

HISTORY OF PARLEY HERBERT GOODRICH

By Jennie Goodrich McConkie

Parley Herbert Goodrich was born the ninth child of George Albert Goodrich and his second wife Harriet Maria Taggart on 25 August 1883 in a stone house located in Taggart Hollow, Morgan County, Utah. When Parley was about three his mother's family was moved to Naples in Ashley Valley, Utah where the families of the other two wives had already moved two years earlier. He remembered fondly that on the trip out the saddle horse he rode got so lame from porcupine quills that he could no longer ride him. He also remembered that his brother Abe caught a mess of fish the night they camped on the Duchesne River. Their home was a one-room dirt-roofed cabin on Jode Remington's place, where Parley would follow Jode around just listening to him whistle.

He felt that even though the three wives maintained separate homes the half-brothers and half-sisters all loved one another very much. He never remembered any quarrelling or household disagreements. They had enough kids to play ball without anyone else's help. Gee, not every kid had fifteen brothers and sixteen sisters! (Except maybe in other plural-marriage families.)

The first Christmas he could remember he said he got two pieces of candy. Times were hard and the winters were severely cold. The next year for Christmas he received a little white glass doll about three inches tall, with a bonnet and long dress. He kept it for many years and it is now in the possession of one of his granddaughters.

Parley was six when diphtheria swept the valley. He and six other of his mother's children up to age twenty were stricken. Within six weeks, five of the seven died. Parley said he was very sick in bed with eight-year-old Wallace when Wallace passed away. Parley said he just knew he was the sickest one of the bunch, but that he was too mean to die. No one, up or down, wanted him. His mother made all the burial clothes and his brother Abe built the coffins. They were carried away at night and buried without services in an effort to keep from spreading the disease.

Even though times were hard, Parley never went hungry. His mother always planted an early garden, so they had vegetables. She also made homemade bread and they had eggs, milk and cream. He was never restricted from eating anything he could find in the cellar, which was their pantry. One day he and a friend, Frank Merrill "snuck" into Mrs. Merrill's cellar and ate a whole milk pan full of custard. He didn't eat eggs for a long time after that!

School teachers he mentioned were Aunt Rhoda Slade, William Robinson, Charles W. Wright, Joseph Peter Bishoff and N. G. Sowards, and at eighteen he graduated from the 8th grade, as was the custom. School wasn't very important, at least not as important as making a living, and like many others he didn't go all the time. When crops were in that fall he entered high school at Uintah Academy, his tuition being paid by a brother-in-law. After two years at the Academy, in the spring of the year, he dropped out to take a job in Indian Canyon shearing sheep. For twenty five springs thereafter he sheared sheep somewhere and received 5 cents per head.

Some of his boyhood friends were Jake Lybbert, Frank Merrill and Teddy McKowen. He had much fun with them. He loved animals and always had a horse and a dog. His first horse was purchased by his mother for ten chickens. He used to help herd cows for the community. When the horse developed a wart on its hoof and was limping he traded it for an older horse that was good for roping.

With money earned shearing sheep he bought Pet, a black horse from the stray pen. He surely liked her and had her for many years. He paid \$10.05 for her, the 5 cents raised the other guy's bid. He learned to race a horse to win, all in fun of course, and he did quite a lot of it. One day he raced Pet against an Indian's pony and when the Indian fellow saw Parley unharness Pet to race against his beauty, he was very indignant, but Pet won without any effort.

He attended school with Viva Matilda Hunting, who called him a pest for his much teasing. After graduation at eighteen she left Vernal to work elsewhere. A couple of years later she returned to Naples to live with her sister, Carrie. She joined the ward choir in which Parley also sang. Once a week the choir met to practice and Viva's brother Levi would accompany her there and home again. One night a family emergency came up so that Lee had to leave early. He turned to Parley standing near and asked him if he would see that his sister got safely home.

Parley had long felt she was the prettiest girl he knew, so he was happy to agree. Walking home they found an old apple tree with a bench under it. They sat there and talked as ripe apples fell down around them. This began what became a lasting and faithful companionship. Viva's patriarchal blessing told her she would marry one of the "noble and great ones of the Lord," and on 22 June 1904 she married Parley in George Slaugh's home in Naples.

The newlyweds moved on Uncle George Slaugh's farm. It had a two-room log cabin which was quite nice for a pioneer home. Parley was already working for Uncle George as a hired farm hand. He made 75 cents a day with no days off except Sunday, and that was only after farm chores were done. They had plenty of fruit and berries which they picked themselves for half-price. Viva didn't have much to set up housekeeping with, but she made a lovely home, always clean and sunny.

They spent a wonderful first year together. During this time Parley acquired a team of horses and a wagon and he longed to have a farm of his own. Handy as a carpenter, he spent the winter months building equipment for farming with wood he got from the nearby mountains. He made a harrow, a marker and a leveler. He bought a used plow and could do the planting by hand, so he set to farm. He wanted to work for himself to see what he could produce with his own efforts, so he rented a farm and they moved onto it. It was here that their first son Darrell was born on 21 May 1905. Viva's health was not good and childbirth was difficult, but they both survived.

