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My Personal and Family History- By HESSIE LEE BUNDERSON

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This history was started in Mexico City, Mexico

Like everyone else I have lines of direct ancestors. Among these names the following are the I know of. Many I do not have as yet.

Lee, Woodruff, Day, Moor, Oliver, Lindsay, Martin, Pace, Maycock, Knowles, Broadnax, Paythress, Wynne, Cain, McCravy, Taylor, Brockman, Scoppe, Hembree, Calvert, Cruppen. (Mom left room for more but didn't get them written in)

The McCravys came from Irland (don't nknow which part) Most of these ancestors came from England.

The Moors were Scotch-Irish and the Lees, Woodruffs, and Days were from England.

The Olivers came to Alabama from Sliquo, Irland in the early 1800's. I only have one birthdate on the Oliver line, that of the brother, John Oliver, of my great grandmother Ealenor Oliver Moor. He was born _____ 1801 in Sliquo, Ireland. (See 1850-1860 U.S. Cenus Loundes Co. Ala.) The date also appears on his Tombstone in his family cemetery near Farmersville Alabama, in Loundes Co. The Olivers landed at Mobile, Alabama when they arrived from Ireland. There is a tradition in the family that my 2nd gr. gr. father James Moor was born at sea on the way to America.

My Woodruff gr. father was born in Sportanburg District, So. Carolina in 1818. His grand hather Joseph Woodruff was from Sarry Co. North Carolina and was his grandmother Anne Lindsay. Haven't traced them beyond North Carolina. My gr. gr. father John Moor was born in South Carolina (See 185 cenus. Dallas Co. Alabama) but I don't know where. The Morr's migrated to Tenn, thence to Alabama, about 1820.

The Pace and Maycocks were from England and were early settlers, before 1616, of Jamestown, Va. Captain Samuel Maycock my 10th gr. grandfather on my father's side landed at Jamestown in 1611 and Richard Pace also a gr. grandfather arrived there between 1611 and 1616. He was referred to in Va. history as an "Ancient Planter". No one had this title who arrived after 1616. The Paces went from Virginia to No. Carolina in the early 1700's then into So. Carolina in the early 1800's, from there they spread all through the southern states. Captain Samuel Maycock was killed in the 1622 Indian Massacre at Jamestown, Virginia, leaving one child, a daughter named Sarah Maycock who married George Pace, son of Richard Pace. Captain Samuel Maycock was a member of the first house of Burgesses at Jamestown Virginia about 1619. The Maycock name died with him in America, as he left no male descendants by that name.

My History

My birth place was near Braggs, Loundes County, Alabama. I was born 22 Feb. 1886. My parents names are Lee and Alice Maria Woodruff.

My birth place was on a cotton plantation near the small village of Braggs, Alabama. I was number five in the family. Older children were: Claudia May- deceased. She died about four months before I was born at the age of eight. Robert Evan Lee born 26 January 1880. Dealy Ross- deceased. born 1 Mar. 1882 died 7 July 1882. Alfred Harrison Lee Jr. born 28 Nov. 1883. One child younger than I, Wilkie Hudson Lee; who was born 28 May. 1898. We were all born on this plantation except Wilkie and he was born at Collirene, Loundes Co. Alabama.

the cotton and corn plantation we lived on was owned jointly by my mother, her sister Emma and her brother Hudson Woodruff. Emma and Hudson were both single. Emma was older than mother and Hudson was younger.

At the birth of each of mother's older children she was taken care of by Dr. Dan Hagood who was married to mother's cousin, Sarah Jane Woodruff. At the birth of each child the attending midwife or nurse was a negro woman.

Dr. Hagood died before Wilkie was born and the attending physician was Dr. Samuel Gordan- Midwife-a negro woman named Agnes.

When I was about one and one half years old my parents decided to sell their interest in the farm and their livestock, machinery ect. to Aunt Emma and Uncle Hudson and move to the village of Braggs where my father engaged in the mercantile business. We lived in Braggs while I was about eight yrs. old. My father had always planned to go back to farming when my brothers Robert and Harry were old enough to do the farm work. So we moved again. This time to a place near Collirene, Alabama. (about 3 miles). It was a beautiful place. The home was the antebellum type, a two story, eight room house with large front porch and reception hall. The rooms were very large and each had a fireplace. The grounds were spacious, large flower gardens, red oak grove, fig trees and there was even a cork tree. The farm soil was very fertile and we were all very happy there. My father hired two negro boys, brothers, Henry and Nels, who were two or three years older than my brothers to help with the farm work. They raised good crops but, I remember what low prices we got for our cotton (5cents a lb.) the main money producing item on the farm. We raised corn too, but only for the use of the family and to feed the live stock. Of course we had cows, hogs, mules ect. and I owned a pet goat which I idolized. He would butt everyone in the family also the negroes and the cows but, he never offered to butt me. He would cuddle up to me and lick my hands. I really thought he was wonderful.

My mother had been a sufferer from a severe asthmatic condition for about 18 years, but after our move to this new home and farm she completely recovered from asthma and was never again troubled by it.

My father's health was ruined by an attack of measles while in the confederate service. He slept in a tent on the damp ground and had a relapse, caught cold or something and was never well again tho he lived much longer than mother.

The only thing we didn't like about our new home at Collirene was the fact that we were three miles from school and even though that was a one room, one teacher, school. no paved or graveled roads, and plenty of mud. In Alabama there is a high rain fall- 40 to 50 inches each year, and much of it falls in the winter time. We missed many days of school on acc't of the weather and my brothers had to stay out in the fall and spring to help on the farm. My father always said it took 13 months every year to raise a cotton crop. Of course they have new methods and machinery now and it isn't such a slow process any where.

Naturally, when the boys didn't go to school I couldn't either.

My mother who was reared an orphan and who had only been to the fourth grade became my tutor in reading. She helped me with words I couldn't pronounce and I learned to spell and a little arithmetic- adding and subtracting mainly. After two years like that out Uncle John Lee of Mt. Willing, Al. came one day during the summer of 1896 and ask my parents if I could come and stay at his home the following winter and wail to school (1 1/2 miles) with his daughter Lena, who was the teacher, just for company. Was I ever thrilled! That meant I could go to school every day all winter. It was a five months school. I knew I would be from home for the entire five moths but my parents promised to come and see me once and my brothers would come once during that time, so I went gladly. The school was 1 1/2 miles west of Mt. Willing in a little Morman community. All in the school were mormans except the teacher and me. It rained and rained that winter as it nearly always did. The streams between there and Mt. Willing would be so swollen we couldn't cross so we would have to spend the night in the little community quite often.

There were four families, but only two had children school age. The school enrollment was only ten and ungraded. Ages of students seven to thirteen. I was ten years old.

I really felt that I learned a lot that winter. Actually I'd spent almost as much time in the school room that year as I had in all the previous years put together.

At the beginning of the year the teacher offered a prize to the student or students who would thoroughly master the multiplication tables. Three of us qualified. One girl thirteen, one twelve and myself (11 yrs. in 1897). All my young life I had wanted a light blue dress but my mother and aunts said that was one color I could not possibly wear because of my brunette complexion and black hair. So what did my teacher give me? She bought enough quite sheer light blue material (cotton) lawn for a dress for me and that was my prize. Was I ever walking on clouds! When I took the material home my mother looked at it and shook her head "I guess I'll have to make it for you, as bad as I hate to," she said. That dress to me was the most beautiful one I ever owned.

But something dreadful had happened when I was away. My pet goat became so mean after I left they had to sell it. I grieved and grieved over my goat so Harry found a little puppy for me at a negro's house, (also a little chicken) He was only a little cur dog named Punch. I worshiped him and was continually protecting him from my dad's game chickens-the sporting kind you know. My dad and the other men friends of his had great sport cock fighting. Mother and I hated it.

