

HANNAH BALMFORTH WATSON
BORN December 29, 1883
DIED December 8, 1969

Hannah Balmforth was born to Charles and Hannah Hepworth Balmforth four days after Christmas in 1883. At the time of Hannah's birth, the large family lived in a home between First and Second North on First West. There, her father operated a grocery store and they lived in the home there also. They had sometime previously moved from the East Millcreek area.

Hannah was the eighth of nine children born to Hannah Hepworth and Charles Balmforth. Hannah Hepworth had four children prior to the time she married Charles. Two of the children, Amy and Emily, were still living and were part of the family.

Hannah was no doubt named after her mother. Being the next to last child, she was two when Lorenzo was born and forever had a real tenderness in her heart for her younger brother, "Ren". The older children in the family were by now beginning to leave the nest for homes of their own.

Hannah's mother, no doubt, taught them to work. This was something she had learned early. Hannah Hepworth, herself, had begun work in the mills at age four. She was expected to pick up threads from the floor.

Young Hannah had a teapot with a picture of the mills on it and upon pointing to it would say, "That is where your Grandmother worked as a child."

Charles, Hannah's father, was said to be of the "Gentlemen's" class in England and was not much of a businessman. He was remembered in a suit with a gold watch and fob. He was proud and walked to the Tabernacle to sing in the choir. He had a tremendous sweet tooth and that seems to be something he passed down to his progenitors.

The family was poor and the children often sat down to meager food. A common dish was what was called "Pobbies". This consisted of whole wheat bread and milk with a little sugar. It was eaten as we eat cereal. This dish was later found on tables of the children when they married.

Hannah went to school in the Union School, which was on the same block as the West High School. The children were summoned to school by a large brass bell. Hannah was shy and fearful of reciting before her teachers. She remembered achieving good grades in everything but that. She gained

her education as her children learned. When they came home to study, she learned lessons, right along with them. Her own formal education ended with the eighth grade.

The household was a busy, industrious household and the children learned early to work hard and be productive. They learned to do their work well.

The children began work outside the house early to help earn funds. Hannah was employed during the period between age fourteen and seventeen as a maid for Mrs. Redman of the Redman Van and Storage Company. She earned four dollars a week. She learned there to be efficient and employ many social graces that caused her to be "refined". During this period, she also made herself useful to her sisters who were gradually being married and beginning families. She often went to live with them during these periods to help after the birth of babies. Hannah's mother encouraged her to do this. This loving service cemented the close relationships among the sisters. They remained close over the years.

Hannah was proud of Jack, her older brother, and admired him greatly. His appearance was neat and tidy even though he worked hard. He worked with Hannah's husband at the Martin Coal Company after Hannah married. Jack (John) came out after work looking neat and clean while Pat came home black with coal dust and his "overhauls," as he called them, unbuttoned on the sides. Hannah would be exasperated over this and complain, "Jack doesn't come home looking like that." (This, no doubt, endeared the relationship.)

Hannah often remorseful over her brother, Joe, because of his plight. His first wife died young, and left him with a young family to raise. The family enjoyed greatly visits from him to Salt Lake. Pat and Clarence, Hannah's husband and son, listened with rapt attention to him explain principles of the Gospel which he understood well.

Speaking of Samuel brought a sadness to Hannah. He was just twenty months older than she, and died when she was just six years old.

Not much is remembered of Charles or Hannah's relationship to him. Several of the brothers and sisters moved to Idaho and thus became remote because of proximity, to the families in Salt Lake. It is for this reason that their children can't recall experiences.

Display of affection in the Balmforth home was at a minimum. Hannah's mother referred to anyone showering affection of fuss over her as "blatherskytes." The affection came in services and kindnesses to each other. The fact that the two older sisters were step sisters may not have even been known to Hannah until later, much later, in her life. The six sisters were very close, and the facts of illegitimacy were spoken of in whispers, both because of the embarrassment and the desire for those sisters whom she loved, to be full sisters in every way.

Twenty six days before Hannah turned eighteen, December 3, 1901, she married Hugh Watson, son of Bishop James Cowan Watson and Mary Condie Watson. The bishop and father married his son to Hannah.

