

Property - Fenton and Mary Fehner,

90 YEARS OF MARRIAGE



A brief biographical sketch
of the lives of
Dudley Henry and Mary Hafen Leavitt
Written as a tribute to Mary Hafen Leavitt
in her centennial year

LEAVITT, Dudley Henry and Mary Hafen

1. McIntire, Ronald Bruce; Zolman, David L., and Ward, Maurine Carr, William Elias Abbott 1869 – 1949. Family History Publishers, Bountiful, Utah., 1993. P. 198.
2. Hafen, LeRoy R., The Hafen Families of Utah. The Hafen Family Association, Provo, Utah 1962. Pp. 75 –91.
3. McIntire, Ronald Bruce and Zolman, David L., Mary Luella Abbott Leavitt (1865 – 1955), Lincoln Press 1997. Pp.204, 214.
4. Waite, Merwin L., The Waite Family Tree Jesse Waite & Medora Leavitt, Jesse-Medora Waite Family Association and Roylance Publishing, Murray, Utah 1992. P. 91.
5. Thurston, Dorothy Dawn Frehner, A River and A Road, 1994. Pp 35, 178.

1998.243.0004

Jentox and Mary Fehner

THE PAST IS NEVER DONE:

IT IS ALWAYS IN THE MAKING

A hearty "thanks" to all who have participated in collecting information for the following brief sketch of two unique and important lives; to those who have taken time to look for pictures and to write down remembrances, or to do research in any form. We are all to be especially indebted to "Grandma Leavitt" for keeping records and writing down her activities and feelings through the sixty to seventy years just past.

I am solely responsible for errors. Also, I recognize that this is such an incomplete record--a lifetime cannot easily be condensed into fifty or sixty pages; nor, for that matter, can a lifetime be reduced to any number of pages. I hope that each of you will, therefore, enlarge upon these writings by adding (on the blank sheets provided in the back of the book), your own personal memories and impressions of Grandma and Grandpa Leavitt.

"100 YEARS OF MELODY"

*A brief biographical sketch
of the lives of
Dudley Henry and Mary Hafen Leavitt*

*Compiled and Edited
by
Lana Kay Frehner Larkin*

as a

Tribute to Mary Hafen Leavitt in her Centennial Year

*Sketches and Cover Design by
Gerald Tolman*



It was Sunday evening and just getting dark when Mary turned into the lane that lead home. Without realizing it, she chose her footing carefully so as not to scuff her only shoes. Her feet complained a bit at this day's extra long wearing of shoes in the first place, accustomed as they were to going bare-foot by this time of the year. Mary slowed her pace a little, not quite ready to reach home yet; the music of the just-sung songs still ringing in her ears. Sunday evenings were often spent like this--meeting the "crowd" at one or another's home and singing. Well, maybe just "singing" doesn't describe it at all...few young people anywhere could have the same gusto and dedication to singing that Mary and her friends had. They made it a point to memorize every new song they heard and spend hours and hours singing them over and over.

*"We most always went in gangs on Sundays, often walking to some orchard for fruit, or going to the Three Mile Place for Squaw bush gum or to some home where we spent the afternoon singing and making candy. Of course the boys generally followed wherever we went, teasing and otherwise tantalising us, but we enjoyed their company, and often paired off in twos by the time we got home, about sundown."*¹

Even the Sunday School teachers aided in this singing habit by teaching the young people a new song about every month:

*"...and often at quarterly Conference in St. George they took our class there to sing. You can imagine how proud we were to get up on the stage in the large tabernacle and sing to that large audience. We surely got a thrill out of it. There were about ten of us."*²

And then, also:

*"My father's first wife, Susette, also taught us several Swiss songs, which I will never forget. She was a beautiful singer and very good at dramatics. She often gave readings in public. She and Father often sang German songs in Church which I loved to hear."*³

¹Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt, 1939.

²Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt, 1934. (The group that sang: Mary Wittwer, Mary Ence, Rosena Blickenstorfer, Alvina Graf, Barbara Stucki, Otilia Reber, Susie Hafen, Rosina Staheli, and herself, Mary Hafen).

³Mary's father, John George Hafen, married Susette Bosshard in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City on October 18, 1861. His second wife (and Mary's mother) was Anna Marie Stucki Reber(also known as Mary Ann), whose first husband had been killed earlier that year, after only 10 days of marriage. They were married in the Endowment house on November 24, 1873. In 1884, he married Anna Mary Elizabeth Huber, and in 1885 he married the widowed sister of his second wife--Mrs. Rosena Stucki Blickenstorfer.

incidents that happened there. I remember being up in town and going home in the moonlight. Mother carried me in her arms with my brother Albert walking along beside her, and how I enjoyed looking up thru the trees and watching the moon as we went along. As a child I was quite a tomboy as I could climb any tree or wade the creek as good as any boy could, gathering mulberries or early fruit of which we had on our lot. I don't believe there's a foot of ground in Santa Clara but what I've been over--climbing all the near-by hills; making play-houses and going with the cows each morning."⁵

Mary was always impressed with the industry and thrift of the good Swiss people around her, and of whom she was a part. The pattern she established in those Santa Clara years for productivity was a force that was to be carried with her from that time forth. She writes:

"In the Spring of the year we often made baskets to use in handling fruit. There was a basketmaker (a Brother Raugseker) in town that taught us how to make them. How we enjoyed going down to the creek and wading in water, getting the suitable willows for the baskets, large ones for the standards and smaller ones for weaving. Of course, my brother Albert really made the baskets, but I enjoyed helping to get them placed and handing the right ones to him as needed. I was also taught to make stockings, to crochet, and to make hats. My dear girl friend, Rosina Staheli, and I would gather the finest straw we could find, often going where the threshing machine was running and ask them to throw us a bundle of grain and we would clip off the heads and save the straw, then take it home

⁴Mary's mother, Mary Ann Stucki Hafen, writes: "Shortly after my husband returned from his mission (his first--a six month mission to the German speaking people in Minnesota) we moved into a little one-room sod-roofed house below town. This was just before Mary, my second child, was born....When Mary came, November 5, 1877, Sister Frehner attended me. As usual I got up on the tenth day. I suppose I caught cold from the draughts that came up through the loose boards in the floor. At any rate I had to go back to bed for three weeks and came very near dying. My sister Rosie brought her young baby with her and did up my work each day. I drank barley gruel morning, noon, and night and it helped me. When my young baby was just six weeks old she took chills and fever. She was very sick and fainted away several times. After she got over this, however, she was the best baby I ever had. Often when I went to pick cotton I took her to the fields. There she would lie contentedly all day sucking her thumb, except for the moments when I took her up to feed her. My little boy Albert would play about while I worked." (Mary Ann Hafen, Recollections of A Handcart Pioneer of 1860, Privately printed for her descendants, Denver, Colorado, 1939.

⁵Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.

and put it in to soak and begin braiding it until we had yards and yards of it. Then mother would sew the hats for us. She also made artificial flowers for us. We were very elated over them, and wore them for our best Sunday hats all summer. Rosena and I were constantly together-- we took our work and walked along the sidewalk each afternoon as we kept our hands going, either knitting or crocheting or braiding straw. It's a disgrace to be idle and our parents taught us to use every spare moment."

"I also remember of mother going to the field to work. She would take a small quilt along and put us in the shade of a tree with our playthings and a lunch which we enjoyed so much when dinner time came, as she would come and sit with us and rest a while. We were taught to work as soon as we were old enough. Everything that was planted was kept free of weeds, even the grain fields were gone thru, with whole families, large and small, pulling every weed in sight. Every inch of ground was cultivated with the greatest care, and after it was grown, nothing was wasted. We often went to the orchards before sunrise and gathered a wagon load of peaches, then spent the day in the shade cutting and putting them on scaffolds to dry in the hot sun. We would prepare a big pan full and then dash out in our bare feet, hopping and dancing over the burning sand, to spread them out on the large scaffolds in the sun. How we would hurry back to the shade. Apricots were also dried in this way. We often went to help Grandfather Stucki cut apricots just for the sweet pits in them. We could have all the pits, which we worked hard to get. We often had several salt sacks full which we put away for winter. We also gathered the late grapes and hung them on strings upstairs, rows and rows of them. How good they tasted at Christmas. Sometimes father would take us children in the evening, with others, to get a wagon load of peaches to cut the next day. We would do this day after day until the season was over. We also helped cut and "top" cane and enjoyed playing around the molasses mill in the evening after the day's work was done, watching the juice boil and getting our little buckets full of 'skimmings' to make candy with."⁶

It was Mary's mother's love of music that somehow saw to it that there was a violin and a guitar in the house, although Mary never did know how she managed to save for them. She remembers hearing her mother plead with her father to buy an organ for the family, but he didn't seem to think he could, ending with the promise, "Maybe in a few years". Her mother contended that in a few years the children would all be grown and gone, as indeed they were. At any rate, Mary's older brother Albert played the violin and she learned to play the guitar, and many happy hours were spent in this way. Later, the other brothers and sisters also learned the guitar or violin or both; and as long as there were children at home, her mother had some kind of music, and they all loved to sing. We will see how this great yearning for music followed into Mary's own home later on.

After Mary's little sister, Bertha, was about 6 months old, her father moved the little family into a better house--one that he had bought from Bishop Edward Bunker who had gone down to Nevada to help start Bunkerville. This would have been sometime in early 1882. Shortly thereafter, her father was called to a two year mission to Switzerland. Mary remembers the brass band and the townspeople who went out to welcome him home in 1884 when he returned. It was also in the dooryard of this home that Mary remembers the wine-making process; grapes in long

beautiful arbors running full length of the lot...big lucious concord grapes, along with other varieties. Days and days were spent picking the grapes. The skins were cracked a little and they were put into a barrel to let them foment for a while, after which they were ground up with a little grinder. Underneath the grinder there was a platform which had a little indentation or moat encircling the grinder, into which the juice could run--and from there off the spout on one side and into a vat which her grandfather Stucki had made for this purpose. Mary thought the juice in the vat was absolutely delicious at this point. After the juice in the vat was allowed to foment for 2-3 weeks, the wine in the vat was then sealed up. This wine was an important barter commodity for the people in Santa Clara: many necessities of⁷ life (as well as the few luxuries) were obtained from trading or selling it.

Mary's father, John George Hafen, was Bishop of the Santa Clara Ward all through her growing up years. In fact, he held that position for 28 years--from 1884 to 1912. She remembers some interesting incidents that happened in connection with his calling:

"Fast meetings were held on Thursdays at 10:00 o'clock, and I often went with others to distribute the offerings that were brought to the meeting--such as flour, potatoes, meat and other things. These were brot in before the meeting commenced and distributed after. Bro. Jacob Tobler was father's first counsellor and Samuel Wittwer the second counsellor. Bro. Tobler was ward clerk for many years."

"Father often brot the visiting brethren and sisters to our home. I well remember when the Sisters Eliza R. Snow and Zina D. Young were in my mother's bedroom, and how heavenly it seemed to entertain them. I saw them kneeling by their bed-side in their snow white gowns, and they looked like angels to me. I must have peeked thru the key hole. It was during this visit that Sister Eliza spoke in tongues and said that there were children in the building that would live to see the Saviour come. It was a wonderful meeting. I will never forget it."

"Other faith promoting incidents were those I gained in the M.I.A. Sister Rose Ann Ensign was president. She taught us many valuable lessons. She inspired the girls to live good clean lives, to guard their virtue as they would their lives, to be prayerful and humble. She said the Lord would bless us in giving lessons if we asked for his aid.. I wish to mention Sister Eliza Ann Ensign also. She was President of the Relief Society for many years with Sister Mary Wittwer and my mother as her counsellors. I often sat in the doorway and was inspired by their wonderful testimonies. I loved to hear the singing of the good sisters. The Relief Society building was just over the fence from our home, and in this building there was an upstairs room where the silk worms were cared for. I often went up with others to carry arm loads of mulberry limbs for them to feed on; listened to the crunching sound of millions of worms as they ate, and watched them grow until they wound themselves up in their own cocoons."

"My outstanding Primary teacher was Sister Mary Ann Leavitt, Uncle Lemuel's wife. I can see her in my mind's eye as she came with her large book of the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The story of his virst vision, etc., were rivited on my memory."⁸

⁷Information obtained in personal interview with Mary H. Leavitt, July 1976.

⁸Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.

Like the other polygamist children of the time, Mary lived in constant fear that her father would be arrested and fined, or sent to prison by the U.S. Marshalls. She often went to spend the day in the fields with her mother and brothers and sisters when they heard the marshalls were around. Her father also moved her mother and children and his third wife, Anna, to St. George for a few months one year to avoid confrontations with the Marshalls at a time when they were particularly active. Mary remembers the ride from Santa Clara to St. George--with the household belongings tucked into a covered wagon along with the children. The moon-light ride was very enjoyable. While living in St. George, Mary had a chance to become acquainted with many of the neighborhood girls and boys, and became close friends with Sadie Mathis. They rented a house from a Brother Gubler. Mary's father was never arrested.

After the family moved back to Santa Clara, Mary found that she very much enjoyed living in the "Bishop Bunker" house - it was much nicer than the earlier homes she had known. Her mother took great pride in keeping it clean and nice. Each Saturday the floors were scrubbed clean on hands and knees, then the children would go to the sand hills to get a bucket of sand to strew over the floor to whiten it even more. The sand was swept out early Sunday morning.

In 1941, Mary wrote:

"The memory of our first new stove is a vivid picture in my mind. It was a 'Charter Oak' and mother still uses it to this day. I remember the verse in the booklet which contained the picture of a newly married couple. It read:

*'Yes, good man, I'll marry you just in a minute
If you'll give me a home with a Charter Oak in it.
I'll bake and I'll brew; I'll boil and I'll stew;
And the dainties we'll feast on shall never be few!'*⁹

Mary's mother's home was a central gathering place when Valentine's came around each year. Young women almost ready to be married came for her to make the valentines that were meant for their grown-up sweethearts, and what jolly evenings they were! The young women laughed and talked of their best boy friends, and they enjoyed Mary's mother's good nature. The young women would often pitch in and help with the housework while Mary Ann did things for them. She would also teach them to crochet or knit some fancy design. One specific incident stands out in Mary's memory:

"I well remember two young women coming there early one morning about sunrise. The rain was pouring down and they came in to dry themselves and mother prepared breakfast for them. They had slipped away from home and had arranged to meet their boy friends and to go to St. George to be married. Evidently their parents disapproved of their marriages. At any rate, the two young men soon drove up in a wagon and were off in a hurry with the girls laughing and joking as they went. I well remember mother saying after they had gone that she feared their

⁹Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt, 1941.

*lives would be full of sorrow, at being married in such stormy weather, and a double wedding also was supposed to be a bad omen, which proved true in their case, as they certainly had plenty of trouble."*¹⁰

The industrious Swiss people of Santa Clara placed great emphasis on education, and Mary reminisces about her school days:

*"I also enjoyed my school days. The first teacher I had was Levi Harmon. He was very severe, often punishing the pupils with a willow which he always kept handy. He often lined half the school along the stage, using his ruler on the hands which were ordered extended. Or he had us stand on one foot with the other one raised, etc. My other teachers in Santa Clara were: Melvin Harmon, Edward H. Snow, John F. Woodbury, Sr., Arthur F. Miles, and Theodore Graff. All of these men were kind and considerate. I enjoyed the spelling matches that were conducted in those days. The whole school was lined up on each side of the building, large and small. How proud I would be to spell down some big fellow twice my size. I was often one of the last four standing."*¹¹

Young people often dated and married at a younger age in Mary's youth, so it is not surprising that a pretty talented girl like her should attract boys:

*"Then we had our chores to do. I always milked the cows, and often my boy friend, Albert Tobler, went with me and did the chores for me. I was about fourteen years old then, and I really thot I had a beau, tho he was my cousin. I admired him very much, and always had an idea I'd marry him some day."*¹²

Indeed, Mary's expectations of her future life might well have transpired as (at age 14) she supposed they would, had not a major change occurred in her life: her mother's family was moved to Bunkerville, Nevada! Some of the boys in the first wife's family were grown men by this time, and looking for homes and starting families; so it was decided that Mary Ann should be moved to Bunkerville in order that Harmon could have the house and lot they lived in. The third wife, "Aunt Annie", had been transferred to Bunkerville a few years earlier. Mary's older brother, Albert, was already down in Nevada at this time, helping "Aunt Annie." Mary's mother's birthday occurred the day before they were to leave, and the relatives and friends gathered to give a combined birthday and farewell party. Then, on May 6, 1891, with her four brothers and sisters¹³ and mother tucked into a covered wagon, Mary watched her father drive the first of two wagons containing their personal belongings and household effects out of town. The streets were

¹⁰Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.

¹¹Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.

¹²Ibid.

¹³The children of John George Hafen and Mary Ann Stucki Reber Hafen are: Albert (b. Sept. 4, 1874), Mary (b. Nov. 5, 1877), Bertha (b. Nov. 24, 1881), Selena (b. March 12, 1885), Wilford (b. Aug. 12, 1887), Lovenia (b. July 14, 1890) and LeRoy R. (b. Dec. 8, 1893).



Left: Mary Ann Hafen and family; Bertha, Mary, Selena, on back row, standing. LeRoy R, Mary Ann, Lovenia. Albert is not present, as the photo was taken in 1907 while he was in Switzerland.



Above: "The gang"--taken in Santa Clara, Utah in 1891. Back row: Mary Hafen Leavitt, Susie Hafen Leavitt, Rosina Staheli Reber. Front row: Mary Ence Reber, Mary Wittwer Tobler, Alvina Graff Wittwer, Rosina Blinkenstorfer Blake.

lined with well-wishers who had come out to bid them farewell:

"It was like a funeral when we left. Our friends and neighbors came to bid us goodbye. My boyfriend, Albert Tobler, said, 'You'll go down there and marry one of the Leavitts!' I said, 'No! I'll never marry a Leavitt!'"¹⁴

Mary remembers that she cried nearly the entire trip to Bunkerville. Her mother, Mary Ann, also had many mixed feelings, which in later years her writings revealed:

"As neighbors, relatives, and friends crowded about to see us off, I with others shed a few tears. I knew I was going to something of the same hardships I had known in childhood days; that my children were to grow up in a strange land with scarcely a relative near; and that they too would have to share in the hardships of subduing a new country."

"Our drive was not unpleasant, however. The country was all new to me as I had never been beyond Santa Clara westward. Past Conger Farm, up Conger Hill, and on to Camp Springs Flat we traveled and there camped for the night. The next day we drove past the Cliffs, and down the long slope where great Joshua trees looked like soldiers with their helmets and spears. The second night we spent at the Beaver Dams on a clear little creek where gnawed young cottonwoods gave evidence of beaver being present. The next day we passed the beginnings of Littlefield. Then we followed the Virgin River bed, crossed the Mesquite flat, where a few farms and shanties showed settlement, again crossed the river, and arrived at Bunkerville."

"The little town was rather inviting. In the early dusk the numerous young cottonwoods along the field canals and along the town ditches looked like an oasis in a desert. There was only one fence in the whole town and that was around Samuel Wittwer's lot."

"Albert was overjoyed to see us. John's other wife, Anna, had supper waiting for us when we arrived. Among other things she served alfalfa greens dressed with white sauce. It was quite a tasty dish."¹⁵

Apparently, "Aunt Annie" did not disclose the nature of the dinner "greens" until after everyone had eaten. Then she jokingly asked if the guests knew what they had eaten. When her husband John found out, he was very upset! He kept saying, over and over again, "We're not cattle! We don't have to eat cow-feed!" However, apparently everyone had enjoyed the greens at dinner time!

Mary's father had purchased a two-roomed adobe house with dirt floors and dirt roof from a Danishman, a Brother Jorgensen, to serve as the family dwelling place. He promised that it would look a lot more inviting when it was finished off with a good roof and floors, and even intimated that a second story added on top would give more bedroom space. Mary remembers the house was made of adobes and faced south, with 2 doors leading out - one from each room. It had a gable roof. The same summer they arrived, Albert went to Mount Trumbel to work to buy lumber to put in the floor. Later a kitchen was added on the northwest, and still later a screen porch was put on the northeast. Either that summer or the next, Mary and Albert went to Mesquite and got about 6 little mulberry trees and planted all around the south and west of the home. These furnished such good mulberries for many years--some white and some dark red--very delicious. The grandchildren, later on, came and climbed the trees and ate mulberries by the hour. There was an attic that could be reached by climbing a ladder outside.