The only ten years I remember many things that happened during the winter at my Uncle John's. Most of these experiences were in the little mormon community where we spent so many nights. Lena Lee, the teacher, really liked these mormons. The traveling elders passed through quite frequently and always asked her permission to preach in the little one room school house. She never refused them but would let them hold their meeting there anytime of day or in the evening. The elders usually spent several days in the community and many times slept at the same homes as we did. I thought they were really nice young men as they always helped us with our homework. This was actually my first contact with Mormons. (One other time two elders spent the night at our house.) I had no idea then that Mormonism would become a vital part of my life someday.

In June 1896 my father's sister Charlotte Lee Hobby who was a widow in her late sixties joined the L.D.S. church and all of her six children except the eldest daughter (Eugenia she had joined also). Most of the children in this school were my aunt's grand children and so were related to me and to the teacher too.

My Uncle John Martin Lee's family consisted of Uncle John, Aunt Naomi, and the following children: Cousins Tom, John, Rena, Lena, and Mattie (Martha) All grown but not married. Mattie, the youngest was 16 yrs. Little did I realize then that four years hence our home would become broken by the death of my mother and Wilkie (as yet unborn) would go to Uncle John's to live. I remained home that summer and Harry and I tried to go to school again the next winter at Collirene, a distance of three miles. Walking sometimes and riding a horse part time. Harry was 13 yrs. old and delighted in making the horse trot as roughly as possible, jolting me off two or three times on the way then making me walk a block or two before he would let me back on. I'd cry and threaten to tell our parents when we got home then he would make all kinds of promises not to do it again and soon talked me out of it. Still it happened again and again during Oct. and Nov. We always missed several days of school each monthy on account of rainy weather. Toward thanksgiving time my left leg began to ache between the hip and knee. No one thought much about it. Mother said it was probably growing pains but day after day it got worse and began to swell.

By Dec. 1st I had developed a fever and lost my appetite. Mother had me stay in bed and sent for the Dr. (Samuel Gordan) He came and diagnosed my trouble as "White Swelling", if anyone knows what that is and ordered me to stay in bed. About six months later I was told that "White Swelling" was always fatal. So, whatever it is, I didn't have it. But my condition was serious anyway. Day after day my leg swelled more and more with no redness or sign of inflammation. The Dr. came everyday and did nothing but look me over. I had a fever continually and my leg soon ached so badly that I couldn't sleep at night without a dose of morphine. (There were no other sedatives at that time.) My right

leg began to shrink as my entire body except the left leg which swelled more and more each day. Food was out of the question. I simply could not eat. The Doc. prescribed a spoonfull of beef iron and wine every two of three hrs. This was a preparation which came in quart bottles and was suppose to be highly nutritious. I could have all the butter milk I could drink and I liked that but wanted no solid food at all. All the time I was awake someone had to sit beside my bed and rub my leg. It pained me so. at night I got the morphine then everyone could get some rest. (Strange I did not come an addict) This kept up untill the first of March. (poor mother she was pregnant) I was in an awful state, a mere skeleton with my leg twice the size of a man's. One day the first part of march mother discovered a round spot on top of my leg about the size of a dollar with a tiny white spot in the middle. When the Dr. arrived that day as usual and saw the red spot he knew immediately what had been troubling me- an abscess which had formed on the bone and spread through my thigh simply turning the flesh into pus. He said the leg would have to be lanced but he needed another Dr. to assist him. This would take two days. My brother Bob rode a horse fifteen miles the next day to my father's nephew, Wm. Barton Crum, who was a Dr. The following day Dr. Crum came. But the night before as mother was measuring out my dose of morphine so that I could sleep I was gently rubbing my leg when all of a sudden I called mother and told her my leg was bursting. She came running, threw the covers back and saw pus spouting out of my leg like water out of a hole in a full barrel. She got the wash bowl, a very large white earthen bowl and placed it under the side of my leg. She and I watched my leg go down and my, Oh! my what a good feeling I experienced, and in less than twenty minutes I was sound asleep (without the morphine) the first natural sleep I had had in two months. Mother and Dad thought I had lapsed into unconsciousness. They couldn't rouse me. Bob was gone so there was no one to send for the Dr. Anyway it would be morning before they could get on and Drs. Crum and Gordon would be there the next morning anyway to lance my leg. So my poor mother and dad sat by my bedside all night and watched me peacefully sleep the night away. I

slept 11 hrs. without moving they said. In the morning I woke up hungry and ate a hearty breakfast. My fever was gone and there was no pain. The Drs. arrived about 10:00 A.M. and Dr. Gordon who had seen me every day was amazed at the change. However, they went ahead and lanced my leg, just enlarging the break so that it could drain. After two weeks the Drs. let me get up, but my legs were too weak to support the weight of my associated body and left leg was stiff as a two inch board. The next month was spent learning all over again how to walk. Eventually I walked but on account of my stiff leg I fell real often. I coaxed for crutches but the Dr. would not allow that. He said the leg was lose its stiffness in time but if I depended on crutches it never would. Even then it took two and one half years for me to walk normally again. (How boring to those who have to read of my illness and operation!) You can see by this recital how much schooling I got the winter of 1897-98. By the way the Drs. stated the abscess was caused by the jolts I had falling off the horse in Oct. and Nov. (Shame on Harry!)

On the 23rd of May 1898 a wonderful event took place at our home. Wilkie was born. Mother and I were wishing for a girl but but we loved him as much as if he had of been yje wished for girl. I was still the only girl in the family. Always my brothers and Dad referred to me as "Tomboy". What else could they expect? No one to play with except boys so I tried hard to be like them. I wanted to do everything they did- whistled, climbed trees, and rode the mules (which I was forbidden to do) I played baseball with them, ran races and engaged in all kinds of athletics and loved it. But after my illness and the coming of the new baby brother I became more of a lady because I had to. My leg was stiff so I could not run, jump or climb any more much to my sorrow. Mother allowed me to take over the baby for the most part. That was some compensation for my physical handicap. By the time the stiffness left me I was out of the notion for too much outdoor activity. When Wilkie was about 1 1/2 yrs. old another uncle of mine who lived within a mile of a one room school offered me my board and room if I would come and stay with them and walk to school with their oldest child a little 7 yr old girl. Again I was happy to

have the opportunity for a little more schooling. The school was in session six months. A one teacher, one building and I enjoyed every minute of it. By this time Harry had decided he would not go to school any more and Bob had long since decided the same thing. So my parents decided to move nearer a school after the crops were harvested which they did just before Christmas. After being out of school all fall I was eager to enter after New Years. We had a splendid teacher- the first man teacher I had ever except one who wasn't so good.

My brother Bob was to celebrate his 21st birthday on Jan. 26 and Mother and I planned a little party for him in the evening. We were very busy all that day and I could see mother was quite tired. She asked me to put Wilkie to bed (he was 2 1/2 yrs. old) and said she thought she would retire before the company came as she didn't feel well. This she did. That night a cousin of ours- Mattie Hollingshead- came unexpectedly to the party and asked if she could go into the bedroom and speak to mother. We went in and sat on the side of the bed a few minutes and talked to her then went back to the living room. I slept in a different room with Wilkie that night and in the morning I got up to get breakfast for the family (this was my New Years resolution) as I did every day before I went to school. I went in to see if mother wanted any breakfast but she only wanted a cup of coffee. (None of us were members of the church) After the meal was over I did the dishes and took care of Wilkie while Dad went in to talk to Mother. He found her in a coma. She never rallied although we had the Dr. After five days she passed away Jan. 31, 1901. This was a terrible blow to all of us. After the funeral we talked things over and Dad decided it would be best to let his brother Uncle John Lee take Wilkie, but he was to remain with me for a few months as I was so lonely without mother. I was not quite 15 yrs. old and I needed to go to school but I only got to go to school one month that winter.

