

## HISTORY OF RHODA SLADE GOODRICH By Edith Goodrich

Rhoda Slade Goodrich was born 13 May 1853 in England, the first child of William Slade and Amelia Lacey.

Grandfather and Grandmother Slade were both members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at the time of their marriage, which took place 28 June 1852 in Kingston Church, England. At the time of Rhoda's babyhood her father was Presiding Elder of the branch. From the first they planned to emigrate to Utah, but as the children came and expenses grew, it was impossible to save enough for their passage. There was only one course open, and that was for Grandfather to borrow money to take himself alone to America. On his arrival in America, he went to Philadelphia, where he found work.

In England, Grandmother also worked and saved of her small earnings. She and the three little girls lived on the very plainest fare. Mother said they bought one quart of milk a day. She was often sent to get the milk. She told us she was so hungry for a drink of milk that she used to take a few sips and stop at the pump and replace the loss with a little water.

Before joining the Mormon Church they had belonged to the Church of England. When their minister found what they had done he became very bitter toward them and lost no opportunity to speak against them. My mother, Rhoda, used to read from the Bible to her grandmother, Pricilla Perry Lacey who was paralyzed and nearly blind. One day while she was thus employed, the minister came to see the elderly lady, she being a member of his parish. He was greatly astonished to find a five year old child reading the Bible. The following Sunday in his church he told of the incident and said, "To think that the parents of such a child should belong to those awful Mormons."

Grandmother Slade and her three little girls Rhoda, Eliza, and Martha arrived in America in June 1860 after seven weeks on the ocean. They landed at a place called Castle Garden. Grandfather was there to meet them and take them to Philadelphia on the train. From there they rode out a few miles in funny little cars drawn by horses to Mr. Sellars' place where they were to live.

While the Slades were there three boys were born: William, Edward, and Charles. After Willie was born, Rhoda didn't get to play much with the other girls. She was needed to help with the baby and other work.

All this time it was their earnest desire to get to Utah. When it seemed they might finally make it, Grandfather was kicked by a horse, severely injuring his leg. The injury was followed by an attack of rheumatism which resulted in his death. She lived for a year or two in the home of President Brigham Young and worked for one of his wives. President Young took time to talk to her and always treated her as a member of the family. She accompanied the family to St. George where Brigham Young maintained a winter home.

Mother had a fine mind and great desire and determination to get an education. She entered

the University of Deseret, now known as the University of Utah. She had read as much as time and the availability of books had allowed, but had had no chance for formal schooling except the four years in Philadelphia. She took a preparatory course at the University, then went on and graduated from the Normal school and received a certificate to teach.

She began teaching in Salt Lake County and later taught in Morgan County. In Morgan County where she taught there was a group of Pennsylvania Dutch children. They had "run out" every previous teacher. The school could not keep a teacher. There were misgivings when the school board brought this ninety pound girl, Rhoda Slade, as the new teacher, but they did not "run her out."

On 9 October 1879 she was married to George Albert Goodrich in the Endowment House. The marriage was performed by Joseph F. Smith.

Her first child was born 22 August 1880. She was given the name of Marian Augusta and she died of whooping cough when she was not yet two. Three other children were born in Morgan: Ernest LeRoy, Amelia Eliza (Millie), and Gardner Lacey.

Father and his three families moved to the Ashley Valley in 1888. Here Mother continued to teach school at intervals and bear five more children: Alfred Slade, John, George Arthur, Edith and Ruth. Altogether, she completed twenty successful years of teaching in the district schools. Many times it was in a one-room school, other times as principal of schools of two or more rooms. Some of her pupils were almost grown men, towering above her tiny four feet eleven inches. She won the respect of these over-sized students and disciplinary problems were held at a minimum. She was noted, among other things, for her precise English and excellent handwriting. She was considered the best blackboard writer among the teacher of Uintah County at that time.

She was president of the Naples Ward Primary for thirteen years, and served on the Uintah Stake Relief Society Board for a number of years. In this position she wrote the lessons for the ward societies. The lessons were not prepared and printed in a magazine as they are now.

