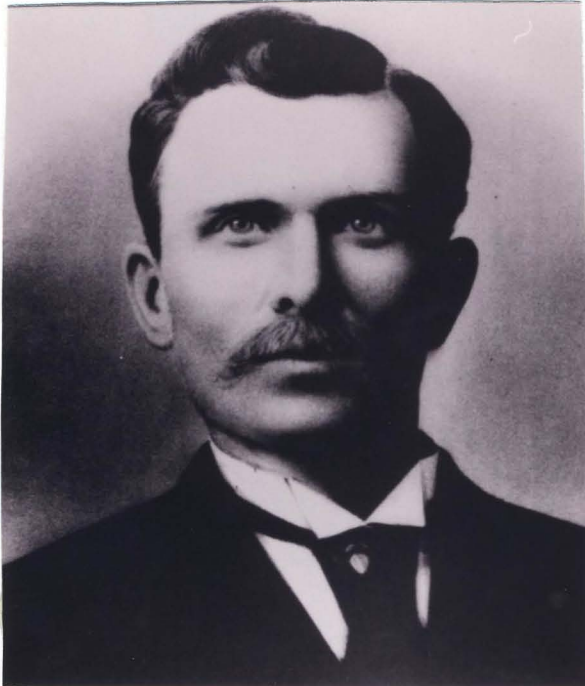


LIFE HISTORY OF DORETTA ALTA ASTLE HOSKIN

In a beautiful little valley in Wyoming called Star Valley (because there seemed to be many stars) I, Doretta Alta Astle, was born to John Francis Astle Sr. and Lauretta Hepworth. There was no doctor to assist in the birth. Grandma Hepworth and Sister Eggleston assisted in my delivery.



John Francis Astle



Lauretta Hepworth

It was March 17, 1906 just south of the little town of Grover. I was greeted by loving parents and 7 older siblings: John Francis Jr. born 13 July 1892, Klea born 9 September 1894, Vernon born 5 April 1898, Arstanie born 19 October 1899, Pearl born 12 March 1901, David born 12 August 1902 and Evelyn born 4 January 1904. Sister Eggleston, who was the midwife, let each of my brothers and sisters take a turn holding me and each loved me.

I was born in a four room log home that sat on 40 acres of land. There were two rooms upstairs and two down. The kitchen was a big square one with a table to work on and cupboards and a stove. A couple of people would eat in the kitchen but with 10 children, we ate in the dining room. There was also a living room. The other three rooms were bedrooms. There was a door on the west and a window in each room toward the road, the corrals, stable and sheds. There was also a door on the east side where one could see the mountains and beautiful alfalfa and wheat fields. In the southeast corner of the kitchen was the stairway that went to the floor above. In the floor of the kitchen was a little trap door to the cellar or pit where potatoes and vegetables were kept for the winter.



Back Row L to R Laurretta Astle, Klea Astle, Francis Astle, John F. Astle, Vernon Astle
Front Row L to R Evelyn Astle, Aarstanie Astle, Pearl Astle, David Astle

I was named after my mother. When father took me up to name me, mother didn't know what it was going to be. My mother's name was Laurretta and so he named me Doretta.

My Mother was a stern but loving person. My Father always wanted to be called "Papa" or "Pa." To be called "Dad" was a disgrace. Later "Dad" was accepted by him. He was a stern man but didn't spank us. When he would scold us, he would say the same things over and over. We'd say, "We wish he would just give us a spanking and get it over with."

I was the last child born in this house. I think I learned to walk in this house and then we moved to another house in Grover. It was a great big house with a shingled roof. The attic wasn't finished yet. Grandpa Astle was working on it all the time. It was a big two story frame house with 6 or 7 rooms besides the upstairs that was unfinished. We had an outdoor toilet. The house was heated by wood stoves. We had heaters or stoves in the kitchen, parlor and dining rooms. Dad would go to the mountains for wood. At night, he would put a big block of wood in the stoves and they would last all night. We used coal oil lamps. We didn't eat in the kitchen but at a long table in the dining room. We did have a carpet on the floor that was made from old rags. There was a well and we drew water up by the bucket. There was straw underneath the carpet. Dad built a big play house for us.



Sketch I drew of the home I was born in.

