very large and tall at this time. This grove made a wonderful playground for children. We had makeshift playhouses and tall swings here. Elsie, Katie Lind (a neighbor girl) and I, spent a great deal of time playing "house" in the grove and making mud pies. Another neighbor girl, Lena Jacobson, often joined us in our activities.

We loved to climb the mulberry trees which Grandfather Goodrich had planted and compete with the birds for the delicious purple-red berries. There was also a tree of white mulberries which were less desirable because of their sickening-sweet flavor. Grandfather's old apricot orchard also served us well, and the apple orchard served us for a time.

In the summer, we frequently walked approximately two miles east-ward to Ashley Creek to swim--fighting mosquitoes every inch of the way. Sometimes we girls went alone and sometimes we were joined by neighborhood boys. We had previously learned to swim in an old a kali" gulch, which ran through the Jacobson place. This gulch was lined with moss which housed tiny bugs that had a vicious bite. We swam in constant fear of being bitten.

We also had much fun in the neighborhood playing ball, hide-and-seek, "run-sheep-run," and many other games, some of which we invented ourselves.

We children walked one and three-fourths miles to school most of the time, good weather and bad. Sometimes we rode horses. Dad was good to have our horses saddled and ready to go. I remember once when we were riding horses, my horse, a high-lifed buckskin, ran away with me. Some boys had come up from behind, running their horses and yelling. My horse began to run and I could not control him. The road was muddy and I didn't dare let him turn into the school gate for fear he would slip and fall, so I held him to the road. Suddenly he darted over into the fence where another gate had once been, and dumped me over his head onto the barbed wire strands which had been installed above the woven-wire fence. My book sack (a cloth sack with a shoulder strap) and my clothing caught on the fence and held me there so that I avoided being trampled by the horse which was caught in the lower part of the fence and was stomping around trying to get loose. I was rescued by a teacher and some of the older boys. The horse ran away with me several times after that experience.

Walking to school was difficult much of the time. I remember that on one occasion I froze my nose. We would arrive at school with frost on our coat collars and in our hair. During the muddy seasons, we often said that we took two steps forward and slid one step back-- which was not far from true. But most of the time we enjoyed walking and socializing on the way. The school bell was our clock, telling us whether we could walk all the way or whether we had to run part of the way. At school, when the last bell rang, we lined up in rows, according to grades, and marched into the school in military fashion.

The winter of 1918 was when I should have started to school. Looking back now, I think the schools were closed that year because of the terrible epidemic of German Influenza which marked the close of World War One. When Dad would go to town, he would wear a gauze mask over his nose and mouth to protect himself from flu germs. I think it was a law at that time that you had to wear a mask in public places.

The day the Armistice was signed, November 18, 1918, someone called on the old crank-type telephone and told my mother. She told me and Elsie to go tell Dad. We put the bridle on Old May, a little buckskin mare, and rode her bareback to the large ranch on the south of our place. Dad and two or three other men were baling hay. A team of horses walked around and around in a circle while the men stood on the haystack and threw forkfuls of hay into the baler. When we told the men the news about the Armistice, they began to shout, throw their hats into the air, and turn somersaults on the haystack.

I don't know why I didn't go to school the next year. When I calculate my school years backward, I can't account for this. I know my health was rather poor, and this might have been the reason. I was fortunate that I was promoted twice during the grade school years (first grade to second, and fifth grade to sixth in the same year) so that I attended

the eight grades only six years. Thus, I entered high school when I was thirteen years of age and graduated when I was seventeen.

I always enjoyed school. On occasions, I was accused of being "teacher's pet." I found most of the studies easy and I enjoyed all athletics available at that time--especially "indoor baseball," which we played during the school recess periods, noon, and before school when we arrived early. Then we would play at home after school.

I have many nostalgic memories about my parents. Dad loved the mountains and passed some of that appreciation to me. He helped his brother, Merrill, on his dry farm on Diamond Mountain; he herded sheep on Diamond Mountain from time to time; he helped others when- ever he could get away from the farm, just to be in the mountains. I remember one spring Dad, Elsie, and I rode our saddle horses and took four or five other horses to Diamond Mountain for the summer range. The horses knew the way and wasted no time, cutting across the country, jumping gulches, winding up mountains. My horse was not very good on a rough trail, so the others had to wait for me frequently. We stayed at a sheep camp that night, sleeping in a tent on the ground, and eating the delicious fried mutton that the shepherd cooked. We went home the next day, stopping on the way to kill a rattlesnake. I wore the rattles for a long time in the hat- band of my felt cowboy hat, then I imagined they gave me headaches, so I threw them away.

I was fortunate in being able to type more rapidly than anyone else in high school at that time, or to my knowledge, up to that time. The tests then were fifteen minutes in length, instead of ten or five as they are today. My first year in type, I wrote 55 net words per minute for fifteen minutes, and my second, 75. On a short test of not to exceed six minutes, I could type 112 net words per minute.

I greatly enjoyed the dramatic art and public speaking classes in high school. I shall never forget Stella Harris Oaks who was the speech teacher. Equally inspiring in her field was Electa Caldwell Johnson, who was the business teacher. I made two trips to the State type contest at Provo and one to the State Speech Contest at the University of Utah, representing my school. These were the highlights of my high school days. The first year I went to the type contest at Provo, we had difficulty getting there because of bad roads in the spring. Loyd borrowed a car and took Elsie, Elizabeth Higham, and me to Price because the Strawberry road was closed. It took us five hours to go thirty miles up the canyon. When we arrived at Price, the roads were closed to Provo, so they said. So we girls went on the train (the first train I had ever seen or ridden) and Loyd drove the car through to Provo with our typewriters, in spite of the fact that the road was supposed to be closed.

We decided we would like to see Salt Lake while we were that close, so we asked our friends with whom we were staying, Bessie and Myrtle Iverson (formerly of Vernal) to accompany us. By the time we arrived at Sandy, a bearing in the car burned out and we spent the day at a garage. We caught a quick glimpse of Salt Lake when we rode there with the garage men to get some parts for the car. It was four or five days before we

could get back to school. Our car repair bill was over a hundred (a lot of money in those days). (Dollars, of course!)

School dances, entertainments, and basketball games made life full of zest and pleasure. I was somehow able to ignore the fact that we were "poor" except when a date came to pick me up. Clothes (or lack of them) did not bother me much, but it was hard to bring a date into our home.

There were no school buses then. The first year I went to high school, Loyd drove us and some of the neighbors in a new Model A Ford we had been able to buy by selling our sheep (the only new car my parents ever had). Elsie and I helped to raise "bum" lambs, and one summer raised about thirty--milking the cows to obtain milk for the lambs. This was a great boost to the few sheep we had on the farm, and in a few years we had enough sheep to buy the car. After the first year, we boarded, batched, rode with others, rode horses, went with a horse and buggy--everything necessary to see that we got there. One morning Dad couldn't start the car to take us to school. He frequently had to start a small fire under the car before it would start, or pull the car with a horse. We were late for school this particular morning. The principal "called us on the carpet" and asked us very crossly why we didn't walk--six miles! (It was sub-zero weather--that's why the car wouldn't start.

