

JOSEPH HEPWORTH

Born: 28 May 1850 in Netherton, Drighlington, Yorks, England

Married: 27 May 1871 to Mary Ann Green

Died: 23 April 1926 in Bountiful, Davis County, Utah

So that his descendents will remember something about him besides these dates and names, some of his children and grandchildren have have written the following memories of him.

From his youngest son, Reuben:

My tribute to my Mother goes for my Father too, for indeed, they were one. But perhaps I can enlarge that item by telling of several episodes that I remember.

I do not ever remember my Father other than having a full beard. As a boy of 12 years I rode to Salt Lake City from Bountiful in a wagon loaded with the vegetables from the farm to the Market. During those lonely rides in the dark, my Father would sing some of his songs. Funny, he never finished them, and then I asked him why, he would tell me about his boyhood. Sometimes I think his young life was not too happy.

Some of the little bits of verse I remember--a few lines of "John Bull":

John Buol he was an English man
Who went on tramp one day,
With three pence in his pocket
To carry him far away.
He traveled on for miles and miles
But no one did he see
Till ge fell in with an Irishman
Whose name was Paddy Magee.

There is more but that is all I can recall. To appreciate it was to have Father sing it. He made it come to life.

"Shelling Green Peas" was about a man who was 50 years old and trying to make love to a young girl.

Although I was age 50 I felt her thrifty
And thought it high time to be taking a wife.
With my bosom on fire in search of Maria

I found her shelling green peas.
Under a tree with a bowl on her knee
Maria sat silently shelling green peas.

These songs made an impression on me because they were related to his early life.

One day he told me that he, together with others, were what they called "Huiers", a sort of errand boy. They would go to the mine to be available when the men wanted them, sort of like waiters. Just before time to go down in the mine, if the men had somewhat of a headache because of drinking Saturday night, they would pick up a piece of coal and pass it from one to the other. If it went clear around they would go home. As the mine owner paid the boys, it was always a moment of anticipation when they watched the men pass the coal around. If the men went home, the boys would still be paid but would not have to work. Later as a young man he would go down in the mine. Sometimes it would be a week before he would see daylight.

With another story he told me I think he was trying to impress me with the difference between then and now. When suppertime came, his older brother would eat and then he and his brother sam could have what was left. That was the custom that prevailed.

Father was a typical English Gentleman and liked to be waited upon. When he wanted a second cup of tea, instead of just reaching over to the stove and helping himself, he would take his spoon and tinkle the cup and Mother would get up and help him to a second cup of tea. But he was an English Gentleman. He was genteel. I never saw him angry or abusive. He never complained and he had every reason to get angry with the world. He was generous with what he had and possessed a forgiving spirit. When he died, some people remembered him as Whistling Joe.

As a young married man he set up a coal and kindling-wood business in Salt Lake City. He used to carry a sack of coal to several places that housed some underworld element. He cautioned me to stay away from such places.

One incident in his life caused the members of the family to laugh. It will be difficult to put into life unless you really understand Father. But I will try. Father had gone to the theatre to see a Shakespeare play. When right in the middle of the important act a University Football player entered through a side door and started yelling "Raw, Raw". That evening when he was asleep in his chair, everyone was quiet reading and studying their lessons. Out of the quietness there came from Father an awful noise.

He yelled "Raw, Raw!" He had been dreaming and it caused all of us to laugh.

In Bountiful there was a soft drink parlor. A man by the name of Marsh ran the place. Over the front door was a sign "Do Drop In". Father went in and ordered a glass of rootbeer, and started out to go without paying. The manager stopped him, whereupon Father said "Your sign read 'Do Drop In' so I did." The proprietor was pleased with his wit and offered Father another drink but Father said "No."

Father went to work for a man named Tom Harris who ran an establishment that catered to peoples' personal wants. Mr. Harris was a typical Shylock and demanded his pound of flesh. Unfortunately there was no Portia to rescue Father. Mr. Harris was a tyrant few people could get along with. He wanted more work than he was willing to pay for, so Father had to stop working for him.

There was a man named Tom Butler who ran a secondhand store about where the Salt Palace now stands. Father was an actor. He would stand up in the wagon in front of Mr. Butler's store and talk to Mr. Butler in Yorkshire dialect and Mr. Butler would respond. Between the two of them they would attract considerable attention. One day the crowd was so large the police had to be called to disperse the people.