I welcomed a little sister into the family when I wasn't very old - just 15 months old. Agnes was born 3 July 1907. Another sister came to our house, Elva May, May 23, 1909. She was the first child born in our family with the assistance of a doctor. I remember the day well. It was stake conference in Afton. Daddy stayed home with mother and sent all of us kids to conference. When we came home, we had a little baby sister, Elva May. We sure loved her.

Elva was just three weeks old when Father was called on a mission to the Eastern States. When Dad came home from his mission, Elva, just a little over two years old now, was at the train station to meet him. She came home and told her brothers and sisters they had come from the "deep hole" (depot). That was in Montpelier, Idaho. There were no trains in Star Valley.

One day my cousin Alta, Uncle George's daughter, and I played in the unfinished room upstairs. We scattered a keg of nails all over. Mom and Dad really got after us. Alta had to help pick them up. That was a big job. We didn't like it much, but we learned a big lesson.

The first thing I remember was the day I was four years old. Francis, my oldest brother, came home from herding sheep. He took me behind the door in the parlor and gave me a strand of blue beads. We were always glad when he came home. He most always brought us something such as candy. He always liked to tease us.



Elva May Astle

When I was just five years old, my sister Evelyn died at age seven (23 March 1911). She died with whooping cough and pneumonia. I remember we were playing outside on the south side of the house in the sun. Grandma was there too. We all felt so bad.

Before I started school, Dad bought a 400 acre ranch north and west of Grover three miles outside of town. Three miles in those days was a long way, especially if you had to walk it. There wasn't a house on the ranch. At first we just lived out there in the summer in a tent. Then father started building a summer house that we lived in beside the tent.



Doretta Age 4, Agnes, Evelyn

My oldest brother Francis always teased us. He would dunk our heads in the ditch, and we would scream. He would sure laugh. He always called me "Dett" for short. He always seemed special to us. We had so much fun with him.

Father started building a granary. He had the floor in and the studding up. One day we had a cloud burst and water ran all over. Dad and Francis waded through the water and carried us small ones on to the granary floor. The water was almost to run over the beds in the tents. Father had a lot of young pigs and they all drowned.

One day Dad and Francis were building a corral fence. I was sitting watching and talking. I asked so many questions that Dad told me to shut up and go to the house. I was always asking questions. I guess they just got tired of my gab.



Winter Home in Grover Across the Street from the School

I started school when I was 6 years old. When we moved into town for the winter, we lived across the street from the school. I fell down on the slide one evening and hurt my leg. I could hardly walk, but Mom and Dad couldn't keep me from going to school. I loved school. I had to be helped up the steps to the school. My mother and father bathed my leg in sage tea and vinegar to help it heal. My teacher was Kate Collins and she would hold me on her lap while the others marched out. I thought that teacher was perfect. She married a farmer from Grover and she used to come and see my mother often. They were good friends.

When I was in first grade, I had another little sister at my house. Grace was born 19 February 1912. We sure were happy to have her and we all helped spoil her.

I always ran my shoes over so Dad had taps put on the side of them. I cried when I had to wear them to school. They did help me to walk better though. I wore them for a year or more and then I didn't run my shoes over any more. It straightened my feet up. It sure made me happy. Dad always half soled our shoes for us.

When the cars started to come around, we would run a couple of blocks to see one. Then one Sunday Uncle Adovius Call came out from Afton and gave us a ride in the Model T Ford. We all piled in sitting on the floor and every place possible. That was really a thrill.

Dad bought a dry farm north of Grover. Francis, my oldest brother, was married so he put Francis on it to homestead it and he gave him half of the land. Francis was married with one or two children. I used to stay with them often. I sure liked his wife, Signe, and she liked me too.

Father built a summer house with two rooms down and two up on the 400 acre ranch. We had water for it. We would climb a ladder to get upstairs. We still had our large home in town for the winter.



Francis and Signe



Card given to me by a Sunday School Teacher

One summer day, Father and Francis were burning trash and the summer house caught on fire and burned it to the ground. Almost everything in the house was burned. They got a few things out such as the sewing machine. A daughter-in-law, Brenda, has that sewing machine now. It sews real good. The neighbors were kind and brought in bedding and other things. Then we lived in tents the rest of the summer.