My Dad could not content himself at home and was gone most of the time. He spent a lot of time at Uncle John's and with other relatives. He turned all he owned over to Bob and Harry, they in turn were to provide for the two of us- dad and me- Harry was only 17

yrs. old and Bob had just turned 21. This arrangement only lasted until July, when Harry decided to sell his share to Bob and go out on his own. I was really sorry to see him go—he was my pal and champion. At Christmas time we were a happy family of six, by July three of us remained in the home and dad was gone most of the time. I had plenty to do keeping house and cooking for hired help and the family. When school started in Oct. I went regularly for three weeks when I got whooping cough. I had a terrible sieae of it, was not able to go to school any more that winter but went a while in the spring. Any reading this history I'm sure will wonder how I ever learned to read and write even. But I'll say this, while out of school I read everything I could get my hands on even the New Testament. (we did not own an old Bible) In fact during the first year after my mother's death I read every chapter in the New Testament twice. I would like to go back now and tell something of my mother's and father's early and later life. My mother was Alice Mareia Woodruff born 21st of April 1854 at Mt. Willing, Alabama. She was the daughter of Oliver Hazard Perry Woddruff, of Woodruff So. Carolina, and Pam Elia (Amelia) Sanders Moor of Farmersville, Alabama. Mother's gr. parents were Joseph (or Josiah) Woodruff and Margaret McCravey of Surry Co. No. Carolina, and John Moor born in So. C. and Eleanor Oliver born in Sliga Ireland. Mother's parents both died in 1861. Her mother 16 Jan. and her fatehr in June, leaving five orphaned children. Uncle Cicero age 14, Aunt Emma 10, mother 7, Uncle Oliver 5, and Uncle Hudson 13 moths. Cousin Jeremiah Dudley and wife Ellen Oliver took the three oldest children, cousin Daniel Robband wife Elizia Woodruff took Uncle Uncle Oliver and Hudson. My Woodruff grandparents were well off financially and the children could have been well provided for had their guardians been honest. At the age of sixteen Uncle Cicero joined the confederate army and stayed in the service (with the artillery) until the close of the war in 1856. Aunt Emma found another home forherself after another year mother was aked to leave. At the age of ten she had to go out looking for a home for herself. She was taken in by a Dr. Eubanks and wife who were after being married many years now had a young

baby. Mother became very much attached to the baby-naturally. She must have been very lonely being separated from all of her own brothers and sisters. When the Eubanks baby was a year old they decided to have a big barbecue and celebration. They all- parents and mother worshiped the baby. Mrs. Eubanks needed mother to help her look after and entertain the guests so she had a negro girl- a slave take care of the baby. Toward the close of the party the negro girl let the baby throw itself backward injuring its spine. Everything known to medical science at that time was done for the baby but it died a few months after its 1st birthday. The parents were overcome with grief and so was mother. It was hardest on the baby's mother, in fact she grieved herself into insanity and had to be removed from the home. This left mother without a home again. This time she was taken in by a cousin, Sarah Jane Woodruff Hagood and her good husband Dr. Dan Hagood. I remember him. He took care of mother with all of her babies (children) except one. He was a fine person. Mother lived in Hagood home until she was married. It was a hard life however. There was a large family, the slaves were freed by this time and so mother was very much of a servant in the home. A girl in the home- Jessie- about mother's age had many more clothes and educational advantages than mother and was not required to work as mother did. She was always the aristocratic lady in the family. She married two or three months before mother did and when mother let cousin Sarah know she planned to get married there was all kinds of objections. The Hagoods would not buy her a dress or provide any kind of a trousseau for her. In fact they would not let her be married at their home. Her brother Oliver came and took her to cousin Eva Lavender's (probably a second cousin) Uncle Oliver had brought with him enough white tulle (a sheer material) lace, thread, as well as other material for her to sew for herself. She was married two weeks later to my father, Alfred Harrison Lee who was born 20 May 1845 at Mt. Willing, Alabama, a son of Martin Lee and Martha Day. His grandparents were Ludbrook Lee and Charlotte Pace of Edgefield So. Carolina. Maternal grandparents were William Day and Frances (Lang?) also of Edgefield So. Carolina. Soon after my parents were married

Uncle Oliver (who was the most aggressive one in the family) decided to sue Jeremiah Dudley for some of the Woodruff property that the children should have had when they were growing up. However, the money was all spent and the slaves were freed and nothing was left but the land and they did get some of that back. At the time of my mother's marriage my father was clerking in a store at Braggs, Alabama, owned by Wm Wallace Privitt who was married to mother's cousin, Jane Woodruff, daughter of Caleb and Priscilla Woodruff. A while after my parents were married they moved on to the farm owned now by the Woodruff children-Oiver, Emma, Alice, and Hudson. Uncle Cicero was now married and had his own property. Some of the grandfather Woodruff's former slaves came to live and work on the plantation for the Woodruff children whom they remembered before the deaths of the grandfather and grandmother Woodruff. They always spoke in the most respectful and loving terms of their former master and mistress. I remember hearing some of these former slaves tell about many kindnesses of their master and mistress and every one raved about the beauty of grandmother Woodruff. They told me when she sat on a chair and let her hair down it would fall to the floor and it was very heavy and black. In my early childhood and early adulthood I remember hundreds of former slaves who had been owned by different families in Loundes County. We children liked so much to hear them tell stories of slavery time. I only know of one left in the county at this time (1958). Old Uncle Ruben Moorer who says he was ten years old when the Civil War ended and he was freed. He doesn't know his birthdate.

While on the farm all my brothers and sister were born except Wilkie, and it was there that sister Claudia May, 8 yrs. and little brother Dealy Ross died. He was only four months old and died of erysipelas and about 3 or 4 years later my only sister died of malaria. Bob almost died at the same time of the same disease. I was born a few months later.

Evidently my mother knew very little of her father's and mother's people as her parents Oliver Hazard Perry Woodruff and Pamola (Amelia) Sanders Moor both died in 1861.

Grandmother the 16th of Jan. and gr.father the following June leaving five children ages 1 to 14. Two had died before the 1860 census was taken. These are John and Eleanor. Mother knew only that her father had come to Ala. as a young boy and that he had a brother, Uncle Daniel about 18 years older than he, who had married in So. Carolina. His wife was Sarah Bobo. Mother did not know the names of her grand parents on either side. Wasn't that something? It took me many many years to find out who they were. Mother's maternal grand parents were John Moor born in South Carolina and Eleanor Oliver born in Irland. Her maternal grand parents were James Moor and Nancy. I don't know her maiden name or where she was born. Her paternal gr. parents were Joseph (or Josiah) Woodruff and Margaret McCravy. He was born in No. Carolina, she in Virginia. Mother's paternal gr. parents were Joseph Woodruff born in 1751 and Anne Lindsay born in 1756-don't know where both lived in No. C. before the Revolution and moved to So. C. soon after the war ended.

My father know alittle more bout his people than mother did of hers because his mother lived until he was 30 yrs old, but in those early days in the south most families kept no records except a few who wrote down some dates in the bibles. I have done a great deal of research on my father's and my mother's lines and it has taken years to find what little I have. As far as I've found is authentic. Much remains to be done and I know in my life time I've only scratched the surface. A great responsibility rest upon those descendants of mine who read this history to continue this research. All indentified families found during my research will be found in my temple record book except those being processed or in the temple. Now i'd like to pick up where I left off on page X of this history. During the summer of 1901 after my mother passed away I had hired men to cook for besides the family. It seems that my mother and I were born to cook for hired help. All the time after dad moved us to the farm mother had to cook for hire 2 to 3 negros and her own family. In the fall of 1901 I started to the little one-room school again with a lady teacher, but due to home responsibilities I could only attend 2 or 3 days a