The details of Hannah's and Pat's courtship are not known, but some feelings about their situation have been passed down. Pat was well liked by Hannah's sisters. They are said to have thought "highly of him."

It is known by pictures in the family, that Hannah and Pat went swimming at Saltair--no doubt dancing too. In later years, Hannah was questioned as to why she married Pat and she said she had married him because someone told her that he was good to his mother.

Pat won a lovely young girl to be his bride. Hannah was five feet, two inches and beautiful. She had wispy brown hair, curled about her face, a peachy complexion, and beautiful eyes. She dressed stylishly and femininely. She looked lovely in a sheer pink blouse (pink being her favorite color) and a green and white striped, flannel skirt which was the fashion of the day. White canvas oxfords completed the outfit.

Mary Condie Watson, Hannah's mother-in-law, was critical of Hannah's dress. She was a "spiffy" dresser and Mrs. Watson found complaint for that. Her children, however, were proud of their mother. They felt that she was always the prettiest mother at school on visiting days.

After Hannah and Pat married they moved into a duplex between Third and Fourth West on the north side of Seventh South. During this time Pat had a four room house built on a plot of ground given to him by his father. The lot was located just west of his mother. His father was living with his second wife at the time.

The home was built at 537 West Fifth South. One empty lot belonging to Pat's brother "Doc" separated them from his mother. The home was red brick on a sandstone foundation--housing four rooms, parlor, dining room, bedroom and kitchen. There was a pantry and one closet. The closed in porch was added to the back later. An outhouse was in the rear. Entry to the house was gained through two front doors--one into the parlor and one into the dining room. The natural stained woodwork was always an asset to the well-kept home.

Hannah and Pat moved into the home three years after their marriage. They had acquired their first child, a boy, Clarence, August 11, 1903.

Hannah's relationship with her mother-in-law was a good one and they respected each other. Hannah knew that Mrs. Watson did not like to tend children however, and so they did not impose upon her in that way often. Mrs. Watson was known to peer out of curtained windows of the door searching for Hugh and Hannah's return while a child was asleep on a prickly black horsehair couch.

The home itself was built on an area quite swampy. Hugh kept cinders on the ground to compensate for this. One corner of the house had to be jacked up constantly because it settled into the soft soil too far.

On June 26, 1904 Hannah's father, Charles, died. The next child born to Hannah and Pat was a girl, Nellie. She was born October 10, 1905.

Hannah had observed through her teenage years the hardships of pregnancies and births and it may be due to this that her fears developed. She was afraid to get pregnant. She was afraid she would die during childbirth. If she didn't die, she was afraid the child would die. She felt guilty about her feelings and was afraid the Lord would punish her by taking her child. She confided them to her daughter in later years. These fears brought about rejection of her husband and disharmony in the home.

On April 1, 1912, Verna was born. When their Dad came to tell Clarence, age eight, and Nellie, age six, they thought it was an April Fools joke.

Some years later, Hannah conceived again and carried a baby to full term. During November of 1918, the baby was still-born. Both Hannah and Pat mourned the loss of their infant son. Pat was beside himself with grief.

Hannah said in later years that she remembered seeing a cord around the baby's neck. She wept. Clarence waited in the yard for news of the birth. Nellie and Verna were at home. The infant was placed in a towel at the foot of the bed. Cecilia, Hugh's sister, was called to prepare the baby for burial. It was her church calling to do that. She washed and dressed the baby and placed it in a suitcase which the doctor carried to the mortuary.

Hannah's sister, Mary, along with Dora, her daughter, soon came to stay to nurse Hannah back to health. She cheered her by reading comics to her while she was in a big brass bed. They laughed their heads off.

Hannah compensated in her own way in later years for her rejection of Pat. She covered her guilt by being quick to have his meals always ready when he came home from work. He hauled debris for businesses--a job for which she always had contempt. It did not have any dignity!

Even though she was always prepared with Pat's meal, the service of it did not measure up. She often would put food on the table, other than at dinner time, and direct the grandchildren to, "Tell your grandfather his pie is on the table."