The very day the summer home burned, a Mr. Lench came from Afton and sold my Dad a big seven passenger Overland car. Dad was able to pay cash for the car. We were all happy to

have it. We got to go to Afton and get a few things we needed and there was room for us to ride in it.

I felt like I had been "raised in the wilderness" being raised in Star Valley. I hadn't ever lived near a railroad. The first time I saw a train was in Montpelier. Arstanie drove a team and wagon to Montpelier with a load of pigs to sell. I remember we had to stop and pour water on the pigs because they were too hot. It was a great trip. I got to stay in the bunkhouse with my Dad. Dad was with us with another load of pigs. I think we took about 50 pigs. We hobbled the horses and stayed up in the pines for them to eat grass. Arstanie did my hair and threw the hair left in the comb into the forest. We both laughed about having to come back to get my hair on resurrection day.

Us girls played together all the time. We road an old white horse named Jip. She was so round. Agnes always rode behind me. She'd fall off and pull me off with her, but we never seemed to get hurt.

I was baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on my 8th birthday in the Salt River between Grover and Auburn in Star Valley. I removed my shoes but just wore regular clothes. I had to be baptized twice because my foot came up. It was cold. Uncle George Hepworth baptized me. They didn't do it like they do now. There were only certain people designated to do the baptizing. Dad, me and Uncle George were the only ones who went to the baptism. After I was baptized, they wiped as much water off as they could. They rolled me up in a big blue denim quilt and put me in the sleigh with straw and drove me 3 miles home. I didn't catch a cold or anything. Dad confirmed me on the following Sunday. We were always baptized on our birthday and the next Sunday father confirmed us.

No. 37

Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation

Apr 17 1914

This Certifies that Doretta Alta Rette
Daughter of John G. Rette and Laurette Hepworth
Son or Daughter of Father's Name and Mother's Maiden Name

Born 17 Mar 1906, at Grover Lincoln Wisconsin
Date City or Town County State or Nation

was Baptized 17 Mar 1914, by Elder George W. Hepworth ds.
Elder or Priest

and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 22 Mar 1914

by Elder John G. Rette ds.

Signed Ray S. Thurman Bishop. Signed Charles A. Thurman Clerk.

Recorded in the Grover Ward Record of Members, Book One, No. 387

My little sister Jane was born 16 January 1914 but she was not well. We would have family prayer gathered around mother as she held Jane in her lap. Jane was so white and pale. Mother held her and rocked her a lot. If I recall correctly, she died in mother's arms, 19 April 1914.

We used to go to Grandma Hepworth's every other week and clean her house. Uncle Ed's girls went the other week. She was very special to us. She always had cookies or crackers. On the way there, we had to pass Uncle Lee Astle's house. He could come out and take his pocket knife and say he was going to cut our ears off. We sure would run hard so he couldn't catch us. We sure loved Grandma.



Hannah Cowling Hepworth

We used to do spring cleaning too. We would put new straw under the carpet every spring. Those carpets were so soft and nice. We had straw ticks for the beds too. They were really nice, we thought. We would stick our hands in and fluff the straw. Grandma Astle had feather ticks. We didn't have mattresses until we were quite old.

I had one younger brother named Isaac that was born 14 July 1915. He died the same day. Since Isaac and Jane died, myself, Agnes, Elva and Grace were always referred to as "the little ones."

In 1915-16, Father built a big new home on the ranch. It had five bedrooms, a kitchen, a dining room, pantry, laundry room, storage room living room, bathroom, parlor, and a big front porch. We only used the parlor on special occasions. It even had gas lights. Four big bedrooms were up stairs. We shared the bedrooms and slept two per bed. Dad built the pantry with a double floor so nothing could get in it. It had a huge flour bin. We would take the flour upstairs and pour it into the bin. When we were downstairs we could take it out with a scoop and sifter. After each harvest of wheat in the fall, Dad took enough wheat to be ground that we would have flour for a full year. He would also get enough dried fruit to last us through the winter - prunes, peaches, and apples. He would go to Idaho and get fresh apples and potatoes to store too. The house did have some inside plumbing. It had piped water from the nearby spring. There were willows by the spring. Watercress grew in the spring water also.