She and some of her sons filed on land in Bluebell when the Uintah reservation opened for homesteading. She took great pride in this land and its development. She was always more interested in crops and livestock than in home furnishings and clothes. Her life was one of struggle and hard work. She made the family clothing and bedding and she also made trousers for the boys. Long evenings were spent in knitting the family's stockings; indeed, most of the sewing had to wait until the day's work was over. I've heard her say that she scarcely was ever able to go to bed until after midnight. She made the soap, cured the pork, melted snow and ice during the long cold winters for all the family needs. She never owned a washing machine, but did all the laundry on a wash board.

Mother continued throughout her life to find time to read and increase her education. I remember saying to her when I was in high school, "I wish I knew as much as you do," and she said, "Child, when I was your age I didn't know anything." When we were getting our lessons at night we had no use for a dictionary, as Mother knew how to spell and pronounce all the words and tell us their meaning. She was skilled in diagramming sentences and in arithmetic. She encouraged

us to read the classics and other good books and even though we were poor, she found means to buy a few books.

She never let on when she was sick, and when she could not hide it from the family, she instructed us to tell no one. She liked people, found good in all she knew and was slow to speak ill of anyone.

Mother had a firm faith in God and the hereafter. She had a testimony of the Gospel which left no doubts or misgivings. One of her teachings to us was not to be misled by the unrighteous acts of men, even though they might hold responsible positions in the church. "Don't let their acts hurt your faith, nor influence your behavior; this is Christ's church, not man's," was her admonition.

When she was about seventy six she fell and broke her hip. She was never quite free from pain after this accident. She died 23 January 1935 at the age of eighty one. She was buried in Bluebell, Duchesne, Utah.

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I compiled the foregoing history from extracts of Mother's life written by my sisters Amelia Eliza (Millie) Goodrich Cook and Ruth Goodrich Stone, with additions from my own memory and experiences.

## **EPILOG**

By Ruth Goodrich Stone

As has been mentioned, Mother had a firm faith in the Lord. Her life was not an easy one, and she was thankful for her blessings. Jennie, Gardner's wife, relates that when John and some others made the first ditch that brought water to the ranch in Bluebell, she knelt on the ditchbank in prayer, thanking Heavenly Father for this blessing.

She was grateful to her children for living Christian lives and being willing to do work that was available. She had a fondness for Father's other children, and was very grateful especially to our brother Abe (Albert) who was very good to her when her children were young and while Father was on his mission. Abe built her house in Naples and made some of her furniture--a beautiful secretary (a combination desk and bookcase) is in use today and is prized by her children and grandchildren. One great granddaughter hopes to own it someday.

Mother was an unconventional person who did not dress as others did or comb her hair after the style of the day. She did not pay much attention to what others might say or think. Her life was one of honor, integrity, determined effort and unselfish devotion. She denied herself comforts that her children might be properly clothed and get a start in life.

Her desire to learn in those days would be called "continuing education" today. She enjoyed

reading our school books and publications such as "The Literary Digest," church magazines, and the Deseret News. She kept up on current events and kept abreast of world affairs. She bought an organ and took lessons when the older children were small.

People have asked Mother why she married an older man who already had two families and other men had wanted to marry her. Her answer was simple: "We fell in love."

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## **RHODA SLADE GOODRICH**

By Edith Goodrich Case

Mt. Emmons, Utah

August 2, 1960

My grandmother, Amelia Lacy (also spelled Lacey) was born Oct. 5, 1827 in England. I once heard her laughingly say, "A number of choice spirits came down that year," referring to heavenly messengers who appeared to the Prophet Joseph Smith. My grandfather, William Slade was born May 9, 1825, also in England. They lived in Crewkeme, Somersetshire.

They were weavers and very poor because weavers received a very low wage, about 15 shillings a week at the most. They and other members of their families, as soon as they were old enough, were obliged to get work in the mills and factories to provide the bare necessities of life. There was nothing left for luxuries, such as books, nor to pay for schooling, for there were no free schools in England at that time.

To Amelia and William Slade, on the 13th of May 1853, during the reign of Queen Victoria, their first child was born, Rhoda, who became my mother. The home was very humble, stone floors, an open fireplace where Grandmother did all her cooking. Mother remembered the hob where the kettles were placed. There was no stove and no oven, so all their bread was cooked at the bakery.

