

THE HISTORY AND MANY MEMORABLE EXPERIENCES OF LOUIS DURAND  
(1893-1976) AND LOUISE DURAND (1889-1973) AS WRITTEN BY  
THEIR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN AND FAMILY.

I (Marie) being the oldest of the Durand children will start this history and write it from memory from what I have learned from Dad's family and the many wonderful stories he has told in our life of his history.

I will also include a little bit about my dear Mother and what I know of her life.

This first part of Dad's history concerns what happened before I was born. It was related to me by his relatives.

X Louis Durand was born in a town by the name of San Germane, a small farming town on the border of France, Italy, and Switzerland. He was of French descendants, but at the time of his birth the county that the town was in belonged to Italy. So he had to be registered as an Italian citizen even though he was a Frenchman. The counties around the borders were always being fought over for ownership by the neighboring countries. He was only an hour's walk from any of these three countries.

He lived in San Germane until he was about ten years old. Then his family moved to a town called Piedmont, Italy. That is where he met my Mother. She was a Northern Italian. Louise Marie Cafferetti was her name. X

I am going to tell you a little bit about my parents' personalities and looks.

X My Mother was about five feet two inches on the stocky side with jet black hair, brown eyes and olive skin. She had a kind and generous disposition, was a hard worker, and in good health. She was the world's best cook. She knew a lot about medicine and passed it on to us. Her father died when she was very young. She was the only child of her mother's third marriage. Her mother, Grandma Marie Cafferetti, made a living as a midwife. She lived to be 92 years old.

X My Mother went to the fourth grade and she learned her reading, writing, and arithmetic in Italian. When she came to this country, she learned to write and read English and speak English in a beautiful brogue that was uniquely her own and very pleasant to listen to. Mom loved to dance and sing and performed at theatres in the old country. X

She was good and kind to us but also very firm too. When she said "No" she meant it. She was very stubborn. She loved her husband, children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren very devotedly. She taught us the dialect they spoke in her country--l'italiune. It was a mixture of French, Italian, and some Swiss. She could read and write Italian fluently.

Her home was everyone's home and anyone that came to see us had to have something to eat. She always pulled out the food and put it on the table and said "You eat." Regard- less of your religion, creed, color or age, she always gave you something good to eat, even during the Depression... They were true pioneers, my parents.

X My Father was of medium height and lean build. He had twinkling blue eyes, light brown hair and white skin. When he came to this country the harsh weather darkened and leathered his hands and face, but the skin on the rest of his body was almost white. He had a keen sense of humor. He was a very intelligent man and he was gentle and kind most of the time. X

When he was ten years old he moved to Piedmont, Italy. His parents bought a small vineyard, raised grapes and a beautiful garden and sold grapes for a living. He and his dad did the farming and it was from his dad he learned to grow every- thing growable.

X My Dad was very ambitious and willing to learn. His father was a good teacher but a little lazy, so my Father learned everything there was to know about farming and pre- serving what they grew. They were considered a fair income family. He worked with his father until he was nineteen years old. During this time he met my Mother and courted her. She lived in another small town about five miles away but they all spoke the same dialect (Patuwae.)

When the war broke out my Father did not want to go to war. He was a peaceful man and didn't want to fight his own friends. By that time he knew Louise was the woman he wanted for his life- time mate but he wanted to get away from the war. So he wrote to one of his uncles to see if he could come to Provo, Utah in America.

In just a short time he had enough money to send for his sweetheart, my Mother.

They bought the homestead in 1922 and lived there until 1967---45 years. People called it "Poverty Flats" but Louie called it "Rocky Ridge."

Dad and Mom worked as a team and first built a house with the help of uncle Emil Bouvier. He was already established on a homestead one mile east of our farm. Then they started to move rocks and cultivate, build fences and sheds and the granary. They were true pioneer farmers. They built two huge dirt cellars, one of them for green vegetables.

My Father was Presbyterian and Mother a Catholic, but they never interfered with each other's religion. We children were left to study and choose the religion we wanted. As of now myself, my sister Isabel and brother Emery are L. D. S. and my brother Fred is a Baptist.