¹⁴Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.

¹⁵Mary Ann Hafen, op. cit.

The lot on which the house was located was large and did have five or six almond trees already growing, and a vineyard of grape vines. Otherwise, it represented a lot of hard work ahead, as did the 25 acres of farmland out of town about one and one half miles, most of which needed clearing and leveling. There was plenty of work for all the children, as Mary's father was not able to stay with them long, but had to hurry back to Santa Clara to perform his duties of the Church there. Mary always considered her mother to be as close to an Angel as is possible on this earth, and told in her later years of her mother's hardships and trials in trying to establish herself and be independent of her husband's help. In good part, she was left to provide for and rear her children alone, but she was uncomplaining and hard-working.

A few of Mary's early recollections of making a life in Bunkerville:

"It was too late to plant trees or vines this year. We cleared a place for corn and squash that would mature in the fall, and later planted turnips that lasted far into the winter. By the time we were adjusted into the house, the grain cutting had started and we all gleaned in the fields for wheat for our winter bread. Later we picked cotton on shares."

"A major problem was getting hay for the cow. Father bought a lucern field about 2 miles from town, but we had no team, wagon or machinery, so we cut it with a scythe and carried it home. Albert rigged up a rack out of two long willow poles, nailed some pieces across, and then piled all the hay on it that we could carry, and tied it on securely. Then I walked in front and he behind, and we carried it along like two Chinese coolies. Just feeding the cow took a lot of time."

"I remember once when we heard someone coming horseback. We quickly set our load down off the road, and I ran up the ditchbank to hide in the bushes. I didn't want to be seen at this kind of work. Later, after we had a team and wagon, and got someone to cut the whole field of hay at once, Albert would have us lie down in the middle of the load so people could not see that his sisters had to work in the fields. Other girls in Bunkerville did not have to do this, he said."¹⁶

¹⁶Juanita Brooks, This is your Life, Mary Hafen Leavitt, written on the occasion of her 90th birthday.



Mary quickly found many friends in Bunkerville, and the hurt of leaving Santa Clara soon left. She described her friends as "kind and sociable, free in their giving, and always shared what they had." Her main girl friends included Emma Jane Lee, Estella Lee, May Bunker, Rose Cox, and others. Music helped to bridge the gap, as Mary immediately joined the Ward Choir and the Sunday School Choir; and again, many many long happy hours were spent in singing and performing.

One early recollection of social life in Bunkerville is related by Mary:

*"I remember going to a dance on the 4th of July and we danced all night. I walked home in the daylight. I didn't have a partner, but walked home with Horace Jones, who lived next to us. The dance was in the old rock Church, and the room was very small. There was space for only two sets of quadrilles. We were only allowed 2 or 3 waltzes the whole evening, as they were considered bad--dancing too close together."*¹⁷

Mary's first school teacher in Bunkerville was Belle McArthur, and later she had other teachers, including Martha Cox. She attended school in the "Flag School"¹⁸ and also at times in Bishop Earl's home, when the school was too crowded. She graduated from eighth grade in Bunkerville in 1894.

In April of 1893, two years after moving to Bunkerville, Mary began a relationship with a young man which was to have far-reaching effect. She and a friend, May Bunker, had been invited to attend a dance in Littlefield, where Rose Bunker was teaching school at the time. So Mary and May rode up to Littlefield with Francis Bunker, Rose's husband. On the day of the dance, a young Bunkerville fellow by the name of Dudley Henry Leavitt came riding into town on, of all things, a white horse! He had been to Salt Lake City to attend the dedication of the Temple there. Henry had given attention to both Mary and May in the past, and Mary had no way of knowing how he felt about her. In her words:

*"Pa (Henry) had been very nice to May and I both, and I didn't think he cared more for me, until he asked me to take a walk along the Beaver Dam Canal, which ran along a shady lane. He asked me to go to the dance with him. Well, I was so thrilled about it that I could hardly contain myself. We enjoyed the dance very much. May and I stayed in the school house that night. Next day we went home with Francis and Rose. Henry was watching for us and came riding up on his horse, tied his horse behind the wagon, and rode along with us. After that my attention was turned toward him and I could see no one else--not even my Santa Clara friend. I can see him yet, as he would ride thru town with a cowboy hat on the back of his head which was held on with a buckskin string across his forehead. He was always jolly and good-natured, and such a large square-shouldered manly fellow that I almost idolized him. May Bunker and I often walked down the lane where he was making molasses and sat on the pile of cane and chewed it, just to watch him work and to get to walk home with him."*¹⁹

¹⁷Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.

¹⁸The "Old Flag School" was so named because it was one of the first public buildings constructed (work began in the fall of 1880) and the walls were adobe, and flags (or tules) covered the rafters. Over the flags was a coat of clay. Together these formed a nearly water-proof roof.

¹⁹Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.

In order to learn a little about the young Dudley Henry Leavitt, we now quote from his personal story:

"I was born at Hebron, Utah, April 19, 1870. My parents were Dudley and Thirza Riding Leavitt. She was the third wife of my father, and I was the fifth child of my mother's family of eleven. Their names in order of age are: Alfred Wier, Thirza Helena, Mary Ellen, Lister, Dudley Henry, Betsy, Lorena, and Theresa and three who died in infancy. Soon after my birth we moved to Gunlock and lived there about seven years. My mother had a house and lot with a good orchard and vineyard, out of which the best fruit I ever ate came from. Later we moved to Bunkerville, but went back to Gunlock for several summers to care for the fruit until father finally sold the place!"

"At this time father had quite a herd of cattle and I had to take my turn at herding them, going from five to seven miles to feed along the river and I spent lots of time swimming and learned to be very good at it, taking many chances that I can see now were very dangerous; such as riding the waves in big floods, diving into whirl-pools, etc. I remember once my brother Orrin was caught in a whirl-pool and was unable to get out. I dived in and got him under the arms and dragged him onto the bank. He was nearly drowned but soon recovered!"

"When I was 15 years old I began riding mail. My father had the contract from Bunkerville to St. Thomas, Nevada. We would leave Bunkerville in the evening about 8 o'clock and arrive in St. Thomas at 8 o'clock the next morning. We stayed there all day and the next night and would leave the next morning, arriving in Bunkerville late in the afternoon, making three trips a week. Many times it was very dangerous as we had to cross the river about 12 times, and often in high water in the dark, we never knew what we might run into, and I also got so sleepy I could hardly sit on my horse. I would have given anything in the world if I could only lie down and sleep for a few hours. My shoulders would ache sometimes till I could hardly stand it, but still I had to trot, trot, trot along until sunrise and never stop or I would be late with the mail. We boys would take turns carrying the mail so it would be easier for us. "

"When I got a little older I used to haul salt from the Salt Mine about 5 miles south of St. Thomas and freighted it to St. George 80 miles distant. It took us three days to go to St. Thomas by wagon, then an additional five days to St. George. My team was a sorrel stallion named "Dick" and a sway-backed mare, "Queen." My leaders were a favorite black named "Nig" and a mule named "Jack". The leaders were good pullers, but the wheelers were balky, but worked good as long as the leaders kept moving. We loaded about 3,500 pounds each trip and sold it at Wooley, Lund & Judd Store in St. George and got store pay at the rate of \$1.00 per hundred.

"Father had a large family, the four wives had ten or twelve children each [the fifth wife had only 3 children, 2 of which died in infancy], so with the mail contract and the salt hauling there were still plenty of boys to care for the farm and cattle. Our main crops were corn, alfalfa, grain, cotton, and cane. We used to make hundreds of gallons of molasses and haul it as far as Richfield on the Sevier River in Utah and sell it for flour, bran, and shorts.

"About this time the Swiss people, Mormon converts from Switzerland, at Santa Clara were very poor, many of them having crossed the plains in the

handcart company and had very few farm implements, hence were unable to raise enough food stuff to eat. Father knew of their condition and often killed beef and distributed it among them. No part of it was wasted that could be used to eat. The head and even the 'pouch', or stomach, was cleaned and eaten. I remember my own mother would cook them, she would put the stomach in a strong solution of hot lye water which would loosen the inner lining, then scrape and clean it until it was as clean as any part of the beef. This, when cooked, was called 'tripe' and I'll say we really enjoyed it."

"The Swiss people were very glad to get any part of the beef, and years later I well remember going thru the town when a lady came running towards father and talking in broken English thanking my father for giving them meat when they were so hungry and tears were in her eyes when she said: "Oh, Brother Leavitt, that belly sure tasted good!"

"At other times while driving thru with a load of flour, bran and shorts, people would come and ask for 'just a pan full' as they hadn't had bread for weeks. He would divide it with them. In spite of his large family he always looked after those who were in less favorable circumstances. We had a unity of family life that was wonderful. When I look back upon my father's just dealings with his wives and children. I thought as much of other members of the family as I did of my mother's own children. Wherever we were working the women all treated us as their own, would cook our meals and look after us."

"My father was very kind to his children. I don't know of ever getting a severe whipping, or have I ever seen him punish any member of the family with a lashing as I have seen in some homes. Still, he was strict and we knew we must obey him. Everyone honored him, often when coming in for dinner or supper the children would take delight in doing little kindly deeds for him. One would get a basin of water, others would comb his hair, or take off his shoes to make him comfortable."

"Often three women would live in the same house, but would have different rooms in which to do her own work. While living on the Virgin River, we were often compelled to move, as big floods washed away our land in several places and he would have to begin all over again. The different places we lived and farmed along the river were known as: Lewis Bottom, Big Bend, Little Bend, Tunnel Point, Leavittville, Mesquite, and Bunkerville."

When my father moved from Gunlock to Bunkerville he had a large herd of cattle and put them all into the United Order which was practiced here for three years. My mother still lived in Gunlock, but moved down about the same time that the Order was dissolved. When the property was divided up, the flour mill and cotton gin were granted to him and I used to run the flour mill for days and weeks at a time. Father would help me get started, then leave me to do it. I used to get very tired staying there alone and coaxed other boys to come and stay with me. The Indians could not be trusted so someone had to be there all the time. I have to laugh now when I think how smart the squaws used to be in stealing flour. Instead of taking it all out from one sack, they would take a big double handful out of each sack so it wouldn't be so noticable."

"As my father had the mail contract to St. George later, he moved my mother up there to cook for the riders and I went back and forth, carrying mail and working here on the farm, also spent several summers

at Terry's Ranch, with Aunt Mariah, father's second wife, who lived there and made butter and cheese. I milked cows and helped do other work."

"About this time I had accumulated some horses and cattle of my own. I bought a small house and lot from a brother Sorensen (who lived here on the underground) for \$150.00 and agreed to help him move to St. George. I gave my brother, Wier, a cow for taking his team and helping him move there."

"Soon after this I bought ten acres of land in Bunkerville from my brother, Dudley, for \$300.00 and paid him in horses and cattle. As my mother was in St. George, I lived with my sisters Lena and Mary Ellen until I was married. I enjoyed those years as I had a little spending money and could come and go as I pleased. I went to Salt Lake to attend the Dedication of the Salt Lake Temple in 1893 and certainly enjoyed the trip and the services. While I was returning home I met 'my girl', Mary Hafen, oldest daughter of John G. and Mary Ann Stucki Hafen, at Littlefield--she was there in company of others to attend a school dance given by the teacher, Rose Cox."²⁰

Henry and Mary enjoyed two years of courtship, dating no one but each other, and having few and short-lived "lover's quarrels". Mary does re-count one incident which happened at Christmas time which reminds us that romances in any generation have certain common characteristics:

"We often went serenading on Christmas Eve. The boys would put the organ in the wagon, heat some rocks and wrap them in burlap and put them in the center with seats all around for our comfort. We often sang until almost daylight. How we enjoyed it!"

"On one Christmas Eve I had been to the dance with Pa (Henry). He took me home, after which I went to Rose Cox's place where we had planned to gather for serenading about 10:00 P.M. I never asked Henry to go along, as he had not been practicing with us. I did not think he would care if I went without him, but of course he was hurt. He could not help but hear us as we went all over town. Well, the next day, Christmas, he never noticed me, but turned all his attention to May (we were always together); he hardly spoke to me, which nearly broke my heart. I tried not to show it, but I finally slipped away from them and went over to the ice plant. May soon missed me and came to hunt me up. She found me crying and laughed at me, saying, 'Oh, you silly thing! Come along here, he'll make up again.' And she fairly dragged me back to where he was, at Betsy Hardy's place. Well, he walked home with us and later came for me to go to the dance. Was I happy to see him come! I told him I was sorry to have slighted him. I could see his view point; he would have enjoyed the fun even if he did not sing. So we made up again. That was the only case I remember of that caused us any break. We enjoyed our two years of courtship and I never stepped out with another fellow, nor he never had another girl. I can truthfully say that no other fellow ever kissed me and I never had a desire for anyone else."²¹

²⁰Dudley Henry Leavitt, A Sketch in the Life of Dudley Henry Leavitt, written privately in 1936 at Bunkerville, Nevada, for his children.

²¹Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.

Henry and Mary decided to marry, and after they were engaged, Henry went to Delamar to work for a wedding "stake". He worked there several months in the mining operations of that community and saved money. He even sent Mary \$25.00 to get some of the things she would need, as her mother had no way of helping her financially, and she had no income of her own. It seems her father was somewhat opposed to the marriage; he felt that she was too young, and that she should marry the Santa Clara boy--Albert Tobler. However, Albert was Mary's cousin, as Albert's mother and Mary's father were brother and sister; but more importantly, Mary had completely changed her mind after meeting and falling in love with Henry Leavitt, and was determined to marry him. Her mother upheld her in this choice, and defended Henry to her father, telling him that Henry was a clean, honest young man, and that she liked him very much herself. Henry and Mary did put off their wedding a few months until she was nearly 18 years old. Mary asked her father for a set of pillows and he did send a pair that "Aunt Susette" had made over from some old ones that were washed and stuffed with old feathers. But they looked clean and Mary was glad to have them. When they were married, Mary's father gave them an eight-day clock for a wedding present which they were thrilled to have. They used it all their lives, and it was a very good clock. Mary remembered that her father said that it cost \$8.00. Her father was reconciled to the marriage, and he and Henry always got along well.

Young and old alike can't help but be caught up in the excitement and romance of the wedding excursion to the St. George Temple--a two or three day trip away; and Mary vividly describes the events:

"We left home on August 31, 1895. It was Grandfather Dudley's (Henry's father) birthday. All his families had planned a big celebration at Leavittville about four miles southwest of Littlefield. They all took lunches and spent the day with him. Henry had a nice team and wagon. He came for me before sunrise. I remember Mother was deeply touched to see me leave, as she stood in the doorway wiping her eyes. Of course, I cried too, although I was happy to go with him. We had a nice ride up the river bed. Many other wagons were along. They ran races through the sand. A large group had arrived before noon, had a big dinner and spent the afternoon visiting. A big campfire was built in the evening and a meeting was held. They asked me to lead the singing. Many songs were sung and Grandpa Leavitt gave a splendid talk with good advice to his large family. Some stayed all night. In the evening of the second day, when everyone was preparing to start back to Bunkerville, we went the other way toward St. George, and then some suspected what we were going for. Grandfather and Grandmother Leavitt went along, also Theresa, and we drove awhile after dark, and camped up on the slope above Beaverdams. When we arrived at Santa Clara the next afternoon, we stopped at Aunt Rosie's. The news soon spread around town that I was going to be married. A large group gathered in the evening. We sang songs and spent a very pleasant evening. We got up early and drove to the Court House in St. George, got our license, then by 9:00 A.M. we were at the Temple, where we were married at noon by President David H. Cannon, September 3, 1895."

"We went back to Santa Clara in the evening where a dance was had in our honor. We surely had a nice time. We slept in our wagon and were awakened in the night when a wheel went off the wagon, which some mischievous boys did. Of course, Pa got out and put it on again."

"We drove as far as the eight-mile place and the next morning we met Uncle Tom and Cull just on top of the Conger Hill. They told us

we were expected to be home that night as a big party was being planned for us. We must be there by 4:00 P.M. Of course, we had not planned to get home that day. It was too far to drive in one day. But Pa was a good sport and said he would get there if possible. He loaded all our extra loading onto Grandpa Leavitt's wagon, only taking our suit cases and bedding, also three gallons of wine which he had bought in Santa Clara to treat the fellows at home. Well, he started out with a whoop and a yell and drove like sixty! Theresa came along with us. We were so excited driving so fast that we never noticed that the keg of wine had tipped over and we lost most of its contents. But we had enough left to treat the musicians that played for the dance. When we arrived at Leavittville, Pa changed horses and again put them under the whip, shouting and yelling, as is his habit, you all know. We arrived there in time for the big dinner which Mother had prepared with the help of Annie, father's third wife, who lived in Bunkerville then. The dooryard was packed with people. We were given a hearty welcome. Tables were spread under the mulberry trees. It seemed that all the people in town were there. The Bishop and his counselors and their wives were also invited. Mother asked Bishop Edward Bunker to bless the food and say a few words. I remember the big dishes of chicken and noodles, the pies and the fritters which looked so good to me. I guess we were hungry as I do not think we stopped to eat a bit on the whole day's trip since breakfast. The Bishop commented on this fine wedding. He said it was the first wedding in Bunkerville that had a reception of this kind and that he hoped this pattern would be followed by others as this is the most important event in young peoples lives and should be celebrated in a proper manner. Presents were showered upon us. We had two large tubs full. We moved into our one-room house the next day, which Pa had purchased a year or so earlier. This lot he had planted to grape vines before we were married, as I remember watering it while he was away in Delamar. I took pride in doing this. I remember one day Annie Cox came along while I was watering the vines. She said, 'You drudge for him before you're married and you'll always have it to do.' But I did not mind. I loved to work outside and to see things growing. I do not believe she ever had anything growing on her lot except weeds."

"At any rate, we lived here happily for 6 years when we built the new one on the same lot. When I was married I was scarcely eighteen years old. I did not know much about cooking, as Mother had done most of that. I had always done the outside chores so I had to learn by sad experience often. But we got along fairly well. Pa put up with my mistakes cheerfully and often jokingly, which sometimes hurt my feelings. Perhaps you have heard this one: one day our noon meal was not too good, at least I felt that I had done a poor job of it. When Pa finished, he took a deep breath and said, 'Oh, I'm so full I could crack a louse on my belly!' Well, I was so angry that he would make such a remark, that I pouted for several days. He just laughed about it."²²

At the time of their marriage and for several years thereafter, Bunkerville Ward belonged to the St. George Stake, so Henry and Mary often traveled there for Conference. One particular time, all the wards were gathering for a musical concert in St. George. It was to be quite an event--especially for the members in

²²Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.

Bunkerville, because it meant a week's trip in wagons. Also, Mary had been asked to sing with George Lee, Francis Bunker, Lucina Lee, May Bunker and Rose Cox in some special numbers. There were several wagon loads of members making the December trek, and they prepared well with warm bedding, cooking utensils and food for the trip. Henry loaded the rest of his wagon with baled cotton to take to the cotton mill in Washington. While on their way out of town, Sister Susan Hunt came out to the road and asked them if she might ride along in their wagon. Henry stopped the wagon to help get her suitcase, bedding, lunch box, etc., and Mary went to the back of the wagon to move things around to make room for her. She lifted one of the 100 lb. bales of cotton and put it up on top of another, and in so doing, felt a snap inside. She began to feel very poorly, but mentioned nothing to anyone, until that night when they camped, and she suffered a miscarriage. Even then she didn't mention it to anyone except Henry. She writes:

*"He didn't know what to do, but I told him I would be all right. So we went on. The next night we stayed at Aunt Rosie's home. She knew I was sick, but I never told any details. At any rate, the next day I went to St. George with the rest and took my part in the singing. I wonder now how I could do it. I must have been stronger than ordinary women."*²³

This incident occurred in December of 1895. On November 23, 1896, a very beautiful baby girl came to bless the lives of Henry and Mary. They named her Orpha Ora, and she was delightful -- masses of golden curls and dark blue eyes. Even before she was 18 months her mother often sent her to "grandma's house" on errands, carrying a little note in her hand. She always loved to go, and was a cheerful baby. On the 15 of January, 1898, another lovable little daughter was born, and this time the chosen name was Juanita Leone. Mary would often put them together in the screen room on a bed, each with a bottle; after Orpha had finished hers, she would crawl over and take Juanita's away from her and throw herself on her back and finish it. The two sweet little girls were a great source of pride and joy to their parents. Just at the time that Orpha was beginning to talk, tragedy struck the little family, as she developed a high fever and after three days illness died about midnight on August 28, 1898. The strain of this severe blow caused Mary to become ill herself that same night, and she suffered a miscarriage. The next day the funeral was held in the door yard under the trees, as Mary was unable to get out of bed. She stayed on the bed in the screen room (which Henry had built to keep the mosquitoes and flies away from the babies) where she could see and hear the proceedings. Mary had to stay in bed for 6 weeks following this, as it was hard for her to gain strength, and she cried so much. Henry's sister Theresa stayed and cared for her and Juanita, the baby, who was only 7 months old at the time.