Mother went to an infant's school for a while. Her mother paid a penny a week. The English penny was worth a little over two cents in American money. This school was similar to a kindergarten, but its main purpose was to care for the little ones so the mother and older members of the family could work.

Grandfather and Grandmother Slade were both members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at the time of their marriage, which took place June 28, 1852 in Kingston Church, England. At the time of Rhoda's babyhood, her father was Presiding Elder of the Branch. From the first they planned to emigrate to Utah, but as the children came and expenses grew, it was impossible to save enough for their passage. There was only one course open and that was for Grandfather to borrow money to take himself alone to America. On his arrival in America he went to Philadelphia where he found work on a fine estate of a Quaker gentleman, Mr. William Sellars. It took him three years to pay off the loan and save enough to send for his family.

In England, Grandmother also worked and saved of her small earnings. She and the three little girls lived on the very plainest fare and that was not very plentiful. Mother said they bought one quart of milk a day. She was often sent to get the milk. She told us she was so hungry for a drink of milk that she used to take a few sips and stop at the pump and replace the loss with a little water.

The milk was used mostly as an addition to their tea. There was a park near their home where children went to play. Here tea was given free and the children were equipped with tin cups fastened to their belts.

Before joining the Mormon Church they had belonged to the Church of England. When their minister found what they had done he became very bitter toward them and lost no opportunity to speak against them. My mother, Rhoda, used to read from the Bible to her grandmother, Pricilla Perry Lacy, who was paralyzed and nearly blind. One day while she was thus employed, the minister came to see the elderly lady, she being a member of his parish. He was greatly astonished to find a five year old child reading the Bible. The following Sunday, in his church, he told of the incident and said, "To think that the parents of such a child should belong to those awful Mormons."

Mother said she didn't remember learning to read by any formal teaching or effort. She apparently picked it up by spelling out words to her mother and others. When reading the Bible, she told us that she knew the little words, but had to spell out some of the hard ones for her grandmother to pronounce.

Grandmother Slade and her three little girls, Rhoda, Eliza and Martha, arrived in America in June 1860 after seven weeks on the ocean in a sailing vessel named The William Tapscott. They traveled 'steerage', a term denoting a section of the ship occupied by the poorer class of people who could pay only the smallest fares, and where accommodations were poor. They landed at a place called Castle Garden. Grandfather was there to meet them and take them to Philadelphia on the train. From there they rode out a few miles in funny little cars drawn by horses to Mr. Sellar's place.

The three little girls went to school in the fall. The teacher was very severe and conscientious. She neither spared the rod nor spoiled the child. The children were given whippings if they misbehaved in any way. However, the children learned many valuable lessons while in her charge.

On Saturdays they played in nearby woods. Mother used to tell us of the hickory nuts and other variety of nuts that grew in these woods. They would gather them and store them for winter use. One Saturday they wandered out of the woods into a place called "The Meadows." Here they saw strange sights. Instead of the carpet of grass they were accustomed to, there were rows of tents, and out in the open space companies of soldiers in blue uniforms were marching and drilling. When they told their mother about it she said there was a war on between the North and the South and that these were President Lincoln's soldiers preparing to fight. Later, Grandfather was conscripted or drafted, as we call it now, to serve in this, the Civil War, but because of his rheumatism he was released.

The Slades lived on the Sellars' place. Here three boys were born: William, Edward and Charles. After Willie was born, Rhoda didn't get to play much with the other girls. She was needed to help with the baby and other work.

One day while Eliza and Martha were playing in the meadows they saw some fishermen with rods over their shoulders. They decided to go fishing also. They found willows and attached string and bent pins for hooks and proceeded to cast their lines as they sat on a narrow foot bridge across the millrace. They didn't get a nibble, but Martha lost her balance and fell into the water. Eliza tried to reach her, but failing in this, ran along the bank calling, "Martha, Martha." When she sensed she could do nothing, she ran toward the house screaming for her mother. Grandmother heard and ran for the stream and waded in only to mire helplessly in the soft mud. Someone pulled her out just as she saw Martha come to the surface of the water and then sink out of sight. At this point Grandma fainted. Someone had gone for Grandfather. Meanwhile, the gardener came running, his rake still in his hands. He caught Martha's clothing with the rake. Grandfather was there to take her apparently lifeless body in his arms. He carried her to the carriage house and worked frantically over her until she revived. Grandma regained consciousness but was in a state of bewilderment. When told that Martha was alive all she would say was, "No, she isn't. I saw her go down and she didn't come up."