I started milking cows when I was 9 years old and before I started milking I had to feed the calves. Three of us girls milked 25 - 30 heard of pure Holstein cows by hand. The milk check was about \$1,000 per month. We used to make

a smudge of sagebrush to keep the mosquitoes away while we milked the cows in the pasture in the summer.

We were taught to pay our tithing. "Sunday" eggs were always tithing eggs. We didn't earn or have money but Dad would give each of us kids something to take to the Bishop for tithing. I remember Dad taking hay in for tithing too.

On Sunday afternoons Dad would play with us. He would stand on the board of the swing and we would sit between his legs or he would sit on the board with one of us on his lap. He would pump us up till the rope went slack. We would be scared and Dad would laugh.

He also played marbles with us. He would draw a big circle on the kitchen floor and put the marbles in the center. Each of us would have a taw and we'd have a big "shoot out." I can still hear Dad laugh.

"Annie I Over" was played by us and all the neighbors too. We played "Fox and Geese" and "Run, Sheep, Run" in the snow.

Pearl couldn't tolerate being tickled. If you tickled her, she would just go to the floor immediately. She couldn't fight back or anything and she would laugh until she had tears.

Grace liked riding the fastest horse - not Posey. Posey was too slow! It was a small pony and he could run.

Dad would take us into Afton to buy our clothes for school. We always shopped at Ed Lewis's. I still remember the last coat he bought me. It was green. I also got high top lace shoes.

We had only lived in our new, big house a little over a year, when we got that bad flu of 1918. We all got the flu but Pearl and Francis. Francis was married but came down to milk the cows and look after the stock. My brother Vernon, age 20, died on December 23, 1918 and mother on December 24, 1918. It really left sadness in the home and for many years to come at Christmas time. I was 12 and my youngest living sister was 5. It was really hard on my father with a big family to take care of. Francis was the only one married.

Mother was 44 years old and her naturally curly hair was almost pure black but streaked with gray. She had beautiful brown eyes.

In those days, the younger children started to school about three weeks before the older ones. The older ones had to help on the ranches. So Doris

Hepworth, a cousin, and I stayed with Grandma Hepworth. We sure gave her a bad time. What one didn't think of the other did. I really liked school. I never missed a day that year. I was only late once and Doris and I walked a fence to school. The bell rang but we just kept on walking on that 2 by 4 that was on the top of the wire fence.

When I graduated from the 8th grade, I had to go to the county seat in Afton to pass a test to be eligible for High School.

After Mother and Vernon died, Dad wanted to get out of Grover. He sold the ranch and we moved to Providence, Utah in June of 1920. He had to take that farm back three times. He almost "lost his shirt" over that farm. He was making payments on property in Providence, the cost of living raised, and things just changed.

The home Dad bought was a big brick home on 25 acres of ground. We had a telephone, electricity, and plumbing in the house in Providence. We also had a player piano and a phonograph but it was a hard adjustment for all of us.



Home in Providence

I started that fall to South Cache High School in Hyrum, Utah. I really felt like a backward country girl. It took me a while to get acquainted but I did enjoy school.

During my freshman year, I arranged my classes so I could get out at noon on Monday to do the washing. Father would have the water all hot. We washed only once a week then - much different than now. One day when I was wringing the clothes through the wringer, I got my hair in it. It went right to my

head before I got it shut off. I didn't dare turn it back on. I was afraid I would turn it the wrong way. Francis, my brother, was up stairs so I called him. He finally came. He just stood and laughed but he finally turned it on and ran my hair back out. My head was sore for days.



Doretta Astle - About 16 years old

I had a few boy friends but not many. I graduated in 1924. The next year I went to the Brigham Young College at Logan. I wanted to be a teacher. I didn't like it very well. I attended only one year. The requirement to be a teacher was only two years of college then.

Father was called on a special short term mission to the Central States in November of 1925 by Heber J. Grant He had 10 children at the time and I went to work.

When I was about a Junior in high school, Pearl threw an arm load of kindling at me for something I said. It cut my face. When I got to school, I couldn't tell people I had a fight with Pearl. I said I ran into a door.

Pearl and Arstanie were really close but Pearl and I didn't get along too well until I had to sit next to her in the sewing factory where we both worked during my Senior year in school. We couldn't fight in public. We got along very well after that.

