

HISTORY OF RUTH GOODRICH STONE

I was born the daughter of George Albert Goodrich and Rhoda Slade on 22 July 1897 in Naples, Uintah, Utah. Here I spent my childhood and it was a happy one although by today's standards it might be considered dull.

As children we used to write plays and put them on in the "smoke house" and in the granary. The granary was best as it had different bins or compartments which made good dressing rooms. Our brothers Arthur and John often would come to watch us and occasionally tease us. We used to fashion crowns and other articles from the leaves of the large trees which stood near the house. We spent many hours playing in and under these trees. We played mostly with the Lind, Starkey and Nielson children.

My sister Edith and I thought our older brother Arthur was so wise we always listened to what he had to say. John was always witty and amused us, although he did sometimes tease, also.

We used to go swimming in Ashley Creek. It was there that my brother-in-law John Cook, Millie's husband taught me how to swim. From this same creek, my brothers sawed blocks of ice to store in the ice house for summer use. I remember that once in the winter I was with them and my brother Gard built a fire on the ice to keep me warm.

In the fall my brothers and sisters and I used to gather buffalo berries to make into jam and jelly. We would often use discarded bottles such as whiskey bottles found along the roads. We would heat a ring and place it on the shoulder of the bottle and then pour cold water on the bottle causing it to separate at that point. Then we could use the lower half of the bottle for the jam and jelly.

I think I was in the third grade when I saw my first motion picture. Our school was dismissed and the students were taken to Vernal for the viewing. The first automobile came to Naples at about that same time, also.

Another important event was the building of a stairway in the old Naples School, which was getting too crowded on the ground floor, so we could divide the class and send some up into the attic room. My sister Leona was my teacher and I was glad I didn't have to leave her room and go upstairs.

In 1909 there was an epidemic of smallpox. Nearly every family in our neighborhood was quarantined and many of us had the disease. Those fortunate enough to escape the disease hurried past the houses marked with the little yellow quarantine flag. This prompted Lewis Lind, a neighbor to put up a sign by his yellow flag which said, "Hold your nose and whip up."

My mother and brothers homesteaded a ranch in Bluebell, Duchesne County. We began to spend part of our time there. For a few weeks I attended school there. It was held in the Heber Powell home.

My father died when I was thirteen years old. My mother, brothers and sisters all worked together to make a living and keep the family going. I was the youngest of the eight children and shall always be grateful to them for their help and support and for supporting me in school.

To begin my secondary education in the fall of 1913 I went for one year to the Brigham Young University in Provo. It was then that I met Arvil O. Stone and had my first date with him in April of the following spring and we went to Geneva Resort in his father's Model T Ford. After this school year I returned to Naples and went to school in Vernal and in Roosevelt the next two years. For the last year of high school I returned to the BYU in Provo. I also stayed there for another year to become a teacher, which seemed to be a family occupation.

Arvil courted me those last two years while I was in Provo, during which time we went around in his father's new Elgin automobile, Arvil's horse-drawn buggy and on his motorcycle. We planned our future wedding and I left to go to Bluebell to teach school. I taught there until March of the next spring when all the schools, churches and the temple were closed because of the severe influenza epidemic.

Because the temple was closed Arvil and I were married in Duchesne by the mayor on 10 March 1919. Following this we left for Arvil's home. We had to go via Indian Canyon by mail truck, then by bob sled and then by truck to Price, Utah where we had to stop over for the night. The next morning we took the Denver-Rio Grande-Western train to Provo. Arvil's brother Clouide and Ariel Larsen were waiting there to take us to Arvil's parents' home in Vineyard. Vineyard was quite a change from Bluebell and Duchesne. The snow had already melted and the grass was green.

Since Arvil's parents were moving to Salt Lake City where his father was entering the real estate business, Arvil took over the management of the dairy farm. We moved into their home and set up housekeeping. I cooked for the hired men as well.

Our first child, Arvil G. was born here on 8 January 1920. We hired a housekeeper to care for the baby and the house and I taught fifth and sixth grades at the Vineyard school which was only about a city block away from our house.