week but I would study a head and learn what was taught on the days I was absent. That fall (Nov.) I took the 8th grade examination and passed with a 98+%. The teacher only had about fifteen students, all below the 8th gr. but now two of us (teacher's sister and I) passed the 8th grade examination so we decided we could study high school subjects, algebra, Latin, History, and English. Sallie and I really felt important. In those days the schools were not graded and there were no promotions. Each student could go as fast or as slow as he wanted. Sallie was slow but she went to school twice as many days as I did so we managed to keep together. School only lasted five months. The summer following was the same routine. I had taken over the milking along with all the other work after mother died. Dad always hired a negro woman to do the spring cleaning, and he continued to do so. I did all the work the rest of the time, but only had two cows to milk. I didn't mind the work at all. The thing that worried me was school. It seemed that everything and every body was against me trying to get an education. My dad thought boys needed an education, but not girls. My brother's didn't want to go to school but I did. (One day during the summer of 1902, one of Dad's nieces, her husband and children (the Geo. Days) came to see us one Sunday, and spent the day. They lived near Mt. Willing, where there was a small combination Elementary and high school-a seven month school- with two regular teachers and part time music teacher. They lived about 1 1/4 miles from the school. Their oldest child a girl was seven years old and should start to school but they could not let her go alone, past negro houses and through woods so they had to come to our home to see if I could come and stay with them that winter, and walk to and from school with Tess, the little girl. They would give me my room and board and I would not be required to help with the work or milk cows. I was highly elated at the thought of going to a seven month school, the most I had ever gone was five months with a great many absences. The high school teacher Allen Lee was very good in all subjects. He later became Co. Supt. of schools, after that an ordained Campbellite minister. He was about one year older than my brother Bob, not related that we knew of. I throughly

enjoyed every day and I never missed a day for five months. Then Bob became ill and my dad had me come home. I did not go back to school as it was spring and they had to start farming. They said they couldn't get along with out me. I was broken hearted not to be able to finish the term out. It was also convenient for the people I had been staying with. No one to go to school with the little girl. They had been wonderful to me. By the way they were Mormons. More hired men to cook for that summer-Negros- At least they didn't sleep at our house, but I had to give them three meals a day.

Dad would not consent to my going away to school that fall so I went and had a talk with the teacher of the little one room school. She was the same age as my brother Harry and we had known each other all our lives, however she was new in this little school. So I went to school two days a week and she would help me with any problems I had. She let me borrow some school books of hers to study from. All students had to buy their own books. She also took a teachers Magazine "The Normal Instructor", which carried sample questions and answers of teachers examinations in different states. I borrowed that every month. So I really worked hard mostly at home preparing for a teachers examination which would be held in July. A girl friend of mine Cora Crook was also studing for this examination so she came and spent a week with me in June and we studied long hours that week and gave each other a sample examination. That spring I was made post mistress of the little place called Drane(Non-existent now) which helped me with alittle ready cash. If I passed the examination (I would only try for 3rd class Certificate) I knew I could get a job teaching in one of the little one room schools of our county. There were so many of them. Once I got a job that meant I could spend some time every summer in one of the state Normal schools. All during this struggle (and I haven't told half the story) of a little schooling my Dad and Bob laughed at and ridiculed me. They would say, "the idea of you thinking you could teach school, the most absured thing I've ever heard of." But Uncle Harry bless his heart encouraged me all he could. I never will forget him for that. I'm sure he didn't think I would ever make it, but he never put a damper on my enthiasiasm

and I really was enthusiastic over the possibilities and if I passed what it would mean to me. Finally July came around and with fear and trembling but with a great deal of confidence in myself, I appeared at the county court house with Cora and Sallie to take the teachers examination. It took two days, lots and lots of questions in all the common branches, ten or more subjects. Then we went home, Dad and Bob assured me I would not pass and I know they were hoping I wouldn't. To them it meant losing their house keeper. One couldn't blame them too much but I still think they were very selfish. By this time I was so disgusted with them I didn't care what they thought. Our examination papers had to go to the state Dept. of Education in Montgomery for classification so we didn't get returns for a month or more. The suspense was terrible. I didn't dare apply for a school for fear I might not pass so I just had to wait. In the mean time an awful thing happened to my boy friend Joe. So far I haven't mentioned any boy friends but I have had several. I went with Bob Holliday before mother passed away and also after but I didn't care at all for him. Then I went with Joe Favor. He was more likeable, was a very good boy, deeply religious, was Sunday School Supt. at the Methodist Church. But I just was not interested in boys. All I could think of was school and getting a job. Teaching was about the only available employment in those days for girls. Joe was working as a collector of bills for a big saw mill co. He would send out notices to customers to come in and pay their bills, if they failed to come he would call on them personally. There were no cars in those days so he rode a horse. Most of those in debt to the Co. were negroes. Joe had sent two or three notices to a certain old negro preacher but got no response so he proceeded to ride over to the negroes home about a mile from where Joe was staying. Joe was an orphan and lived with his aunt who lived about 1/2 mile from us. When Joe arrived at the negro's home he called him out and they began an argument about the bill when all of a sudden the negro drew a gun from under his coat and shot Joe in the left arm. Just as quick Joe pulled his gun (he always carried a gun) and killed the negro who was suppose to be already for heaven anyway. Joe managed to make it home and they

sent for a Dr. As soon as Bob and I heard about it we went to the home to help if we could. It was after dark when the Dr. arrived. There were no electric lights outside of the cities in those days. The blood had made Bob and the Aunt and Uncle sick so I had to hold a coal oil lamp while the Dr. amputated the arm, and got Joe fixed up. This was the second such experience I had had in my short life. No wonder my dad thought I should be nurse. Aunt Emma was a nurse. The other experience came to me at Christmas. I was sixteen years old and was spending the holidays at Uncle Oliver Woodruff's when a cousin of Nannies was accidently shot by Bob Woodruff. He was Labe Wood who was also spending Christmas at the Woodruff home. He and Bob were 14 yrs. old and went out hunting. My Uncle had gone to the City for a couple of days. Bob's gun was accidentally discharged and the whole works went into Labe's arm. Bob had to walk a mile for help, Then a negro was sent six miles for a Dr. He came in a buggy and it was late in the night when he arrived. So I had a coal oil lamp while the Dr. amputated the arm. Labe never revived, lost too much blood. He died a short time after the operation. If there had only been a hospital and blood transfusions available Labe might be living today. Gruesome experiences for a young girl I'd say but I thought nothing of them then. About two weeks after Joe was shot he was OK and I recieved notice from the state Board of Ed. that I had passed the examination with an average of 76% in all of my subjects. The state ruling that was each teacher must pass with no less than 75% average so I just got by but it served my purpose as well as if it had been 90%. Sally made 75% and Cora 77% so we were all in the same boat. I immediately applied for the school I wanted and resigned my post mistress job a month later. I was walking on clouds but my dad and Bob were some what stunned. I actually believe they thought I would fail, and it was a miracle that I didn't considering the amount of schooling I had had. The trustees at Lum accepted my application and gave me a contract to teach in the little log one room school house for a seven month term at \$40.00 a month. The day I recieved my certificate and the day I recieved my contract were outstanging and important days in my life.

The little community of Lum was in my home co. of Loundes in Ala. only about ten miles from home. The Halls (Jessie Albertson's folks) lived in this community and were related to us so I naturally asked if I could board at their home. They seemed glad to have me there with the family and only charged me \$6.00 a month board and room. Imagine that! Laundry was always included. I taught school in Ala. and Miss. during the next five years and never paid more than ten dollars a month for board, room, laundry but my wages had gone up to \$55.00 per month and the term was 8 months. When I came to Utah I rec'd \$60.00 per month for 8 months and paid \$16.00 a month board and hired a woman to do my laundry. Some change.

My first year of teaching stands out in my memory as no other years has. I enjoyed living with the Halls. They had four children in my school and two at home, all very intelligent, the best students I had. They were Mormons. There were two other families of L.D.S. in the community but one had no children in school.