I went to South Cache High School for four years. Each year I liked it better. I didn't have a chance to attend very many activities. Dad was really strict with us girls.



Friends - Left to Right
Olive Renderconect, Ruth Schiess,
Doretta Astle

When Dad was on his mission, he met a sister named Clara Holm (Steen). He had written to her since his release in May of 1926. In 1927 he took



John Francis and Clara Astle

Arstanie to Austin, Texas and brought her and her two children, Ann, age 16 and Roy, age 14, back to Providence. They were just there a short time when they married, 30 March 1927.

Clara was very poor. Dad had to buy them clothes to even bring them out. She also had another boy but he didn't come. Her husband had left her but he had two sisters who were helping to support her.

Clara could express herself very well and was a good writer. She was quiet. She didn't have much education but she did have a testimony of the Church. She didn't know how to cook at all. She didn't know lettuce from cabbage. Her daughter, Ann, was hard to live with. She would take your clothes and wear them whether you had even worn them yourself or not. Us kids had a hard time adjusting to the new situation. I think Dad felt sorry for Clara.

I was dating a few boys - some from Hyrum, Logan, Hyde Park, and so on - but I never did like any of them very well. Then one Sunday night, some of my friends from Hyrum brought Don Smith over with them. I had just got home from church. They brought him right up to the door and made me acquainted and they asked me to go for a ride with them. I went. I sure did like him. When we came home, he didn't make a date with me then but the next day or so he called. We started going together.

The first summer we were going together, I got an inflammation in my sciatic nerve. The pain went all the way down my leg. I couldn't walk for three months. Don would come and sit by my bed in the evening and we would read



Don Estle Smith

Certificate of Marriage

STATE OF UTAH COUNTY OF CACHE

This Certifies that

DON ESTLE SMITH of HYRUM in the State of UTAH

and DORETTA ALTA ASTLE of PROVIDENCE in the State of UTAH

were by me joined together in **Holy Matrimony** according to the Ordinance of God and the Laws of the State of Utah, at LOGAN, UTAH in said County, on the THIRD

day of AUGUST in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and TWENTY EIGHT

In the presence of

Virginia Peckham WITNESS *C. M. ...*
May L. Pedersen WITNESS Elder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints

LICENSE ISSUED BY THE CLERK OF CACHE COUNTY AUGUST 3, 19 28



Me in Don's Car

We had been married 18 months when Don died from uremic poisoning. He died on January 19, 1930. He went to Montpelier with the railroad and felt fine. Three days later he was dead. The railroad paid me Don's monthly check for a year. It was \$144 a month. That was good money then. He did not have any insurance though. The railroad paid for his funeral.

I was 7 months pregnant. My legs and feet swelled. If I took my shoes off in the day, I couldn't get them back on. I always just blamed the swelling on the heat and being pregnant.

I went back and lived with my father and stepmother until after the baby was born. Don had always said, "If I'm not with you when the baby is born, I want you to go to the hospital." It almost made you wonder if he knew he wouldn't be here.

Don Junior was born 21 Mar 1930. My delivery was a frightening experience. I looked up from the delivery table and saw everyone in white and I thought I had died. Junior was the only one of my five children born in the hospital. The total bill was \$99 for 18 days for me and Don Junior.

After Don died, Father and I went to see the Bishop. I wanted to go to the temple and have the work done for Don and be sealed to him. He sent us to the Stake President and he sent us to the temple president, Pres. Shephard. He talked with me and told me, "No," He said I was too young and that I would get married again and raise a family. That really hurt me. It kind of turned me against the church and everything. I didn't seem to care about anything much for a long time (only my baby). He was all I had.



John Francis Astle and Don Junior

Those were hard times for me. I almost had a nervous break down but the Lord blessed me and I came out of it. I worked here and there and took care of my son. That was very special to me.

I lived with Dad and Clara for a while. It was hard for me to live there. I was possessive of Junior and Clara's children fussed with him all the time - wetting his hair down and curling it. He slept in a buggy by the side of my bed. People would just pick up his toys after being on the dirty floor and throw them in the buggy. I just didn't like that.