When Darrell was three months old, Parley and Viva took him and traveled by wagon to Salt Lake City to be sealed for time and eternity in the temple of the Lord. It was an eighteen-day trip, six days to journey out, six days in Salt Lake City and six days to return home. Parley said those six days in Salt Lake were the longest six days in his life because there was nothing to do. It was August and very hot. Darrell fussed most of

the time with discomfort. Parley's sister Millie went with them to the temple and tended the baby for them in the nursery while they were getting their endowments.

After the harvest that fall they packed up and went to work on the Indian canal in Leeton. Parley used his horses and equipment working on the canal and Viva, living in a tent, cooked for the men for which she charged 25 cents per meal. During this time Parley saw a piece of land and after looking it over decided he wanted it for himself. He found however, that "his" land had already been claimed by a Mr. Williams. A very short time after this Mr. Williams came to Parley and asked him to take the land and improve upon it as there was only six months left to do so. Mrs. Williams had refused to live on the Indian Reservation. Parley would get a deed to half of the land, or 80 acres and that's how he got it. He also improved upon land for Mike Nash and got half of his. So Parley ended up with a total of 216 acres after buying some state land for \$20 for forty acres. This land made good grazing land for his sheep.

For three summers he and his family lived and worked on the land. It was a hard job to move their things as the road was unimproved and the horses had difficulty pulling big loads up the hills. Many trips were necessary. Then, every bite of feed his team ate had to be hauled from Vernal, which was thirty miles away. All he could haul in one trip would last twelve to fourteen days, then he would have to make the trip again, taking two to three days per trip. With a small load of hay on his wagon he could get to the Lapoint area. Then he would start unloading bales along the way. When he got home he would have only enough hay for the night. Next day he would go back to gather up the hay he had left along the way. This would take all day.

Sagebrush and greasewoods were ten feet high on his land; clearing it off was hard and slow. Not many crops came off it that first season. He put up a stable and sheds with straw roofs, built corrals and a log cabin to live in. He had bought a one-room log cabin in Naples and moved it piece by piece, putting it together by numbers he'd put on when dismantling it. It had a dirt roof and a dirt floor.

He plowed a ditch out of the wash above his place for his first irrigation because there were no canals yet. He caught the melting snow from the foothills and watered his field with it, thus began irrigation in the dell. The canals were built by the farmers with slip scrapers and two horses to provide the power, and in time water was brought to his land. He was very proud of what he had accomplished.

When winter approached he left his land in the care of the snakes, coyotes and bobcats and took his little family back to Vernal where there would be a doctor to deliver the second baby. And so it was that Forrest was born on 7 October 1906 ahead of schedule but healthy. Then, early the next spring they began the tedious job of moving back to the reservation and Parley's beloved homestead. The work began again. More land was cleared and planted, more posts cut for fences, more buildings for the corral, more ditches, more farming and much water to be hauled from the Indian canal for home use. It was always roily, and Viva would clear it for washing and cooking by cutting prickly pears and stirring them into the water until the sediment would settle in the bottom of the container.

Parley planted hay and grain, which was a drawing card for wild horses that roamed the area, then he would take his wagon down to the fields and sleep there at night. When the wild horses would come into the fields he would jump on old Pet and chase them away. He worked hard to get fences around his fields to protect the crops.

Like other farmers there Parley sold wood to the Army Post for \$2.50 a cord and delivered it to Ft. Duchesne. It would take two days of hard work to cut, prepare and haul enough wood for a cord, which was one wagon load. For this he would get \$5.00 and he would buy wire for fencing his fields. Money was scarce and they would trade garden produce, butter, eggs and milk to the Indian Trading Post at Whiterocks for sugar and things they didn't have. The Indians loved fresh produce and the great melons that Parley grew.

They moved back to Vernal again for the winter and in April on the 6th 1908 Claudis Vivian , a third beautiful son was born. He was bright, intelligent and very pleasant. There was nothing wrong with his spirit, but his body was afflicted with convulsions which the doctor said were caused by rheumatism of the heart. For six weeks the agony went on until Parley and his friend, Ted McKowen blessed him, asking the Lord to relieve him of his suffering. The beautiful baby smiled sweetly and passed away.

In 1909 the family moved back to the reservation for the last time. For the last time they set up housekeeping around the grain in the cabin, making their beds on top of the bins. This was home now. The homesteading work continued in earnest. On May 1st of that year a fourth son was born, Owen. Viva's health was worse with this one. Uric acid had taken its toll and this baby's body was also full of it. For a long time both of them were sick.

That summer Parley worked on his new house. He would carry his wife outside and place her in the shade where she could watch him work and get fresh air and sunshine and where he could watch her. Owen's health fared little better. He weighed only nine pounds on his first birthday. Work on the house continued, among other things, and when the weather turned cold they moved into it. It had bare walls which he'd made smooth by daubing them. He had hewn every log by hand on both sides, truly a labor of love. His brother Roy helped lay up the walls. It was anything but finished, but it was home, and Viva set about to make it look nice. The winters continued to be cold and hard, but they survived. They would have to make frequent trips to the mountains for firewood as they had no coal.