At the beginning of the school year I began dreaming of the spring when I could go to summer school and raise my classification as a teacher. There were 3 classifications 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. I couldn't stand being the lowest classification so I was busily making plans for the next summer but my troubles with my dad were not over. Believe it or not before I recieved my first pay check he went to the supt. of schools and asked to have my check made out to him and mail it to him. He in return would pay my board and other expenses out of it. The supt. asked him if I was a minor, that is under 18 yrs. of age. Thank goodness I was past 18 so the Supt. told him nothing doing. Can you imagine a parent doing that to a kid who had struggled as I had done to get that little job? Then for him to want to take it away from me. I think his point was to force me to come back home. No one will ever know how that act of his ever got me on fire. I didn't even go home for Christmas or any other time during the winter. As soon as school was out I packed up and went to Jacksonville, Ala. in the north eastern part of the state to Normal school. This school specialized in helping teachers raise thier classification. My dad was still on

my trail. He was determined to atleast make life miserable for me. After about a month at summer school, one day the Pres. Sec. appeared in the door way of my class room and said to the teacher That Miss Lee was wanted in the Pres. office. Talk about being embarrassed! It was next to a disgrace for a student to be summons to appear before the Pres. It usually meant trouble even being expelled from school. I was almost paralyzed with misgivings yet I couldn't think of one thing I had done to be disciplined for. When I arrived at the office the Pres. ask me to seated and then he handed me a letter from my dad which had been sent to him. The awful things he had said about me being disobedient, leaving home with out his consent being gone from home many months, never writing him a word or even coming home for Christmas. Now he had accidentally heard that I was attending school in Jacksonville and had not even informed him of my where abouts. These statements were all true but he was careful not to say who drove me to it. After my mother died and Harry left home (he was now in Oklahoma) I realized I was on my own and if I didn't make something of myself no one else would concern themselves about me, so after all that had happened I was more determined than ever to go on my own way and do as I pleased. I felt perfectly independent and free to live my own life and felt that I could take care on myself under any circumstances. Of course I was still a kid, just 19 but it seemed ages since I was a small child and a happy one too. Maybe I shouldn't let the family skelton out of the closet like this but it still burns me up when I think of the buttles I had to fight and alone too. No mother, grandmother, not even an aunt or sister. After all this a brief life history od myself and all that happened had a vital bearing on my future. Sometimes I think that the Lord had a hand in shaping my life, in fact I know he did. I promised the college Pres. that I would write to my Dad which I did but in in very endearing terms. He still wasn't through putting obstacles in my way. While staying in the Holl home two very nice L.D.S. missionaries came and spent the night. We all stayed up rather late and listened to the missionaries discuss the scriptures and gospel princeples. The next night they held a cottage meeting at the home of Mr. John Smith and we went to

hear them. I was very much impressed by what they said. They gave me some tracts and a copy of the Improvement Era, also a few other church magazines, The Elders Journal, and Young Women's magazine. I read them all and subscribed to all three. I had become quite interested in the church doctrines when I stayed with the Days when I was 16.

When my Dad learned of my interest in the church he was terribly upset so I heard but he didn't say anything to me as I went to Miss. as soon as summer school ended. We had a number of relatives in and near Philadelphia and also at Acherman. These in Philadelphia insisted that I stay and teach their school the next winter. I liked these good people so I took the Miss. State Teacher's Examination and passed it as I had done in Ala. so I stayed in Miss. I felt good to be out of Ala. for once. I continued my investigation of the church through the magazines I was getting every month. By the way after summer school I took another teacher's examination in Ala. and rec'd a second class Certificate raising my classification.

I enjoyes the yr. in Miss. very much. I visited with and became acquainted with all my relatives the first summer then taught school all winter and a two month summer school, im all I spent around 15 months in Miss. part in Acherman and most of the time im Philadelphia. By the time school closed in May I had decided I would join the L.D.S. Church, so I went to Acherman, Miss., where my cousin Ida Dotson lived. She and her family were alread members. She wrote to the Church head quarters in Meridian Miss. and ask the conference president to send some missionaries out to baptize me. I wanted to have done this the summer before but was not of age. The missionaries were instructed not ot baptize anyone under 21yrs of age without the written consent of the parents I knew it would be useless to ask for father's permission so just waited until after my 21st birthday and school was out. The missionaries came with in a few days after Ida wrote but they were on their way to conference and in a hurry so they asked me if I minded if they took care of the baptism on their way back to their field of labor. That was quite alright as far as I was concerned so they left but came back in about a week. The

missionaries were strangers to both Ida's family and me. They were instructed (as I learned later) to spend several days at the Doston home instructing me and interviewing me, learning all they could about me, my knowledge of the gospel principles, my attitude toward the church and its leaders, and to make sure that I was converted and knew what I was doing before they baptized me. As soon as they were satisfied on that score the senior companion Elder D. Wm Stowell of Idaho said to me one day that they had decided to baptize me if I still wanted them to. He said, "I think you understand the principles of the gospel better than we do." So I was baptized in a large branch or stream of water that the Elder's had dammed up to make it deep enough. Another applicant was baptized that day also (19 May 1907) Barton Snow, age 14. His parents were members. I shall always remember the song the elders sang at the waters edge that day "Now Let Us Rejoice", and how trilled and happy I was. I think I shall now tell what actually led me to investigate Mormonism. Someone in years to come might be interested. So far I think I have mentioned the fact that Mother, dad, and all the children in the family were not church members. We were not irreligious however. We had a New Testament and my parents read from it frequently and had memorized many passages of scripture. I was never able to find out just why they never joined any church only that they could see nothing the churches had to offer. My father always said we should be honest, truthful, mind our own business do all the good we could to our neighbors then we would not need to concern ourselves about the here after so naturally we all felt the same way. The entire family were strict observers of the Sabbath Day. We were well thought of and highly respected in the community. No one seemed to notice that we were not church members as we all went to church occasionally, never regularly. But at the time of my mother's passing and during the immediate months and years which followed I began to realize just how serious our condition was. Mother had requested many times that when she died she wanted her body kept out of the grave at least twice as long as was the custom so this we did. Although there were numerous churches and ministers round about us during the

time she lay in our home as a corpse not the first minister came to our home. Dad discussed funeral arrangements with us and wondered who he could get to conduct the grave side services. We were not offered the church to hold services in and lay men were not experienced in conducting services and any kind so dad didn't know what to do. I suggested we ask my teacher Mr. Jesse Favors, a man I thought a great deal of, so this he did though the man was a stranger to Dad. However, he was kind enough to do this for us and we all appreciated it very much. The graveside services consisted of singing two songs (hymns) by the congregation, prayer by the teacher, another hymn by the group, scripture reading by the teacher, another hymn and closing prayer by the teacher. Nothing comforting about the service at all. Those who read this may not know this but is the policy of Christian ministers not to take part in the funeral services of a non-church member because they consider such a person non-Christian, lost in such a funeral. You can imagine how all of this made me feel. To me mother was the best person who ever lived, the very personification of perfection and if she didn't deserve a Christian burial I didn't know who would. Well, any way there was a lot for me to think about and ponder over. I was only a child, 14, but very impressionable and this event in my young life bothered me considerably. I decided that I would read the Bible and attend church as often as I could and surely I would learn some where that there was hope for my mother even if she had not been baptized. But after reading the New Testament through twice and going to church (different churches) many times I still found no consolation. There was simply no salvation without baptism so I made up my mind there was nothing in these churches for me. I would never join any of them because I wanted to be reunited with my mother where ever she was and I resolved to live as she had lived which was good enough for me. About two years after I had come to the above conclusion a neighbor dropped in one day and told us that some Mormon preachers were holding a baptismal service not very far from our home on a certain day that week and I was just curious enough to want to go along so I coaxed my dad to go with me. I couldn't see any difference in that service

(tho there was a great difference) and the many baptismal services I had attended where other ministers officiated. At the conclusion of the service however, the missionaries passed out their name cards to all present also two tracts one on the subject of "Baptism", the other one on "Baptism for the Dead". I couldn't believe my eyes so when we reached home I read both of them and looked up the scriptural references in the New Testament. There I found that "Baptism for the Dead" was scriptural. That doctrine held my interest. The following winter I spent in the day home and they were Mormons so I asked a lot of questions about salvation for the dead, temples and such. I read the "Book of Mormon" while in their home also. Not once did I ever doubt any doctrine that was taught by the Mormon Church. It was all so reasonable, rational, just scriptural and above all Christian. The things they taught were things Christ taught. The Elders were humble and gave freely of their time, talents and means to bring the gospel principles to God's children. The gospel was preached without charge and they set a perfect example of Christian living to everyone they came in contact with. (Mom had this next bit crossed out but I am putting everything in she has written for I think it is what she felt) "How different from the arrogance I had seen in other churches all my life. Yet they were so self righteous they could not give my wonderful Mother a Christian burial. I'm sure the Lord had a purpose in keeping my family out of the sectarian churches until after my conversion".