One winter, Loyd, Elsie and I boarded with Aunt Priscilla on the corner of Fifth West and Second South. Elsie and I batched there one or two winters after that, and also during the winter months two other years at two other places. We later bought the house and lot on Fifth West and Second South in Vernal after I was married and we moved to Vernal in 1940. When we rode or drove horses, we left them at Grandpa Henry's and walked the remaining three-fourths mile to school.

Quite a few times when Elsie and I batched in Aunt Priscilla's old home, we ran out of food and out of fuel. We would go down town after school and stay in the warm stores until they closed, then go home and go to bed, spending the rest of the night shaking with cold. Dad would come as soon as he could to bring us food and coal. It was at this time that my chronic head colds became more serious and I missed a lot of school with attacks of "flu." This and more serious viruses have plagued me until the present time.

Some of the happiest memories of my childhood concern my parents--not together--but separately. My mother entertained us with her great talent of playing the piano. I have written some thoughts concerning this which I will insert here, even though they were not written in this chronological order. I also loved to be with my dad when he worked on his machinery, repairing the sulky plow, greasing the wagon wheels, etc. I even liked to go with him when he loaded and spread manure on the land. I especially liked to be with him when he plowed in the springtime. These and other thoughts I have also inserted here. Together, we were not a close-knit family, but were close to our parents as individuals. Elsie and I were always close, and she and Loyd were quite close.

Loyd and I came to appreciate each other a little later in life. I was much younger than he, and Elsie was nearer his age. Elsie and I always helped with the haying, tripping the rope that released the slip-loads of hay onto the stack--and even one year mowing, stacking and hauling the hay as our father's only "hired hands."

BAREFOOT BEHIND A PLOW

I have run barefoot behind a plow
When spring breathed again on my upturned face
And the freshly washed trees aired their silvered
limbs, Awaiting their foliage of green-leaf lace.

The infinite sweep of the spring-blue sky
Was pierced by a deeper, more brilliant hue.
As a bluebird swept by on fluorescent wings,
Eclipsing all else till he passed from view.

The ribbon of earth left the shining plow blade
With a crunching, continuous folding;
The fresh earth behind was damp to my feet,
Just suited for throwing--or holding.

The odor of horse sweat and warm harness leather
Enhanced the aroma of freshly turned soil;
My father spoke softly or sharply
Encouraging Johnny and Jack in their toil.

From fence post to fence post, a meadow lark
Followed, flashing his bright yellow vest,
Repeating again his one shrill announcement:
"Springtime - is-here-now!" then pausing to rest.

Oh, I have run barefoot behind a plow
When spring stirred anew in the slanting sun
And the spring of my life was fresh and sweet
And my sorrows had not yet begun!

SHE PAINTED MUSICAL PICTURES

"The Midnight Fire Alarm" lived for us as her soft voice intoned the story and her flying fingers painted the musical picture.

We almost cheered as three swift horses clattered abreast over cobblestone streets, their iron-shod hooves and the iron rims of the wheels making a lovely din and striking sparks here and there, while the engine whistle punctuated the wild ride.

Then her hands rested on the piano keys and we pleaded, "Play 'The Battle of Waterloo!'" We sat entranced on three straight wooden chairs as the furious battle raged then subsided and the retreat began, first a trickle, then a rout as terrified men and horses ran in confusion, spurred by bursts of cannon behind them.

Stillness . . . then a one-key soft melody evolved into a slow two-hand refrain, sad beyond description, as the living mourned their dead . . . and the last note thinned . . . and faded . . .

She would play no more tonight.
Another night, but not tonight.

I didn't ask her, while there was still time, how a piano came to be in her (and our) adobe pioneer home, sharing the lye-bleached wooden floor of the one bedroom with two iron bedsteads and their straw-filled "ticks," a fat wood-burning stove, her mother's rocking chair, and a straight chair here and there.

Why didn't I thank her, my gentle, gifted mother, for the only music of my childhood--the immortal melodies that resound still in the forever of my memory!

WAGON WHEELS ON SNOW

My straining ears can coax no hint Of his approach;
Only midnight stillness envelops me and
Star-candled winter night, To stimulate my young imaginings .

I see him sitting statue-like On the high wagon seat,
His face framed with frost; Or walking beside the team,
Cross-beating his arms against numbness,
As the tired horses exhale Clouds of steam.

Has the wagon broken down Under its creaking load?
Is he injured or ill On the lonely road? He should have been home long ago:
Apprehension is a heart-drum beating.

But wait! Far away I hear the screech Of wagon wheels on hard-packed snow
Grinding slowly homeward!

Old Ted, from his vigil On the rough wood step,
Barks his joy to the brittle night; My mother slips from her feather bed,
Lights the coal-oil lamp and Stirs up the fire in the Kitchen range.

From his long day's journey to the distant mines,
My father is home! Home safely!

My greatest desire was to go to college. I lay awake many nights during the summer after my graduation from high school, wondering just what the future held for me. I knew my parents could not send me to college. Many of my friends were making their plans to go. Then one day Mr. Moench and another man from Henager's Business College in Salt Lake came to our home and persuaded me to try to go to school at Henager's and work in private homes for my room and board. I was still unable to do this by fall, so I returned to high school and took a post-graduate course until Christmas. I went to school half a day and worked for Driver E. Smith half a day. I had also worked for him after school during my last year or two at high school. I lived at home and rode the school bus from the store corner, one and one-fourth miles to the west.

I finally sold my typewriter to Dr. Homer E. Rich, to obtain money for tuition for a month or two at Henager's. I had also done some stenographic work for him. He paid

me cash for this typewriter which my parents had bought me, to help me get to school, although I owed him money for medical bills. However, I feel he also did well on the buy. My parents bought the typewriter for approximately one hundred dollars and Dr. Rich paid me forty dollars for it. It was not over two years old. I packed my shabby belongings into a shabby suitcase (and cried the last twelve hours), and went to Salt Lake. I lacked a few days of being eighteen years old. My mother's health was poor and I hated to leave her. Also, I had never been away from home for more than a week. It was eight or nine months before I returned for a visit.

I rode to Salt Lake with Mr. and Mrs. "Tommy" Caldwell, along with Elizabeth Colton, Gerald Caldwell, and Clyde Oaks. In Daniel's Canyon, we skidded in the new snow and crashed head-on into another car. It was a one-lane highway then except for turnouts here and there. We had to tow the other car to Provo. From Provo to Salt Lake there was a terrible blizzard (.this was about January 5, 1930). We counted approximately fifty cars abandoned on the road because of the weather.