The impatience increased for Hannah when Pat retired. She could not accustom herself to having him around all day even though she was not sad to lose the mess of the truck and the dirt associated with his job.

Hannah kept a clean house, loved her children, was a good cook and sewed some. She owned a treddle machine and made her children clothing although it frustrated her some.

She was a good cook, but prepared simple dishes. They were always "tasty." Probably pastries, baked goods and desserts were her specialty. She had a copper bucket that clamped onto the kitchen table. A handle on top facilitated the mixing of the dough. Hannah mixed the ingredients for bread at night. On cold nights, she wrapped the copper kettle in blankets until morning. Then she kneaded it into loaves. If the weather was warmer, often, the family would awaken to find the dough overflowing the mixer. She never used a recipe for bread. She could tell by the feel, smell, texture, etc. when it was ready.

She baked four loaves of bread, three times every two weeks. There was generally some dough left for a thincake. This was a three-quarter pound loaf of dough rolled thin on a cookie sheet and then pricked with a fork. This was baked and promptly eaten with melted butter and jam. If the crusty thincake was not made, scones were fried or occasionally, doughnuts.

Fruitcake was always prepared at Christmastime and wrapped in towels soaked in grape juice. During the early years of Hannah's marriage, wine was served with it. The children were served grape juice. Hannah liked the cake, the children liked the candied fruit.

Hannah was often very tired when holidays rolled around. She often would sigh and say, "I don't think I'll cook a turkey." In those days that meant cleaning out the internals, feathers, pin feathers, etc. It would often take two to three hours with three or four people working on the pin feathers. The children would plead and Hannah went the extra mile and prepared the turkey. She placed it in an old "dripper," and baked it for hours. She basted and basted it so it would be good. It was served on a dining room table that extended for more people.

The English heritage rubbed off on Hannah's preferences too. Yorkshire pudding was served, not with gravy and roast, however. It was served with maple syrup. It was described as a "tough custard."

Finanhattie or smoked salmon was well liked for breakfast on special occasions. She was also very fond of bacon in the morning.

Hannah was a great mustard pickle maker. She put them in a crock and preserved them that way. She liked the cauliflower, Pat liked the little whole onions, but she had no patience with anyone picking certain pieces. She demanded that a serving include some of each.

Sunday dinner was usually beef roast or lamb in Spring, carrots, mashed potatoes and a "Spring salad" which was lettuce, onions, radishes, celery and French dressing already mixed on the salad. Coconut cake topped the dinner. Leftovers were made into a large dripper meat pie.

Macaroni and cheese was a common evening meal.

As Nellie grew older and became weight conscious, she complained that all the vegetables were creamed and requested a change. Her mother complied.

On Saturday, the fruit wagon, driven by a palsied man came around, house to house. Hannah bought her fruit and vegetables

from him. He had a scale and running boards so customers could stand up and look into the wagon to see what he had. In later years she traded with Mr. Henry, who had a corner store on Richards Street and Seventeenth South.

She then began to shop at supermarkets and complained particularly about the price of pork chops. In the early years she was accustomed to having staples and a pork put away for winter use. Hannah also prepared for winter with her canning. She bottled fruit and stacked it high in the pantry for use later. She took pride in the display of fruit and made sure to put fruit in the bottles perfectly. Pears, peaches, tomatoes, apricots, cherries, raspberries were all piled high. Hannah used to examine and blow in each raspberry to get the bugs out. She had very little patience with less than perfect, large fruit.

She made wonderfully spicy chili sauce, tomato juice, and ketchup. She also made jam--a specialty was green gage plum with walnuts.

Hannah's mother, Hannah Hepworth Balmforth, passed away on March 16, 1920. Prior to her death she often lived with her children. During the years of 1906 to 1910, she went to Idaho to help Joe rear his first family after his wife's death. When he remarried, Hannah Hepworth Balmforth spent time living with Pat and Hannah as well as other children. Pat loved her very much, and they got along famously. He had a real warmth for her. The children all loved her too.