On December 8, 1899, the third wonderful daughter was born. It happened that Henry was away at the time, having gone to the train depot at Modena for a load of freight for Bishop Bunker's store. Mary had a very hard time, and she remembers that it seemed every man and woman in town was there to help. Word was sent to Henry and he arrived as soon as he could, but the baby had already arrived. Mary was grateful that they lived as close to her mother as they did (just one block away), since she came often to help. Also, Henry's sisters, Mary Ellen, Theresa and Lena, were kind and helpful as always. At this time they were still living in the one-roomed house. This new baby was named Charity.

"I was so proud of our first little home, a one-room adobe house with a roof that slanted from front to back. Its one door faced

²³Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.

the south, so I could tell when it was noon *because* the sun would be straight in the door, though I didn't need this, because we had the lovely striking clock that Father had given us. The floor was of wide boards, which I kept scrubbed white; my trunk was covered with a crochet 'tidy' that almost touched the floor all around. A small stove set up on blocks of wood, a table, two chairs, and a rocking chair, a cupboard built for us by Uncle Heber Hardy, and a bed, completed our furniture."

"There were some vines and a few fruit trees on the lot when we bought it, and we at once planted more, so that we always had grapes, currants, pomegranites, plums and peaches, besides a good garden of vegetables. This I took care of mostly, for Henry had his farm and cattle to look after."

"From the first, we had planned to build a bigger home. This was not only too small, but the roof was not on solid, so when there was a heavy wind it would rattle as if it would blow off. Pa fastened it to the pomegranite bush on one side, with a strong chain, and on the other front corner hung a big iron bucket full of rocks, irons and horseshoes."²⁴

In about 1900 Henry and Mary started to think that it was time to do something about expanding the living quarters, so they decided to build a home with two large rooms on the main floor, with a cellar under half the house. In this day and age that may not seem like "expanding" very much, but we must remember that this was giving them two and one half times the space they had had before. About this time the Faubin brothers from St. George were working in the little settlement, burning brick and putting up houses, and they did the exterior of white brick. One room had been finished and the family had moved into it while the other was to be done, and Henry was called on a mission! However, they were able to move into this new home before the fourth daughter, Aura, was born (27 November 1901). The family was to live in this home for the next twelve years, during which time all the other children, except one, was to be born. After Aura, there was Melvin (28 March 1903), Laurel (17 December 1905), Daisy (23 September 1907), Eva (20 February 1909), Francis Hale (20 June 1911), and Dudley Maurice (17 July 1913).

Maybe note should be taken at this point that Mary never once went to a hospital to deliver a baby--they were all born at home, with the help of a mid-wife; and then with aunts, cousins, sisters, mothers, etc., pitching in to help in the days following the delivery. Mary writes some of her memories and feelings about childbirth, and health in general:

"I just wonder how we managed. In those days we could not go away to a hospital and be free from the cares and worries of the family. We had to send the children away for a few hours, until it was all over. Then here they came, pell mell, to see the new baby and it was hard to keep them off the bed. We always had someone to do the housework, but this did not relieve us of the worries of carrying on the household duties, what to cook and where is this or that. Washing and ironing and clothing the family, everything was done under our own direction. It is a wonder we did not suffer relapses more than we did. The Lord blessed us."

²⁴Juanita Brooks, op. cit.

"One thing I can say for Pa, he surely was a wonderful help to me in my confinements. He was present at every birth except Charity and Melvin. He was always very much concerned about me. He hardly left my bed for several days and often felt worse than I did the following day. He would lie down beside me and watch me very attentively. Often I felt nervous and feverish, but so long as he was near me I felt that I would be all right. With his hand on my head, many sleepless hours were calmed to peaceful rest. I had much faith in his administrations which always brought relief. When any of the children were sick I always trusted in him and they were blessed through our faith and prayers."

"As a rule, we were blessed with good health. Our children came quite regularly, about every two years. I had no sickness, only as the babies came. No doctor ever attended me in the birth of our eleven children. We paid only \$3.00 to the midwives for our first five children, which was the regular price at that time. Aunt Mary Bunker and Hattie Earl were the two earlier ones. Later Aunt Mary Elizabeth Leavitt and Aunt Lena Leavitt took care of me for \$5.00, and the last two were \$15.00 as the prices had raised by that time. These women were very faithful in their labors and were all so kind and good to us young mothers that we owe them a debt of gratitude, which we will never be able to repay. Can you imagine a woman assisting in the birth of children and going ten days to care for us? They spend most of the forenoon with us, washed and dressed the baby, helped us wash, combed our hair, changed our clothes and beds, and made us comfortable and livable. Imagine doing all this for \$3.00 or \$5.00 or even \$15.00. Surely we were blessed with kind friends. They were interested in our welfare and helped us every way possible."²⁵

Henry was a very good provider, and did several different things during his life to help the family economy. One little business that he carried on through the years was to peddle fruits, eggs, chickens, etc., going between Las Vegas, Delamar, Caliente, and points inbetween. On one of these trips in the summer of 1901, he took along Mary and their two little daughters, Juanita and Charity. Mary reminisces:

"It was a real vacation for us. The children enjoyed it as much as I did. We went by way of Delamar, and on thru Panaca, Caliente, and up to Milford, the railroad station, and brot back a load of freight. We had previously ordered an organ and we brot it home with us on this trip. While there Orange Leavitt (Uncle Cull, as we called him) got off the train (he had been on a mission) and was so happy to find us there. He came as far as Gunlock with us, where he met his wives, Lena and Mary Ellen, who had gone there to meet him."²⁶

It was a real test of faith and endurance when Henry received a call to fulfill a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to the Southern States. He was to leave on January 6, 1903. However, prior to his departure, he was to attend a missionary course which was to be held at the Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah. In September, 1902, therefore, Henry and Mary took the baby, Aura, and leaving Juanita and Charity at Leavittville with Theresa,

²⁵Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.

²⁶Ibid.

drove to St. George where Stake Conference was being held. They traveled in their wagon, but Henry had arranged to leave his wife and baby there to attend conference and be driven home in the wagon by Parley Hunt, while he went on to Provo with Bishop Edward Bunker. It was while at this conference that Mary experienced a faith-promoting experience which she later described:

*"While at Conference, the baby fussed so that I took her outside. There was an empty baby buggy under the trees, so, as I was tired of carrying her, I put her in the carriage and soon had her asleep. I put my purse under the pillow. When the meeting was out I picked up the baby but left my purse. I soon missed it, but, of course the owner of the buggy had gone home. I worried about it, also prayed that I should find it because I had \$5.00 in it. I asked the one in charge to make an announcement about it in the afternoon meeting. In the meantime I went to the Patriarch to get a blessing, Brother Daniel McArthur. I felt very humble and certainly received a grand blessing. The next day, Sunday, I went to meeting again. My purse had been brought back and was returned to me. I felt very thankful, as the \$5.00 was still in it, which was not my own; it belonged to the Relief Society as I was Treasurer at that time."*²⁷

After the missionary preparation course was over, Henry returned home to spend the Christmas holidays with his family. On January 6, 1903, he left for his mission. A little over two months later, on March 28, Melvin was born. A son was a welcome addition to the family, and the little girls were so thrilled - especially Juanita. It was at the time of his birth that she came to the bedside of her mother one day, and filled with love and enthusiasm for the new little brother, she said, "Oh Ma, isn't he sweet! Let's surprise Pa with another one!" It was hard for 6-year-old Juanita to understand why her mother laughed until she cried.

The little family was very brave while their daddy was gone for two years. At first the little girls cried for their daddy, and it was hard for them to understand why daddy didn't come home when they missed him so much. Singing and playing the guitar every evening seemed to be a solace to the little family, and the little ones came to expect it each night. Mary had to be resourceful and industrious to provide for a little family while her husband was gone. Henry had had to sell all his farm equipment--wagons, horses, cattle, everything except a milk cow, some chickens and a pig, in order to finance the mission. Mary rented one of their two rooms to the school for \$5.00 a month. One month she would keep the rent and the next month she would send it to him. She recalls:

*"People were all very nice to me and helped me in many ways. Stephen Bunker was very good. He ploughed my lot each spring and prepared it for gardening. Uncle Weir (Henry's brother) often rode up on his horse and threw a dollar or 50 cents into the dooryard. I remember of selling a yearling and a two-year old steer for \$15.00, which I sent to Pa. So you see how cheap cattle were at that time."*²⁸

Juanita remembers that people sent the liver when they killed a pig--and once in a while a mess of spareribs, and that they always had plenty of milk, which meant butter and cottage cheese also; and that there was always a garden..

²⁷Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.

²⁸Ibid.

On the first anniversary of Henry's departure, Mary sat down with a pen and paper and put some of her feelings into this poem:

(Bunkerville, Nevada, January 6, 1904)

Just one year ago today
My love went far away
From his blessed home and loved ones
For two years or more to stay.
Though the parting was a trial
And our silent tears were shed
Yet we felt that God would bless us
If on him we would depend.

And his calling, do you hear me?
Is of God and not of men
To proclaim the blessed gospel
As restored to Earth again.
Thus, he, commissioned from on high
Goes forth and does repentance cry
And all who heed the warning given
Will find the 'only' road to Heaven.

If those on whom his calls are made
Could but understand his case
That on them he is dependent
For his sustenance and rest,
Could they but hear the prayers of loved ones
Far away o'er hills and dales
They would never turn in anger
From his kind and loving face.

Could they but see some evening scene
Far away in 'Home Sweet Home'
As his wife, and four sweet children
Call upon the Gracious Throne
For God's kind protection o'er him
And his tender love to stay
On each household that he enters
And never turn our dear away.

And the little six-year-old
Kneels with head on Mamma's knee
And asks the Lord to bless her papa
And keep him from all danger free,
While the little four-year tot
Follows after Mamma's words
And often when upon arising
Bursts out in heavy sobs and tears

And says, "Oh, mamma, don't you think
Papa's every coming home?
He is staying such a long while
And I want him now to come!"
So Ma has to coax and pet her
Hiding back her own quick tears
For she must ever be cheerful
When the little hearts are drear.

And if she would happy be
She must drive all gloom away
And turn her thoughts to that bright
future

When his pathway homeward lays.
Then our joys no tongue can tell
When we meet him face to face
And again we are permitted
To enjoy his fond embrace.

Now if all with whom he meets
Could but see his glorious plan
Which the Savior has laid out
For the saving of mankind,
That the message which he brings
Is 'Peace on Earth, good will to men,'
Then all would listen while I pray
Oh, Never turn my dear away!

(Re-copied from original by Juanita
Leavitt Pulsipher, November 11, 1919)

Henry later wrote some of the incidents and faith-promoting experiences of his mission:

"My education was very limited and I felt my inability to go on a mission. It took some faith and courage to leave my little girls and wife, who was soon to give birth to another child, but I trusted them in the care of the Lord, and three months later the news came to me of the birth of our first son, Melvin, who was born March 28, 1903. I felt very much relieved and thankful. I had a testimony of the gospel but not in its fullness as I received it later while laboring as a missionary. A part of my patriarchal blessing reads: 'Angels shall go before thee and prepare the way and many shall see thee in dreams and make you welcome to their home and comforts. You shall have the discerning of spirits and you shall read the hearts and designs of those around you as you would an open book in thine hands.'"

"All of this has been fulfilled. One instance called to mind is as follows: My companion and I were walking along the road on the Boston Mountains when a man opened his gate, stepped out, and said, 'Come in, gentlemen.' He didn't give us time to tell him who we were, but told us he had been looking for us, having seen us in a dream."

"At another time, out in the woods, we met a man ploughing. He told us to go into the house, that he would be in soon. When he came he said to his wife: 'These are the two men I saw in my dream last night.' In many instances the spirit of the Lord was upon me so strong that while speaking in the pulpit I felt so light and free that I hardly felt my feet touching the floor and was able to explain the gospel to my own astonishment. Things were revealed to my mind as fast as I would repeat them. So I know that without divine help I couldn't have done these things."

"All through my life I have had many manifestations of the power of the Lord. I was very often called out in the midnight hours to administer to the sick. Often a knock at the door would awaken me and someone saying: 'Uncle Hen, will you please come and administer to our baby?' or 'Mother wants you to come quick, she is sick!' The Lord has honored my administrations in healing them."

"In our family we relied upon the Lord through all our troubles. We have had eleven children and no doctor ever attended to my wife. We trusted in our midwives and the Lord in the birth of our children. The women who cared for us were: Aunt Mary Bunker, Harriet Earl, Mary Elizabeth Leavitt, and Aunt Lena Leavitt. They were set apart to do this work by the Priesthood and more faithful women could not be found. They always called in men holding the priesthood to assist them."

"In returning to my story about my mission, I will say that I greatly enjoyed it. I traveled entirely without purse or script, never went hungry or lacked for a place to sleep, but often patched my own clothes and washed them to save on money. I returned home well and happy on March 5, 1905."²⁹

²⁹Dudley Henry Leavitt, op. cit.



Above:
Dudley Henry Leavitt, with missionary
acquaintances, standing on
left side, back row.

Right:
The little family, while Henry was on
mission. Clock-wise, starting with
Mary H. Leavitt, then Charity, Melvin
(on mother's lap), Juanita, and Aura.



After Henry was released from his mission on February 23, 1905, he "surprised" his family and friends by arriving at home earlier than expected. Charity remembers that on March 5, while a group of children were playing in the dirt lane, a wagon approached. Without waiting for the wagon to stop, a tall handsome man jumped down, scooped up her little 2-year old brother in his arms, and joyfully exclaimed, "My son! This is my son!" Then the little girls clustered around him, getting and giving hugs, and hanging on to him as he hobbled on toward the house. Mary, who had been washing, came out the door, drying her hands on her apron as she flew into his arms. Somehow she couldn't help alternating the laughter and tears: she had not been prepared for his early arrival, and like most women had wanted to be at her very best, with food and home prepared. But how happy they were, to be reunited as a family once more!

Having sold all his farm equipment before the mission, Henry had to face the task of "starting fresh". He was certainly blessed with opportunities, which he attributed to his willingness to have gone on the mission. In his life story he writes:

"Soon after returning home, I got a job hauling freight to the Bull Frog Mine, 100 miles west of Las Vegas, and in three months I had money enough to replace all the farm machinery I sold to get money for my mission, and in addition purchased two new wagons and a harness. It took 14 days to make one trip."

"In 1906 I took the contract for carrying the mail from Moapa to St. George and kept it for nine years at \$2300.00 per year. Passengers and other freight brought me as much money as the yearly salary. About this time a severe flood caused a washout in the Meadow Valley Wash and over-turned the train. All the passengers and traffic was turned over to my mail route. People from here went out and brought wagon loads of dry goods, whole bolts of cloth, shirts, overalls, and many things were picked up out of the mud and wreckage and brought here and used. I was often loaded down with goods that I brought home to use and gave to other people that needed it. I did fairly well carrying mail. I used some money in buying calves and got a start in cattle in this way."³⁰

This was a busy time for all the family. Mary's time was pretty well taken up in caring for the children, making lunches for Henry's traveling, taking care of people coming to bring their eggs, butter, chickens and what not that they wanted Henry to deliver somewhere, taking orders from other people who wanted something brought from somewhere. Sometimes she felt that everything was happening at once--usually about breakfast time when she was trying to feed the family and get Henry off at the same time.

Both Henry and Mary were very kind and attentive to their parents, (although Mary's father remained in Santa Clara for the remainder of his life, and so she didn't have the opportunity to see him very often). Henry tells somewhat of the concern he showed for his father and mother:

"In the spring of 1906 I bought a house and lot from Sam Reber for \$300.00 for my father and mother. I paid half and they paid the rest. They were living at Leavittville, two and one half miles below Littlefield,

³⁰Dudley Henry Leavitt, op. cit.

Arizona. I took my team and wagon and went up to move them down. Father had a team and wagon also which we loaded with their belongings. It was in high water time and the water ran into the wagon box at many of the crossings--12 in all. My home was only one-half block away from theirs and I enjoyed having them so near where I could look after them. My father only lived two years after this. He died October 15, 1908. My mother lived there eighteen years longer, as she died August 27, 1927. The latter part of her life she stayed with my sister, Mary Ellen, as it wasn't safe to leave her alone, but she went back and forth to her home every day to care for her chickens. She always took pride in having a nice flock of hens. When she got too feeble to walk up and back, her health failed very rapidly and she died in a few months."³¹

In 1913, after about 12 years of living in the two-room house, and after accumulating 9 living children, Henry and Mary decided that they must look for larger living accommodations. So, on September 23 of that year, they traded homes with Orange Leavitt and his wife Aunt Lena (Henry's oldest sister) lived, and paid \$175.00 difference. This was truly a big home, with four rooms downstairs and four unfinished rooms upstairs. Through the next several years they completed the upstairs, often through the generous help of their children. For example, Charity at one time donated \$250.00 to have plastering and clothes closets put into the upstairs rooms.

Mary's love for music had enough influence to help the family decide in 1914 to purchase a piano. She was so thrilled, as she had been wanting one for such a long time. They purchased it from the Clayton Music Company. They let Uncle List (Henry's brother) have the organ. Mary wrote some of her feelings about the piano:

*"Some of our neighbors that we were very foolish, buying a piano when our children were barefooted and perhaps needed better clothes, but music in the home was one all-important thing to me. I knew it would be the means of improving home life; something for our children to do, and to help entertain their friends. We bought the piano on 9 December 1914. I think the love of music in our home was a great help in preserving harmony and peace. I certainly enjoyed hearing the children play their instruments. Nobody knows the many hours I enjoyed hearing the girls play the piano. Often after I had gone to bed I listened for hours at the beautiful music and singing that was going on in the other room. Our home was a place of many gatherings of the young people. They came because they loved the wholesome influence here. Our girls were sociable and invited their friends. Later when Melvin and Laurel were in high school and each had a violin, how heavenly it would seem to hear them play together with the piano accompanying. Then when Francis and Dudley both had their trumpets, played their duets with the piano, how I enjoyed it. I do not know whether heaven will be much happier than those evenings were."*³²

³¹Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.

³²Ibid.

