

Things I remember about Grandma and Grandpa Frank...

Written by granddaughter Virginia Pedersen Jones

Grandma would make the best ginger bread and sugar cookies. She always had to give us one when we would go to see her. She also made the best pies. The younger children wouldn't get a piece of pie, so "Mama", Hazel, would give us a taste of hers. I forgot to tell you the cookies were about three to four inches wide; that was a big cookie for us kids.

Grandpa was a big tease. He would ask us city kids if we wanted to see a tit louse on the cow. Of course, we would say yes. He would have us get very close to the cow so we could see and then he would squirt us in the face with milk. It would only happen once and then we would get wise to his tricks. He would laugh so hard. We never cried when he would trick us because of his great laugh and we would end up laughing with him.

When company was coming, he would need extra wood for the kitchen stove to cook with and also for heat. Grandpa would go up Logan Canyon and cut down a pine tree for the wood. Up the canyon is a place across the street from the turn you would take to go up Black Smith Fork Canyon where a huge rocky cliff is that has room beneath it for him to put his wagon under to protect him from the weather as he camped. He would then get an early start the next morning to go further up the canyon.

I can remember as a child that we would travel to Star Valley to visit relatives. There were many little towns we would travel through, Afton, Bedford, Thayne, and Freedom. We had an uncle who we called Hen (Charles Henry Haderlie) who was a polygamist, he had two wives, and they were sisters. They both had twelve children each. When you would meet someone with the last name of Haderlie, most often than not you were related to them. I remember one time when we were to visit Uncle Hen because it was his birthday. Traveling with us was Grandpa and Grandma Frank, Mama and Papa and my sister LaVenia. We decided to take the Tin Cup road, it was a short cut. It started to rain and the road became very slippery. We all had to get out and hold the car on the road while Papa drove it or it would have slid down the mountain.

Grandpa Frank lived in Ovid, Idaho, over by Bear Lake. He made friends with the Indians that lived there. One time when Grandpa was away from home a band of Indians came to the house and Grandma told Luella, my mother Hazel, and Austin to go hide under the bed until they were gone. Mama said they were very scared.

Grandma Frank had a raspberry and strawberry patch, apple, apricot, plum and pear trees and a huge garden. Grandma made the best raspberry jam. We would always have her homemade bread with homemade butter and homemade jam...mmmm. She also made the best ice cream. I learned to make ice cream by watching Grandma and Mama. She bottled everything she grew. They also raised turkey, chickens, and pigs. Grandpa would go and pickup the milk cans from the other farmers and deliver it to Bordon's milk company in Logan, I think it was on 400 South and 400 West.