Hannah Hepworth Balmforth returned to Idaho to live in a one room cinderblock house provided by Joe some distance away.

During the years that Hannah's children were growing, she, sometimes Pat, and sometimes the children, would get cleaned up a go to town on Friday or Saturday evening, to Shays for dinner and a movie with Hannah's sisters and their families and Pat's sisters, Jeanette and Hazel, and their families. It was a great family gathering. The family was accommodated at a large table in the cafeteria. For many years Hannah's friends were contained within the two families.

When the sisters began to die, Hannah broadened her friendships to co-workers in the Sixth-Seventh Ward Primary.

Friendships with Mirantha Williams, Vinn Rigby, Lela Thorne, Minnie Heath extended into a bridge group long after their Primary days. The days that Hannah entertained this bridge group were delightful. She prepared delicious tasty dishes. (usually something new she was trying). She also had

nut and candy treats, etc. The ladies were always still there when her grandchildren, who lived nearby, came home from school and they were rewarded with the tasty leftovers for after school snacks.

Child rearing in the Watson home was accomplished by some old rules probably handed down. The philosophy that children should be seen and not heard abounded. Children were taught to speak when they were spoken to. Hannah had no desire for "nervy" children. Hers were not allowed to impose by staying too long at a friend's. She detested greediness and admonished the children to always take the smallest piece when served. If they didn't look clean and neat she referred to them as "vagabonds," and required them to get "presentable." Often that was difficult to accomplish. The yard was filled with cinders, and the streets were often mud where deep ruts formed when it dried forcing wagons of the day to be up to the axels in ruts. Nevertheless Hannah taught cleanliness.

When Verna scrubbed the floor, the soap abounded. Her mother taught her that excessive soap didn't make for a clear, shiny surface. If the child didn't like the task, the requirement still stood. Verna often ran away from the obnoxious job of cleaning the back porch, but remembers getting trapped in the pantry and being forced to go back. Hannah didn't believe in sparing the rod and spoiling the child. The razor strap was used for a teasing child by a frustrated mother.

One thing Hannah never tolerated was children jumping on the beds. Nellie disobeyed the rule only to receive a severe whipping, causing other observing children to benefit by the mistake. Hannah is said to then have been remorseful over the ordeal.

Example was a tool for Hannah to teach children to work. She was always busy. Whenever a visitor unexpectedly entered her home, she would be busy cleaning under beds, dusting, baking, washing dishes or some other task, and the sense of satisfaction of a job well done was transferred to the children. Even grandchildren were called to service when Hannah needed the floor of a narrow deep closet cleaned or the bottom shelf of a cupboard wiped out.

If Hannah took the children shopping, she would complain about things which were never quite right. She would note, "You are just between sizes." "Clumsy" was a word she referred to both describing herself and others. The children knew they were gawky and awkward when they were through.

A word of wisdom lesson was taught Clarence when a change in the practice in the home came about. The family had always drunk tea, but as Hannah had a primary class and began teaching word of wisdom lessons, she felt that should stop. Clarence was thirteen when Hannah promised him a signet ring if he stopped drinking tea. Of course he stopped and for years proudly wore that ring, in fact, he wore it out.

The Primary was the focus of Hannah's church activity in the early years. She was diligent in her calling and served as a teacher of several classes including the Seagull class which she remembered with fondness. She was also president for a time. Her activity was thus limited in the early years. She sent her children, but she stayed home to prepare the Sunday dinner. They attended the Sixth Ward.

The Sixth Ward had a big George Washington Day celebration. Verna volunteered to play piano, not understanding the degree of proficiency necessary for such a program. Hannah was embarrassed by it all, but sewed Verna a new dress. Verna played badly and her mother was mortified.

One of the few times Hannah and Pat attended church, Verna was left home. She ran across the street to play with a friend. The friend had an outdoor toilet, and Verna went out back. She observed a figure across the street walking around the house. She thought about going on home, but dallied for awhile longer. Soon Pat came to get Verna. It seems there had been a robbery, and the figure Verna had seen was the robber. A Chinese chest full of fine linen belonging to Lyle Curry Goss was checked. It had been entrusted to Hugh and Hannah for safekeeping. It was safe. In order to get rid of Trixie, the dog, the robber had given it the remainder of a big rump roast. It had been in the pantry and was obvious to robbers. The robber was looking for money--nothing was lost.