It was some time before she recovered from the shock. Some-times at night they would find her walking on the banks of the millrace wringing her hands and calling for Martha.

All this time it was their earnest desire to get to Utah. When it seemed they might finally make it, Grandfather was kicked by a horse, severely injuring his leg. The injury was followed by an attack of rheumatism. He was beginning to feel better when one evening after a hard day's work, he took a swim in the creek. He took a chill and his rheumatism became much worse, affecting his heart and kidneys. (No doubt, he had rheumatic fever.)

Mr. Sellars called in three doctors for consultation, then moved him to a hospital. In a few weeks Grandfather sent for his brother, Alfred, who lived in Philadelphia. He knew he was dying, but would not let him send for Grandma as she was nearing another confinement. Before he passed away, a woman whose duty it was to administer comfort to the dying, came into his room and true to her faith and her duty said, "My good man, I hope you have made peace with Jesus. I hope you have not left it until this late hour."

After the funeral Mr. Sellars held a conference with Grandmother and Alfred. He told her gently that another man had been hired to take Grandfather's place and that he would need the cottage. He told her he had made arrangements for her care at the hospital for her confinement. My mother, Rhoda, was to stay with the Sellars. Eliza was to live with Mr. Sellar's married daughter in Philadelphia and Martha went to one of his friends by the name of Leiscring. The two little boys were placed in an orphan's home. The little girls remembered the sad parting. They cried out in grief and begged to stay with their mother. The grief stricken mother patted their heads and said, "My poor children, I haven't even any bread to give you."

After baby Charles was born Grandma rented a small room in Philadelphia. It is not clear what she did for rent money, but it is known that she took in washing at various times in her life.

She yearned for her children, but how could she care for them? Mr. Sellars offered the only solution that seemed possible. Feeling sure that Grandma would see the wisdom of his decision he had papers made out "binding out" the older children until they should become of age, and brought them to their mother for her signature. She begged him for time to consider his offer, so he left promising to come the next day.

Her dream of Utah seemed utterly impossible. She sought divine help in this great trial. In telling about it later to her children Grandma said, "The dead do come back when there is real need for it. Three times that night your father appeared in my room and each time said, 'Don't bind out the children.' I was not asleep, I actually saw him."

Mr. Sellars tried to get her to change her mind but she steadily refused. He had been most kind to her, but now he became somewhat exasperated and said, "What are you going to do?" She thought of Utah and all it stood for and answered, "I am going home."

Although she made this statement with firm conviction, there was no means as far as human eyes could see of carrying it out. Once more a higher power intervened. While she sat in Sunday meeting the President of the Branch announced that on the following Wednesday a company of emigrants was leaving for Utah and that means had been provided for Sister Slade and children to go with them. Orson Pratt and Hyrum Clawson were the speakers. After the meeting both came to Grandma. Orson Pratt placed \$2.50 in her hand saying, "I am on my way to England. I have enough money to get me there and I'm sure you need this worse than I do." Brother Clawson gave her \$5.00. They spoke words of encouragement to her. Some of the sisters of the branch offered help.

Mr. Sellars, hearing they were leaving, came to tell Grandmother goodbye. Remembering her words, that she was 'going home' he said, "I'm glad you are going back to England instead of going with those Mormons. Had you decided to go with them I certainly would have taken steps to have the children taken from you." She did not tell him that 'home' meant Utah.

They were soon on their way to New York. There they took the train for the little town of Wyoming on the banks of the Missouri River. Here they were to wait for a company of emigrants from England before proceeding west. For a month or six weeks they, with others, camped on banks of the Missouri. It seemed to the children that it stormed most of the time. They remembered the terrifying thunder and the blinding flashes of lightning. One awful night the wind joined the flashing lightning and terrific claps of thunder. The tent blew down and one of the poles fell across Grandmother's neck in such a way that she was utterly helpless. She must have soon died had not Rhoda managed to move the heavy pole and free her.