Father was a good story teller. Sometimes I think what a shame it is that his grandchildren never had the opportunity to listen to him read from an old English Almanac several funny stories in Yorkshire dialect. I can't describe them, you would have to hear them, but they were hilarious. He could be comical as well as ludicrous. He possessed that quality of character that would provoke laughter when the atmosphere was want to be pessimistic.

Among his other traits, and there were many, he was an artist. There was a blackboard in the house that had several printed pictures. Father would, with chalk, copy them and it was difficult to tell them from the original.

Tragedy came to the lives of my parents when they lost a little boy, John Roger. Perhaps it was because of that event that Father moved to West Bountiful.

The next venture was farming. He rented a farm from a man named Bill Muir and because of being unfamiliar with farming and also

unaware of others who were smart or clever who could and did take advantage of an innocent Englishman, the venture failed. At that time Mother really became a helpmate to Father. To appreciate the story of Father, one must combine the two. How much anguish and what soul searching was shared it would be difficult to put in writing. There was unbounded devotion to each other and that quality made them great. There were eight children to feed to Father went to work on the railroad as a section-hand laborer. Several years later he moved to East Bountiful where he became a successful market gardener.

Father had very little schooling, perhaps enough to read and write, yet he acquired sufficient ability to appreciate good literature. He often read aloud Shakespeare and many works of Charles Dickens. A few lines from the Deserted Village come to mind:

At Church, weith meek and unaffected grace
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray.

Those lines describe Father especially in his later years. Even children followed him to share the good man's smile. He had the ability to make people laugh and he also had a sober side to his character.

By now the shadows were lengthening and life's evening was approaching. It is a pleasure now and with justifiable pride that, as memory scans the past, there passes in review a life that was acquainted with triumph and disaster, victory and defeat. Even on the brightest day the sun's disk is overshadowed with clouds that remind us that the joys of life are fleeting. But father was alert and his mind clear to the end. I, with five of my brothers carried his earthly body to its final resting place and listened to the dedicational prayer that was pronounced. And to sum it all up, he was a High Priest, a Gentleman, and a Father.

From his youngest daughter, Josephine:

Joseph is a very precious name, one revered by all who honor their membership in the church. Chapter three of Second Nephi tells of four important Josephs, one of which I am about to write. I would be proud to be the name-sake of any one of them--but with the name there would be an overwhelming challenge. Whether or not such a contest will always be open to all.

Hyrum G. Smith, Church Patriarch, gave me a patriarchal blessing in 1931. It states, "Thou art of the lineage of Ephraim, who was the chosen son of Joseph, who was sold into Egypt." You see my father

began life with a very important name. He was born into a poor (money-wise) family and did not receive many so-called advantages of life. He was never recognized as great, but I know he has a large posterity and that he did learn to use his talents, which were many. My blessing also says, "Thou art born of goodly parents." This is a blessing and we know them as Joseph Hepowrth and Mary Ann Green.

Joseph, the eighth child of thirteen children, was born on the 28th of May 1850. When but a little lad he worked in the mines (Yorkshire, England) pushing cars that were to be loaded with coal. He never attended school yet he learned to read and write. His signature was big and bold, otherwise he and I could have forged each other's name. I remember hearing him read to mother (Mary Ann) as she did her darning. He seemed to like "Dickens" and "Shakespeare". Eva (his daughter) often remarked "Father didn't read trash." At times Joseph displayed his artistic ability with his drawings. Rhyming was very natural to him, a talent used constantly. Some of his creations were written but many of them popped out spontaneously. A newly made friend, even after a very short acquaintance, could have been saluted with one of his gems. He had a violin. Where or how he got it, I know not. A greater mystery is how he ever learned to play it.

That violin was the means of Joseph meeting the prettiest girl in the world. Mary Ann's neighbor invited her in to hear a boy prodigy.

Our home in Bountiful, Utah, was filled with music. I can't remember seeing my father attempt to play any instrument that didn't produce melody. I've heard him play the violin. He even made one from a piece of wood, using such simple tools as a pocket knife, sandpaper, etc. After it was finished he tried it out on mother and me. One Sunday morning while mother and I rested in bed, Father took his two violins into the living room. First he played one and then the other. He did this many times to see if we could tell the difference. His was great and I was proud of him. The three of us had a lot of fun.