In Hugh and Hannah's home, the Christmas tree never went up until Christmas Eve. Santa always brought the tree also. How Hannah did it all on Christmas Eve is remarkable because much of that kind of activity was left for her to do. Hugh was not of the disposition to become involved in it. She was left to decorate the tree and wrap all the gifts.

It was always a puzzle to the children believing in Santa where all the boxes behind the stove came from on Christmas morning.

Verna, the youngest child remembers receiving generally, the same things each Christmas. She wanted a pencil box,

a one dollar pair of felt slippers with a pom-pom, and Hannah usually included a slip or nightgown. A sweater and pocket-book also were there. One year a ring was the surprise gift. Hannah wanted Verna to have a doll and would get the old doll renovated with clean or new clothes, place it in Verna's wicker buggy under the tree for Verna to exclaim over on Christmas morning, but Verna definitely was a roller skate girl.

Nellie, another daughter, was very serious minded, and received similar practical gifts. One year Clarence, the only son, wanted a gold watch. He was very disappointed when he received a sterling silver watch. Hannah never let her children go to bed on Christmas Eve without saying, "You might be disappointed in what you get."

Mary Condie Watson made mincemeat pies. It was not unusual to go in and see five to seven pies in her pantry. She made her own mincemeat. She made it to sell at her son, Joseph Benedicts' store. He had a small store on Second West. She made delicious pies. Thanksgiving and Christmas was the time to enjoy Grandma Watson's mincemeat pies.

New Years Eve, as a general rule, was the time for family gatherings. They were held one year at Hannah's home, another year somewhere else, and so on. The year Hannah and Hugh had the gathering, tables were set up in the two front rooms in the house at 537 West Fifth South. There was a big meal served and then about 11:50 p.m. the children took their pocketbooks and hung them on the outside doorknobs, and before the New Year came in, the men would go out and put silver money in the pocketbooks outside. The superstition that coincided with this was "If you have money on New Year, you have it all year long. At midnight the darkest of the family would step outside and that was usually Joseph Benedict (Doc) Watson. He went around to all the houses of family members and opened the front doors. This was to let the New Year in. Then he returned to the celebration.

Superstitions were part of the way of life for Hannah. Pat didn't have any sympathy for them, but Hannah never allowed anyone to put shoes on the table, arrange beds with the head to the West (one may die), or walk under a ladder. If anyone put an umbrella up in the house, she would cause the disaster the umbrella was supposed to bring if she saw it.

Verna loved to whistle. When her mother heard her she recited, "A whistling woman and a crowing hen will bring the devil off his den."

Pat did not trust banks and stashed his gold pieces under the house in a K C baking powder can. The children were lowered through an opening of the kitchen floor to get the can for their father.

That hole in the floor was the setting for an accident at one point. When Pat decided to add indoor plumbing in the house, there was access to a potato cellar underneath by linoleum, cut three ways with floor underneath which could be removed. Hugh was down under connecting up the water for the sink to be installed. Verna was all dressed to go to Hustler Mill for the celebration. Hustler Mill gave little sacks of flour with guided tours. Verna walked in the pantry where the linoleum had flipped back over the hole, and she fell through, skinning her shins and causing sore legs.

Another accident occurred when Pat bought a car sometime around 1926. It was a used car --a 1924 Chevrolet touring car. It was the only car he ever bought. He had trucks, but no cars. Verna learned to drive it. Clarence lived next door in Grandma Watson's house with Klea, his wife. He took Verna out to teach her because her folks told her not to take the car out. Verna drove and drove around the block. She picked Nellie up at Porter Walton's often. She did not need a license at that time to drive. She was only fourteen.