Supplies were centrally located. They did their cooking on open fires. The English Saints finally arrived and then one day shouts were heard, "The ox teams are coming!" All were happy and anxious to start, little dreaming what a long, tedious journey it was to be, and little realizing the hardships and even sorrow that awaited them on this brave journey.

Brother Warren Snow was in charge of the train. The outfit in which the Slades traveled was under the direction of Brother Frank Cundick. Conditions were too crowded for all to ride at

one time, so those who were able took turns walking. Mother told us they would get very tired on these long walks and sometimes, when none of the older people were looking, they would jump on the wagons for a short rest. As they walked they would fill their aprons with buffalo chips or anything that could be used to make camp fires.

Soon Grandmother discovered that the bundle containing Rhoda's clothing and shoes had been left behind with some other luggage belonging to the train. Her feet had become sore and chapped. One day Eliza heard her scream and running found she had stepped on a prickly pear. The blood was dripping from her wounded foot. She wouldn't let her sister pull the thorns out, but Eliza knew they had to come out, so she cried, "Look Rhoda, Indians," and as she turned to look, Eliza jerked the cactus out. In so doing she got thorns in her own fingers, but they soon had them out.

The next morning they were up at sunrise. Rhoda's foot was still sore. "Do you know," their mother said, "Last night I dreamed your shoes were coming and they will be here today." To their great joy the bundle did come, also the other missing luggage. Grandmother's dreams often came true. Once their money, all they had in the world, \$50 to \$60 was missing. Then one night she dreamed that she saw it sewed up in a feather bed. When she awoke she looked and found it just as she dreamed. She had no idea how it came to be in the tick.

An elderly lady was assigned to the Slade wagon. She was the first of the company to pass away. They made a grave for her at the side of the trail.

Watering places grew scarce and they were obliged to buy their water at 25 cents a keg. It was not always good water at that. Dysentary broke out among them. The woman in the wagon ahead of the Slades' died. Grandmother was very ill and the two youngest children. Brother John Kay, a young man returning from a mission, was stricken. A side was taken from a wagon to make him a coffin. But for little Charlie, there was not a thing that could be used for even a rude box. Grandmother tore a shawl in two, wrapped him in one piece, and they left him sleeping by the trail. Later, the other half was used for little Eddie. The little fellows did not have sufficient and proper food or they, no doubt, could have survived. I remember Mother saying of their death, "One morning when we awoke the baby was dead, and not long after we arose to find Eddie gone also." Sick, disheartened and weary, the family moved on.

The death of the children on top of the severe privations, proved too much for Grandma's health. She became very ill. One day as Rhoda and Eliza came near the wagon they heard someone speaking to their mother. This person said, "Yes, Sister Slade, your children will be cared for." The little girls, Rhoda eleven and Eliza nearing ten, bewildered and frightened, ran off some distance in the brush and prayed that their mother would not be taken from them. The next morning she was much better, and after some days she was trying again to assume her share of the burdens.

Food was often scarce. At one time they passed through large saleratus beds. Grandmother decided to try some saleratus biscuits. Her zeal was not matched by knowledge, but they ate the biscuits. Though bitter the flavor was outdone by the rich orange color. Mother told us they were often hungry on that long trip. Occasionally the men would kill a buffalo and they, being very hungry, would over eat and be in some distress as a result. In the hopes of getting some relief, she

would say to her sisters, "You roll me, and I'll roll you."

The last day of the journey their food gave out completely. Toward evening they entered Emigration Canyon. As they came into the valley they could see the glow of big bonfires in the distance, lighted to welcome the wagon train. About 10:00 P.M. they stopped at the square where the City and County Building now stands. Such a welcome they received! Such laughing and crying as the new comers were greeted by relatives they had not seen in many months, and in some cases, years. They were soon seated around a big bonfire and served with everything in the way of food that the new settlement afforded: mashed potatoes and gravy, chicken, vegetables, and pie and cake. Again the three little girls over ate. When they couldn't cram another morsel they noticed a green slope not far from the fire. They took themselves off to this spot which was desirable both for its partial seclusion and for the convenient slope, and again they said, "You roll me, and I'll roll you," which they did to their hearts content. They were 'home' at last.