X We were taught to be Good Christians and the Bible was always read to us... either in Italian by Mom and explained to us or in English by Dad when he had the time which was usually at Christmas, New Years and Easter.

We were taught to say our prayers every night. Mother told us to say thanks to your Lord everyday for your blessings and don't ask Him to solve something you can solve yourself. Through prayer He will help you if He sees you need help. Never be it greedy and want more than what He gave you. He might take it away and give you less. X

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My brother Emery was born in 1922 and a year later Fred and then no more children for ~~six~~ years when Isabel arrived and made our family complete. And I might mention here what a blessing she was to them as she faithfully took care of them in their old age.

We had a very happy childhood on that farm as well as heartache, sickness and much hard work. We have so many beautiful memories...Here a few of the highlights of some of the things that Louie and Louise Durand brought into Emery County.

Dad brought a rural school bus in fighting a year for it and even driving the "bus" himself for a while...which was our own "Model T." Finally they put a bus in the making so that the children that lived between Cleveland and Huntington could go to high school.

He was on the Cleveland Water Committee for about ten years, helping to propose to cement the irrigation ditch to save water.

Mom and Dad worked as a team with the University of Utah Agriculture Department. They gave him certified seed to test and grow in that type of soil. The government paid him for this and soon he was selling certified clover seed and they also did the same thing with certified red bliss potatoes. They worked along with the Department of Agriculture. They crossbred the Red Durham cows with a Black Angus bull which gave them cattle that were good milk cows and beef too. They also survived the cold better because they had longer hair.

They also discovered a natural resource of water in the swamp and with the help of the government they built a pond. They had a pump put on it so they could pump the water onto the bench and also farm the lower homestead. It also became a recreation center. The Game Farm planted some fish in the pond and people came to fish in the summer. In the fall it was full of ducks.

In winter it became a skating pond. Whenever it snowed you could always depend on people coming from town by carloads to clean off the snow. Then Dad would hook up his pump and bring some water from underneath and spray the pond. Soon it was a skater's paradise. Everyone who came there had to get permission from Mom and Dad to use the pond. None were ever turned down. But some kids that got out of hand were sent home. If we had a skating party at night then Dad built a bonfire and had the kids bring in the wood from along the canal and Mom always fixed buckets of cocoa. Such great times we had at the pond.

They enjoyed the town life and had many friends...Dad entertaining with his stories and Mom fixing something good to eat. My sister Isabel took very good care of them when they became quite ill in their old age. Also my brothers Emery and Fred and their wives came from Alabama to help us.

Mom died in 1973 and after that Dad went downhill fast and he died in 1976.

The farm has now been sold again and made into an industrial center with many buildings and plumbing and electricity. The tin granary Dad built in 1925 still stands there and is used for storage. Our old farm is now worth about a quarter of a million dollars.

I hope this history gives my grandchildren and great grand-children and generations to come a little idea of what their ancestors from the old country were like.

I would like to pass on a few of the old sayings which are quite true if you were to follow them.

1. Ring around the moon--rain or snow in three to five days.
2. Hawks flying a circle--wind.
3. Wind from the east--bad storm.
4. Smoke circling to the ground--storm coming.
5. Buttermilk sky--fair weather.
6. Check the new moon when it comes--first three days of the new moon tells the weather for the rest of the month. If it rides in the clouds, bad weather is coming soon.
7. When planting a pine tree, face it the same way as you dug it up..if changed around the roots get mad and die.
8. Plant root vegetables in the dark of the moon. Plant vegetables that bear out of the ground in the light of the moon.
9. Hair cut in the dark of the moon won't grow as fast as when you cut it in the light of the moon.
10. Mom had a few herbs she grew and used: Alfalfa for arthritis, fresh raspberry leaves for stomach cramps, camomille tea for insomnia, parsley for high blood pressure, garlic and onions to keep cholesterol down boiled turnips for bladder infection, aged chicken grease made into hot packs and put on your throat for strep throat, dandelion greens for spring blood tonic. Make a poultice of chopped up primrose herb and pork grease and put on sprains to bring swelling down. Use a straw at the joint to push on warts every night and they will go away. (I lost 24 warts that way once.) And finally Mom would say, "Take it one day at a time. No one knows for sure what tomorrow brings."