Hannah decided she wanted to learn to drive. She and Libby picked Verna up after school one day. They came down Third West and tried to turn to take Libby home over the viaduct. Hannah couldn't negotiate the turn. It was difficult to do so in old cars. A collision occurred. She had a fender bender with a man who was kind to her, but she was shaken and did not try to drive thereafter.

Clarence married when he turned eighteen. The girl he married was sixteen. He married Klea Muir on August 27, 1921. There was a genuine tenderness always between mother and son. Clarence was always referred to by Hannah as "my boy". Clarence and Klea had two daughters, Lorraine and Lois.

Nellie, during this time, was dating and became more and more embarrassed with the old homestead. She was tired of sleeping in the parlor with Verna. Clarence had slept in the kitchen throughout his life at home. Incidentally, Clarence during his early years, also picked up the nickname of "Pat". Neither Hugh nor Clarence were christened "Pat". Nellie was especially embarrassed by the outdoor plumbing. One day, she approached her father saying, "We're going to move. (meaning Hannah, Nellie and Verna) You can go or stay."

The whole family moved to 1632 Richards Street. Pat paid \$3200 for the house. He borrowed the down payment from Nellie. The home was a brick bungalow with five rooms. One entered the living room through the front door. Adjoining the living room was the large dining room where there stood a large dining room table where many good meals and warm times were enjoyed. The table was covered with a lace cloth when not in use. Next to the dining room was the kitchen which housed a coal stove in the early years to be replaced by a gas range. An alcove in the kitchen housed the Leonard refrigerator. A bin in the cabinet area was filled with flour. The wooden kitchen table in front of the window provided sitting space to overlook the beautiful rose garden kept by Anna Sorenson, the next door neighbor. The backyards of the homes on Seventeenth South also bordered the $\frac{1}{2}$ block yard. There were two bedrooms in the house. One bedroom was in the center of the house and one at the rear.

Changes in the home included remodeling of the kitchen sink. Several times the linoleum drain board had to be replaced until, finally, a new sink was installed, the counter raised, and covered with formica.

The decorating was changed periodically, but the front rooms remained pink for a good number of years. Rugs were replaced by wall to wall carpeting and a television antenna was added to the roof.

The bricks were painted white and the front door changed colors periodically. A flowering quince was a spring treat at the bottom of the stairs to the front porch.

All around the area where Hannah and Pat lived were good and friendly neighbors. They learned to live together like one big happy family. In early evenings the neighbors resorted to the front lawns in the summer to sit and chat and cool down. It was during these chats that neighbors learned all the details that made them family members. Hannah and Pat's home seemed to be the center of this activity and they bought several nice lawn chairs for use by all. A blanket on the lawn accommodated the children. These neighbors were all members of the Jefferson Ward which was later divided into the Arbor Ward. Through these years, Hannah served diligently as a visiting teacher.

Bill Luker, another neighbor, was like a son to Pat and was instrumental in reactivating him into the church. Lena, his wife, came to chat with Hannah often. She felt very much at home and never hesitated to check under the lids on Hannah's pots to see what was being prepared for dinner.

Libby, Hannah's sister, died November 13, 1933. Melba, Libby's only daughter and next to youngest child was 24.

She was yet unmarried and came to live with Hannah and Pat and Verna, who was unmarried too. She remained until she married Earl N. Lowry.

Nellie married Kenneth Andrew Selander, August 22, 1933. They moved across the street from Hannah and Pat to 1629 Richards Street. They had two children, Marilyn Jean and Barbara Claire and divorced in 1940. This was a sadness for Hannah, but she was supportive of Nellie during this period of her life. In fact, that began a new period of service in Hannah's life. Nellie went back to work after she married. This necessitated care for her children. Hannah obliged willingly. She loved babies. It didn't matter whose baby it was, Hannah loved it. She was in her glory with a baby near her. She would sit by the dining room table with one on her lap and tap her fingers on the table like a galloping horse to entertain them. Having Nellie's children so near brought her great joy. She braided Barbara's hair every morning, fixed lunch at noon, and most days re-braided her hair then. Many days she would give her a nickel to spend at "Van's" penny candy store on the way back to school. One day while Barbara was eating lunch Hannah was doing dishes. Barbara was taunting her about something, so she tapped her on the head with the saucer she was drying. The saucer shattered all over the floor. She really thought she had hit her hard, but it was only Barbara's hard head that broke the dish.