I shall always be grateful to Elizabeth Colton for helping me around the first few days. She took me with her that night to the place where she was staying with relatives and going to school. The next morning, she took me to Henager's, and in many ways was very helpful to me. My biggest trouble was that my sense of direction kept changing. I would be walking along one street and my sense of direction would change several times. I was finally able to keep the State Capitol in the North where it belonged, however, instead of in the east part of the time.

I soon discovered that I could not apply myself at Henager's. I was homesick and lonely. Trying to work for my board was entirely new to me and I was not trained in housework. I finally had to give it up. I went to live at the Beehive House, former home of Brigham Young, which was converted into an LDS girls' home. I enjoyed living there, but I missed going to dances and having the enjoyable social life of my high school days.

I had now used my typewriter money and \$50.00 which Dad had borrowed for me from Grandpa Henry; also \$25.00 which I had borrowed from Grandma Henry. I paid these sums back after I started to work. It was now about March of 1930. I had been at Henager's two or three months. I was second high in typewriting, being able to write at a speed of 98 net words per minute for fifteen minutes with two errors. But I couldn't adapt myself to bookkeeping. When it became apparent that I would have to quit school, I persuaded Mr. Underhill, principal of the school, to let me take the three or four shorthand tests and get directly into a dictation class. I was now living with Electa Johnson Caldwell who had been my type and shorthand teacher in high school. She helped me study for the tests. I had to pass them all with a grade of 95% or above. After I had passed the tests, Mr. Underhill came and congratulated me and said he didn't think I could do it. He had been very reluctant to let me try.

My object in going to Henager's was to get sufficient training that I could work my way through the Brigham Young University. I intended to try to get on their

Stenographic Bureau. Henager's sent me on several small jobs. I then applied for and received work at Utah-Idaho Sugar Company. This was temporary work which was to last for perhaps a month or six weeks. I went back to night school for a few months, but my health was not good enough to keep it up. I went down to BYU to apply for work on their stenographic bureau, but I became ill with appendicitis and had to undergo surgery. I accumulated doctor bills which took me a long time to pay. The result was, I never did find it possible to attend school at BYU (except later for summer Education Weeks and home study course). I continued working at Utah- Idaho Sugar Company and took some dramatic art classes at night from Grace Nixon Stewart. But I also had to discontinue these classes because of my frequent attacks of flu and colds.

I learned to love Salt Lake. I lived for two or three years with other working girls in an apartment. I became active in the Twelfth-Thirteenth Ward and participated in MIA dramas. I had dates for tennis, dances at the Old Mill and other lovely places, picnics, hikes, Church banquets and other functions. Life was sweet and enjoyable. I managed to do all of these things and keep my enjoyable job in spite of my health problems.

One day in 1930 or 1931, I received a letter from LaMond Tullis who was on a mission for the Church in Florida. I had never met him before, nor even heard of him. Ross Merrell from Vernal was on a mission in Florida and had persuaded his companion to start writing to me. Enclosed in the letter was a snapshot of a handsome missionary sitting on his "stick grip." I was not altogether overwhelmed with this correspondence, since at the time I was infatuated with another young man. However, that romance did not materialize; and when LaMond returned from his mission, after corresponding with him for about one and one-half years, I started going with him. We had lots of fun playing tennis, going to dances, going swimming, and many other places. He was the best dancer I had ever dated and was a handsome young man. After six months, we became engaged.

We were married in the Salt Lake Temple on June 22, 1933. He was working at Utah Woolen Mills as nightwatchman while he went to school. I continued my work at Utah-Idaho Sugar Company.

Floyd was born on February 10, 1935. When he was three months old, I returned to work. Fae was born April 4, 1937. When she was about two months old, I returned to work. In the meantime, LaMond had worked for Winter Electric Company in Murray and had started working for Utah- Idaho Sugar Company as an electrician at several plants in Utah and Idaho.

Fae became very ill with bronchial pneumonia when she was three months old. It took all of our resources and time to care for her and pay our doctor bills. While LaMond was still nightwatchman, he had gone to the University of Utah for almost two years. I helped him with his studies at night before he went to work at midnight. With Fae's illness, we could not continue this and he quit school to work for Winger Electric and then Utah-Idaho Sugar Company.

We purchased a 240-acre ranch on Brush Creek, nine miles east of Vernal, and moved to Vernal in March, 1940. We also purchased the house and lot on Fifth West and Second South from Aunt Priscilla. After years, we sold the ranch and town property and moved to the old Hoeft farm (53 acres) in Glines. There had been no house on the ranch and I had found it too difficult, with Fae in poor health, Terry a baby (born March 30, 1943), and Roger soon to arrive, to travel back and forth and cook for men in a sheep wagon. I was also working part time for the Uintah National Farm Loan Association and was keeping books in our home for the Soil Conservation Service. Roger was born soon after we moved to Glines, on July 28, 1945.

LaMond began working as a journeyman electrician, first at Bonanza Mines, then in Vernal and Uintah County. He was one of the five who contracted to build the new Glines Ward Chapel on West Highway 40, a beautiful memorial to hard work and sacrifice. LaMond was also chairman of the building committee part of the time the chapel was being constructed. While the men contracted the job, they received no money for their labor, and also contributed substantially in cash. The ward men and boys went to the mountains and cut the timber for the chapel. LaMond also wired the Uintah Stake Center, which was dedicated the night before the Glines Ward Chapel was dedicated. They were both dedicated in the summer of 1948 by President David O. McKay--before he became President of the Church. I had the privilege of recording his dedicatory prayers in shorthand--as well as the other proceedings of the Glines Ward chapel dedication. I recorded many funeral services during these years. I was correspondent for the Deseret News at this time, also.

I continued working at the Farm Loan Association until about the fall of 1947, when I acted as type teacher at Uintah High School for one year. They were unable to procure a certified type teacher that year. My students took first, second, and third places in first-year type at the regional type meet in Price the next spring; and my second-year students took several places, including second and fourth. I introduced a new idea into the type system of the school, which was to have the students compete in the Basin Days' type contest according to their rate of speed (average net words per minute). This gave an opportunity for three or four students to compete in each group (45-50 npw group, etc.) rather than for a total of just three or four students to represent the school in the meet. Of course, the regional meets continued the same, with either three or four students from first year and the same from second year representing the school.

I devised this plan because I found that some students who could not write as many net words per minute as others could actually turn out more lesson work than the faster ones, because they were more accurate on lesson work. Karen Simper, a second-year type student, had an average speed of 45 words (net) per minute. I entered her in the regional meet at Price because she could produce more work than another student who could type between 50 and 55 words per minute. I also obtained permission for the faster student, who was an alternate, to participate in the meet for the experience, although she

would receive no award. Karen won fourth place in the meet in spite of her speed test which was not as good as some, because she was able to complete more of the balance of the test work than the faster typists could complete. The girl who entered as alternate fell far below Karen's grade.