After a while in Salt Lake the Widow Slade moved to Morgan. Rhoda helped in a store. Eliza was given board and keep with a farm family. They lived in Morgan five years. Grandma Slade married William Dean and moved to Salt Lake City. This marriage was polygamous as Brother Dean already had a wife. Two daughters were born to this union: Emily, who married Wm. R. Calderwood, and Kathryn (Katie), who married David H. Christensen. Martha married at an early age to William Dickson of Morgan and lived there the remainder of her life. William Slade, the only son that survived, was left a widower with two children. Aunt Eliza took the girl Amy and Aunt Martha raised the boy William Elbert. Uncle Will became deaf in early life and was killed while walking too near the rail-road tracks. Being deaf he didn't hear the train.

Rhoda and Eliza found work in homes in the city. Eliza worked for some time in the home of Orson Pratt. She had a great regard for him and his fine intellect. He encouraged her in her desire for education. By hard work she was able to go several years to the University of Deseret. She taught school; married Alfred Bennion.

My mother related to us many experiences she had in making her own way from the age of eleven. She went home occasionally, but only for brief visits. She lived and worked in 21 homes, many needing a hired girl only temporarily. She had some good homes and some that were otherwise. At one place the woman was always urging greater speed. Her constant refrain was, "Step lively now, step lively." At another place the lady had very small feet and apparently was proud of them. She bought small shoes to further enhance the beauty of her feet and had my mother "break them in." Mother's poor feet developed several painful corns which plagued her the remainder of her life.

It could not be expected that she be paid very much the first years. That she earned her board and clothing was doing well for a child. At Christmas and on family birthdays she longed to give presents to her mother and sisters and brother. She told us how she managed one Christmas present for her mother. From a calendar she cut a picture which she thought very pretty. With carefully saved nickels she bought a cheap looking glass and scraped the painted substance from the back of the glass and framed the precious picture.

Her childhood and youth were spent in tending babies, washing dishes, and "stepping lively"

to perform the many tasks in homes away from a mother's love and tender consideration. She lived for a year or two in the home of President Brigham Young and worked for one of his wives. President Young took time to talk to her and always treated her as a member of the family. She accompanied the family to St. George where Brigham Young maintained a winter home.

Mother had a fine mind and a great desire and determination to get an education. She worked and saved toward this end, but friends and family discouraged her, considering her goal unobtainable. She finally entered the University of Deseret, now known as the University of Utah. She had read as much as time and the availability of books had allowed, but had had no chance for formal schooling except the four years in Philadelphia. She took a preparatory course at the University, then went on and graduated from the Normal School and received a certificate to teach. During this time she continued to work as a hired girl. While at the University that great teacher, John R. Park, was the instructor in several of her classes. She never forgot his teachings and had the habit of quoting him on many subjects throughout her life. When her children, at study time, had any question of grammar, rhetoric or most any other school subject, we heard an opinion quoted by Dr. Park.

She began teaching in Salt Lake County and later taught in Morgan County.

October 9, 1879 she married George Albert Goodrich in the Endowment House. The marriage was performed by Joseph F. Smith. She was George's third wife. He had previously married Eliza Ann Taggart and Harriet Maria Taggart.

Rhoda's first child was born August 22, 1880. She was given the name of Marian Augusta after Augusta Winters, who later became Mrs. Heber J. Grant, a good friend of Rhoda and Eliza at the University. Miss Winters gave the baby a little gold ring which remained on her finger when she was buried in Richville, Morgan County, after succumbing to complications following whooping cough. She was not yet two years old. Three other children were born in Morgan: Ernest LeRoy, Amelia Eliza (Millie) and Gardner Lacy.

Father and his three families moved to the Ashley Valley in 1888. Her mother continued to teach school at intervals and bear five more children: Alfred Slade (Fred), John, George Arthur, Edith and Ruth. All together she completed 20 successful years of teaching in the District schools. Many times it was in a one room school, other times the principal of two or more rooms. Some of her pupils were almost grown men, towering above her tiny four feet eleven inches. She won the respect of these oversized students and disciplinary problems were held at a minimum. She was noted, among other things, for her precise English and excellent handwriting. She was considered the best blackboard writer among the teachers of Uintah County at that time.