Marilyn remembers that very watchful eye of Hannah's. She was very conscientious about knowing where both girls were and what they were doing at all times. If Marilyn arrived home for lunch first, Hannah always said, "Where's your sister?" This not only showed her concern but showed Marilyn the responsibility and loyalty she should have toward "her sister".

She loved to have family and friends visit, and was hurt if visitors didn't eat some treat when at her home. During the years that followed, Hannah often was found stretching newly washed curtains on large curtain frames which then dried against the south side of her home. She did her washing and Nellie's, in Nellie's basement. She did not have facilities in her home. She used an old wringer washer at first, and on cold winter days the wet wash froze to the clotheline.

The coal stoves that warmed and dried the clothes on those cold winter evenings soon were replaced by a gas furnace and range. The old coal stove in the dining room was missed. It provided a warmth that not only warmed the body, but the soul. Even the oven of the kitchen range was opened to warm feet on cold days. Hannah had a canary that was in a cage by the front door. One day the canary got sick, so she took the canary to a place to keep it warm. The problem was that the place was the oven (with door open) and it was too warm. Consequently, she "roasted" the feathered friend. The stove was dirty however, and Hannah didn't miss that coal dust, soot, and uneven heat. A gas range pleased her!

Verna's youth extended for some years in the home at 1632 Richards Street. She had many friends and was active in those friendships outside the family. This was new to Hannah and Pat and their ages began to show in the resistance to change. Verna married Joseph Franklin Owens, March 23, 1944, in Baltimore, Maryland. They moved to Miami, Florida where they had a stillborn child, then Mary Margaret and twins, Joe Jr. and Janell. The family moved sometime later to Smyrna, Georgia.

Throughout the years, vacations were taken by members of the households. Pat rarely went. Hannah, Verna, Aunt Libby, Darwin, and Melba went to Idaho on the train in about 1925. They packed a big lunch. It included pickled beets. Verna had to "scrunch" down in her seat, because Hannah was taking her half fare. Verna was afraid of the conductor during the whole trip. They also visited Aunt Amy, Hannah's sister, in Rexburg, Idaho. There were irrigation ditches all around and water flowing freely. Verna walked to the bridge over the irrigation ditch when she saw a bee in the water. She reached in to save the bee, and the bee stung her. The adults played a game called "500." The kids all played "High Five." Then the little travelling group went to McCannon to see Aunt Mary Jane Bee, Hannah's aunt.

Another trip took Pat, Hannah, and the children, and Hannah's brother, Jack, to Rigby to see Ren (Lorenzo). The children slept on the haystack. They had a big time. Ren had his own ice house, and they all made homemade ice cream. The children liked to swim in the river. Hannah was afraid to let her children go. They did, regardless. This little group then went to see Uncle Joe and Alberta in Woodville. While there, they rode in a surrey with the fringe on top. Hugh went

on a vacation the year after the San Francisco fire. He may have gone with a convention of city employees. He never took another vacation until his retirement. Then he travelled with Clarence to Mesa Verde. Hannah and Pat went to Southern Utah to see the canyons with Nellie and the girls. Hannah also travelled with Nellie and the girls to Seattle by train. She also went to Florida to see Verna twice--once in 1952. While she was there she found her granddaughter's first tooth. Again in November of 1953, she went to see Verna's new twins. She helped Verna to recover and also had the joy of the twin babies, a boy and girl. Hannah had a very long train ride--three days. She nevertheless stepped right in and cooked supper, because her daughter was ill. Nellie also travelled to Miami to see the twins and enjoy them. She took great pride in showing them off to everyone. They travelled home together.

Verna was so proud of "Momma" when she got off the train. She looked so good in a blue and white shepherd check dress with a red belt and a little red hat.

Pat refused to go to Florida or Georgia when the Owens family moved. He said, "I'm not going down there. It's too damn far."