This plan for the Uintah Basin meet (different speed categories) continued for a few years after I left the school, then I lost track of the procedure used.

Following my work at Uintah High School, I worked for two years as clerk-stenographer at the Uintah School District Board of Education office. During this time, I again took the Civil Service examination and passed with a grade of 98%. I was offered a Civil Service job in Vernal at the newly established U. S. Geological Water Survey Office, which I accepted. I was forced to resign this position after a year because of a long illness which started with virus pneumonia.

This brings me to the present, August 5, 1953, when I am working temporarily at the Bureau of Land Management. I am attempting to make a decision regarding whether or not I should make an effort to spend a winter in Arizona, since viruses have almost completely over-come me. They have bothered me for the last twenty-five years. My husband wants to buy a cattle ranch. We have made two trips to the Northwest to look at ranches. I shall look forward with interest to making an entry in this history in about another ten years, to see what decisions were made.

LaMond and I have both been active in the Church in Vernal. We both worked in the MIA presidency of Vernal Second Ward. LaMond has been in the Stake Mission, Stake Mission President, Branch President at Bonanza Mines, and in the Stake Mission again. I have been Ward Literature Leader in the Relief Society, MIA teacher, Ward Organist, Sunday School Organist, and Secretary of Uintah Stake Relief Society since 1945. We are proud of our children and pray continually that they will be able to obtain the good things of life, including a college education, and that they will walk humbly and righteously before our Father in Heaven.

Vernal, Utah January 4, 1976

The foregoing history was completed August 5, 1953. At that time I stated LaMond wanted to buy a cattle ranch and that I was having virus problems. I also stated it would be interesting to resume the history in about ten years and see what conclusions had actually been made.

This is January 4, 1976. It has not been just ten years since my last entry, but more than twenty-two years. Two more darling little daughters have come into our home since the last entry. Laraine was born December 8, 1954, and Amber was born December 12, 1959, when I was 48 years old, lacking one month. These little girls brought fresh love and purpose into our home. Amber is still with us. Laraine was married a year ago in November to Charles R. Walker.

I am lying in bed on this January 4, 1976, following surgery in Uintah County Hospital which disclosed breast cancer. I am trying to recover sufficiently from a virus to have major surgery (mastectomy) performed in Salt Lake. I am dictating the history into a tape recorder.

The decisions about which we were undecided in 1953 certainly did not follow the tentative plan to buy a cattle ranch. Instead, we continued to build up an electrical contracting business which we had undertaken in 1945, following the sale of our Brush Creek ranch, and which we later incorporated. We did all the work ourselves, with the help of our boys as they became old enough. Later, we employed outside help in the electrical installation and maintenance, but never in the clerical and bookkeeping work.

Also, in 1961, we commenced construction of a mobile home park on the north eighteen acres of our farm property. We were aided in this project by the boys, particularly Floyd, whose help was invaluable in planning and executing the work. Floyd was married with two children at this time. Terry and Roger were still in high school. Floyd was going to school at BYU during the construction of the first 32 or 34 units. He worked summers and traveled from Provo to Vernal to work during the week ends and be with his family which lived in a mobile home in the trailer park. LaMond continued construction after Floyd left for Massachusetts, New York, and Peru; then Floyd returned to help complete the final twelve units, making a total of fifty-four units.

It is a beautiful park, well planned, with wide hard-surfaced roads and large lots with lawns, trees, and individual chain-link fences. The last twelve lots are extra large with recessed parking spaces. These lots are very popular with renters.

After the boys moved away, LaMond and I were left with our Country Village Mobile Home park to manage and operate, including books and records, maintenance, rentals, etc., as well as with the Electric Company. We found we had more than we could handle. After several years of contemplation and research, we finally closed a sale of the park on May 31, 1975.

In anticipation of the sale, LaMond had already commenced the groundwork for a new home on property purchased in Maeser some ten years before at the mouth of Dryfork Canyon in Maeser. He had been anticipating the time when he could build his dream home on our twenty acres overlooking the valley, refreshed by canyon breezes. He lost no time, as early as March, to start with his plans for the house and starting to repair the barn for storage, level the ground, etc. So we really didn't diminish our work load at this time but really just started immediately into another project.

In 1973, Terry and his family moved to Vernal to work in the electrical business with us. We are just now concluding a transfer of the business to him, as of this date. He has also purchased the home we built and have occupied since 1948 or 1949.

I mentioned in the first part of this history that I had been acting as secretary of Uintah Stake Relief Society from 1945 to 1953. I served in this position until 1956 or 1957 when Uintah Stake was divided and Ashley Stake was created. I was then sustained as the first Relief Society president of Ashley Stake. I served in this position for approximately two years and was then released because of my health and because my husband had been made Second Counselor in Ashley Stake Presidency. (He was later sustained as First Counselor- acting in the Stake Presidency for approximately twelve years.)

I held many other positions in the Ward following my release as Stake Relief Society President. I again acted as Ward Organist or Sunday School Organist for a few years, making a total of about thirteen years as a Church organist during my lifetime. I was Relief Society Magazine Representative and Theology Leader (now Spiritual Living Leader) until the present time. And for a period of three or four years, I was also the Gospel Doctrine Leader in Sunday School at two different times, both of which times I resigned because of my health.

I am sorry that I have not been able to do all of the things that I would like to have done in my lifetime, either in the Church or for my family. But I have done everything I was able to do and was capable of doing.

I have had a desire all of my life to write poetry, but have never taken the time to do it. But during the last four years, I have written some poetry; and in the past three contests of the Utah State Poetry Society, I have won six awards. I am desirous of writing more poetry--hopefully enough to compile into a small book for my descendants. I have just completed a home study poetry course from Brigham Young University.

In reading the first part of my history, I notice that I mention quite a bit about the good times I used to have when I lived and worked in Salt Lake, playing tennis and going on dates. A year ago, I ran onto an old diary I had kept during that period of time. I was amused to see how well I had recorded all the details of where we went and what we did- especially what we had eaten each time. This seemed a little strange to me, so I wrote a poem about it called "Betrayed by my Diary":

BETRAYED BY MY DIARY

Deep in an old attic trunk, it lay
Unread, forgotten, till I found it today.
Breathless, I waltzed and I glided once more
In the arms of my sweetheart across the dance floor.
Tennis and parties and walks through the streets
Were followed by snacks, overloaded with sweets.
Now I can see, only forty years late,
I should have kept dancing and skipped what I ate!