Dad gave me 300 chickens that I raised. I sold the eggs for some income. One day Father had been spraying the chicken house with Black Leaf 40 - a very poisonous spray. He had come in and set the container on the table on the back

porch. Don Junior somehow got it and drank some and passed out. Agnes had just got home from work. I was out in the chicken house gathering eggs. She came running out with Don Junior in her arms. She kicked the door open and scared the chickens and me. I sat the eggs down and ran to the house and told Agnes to get the doctor. She was so excited she couldn't dial the telephone. She ran out and got Father to come in and do it. Agnes and I and Junior got in the car and took him to the doctor. My doctor was not in so we had to see another one. Don Junior vomited all the way to Logan. When the doctor examined him, he was all right. Then we asked, "Just which one of you is the mother?"

I spent one summer after that in Wyoming with Francis and David. They were farming and I did the cooking for the men.

When I came back, my brother David's first wife, Gertrude, had died. He went to Wyoming to work and I moved into his house. Grace would come over to my house to do her laundry. Francis asked if I would let his daughter Atelia come and live with me. She and her step-mother, Laura, did not get along very well. I told him that she could. When he brought her, he brought me a bag of flour. That was all he could give. It was depression times and things were hard. Laura told me never to leave any change around or Tel would steal it. I always left change in the cupboard and she never touched it. We got along great. Tel got a job picking berries and then worked in the home of a doctor. I didn't have a bit of trouble with her and she stayed with me for a year.

The house was on a 1 1/4 acre plot of ground. I raised green beans on that ground and sold them to the cannery.

I must have been able to accumulate a little money because I bought me a Model A Ford. I was also able to loan money to Seth and Grace Frank to get a team of horses so they could farm.

After a while I started going out with my girl friends and dating again. I met Wells Jenkins Hoskin at a dance in Logan. He was tall, (about 6 feet), dark and handsome. He was a good dancer. "You didn't know he had any feet." He wanted to take me home but I said, "No, I came with my girl friends." I was driving my car anyway. I wouldn't go with him so the guys followed me home. Then he made a date and then another date. We finally decided to get married on Feb 19, 1934 in Farmington, Utah. It was during the depression and we had a hard time making ends meet. Don Junior was almost 4 years old.

It took my Father a long time to get used to Wells because he was such a tease and Father was so serious. Wells would often take a different stand on subjects than he really thought or believed just for the sake of a good lively discussion.

After we were married, we lived in Grandpa and Grandma Hoskin's ten room home in Wellsville, Utah. That is where we were living when Ronald was born 21 October 1934. I was still in bed with Ronald on Halloween because we always stayed in bed 10 days after the baby was born. I was upstairs and Junior brought all of his friends upstairs to visit his new baby. Wells put a sheet on himself and scared the kids as they started down the stairs. The kids ran back upstairs and jumped in bed with me. Wells really thought that was funny.

When Ronald was 6 weeks old, he had a bad cold and they wondered if it was whooping cough. Sister Murray helped me with him. She said it was whooping cough. Later Dr. Christensen said, "What Sister Murray says is right" so I guess he had whooping cough.

Ronald was only 4 months old when I discovered I was pregnant again. Wayne was born next - 26 January 1936. He was a beautiful baby. Elva said he was too pretty to be a boy. Junior was 6 years old now. He had some hamsters and I couldn't stand them. I had to get rid of them. They just drove me crazy. Junior took it all right. Not too much later, Junior's Uncle LaVon Smith gave him a little dog. The dog liked Wells better than Junior. Wells would go to work for a few days and the dog would just lay in the corner and shake. He missed Wells so much. The dog was little and part Boston Bull. He followed Wells to town one day. Wells sent him back and he thought he had gone home but he turned around and followed Wells again. He got run over crossing the road. Everyone cried. Wells felt as bad as any of the kids. Junior always loved animals. When he went to school, he always came home with a stray dog. I always thought he coaxed them.

After Wayne was born, Wells and I sold everything we had and moved to Rexburg, Idaho (May 1936) where Wells worked as a farm laborer. We didn't make too much money that summer and our 12 acres of land we had in Wellsville didn't sell so we returned to Wellsville in the fall. We lived with Elva and Vere Kendrick in Logan. We lived in one part of the house and the Kendricks lived in the other part. It was really hard times due to the depression. We had \$ 1.25 for Christmas that year. We bought Junior a mouth organ and I made gloves for the 3 boys and shirts from the tails of other shirts and stuffed animals from whatever I could find. We had a lot of fun even if we didn't have anything to live off of all winter.