Hannah went down to Los Angeles to see Jeannette, Pat's sister. She took Vinn Rigby with her. She was there during some terrible rain storms which flooded, and they couldn't get home. They were stuck in Jeannette's home. They were there a good long while, because they couldn't leave. This was about 1927-28.

As Hannah grew older, she became self conscious about her appearance. Nellie was caring about her mother's needs. She helped get attractive clothes for her "high waistline" and "long legs." She began to help her with her graying hair which was "too thin" and needed to cover her "big ears." Barbara, Nellie's daughter was diligent in helping to do her Grandma's hair. Hannah had to have her teeth extracted, and she was always sensitive about that thereafter. Hannah had a difficult time buying shoes for size 9 E feet and detested having to wear "old lady oxfords." She desired to wear "pretty shoes." She suffered with corns, bunions, and Pat said her foot problems were precipitated by wearing shoes which were too short in her youth. Her ankles were swollen much of the time probably due to the high blood pressure with which she was plagued. She often had headaches. She took medicine for that. She weighed about 150 lbs. in her 65-75 year period.

Hannah had medical care for her ailments, but was adamant about not having vaginal examinations. She was too modest about that. Even in her early years, she allowed daughters to wash

her back in the tub, but only after she was leaned over out of view.

Hannah made a concoction to ward off illness. It contained tomato juice, cayenne pepper, etc. The children took it to keep away the flu. She mixed it, kept it in a pint jar, and gave it to her children. Hannah was the only one who had the flu. Could it be that Hannah wouldn't take her own medicine knowing what was in it? It was lucky that Hannah never had a serious illness.

Hugh "Pat" Watson died June 17, 1964. He was almost eighty-four years old. He died of chronic leukemia. In his last year, he had an ulcerated foot which would not heal. He was impatient with the incapacity. Hannah was sympathetic and helpful to him in his need. Bandages had to be changed and comfort provided.

After her husband's death, Hannah lived alone. (Nellie was still across the street.) She became more and more forgetful due to cerebral arteriosclerosis. She began to get lost and disoriented just going to the store. Marilyn came daily for awhile to get her Grandmother for the day. In the evenings, Hannah returned. Due to her health, it became necessary to sell her home, and she went to Nellie's to live. She often left the stove and iron on after using them, and it soon became dangerous to leave her alone at all. Verna took her mother home to Georgia for several months to provide loving care, but Hannah continued to deteriorate. When Hannah came back, it was necessary to find a place where she would be safe.

Edna Hewlett, the Stake Relief Society president of Temple View Stake, and a loving caring person, cared for a few ambulatory women in a home next to hers. Hannah stayed there for care with frequent visits away with Nellie and daughters and also Clarence, who helped relieve her days by giving her rides and dinner out. Soon Edna found she could not handle Hannah and requested that Nellie find an extended care facility. It was then, that Hannah lived in Hazen Rest Home on Redwood Road. Hannah soon was cared for in the hospital section of that facility where she passed away December 8, 1969. She was almost eighty-five years old. Near the end of Hannah's life, the doctor advised Nellie that Hannah was near the end and to let her go. Nellie notified Clarence and called Verna, weeping as she told them the news. Verna's advice was, "Don't cry, there's a better life for Momma." Verna's concern then was for Nellie who was going to be alone.

If there were any outstanding characteristics about Hannah that would show her beauty, one would have to be service, especially in the call to rear children. Not only was Hannah

of service to her family, she also showed concern and care for friends. Mrs. Larson, an incapacitated lady on Seventeenth South, was visited almost daily by Hannah. Another friend, Mrs. Piet, who was afflicted with arthritis, also received service with a smile from Hannah. Hannah would go over, pick up her curtains for washing or take goodies in for the dinner. Hannah's service to her sisters in early years, the rearing of her own family, the care for a niece at the death of her sister, Libby, the rearing of Nellie's children, and, finally, the care of great grandchildren all are shining examples of her unending service to others--a service which brought her a joy unequalled in her life. Hannah proved, by her devotion, the scripture which says, "Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it."