Other instruments he played were the concertinas (both English and German). The English one required dexterity and skill as he waved it in circular movements through the air. I have his tin whistle that still brings forth musical memories. I've heard him tinker with the banjo and he practiced the piano hours on end.

His children (sometimes Ben, sometimes Reuben, and at times, Josephine) chorded for him as he played jigs and dances such as "The Irish Washer Woman" on his violin. Our guests often had fun dancing the "Virginia Reel as we accompanied him.

Many a home evening centered in music. Tommy Harrison (a fellow townsman) used to bring his entire orchestra to entertain us. Eva's friend, Mary Knighton, and her sister Ida tickled the piano keys for Joseph. Ida was the ward Organist and father would go to church really early in order to hear her play. Ida has told me that when she saw him come, she would play some of his favorite hymns. Uncle Jim and some of his family liked to sing for us. Anybody who had soul for music found a welcome in our home.

Joseph's children never became musical artists. That remained for some of his grandchildren. Ida and Ben (a son and daughter) probably did the best. Ben sang and played the flute. Ida played the guitar.

When I was a child, father was a market gardener. He raised beautiful heads of white cauliflower, large stalks of green celery, green peas, and beans, sweek juicy tomatoes, grapes, peaches, pears, apples, cherries and other good things. This produce was loaded into a double-bedded wagon, pulled by horses and taken to the farmers market in Salt Lake City, a distance of about ten miles. The roads were dusty. I wonder what Joseph would think if he could see the network of freeways that we have now? Each of those trips meant something special for me.

Once I had my father all to myself, a treasured memory. He took me to Stake Conference that convened in the South Bountiful Tabernacle. We had a good long ride together. General Conference was different. When I was but a little tyke, my parents were early birds and usually got front seats. Going from Bountiful to Salt Lake City at that time was a long journey. I was too young to understand the speakers and it was tiresome. Noon was the time I liked. We reserved our seats while father went out and bought food. I still remember the big, round oranges. People are not permitted to eat lunch in the Tabernacle now. Its a no-no.

Joseph's 60th birthday was an occasion that brought the family together. Our sister, Ida, read an original poem. We gave father a Morris chair, one we all liked to sit in. I am reproducing the poem from memory so may have to take a little license.

Sixty years ago today
On the twenty-eighth of May
A little boy with heart so true
First opened his pretty eyes of blue.
Now when he grew to be a Man
He learned to love sweet Mary Ann.
Five girls and seven boys
Have come to bring them griefs and joys.
And now they've come to greet him
To present him with a chair
That he might sit and rest in
And forget he has a care.
Or he might sleep and read or rhyme
Or sing or dream away the time,
For sixty years in an old arm chair
Is worth a new one if you think it fair.
It's presented by Charl and Annice, Will and Rowe
Ben and Lillie--Pete and Flo
Tom and Ada--Ted and Zet
And dear little Josephine, you bet.
Frank and Ida and Reuben Blue
And last but not least Jasper and Eva, too.

That birthday party was a real event for me, I think for all of us. The reader can garnish unwritten thoughts about the Hepworth Family. Eva's poem, "The Tin Trunk" reveals a great deal, too. It is a masterpiece.

Another never to be forgotten celebration was Joseph's and Mary Ann's Golden Wedding Anniversary. Family and friends gathered at Hales Hall. We had a big dinner and Ted (Joseph Edmund) introduced Florence and Geneve (Eva's children) and they presented our gift, a fifty dollar gold piece--one Joseph and one to Mary Ann. This was followed by a program. This jingle was my contribution.

Five times ten makes fifty
And fifty years today
Daddy married Mother
In the merry month of May.

Five times ten makes Fifty
Fifty years of joy and strife
Fifty years they've lived together
Daddy Joe and his good wife.

Five time ten makes fifty
And fifty weddings old
Is just one way of saying
They're worth their weight in gold.