About two years later I had my next contact with the Mormons in the Hall home, the first year I taught school. I have already written of that and my conversion.

When my father and Bob came to the realization that I had no intention of returning home they proceeded to get a housekeeper, a widow with two young girls. She was my dad's great niece. However my father was never content at home after my mother passed away and finally he went to the Old Soldier's Home, not as an inmate but as a night guard and attended at the hospital which was full of infirm old men. He seemed quite content there, and enjoyed trading war time stories with these old Confederate Veterans. Most of

them were older than father as he went into the service before he was of age early in 1863. He was free to go home when he wanted to, but didn't do much of that until after Bob was married. Emmie Lou told me how full of remorse he was over my leaving home and joining the Mormons. He blamed himself for everything, even joined the Campbellite Church thinking maybe I would be tired of Mormonism by now and would come home and join his church with him. Emmie Lou was my champion and she told him plainly that I had a perfect right to join whichever church suited me and it was nobody's business. When I found out or learned how he felt naturally I was sorry for him so I went to Mt. Willing and got Wilkie (he was now 18) and we got on the train and went to visit him at the Old Soldier's Home at Mt. Creek. What a welcome we received! I had written him that we were coming and the word was passed around until everyone knew that "Comrade Lee's" son and daughter were coming for a visit. We went directly to the hospital which had a wide veranda extending across the width of the building. Congregated there were dozens of old soldier's who seemed as glad to see us as my dad was. And was our dad a proud papa that night. It was between sundown and dark about two dozen old men from the different cottages which made up the "Home" were there armed with all kinds of stringed musical instruments and they gave a real concert for us. All played by ear, but I never enjoyed music more. My dad played the violin along with the others. Most of these old men had no homes and no children to care for them so it was a real treat for them to meet two youngest children of "Comrade Lee". We spent the night in one of the hospital rooms with two beds in. We had a wonderful visit and left the next afternoon leaving our dad very happy I'm sure. I have related all these events partly to show what a catastrophe it is for the mother to be taken from her family. Had mother lived, dad Harry, Wilkie, and I would never had left the home as it now stood there was no home life for any of us. Bob was now married and better off than the rest of us. Wilkie was never happy at Uncle John's. They were all adults and no one for him to play with and no animals around even.

During the 15 monthys I had spent in Miss. I had two very interesting boy friends. One at Philadelphia- Frank Capeland- and one in Acherman- Jim Nason. They helped me spend alot of hours pleasantly which might otherwise have been long lonely. I liked both but never seriously.

Wages in Miss. were not as good as in Ala. so I decided to go back to my home states, this time to school in Dallas Co. which joined Lowndes Co. on the West. This school was small, about like being a governess as all the students except one belong to family I boarded with. This became very tiresome and uninteresting before the year was over. I didn't like living with my students, days, nights, Saturdays and Sundays.

Too much of a good thing so I wouldn't consider another year there tho they coaxed me to stay. The most interesting thing about being there was the nephew of the man of the house-George Rollans. He was indeed a very fine young man, good looking and no bad habbits excpet being a Methodist. I thought the quicker I got away from there the better for the both of us. He wrote to me frequently after I left and wanted me to marry him but under the circumstances I just couldn't. He never knew why. A dear friend of mine, Sister Golson of Prattville, Ala, Autauga Co. was very anxious for me to teach in their co. so I could spend my weekends with them as they were only members of the L.D.S. church in the co. I thought that would be a fine idea so I made application and was accepted. Up to this time I had been more or less a rolling stone in the teaching business. I was always looking for a greener pastures. Actually I think I was very discontented and full of adventure. I seemed to want to be on the go all the time. What I really wanted to do was go west. Two missionaries one in Utah and one in idaho (the one that baptized me) wanted me to marry them but I was very hesitant about doing that. They had left the mission field befre I had any idea what was in their minds, then they wrote to me. I hardly knew the Utah Elder (Wignall) whose home was in Springville. It didn't take me long to discourage him. I knew the other one quite well and I liked him alot but I knew nothing of his background or family. He wrote to me for almost two years

and finally wrote offering to send me a ticket to Salt Lake he would meet me there and we would be married in the temple. His kind offer provoked me just a little so I wrote him that when I went to Utah and single for a year to see if I actually wanted to make Utah my permanent home. That ended that romance. He doesn't know how lucky he was not to get trapped by a hot headed southerner. I enjoyed my work at Spur, in Autauga Co. and the many nice visits I had at the Golsons. Also I had a new boyfriend Adam Bass at Spur, but I detested him. The town was a big saw mill town and he was the nephew of the owner of the mill and town too. He had a soft job with his uncle and lots of money but he just didn't appeal to me. He pestered me the whole spring to get married to him but for him I would have stayed in the Spur at least another year. The Golsons were making plans to go to Salt Lake sometime within two years and they wanted me to go with them. In the mean-time I had what was then very attractive offer of a school in Tuskegee, Ala. (Booker Washingtons town) I was to teach eight months at \$55.00 per month, board and room \$10.00 laundry included. I was only getting \$50.00 at Spur. I decided to go to Tuskegee the following winter. Bob was now married and dad spent alot of time there when he asen't at Mt. Creek. He would be at Bob's and since I didn't plan to go to summer school (I had gone the summer before and raised my classification to 1st class with 5 yr Certificate) he wanted me to come home for the summer so I did. After all I owed alot to my dad. With the exception of the gospel he gave me the two most important things in my life- A wonderful heritage (his ancestors were distinguished poeple) and the best mother in the world. We had an enjoyable summer both of us had learned to love Emmie Lou, she was such a good person and so hospitable. She loved poeple, especially Bob's folks.

The school in Tuskegee and the people were the nicest I had yet been around. I boarded with a Mr. and Mrs. Long, They had five children, two teenagers. They were lovely people and the children very intelligent and well behaved. It wasn't long before a brother of Mrs. Long, Larcus Clements began paying attention to me and we went

together for two years. He was fine looking, a good singer, he sung tenor in the Baptist choir. His father was the pastor, I really liked the boy but he was not my faith and I had long since made up my mind that I would not marry out of the church. Sister Golson was worried sick over this romance but I kept telling her not to worry because I had no intention whatever of marrying him. But she said that if I didn't quit going with him I surely would but I knew better. He thought like Sister Golson. Larcus had an older brother Jim who had married a wealthy Catholic girl in Buffalo N.Y. and he was really doing well so he influenced Larcus to come to Buffalo and he would get him a good job with Jim's in-laws. So he went to Buffalo the second year I was in Tuskegee and did get a very good job, at any rate he would send me a lot of expensive gifts and I didn't know what to do about it. So every time he sent me a gift I would send him something which I should not have done as that only encouraged him. About this time I was making (plans) preparations to go to Utah. One day a letter came from Larcus saying he had sent a diamond ring with small amethyst sets (my birthstone) around the diamond. That really upset me and so I decided as soon as it came I would send it back and break off with him. The ring didn't come and didn't come so he wrote again and wanted to know how I liked it. Then I had to write and say I had not received it. Then I got a real nice letter from Mary his Catholic sister-in-law stating that she had helped Larcus select the ring and he had trusted her to mail it but she failed to have the tiny parcel registered. (There was no parcel post then) The ring evidently was stolen because anyone would guess what it was. Any way I never have received it. I felt bad to think that he had lost all that money but was spared the pain of returning it. He kept waiting however but my letters got farther apart. I came to Utah in April and he still wrote. I didn't break off completely until I became engaged to dad then I wrote and told him. I never hated so bad to do that to a fellow before. You just don't want to hurt someone you like. I was wishing all along that he would get disgusted with me and do the quitting him-self.