It was in the "big house" that the last child was born--a daughter; she arrived on 17 September 1915. Melvin, the eldest son, remembers this event:

"Late one afternoon Ma called me in and said, 'As you know, Pa isn't due back from St. George until tomorrow, but I haven't been feeling very well all day and the baby may come tonight. Better get your chores done early--you may have to go to Beaver Dams to meet him. He is expecting to camp there tonight. You could bring the team down tomorrow and he could ride your horse home tonight.' So, when I finished the chores, I picked out the best horse, put a saddle on him, and tied him in by the haystack, as Pa always did when he expected to give a horse some hard use. It was so dark that night you could hardly see your hand before you. I layed down with my clothes on, hoping that nothing would happen, as I couldn't see how even a horse could stay on the road around those dugways at Big Bend, especially on a flying trip. How I dreaded it. When I woke up, the sun was shining in the window and the light of day never looked so good before or since. The daylight made me feel so brave and anxious to help, and I thought 'What a coward I was last night.' I rushed downstairs and found Ma getting breakfast, singing a song. The baby came in it's own due time and a few days later Pa held her in his arms and gave her a name and a blessing before Ma was out of bed. She lay there snuffling, as he gave her that name he had always preferred but to which she would never consent--'Mary'--saying, 'This may be the last.'"³³

In our age of convenient appliances and luxury living, it might be both beneficial and interesting for us to know of some of the processes that Mary went through in order to run a household. She writes:

"I thot I'd write about some of the things I did in my early days of married life. I made all my own clothes; even made our garments out of unbleached muslin, then put them out on the grass to bleach out even more. I made my childrens' clothes. The little boys' overalls were made out of Dad's old ones. I made them to button on the shoulder when they were small, and bound them around with red or yellow or blue tape, and they looked real nice. We always had a good garden, as long as I can remember; always had plenty of milk and butter, meat and often made our own cheese. When we killed a pig we would put it in a barrel of salty brine for about ten days, then cut a slash into each piece and put a twine string thru it to hang it up. We often smoked it by putting it into the chimney, and later we made smoke boxes to hang it in. I remember using the crate that our piano came in, as a smoke box. In the winter Pa often killed a beef and hung a hind quarter on the north side of the house with a sheet wrapped around it. It froze stiff and it was often very hard to cut off a slice for breakfast. We also bought a canner from Mrs. Chauncy Mcfarlene, and we canned a lot of beef, pork, and fruit. I also cooked the bones and put beans in the broth and canned dozens of cans. Then again, we often put our fruit in 5-gallon cans. I remember we'd pick seedless grapes by the tubs full and spend the day getting them into 5-gallon cans, also tomatoes and peaches. We would get them ready, then have to send for Brother James G. Abbott to come and seal them with his soldering iron. After

³³Personal remembrances of Melvin Leavitt.

a while, Pa got so he did it. He bought an iron and solder, and also acid, which they had to use. We had to do things then that would seem foolish now, but we always had plenty to eat. Our table was a long one, and generally filled with 8 or 10 or 12 seated around. I enjoyed those days and was happy to cook and wash dishes for the family. Our big washings took all day. We would wash them in a first and second suds, then boil them, then rinse--often in two tubs. We cleansed the water with cottonwood ashes (we boiled the ashes, then put them in a barrel of water). As the water was often muddy, we'd fill the tubs and put a cup of milk into the water which helped settle the mud." ³⁴

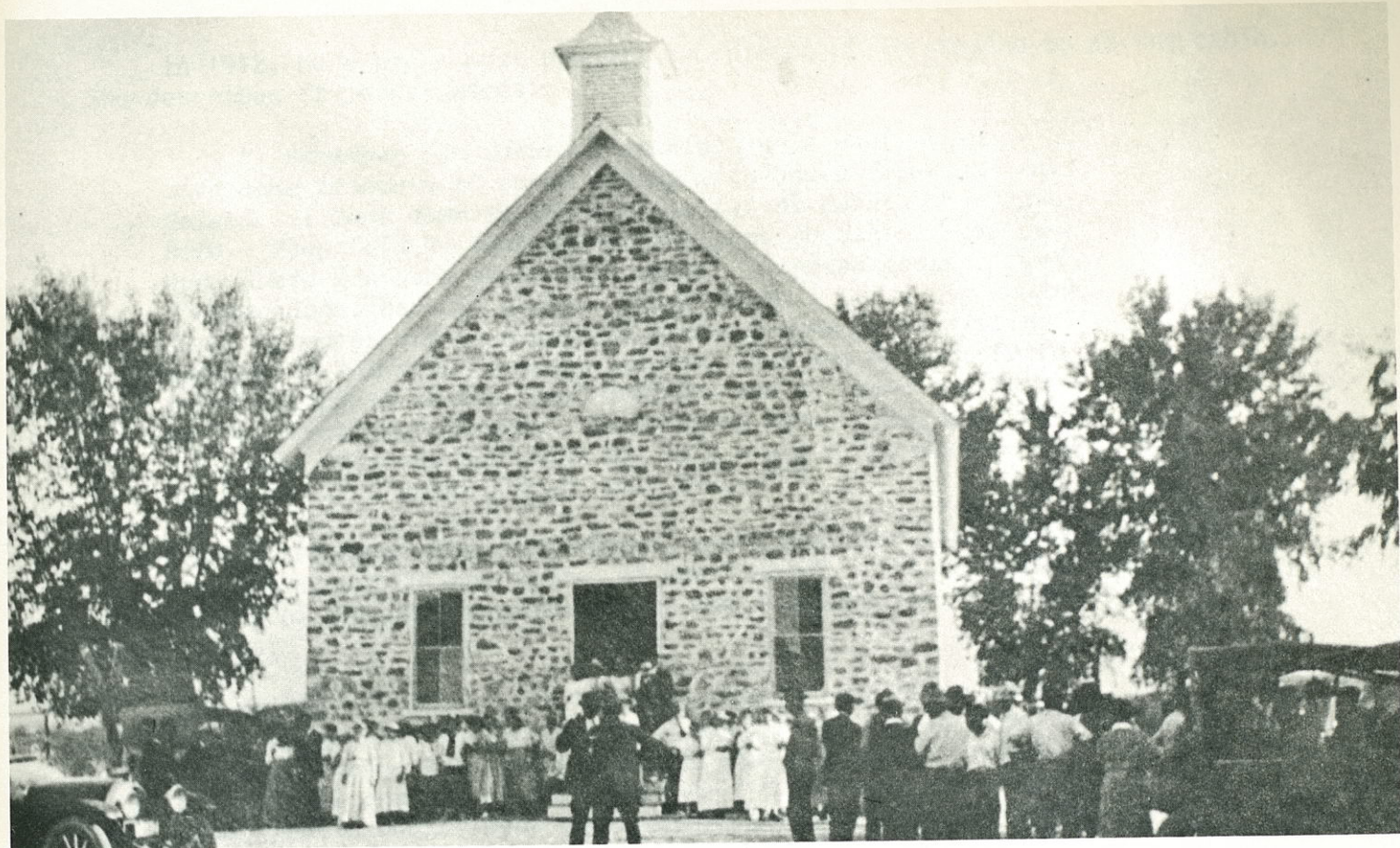
Another event which was to have great influence upon the childhood and growing-up memories of the children was:

"About the year 1908 we filed on the water at Cabin Springs, with Uncle Frank (who married Selena, Mary's sister). He had it in his name, but we helped pay for it. We planted 300 trees one year and 150 another time--peaches, apples and pears. For many years we spent our summers there. I enjoyed the trips up and back with the children and certainly enjoyed the fruit. No peaches ever tasted better. We often brought down wagon loads of them to sell or give away. We also had plenty of garden stuff there--tomatoes, melons, etc., and kept a cow and had milk and butter. As Pa had a farm here (in Bunkerville), he often came back and left me to look after things there with some of the younger children. But I did not mind as Uncle Frank and Aunt Selena lived near by for many summers. Later we bought Uncle Frank's share for \$300.00 and paid for it with a threshing machine. For many years we had a hard struggle to keep the trees alive on account of the drought. We built a small reservoir to store water. It would fill up during the night. The children would go up in the morning to let the water down. I could hear their yells as they plunged into the water to get out the cork. Of course it was cold and they had to strip off their clothing to get in. I worked hard to keep things growing, planted, hoed, watered, etc. One day I pulled at a weed and hurt my back. I dropped as if I were shot and could not get up. The children ran for Pa and he got me on his back some way and carried me to the tent. Next day he brought me home and I was in bed several days. Ernest Pulsipher happened to be up there that day; he came to see Juanita."

"At another time I was there with some of the smaller children. I got up early as I often did to tend the water while the baby was asleep. I ran down the hill to the lower place, about a mile, I think. I also hurried back for fear the baby was awake. I was about exhausted--at least I had a hard chill and ague of the breast in a short time. I went to bed and was sick with a fever all day and night. During the night I fussed so much that the dog got worried and came home (to Bunkerville) ten miles. Pa was sleeping outside, and the dog came up and licked his face. When he saw the dog was there, he got on his horse and was up to the cabin before sunrise. He knew something was wrong and that the good old dog came for help, (we called the dog "Old Grizz") as he was a very good dog and watched the children as a person would." ³⁵

³⁴Personal remembrances of Mary H. Leavitt.

³⁵Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt. For additional stories about "Old Grizz", see: Juanita Brooks, Frontier Tales (Western Text Society, Special Publication, Logan, Utah, 1972), p. 43.



Top: The old rock Church, Bunkerville, Nevada.

Above, right: Thirza R. Leavitt (Henry's mother), Henry Leavitt, Dudley Leavitt, Mary Ann S. Hafen (Mary's mother). Bunkerville, Nevada, approximately 1917.

Left: Mary and Dudley Henry Leavitt, "late" wedding photo, taken after his mission, approximately 1905. Note mustache, which he soon removed, much to Mary's relief.

In 1912, Mary had a most unusual experience while staying up at the cabin. She describes it in her words:

"I remember one Saturday evening Uncle Herbert Waite and wife came to cabin to spend Sunday with Uncle Frank and Aunt Selena. I went down to their place to ask about things at home. They told me that mother had gone to Santa Clara as Aunt Rosie was very sick. Of course I worried about it and dreamed about her all night. In my dream I saw a big square piece of paper with a beautiful white flower on it gliding upwards in the air. A voice told me that was my Aunt Rosie's spirit going to heaven, and that she was as sweet and pure as that beautiful flower. On arriving home a few days later, I learned that she had died the very night of my dream--June 2, 1912. I'll never forget that dream!"³⁶

When asked about their childhood, every child of the family will sooner or later get around to the stories of the "cabin". The following examples are typical of the children's memories and fondness for this time of their lives:

EVA writes: *"Some of the happiest days of our lives were spent up at the mountain cabin. Some of the family were there all the time during the summers, and it was a paradise indeed, with a beautiful orchard of such peaches I have never seen equaled, and other fruits and berries and a large garden to hoe and to give us vegetables of all kinds."*

"I remember when I was quite small, the folks would leave very early in the morning to miss the heat. They would put us smaller kids in a bed made in the back of the wagon while we were asleep, and the grinding wagon wheels and the noisy plodding of the horses would eventually wake me up. When I realized where we were going, I would hug myself with joy. We would dress in the wagon and be ready to help throw rocks out of the road up in the canyon and pick the wild spring flowers we would gather on the way up. Sometimes we would leave Bunkerville in the cool of the evening and camp at the point of the mountain, cooking our supper over a campfire."

"We always walked the last part of the trip, as it was steep for the tired horses. We could beat them to the cabin, passing the old rock wall where Uncle Frank and Aunt Selena had lived a number of years, and where yellow roses still bloomed. Our house had a solid board floor and was screened on both sides, with canvas we could roll up or down for circulation and protection from storms."

"I particularly remember one summer storm that was sudden and violent. We were all up in the garden when the black clouds rolled right down over the mountains and along the ground like a great flood. Dad yelled for us to get to the house and we ran like deer. Before we could make it, the clouds were all around us and the claps of thunder nearly split our ears. It was a terrific storm. Dad stripped our steel cot and rolled it down the hill away from the house, saying steel attracted electricity, which is true. The rain poured, but we felt safe because Dad was there with us. He had that quality about him: calm, optimistic and usually always cheerful and happy."

³⁶Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.

"Another time, Daisy and I were swimming up at the dam, shouting, laughing and having the time of our lives. When we climbed out and got dressed we started down the canyon. There sat Dad on a big rock with his shotgun across his knees. Daisy and I were surprised. She asked what he was doing there. Suddenly she started crying and threw herself in his arms. I was younger and did not comprehend what it was all about. There had been a strange man or two hanging around the canyon down below our place and Dad was there for our protection."³⁷

LAUREL writes: "I remember the many trips we took to cabin; of sleeping on a shed made of posts and poles to get up and away from the rattlesnakes; of the fine orchard we had there; of all kinds of berries and vegetables; of the rabbits, squirrels and quail I used to shoot with our old 12 guage shot gun, which Ma would put in a big stew."³⁸

DAISY recalls: "Pa was the best shot in the world. One day I was riding to the cabin with him all alone. Ma and the other kids were already there. He saw a rabbit at the top of a tall hill as we were riding along. He quickly stopped the team, put on the brake and tied the reins to it and shot the rabbit as he sat there. The horses jumped as he shot, but he spoke to them and they quieted right down. The rabbit rolled down the hill and I ran to pick it up for him. This same thing was repeated several times, and by the time we got there he had meat for the evening meal."³⁹

MARY (the daughter) confides: "Dad had a reservoir across the narrow part of the creek, high above the farm, and every day or so, early in the morning, one of us had to go up and dive down inside the chilly water and pull out the cork. Now, many people came to the mountains in the summertime, since it was the closest place around with a cool mountain spring running all summer and where the air was cool. Well, one morning I ran up to the reservoir very early and undressed, standing naked on the cement dam ready to dive down for the cork. Suddenly I heard a laugh and looked up to see Alf Hardy and his new bride, Fawn Lowe, resting in the shade of a rock above the pool, on a quilt. They were there spending their honeymoon. I was so embarrassed! I grabbed my clothes and ran, naked, down the path, not stoping to dress until I was away out of sight. I avoided Alf for years and years, afraid he would remember and tease me."⁴⁰

With so many beautiful girls and handsome sons, it was inevitable that sooner or later there would be suitors calling and young ladies paying a little more than the normal amount of attention. Juanita, being the eldest, was the first to be bitten by the "bug". She and her beau were married on 10 October 1918 in the St. George Temple. Almost immediately after their marriage it became apparent that Ernest Pulsipher, her husband, was very ill, and their brief life together was terminated with his tragic death on 8 January 1921, just 15 months after their marriage. He left her with a son, Leonard Ernest, born 28 September 1920. Ernie, as he was called, was to spend many of his growing up years with his grandfather and grandmother Leavitt. In his own words he

37, 38, 39, 40 Personal remembrances of the children noted.

describes the closeness that he developed to them:

"Grandpa (Uncle Hen) and Grandma were 'Pa' and 'Ma' to me, just as they were to their own children. And my uncles and aunts were more like brothers and sisters. For distinction I had a 'mother' (my real mother) and 'Ma' (Grandma) and they were two distinctly different people. In fact, one of Grandma's favorite stories about my youth is of the time when my mother was back in New York getting her Masters Degree and a letter came to me from her. I came running home from the Post Office yelling, 'Look Ma, I got a letter from Mother!' She laughed, and cried a little at the same time."

*"Ma used to come into the bedroom after I had gone to bed to see that I said my prayers and to tuck me in. This was from the time I was a small boy to after I had reached my teens. How much better the bed felt after this little ritual! Also, when Pa had sent me to bed without any supper for punishment (or when I was on a 'pout' and had gone to bed without eating), after she had cleared off the table, and I think after Pa had gone to bed, she would bring me a little food so I wouldn't have to go to sleep hungry."*⁴¹

Amazing as it may seem, there were very few times in the raising of ten children that a doctor was consulted. Mary recorded in her diary of "some incidents of Dr's aid":

*"At one time Melvin stepped on a rusty nail and in about 8 days he had lock-jaw. Dr. Beal happened to be in town, so we sent for him. He gave us some medicine for him which helped him. At another time he had inflammatory rhumatism for several weeks. He was very sick; couldn't move his feet and would scream when we touched him. We sent for Dr. Woodbury and his medicine helped him. Then Aura's operation for gall stones and appendicitis, and Dudley's eye trouble were other cases of a Dr.'s help. I don't remember of any other times that a Dr. was called in for help."*⁴²

Some of these medical difficulties were explained by Henry in his life story:

"The year 1920 was the most trying one of our lives: Juanita's husband, Ernest Pulsipher, was suffering with a cancer which was the cause of his death after they were married only 15 months. Aura had sickness; and Dudley had a siege of sore eyes which kept him in darkness for six weeks. We felt very humble and prayed as we never did before. We took Dudley to the doctor and remained at St. George for two weeks without getting much relief, then came home and did all we could for him, but his eyes were so swollen and painful that we took him back again. Dr. Woodbury treated him and for two more weeks we stayed there with him, but he grew worse instead of better. The doctor told us that it was affecting his brain and that he might pass away within a week. He gave us some tablets to give

⁴¹Personal writings of Ernest Pulsipher.

⁴²Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt, May 20, 1941.

him in case he got too bad. He had some nervous spells, said he was falling in a deep hole or some frightful animal was coming after him. I felt impressed to take him home and call in the Priesthood to administer to him. We held a prayer circle with twelve men of the town and in three days his sight was returned to him. If ever there was a happy family, we were the one. We knew the Lord was able to restore his sight if we trusted in Him. We promised Him we would be willing to lend him to His service if He would spare his life. We shall never forget the time when he first regained his sight. The family was in the front room, which had been darkened for several days. Dudley was in his mother's arms in the rocking chair. He was eight years old at this time. Suddenly he said: 'Mother, is this the same linoleum we had on the floor before I was sick?' She said, 'Oh! Can you see it?' He said, 'Yes, sure I can.' We all said, 'Thank the Lord; he can see!' But we found later that only one eye was spared. The other one has been totally blind ever since, but we were so thankful for the restoration of his sight and that he would be able to care for himself without someone constantly leading him around."⁴³

It must be said here that both Henry and Mary were very humble and prayerful people, and that they had faith that the Heavenly Father would answer their prayers in behalf of their children. Mary confides:

"As with all families, we had our turn with measles, whooping cough and other diseases, but none were so serious but that thru the blessings of the Lord they were restored to health. I always had implicit faith in Pa's blessings, and I think every child we have can say that thru administration they have been healed at some time or another, and we thank our Heavenly Father for his blessings in helping us to rear them, and trust our example has been a worthy one!"

"I have had many comforting dreams. The Lord has shown me that I have a good family and that they will be an honor to us. I often worried about the older girls, as they were away from home so much working in the summers to get money to go to school in the winters. They were innocent and pure, but I wondered how they could mix with others without getting trapped in sin. Our prayers were constantly that the Lord would be mindful of them and protect them from evil. One night I dreamed that I opened the door to my home. It was the most beautiful place I had ever seen. The floors shone like glass. The furniture was beautiful. Potted plants were here and there about the room. I went to each in turn, admired its beauty; the last one I looked at was a beautiful rosebud on a long slender stem. I reached out my hand and held it admiringly, waking up as I said, 'They're all doing just fine!' I knew this was our family."

"At another time I dreamed we had a nice patch of cotton. I looked down over it. The plants were all uniform in size and full of bloom. There was a tall hedge all around it and it was a beautiful sight. A personage stood beside me. I said to him, 'I'm afraid we planted it too late, the frost might kill it.' The personage, pointing, said, 'See! This good hedge you have around

⁴³Dudley Henry Leavitt, op. cit.

*it. The frost can't harm it. You'll have a wonderful crop!' I awoke and felt very happy about it. The Lord has sent some of his choicest spirits to our home."*⁴⁴

Eva relates a story which is most unusual:

"One day Pa called me in--after we had moved into our home here in St. George. He said to leave my work and sit down as he wanted to tell me a story. I will try to relate it as he told it to me: 'I was on the mountain looking for cattle. Suddenly my horse leaped or jumped to the side, frightened by a rattler or something, and threw me off. My foot was caught in the rope on my saddle horn and the frightened horse ran through the brush and rocks on the hillside and I knew that I was being dragged to death. As I was beginning to lose consciousness, I suddenly was freed from the horse and as I lay there I heard a voice say, 'Your time has not come--your children are too scattered.' (Juanita was in New York at that time and others teaching in different places). The lasso rope was still on my foot and had been cut clean as if with a very sharp knife--not a frayed edge on it. I later walked over the whole area looking for something sharp and there was nothing. I know I was saved by divine intervention. I kept the two pieces of rope for a long time, but did not tell other men or cowboys about it for fear of their scoffing or unbelieving."