Wells got a job in Wellsville in the spring of 1937 working for the WPA and he was also trying to farm the 12 acres of the Hoskin Homestead he had inherited. He was called to fight a fire in Logan Canyon that summer and after that was sick for three months. It was too much for his heart. He couldn't lift a hand. I had to feed him. The doctor told him he could not do heavy labor but he could drive truck.

Members of the ward helped with the farm which had all been planted in sugar beets, but it didn't produce like it could have under the watchful work of a diligent farmer. The beets were small. That fall I topped beets for 6 weeks. I was trying to earn enough money to get us through the winter. Wells could drive truck and that he did.

I worked hard in the field all day topping beets and throwing them into the truck. At night, I still had to clean the house and do my other work. Sometimes I would wash until midnight and then the next night I would iron until midnight. I canned a lot of fruit as well as the garden produce. I had to take care of Wells too. It was another rough year. We had been able to buy the truck so Wells could work in the harvest but the transmission went out on it and it cost about all we had made to have it repaired.

In the spring of 1938, we moved again. Again we planted a large garden. We were able to sell a lot of the produce to the stores. We had also purchased Elmer's share of the homestead so we had 24 acres to farm.

LaMar was the next boy to arrive. It was on 19 September 1938.

In the fall of 1940, we purchased a home in Wellsville not far from Basin Hill. We built a chicken house for 300 chickens. We enjoyed that because we always had a little cash to spend from the eggs that were sold. Along with what we made on the farm, we did fairly well.



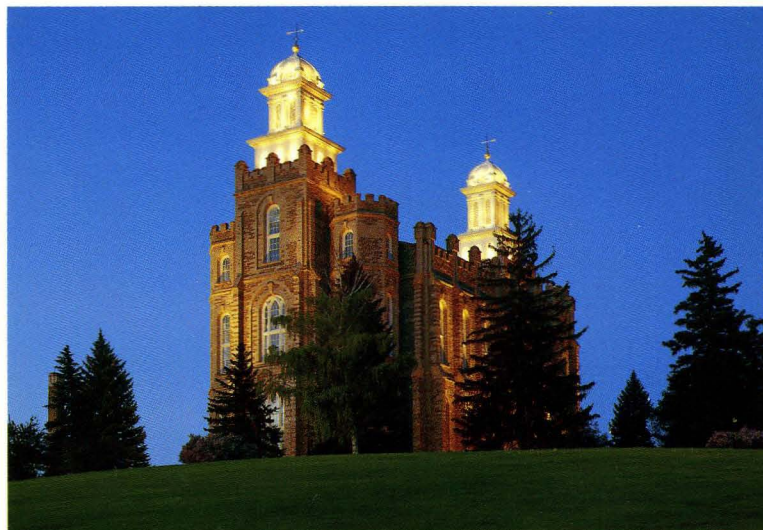
L to R Don J., Ronald, Wayne,
Don J.'s friend, LaMar (baby)
About 1939

In 1942, Wells worked on Second Street in Ogden as an inspector in some kind of a war plant.

On the 17th of May 1943 we had another boy we named Vernon. An old lady that lived by me said, "The Lord sends you what is best for you." I wondered at the time. I wanted a girl so bad.

When the boys got a little older, we used to take them to Bear Lake for a few days for a little vacation. Wayne was told not to go to the neighbors but he went anyway. He cut his foot on some glass. We had to have the doctor attend to it. We went to Bear Lake a few days later. Wayne couldn't wade and splash in the water like the other boys. "Boy did he howl."