The Southern States mission secretary (who happened to be Reuben Brasher of Huntington) made the necessary arrangements for me to go to Utah with the Mission Pres. and Elder Wilde of Wyoming who had been released. We traveled by train. Pres. Callas was going to S.L. for April Conference. This April was 1911. The Golsons had gone to Salt Lake in Aug. 1910 So I did have some place to go when I arrived. The day I boarded the train in Montgomery for Salt Lake City I was really up in the clouds. Pres. Callis and Elder Wilde got on at Memphis Tenn. Mission head-quarters were then at Chattanooga Tenn. They were now in Atlanta Ga. We had a very pleasant trip to Salt Lake. We came by way on Kansas City, Denver, Cheyenne Wyoming and Odgen on the Union Pacific Railroad. The following week-end was General Conference, and I attended all the sessions Saturday and Sunday. It was a glorious experience. I was a little late at the first session and Pres. Joseph F. Smith was up talking. I had seen many pictures of the church Pres. but I was now actually seeing him in person and hearing him speak. What a thrill! Needless to say I enjoyed that conference as I had nevr enjoyed religious services before. How different from the many Protestant revivals it had been my privilege to attend. Enev so I am very grateful for all the Protestant contacts that came my way during ten years of my young life. They have made me more appreciative of my own religion, wonderful opportunities for comparisons.

Now, I was a stranger in a starng land, not actually , but so it seemed to me. Ways, customs and even speech was so different from what I was use to. How I did appreciate Sister Golson and her daughter Ethelyat also the other members of the family. They were kindness itself to me. Sis. Golson was a second mother to me. Today she is 91 yrs. young, living alone and doing many things for herself. Bless her heart! I really love her. I planned to teach school the following winter some where in Utah. It was now early in April 1911, and I wanted to attend summer school and there by try to get acquainted with educational processes and some educators in Utah. It was too early for summer school so I sought employment and found a place as a maid in the home of Bro. Geo. Q. Morris

now an apostle, at that time a counselor in the Bishopric of the old 14th Ward. His wife taught music in her home. They had two children, Maion age three and Helen three months. The Morrises had another maid also, Esther Anderson. Bro. Morris owned one of the very few automobiles in Salt Lake, and I had my first ride in a car while I was in his home. he would take half the family one night, the other half the next night, including the maids, for a drive around the city. That was the choicest entertainment we could have. At this date there were no movies, no radios or T.V. Can young poeple today imagine that?

As soon as summer school began I quit work and went to school-2 sessions. The first a review of the common branches for 4 weeks, then the regula: 6 weeks carrying college credits.

The conference Pres. in Ala. at the time I left was a former teacher in Weber Co. His name was Hans. C. Peterson of Hooper Utah, and was one of 7 among the first graduates of B.Y.U. in 1907. He recomended me to the Spt. of Education of Weber Co. and the man made two trips to Salt Lake to persuade me to come there but they were only paying grade teachers \$55.00 a month. That was my salary in Ala. and I thought I should have a little more in Utah. However, the best offer I had was from Emery in Emery Co. \$60.00 a month for 8 mos. and I accepted it. The Supt. from Odgen came down again and tried to discourage me on going to Emery Co. He told me the arid, cold, windy climate and long distance from the railroad but my mind was made up. The Supt. had herded sheep on Emery Co. area when he was a very young man. Later I found out how truly he spoke.

I enjoyed summer school at the U. of U. It was all new and strange but I liked it. Some of the teachers I admired so much wore: Levi Edgar Young, Wm M. Stewart, Howard R. Driggs, Prof. Paul and Maud May Babcock.

After summer school I went to work for Sweets Candy and stayed there until the first Sept. My school in Emery was to begin Sept. 11 I spent one day visiting a first grade class room in Salt Lake _ looking for pointers.

By this time my money was almost gone and I needed new clothes to begin school so I found a place that would charge and bought a supply of fall clothes on the installment plan.

Just two days before I was to leave for Emery I became violently ill, high fever ect. Sister Golson, her husband and the three older children were all working, 4 younger children at home going to school.

No one to stay with and no money to pay a doctor or buy medicine. The Golosns were as bad off financially as anyone I ever knew, big family rent ect. However Sister Golson was smart enough to call the Co. physician. It was evening before he came, my fever was higher than ever and occasionally I was out of my head. My abdomen was very swollen and I hurt all over. I had never been that sick before in my life. The doctor examined me and questioned Sister Golson and me also, then he said, "She has every symptom of Typhoid Fever, in fact I know that is her trouble which means that in 3 months illness." I said, "Dr. day after tomorrow I must leave for Emery Co. where I am to teach school this winter and I just can't have Typhoid Fever for I new contracted debts which I must pay between now and Christmas." He then advised me to write to the school trustees in Emery and explian conditions to them and ask them to hold the job for me but to get someone to teach my class until Christmas. Then he wrote me out a prescriiption for me and left, saying he would call back the next morning. Sis. Golson sent one of her sons to town to get the prescription filled. While he was gone she came and sat on the bed beside me. I kept saying, "I can't be sick, I must not be sick." Finally Sis. Golson said, "Hessie there is only one thing you and I can do about this and that is to exercise all the faith we have and call in the Elders to administor to you, then trust in the Lord." Do you wonder why I love Sis. Golson? We did as she suggested. The Elders came and administered to me. The boy returned with the medicine and I took one dose. The family sat around for a while and went to bed except Sis. Golson who said she would stay up and give me the medicine. Almost immediately I dropped off to sleep. Sis. Golson said my fever left me

and I slept soundly all night. She did not wake me to take the medicine. I felt real good in the morning but was very weak so I did not get up until after the Dr. had been there.

When he came and looked at me and took my temperature he was amazed. Suddenly he said, "This girl will be able to go to her school as she planned. I know what has happened here. I too, hold the Melchisedek Priesthood." This testimony of the power of the Priesthood in healing me has remained with me constantly since that time. I arrived in Emery on Sunday before school started the next day. The Lord has really been good to me. Why shouldn't I do something for him?

Up to this time I had not been home sick at all but Emery and its people seemed more strange than the ones I knew in S.L.C. however, I was soon so busy there was no time to think of home and all my friends, relatives, and acquaintances of my young life. Early in the fall a traveling teacher of education came into the community and gathered up as many of the young people as he could into a class running 6 weeks. At the end of that time he would stage a three act play using his most talented and hard working students. He was very good and we had lots of fun. Tuition for the course was \$10.00. He had free use of the school house for his class and used the church house for his play. All of the unmarried school teachers were included in the cast (4 in all) also several of the towns young people including my future husband. It was in the class that I first met him. However, I had no designs on him at this time but went out with him quite frequently after that to dances and other socials. Soon after school began we three single lady teachers decided to "batch it" instead of boarding so we rented the little brick house where Wilfred Broderick now lives. It then belonged to Chester Olsen's gr. mother- A Mrs. Edwards. The home was furnished, we paid \$10.00 a month everything went fine. Miss Rasmussen cooked breakfast, Miss Duke, lunch, and I prepared the evening meal. I liked to go home after school but they liked to "bum" in the stores, or go visiting. It had never occurred to me what I would do for Christmas time-two weeks. The other teachers had homes to go to but not me. I wasn't afraid to stay alone but wondered how I would pass the time. That

was when I really learned to appreciate the good people of Emery. So much good food was sent to me I scarcely knew what to do with it all and I was invited out to so many lovely meals and my boy friend either took me out to dances and parties or called to see me every night. It was during these two weeks that I became well acquainted with Roy and learned to appreciate his many fine qualities. He was so very kind and considerate of me. He gave me a lovely Christmas gift, and brought candy, fruit or nuts almost every night. I must have put on a good many pounds during those two weeks but who worried about pounds in those days? I never heard them mentioned. By the time school closed- the last of April 1912. Roy and I were engaged, but we decided not to get married until the next spring. I returned to the home of Sister Golson in S.L.C. and went to summer school at the U.of U. again. In the fall I returned to Emery Co. and taught again and this year we decided to board instead of batching. Roy persuaded his sister Mrs. I.K.