One Christmas Joseph had Mary Ann's picture (a girl of eighteen) reproduced as a gift for each of his children. Ida had hers tinted and framed. Years later she gave it back to father with these words:

The picture on the wall must go
It breaks my heart I love it so.
I give it now to Father, Joe
Because he loves it best, you know.

Finally we had to let father go, on the twenty-third of April, 1926. His death was not too difficult. That morning he was out in the back yard sawing on a very small log (not much bigger than a stick) when he remembered that the doctor had told him not to overdo. He came into the house and went to bed. About noon he was gone. Mother told me that his last words were, "Tell Josephine not to cry." But I did, and lost weight too.

At the funeral Bishop Cannon won mother's approval when he spoke of Father's fine qualities but I rather think that Joseph would have preferred the heart touching strains of the violin, played by Mary Knighton Romell's son. The doctrinal sermons were of the greatest value, if put to use--because they offered the hope of redemption and the resurrection through the atoning sacrifice of our Savior.

Another tribute was given to Joseph at the first testimoney meeting after the funeral. Nephi Tolman stood up and said, "What are we waiting for-- Brother Hepworth?"

Now a word to Joseph's posterity--whatever you do or say, whenever you paly or sing, do your best. Perhaps a very special person will be listening. Remember that your grandfather or your great grandfather loves you and doesn't like trash.

In possession of Josephine Hepworth Dobbs is a poem composed by her Father, Joseph, in his own handwriting. It is rewritten here to show his rhyming and let him tell of his own romance.

I am just 75
And my Dear little wife
Is just two years younger than I.
When first I met her

And tried hard to get her
For worse or better
She was sitting close by.

I took her in my arms
She filled me with charms
When I was quite a young man.
Do you think I was bold
She was brighter than gold
I called her my own
My Sweet Mary Ann.

Do you think I am remiss
For telling you this
We sealed our true love
With a Heaven-born kiss.
Many kisses since then
It would make me feel sore
If when ever we met
We couldn't have more.

We are both growing old
We laugh at each other
They call me old Dad
We call her dear Mother.
Although we grow old
Well stricken in years
Our love is not cold
Sometimes we shed tears.

Although we shed tears
We have many great joys
We are blest with a family
Of fine girls and boys.
Seven bosy and five girls
Two gonebefore
We'll meet them again
On that beautiful shore.

When this life is over
And we die of old age
May we hear a voice whisper

On the over leaf page
Come in little children
You have earned your wage.

From his Granddaughter, Edna May Hepworth Wood:

Joseph Hepworth was born in Netherton, Yorkshire, England, the 28th of May 1850. He was the son of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Hurst, who were baptized into the church in 1847. Joseph was the eighth of a family of thirteen and was baptised in July, 1859. Early in his life he started to work in the coal mines. He had to walk about five miles to the mine, then go down in an elevator and then walk three or four miles more to get to where he worked. The family had very little income and were often hungry. He was often so hungry that as soon as he got to his place of work, he would sit down and eat his lunch which consisted of two slices of bread. Then he would have to work all day without food and when his day's work was done, he would have to walk three or four miles to the elevator, and then about five miles more to get home.

Joseph loved music. He taught himself to play the violin, tin whistle, and concertina. He often visited at a certain home where they had musical instruments and enjoyed making music. On one of these visits he became acquainted with a neighbor girl named Mary Ann Green.

Mary Ann was born on June 9, 1852, the oldest daughter of Thomas Green and Priscilla Wrigley. When she was twelve years old, her mother died and she helped her father raise the three younger children. She was very shy and retiring while Joseph was friendly with everyone and mixed easily with people.

Joseph's mother, Mary Hurst Hepworth, left her home and came to America. She sent money to Joseph so that he could come to America too. However, by that time Joseph and Mary Ann were in love and he decided that would rather stay in England with her, so he gave the money to his older brother, James, and James came to America instead.

Joseph married Mary Ann Green on the 29th of May, 1871. Their first child, Joseph Edmund (called "Ted" throughout his life), was born in Adwalton, Yorkshire, England, on July 5, 1872.

In September 1872 Mary Ann was baptised a member of the LDS Church. Her family was very bitter and would have nothing more to do with her now that she was a Morman.