In September 1920 we made arrangements to buy thirty acres of land with a three-bedroom brick house with a full basement. This house had cool, clear running water piped in from a spring which also furnished enough water for irrigation, and there was also a dumb waiter. We placed milk and food in this dumb waiter which had a counter balance so that it could be easily lowered down its shaft to the cool basement and easily returned upstairs by pulling on the rope which suspended it.

The new farm was partly sand hill (so we called it the Sand Hill Farm), partly lush green pasture and some swampy land. The sandy part was not too productive but it did grow sand burrs abundantly. We were however able to grow hay, grain, and tomatoes for the cannery. There was a grape arbor and we planted a peach orchard which began to produce very well while we were there. The children all enjoyed working in it more than any other place on the farm and enjoyed the juicy Elberta peaches. We had a small herd of dairy cattle and a couple of hundred laying chickens. We had a beautiful view of the valley and of Utah Lake from this home.

Four more children were born to us on the Sand Hill Farm: Reed, 22 March 1922; Dal, 24 October 1923; Elva Myrle, 24 April 1926 and Donald, 27 February 1930.

The children were happy there. There was a deep wash with a constant stream in it and the sides served as wonderful sliding chutes for them and they could dam off the stream in the bottom and swim in it. The streams in the pastures were full of minnows and they enjoyed fishing for these. The streams in the low swampy areas could be dammed to create ponds which in turn provided good duck hunting in season and also ice skating for the children in the winter. It wasn't all play for them as they had to help with the dairy cows and the farm work.

It was while we were on this farm that the economic depression struck. We had hard times but were thankful that we were able to produce most of our own food.

In 1934 we sold the Sand Hill Farm and bought a larger one down lower in the valley. Part of this one adjoined the farm of Arvil's parents and it had a larger house. Our last child, Lewis Kay was born here 6 March 1936. Our children continued to attend the same schools, the younger ones at Vineyard Elementary and Reed and Arvil at Lincoln High School and Lincoln Junior High School in Orem.

Arvil O. and I were active in ward and stake affairs in the LDS Church. At that particular time Arvil was a member of the Sharon Stake High Council and coach of the Vineyard Ward basketball team while I was the Primary president and drama director in the ward MIA.

Four years later in 1938 we sold our equity in that farm and moved back to Arvil's parents' farm. Arvil and the boys, three of them now large enough to do a man's work, operated it until 1942 when the US government purchased it and several other farms in the area to build a large modern steel plant. This was in March and we were given thirty days in which to vacate, so Arvil and I began feverishly searching for a new place. The place we hurriedly selected was an eighty acre tract in the lush lowland southwest of Lehi, Utah. There was not a house or other building on the place except for a 10' by 10' shed which was ready to cave in.

Moving was no small task, not just a case of "take up thy bed and walk." It was a matter of moving much farm machinery, cows and young stock, about sixty in all, horses, wagons besides furniture and household belongings etc. Then we learned that we could

have all the buildings on the farm including the house if we would move them off. While this would alleviate the problem existing because of no house or farm buildings on the new tract, it certainly compounded the already difficult problem of vacating the place in thirty days.

Since almost all of the many farm buildings were of high quality material and good workmanship we decided to move them all except two. There were ten of them and most were so large that they had to be cut into sections to be moved. One section was the front part of the large house including three rooms and bath.

The fixtures from the other bathroom in the part of the house left behind were deposited on the ground by the county road on the new Lehi farm as was some of the furniture. The rest was put in storage. When the boys had to bathe the only place available was in the tub beside the road. Donald stood beside the tub to hold up a piece of linoleum to shield Dal from view as the cars came by and then they would change places. They said they were making the road a "scenic highway." They had gone ahead with the cattle and other things to care for them while some of us were still staying at Vineyard.

The ground was still too wet to haul heavy loads on, so gravel had to be hauled and roads made before the heavy buildings could be moved on them. Concrete foundations had to be laid before the buildings could be placed. The part of the house was moved and temporarily set up high on some cribbing to await its final placement on the foundation. We slept in this part of the house, entering it by climbing a ladder, but did our cooking and washing in a small trailer loaned to us by the man who was hired to move the buildings.

The day finally came when the part of the house we moved was put on its foundation. The brick chimney was rebuilt, water connected, the electricity turned on and we moved in. I felt as happy as if we had moved into a mansion.