Parley got along well with his neighbors and the Indians loved him. Many wouldn't sell hay unless Goodrich would come and measure it for them. They knew he was an honest man. One day he went into the store and found a roll of money on the floor. He had seen old Brian going down the road and learned that the money belonged to him. Parley put it in his pocket and several days later when he saw the old Indian he gave him his money--\$75.00. The Indians came to his place asking for food and help. Many times bread was taken from his dinner table for them. He always gave them something. He never let anyone go hungry. He shared all that he had throughout the years.

I was an all day thing to go down to Grassy Flats for Church on Sunday. They would go with the teams and wagons, neighbors often going together. They would prepare lunches to eat between meetings and stay until all meetings were finished.

The community was growing and there was much to be done. Parley, true to his nature helped a great deal--going to the mountains for timber for the church house, building roads, building canals, planting trees and shrubs--whenever help was needed Parley was there. At the same time he was serving in church positions as ward clerk, seventy, chorister, bishop's counselor, and Sunday School teacher. Also he served as entertainer for socials where he played the violin, guitar, harmonica or mandolin, and he and Viva often sang together accompanied by his guitar. He had cleared a large field on his property where he hosted a half-holiday of ball playing and fun every Saturday afternoon, which continued for fifteen years.

He always had a good dog and he knew how to train it to do his bidding. Ring was a black dog with a white ring around his neck and he was a wonder. He herded the sheep, chased coyotes and porcupines and barked the warning when any stranger approached. He would let no stranger through the front gate and so he was a great protector of the children.

From the beginning of their stay in the area Parley and Viva did much to help others and to make newcomers welcome. Many other families received of their friendship and assistance. He purchased one of the first automobiles in North Liberty for \$600 that he got from a honey crop. This car was always at the service of those in need. One week he made eleven trips to Vernal for sick folks, widows and the needy. On one such trip he took Old Jim with a toothache to the dentist and as Parley drove over a high culvert Jim was thrown against the ceiling of the car. His tooth caught on the bow of the car and was pulled right out. Parley wasn't sure if it was the sick tooth, but anyway Old Jim didn't have to pay to have it pulled. Parley was always willing to sit up nights with the dead after washing and dressing them. He often made the coffins. He was truly a man of service and was loved by all who knew him or who knew of him.

In 1912 another child came to their home. The doctor wanted to fill the certificate out before the baby came and Parley said for her to write in "girl" or she was fired. Little Jennie was born that day, 6 May 1912 and the doctor's job was safe. Three years later on the 22nd of February 1915 Viva had another son. During birth the baby's neck was broken and he was stillborn. Viva's health was bad and it took time to recover from this sorrow. Then on 15 June 1919 she had her last child, another son whom they named Rae H. He was a very sickly child and did not run and play like other children.

Parley worked and worked on his house but it was not until Jennie was twelve that he built a big lean-to onto it. He made a lean-to because he didn't have the right materials for a hip roof. Now they had four big rooms.

He was a family man. He made furniture for his wife. He dressed the children and took them to Sunday School and meetings. He took the boys hunting, swimming and fishing and loved it. He would whittle a whistle out of a green willow, then play the kids a tune on it. He made kite sticks on his table saw and cut many of his grandchildren's

hair. He always seemed to have time to be with children. He loved the gospel and he loved the earth. He loved animals and they loved him in return.

He could live a sermon much better than he could preach it. He believed in the Golden Rule, honored his priesthood, kept the Word of Wisdom and paid his tithing faithfully. He believed that truth always served the purpose better than a lie.

In his later life he and Viva were privileged to visit nine of the temples, which was a thrill to both of them as they had had no opportunity to travel when they were younger. He served as guide patrol leader at the age of seventy. He taught the seven boys he loved to tie knots, make wood chests and picture frames, took them fishing and many other things. Every single one of them filled an honorable mission. Five of these boys were his grandsons.

Parley continued to run his farm into his 72nd year when he rented the farm to one of his family. Two years later a serious stroke left him paralyzed on his right side. For four and a half years he lay in bed unable to get up. Even under these circumstances he never complained. On many occasions he seemed to talk with those on the other side of the veil. One such instance was the morning he said, "Someone should go and help the Fosters. They are hurt bad and need help." Later word came to the house that Mrs. Foster had been killed." Mr. Foster died a short time later. Parley already knew what had happened.

During this same period of years when one of his granddaughters was living in Bermuda she became very, very ill. In fact she was very near death. Parley told Viva that he had gone to see this granddaughter, Tess the night before and that it was all he could do to keep from going back down to that island and bring her home. No letters had been delivered to convey the information that Tess was ill.

Parley Herbert Goodrich departed this life on his daughter Jennie's birthday, 6 May 1962. He left a living posterity of five children, thirty-six grandchildren, forty-nine great grandchildren. At this writing, January 1974 his posterity has almost doubled, with one hundred seventeen great grandchildren and five great great grandchildren, making a total of one hundred sixty-five descendants. Twenty two of his descendants have filled honorable missions. The life of each one of them has been affected for good by his life, his love and his good example. The world is better for having had and for having known Parley Herbert Goodrich.