We are very proud of our children and their accomplishments. All of the boys filled full-time missions for the LDS Church: Floyd in Central America; Terry in Australia; and Roger in the East Central States (so-called at that time), with his service mainly in Lexington and Louisville, Kentucky. One of the highlights in my life was a plane trip to Boston to visit Floyd, Marta and their two boys and return with them in their car to Vernal for the summer. We went down as far as Lexington, Kentucky, and visited Roger for one day on his "free" day. We visited many of the famous horse farms, such as Calumet, met many of the Church members in that area, and attended the colorful "Kentucky Trots" that evening. We had never seen anything like the beautiful Kentucky pacers and trotters that participated in the races. I was thrilled to see first-hand the beautiful Blue Grass Country.

Fae filled a two-year Stake mission in the Salt Lake Stake.

Floyd graduated from Brigham Young University with an M.A. degree, and from Harvard University with a Ph.D. He also attended Cornell University for approximately eight months, and spent a year in Peru with his family on a research grant. He taught for a year in the Political Science Department of Arizona State University at Tempe, and is presently associated with the Political Science Department at Brigham Young University. He is the author of three published books on political science. He is married to the former Marta Morrill, the ideal companion and helpmate for him in his endeavors. They are the parents of six beautiful children. Marta has seemed like my own daughter since the death of her mother soon after Richard, their first child, was born.

Fae graduated from Trade Technical College in Salt Lake City and from Henager's Business College, also in Salt Lake City, majoring in secretarial work. She worked for three years in the Magazine Department of the General Board of Relief Society prior to her marriage. She married Vaughn A. Chapman. They have not been blessed with children and constantly had many health and other problems. They are good, sincere people who are trying to get ahead and do the best they can with their abilities and opportunities.

Terry attended school at Brigham Young University, University of Utah, and Weber State College, lacking only a few credit hours from graduating. He maintained amazingly high scholastic records. He is a gifted man, with many talents and abilities. He met a lovely, talented girl, Irene Ann Christiansen, in the Australian Mission where they were both missionaries. Their marriage has been brightened by three beautiful little daughters.

Roger attended Utah State University for a year before filling his mission. He then married Patricia Ann Hopkins, his high school sweet- heart. Together they worked to enable Roger to attend one more year at Utah State University, then graduate from dental school at Northwestern University in Chicago. Roger passed the California and Utah dental examinations, but chose to practice in Utah. They have four beautiful children (the

last son was born in February, 1976). They live in Salt Lake City at the present time, where Roger is practicing dentistry.

Laraine attended Brigham Young University following her graduation from high school in Vernal. She then worked in an attorney's office in Salt Lake for six months. She went back to BYU for one semester, and then married Charles R. Walker, her high school sweetheart. She is now working on campus and Charles is attending school at BYU. We are increasingly proud of Charles and Laraine and their accomplishments. We feel they have a very special marriage; and we appreciate both of them for their consideration of one another.

Amber, our last beautiful daughter, is still with us. She is a good, sweet girl--the light of our lives at the present time. She is a sophomore at Uintah High School, achieving an impressive grade of 3.7 for the first semester of 1975-6. We have great confidence in her and know that she will marry well and continue to live the high ideals she has at the present time.

We took time for a foreign trip in November, 1967, when Floyd and Marta and their two boys were returning from Peru. We had been anxious about the internal problems in Peru and had decided to not go all the way. It was a thrill to see them standing on a bridge or archway overlooking the airport when we landed in Panama, because we had been apprehensive about making proper connections. What a wonderful reunion we had after almost a year!

Floyd was our guide, translator and general benefactor for the next ten days. We rented a car and traveled 35 miles (or 35 kilometers?) across the Panama peninsula from Panama to the Gatun Locks of the Panama Canal. We crossed the Continental Divide here where it was only three hundred feet high. The dense jungle-like vegetation and "heavy" air were quite new to us.

On Thanksgiving Day, we enjoyed watching ships go through the locks of the Panama Canal. We were dressed in summer clothing. The soft Pacific breezes and golden sunshine were interrupted now and then when a cloud would come across the blue-blue sky and shed a torrent of rain for five or ten minutes. Then the sun would shine as brightly as ever. Half a dozen ships waited calmly in the bay for a turn to go through the locks of the Canal. We were mesmerized by the tranquility of the afternoon as compared to the bedlam of Panama City, where it seemed that all of the old cars from used car lots in the United States had suddenly come to life in the narrow, dirty, winding streets, honking and hurrying.

We couldn't believe how rapidly the locks of the Canal could fill and empty by gravity, as if someone had filled or emptied a huge bathtub. After one of the showers, a group of anteaters came out of the rain forest to feed in the grass near the Canal.

Going back to Panama City, Floyd noticed some signs inciting rebellion against the United States. And later on one of the narrow streets in Panama City, we witnessed a motorcade go by, with horns honking and people screaming and waving banners which said, in effect: "Gringos go home. Panama for Panamanians!"

We also visited a well hidden old Spanish fort where the Spaniards had stored the gold they stole from the Indians in Mexico and South America. They also kept their prisoners in the dungeons of this fort, where many of them rotted their lives away.

We then flew to Guatemala--the Land of Eternal Spring. We visited Guatemala City and the former capital city, Antigua. We traveled the Pan-American "highway" into the highlands to see beautiful Lake Atitlan surrounded by its twelve native villages, and to Chichicastenango for the colorful fair and festival where thousands of Indians came into the village square during the night to set up their wares. At this place, we climbed a steep mountain to see where the natives practice blood sacrifice, using the blood of chickens, and where the remains of their God of the World stands. We also visited a huge Catholic cathedral here and watched a strange mixture of paganism and Christianity being conducted. Following the regular Catholic services, the natives were permitted to perform their own traditional ceremonies.

We went to church in Quezaltenango and saw what happy, friendly people the Indians are after they have received the Gospel. We witnessed the extreme hardships of these small-statured Indian people, having to act as their own beasts of burden, and having to work by hand their small strips of land which extend to the tops of the high mountains. We were saddened for days after visiting these downtrodden people.

Mexico City was a revelation in modernity--multi-laned highways, electrical lighting such as we had never seen before, daring or different architecture, history-depicting mosaic murals on the newer buildings, and traffic such as we had never anticipated. We did not rent a car here, but hired a taxicab by the day.

We were impressed with the Pyramids of Teotihuacan near Mexico City which were being restored. The magnitude of structures built by this past civilization was awe-inspiring.

We flew home by way of Miami--where we all got sick from daring to eat all of the American food we wanted. We parted from Floyd and his family here and LaMond, Laraine and I went to Independence, Missouri, where we visited the restored Liberty Jail and other Church buildings. We also visited the unique Auditorium of the Reorganized LDS Church and attended church at their Stone Church, and also at our own chapel. This was my second visit to Independence. We had taken this route when Floyd, Marta and family and I returned from Boston by way of Kentucky several years before.