*"Dad was badly hurt and laid up for some time, but recovered, and bore witness as to what happened."*⁴⁵

Henry (or "Uncle Hen"⁴⁶, as he was called) was very often called out to go administer to someone, or to assist in the time of birth. It was a common sight to see him on his way to visit the sick--always taking his consecrated oil and a little wine. One young mother-to-be, Irma Leavitt, told the following episode:

"Before my first son, Bert, was born, Aunt Ellen Hafen was having a baby born, and was having such a hard time they had to take the baby. I noticed that Uncle Hen was around close by her for a day or two. Then I noticed that when mothers had their babies, he was close by. So I said, 'Mother, what is Uncle Hen

⁴⁴Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.

⁴⁵Personal remembrances of Eva Leavitt Miles.

⁴⁶Not only was Henry known as Uncle Hen, but his wife was also identified as Aunt Mary Hen. This was a common practice in Bunkerville at the time--to identify the wife of a man by tacking his first name or nickname behind her given name. In fact, Henry's and Mary's youngest child, Mary relates a humorous incident: *"When Dudley was old enough to go to school I 'bawled' to go too. I whined and coaxed and begged, so one day mom gave in. School was held in the old rock church house up by the ditch. I got ready and went with Dudley to school to his class. When I got there, the teacher asked me what my name was. I promptly replied, 'Mary Hen' and all the children laughed. I was so embarrassed I just bawled and went home. I guess I had heard the name so much I thought it was my real name."*

around for when a woman is having a baby?' Mother replied, 'Well, I guess because they ask him.' I immediately made a firm resolution: 'Well! I don't want him around when I have mine!' But when the time came and things weren't going just right and I was feeling tough, I said, 'Go get Uncle Hen.' I knew he had enough experience that he knew what to do. I was so happy to have him."⁴⁷

During these years the Leavitt house was the gathering place for the young people of the town. Especially was the house abustle during the Holidays...nearly every night for two or three weeks there gatherings around the piano, or with Mary accompanying them on the guitar; or a candy pull, or a party of some description. Then on Christmas eve everyone piled onto the wagon, along with a piano or organ, and away they went to serenade the night away, gathering at someones home to cook breakfast together.

There are so many brief snatches that the children remember from these years that we are going to take a nostalgia trip for a few minutes and glimpse into the past with them:

I REMEMBER....

"...Dad would look forward to the Indians coming each fall so he could trade molasses, flour, grain, etc., and some cash for pinenuts. He would always get 200-300 pounds. Indians picked the nuts in the cones, then built fires and roasted the nuts in the cones, after which they cleaned out the nuts. They would leave behind huge piles of cones when they would break camp." (Mary)

"....Dad and mother were generous and thoughtful of others. It seemed I was carrying pails of milk up to Grandma Leavitt and Grandma Hafen from the time I was very small. Every time Dad killed an animal, we children were expected to run to the neighbors with a piece of meat--especially Aunt Mary Ellen and Aunt Lena. Dad always shared with them." (Eva)

"....Mother used to sew with an old treddle machine, partly in the sun in a little screen porch on the south of our little home in Bunkerville." (Laurel)

"....It seems I always awoke every morning to hear mother singing. What a way to greet the day! She also had never-ending patience. She began to call us about 6:30 to get us up for school at 8:00. We slept upstairs, and she'd come to the foot of the stairs and call several times before we'd get up and dressed and downstairs to do the chores." (Francis)

"....Pa was a very strict disciplinarian, but also very loving and kind. He expected and got obedience. I remember getting only one spanking from him in my life. He also required respect for our mother from all the children. Pa was my ideal. I thought he was the strongest, handsomest, kindest man in the world. Once when I was quite young I was feeling pretty smart and challenged him to a race to the corral, which was just across the street. He beat me so quickly I hardly had time to get started!" (Daisy)

⁴⁷Information obtained from Irma Leavitt (Mrs. Vincent), in personal interview conducted by Mary Lynn Frehner Leavitt, June 1977.

I REMEMBER.... (Continued)

"....Ma always wanted things to be nice, not just cobbled-up; and her home to be nice. I remember how we peddled cloverine salve at 15¢ a can to get the premium of ten mounted pictures. We ended up with most of the salve on our hands, but we gave free cans to the grandparents and some of the other relatives, until after a long time the salve was all gone. But we paid for the lot and got the pictures. How proud we were! How we experimented to find the best place for each one, putting them up and taking them down to find a better place." (Juanita)

"....And then the problem of dishes. The store carried only tin-ware, so Ma got a catalogue and took orders, starting up at Uncle Nephi Hunt's and calling at every home. The women looked at the pictures, and ordered items that appealed to them, knowing that they might not want them or be able to pay for them when the order arrived. For a twenty dollar order you would get a basic set, with extra pieces if you had a larger order. By the time Ma got her premium and paid for all the extra we were well supplied. What excitement when the big barrel of dishes came in on the mail! The neighbor kids swarmed around until Ma had to send them all away." (Juanita)

"....Of running home to the security of Ma's arms at the time of the eclipse, and also at the time of the earthquake. What a comfortable feeling to be by her." (Charity)

"....When Dudley was born. I was sent outside, but couldn't make myself go to Aunt Rell's where I was sent, but stayed in the grape patch behind the house. I'll never forget the fear that gripped my heart as I heard Ma's agony. It was July, and the doors and windows were open. What a blessed relief it was when Dudley cried and Ma was calm." (Charity)

"....When we would beg Ma to sing "Babes in the Woods" with her guitar, and we would all end up crying because it was so sad." (Eva)

"....The hole I had in the back yard where I raised rabbits and watched them from the time they came out until I had trouble with them getting out and running all over the neighborhood. My experiments with guinea pigs, bantam hens, etc. How about the washdays and stoking the fire with limbs cut from cottonwoods down in the field; Pa and his 'boiled' white shirts that he hated; Aura with those steamy boys around under foot; Mary crying like mad whenever we used the old blue churn to make butter; Laurel singing the "Hallelujah Chorus" while he separated the milk; Charity with a stock of sorghum cane twisted in her mouth, and all the girls with their head in a book." (Francis)

"....The cellar that went down from the dining room under the 'big house'. Half was a grain bin; the other half was made into shelves for fruit and hams and etc. The stairs were dark; the cellar dusky, dark. Francis and Dudley (surely not?) would unscrew a few lids on the grape juice jars, and then being forgetful to check periodically on their 'product', Ma would (in a few weeks) hear a sizzling sound and have to hunt and hunt for the culprit bottle." (Mary)

"....At one time Pa was going to Mesquite to get Charity who had been teaching there. Somehow I got to go along. When we crossed the river (before the bridge was built) Dad said the river looked sort of flood-like and he knew there had been heavy rain to the north. He trotted

I REMEMBER.... (Continued)

the horses all the way up to town and loaded Charity and her trunk in, then off for home in a hurry. We were in the small light buggy without a top. When we got to the river, sure enough, there was a good sized flood already. Pa was afraid more was coming and we might get marooned in Mesquite a day or two. He hesitated some, then cracked his whip and plunged in. It was deeper than we thought, and swifter. The bank on the other side of the river was quite high with the road cut down through it. We were swept downstream and the horses could not make it to the road, so Dad turned the horses downstream. I suddenly noticed that the horses were swimming--something I had never seen before, and the water came up into the floor of the buggy and around Charity's trunk. I wasn't frightened because Dad seemed so calm and handled the horses expertly. We went down the river until the bank was more level with the water and Dad encouraged the horses up and out of the swift stream. When I asked him if he was afraid, he said: 'Well, I was a little bit worried about the buggy turning over. I felt that I could get one of you out alright, but was afraid it would be hard to get both of you out.' Dad always prided himself on being a pretty good swimmer--he said he had learned as a boy on the river." (Eva)

"....I mistakenly found a little cart in the cellar one year which Francis had made and hidden there for me for Christmas." (Mary)

"....When Grandma's Hafen's family would meet at her place for Thanksgiving dinner--with long long tables filled with food spread out under the Mulberry trees for the big hungry crowd; and with several women and girls taking turns brushing flies with green branches while the rest ate." (Laurel)

"....Dad and mother would take the family to dances in the old rock church, a block west of our first Bunkerville home. I have memories of listening to the accordion and violin music, of dancing feet going round and round; of us kids falling asleep on the side benches (I must have been 8 or 10 years old); and of the kids younger than I walking home after the dance, bawling most of the way!" (Laurel)

"....There was a great drouth that came over all the country. Springs and streams dried up and cattle all over the range were dying from thirst or lack of food. When Dad came home he was so sad and overcome with emotion after seeing the conditions on the range that he shed tears as he was telling us about it." (Daisy)

"....The rag carpet--what a labor that cost! And the throw rugs as well. The annual house-cleaning with the whitewashed walls, the new straw to crackle under foot, the lace curtains starched stiff and stretched on the quilting frames, made our front room just delightful!" (Juanita)

"....When Mary was born down in the big house I was Aunt Mary Elizabeth's errand girl. Dad sat on the side of the bed and kept reviving Mom when she would faint away. I remember the hassle with naming her-- Mom pled for the name Marilyn or any other of several--but to no avail; Dad had made up his mind!" (Charity)

"....Bringing home wagon loads of melons! Of trying to hide a nice big one under my dress when Dad invited Jim Abbott to help himself; but he spotted it and rolled it out, much to my anger and Dad's amusement!" (Eva)

I REMEMBER.... (Continued)

"....The one horse race on the Fourth of July and all the speculating that preceded it; the bets, and then all the arguments which followed. Dave Abbott demonstrating that anyone could hit him as hard as they could in his fat stomach without any effect. And Bishop Abbott's marathon prayer with his arm raised to the square on the Fourth of July. It was claimed that some of the youngsters went to Mesquite and back before he finished." (Francis)

"....As a small girl, mother would rock me and sing Swiss songs. It always amazed me and I was awed at this strange language. I thought she was the only mother in the world that was so accomplished. I never tired of these songs and even coaxed her to sing them as I grew older." (Mary)

"....We had the nice seedless grape patch just north of our first house in Bunkerville, and what a heavy crop it bore!" (Laurel)

"....Mother's big hang-up all her life was to have plenty of fresh air. Even when the kids had whooping cough and other childhood diseases, when all the neighbors plugged up the cracks and key-holes, Mom would always open windows and doors for the fresh air. Once when she got after Dad for leaving the gate open at the field, wanting to know 'why he had done such a thing?' he told her it was to let in the fresh air!" (Mary)

"....a vacation trip to Beaver Dam and camping on the hill where the Virgin River and Beaver Dam creek come together, and camping in an ant-bed! Next morning as we children awoke, Mom and Dad were guarding us and killing the ants." (Dudley)

"....How I lighted the coleman lanterns and stoked the big round stoves in the old school house for several years while Pa was janitor. How we rang the old bell thirty minutes before every event that came to the valley." (Francis)

"....Of swimming and riding my horse in the floods in Virgin River. At age 8 of finding myself blind; of mom's tender care and of her even carrying me around as I became hysterical from this. Of the prayers and the prayer circle offered in my behalf; then, the miracle of sight." (Dudley)

Aura writes of her remembrances of the death of her father's mother, Grandma "Thirsie", as she was called:

"The summer after I graduated from the B.Y.U. Juanita and I had just returned from a trip through Yellowstone National Park to Provo, Utah. Father was in Provo waiting for our return. Aunt Ress (Theresa) was living out on Provo Bench, and when Father could see that Grandma was failing fast, and that she wouldn't last very long, he slipped away, to make the trip to Provo after us, without telling Grandmother Leavitt. His sisters (in his absence) kept telling Grandmother that 'Henry had to go tend to the water, in the field.' Then when she kept calling for him, they would pacify her with other excuses."

"We loaded our things into the truck, and started for Bunkerville that afternoon. Aunt Ress sat in the cab with father, and Juanita, Daisy, Eva, Ernest and I sat in the back. We traveled until midnight, then stopped for father to get a little sleep; then drove on--getting to Bunkerville in the afternoon of August 26."

"Father drove right to Aunt Rell's home, where the family had gathered at Grandmother's bedside. Father was too weak to get out. He brushed a tear from his face, combed back his hair and still waited to get his composure. Uncle List came to the gate. Father went to his side; unable to speak. Finally Uncle List was able to whisper, 'she is waiting for you.' Father's legs would hardly hold him up, to walk inside."

"'Henry, why did you leave me?' was all she could say. Then, when she saw Aunt Ress, she realized where he had been. She was happy, to have all her children by her bedside. She smiled, without talking much. She did say, 'Henry, you dirty pup, to not tell me you were going.' She always wanted him to have a 'pallet' on the floor by her bedside, so she could touch him, whenever she aroused. She depended on him to administer to her, to wait on her. She had great faith in his prayers."

"About three o'clock the next morning, 27 August 1927, she passed away peacefully, without a struggle. She had always feared death, so the children were grateful, to see her go so easily--just like a candle light, slowly flickering out."

"Father couldn't talk to us without choking up, but he felt like he couldn't go through the ordeal without the other children and especially his baby sister at his side. He and Aunt Ress had always been so close to one another--and Aunt Ress had cared for her parents and lived with them longer than any of the others. She was 31 years old when she married."⁴⁸

⁴⁸Account from the personal writings of Aura Leavitt Allen, 1955.

It has been mentioned previously that both Henry and Mary were very attentive to their parents--their mothers in particular, since they were both left widows. Henry's mother, Grandma "Thirsie, and Mary's mother, Grandma Hafen, lived side by side, with only a row of pomegranite bushes inbetween. When it was harvest time, these were divided evenly between them and it seemed to be a symbolic representation of the harmony in which they lived--always compatible and congenial, with never a cross word between them. Henry's mother was described as the typical little English grandmother--small, with small hands and feet, very dainty and precise. "She wore her hair parted in the middle and combed straight back, with a knot at the base of her head. On special occasions, she curled the front of her hair. She usually wore a pretty 'breastpin' at the throat of her dress, joining a dainty white collar."⁴⁹ Grandma Thirsie did not work out-of-doors, except to care for her flock of chickens, and everything that she had was the "best". (She would always pick out the best and biggest of her ripe pomegranates to eat first--on the theory that "If we eat the best first, we will still have the best left.").

Grandma Hafen, on the other hand, was the typical little Swiss Grandmother--thrifty and industrious. Her yard was a lush garden, with trees, vines, roses and all sorts of growing things. She worked hard to be as independent from her husband as possible while he was alive, and afterward from force of habit. She was a larger person--taller, stronger, more durable. She was frugal (always ate the oldest looking pomegranates first, on the theory that "If we eat the oldest first, we will stretch out the supply to last longer.")

Whenever anything was made at the Henry Leavitt household, one of the children would carry an exactly equal portion to each of the Grandmothers. Different ones spent nights staying with the grandmothers; and all the children felt very close to them. A few remembrances from the Henry and Mary Leavitt children:

"...When Grandpa died, I slept with grandmother (Leavitt). She would never stay alone at nights. I was never afraid. When I was only seven years old we just lived one-half block away. Sometimes I complained about having to go to Grandmother's each night, when the other children could play 'run sheep run', and have corn roasts or candy pulls. But Grandmother always tried to compensate me for being faithful. Some nights, during the winters, she would have a potato roasted in the coals in the fireplace for me when I got there. Once in a while she would roast a piece of fresh meat on the coals. She bought me beads, ribbons and little trinkets, all the time." (Aura)

"I remember mother's concern and care of both her's and Dad's mothers. Hardly a day passed that I wasn't sent just before our meal time with whatever happened to be the menu of the day--chicken noodles, homemade ice cream, pie, cake, butter at every churning, honey fresh from the hive, fresh meat at butchering time--always exactly the same size bowl of stew, pat of butter or cut of meat, divided equally. Also mother made sure Grandmother Hafen was not alone in her later years, after Grandma Thirsie had passed away, and I often stayed with her. (Mary)

⁴⁹Personal remembrances of Aura Leavitt Allen.

The following excerpts are random samplings from the diary which Mary kept during these years. They point up a few of the highlights of this time in their lives:

"Charity left Bunkerville for her mission July 17, 1922. She received her endowments in the Logan temple July 21, and left Salt Lake City July 26, 1922. She arrived in Independence on July 29, and was assigned to Kansas City, Mo. On leaving home she had \$74.00 cash and a bank acct. of \$173.28, making a total of \$247.28. She was released at Joplin, Mo., September 11, 1924, arriving home September 19, 1924."

"September 26, 1927....Laurel received a call for a mission to the Central States, must be in Salt Lake October 17, and will leave there October 28. Was ordained an Elder October 8 by D. H. Leavitt. Was not given a dance on account of scarlet fever and everything was closed down, such as public gatherings. The missionary committee made a collection or canvas and handed him \$64.95. He had when leaving home \$116.45."

"October 10, 1927....Juanita is teaching in St. George. Daisy, Eva, and Francis are going to school in St. George and living with Juanita. Francis is a 3rd yr. high school student. Eva 1st year college, and Daisy 2nd year college. Daisy and Eva are both taking a normal course. Charity worked in Yellowstone Park last summer and is now teaching school at Blanding, Utah."

"Aura worked in Dr. Arid's hospital at Provo all last summer, and is now teaching school in Pima, Arizona."

"Melvin worked on the U.P. Railroad all summer--is now taking his 4th year college at the B.Y.U. at Provo."

"Francis worked at the ice plant, Las Vegas, Nev."

"On July 15, 16, 17, Pa and I and Dudley and Mary went to Provo for a visit. We also went on the annual hike to Mt. Timpanogus."

"June 6, 1928....Pa traded in our car for a new truck at Provo. He has been making trips from Overton to Cedar and Beaver with loads of cantaloupes and tomatoes." 50

The second marriage in the family occurred on 30 December, 1926, when Melvin Henry married Myrtle Geneva Wittwer. Then, between May of 1930 and May of 1931, the family produced five weddings! Mary had on a quilt all the time, plus the other preparations that must go along with marriage. What a hectic, happy time. Charity married Vernon Conrad Rowley on 19 May 1930, in the Salt Lake temple; this was followed closely by the marriage of Aura Ola to Joseph Carl Allen on 27 June 1930 at the St. George temple; Daisy Ina let her mother rest four months before marrying Leonard Reber on 1 October 1930 in the St. George temple. Laurel Evan followed right behind with his 10 October 1930 marriage to Melva Durrant in the Salt Lake Temple. Then on 19 May 1931, Eva was wed to Walter Jarvis Miles in the St. George Temple. As if five weddings in a row weren't enough, Mary married Fenton Frehner on 25 November 1932 in the St. George Temple--just 18 months later; then Juanita followed by marrying William Brooks at St. George on 25 May 1933. Suddenly only Francis and Dudley were left! Francis Hale married Marion Holmes on 2 June 1937, and Dudley Maurice married Evy Rean Cox on 12 May 1939. (Eva Rean passed away 8 January 1950; Dudley married Helen Scogings 9 April 1951). So the babes had all grown; life's continuous cycle was taking another revolution. But Henry and Mary were estatic, as now the grandchildren started arriving!!

On May 15, 1933, a terrible fire destroyed the "big house". This was a tremendous set-back for Henry and Mary. The following are some more diary entries relating to this event and others which followed:

*"May 15, 1933....is a month long to be remembered by us all. On the 15th fire broke out and completely destroyed our home. The cause is unknown to us as we were away at the time. We had been at St. George all day and came home in the evening, lighted a lamp and got ready for a pageant that was being presented at the school house. We were sure to put out the light before we left, but think perhaps the flame might not have been entirely extinguished and had gone down into the oil. At any rate, when we returned in 1½ hours, the fire was streaming out of the bedroom door and windows. We gave the alarm and soon every person in town was here helping us. The men worked bravely removing all the furniture and others fighting the flames. All the beds and bedding, closets, and everything in the bedroom and upstairs rooms was destroyed, but the movable furniture, pictures, dishes and many useful articles were preserved. We are very grateful for the kindness and help shown us in this trouble. We will try and make a note of every thing given us and hope to be able to do our part in helping others in similar circumstances."*⁵¹

Henry and Mary determined not to let this sad occurrence dampen their spirits for long, and they moved into a tent under the shade of the trees (where they lived for three months) and proceeded to salvage brick from the old house to be used for the walls of the new one. The family and townspeople cooperated in the project; everyone was very liberal in helping, and also in donating cash to finance the home. On September 15, 1933, they were able to move into the new house, built on the same lot.