While Ted was still a baby, they left England to come to Utah. They obtained two tin trunks in which to pack all thier belongings, and set sail for America on the Ship, Wyoming. As they neared Newfoundland, the ship hit a sand bar and became stuck. It was the custom for a ship to fire a gun every minute as a sign of distress and this was done for 48 hours. Mary Ann said that she had heard of this and wondered what it would be like but she got her fill of it during that 48 hours. The sailors tried to float the ship but were unsuccessful. Gradually they threw all the cargo overboard in an effort to dislodge the ship. Joseph was afraid that the ship would sink as it sprung a leak and the pumps had to be kept working night and day. He found a rope and tied Mary Ann and Ted to him so that if the ship did go down they would be together. Finally, it was decided to throw the passengers' trunks overboard, but before the plan could be carried out, the ship floated free of the sandbar and they continued their journey.

They came to Utah by train. When they reached Ogden, they were met by Joseph's family. They went to Oxford, Idaho, to live with his brother, Edmund. Their second son, Thomas, was born in Oxford on the 27th of January, 1874.

They moved back to Salt Lake City where Martha Annice was born on the 27th of July, 1875. They lived on 2nd South between Main and State where the Wilson Hotel used to be. Here they had a store. They sold coal and kindling. Joseph delivered on foot and carried sacks of coal upstairs on his back. While they lived in Salt Lake, four other children were born: Rowena, on the 26th of June 1877; John Roger, 22 February 1879; Jasper, 26 February 1881; and Ida on 18 December 1882. Sorrow came to their home on the 29th of January 1883 when John Roger died.

Joseph worked at the mines in Park City and Bingham and also played the violin at dances to earn money for his family. This left Mary Ann home alone a lot and she was very lonely and often cried herself to sleep.

The family moved to West Bountiful and here Eva was born on 3rd of September 1884. Then Benjamin arrived the 2nd of June 1886. Joseph bought some land in East Bountiful and they moved to that location where they were to spend the rest of their lives.

Here Peter Leonard arrived the 13th of February 1888; Reuben on the 7th of November 1890; and Josephine the 24th of September 1895. This made a family of twelve, eleven of whom grew to maturity.

Joseph and his boys did truck gardening in Bountiful. They rented land in West Bountiful, East Bountiful, and Centerville. During the summer they would harvest lettuce, radishes, carrots, cauliflowers, cabbage, etc., until nearly midnight and then go to bed until around 2:30 a.m. They they would hitch up the team and drive into Salt Lake and peddle house-to-house to sell their produce. Sometimes they would work all day and not sell anything so they would have to stay over another day and try again. I have heard my Father, Benjamin, tell about going into a house to sell produce where the lady asked for some radishes. They were three bunches for 5¢. She asked if she could have two bunches for 3¢ so Daddy went back out to the Wagon to ask his father. The answer was "yes", so he went back in and delivered the message. Then the lady wanted to know if she could pay them the next week, so daddy went back out again. This time Grandpa said to get in the wagon and they drove on.

In the fall they would dig a big pit, 100 feet long, three feet wide and a foot deep. They would pit carrots, parsnips, potatoes, and turnips and cover the whole thing with straw and earth. During the winter they would open this pit up a little at a time and clean the vegetables to sell. They brought the dirty vegetables into Mary Ann's kitchen to clean them. There was no running water and no sink so she must have had a hard time keeping her kitchen clean during this time.

In the fall of 1906 Joseph and his boys had a beautiful crop of cauliflower. They had about 8,000 heads which they figured would be worth about \$5,000. They also had about 3/4 of an acre of head lettuce. Early in October they started to harvest. On October 22, the east wind started to blow. When it was over, the crop was ruined. The cauliflower was filled with dirt and the lettuce was battered brown. This was a bitter blow for Joseph and that fall he gave up farming.

He got a job carrying the mail between the Union Pacific station in West Bountiful and the Post Office in Bountiful. He did this for a number of years.

Joseph loved music and all of his family enjoyed listening to him play his violin. He didn't hold it in the orthodox fashion--under his chin--but rested it on his arm just below his shoulder. How he did enjoy playing "Turkey in the Straw", Irish Washerwoman", and "Hornpipes". Benjamin would play chords on the piano for him and the house would ring with music. During the winter months he would play first the violin and then the concertina to pass the long days away.