Our only other foreign trip was also with Floyd and Marta and their increased family of five children, when we went to Canada in July of 1974. We traveled by car all

the way on this trip, visited Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks in the United States, and Watertown Park, Cameron Lake, and Cardston in Canada. At the Cardston Temple we unexpectedly met four of LaMond's cousins who lived in different parts of Canada.

February 22, 1976

I am desirous of having my children know that I have always loved them; that I have done my utmost all of their lives to help them in their righteous endeavors and to sustain them in what they have, tried to do. I am grateful for my husband and his desire to be a good provider for his family, and for his generosity to his children; for his devotion to the Church.

I am today living in the home of my daughter, Fae, where I have been for nearly two months. I had surgery in Vernal on December 31, then surgery in Salt Lake on February 8 for breast cancer. I am now taking radiation treatments for another four weeks. Then I hope to return home to the new home LaMond is completing and where we moved our belongings ten days ago.

I am desirous of leaving on record my gratitude for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for the opportunities and privileges I have had in the Church, in the positions I have held; for the love and companionship of the members; and most of all for my testimony of the Gospel which has increased over the years. My great desire is to retain and increase my testimony and to endure to the end of this life in the faith. I have had many evidences of the power of prayer and the power of the Priesthood in my life. Without the Plan of Salvation, there is nothing. I pray that my posterity will stay close to the Church and have the same desire that I have to endure in faith to the end of their mortal existence. I pray that when my time comes to leave this life, I may go serenely and quietly, as I have described the following poem:

AUTUMN'S BENEDICTION

Let mountains keep a vigil when I sleep--
Their frosted peaks a crown above the rim
Of oak and quaking aspen leaves, that reap
The sunset's flame and gold before they dim.
Serene and quiet as a scarlet leaf
That floats to rest, awaiting its rebirth,
Still giving more of beauty than of grief,
Let me relinquish tenure of this earth.
But do not let me sleep past that First Spring!
I must not miss the maple's hint of green,
The robin's song and bluebird's flashing wing
When Spring's first lustrous dawn breaks, fresh and clean.

*Let Autumn's benediction comfort me,
But let Spring's breath of life then set me free!*

January 27, 1978

I have had two "bonus" years and am extremely grateful for them. I wish I could say I have accomplished a great deal in those two years, but am afraid I must say only that I have accomplished quite a bit in completing our new home inside in the way of furnishings and decorating, and in our personal estate planning and business--and that I have done quite a bit with poetry.

The above poem, "Autumn's Benediction," won first place in one of the 1976 Utah State Poetry Society contest categories, as also did "She Painted Musical Pictures." I have won a total of 15 awards in the Utah contests and 2 in other states. In 1977, I won 7 awards in Utah, including an honorable mention for my book entry. I am especially interested now in writing poems and narratives that have a historical background. Some will follow now in this history and others from time to time, I hope. This is for the purpose of preserving my heritage and letting my posterity know how things were "In the Good Old Days."

Our first grandchild, Richard, has just received his mission call to go to Bolivia, South America, in March, 1978. How nice to have lived long enough to witness this! There are many events I still want to see--Richard's mission fulfilled, our first great-grandchild, Amber's marriage and first child, etc., etc.

My interest has again become fired along genealogy lines and I hope to spend most of my available time on that in the future. I have had many opportunities to collaborate with people in the past and have not taken advantage of these opportunities. They haunt me now!

General unrest among the nations of the world are a concern right now--especially the crumbling of stability in our own country. We will cling to the Lord's promise that "My people I will preserve." In the meantime, another new year lies ahead, another opportunity to write on my life's slate.

February 9, 1979

The last year began well. I had reasonable health and strength and was able to accomplish quite a bit in genealogy and poetry. I received second place award for my book entry, the title of which I changed from "Reap The Sunset" (1977 entry) to Autumn's Benediction, for the 1978 entry. I had written quite a few new poems and eliminated my weakest ones. I felt honored to receive this recognition, since I am an amateur and many of the poets are professional. I also received other awards in the festival.

Many weeks of the year were spent in compiling information and writing a history of my great grandfather, Calvin William Henry. Fae has worked more than half time in the library (Genealogy Library in Salt Lake), searching for dates and obtaining copies of documents for this purpose. I also spent much time in the Uintah, Duchesne, and Wasatch County Court Houses searching the land records. LaMond also took me to

Coalville to obtain information from the land records there. Fae processed the names which needed Temple work and completed all ordinance work on the Calvin William Henry and Agnes Taylor sheet. I typed the family group sheet and made copies of this and the history for all of Calvin William's descendants who are interested.

The documenting of the information was a challenge because many of the dates conflicted with different sources of information. However, Fae and I feel we did the best we could under the circumstances. We are now working on James Barnum Henry and Albert M. Henry.

Our family reunion was a smashing success again. The presence of Aunt Fay (Fay Tullis Boyd) added to our enjoyment. Everyone is looking forward to the 1979 reunion. Grownups and children alike get more excited each year for the reunion to come. We are grateful to Roger and everyone who has helped promote this activity.

I became ill with a virus infection the first of October and still have not completely recovered from it in February. I left the house only two or three times in four or five months. Then in January, the local doctor found a spot on my lungs from X-rays taken here. This caused great concern because of the serious implications. When I felt strong enough to attempt a trip to Salt Lake, I made an appointment at the cancer clinic for a check-up. Before leaving, Terry, Leo Hacking, and LaMond administered to me. When I had X-rays taken in Salt Lake, the radiologist could find no trace of the spot. However, a mamogram revealed trouble in my breast. An extensive biopsy and removal of unhealthy tissue took place in January. We were "relieved that the tissue was pre-malignant but not malignant.

So once again I have a new lease to mortality and am looking forward to the spring and summer--if summer comes! This is our most severe winter since about 1949. Temperatures have stayed below freezing for approximately four months, day and night; and night temperatures have ranged from -5 to -30 degrees. We have had lovely weather for two days, with the sun shining and a little water dripping from the eaves. Snow on the ground is still sixteen or eighteen inches deep. This winter reminds me of the "long, hard winter" mentioned in the histories of James Barnum Henry and Mary Brown Henry, their second year of colonizing in Ashley (Vernal), when in April they ran out of food and snow was still deep over the mountains where James Barnum and four others went to obtain food in Green River, Wyoming. I have written poems about this incident for my poetry book and will also include them in James Barnum's history. The hard winter in question was 1879-80.

Amber went to school at BYU one semester, then transferred to Utah Technical College.