Not only were the children generous in the matter of restoring a home for their parents, but Henry also mentions that:

*"One thing which has been very worthy of mention is the co-operation of our children in helping each other. As the older ones graduated from college they all used their means to help the younger ones as they grew up and were really insistant on helping them. They knew of the value of an education and desired all members of the family to have the same chance. As a result, we have (to this point) six college graduates from the B.Y.U., two of whom have had a masters degree. Two others have a normal degree from Dixie College."*⁵²

On November 16, 1933, Mary went to help her sister-in-law, Mary Ellen (Aunt "Rell") whitewash her kitchen ceiling. She put a chair on top of a table and then stood on top of the chair in order to reach the high ceiling. Somehow she lost her balance, and fell. She broke her leg just below the knee. She didn't realize at first that it was broken, and recorded in her diary:

"Nov. 16, 1933....I had an accident and fell drom a chair on a table and dislocated my knee, also bruised it very badly, which was very painful for several days. (Later found to be broken). Called the Dr. (Cook), and then had it set with the help of several men--Mr. Blake, Albert Hafen, Elmer Leavitt and others. They told me I'd be unable to use it for a month or six weeks, so I hope it won't be any longer. Aunt Lena came and helped

⁵¹Mary H. Leavit, op. cit.

⁵²Henry Leavitt, op. cit. (Written in 1936).

care for me three or four days, and kept hot packs on it for 48 hours which relieved the pain and I haven't suffered much with it since. The first night of the accident I felt like it couldn't ever get well again unless I had it anointed with oil. So my husband did so and administered to me which gave me much relief."

"April 1934....I began going about without my crutches but still have to use them when I go away from home."

"July 1934....I go without my crutches now, but still have to be very careful how I step, and still limp quite bad, after seven and one half months."

"Oct 25, 1934.... Dudley received a "call" for a British mission which thrilled us very much. He is still in Pioche working and the letter was forwarded to him. He is to present himself at the Mission Home in Salt Lake City November 26, and leave Salt Lake Dec. 6, take sail for Liverpool December 14 on the S.S. Washington. The fare for his voyage is \$125.00- While working in Pioche he saved \$370.00."

"November 23, 1934....Laurel and Melva and Mary prepared a banquet in honor of Dudley and invited all the family to it. There were present Pa and I, Grandma Hafen, Juanita and Will and Ernest, Melvin and family, Leonard and family, Mary and Fenton, and Dudley."

"A farewell dance was given in his honor, and a purse of \$100.00 was collected for him. (Warren Hardy gave \$20.00 and Bishop Fish gave \$5.00 of the \$100.00 that was donated)."

"December 25, 1935....Christmas morning dawned bright and clear, with no noise of happy romping children to waken us, and to run to us with gifts to display. This is the first Christmas morning that we spent alone since the children came one by one to bless our home. Still we were happy and felt that the Lord was very good to us, having been married 40 years and eight of 10 children married in the temple and living in homes of their own. The two youngest boys still unmarried and living good clean lives. Francis (24) is in Reno, Nevada, working in a Relief Office and has taken it upon himself to send \$35.00 or \$40.00 per month to Dudley (22) who is in the British mission."

"We were not alone very long as all the children and grandchildren who lived near by called to see us and wish us a Merry Christmas, and brought gifts to us, and those too far away sent many tokens of love and remembrance, so we have much to be thankful for. We now have 21 grandchildren, 10 girls and 11 boys."

A great convenience, which seemed almost a luxury at the time, was the coming of "piped" in water. This was accomplished in the beginning by a water system which was installed for the benefit of the school (who paid \$1000.00 towards cost) and ten men in town who agreed to pay \$100.00 each to have it piped into their own homes.

Note: All diary excerpts above are the personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.



Christmas Day, 1933--Mary H. and Dudley Henry Leavitt seated, front row, among their family, at Bunkerville, Nevada. Note wheel chair, used by Mary with a broken leg, pre-empted by the grandchildren.



Henry with his sons:
Melvin, (father), Laurel,
Dudley, Francis.



Mary Ann Hafen, Dudley Henry Leavitt, Daisy Ina
Leavitt Reber, and Mary H. Leavitt, Bunkerville,
Nevada.



Dudley Henry and Mary H. Leavitt
with their son, Laurel. (Note
"Y" on sweater).



Mary and Henry enjoy the grandchildren!

Right: Henry with the sons
and sons-in-law. Back:
Dudley, Fenton (holding Dale),
Ernest, Leonard, Francis.
Front: Laurel (holding Laurel
D.), Melvin, Wayne, Grandpa,
Clair, Will (holding Nita Rae)
and Vernon (holding Conrad
and Dudley John).



*"May 25, 1933....Laurel and Leonard finished laying the pipe which brot the water into our house from a tank up on the hill which was put in by members of the town."*⁵³

Later, the water from Cabin Spring was piped down 5 miles into the soil erosion area. The work was done by the men of the CCC camp stationed at Bunkerville. The camp was established in September of 1934 for the objective of putting in a permanent dam in the Virgin river. During 1935 and part of 1936 they worked at a trench to bring the water from Cabin Springs. By June, 1937, Mary writes:

*"The water is still no nearer town, but people haul it to put into their cisterns, which can easily be done. They also enjoy going there to bathe in the resevoir which the CCC men built last year."*⁵⁴

Then in February of 1938:

"The water reached 3 miles farther down the slope where a diversion tank is built and the water will go in separate lines to Bunkerville and Mesquite."

And again in September of 1938:

"The pipeline was completed and the water reached the head of town where a storage tank is installed right above mother's place in Bunkerville. Years ago mother dreamed she saw a clear stream of water trickling down the hillside just above her home, which really has come true now, and she enjoys it right at her back door, where it has been piped to."

One of man's most miraculous conveniences--electrical energy--came to be a reality during the 30's for the people of Bunkerville, Nevada. Mary's comments, as collected from her diary, read:

"October 2, 1935....Went to Boulder Dam with Carl and Aura to attend the dedication of the dam. Pa, Daisy and I went with them and Carl took us for a ride on the lake to see the dam on the upper side of it, and in the afternoon he took us to the dam and we rode across the top of it. We enjoyed this visit very much, and they returned home Oct. 6."

"January 15, 1938....Warren Hardy has canvassed the town to ascertain the number of families that would sign up for the electric power from Boulder Dam at \$4.00 per month. Most every family has signed for it, and the report has gone to Washington D.C. Wm. Harper sent in the report from Mesquite."

⁵³This, and following diary entries on this page from the personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt. The ten men who paid \$100.00 each to have the water piped into their homes were: Warren Hardy, Henry Leavitt, Hector Bunker, Gus Pendleton, Dudley Hardy, Betsy Hardy, Jas. S. Abbott, Lloyd Lowe, Kenneth Earl, and Thomas Leavitt, Jr.

"March 6, 1939....We hired a man, Mike Lawler, to wire our house, but he was a fraud and left the town, after having cheated the people that he worked for. He owed Mary Ellen Leavitt about \$20.00 and Grandma Hafen \$17.00 and many others that he claimed to have the work finished, but on inspection it was found that most of his fixtures weren't connected with the wires, so we found ours all in a mess, unfinished, and will have to get someone else to go over it."

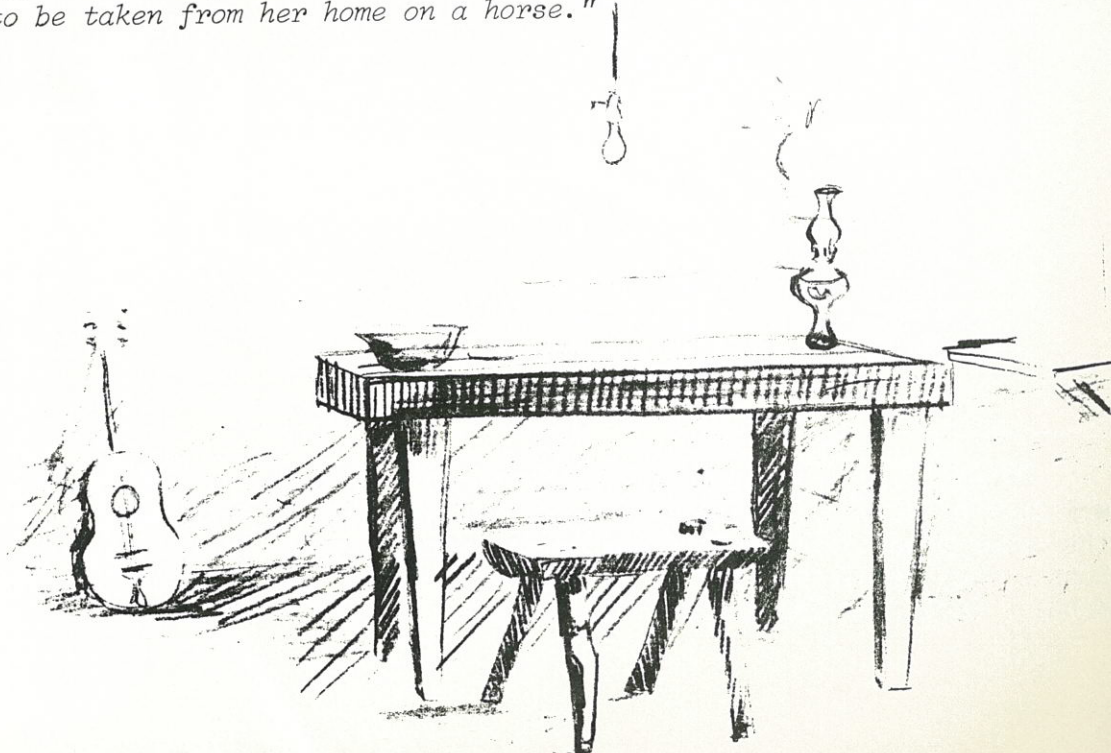
"May 13, 1939....The Boulder Dam power reached Bunkerville. Those who had their houses wired were rejoicing. Mother was among those who had the first lighting."

"June 20, 1939....Nathan Abbott finished wiring our house. It cost us \$30.00."

The settlers in the valley had had a long and heart-breaking struggle with the floods which came so quickly and caused so much damage. Piped-in water and electrical energy were two more frequent victims to the elements, as service was often interrupted, sometimes for days or weeks, as a result of a terrible storm or flood:

"July 10, 1936....The biggest flood in years hit Bunkerville. The first rain fell at 11 o'clock and lasted only a short time, but came in torrents, and as soon as it quit we could hear the floods. At 1 o'clock it came again, harder than the first with a driving wind. It blew down two of the CCC barracks, and flooded the town in general. The main stream being turned by culverts to the upper end of town, and came in Jess Waite's and mother's places. The whole lot was one great stream, and the lower street like an ocean. The canal is ruined, and will take a month to get the water into town again, unless we get help from the county."

"Another terrible rain storm flooded the town. A larger flood than the one 2 weeks ago. Ruined the canal again from top to bottom. Mother had to be taken from her home on a horse."



"Men and teams went to work again to repair the canal which was ruined again by the floods."

"July 29, 1936....Another flood came and took out the work of the last two days."

"August 10, 1936....Another rain storm along the mountain brot floods into all the washes above town and filled the ditch in a dozen places. The men were on their last day's work at the dam and had turned the water into the ditch and were met by the floods running into the ditch on their way home, and it will take another week or more to fix it up again. Certainly is discouraging in this heat." 54

This same story had been repeated so many times in the years since 1877 when Bunkerville had been founded. It was to be repeated again many times in the years to come. In fact, the early summer of 1938 saw one of the largest cloudbursts and floods ever in the river, completely washing out the ditch and destroying the brush irrigation dam in the river. The community people "immediately held a meeting and decided to clean and repair the dam as soon as possible. Due to the hard work of all concerned the cry 'the water's in' was soon a reality. Shortly after the first flood, another flood came with a greater destruction to the dam and ditch. The townspeople were completely exhausted and discouraged. They even sent for an L.D.S. Apostle from Salt Lake City to come down and offer counsel and get church aid, if possible. Apostle Melvin Ballard was sent to look over the situation at Bunkerville and offer his counsel. After making a detailed survey of the past history and the present destruction, Apostle Ballard advised the people of Bunkerville to move out and settle in nearby areas or other states. The majority of the townspeople at this meeting flatly refused to leave their homes, property, and land. At this time there was a CCC Camp in operation in Lincoln County. The townspeople, with the assistance of Senator Pat McCarran, requested immediately the help from the CCC boys and equipment. Within two days two hundred men and a number of trucks and heavy equipment arrived in Bunkerville to repair the dam and canal. Within six weeks the damage was repaired and the water was again running down the ditch." 55

Of course, this was not the end of the flood problems, but it does point up the courage and tenacity of the community.

One thing which all the Henry Leavitt children will cherish is the devotion that their parents had for one another. Mary put Henry's welfare first, throughout her life--catering to his every wish. She was so devoted. Likewise, he adored her, and often called her by names of endearment ("you darling", "you old sweet thing, you", etc.) Henry knew that he was welcome to bring relatives and friends home for dinner, and he did so, practically every Sunday. Mary would never complain, even though she had a large family to feed and care for during the week, but would just set the extra plates on the table and welcome the guests. She had complete faith in him as a person, and in the power of the Priesthood which he held. Francis states "I think I know of no one more truly the 'head of his house' than my Dad."

54Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt.

55Grant Hardy, Short History of Bunkerville, Nevada and brief Biography of Heber Herbert and Betsey Leavitt Hardy and children, Printed privately, Las Vegas, Nevada, December 10, 1960.

Mary and her mother took a little trip in 1938, as briefly described in the following diary entry:

*"August 2, 1938....Mother and I went to Denver to visit a week with Roy and Ann. Warren Hardy took us as far as Cedar and bought our tickets to go on the train. We had a very nice trip and found the folks feeling fine. They took us out into the mountains and to the parks and showed us the city in general. We returned home on the 10th of August."*⁵⁶

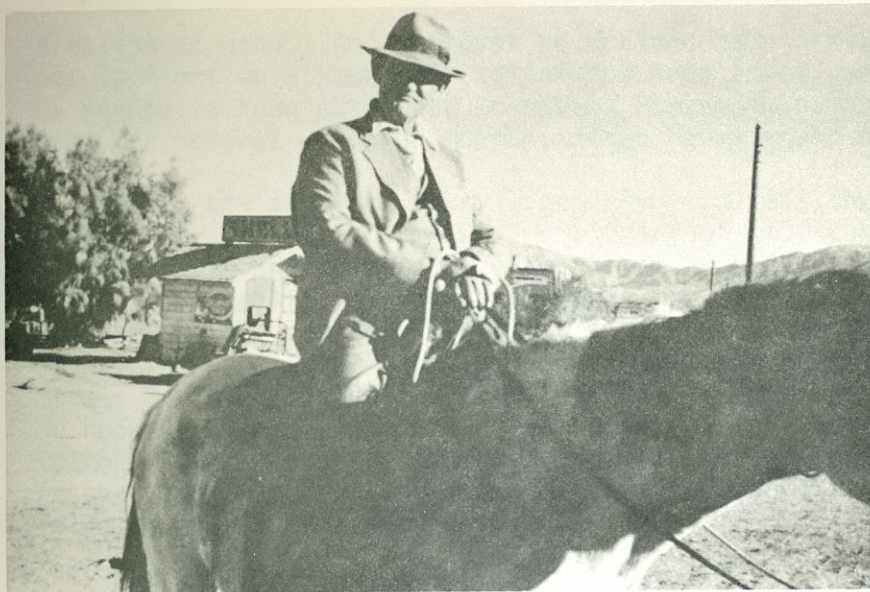
After the children were raised and gone from home, Mary was no less industrious than she was before. Her diary reads daily of either "commencing a quilt", or binding one off, or putting up several jars of fruit or jam or meat, or spending the day washing and ironing, or crocheting a doilie, or spending the morning visiting teaching and then helping so-and-so quilt during the evening. As the years wore on, Henry was able to do somewhat less in the way of physical labor, but he remained active, and especially enjoyed riding his horse to check each day on his sisters and friends. After a while, as he had gained more weight, he positioned a large stump from a tree so that he could stand on it to mount his horse. His neighbor, Irma Leavitt, recounts a delightful story:

"These old people worked so hard in this old Virgin Bloat. They had to have a little something every now and then to help them along. When the Doctor told my husband, Vince, to get me some nice red wine to help my blood, that's what he did. This was during the war, and stamps were needed in order to obtain such items as this. Vince was driving a milk truck to Las Vegas every day, so he went into Mike's Liquor store and said he needed a gallon of red sweet wine for Erma's health. He bought a gallon wine, costing about \$7.00, and Mike told him to come back when he needed some more. I took a little taste, but I didn't like it, so I decided not to take any more. Uncle Hen would often walk over to visit with me, so one day I called him in and gave him part of a glass of wine. He sure smacked his lips, saying that's what he needed. And so, after that, every day or so he came to visit. Joe Hardy also started coming. It got so these two would come every day, about the same time, for a glass of wine and a chat. Vince, not knowing that I wasn't drinking the medicinal wine, would check periodically in the cupboard, and seeing the gallon jug almost empty, would bring another bottle home. We were on the third gallon when he came in early and unexpected from a trip to Las Vegas, and caught us. He said, 'Oh, oh! That's the end!' When later he quized me as to why I had done it, I replied, 'I didn't like it and they did, and I enjoyed giving it to them.'" ⁵⁷

Henry's son-in-law, Fenton, also recalls that whenever he went to Los Angeles to take a load of hogs, it was automatically understood that he was to bring home

⁵⁶Mary H. Leavitt, op. cit.

⁵⁷Information obtained from Irma Leavitt (Mrs. Vincent), in personal interview conducted by Mary Lynn Frehner Leavitt, June 1977.



Above: Dudley Henry Leavitt on his horse.



Right: Mary H. and Dudley Henry Leavitt, at home in Bunkerville, Nevada.

Below: Henry with his brothers and sisters: back row--Mary Jane Abbott, Medora Waite, Frank Leavitt, Mary Ellen Leavitt, Betsy Hardy. Front row--Mamie Waite, Henry Leavitt, Sadie Pulsipher.



a gallon of wine. And whenever he arrived home, there would be Henry, sitting out in front on a sawed-off cottonwood tree stump, waiting for him to arrive. He seemed to know just when to expect Fenton to come. The gallon would usually last for several weeks or months, since Henry would take just a "thimble-full".

Every now and then, Mary urged Henry to sell their home in Bunkerville and move to St. George, but he wouldn't think of it. Bunkerville was his home--all his relatives and friends were there and he enjoyed visiting them. He enjoyed fairly good health. However, on April 13, 1943, he suffered a partial stroke. One arm and one leg were helpless for a day or two, but gradually got better. It was the week after Thanksgiving, 1944, that he developed a little cold, but it was "nothing serious or that kept him from going out each day as usual."⁵⁸ On December 1, he went to the Post office in the morning and returned with a letter from Francis and one from Laurel. He and Mary read them together; then re-read them, as they usually did, and discussed the family. The events that followed are described by Mary:

"He seemed to be perfectly well, as well as he had been for some time. He got on his horse in the forenoon and rode uptown, stopping at Aunt Lena's. He called to her and she came to the door; they visited a while, then he rode around to all the other places; I think he went up to the field also. He did not get off his horse at any place but just visited around with all his friends. He stopped at Aunt Mary Ellen's and Aunt Betsy's and was gone several hours. Later, he went to Mesquite with some of the men."