(Lucinda) Williams to take the lady teachers at \$16.00 per month, but we hired our laundry done. I taught school that winter. When school was out Roy and I were married in Salt Lake temple June 11, 1913. After our marriage I returned home to Ala. to visit my folks and Roy returned to Emery to take care of his ranch and stock. I was gone about six weeks before returning to Emery and my new husband.

Now I think I'll tell what little I know about my husband and his folks. I always called him "That Little White headed Swed," behind his back of course. His father was Peter Victor Bunderson, son of John Victor Bunderson. Peter V. was born in Malmo Sweden in 1860. His parents were converts to the church (L.D.S.) and came to Utah sometime after the railroad was built to Salt Lake City. Roy's mother was Sena Christina Nielsen daughter of Niels Christian Nielsen and Caroline Anderson Nielsen who were converts to the church-mormon faith. She and her brother Peter Nielsen came to Utah when she was 11 yrs. old and he was 13 yrs. old. Their parents came about 1 yr. later. She always spoke with an accent, could not make sound of th for example, thistle was tassel, think was tink and the der.

Granpa Bunderson had a very slight accent-hardly noticeable. He was 12 yrs. old when he arrived in Utah. Both families _ Bundersons and Nielsens _ settled in Mayfield, Utah and it was while living there that Roys parents were married. They drove a team from Mayfield to St. George, Utah to be married in the temple. I believe they were married 13 Nov. 1885 (Irene has the dates) My husband Roy was their eldest child. He was born 19 Aug. 1886, next came Lucinda in Oct. 1888, then Asenath. About this time they moved by team and wagon from Mayfield to Emery where they pioneered. There was no canal so water had to be hauled from muddy creek. Roy's father surveyed and help build the canal which now carries water to the town of Emery and the farms.

Roy's grandmother and grandfather Nielsen soon came to Emery also and remained there until they passed away.

Six other children were born to Roy's parents after their arrival in Emery. Grace, Alvin, (Oran and Ora twins) Joseph and Bertha. All married except Asenath who died at the age of three and Alvin.

Roy's father served 26 years in the Emery Ward Bishopric. During this time he served or filled a 3 yr mission in Sweden. His mother held many positions in the ward including Pres. of the Relief Society. They were very fine people with a lot of character and were hard working. Their faith in the gospel was outstanding. It must have been very hard of grandmother to be left with eight children, the eldest 13 when grandfather went on a three year mission to Sweden. My husband had a vivid memory of those years because so much responsibility rested upon his young shoulders. The Bundersons were farmers and they owned some cattle. The farm was three miles from town and the only transportation to and from farm was by team and wagon or on horse back. My husband's brothers were not old enough to help as Oran was 2 yrs. and Alvin was 5 yrs old. Neither were the girls old enough to help. Roy had the farm work to do as well as milking and taking the cows to and from the pasture. He was made a man before his time. The family always looked to him as if he were a second father. Being the eldest in the family he always took the

lead in working even after his father came home. His help was so badly needed to provide for that large family his education was sadly neglected. He had to stay out of school both fall and spring to help with the farm work, planting and harvesting. He did get to attend the Emery Stake Academy part of two years. As a young man he was very ambitious and wanted so much to get ahead in the world, so as soon as he was 21 yrs. old he left home to find employment. He ended up with a job on the Rail Road which paid very well for those days. He saved his money and invested his money in cattle, then came home, applied for a twenty head permit and obtained it. Now he needed a farm of his own. It was about his time I met him. I worked in the temple. (1911) He was twenty five and so was I. As soon as he bought his cattle he and Homer Jensen another young man about 23 and an orphan, bought the ranch where he lived for so many years. They were partners about two years when we were married, 1913. Then Roy bought Homer's interest in the ranch and built a home for us there in 1914. Leila and Morris, the twins were born 30 May 1914. Home was only a granary at first. We lived in it six months then we moved into a home he had built near by. It only had three rooms and a porch but that was all we needed at that time. We put a bed in the upstairs of the granary for the hired men. They ate at our table. We had no electricity or water in our home. The water was hauled on a sled from the creek which was about a block away. Later we obtained a tank and hauled water from town, a distance of four miles.

We moved from the granary into a new home in the spring of 1915. On June 1st 1915 our son Victor was born. He was just one year old and a year younger than the twins and was born at the ranch before the doctor arrived. A week later they discovered I had an infection and came near losing my life. I was a semi-in-valid for three months. My husband hired his sister, Grace, who was about 23 yrs. old and single to come and stay with us. At six weeks my baby developed eczema on his left cheek which slowly spread over his entire body. Leila still a baby, could not walk yet and cut her first tooth while I was in the bed with Victor (Grandma doesn't mention the death of Morris on July 17,

1914.) With no modern conveniences, two babies, one ill and had to have extra attention, two hired men besides the family to cook for I found myself fully occupied all day and a good portion of the night. The baby's eczema got worse and worse as time passed, we tried all remedies we could find and saw all available Drs. but nothing seemed to help. We had to keep his hands tied so he would not scratch himself and make scars. The Dr. said no water on his body, I had to give him a sponge bath with olive oil every day. In the Spring of 1916 I found myself pregnant again this time with Alice, which complicated my situation. In June of that year my husband and in-laws decided I needed to get away from the ranch and children for a while so we got a woman to stay at the ranch to cook for a week, the children Leila and Victor stayed with their grandparents and my husband and I went to Manti for a week to do temple work. I was administered to by the temple president at the temple one day and we both got our Patriarchal blessings from the patriarch Allen Russell. It was the longest week of my life and I decided then no matter what happened or how I felt I would never leave my little children more than 24 hours at a time again and I never did.

Later in the summer I rec'd a letter from a second cousin of mine in Ala. Jessie Lou Hall, a young woman 24 yrs old and a member of the L.D.S. church who said she was very anxious to come to Utah but did not have the price of a ticket. We knew we would be needing domestic help soon and decided if she would come and stay with us for a few weeks or months we would send her money for a ticket. This we did and she arrived when my new baby was two days old 24 Dec. 1916. Jessie Lou later got a job clerking in a store in Emery and finally went to Salt Lake and found employment there. She later married an Emery boy Albert Albertson who was for many years a Fish Lake Forest Supervisor.

Our ranch home was four miles from town and our only transportation was by white top buggy or on horse back. Only on Sun. did the family get to town. My husband usually rode a horse to town 2 or 3 times a week for the mail and groceries. In the spring

of 1917 Jessie Lou's brother Dick Hall wanted to come to Utah but the family could not afford to send him so my husband financed his way out with the understanding he should work on the farm to pay for his ticket. This he did. He was about 22 yrs. old. He became our third hired man. We put up another bed in the upstairs of our three room home for him. Our family now consisted of six adults and three babies under three yrs. Everything went along smoothly. In July Jessie Lou got a job in town and moved to my in-laws home and not long after this our country declared war on Germany and that took two of our hired men, Dick, and Alvin (Bunderson). During the war my husband could get only boys to work as the young men were all drafted. In May 1918 Alvin came home on fur lough prior to going overseas to France. While he was home another baby came to bless our home. Grandpa Bunderson named him Rex Alvin.

This ends what mom had written of her history. She told me when sick at Leilas that each of us knew enough about the rest we should finish it. I had a very hrad time copying this as she had written in an old notebook in pencil and it was very hard to see and read. No paragraphs or sentences ect. It was just a trail copy and had she finished it and copied it as a finished copy how nice it would have been.

Uncle Wilkie I don't type alot of these words of names of places I wasn't acquainted with and I couldn't read her spelling of them. So will you please excuse the mistakes.

I thought you might enjoy reading this as much as I did. So many things I hadn't heard her tell about.

I hope all of you have a Merry X-Mas.

I promised Alice Lee a copy. Perhaps you might let her take this and type one of her own. Maybe you aren't interested in any thing like this in that case you could give it to her. In any case I thought you might enjoy reading it one time.

Love to all You...