THIS IS MY LIFE
By Melba Henry Tullis

(Prepared to present to the Cultural Arts Club on March 22, 1978)

I was born in Vernal, Utah, on a cold January day in 1912. I was born here in this valley by reason of the fact that both my paternal and maternal grandparents emigrated here. James Barnum and Mary Brown Henry were called on a special mission by the President of the L.D.S. Church to help colonize Ashley, as the place was known then. They traveled from the Salt Lake valley by team and wagon, and arrived here in November, 1878.

My grandmother wrote a poem on Christmas day of the same year, which she entitled "Homesick." I have used a few lines of her poem in a dramatic monologue I have called "How Long Is Homesick?"

HOW LONG IS HOMESICK?

Ashley
April, 1880

Dear Mother: Lines from my "Homesick" poem ring tonight:

*In my childhood home tonight
Are there faces gathered bright
As there used to be?
Between the hymn and song
Of the joyous gathered throng
Will they think of me?*

Tell me, Mother, how long does homesick last?

We obeyed the Prophet's call as newlyweds to colonize
Ashley--but in this desolate winter setting
(Without birds even in summertime),
Happy scenes of childhood fill my mind:
Playing and gathering berries in the green hills of
Cottonwood . . . herding cows along clear streams . . .
Singing and dancing to the violin's urging in our
Log home, while the fireplace flickered and
Glowed on real glass windows.

Were you homesick for England when you sailed the
Sullen sea, then labored by wagon train over treacherous
Plains and mountains to the Promised Valley?

You buried a child along the way, and soon another,
Then your husband in eight short years.
Yet I felt secure and safe in your courage and love.

My Jim and four others, with two 4-horse teams,
Left today to attempt a hazardous journey over the river
And mountains to Wyoming to buy flour--even though snow
is still deep
And men and horses are weak from hunger.

This long, hard winter has all but consumed our
Last year's scanty harvest, and we will all die
Here in this forsaken fort unless we get help soon.
Yet I have strength to wet-nurse a new baby for a
Sick mother, along with Little Jim, in spite of skimpy
Rations of chopped wheat and barley.

The Meeker Massacre Indian scare is over now, so when
Spring breaks, we will return to our farms.
*And with the Lord's help, Jim and I will build a
Strong home for Little Jim and our future children.*
I will teach them truth and love and laughter
As you taught us!
We will conquer this wilderness!

But tell me, Mother: How long is homesick?

--Melba H. Tullis

My grandfather George Albert Goodrich emigrated to Utah in 1850, and my grandmother, Eliza Ann Taggart Goodrich, in 1852 when she was eight years old. Both families came because of their conversion to the "Mormon" Church. My grandparents met and married.

After disastrous attempts to colonize in Arizona and in Southern Utah, they moved to Morgan, Morgan County, Utah, where my mother was born.

The stage was now set for my parents, Albert Monroe Henry, and Abbie Viola Goodrich, to meet and marry.

After moving a number of times in the first years of their marriage (including taking up a homestead just east of Roosevelt and having interesting experiences with the Indians), they purchased the old Goodrich homestead in Naples--Grandfather Goodrich's old home. We lived in the adobe house built by my grandfather and his sons.

I have early memories of our life there, including the day the Armistice was signed following World War I (or perhaps the day after, allowing for the slowness of news to travel in those days):

November 11, 1918

Someone called on the old crank-style
Telephone and told our mother.
We bridled Old May,
Climbed a fence to mount her bareback,
And riding double, urged her
Across the fields where older men
Were baling hay.
(The younger men had gone to war
Across the sea, to rendezvous
With fields where poppies blow--
Or life and victory.)
Soon we could see the team
Walking a tight circle
To power the baler, and
Men on the stack throwing in forkfuls of hay.
(I couldn't watch the circling horses
Without feeling dizzy and
Sick to my stomach in sympathy.)

"THE WAR IS OVER!"

They stopped everything. Silence.
Then hats flew into the air,
Men turned somersaults on the haystack,

Shouted, laughed, slapped each other
On the back.
The war was over:
The great war that was to end all wars
And make the world free from tyranny and
Safe for Peace and Democracy!

--Melba H. Tullis

I believe it was that same year, or perhaps the year before, that we had a very bad winter. We remembered it as "The Hard Winter" as my grandparents had remembered the winter of 1879-80. My father was in debt for a herd of cows and the hard winter made it necessary to purchase hay at \$50.00 a ton--which would probably be the equivalent of \$250 or \$300 in 1978. He never recovered financially from this experience.

Our life was therefore of necessity very frugal and lived in much the same manner as our pioneer grandparents had lived--in the same house and under the same circumstances. My mother's health was poor all of her married life, also.

I still vividly remember the Christmas that occurred about this time:

The Year Santa Didn't Come

Sounding far away and strained,
Our father's voice stopped us
Before we reached our stockings:
"I told you Santa couldn't
Come this year. I'm sorry."

We grew very still, looking down,
Not at his iron cot
In the corner of the kitchen.

Harsh cold of rough wood floor
Stung our bare feet;
We shivered in penetrating

Chill of the room, for no comfort
Came from the black iron cook stove.

We had thought, surely Santa would
Reward us, even if he couldn't be paid.
He must know Dad had lost almost
Everything trying to buy enough
Hay for his cattle this Hard Winter.

Hoping..
We had hung our handknit wool
Stockings on backs of side-by-side
Wooden chairs.
Now subdued, but almost still hoping,
We checked.
They were empty!

Yet in pearling dawn
We saw our old dolls propped
On seats of the two chairs,
With something in their laps!

A small heirloom bowl,
Splashed with many colors like

Joseph's coat of Bible fame,
Half-filled with hardtack candy,
Rested in the lap of each doll:
Bowls we had admired and held
In rare moments when we shared
Treasures and aroma from our
Mother's trunk.

We ran back to our double bed
In the one bedroom,
With our old dolls and our new,
Warming gifts of love!

--Melba H. Tullis

Other short poems and narratives portray the memories of my
childhood:

BAREFOOT BEHIND A PLOW

I have run barefoot behind a plow
When Spring breathed again on my upturned face
And freshly washed trees aired their silvered limbs,
Awaiting their foliage of green-leaf lace.
The infinite sweep of the spring-blue sky
Was pierced by a deeper, more brilliant hue
As a bluebird swept by on fluorescent wings,
Eclipsing all else till he passed from view.
The ribbon of earth left the shining plow blade
With crunching, continuous folding;
The fresh earth behind, firm and damp to my feet,
Was suited for throwing--or holding.
The odor of horse sweat and warm harness leather
Enhanced the aroma of freshly turned soil;
My father spoke softly or sharply,
Encouraging Johnny and Jack in their toil.
From fence post to fence post, a meadow lark
Followed, flashing his bright yellow vest,
Repeating again his welcome announcement:
"Springtime - is-here-now!" then pausing to rest.
Oh, I have run barefoot behind a plow
When Spring stirred anew in the slanting sun
And the spring of my life was fresh and sweet
And my sorrows had not yet begun!