A new house was being built on the new Lehi farm and the cows were moved from the sheds into the cow barn which was now in place on its new foundation for milking. The boys Dal and Donald had had a bit of difficulty trying to catch the cows in the open corral or in the shed and to get them to stand still while they milked them by hand. With around thirty cows this was quite a problem at first. It was a real treat to have them in stanchions on a cement floor with electric milking machines again. Everything was taking shape and a homelike atmosphere began to prevail again. Not too long after this we moved into the newly constructed house and again had a home and farm to be proud of.

The Lehi home was a very pleasant one. The farm and area was very green and beautiful. I wished that the family could have been here together longer. Arvil and Reed had little part in the experience of moving to the Lehi area as they had already left to take employment elsewhere, although we did see them often on weekends.

About the time of the move to the Lehi area was the time that the family began to disperse. Arvil G. had begun teaching in Altonah, Utah the fall before. Reed was a flight instructor in the Air Force. Dal was still on the farm commuting daily to the Brigham Young University. Myrle soon left for residence at the University of Utah and the Salt Lake General Hospital to become a registered nurse. Shortly after, Donald left to go on a mission to the Central Atlantic States Mission where he toured, singing in two different choral groups. That left only Kay at home as Dal had left to teach school at Price, Utah and then at Duchesne, Utah. After just a few years Kay also left to go on his mission and then to the BYU.

In Lehi Arvil O. again served on the stake high council. I served as stake MIA speech director, Sunday School teacher and literature leader in the Relief Society.

At this writing Arvil G., after several moves and principalships is living in the Willow Creek area east of Sandy, Utah and is now principal of the Woodstock School in Granite District. Reed began his teaching career at Orem High School but moved to Barstow, California nine years ago and is now a counselor at Kennedy High School and teaches in the Junior College there, also. Dal began teaching at Price, Utah, then at Duchesne, then Lehi and then went to Santa Ana, California for fourteen years. He recently gave up his job as an assistant principal there to return to Lehi. Donald began his teaching career at Brea, California and has been principal of the Laurel Elementary School there for several years. Myrle gave up her career as a nurse to become a housewife. She married Eldon R. Cox and they live in Salt Lake City, Utah where Eldon is employed as business manager at the University of Utah. After Kay finished college he began teaching in Lehi and is currently teaching at the Sejo Lily Elementary School here. As you can see, most have followed the traditional family occupation.

In 1968, after twenty six years on the Lehi farm we sold it and moved into the city of Lehi into a house that Dal had built. We are comfortable here and glad now to be away from problems connected with farm life. In 1962 my Sister Edith and her husband moved to the neighboring town of American Fork and we spent many enjoyable hours together before her death.

Now, at age seventy six I have just recently resigned as class leader in the Relief Society of the Lehi Fifth Ward and as class leader in the American Fork Training School Branch where I had been teaching the literacy lessons for seven years. I have given many book reviews over the years but now hope to end this. We are still doing some service for the blind people, transporting and arranging programs for their study groups etc.

We have traveled from coast to coast and from the northern boundary to the southern boundary of the United States and also into Mexico. We have visited many places in between and are still able to drive six hundred miles per day by automobile.

I am grateful for the things my parents taught me and I also appreciate the influence my husband has had on our children. They have been taught high moral standards and that there is dignity in labor well done. I am grateful that my children have

achieved in their chosen fields and that they are active in serving the Lord. They are all married and have fine families of their own. We are also proud of our twenty two grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

EPILOGUE

Mother has always been a youthful person in looks as well as actions. She has been a very pleasant, understanding and capable person. Even before the time of the modern automatic household conveniences and permanent-press clothing she was able to care for her large family with all the household duties and still maintain lovely flower gardens around the house. She had little help from her children as all except one were boys and they were too busy with farm chores to help in the house.

In addition to nursing us through the childhood diseases of measles, chicken pox, scarlet fever, whooping cough, mumps, yellow jaundice (hepatitis) and other assorted things like broken arms, blood poisoning, colds etc. she could remember which of us had had a particular disease as well as the time when we, individually had that disease.

In spite of the hard life on the farm she helped to make ours a happy home.

Dal M. Stone