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work. She made the family clothing and bedding, the trousers and even the underwear. When underwear was scarce she lined the boys' trousers. Long evenings were spent in knitting the family's stockings; indeed, most of the sewing had to wait until the day's work was over. I've heard her say that she scarcely was ever able to go to bed until after midnight. She made the soap, cured the pork, melted snow and ice during the long cold winters for all the family needs. She never owned a washing machine, but did all the laundry on a wash board and the old boiling method.

The children were taught to work and given responsibilities early in life. Mother told us what a great help LeRoy was to do chores and even help with the babies. Millie had to take over many tasks at a very early age. She took care of the little ones when Mother taught school, and did not get much schooling herself until after she was eighteen. Millie began to make some of our clothing at the age of fourteen, and continued to do much of the sewing until she was married. Boys as well as girls took their turns at washing and wiping dishes. We had no linoleum, so on Saturday morning mother often marked off squares with chalk on the large kitchen floor and designated which squares each boy or girl had to scrub. I remember the definite lines of demarkation between the various squares after the work was done. I think each youngster was careful not to clean one little mite of another's property.

As father had two other homes, each mother had much of the responsibility of caring for her own children when ill and of taking over the disciplinary job when necessary. Father was a miller, also worked as a mason and carpenter. Also owned a small farm. Mother said he provided as well for three families as many did for one, judged by the standards of those pioneer times. However, to provide for so many it was necessary for the older children to get work away from home. LeRoy, Millie, Gard, Fred, and John went to work for others as soon as they could get employment. Millie as a hired girl, the boys at farm work, sheep herding and in mines. They all brought their small earnings home to mother. Because of this unselfishness Arthur, Edith and Ruth were able to receive a high school education and some college.

My brother Albert, Aunt Harriet's son, was very good to Mother when her children were young and while father was on a mission. He built her home in Naples and made some of her furniture. A beautiful secretary (a combination desk and book cupboard) and a flour bin are still in use today. She had a great fondness for him and often told of his kindness to her.

Mother continued throughout her life to find time to read and increase her education. I remember saying to her when I was in high school, "I wish I knew as much as you do," and she said, "Child, when I was your age I didn't know anything." When we were getting our lessons at night we had no use for a dictionary as Mother knew how to spell and pronounce all the words and tell us their meaning. She was skilled in diagraming sentences and in arithmetic. She encouraged us to read the classics and other good books and even though we were poor she found means to buy a few books.

She was an unconventional person--did not dress as others did, did not comb her hair after the style of the day, did not do things just as others did. She did not pay much attention to what others might say and think. Her life was one of honor, integrity, determined effort and unselfish devotion. She denied herself every comfort that her children might be clothed, get a start in life, and some schooling.

She never let on when she was sick, and when she could not hide it from the family, she instructed us to tell no one. One winter in later life she suffered considerably with rheumatism, but rather than give up she crawled on her hands and knees when no one was looking. She liked people, found good in all she knew, and was slow to speak ill of anyone.

Mother had a firm faith in God and the hereafter. She had a testimony of the Gospel which left no doubts or misgivings. One of her teachings to us was not to be misled by the unrighteous acts of men, even though they might hold responsible positions in the Church. "Don't let their acts hurt your faith nor influence your behavior; this is Christ's church, not man's," was her admonition.

When she was about 76 she fell and broke her hip. She was never quite free from pain after this accident. Millie cared for her for six weeks, first in Bluebell, then in Millie's home in Roosevelt. After that, her sons in Bluebell and their wives looked after her. Fred and Sylvia, being close by, kept her fires going and brought in many of her meals. A lingering illness, quite possibly tuberculosis, caused her death, January 23, 1935, at the age of 81. She was buried in Bluebell.

I compiled the foregoing history from extracts from Aunt Eliza Slade Bennion's short autobiography, from sketches of mother's life written by my sisters Amelia (Millie) Cook and Ruth Goodrich Stone, with additions from my own memory and experiences.

Edith G. Case

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