--Melba H. Tullis

SHE PAINTED MUSICAL PICTURES

"The Midnight Fire Alarm" lived
for us as her soft voice
intoned the story and her flying
fingers painted the musical picture.

We almost cheered
as three swift horses clattered abreast
over cobblestone streets, their iron-shod
hooves and the iron rims of the wheels
making a lovely din and striking
sparks here and there, while the
engine whistle punctuated the wild ride.

Then her hands rested on the
piano keys and we pleaded,
"Play 'The Battle of Waterloo!'"
We sat entranced on three
straight wooden chairs
as the furious battle raged
then subsided and the retreat
began, first a trickle, then a
rout, as terrified men and horses
ran in confusion, spurred by
bursts of cannon behind them.

Stillness . . . then
a one-key soft melody evolved into
a slow two-hand refrain, sad beyond
description, as the living mourned
their dead . . . and the last note
thinned . . . and faded . . .

She would play no more tonight.
Another night, but not tonight.

I didn't ask her, while there was
still time, how a piano came to be in
her (and our) adobe pioneer home,
sharing the lye-bleached wooden
floor of the one bedroom with
two iron bedsteads and their
straw-filled "ticks," a fat wood-burning
stove, her mother's rocking chair,
and a straight chair here and there.

Why didn't I thank her,
my gentle, gifted mother, for
the only music of my childhood--
the immortal melodies that resound
still in the forever of my memory!

--Melba H. Tullis

My grade school days were short--six years--and enjoyable. High School was happy, filled with friends and fun. My best girl friend was Hallie Willis (Searle). I was aware of our poor circumstances, but was not unhappy because of them, only self-conscious at times because of my clothes or my home when my date would come to pick me up.

One summer my sister-friend, Elsie, and I raised about thirty "bum lambs." We milked the cows, fed and cared for the lambs. I don't remember now whether or not we already had some sheep on hand. We probably did. But this little herd soon multiplied to help with the numbers so that we were soon able to sell our sheep for about five hundred dollars. With this money, my parents purchased a new Model A Ford car--the only new car our family ever owned.

I will not go into further detail about my life at home, since these details are included in my longer personal history. Several other narratives help me to remember them now:

WAGON WHEELS ON SNOW

My straining ears can coax no hint
Of his approach;
Only midnight stillness envelops me and
Star-candled winter night,
To stimulate my young imaginings . . .

I see him sitting statue-like
On the high wagon seat,
His face framed with frost;
Or walking beside the team,
Cross-beating his arms against numbness,
As the tired horses exhale
Clouds of steam.

Has the wagon broken down
Under its creaking load?
Is he injured or ill
On the lonely road?
He should have been home long ago:
Apprehension is a heart-drum beating.

But wait!
Far away I hear the screech
Of wagon wheels on hard-packed snow
Grinding slowly homeward!

Old Ted, from his vigil
On the rough wood step,
Barks his joy to the brittle night;
My mother slips from her feather bed,
Lights the coal-oil lamp and
Stirs up the fire in the
Kitchen range.
My father is home!
Home safely!

--Melba H. Tullis

SILHOUETTE OF MEMORY

His monument--his pride--one of a kind,
The giant derrick pushes still against the sky.

Again I hear my father from haystack top
Command his powerful horse:

"Jack, giddup!"
Old Jack pulls the cable
Toward the stackyard fence.

I time my run and shap the trip rope
To load of fragrant hay
As the derrick swings it over and up
From low slip onto haystack.

Careful, play out the. rope!
Don't snag it or catch your dress and
Stumble, or you'll trip the whole load
On your head!

"Wo, Jack! Wo!"
I tense and wait for his "Trip it!"
I jerk hard
Before it swings out of place.
Relief! I did it that time!

Jack! Back! Back! Back!"

As the cable slackens, I pull,
Pull hard over and down,
Bring back the slings,
Place them on the slip; snap them together
Ready for the team to move into the field
For another load.

For fifty years--twenty since he went--
His monument has stood in silhouette
Against the setting sun,
Tall as the tallest cottonwood nearby,
Proud as the one who thrust it there
To flaunt the poverty that
Bound him to the arid soil.

Today I must look at it quickly .
Once more . . . then away

--Melba H. Tullis

I REMEMBER!

You ask what it was like in
The Good Old Days.
You are confused: My parents lived in
The Good Old Days--not I!
Yet, when I see a graceful ice ballet
In a warm building, I recall:

We have laughed about living in this large new home now that all of our children
are gone, except Amber. I wrote a light verse about it:

FOUR BATHROOMS?

Four shining bathrooms seem to wait
For children's shouts and running feet
As when the six of them must all compete
For one, to groom for school or date.

Four brand-new bathrooms wait in vain,
With no one shouting, "I'm here too!"
I'm free to choose the white, the blue,
The harvest gold or pink champagne!

No children's voices call my name;
The only sound is my creaking frame!

Our fulfillment lies in our children and grandchildren, and in the hope and promise offered by the Gospel. For two years we have had family reunions for our immediate family. I wrote about the last one in the summer of 1977:

THE LYRIC OF THEIR LAUGHTER

Thin mountain air in lazing afternoon
Projects the lyric
Of the children's laughter.

Some boundless energy propels them,
Hour on hour, in kaleidoscope of color,
From gentle swale to sloping woods,
Following clues of treasure hunt and
Exchanging rides in pony cart
Pulled by children
Or by small Welch gelding
Trotting smartly through the pines.

Their fourteen-voice arrangement
Swells, subsides, in blended harmony
Of almost-bass to treble.

In reverie I contemplate
Faces receding into obscurity:
Elfin and handsome faces,
Smiling and tearful faces
Of diverse personalities
Forever part of me.

Voices and faces of my children
And children's children:
My immortality!

I am grateful for my husband's love for our children and his generosity with them. I appreciate the years of work and endeavor beyond human endurance, it sometimes seemed, to provide for us.

A fitting conclusion at this stage of my life would seem to be:

SUNSET'S AFTERGLOW

The sunset's embers, growing dim,
Give comfort yet as they did when
They flared in flame above the rim
Of Western hills, to blaze amen
To end of day. The pastel hues
Like rainbow's end become me now.
The muted, softer tones diffuse
But still enhance the scene somehow.
The flames that fired my spirit through
The sweet-hard years will still bestow
Their warmth in days that now ensue,
With calm, fulfilling afterglow.

(Conclusion of life history added by her children:)

Melba Henry Tullis died July 22, 1980 of a prolonged illness in the Holy Cross Hospital, Salt Lake City, Utah. A great loss has been felt by all who knew her and especially her family. She left a legacy for her husband and children which they will always remember and will be passed down for generations to come. Her children remember her as a loving mother, and her husband remembers her with love and respect. We look forward very much to seeing her again.