"I decided to put on a quilt that I had ready to make; I just tied it, so was able to finish it. After supper I decided to bind it if I could. He went to bed early, about 7 o'clock. He wanted the middle door open so he could talk to me between the times that the news was on. He said, 'If I go to sleep you wake me up when the 10 o'clock news is on.' But he didn't go to sleep. He was good natured, often asking how much more I had to do; he wanted me to come to bed. So when 10 o'clock came, I had one more side to do, but I was tired, so I went to bed. He turned on the news, then turned to me with open arms and said, 'Oh you darling! You precious thing! Stay up and work all night til you're worn out!' He smothered me with kisses and it seem like he could not praise me enough; I think he was just over-flowing with love and affection. We talked and visited for an hour. I still had my arm around his neck when I noticed he began to feel limp and strange sorta mumbling. I jumped out of bed and hurried around to his side and asked what was wrong. He was perspiring profusely--I wiped his face and shook him, calling him, fussing around with him, but he hardly made a sound. He finally said, 'give me a swallow of wine.' I poured some out in a glass and gave him a swallow. I began to rub his arms and hands. He whispered, 'Give me a little more.' He took some, but could not swallow it. I ran to the door and called Lorin, but he could not hear me. I came back and called Henry, shook him, and even slapped him trying to arouse him, but he made no response. I ran out into the street and again called Lorin. He heard me and came as soon as he could, followed by his wife Ethyl. I fixed a plaster of mustard and flour, and put it on his chest, thinking perhaps he was choked up. Lorin came and felt his pulse, saying that it seemed to be normal. I told him to find some one to come and administer to him, so he ran for Vincent

⁵⁸Mary H. Leavitt, op. cit.

and Washington and Parley Hunt. Soon the neighborhood was aroused and their wives all came, with many others. After administration, as he made no change, we decided to send for the nurse at Mesquite, and Ethel Leavitt went for her."

"When the nurse came, she too said she could see nothing, only that he was extra sleepy; we thot perhaps the wine had had effect on him, also some pills that I gave him before going to bed. She said his pulse was normal, etc. She stayed awhile, then decided it would be alright to go home, as she too had a bad cold."

"As he just kept on sleeping and making no unusual signs, the most of the crowd went home. Washington stayed with me; said the rest could leave and he would stay till morning. We sat there and talked by the fire. I was sleepy and tired, so he urged me to go to bed. I got in beside Henry, often trying to rouse him. I couldn't sleep, but just watched him until 4:00 o'clock, when Washington said it was time for him to milk his cows. I still stayed in bed with Pa. It wasn't long until I noticed a change in his breathing; he sorta had a 'catch' in his breath. I jumped out of bed again and called Lorin. He was awake and came in an instant. He soon noticed the change. We decided to call the Doctor in St. George. He went for help and soon the house was full again. Someone went for the nurse again; someone phoned to Juanita and the Doctor. The nurse saw the change and made an effort to get something in his mouth, but it all ran out. She could see there was no hope. The Doctor prescribed some medicine which Juanita brot down with her on the bus, but it was too late. He died at 7 o'clock in the morning December 2, without a struggle-- just quiet and peacefully went to sleep with all of us there as helpless as babes. I could hardly believe that the end had come; surely he hadn't gone. They had all thot he would be all right in the morning, and so had I." ⁵⁹

The family were all contacted and came as soon as possible. They had to gather from distant places--Blanding, Los Angeles, Idaho; Francis, who was in Kansas, drove through with his wife and baby and was able to arrive in time for the funeral.

Funeral services were held in Bunkerville school house, at 2:00 P. M. ⁶⁰ on December 5, 1944. It was a lovely service, and such a large one. A luncheon was served at home by the members of the Ward Relief Society.

⁵⁹Mary H. Leavitt, op. cit.

⁶⁰Bishop Austin Hunt, conducting; talks by Warren Hardy, Arthur K. Hafen, Dan Leavitt, William Brooks, President Bryan L. Bunker; poems read by Leah Tobler and Austin Hunt; vocal selections by Ward Choir, Charles Spurrier, Erma Leavitt and Leland Lamoreaux, Vernon C. Rowley, and Leland Lamoreaux.

The pall bearers were the sons-in law of Henry. His final resting place was the Bunkerville cemetary. The ward choir sang and the grave was dedicated by Patriarch William E. Abbott.

"After Pa's death, I persuaded mother to come and live with me, which she was glad to do, as she had sold her home to Moroni Waite and he had paid her in full, but it was agreed that she should live there until she died. She had the two front rooms and she felt that she was infringing on them as they also had only two rooms. So I coaxed her to come to my place and she seemed happy to do so. We stored some of her furniture up stairs and took all we could down to my place. She moved on the 12th of April 1945. We rearranged my house to make room for her dresser, book case, rocking chair and all of her dishes and bedding. She seemed very well pleased with the set-up and we lived happy all summer. We went on a trip to Los Angeles and enjoyed the vacation." ⁶¹

Thoughts of moving to St. George were still uppermost in Mary's mind, as she felt it would be so nice to be close to the temple and be able to do the work she wanted to do there. Consequently, she rented her home and her son-in-law, Fenton Frehner, moved her and her mother to St. George on 7 September 1945. They lived in the two front rooms of Rosena Blake's home. They were very comfortable and enjoyed the change.

"Soon we went about our daily routine of netting. Mother insisted that I learn to do it. I did not think I could settle down to that kind of work, but I kept trying until I finally got one dollie finished, though there were many mistakes in it. Mother was patient with me and urged me to keep on, until I got so I could do quite well with it. Mother had several orders for doilies for Christmas presents, so I tried to help her make some, which pleased her very much. I think she worked too hard on them. She was so determined to fill all the orders and about the 15th of November, she began to feel quite miserable, was short of breath and could not sleep well, but still kept at her work every day." ⁶²

Mary's mother, "Grandma Hafen", worsened as the days went by, and on December 4, Mary sent for her brother and sisters, being afraid that their mother would not last long. However, they stayed for a few days and she seemed to improve some, so they went home. Bertha and Lovena, being from Mesquite, were able to come up to help Mary off and on, until their mother passed away on January 16, 1946. The family took her to Bunkerville for a beautiful funeral and burial on the 19th of January.

So Mary was left alone again, and crowded out the blues with work at the Temple. She also began to develop the "traveling bug" which has endeared her to all of us--for example, between February and August of that year (1946), she went to Los Angeles with Dudley, to Idaho with Francis and Marion, back to Salt Lake City for conference and home with Bishop Orval Abbott, and then to Grand Canyon and Blanding with Dudley and family. Mary's daughter-in-law, Melva, sums up her attitude about leaving home to go on a trip, often at the "drop of a hat" when she tells about the time they were visiting in St. George and asked Mary if she wanted to go on with them to Arizona for a visit. Mary quickly replied, "I can think of no reason why I shouldn't!"

⁶¹ Mary H. Leavitt, op. cit.

⁶² Ibid.

During the winter of 1946-47, Mary cared for Bessie Smith's two little girls while she taught school. In March of 1947 she went to care for an elderly woman in Santa Clara--Emma Graff. She cared for sister Graff, off and on, until July. Then she left to spend some time visiting Charity and Vernon in Blanding, and from there to spend a month with family in Idaho.

In October of 1947, Mary decided to move up on the hill next door to Juanita and Will. She was very happy with the compact little home, which had two bedrooms, living room, kitchen, and bath, as well as an out-the-back-door wash house and a nice basement for fruit storage. This was to be Mary's home for the next 27 years, approximately. There was a nice shady front yard, and a good garden space in the back.

On her 80th birthday, Mary wrote of some of the travels she had enjoyed in the few years previous. Her comments:

"In 1955, I went to Canada, with a group from Idaho. The Genealogical Committee was trying to get a bus load to visit the Temples in Idaho Falls and Canada. The trip would cost \$40.00. We spent a glorious week, seeing the wonderful scenery in Canada and over the Continental divide; into Alberta, where we spent three days, going to the temple and visiting some Leavitt cousins. There was 24 in the group, mostly young people, who did 300 baptisms."

"Then in March of 1956, I went to the Dedication of the Los Angeles Temple (with President Harold Snow and wife, and David Woodbury and wife). It was a most glorious occasion, to hear President McKay give the dedicatory prayer. It was really marvelous, then suddenly the choir burst forth with "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning", which thrilled us through and through. It seemed as if the angels were hovering around us, and the Lord Himself was there, could we have seen Him. At least we felt His presence. It was an experience I will never forget."

"On August 4, 1956, I left for the East, another wonderful trip I thought never would come to me, to be privileged to see the Pageant at Palmyra. It was a glorious sight, and visiting the church historic places; The Sacred Grove, the Joseph Smith home and farm, the Kirtland Temple, Nauvoo, Carthage, Liberty Jail; with guides to tell us all about our dear Prophet, the sufferings and trials he endured so faithfully for us in laying the foundation of our Latter-day Saint Church. How grateful we should be to our dear grandparents, who left comfortable homes to join the church in its infancy, and endured hardships for our sake. I also enjoyed visiting with Keith, while he was there on his Mission. He seemed so happy and also had a part in the Pageant."

"Now in this year, July 27, 1957, I have again had the privilege of going East and seeing the Pageant, going over the same route with Charity and Vernon. I enjoyed it even more than last year, as we were in search of Genealogy. The Leavitt Organization helped sponsor the trip, and Charity really did her best in locating relatives and learning of their background. We also visited Henry, who is on a Mission in West Virginia." ⁶³

⁶³Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt, 5 November 1957, St. George, Utah.



Family get-together, Mesquite, Nevada, 1949.



Mary H. Leavitt in front of St. George, Utah, Temple.



The Dudley Henry and Mary H. Leavitt family, taken approximately 1949, Mesquite, Nevada.
Standing: Francis, Charity, Melvin, Mary, Laurel, Daisy, Dudley.
Seated: Eva, Aura, (Mother--Mary H. Leavitt), Juanita.

A really tremendous thrill was in store for Mary when, in 1963, she was able to tour Europe! She went with Juanita and Will, and they visited with their daughter, Willa, and her husband Tad Derrick and their family in England where they were stationed with the Air Force. They also saw another grandchild--Clark Reber, and his family in Germany, also with the service. They visited Switzerland, and "to hear her tell about riding those chair lifts up the Alps in Switzerland, singing Swiss songs as her legs dangled and her hair flowed out in the breeze, you'd swear you were listening to a thrill-seeking teen-ager!"⁶⁴

"The cable took passengers up and back at the same time, some going up and others coming down, all with two persons in each chair. The lady in charge wondered if I'd be able to take the trip, but I was sure I could. So Nita sat with me in one chair and Will was in the next one. They provided coats for us as it would be cold up and back. It was the most exciting trip of my life. We went half way and stopped to see if we wanted to go on to the top. We said we did--and went on. I never experienced such a thrill as we glided along on that cable. I had no fear or felt any inconvenience. It was too wonderful to explain...up in the clouds, looking down to the valley below. Everyone got off at the top where there was a cafe and dining tables. Many sat and ate and visited for as long as they wanted to. We bought a little lunch. The elevation was 7,100 feet high. I wondered if I might get dizzy on my way down, but I didn't--I enjoyed every minute. I felt like singing the Swiss songs I knew and sang at the top of my voice, 'Morgin Frei Wen Sonne Laught', and 'Riff den Alpen Oben ist eins lustigo laben', as I was alone in the chair coming down. Nita sat with Will, and I gave way to my feelings and sang, and also thanked the Lord for this wonderful experience. Many little houses with cows grazing near were way up in the mountains and I knew they were the very kind that the songs described, making butter and cheese etc., hundreds of them all along the hillsides, among the trees. We returned to our hotel and had lunch and bed for the night. This was the most delightful day of our trip. (Tuesday, August 13, 1963)"⁶⁵

Another highlight of the European trip was the fact that Mary was able to attend sessions in both the London and Swiss Temples, and although the Swiss Temples session was conducted in German, these were choice experiences for her.

Back home in the States, Mary continued her busy schedule, attending two sessions in the St. George Temple nearly every day, sometimes more. Inbetween this and keeping up her own little home, she managed to see that each grandchild had a quilt top, usually given upon his or her graduation from high school; and often would go to help see that it was quilted before he was married. In addition, each great-grandchild received a \$1.00 check from "Great-grandma Leavitt" which was meant to be the starting of a savings account. Whenever possible, each grandchild received a baby quilt when the first baby in their family was born.

The Church News section of the Deseret News for the week ending February 2, 1974, carried a lovely full-page article entitled "Life's a Joy for Mary Leavitt, written by Correspondent Vira H. Judge. The article gives a short review of her life, and mentions a few of her accomplishments, making us all even more proud and thrilled to be her decendents.

⁶⁴Comment by Melvin H. Leavitt.

⁶⁵Personal writings of Mary H. Leavitt, Journal of European trip, 1963.



The Dudley Henry and Mary H. Leavitt family, taken 1957, St. George, Utah.
 Standing: Mary, Laurel E., Aura, Daisy, Francis, Juanita, Melvin, Charity, Dudley, and Eva.
 Seated: (Spouses) Fenton, Melva, J. Carl, Leonard, (Mother--Mary H. Leavitt), William,
 Myrtle, Vernon, Helen, and Walter.

It would be an understatement to say that Mary is a devoted and ardent Temple worker. Up until the closing of the St. George Temple (for re-modeling, in March, 1974) she attended the Temple practically every day--and usually did two sessions. She kept a record of the names for which she did ordinance work, and recorded 6,346 names to her credit at the end of February, 1974. The Temple was closed for a year and a half, opening for work in November, 1975, at about the same time Mary celebrated her 98th birthday. She has been able to attend many sessions since its re-opening, so the grand total is not yet established. Now, approaching her 100th birthday, she still is eager and ready to go to the Temple at any time there is someone available to take her in her wheelchair!

It would also be impossible to count the quilts which Mary has made in her life time--even if we numbered only the ones which she did from beginning to end (not counting the hundreds she "just helped quilt"). At one point she tried to make a count of the ones she had given away, and estimated that a conservative count would be: (count taken January 1, 1969)

Full size quilts to the immediate family.....	69
Full size quilts to the grandchildren.....	116
Baby quilts for the grandchildren.....	42

227

Francis seems to sum up the feeling we all have for example of love and service which Grandma Leavitt has given us when he wrote:

*"You were a legend in your own day for the help you gave to everyone. From the day you fell while cleaning Aunt Rell's ceiling to the day you die, you will have a record of doing something for someone all the time. We love you individually and collectively, each and as a family. I don't know of anyone who has the love and admiration of her posterity down to the 3rd and 4th generation that you have."*⁶⁶

If ever there was a recipe written for longevity, Mary Hafen Leavitt is the author--"I eat right, trust in God and refuse to fret about things I can't help." "Eating right" consists of mostly fruits and vegetables, milk, cheese and some bread; meat only sparingly, sweets seldom and in smaller amounts. A piece of fresh fruit is much desired over anything. The evening meal is always small, so that she can sleep, and usually consists of bread and milk. She sleeps soundly, and with a clear conscience! Surely the hard work which she has daily performed has also kept her physically fit and sound. Even now, approaching her 100th birthday, with her eyesight practically gone, and being unable to move around except in a wheel chair, she is mentally keen and alert, and spends some time every day crocheting "granny square" pillow tops--having completed 164 from Christmas 1975 to date; 40 in the first seven months of this year alone! "Idle hands are the devil's workshop!"

⁶⁶ Written by Francis Leavitt to his mother on the occasion of her 94th birthday, 1971

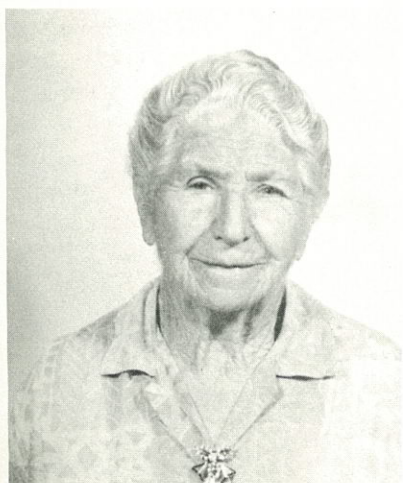


Mary H. Leavitt

Above: with beloved guitar.

Right: in her home, at
age 97.

Below: Passport picture to
Europe, 1963.



Grandma Leavitt's health and long life have, in fact, lulled us all into believing that she will surely live forever (which, of course, is literally true). However, there must be a transition from this life to the next.... It's not hard to picture Mary Hafen Leavitt, hair blowing out in the sweet breeze, gliding upward, upward; thrilled and excited in a way that surpasses even a chair-life ride in Switzerland, singing goodbye to the wonderful valleys below, praising the Lord for the beauty she sees as she nears the peak--then heavenly music drifts down to greet her, thrill her (could that be a guitar....a violin.....a piano?) One more billowing white cloud before the top; unseen greeters exclaiming joyously; and then, what's what? Why, it's a...whoop...and a holler...from someone special--just right up there.

The decedents of Dudley Henry and Mary Hafen Leavitt:

THEIR CHILDREN

1. Orpha Ora Leavitt, b. 23 Nov. 1896; d. 28 Aug. 1898.
2. Juanita Leone Leavitt, b. 15 Jan. 1898; md. (1) Ernest Pulsipher, (2) William Brooks.
3. Charity Leavitt, b. 8 Dec. 1899; md. Vernon Conrad Rowley.
4. Aura Ola Leavitt, b. 27 Nov. 1901; md. Joseph Carl Allen.
5. Melvin Henry Leavitt, b. 28 March 1903; md. Myrtle Geneva Wittwer.
6. Laurel Evan Leavitt, b. 17 Dec. 1905; md. Melva Durrant.
7. Daisy Ina Leavitt, b. 23 Sept. 1907; md. Leonard Reber.
8. Eva Leavitt, b. 20 Feb. 1909; md. Walter Jarvis Miles.
9. Francis Hale Leavitt, b. 20 June 1911; md. Marion Holmes.
10. Dudley Maurice Leavitt, b. 17 July, 1913; md. (1) Evy Rean Cox, (2) Helen Scogings.
11. Mary Leavitt, b. 17 Sept. 1915; md. Fenton Frehner.

THE CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND GREAT GRANDCHILDREN OF JUANITA
LEONE LEAVITT AND ERNEST PULSIPHER:

1. Leonard Ernest Pulsipher, b. 28 Sept. 1920; md. Margie Johnson, (div.).
 1. Sharon Ann Pulsipher, b. 11 July 1945; md. Carroll Keith Warren, (div.).
 1. Danielle Warren, b. 16 May, 1964.
 2. Brent Warren, b. 13 Feb. 1967.
 3. Shane Warren, b. 26 Jan. 1970.
 2. Gerry Lynn Pulsipher, b. 18 Feb. 1947.
 3. Keith David Pulsipher, b. 4 May 1949, md. Vanette Holmes.
 1. Amber Pulsipher, b. 22 Dec. 1972.
 2. Jamie Pulsipher, b. 26 Jan. 1975.
 3. David Pulsipher, b. 22 Feb. 1977.
 4. Kurt Leon Pulsipher, b. 13 Dec. 1952; md. Betty Koehler.
 5. Vauna Sue Pulsipher, b. 22 Oct. 1954.

THE CHILDREN, AND GRANDCHILDREN, OF JUANITA LEONE LEAVITT AND WILLIAM BROOKS:

1. Willa Nita Brooks, b. 9 Feb 1934; md. Thales Alfred Derrick.
 1. David Thales Derrick, b. 16 Mar. 1960.
 2. Daniel Alan Derrick; b. 8 Oct. 1961
 3. Dennis Brooks Derrick; b. 5 May 1965.
 4. Dana Lee Derrick; b. 18 Aug. 1966.
 5. Douglas Clark Derrick; b. 2 Feb. 1972.
2. Karl Francis Brooks, b. 7 Nov. 1935, md. Carla Irene Hoyt.
 1. Sharla Sue Brooks, b. 16 June 1967.
 2. Daren Karl Brooks, b. 15 Dec. 1968.
 3. Barton Hoyt Brooks, b. 18 Nov. 1971.
3. Joseph Kay Brooks, b. 23 April 1937; md. Ida Jean Taylor.
 1. Brian Brooks, b. 15 Nov. 1965.
 2. Bradley Brooks, b. 2 June 1968.
 3. Brent Brooks, b. 24 Mar. 1970.
 4. Benjamin Brooks, b. 14 Oct. 1971.
 5. Brandon Brooks, b. 2 Sept. 1974.

(Continued)

(Juanita and William Brooks family, continued)

4. Antone Leavitt Brooks, b. 7 July 1938; md. Janet Poulsen.
 1. Mark Brooks, b. 25 April 1963.
 2. Kriston Brooks, b. 20 Nov. 1964.
 3. Jana Lee Brooks, b. 22 Mar. 1968.
 4. Andrew Brooks, b. 25 April 1974.
 5. Brooks, b. July 1977.