The family was desperately poor during these early years but they worked together and made things go. During dry time, they had to haul water to drink from over in Centerville.

Somehow they managed to send Jasper on a mission to England. When he got there, he went to see Mary Ann's people as none of them had joined the church nor had they come to America. She had had no communication with them at all. Jasper stopped a man on the street in Adwalton and asked him if he knew any Greens. The man asked him which Greens he was looking for and Jasper said, "John". And the man said, "That's me." Jasper was invited into their homes and was treated very well but was told to leave his religion outside. It was through this visit that Mary Ann learned of her father's death eight years before. When Jasper returned home, he brought a pair of china dogs which Mary Ann's father had bought for her long before she was married. She kept them on a chest of drawers in the bedroom and they must have often reminded Joseph and Mary Ann of their life in England.

After Joseph quit the Post Office, he tried selling men's, women's and children's cotton and wool hose. He had a slack sample case and covered most of Bountiful. He loved to visit with people and probably did more visiting than selling. At least he was not very successful as a salesman.

Jasper was now running the farm and Joseph and Mary Ann needed an income. An arrangement was worked out with Jasper so that he paid them a certain amount each month and took over the farm. They had a life lease on the family home.

Joseph loved to write poetry, or "rhyming" as his daughter, Josephine, called it. He often wrote letters to his son, Benjamin and his wife, Lillie May, in Farmington, and they were in rhyme. He loved to visit his children. He often came to Farmington to spend a few days, chopping wood and doing odd jobs, and telling his grandchildren of his early life.

Joseph was a happy, optimistic person. He could talk to anybody and was not awed by people of high station or wealth. Everyone was treated alike by him.

On the morning of April 23, 1926, Joseph went out to chop some wood. A little later he came back to the house and told Mary Ann that something in his chest seemed to break and he had trouble getting to the house. Mary Ann' immediately phoned Benjamin in Farmington and he took a doctor down to Bountiful. The doctor said he had suffered a hemorage and that he would probably last for some time. But by noon he was dead. He was buried on April 26, 1926, in the Bountiful City Cemetery,

Mary Ann continued to live in the family home with her daughter, Josephine, until the spring of 1932. She hurt her leg and, while she was in bed, developed pneumonia. She asked her son, Ted, to bless her and release her to the Lord. This he did and she died on the 26th of April 1931 and was buried in the Bountiful City Cemetery on the 29th of April, 1931.

We of the family honor them for their fidelity to the Church. Joseph regularly bore testimony of his convictions to its truthfulness. We honor their steadfastness in the face of poverty and hardship, their genuineness, integrity, tenacity, humor and devotion, and especially for the fine family they reared. We love and honor their memories and believe the heritage they left us second to none.

From his granddaughter, Lucile Hepworth Henry:

I remember Grandpa as a happy, white-haired man who spoke with a fascinating accent and made music with concertina, violin and piano. The parlor in their home in Bountiful had a stove on the north wall to keep the room warm and I can remember sitting on the floor in back of it or around it with other children because all the chairs were taken by adults. Grandpa would play his concertina and sing. I can't remember any of the songs but we liked them. Then he would fiddle on his violin while my Father, Ben, or someone else would chord on the piano. Grandpa could recite or give readings too, and it was fun to listen to him with his English accent. "The Irish Washer Woman", that he played on his violin is the only think I can definitely remember, and that probably because I have played it too.

I started to take violin lessons the first part of April and he passed away on the 23rd of that month in 1926. So we never had a chance to fiddle together. I have two old music books that belonged to him. They have the medody line of many tunes and dances of his day. The "Irish Washer Woman" is one of them. I also was given his violin by my Father, and my daughter, Helen, has it now. And she can even play it a little too. I have the old wooden violin case that was his and the lock would not hold it shut

securely so he tied it with an old necktie, probably one of the few he ever owned. It is navy blue with white polkadots in it, and is still around the case. We have a picture of him wearing a tie like this and it might be the same one.

Grandpa had an orchard out back of the house where we used to play and also eat some of the fruit. He also had a long barn or carriage house to the south of the lot and we used to have fun playing there in the "Surrey with the fringe on the top" and the other old things stored there. In the house there was a square front hall that was just right for playing "Pussy Wants a Corner".