(It should be mentioned that all of the Brooks children from William's first marriage, although not the literal descendents of Mary Hafen and Dudley Henry Leavitt, have always considered them to be "adopted grandparents", and have shown the greatest of respect and esteem for them; especially "Grandma Leavitt", as she lived by the side of the "Brooks" home for so many years.)

THE CHILDREN, AND GRANDCHILDREN, OF CHARITY LEAVITT AND VERNON CONRAD ROWLEY:

1. Janice Rowley, b. 21 Feb. 1931; md. Norman Hulet; d. 9 March 1950.
2. Vernon Conrad Rowley Jr., b. 1 Mar. 1932; md. Geraldine Wadsworth.
 1. Vynette Rowley, b. 21 Feb. 1961.
 2. Derek Glenn Rowley, b. 8 April 1963.
 3. Trevor Conrad Rowley, b. 4 March 1965.
 4. Karis Bernell Rowley, b. 15 March 1967.
 5. Quinten Gerald Rowley, b. 2 Dec. 1970.
3. Dudley John Rowley, b. 28 July 1933; md. Lily Mae Helquist.
 1. Andrea Lynne Rowley, b. 10 Nov. 1966.
 2. Nicole Rowley, b. 1 Feb. 1968.
 3. Marla Rowley, b. 3 Dec. 1970.
 4. Corbin Vaughn Rowley, b. 18 March 1977.
4. Maryln Rowley, b. 29 March 1937; d. 22 July 1949.

THE CHILDREN, AND GRANDCHILDREN, OF AURA OLA LEAVITT AND JOSEPH CARL ALLEN:

1. Merle Allen, b. 15 Apr. 1931; md. Albert Orion Rust.
 1. Allyson Rust, b. 3 Dec. 1955.
 2. Denise Rust, b. 12 Dec. 1956.
 3. Orion Albert Rust, b. 20 June 1958.
 4. Carl Allen Rust, b. 14 Feb. 1960.
 5. Dayle Kimball Rust, b. 3 Aug. 1962.
 6. Auralee Rust, b. 1 July 1965.
 7. Heather Rust, b. 17 Aug. 1967.
 8. Mileton Gonzales Trejo Rust, b. 21 Sept. 1970.
 9. Lajuana Rust, b. 17 Oct. 1972.
 10. Aaron Joshua Rust, b. 6 Feb. 1975.
2. Betty Louise Allen, b. 8 July 1933; md. Stanley Eric Snow.
 1. Allen Eric Snow, b. 31 Aug. 1954; md. Karla Raye Peck.
 2. Sharon Snow, b. 24 May 1956; md. Robert Roy Dalley.
 3. Lori Snow, b. 2 June 1959.
 4. Douglas Bleak Snow, b. 17 Apr. 1963.
 5. Scott Beaman Snow, b. 24 Jan. 1968.

(Continued)

(Auro Ola Leavitt and Joseph Carl Allen family, continued)

3. Norma Jean Allen, b. 13 Sept. 1936; md. Albert Barlow Dooley (div.)
 1. Kathleen Dooley, b. 3 Apr. 1955.
 2. Terri Loreen Dooley, b. 2 Mar. 1956.
 3. Wendy Lynne Dooley, b. 19 Aug. 1957; md. Douglas Brian Syphus.
 4. Albert Brian Dooley, b. 1 Apr. 1959.
 5. David Michael Dooley, b. 11 Sept. 1960.
 6. Ronald Allen Dooley, b. 31 Dec. 1966.
 7. Lisa Louise Dooley, b. 28 Dec. 1966.
 8. Jennifer Lucile, b. 15 Apr. 1971.
4. Larry Carl Allen, b. 6 Aug. 1939; md. Aldine Marie Gibson.
 1. Shauna Allen, b. 21 Sept. 1964.
 2. Jay Carl Allen, b. 11 July 1966.
 3. Cynthia Allen, b. 15 August 1969.
 4. Jeanette Allen, b. 10 Mar. 1971.
 5. Marci Elizabeth Allen, b. 29 Nov. 1972.
 6. Angie Marie Allen, b. 17 Sept. 1974.

THE CHILDREN, AND GRANDCHILDREN, OF MELVIN HENRY LEAVITT AND MYRTLE GENEVA WITTWER:

1. Melvin Wayne Leavitt, b. 14 Feb. 1928; md. Peggy Jean Marx.
 1. Thomas Wayne Leavitt, b. 20 Nov. 1956.
 2. Timothy Joseph Leavitt, b. 28 Oct. 1958.
 3. Laura Jean Leavitt, b. 16 May, 1961.
 4. Julie Ann Leavitt, b. 4 April 1965.
2. Clair H. Leavitt, b. 8 June 1929; md. Joanne Enid Thomas.
 1. Mathew H. Leavitt, b. 28 June 1954.
 2. Carol Ann Leavitt, b. 27 April 1957; md. Edwin William Hendershot
 3. Donald Allen Leavitt, b. 6 March 1964.
 4. David Carl Leavitt, b. 28 Nov. 1966.
3. Norma Rae Leavitt, b. 1 Dec. 1933; md. William Christian Pinstner.
 1. Debora Lynn Pinstner, b. 29 Dec. 1957.
 2. William Kent Pinstner, b. 6 Jan. 1959.
 3. John Melvin Pinstner, b. 4 May 1962.
 4. Steven Dean Pinstner, b. 16 April 1964.
 5. Susan Marie Pinstner, b. 20 Feb. 1967.
4. JoAnn Leavitt, b. 11 Feb. 1935; md. Max Martell Terry.
 1. Lana Jo Terry, b. 6 March 1956.
 2. Max Lynn Terry, b. 22 March 1958.
 3. Linda Ann Terry, b. 1 Dec. 1963.
 4. LeAnne Terry, b. 12 Dec. 1966.
 5. Laura Ann Terry, b. 14 June 1971.
5. Dean Samuel Leavitt, b. 19 Aug. 1940; md. Ann Bradshaw.
 1. Michael Dean Leavitt, b. 20 Aug. 1966.
 2. Andrew Henry Leavitt, b. 22 July 1968.
 3. Nathan Dee Leavitt, b. 17 July 1970.
 4. Samuel Reese Leavitt, b. 5 Aug. 1971.
 5. Daniel Lee Leavitt, 22 Nov. 1974.
 6. Elizabeth Ann Leavitt, b. 31 May 1976.

THE CHILDREN, AND GRANDCHILDREN, OF LAUREL EVAN LEAVITT AND MELVINA DURRANT:

1. Melva Elaine Leavitt, b. 24 Aug 1931; md. Rex H. Mitchell.
 1. Roger Leavitt Mitchell, b. 3 May 1956.
 2. Alan Rex Mitchell, b. 13 Feb. 1958.
 3. Karma Joy Mitchell, b. 8 July 1959.
 4. Sharon Elaine Mitchell, b. 4 Oct. 1962.
2. Laurel Durrant Leavitt, b. 5 Oct 1932; md. Joanna Rozeal Dees.
 1. Laurel Ann Leavitt, b. 4 May 1956.
 2. Linda Kay Leavitt, b. 3 Sept 1957.
 3. Laurel Sterling Leavitt, 18 May 1961.
 4. Wayne Durrant Leavitt, b. 16 Dec. 1962.
 5. Suzanne Leavitt, b. 15 May 1967.
 6. Brent Dale Leavitt, b. 29 Nov. 1968.
3. Keith Alonzo Leavitt, b. 31 Aug. 1934; md. Linda Swensen.
 1. Keith Aaron Leavitt, b. 8 July 1961.
 2. Karen Sue Leavitt, b. 26 Feb. 1963.
 3. Shannon Leavitt, b. 1 Apr. 1964.
 4. Evan Kay Leavitt, b. 12 May 1966.
 5. Lucy Leavitt, b. 11 Nov. 1968.
 6. Melaine Leavitt, b. 9 Oct. 1971.
 7. Jennifer Leavitt, b. 13 Feb. 1973.
4. D. Henry Leavitt, b. 12 August 1936; md. Grace Lucille Jeppeson.
 1. LaMont Jeppeson Leavitt, b. 13 Feb. 1964.
 2. Wyn LaReine Leavitt, b. 2 Aug. 1966.
 3. Lynette Grace Leavitt, b. 10 July 1968.
 4. LaReita Dawn Leavitt, b. 3 Sept. 1975.
5. Nina Leota Leavitt, b. 20 July 1938; md. Rosel Leslie Hyde.
 1. Rosel Robert Hyde, b. 12 May 1965.
 2. David Leavitt Hyde, b. 25 April 1967.
 3. Meri Melva Hyde, b. 20 May 1968.
 4. John Leslie Hyde, b. 19 Jan. 1970.
 5. Anna Louise Hyde, b. 17 July 1971, (deceased)
 6. Ruth Elaine Hyde, b. 29 Aug. 1972.
6. David Evan Leavitt, b. 22 Apr. 1940; d. 22 Apr. 1940.
7. Leon Leavitt, b. 28 July 1942; md. Jane Mary Cannon.
 1. Mark Leon Leavitt, b. 28 May 1967.
 2. Alan Cannon Leavitt, b. 20 March 1969.
 3. Glen Dudley Leavitt, b. 8 Sept. 1970.
 4. Laura Leavitt, b. 8 March 1973.
 5. Leavitt, b. 1977.

THE CHILDREN, AND GRANDCHILDREN, OF DAISY INA LEAVITT AND LEONARD REBER:

1. Anita Rae Reber, b. 30 Aug. 1931; md. Norman Hulet.
 1. Rita Hulet, b. 18 Nov. 1952.
 2. Laura Hulet, b. 11 March 1954.
 3. Norman Lee Hulet, b. 6 April 1956.
 4. Kathryn Hulet, b. 28 Aug. 1957.
 5. Leonard Charles Hulet, b. 13 Aug. 1962.
2. Gwen Reber, b. 20 Sept. 1933, md. Edmund Lee Homer.
 1. Richard Lee Homer, b. 13 Feb. 1955.
 2. Robert Edmund Homer, b. 4 April 1957.
 3. Diane Homer, b. 12 May 1958.
 4. Debra Kay Homer, b. 9 Aug. 1959.
 5. Lisa Mae Homer, b. 12 Jan. 1961.
 6. Raymond John Homer, b. 7 Sept. 1962.

(continued)

(Daisy Ina Leavitt and Leonard Reber family, continued)

3. Ina Reber, b. 23 July 1935; md. Woodrow Wilson Wagner.
 1. Woodrow Wilson Wagner, b. 2 June 1961.
 2. Wade Wendell Wagner, b. 26 Sept. 1962.
 3. Wells Wesley Wagner, b. 29 Feb. 1964.
 4. Walter Weston Wagner, b. 1 Nov. 1965.
 5. Ward Wallace Wagner, b. 2 Dec. 1966.
 6. Johanna Mary Wagner, b. 11 Mar. 1968.
 7. Wayne William Wagner, b. 27 June 1970.
 8. Jennifer Joy Wagner, b. 17 Nov. 1972.
 9. Janel Marie Wagner, b. 4 May 1975.
 10. Joni Lorraine Wagner, b. 12 Nov. 1976.
4. Clark Leonard Reber, b. 21 Aug. 1937; md. Phyllis Joan Schwartz.
 1. Lynne Lorene Reber, b. 13 July 1961.
 2. Justin Clark Reber, b. 3 Jan. 1963.
 3. Samuel Leonard Reber, b. 20 May 1964.
 4. Valorie Joan Reber, b. 26 Oct. 1966.
 5. Vance Arlon Reber, b. 15 Apr. 1969.
 6. Sherrain Marie Reber, b. 14 Oct. 1971.
 7. Paul Edward Schwartz Reber, b. 20 Sept. 1960 (adopted).
 8. Jackie Lorraine Reber, b. 15 April 1961 (adopted).
5. Kenneth Dudley Reber, b. 14 April 1941; md. Janet Dahl.
 1. Teresa Reber, b. 24 Feb. 1967.
 2. Melinda Reber, b. 3 April 1969.
 3. Julie Reber, b. 3 Sept. 1971.
 4. Allison Reber, b. 27 Oct. 1973.
 5. Mary Jane Reber, b. 15 July 1976.

THE CHILDREN, AND GRANDCHILDREN, OF EVA LEAVITT AND WALTER JARVIS MILES:

1. Walter Mar Miles, b. 4 Oct. 1933; md. Pacita Galleo.
 1. Lori Galleo Miles, b. 10 Aug. 1965.
 2. Rachelle Galleo Miles, b. 19 Sept. 1968.
 3. Brent Galleo Miles, b. 2 Dec. 1970.
2. Donald G. Miles, b. 8 June 1937; md. Linda Jean Pace.
 1. Dale Robert Miles, b. 12 Aug. 1963.
 2. Sandra Miles, b. 19 Dec. 1964.
 3. Sherry Miles, b. 12 July 1970.
 4. Cristina Miles, b. 5 Sept. 1972.
 5. Lori Miles, b. 25 Jan. 1975.
3. Margaret Carol Miles, b. 25 July 1939; md. Fred Mohr (div.).
 1. Thomas Paul Mohr, b. 15 May 1971.
 2. Katharine Mary Mohr, b. 15 Aug. 1972.
4. Lloyd Henry Miles, b. 16 April 1943; md. Kathryn Gifford.
 1. Ericka Jo Miles, b. 27 May 1971.
 2. Lloyd Melvin Miles, b. 11 May 1974.
 3. Wyatt Walter Miles, b. 14 June 1975.
 4. Brian Richard Miles, b. 8 Dec. 1976.
5. Roland Bruce Miles, b. 20 May 1947; md. Palma Shakespeare.
 1. Roland Kent Miles, b. 29 May 1971.
 2. Pauline Miles, b. 5 Sept. 1972.
 3. Bruce Shakespeare Miles, b. 13 Feb. 1974.
 4. Daniel Shakespeare Miles, b. 10 June 1976.
6. Lorna Jane Miles, b. 13 Feb. 1950.

THE CHILDREN, AND GRANDCHILDREN, OF FRANCIS HALE LEAVITT AND MARION HOLMES:

1. Karen Ann Leavitt, b. 11 Aug. 1943; md. Robert E. Lee.
 1. Laurie Michelle Lee, b. 26 Jan. 1964.
 2. Debra Ann Lee, b. 26 Jan. 1967.
 3. Gregory Earl Lee, b. 21 Oct. 1969.
2. Gary Milton Leavitt, b. 27 May 1948; md. Ellen Louise Carlisle.
 1. Shawn Eric Leavitt, b. 17 November 1976.

THE CHILDREN, AND GRANDCHILDREN, OF DUDLEY MAURICE LEAVITT AND EVY REAN COX:

1. Bonnie Rene Leavitt, b. 23 April, 1940; md. Henry Don Cook.
 1. Peter Cook, b. 28 Aug. 1962.
 2. Allison Cook, b. 1 Aug. 1965.
2. Carrick Dudley Leavitt, b. 25 April, 1943; md. Martha Diaz.
 1. Cary Leavitt, b. 11 April 1967.
 2. Marco Leavitt, b. 11 April 1969.
3. Elethra Sue Leavitt, b. 2 Aug. 1943; md. Charles Curtis, Jr.
 1. Scott Curtis, b. 29 April 1969.

THE CHILDREN, AND GRANDCHILDREN, OF DUDLEY MAURICE LEAVITT AND HELEN SCOGINGS:

1. Kathleen Leavitt, b. 13 Jan. 1952; md. Kent Allen Baldwin.
 1. Kyle Kent Baldwin, b. 2 Dec. 1974.
 2. Kori Ann Baldwin, b. 22 May, 1977.
2. Berne Maurice Leavitt, b. 22 May, 1953; md. Jan Hamblin.
3. Valeni Leavitt, b. 13 Aug. 1954; md. Jack Terry Witbeck.
 1. Kydon Terry Witbeck, b. 9 May, 1975.
 2. Ceceli Witbeck, b. 6 Jan. 1977.
4. Alton Coblenz Leavitt, b. 28 Oct. 1956.
5. Trieste Leavitt, b. 10 Dec. 1957.
6. Dolene Leavitt, b. 22 May, 1965.

THE CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND GREAT GRANDCHILDREN, OF MARY LEAVITT AND FENTON FREHNER:

1. Fenton Dale Frehner, b. 6 July 1933; md. Glenna Graff.
 1. Wanda Patrice Frehner, b. 3 Jan. 1954; md. Michael Eugene Miller.
 1. Christopher Michael Miller, b. 12 Nov. 1973.
 2. Andrew Allen Miller, b. 29 July 1975. 3-
 2. Tracey Dale Frehner, b. 2 July, 1959
 3. Fran Frehner, b. 4 Oct. 1961.
 4. Jeremy Chad Frehner, b. 1 Jan. 1973.
 2. Verl L. Frehner, b. 16 Aug. 1935; md. Toni Lawrence.
 1. Shannon Frehner, b. 15 April 1963.
 2. Stacie Frehner, b. 4 Nov. 1967.
 3. Dorothy Dawn Frehner, b. 23 Nov. 1937; md. Verland L. Thurston.
 1. Brad Thurston, b. 2 Jan. 1956; md. Alice Faye Norton.
 1. Thurston, b. Oct. 1977.
 2. Brent Fenton Thurston, b. 2 April 1958.
 3. Duane Leslie Thurston, b. 24 June 1964.
 4. Darla Dawn Thurston, b. 15 Sept. 1966.
 5. Dorea Dawn Thurston, b. 26 July 1971.
 4. Graeme Henry Frehner, b. 23 Jan. 1939; md. Mavis Lela Hansen.
 1. Aimie Mavis Frehner, b. 14 Oct. 1959.
- (continued)

(Mary Leavitt and Fenton Frehner family, continued)

(Graeme Henry Frehner and Mavis Lela Hansen family, continued)

2. Merrideth Elaine Frehner, b. 20 Sept. 1960.
3. Laura Lela Frehner, b. 19 June 1962.
4. Fen Nels Frehner, b. 13 Feb. 1964.
5. Steven Walter Frehner, b. 23 March, 1962 (adopted).
6. Mark Hans Frehner, b. 10 June 1965 (adopted).
5. Mary Lynn Frehner, b. 7 March 1941; md. Tommy Russell Leavitt. *Bennett*
 1. Keena Leavitt, b. 13 Feb 1959. *Married Kerry*
 2. Ranon Leavitt, b. 9 March 1960. *Married Norman*
 3. Tommy Lance Leavitt, b. 16 March 1963.
 4. Joni Leavitt, b. 28 March 1967.
 5. Jonathan Regan Leavitt, b. 24 Aug. 1968; d. 25 Aug. 1968.
 6. Dagan Paul Leavitt, b. 20 Oct. 1970.
 7. Toiya Leavitt, b. 11 May 1974.
6. Lana Kay Frehner, b. 22 March 1943; md. Derrill Cole Larkin.
 1. Loni Larkin, b. 18 July 1967.
 2. Melinda Larkin, b. 5 Feb. 1970.
 3. Ryan Derrill Larkin, b. 12 April 1974.
 4. *Michael F.* Larkin, b. *Sept.* 1977.
7. Klint Dudley Frehner, b. 26 Dec. 1944; md. Gail Marie Waite.
 1. Travis Klint Frehner, b. 7 Dec. 1968. (adopted)
 2. Mikelle Marie Frehner, b. 21 June 1971. (adopted)
8. Creed DaRel Frehner, b. 5 Feb 1949; md. Deborah Jean Linge.
 1. DaRel Leland Frehner, b. 6 June 1972.
 2. Katrina Jean Frehner, b. 20 June 1973.
 3. Tonya Frehner, b. 28 Nov. 1974.
9. Alfred Duane Frehner, b. 8 Aug. 1953; md. Susan Diane Richins. *Destiny Dawn FREHNER FEB. 1*
10. Bryce Frehner, b. 1 Oct 1955; md. Diana Dodenbier.
 1. *Joslin KANE* Frehner, b. *25* Aug. 1977. *2. Hollie FREHNER 13 Dec. 1978*
11. Kimi Kit Frehner, b. 3 Mar. 1957; md. Phillip Patrick Wilson.
 1. Krystal Kit Wilson, b. 11 April 1976.
 2. *Angelo Rene* - Born April 23 - 1979