We children stayed with Grandpa and Grandma for a week or so one summer when our parents went on a trip. I remember standing on the porch on the south of the house and seeing someone's home burning a block or so to the south of us. Grandpa and Grandma didn't want us to watch it for fear it would upset us.

Many things I recall about Granpa were told to me by my parents. He had a chair by the stove in the dining room. It was a wooden captain's chair with no support for his head but he used to sit there and go to sleep anyway and nod his head. Many long winter days when he had to be inside he would entertain himself with his music and sometimes Grandma couldn't stand to hear it so much. So he would go in the cold parlor and shut the door and play until his fingers were too cold, then he would come back into the dining room and warm up again by the stove and have a nap.

He used to write letters to my mother when we lived in Farmington and he would always write them in rhyme. Rhyming seemed to come easy for him. After Grandpa was gone we found one letter that he had pushed to the back of the sewing machine drawers somehow. Mama wished she had kept more of them. A few years ago we duplicated it for our family. I will add it to this story too, so you can better understand the man who was Joseph Hepworth.

Also included, are the words to a song written and sung by Ben and Lillie Hepworth to honor Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green on their 50th Wedding Anniversary.

Handwritten letter from Joseph Hepworth to his daughter-in-law, Lillie May Hepworth.

Bountiful
Oct 28/23

My Dear Daughter in Law

I'd have you to know I'm thinking you're thinking
That I am so slow
I said I would come and
Cut up that wood'
I'm thinking you're thinking
That I am no good
But then I trust
You're not thinking
That I would be shrinking
I hope you're not thinking
That I'm such a man
When I get thru down here
I will hurry up there
I am coming up soon
So quick as I can
God bless little Bob
I am thinking of him and little Lucile
Can she make any din!
And Edna May
Just list what I say
I want you to practice
Day by day
Yes this is the place
We Have no Bananna
But we've got a young lady
That can play the piano.
She thumps it and pets it
Sometimes she gets mad
When she plays for Mam-ma
And sometimes for Dad
When she plays for Gran-pa
She does very well
Grandfather thinks
She plays just swell.

I have saved you some pears they are ripe enough to use if you get them soon you will get the best. Jasper wants some. He can have the rest. If you come when I am not home they are

down cellar, I leave the back porch door open so you can help yourself. Leave one box for Jasper and one for us.

With Love as ever

Granpa Hepworth

P.S.

My regards to our Ben
and his dear little Love
I know he is thinking
She's a sweet little dove.
And Granfather Rampton
Keep him warm, keep him snug
Tell him to be careful
When dealing out drug.

Give my best love to
One and all
As soon as I'm thru
I will give you a call
From Granfather Hepworth
At Batchelor's Hall.

Song written and sung by Lillie May and Benjamin Hepworth at the fiftieth Wedding Anniversary of Mary Ann and Joseph Hepworth, 1920. (Sung to the tune of "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

Just fifty years ago there was a wedding
In old Hampshire England far away.
The bride and groom were Mary Ann and Joseph
And here they are a bride and groom today.
They traveled o'er the ocean to this country.
Of hardships they have surely had their share.
But here they sit today so bright and happy.
It makes us think they never had a care.

CHORUS

On the eve of this Gold Wedding Day,
Let us sing and be happy and gay.
There is nothing on earth half so welcome as mirth
Come let's throw all our own cares away.
Now, dear Father and Mother and all,

Aren't we glad that you answered the call
To come to this land and to have such a band
On the eve of this Gold Wedding day.

'Twas Ted came first to bless this happy couple.
Then Tom and Jasper each one in their turn.
Then Ben and Pete and Mother's soldier Reuben.
I'm sure they all have made her poor heart yearn.
Then Annice, Roe and Father's little Eva.
Each brought joy and worry in their turn.
Then Josephine, the last one in the family,
Is causing now some poor boy's hear to yearn.

There's not so very many have this privilege
Of living here together for so long.
That's why our hearts are flowing o'er with gladness
That's how we come to write this little song.
Now Mother likes to take in all the movies,
And Father, well, I guess he's not so slow.
He says, "I guess that I will go alone dear",
And then he slips into some swell leg show.

CHORUS:

This history of Joseph Hepworth
was put together by Lucile H.
Henry, June 1973.