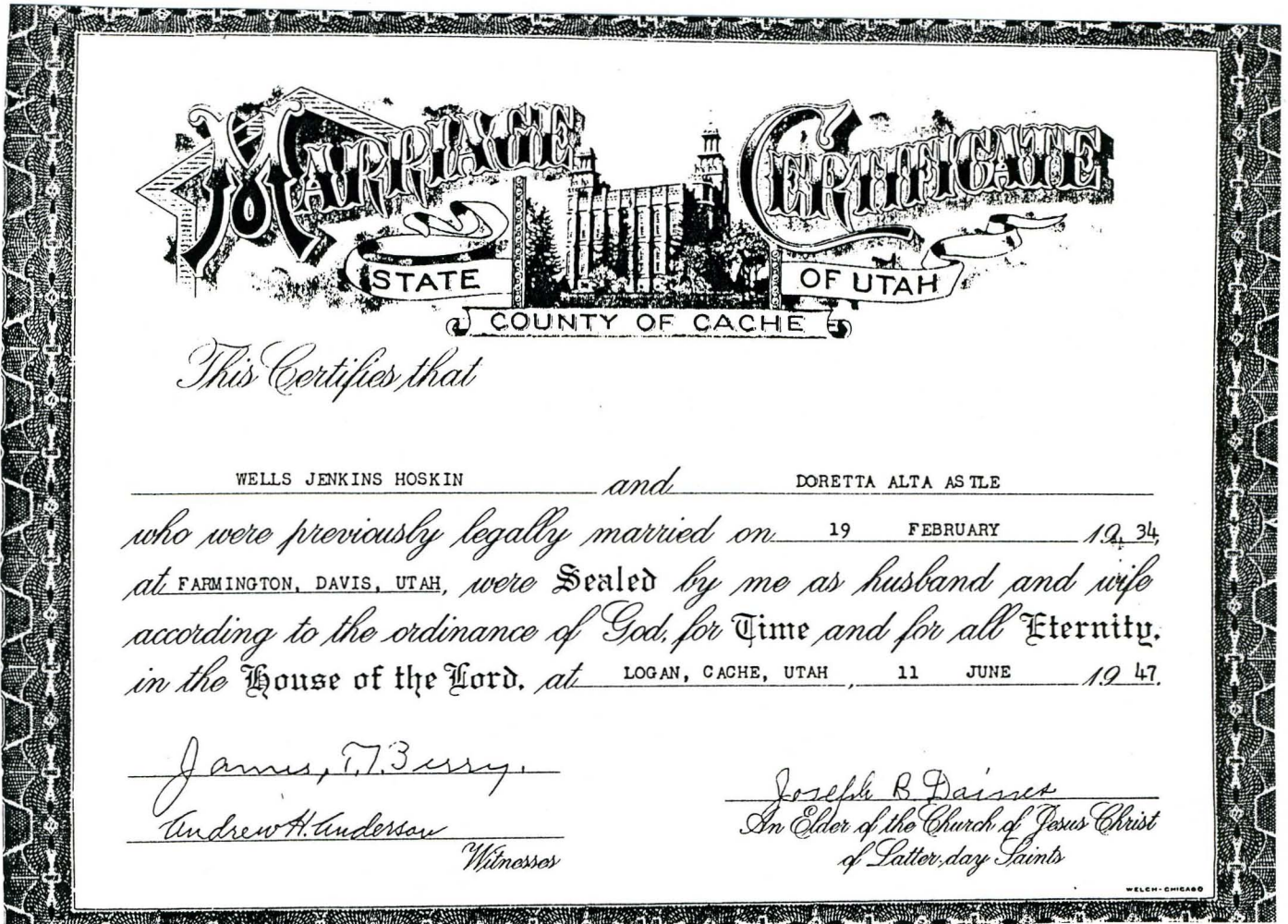
We didn't go to the temple when we were married. It didn't mean too much to us then but when the children started coming, we knew we wanted our children forever. Wells had not been very active in church and I was very concerned because we had not been sealed in the temple or had our family sealed to us. One day I asked Wells, if he wanted to have his boys after this life. He replied, "Yes. No one else is going to have them." We made preparation and went to the Logan temple 11 June 1947. It was a happy day. Wells said, "I don't know why I didn't prepare myself and go a long time ago!"



Logan Temple

Wells always worried about his sons having something to do because he had to go away to work seasonal jobs here and there. He didn't want his sons to do that. He felt like there wasn't anything in Wellsville for them. I didn't want to move to Idaho to farm because I knew he was sick. He insisted so we sold our house and farm in Wellsville and started for Idaho. We had some chickens in a trailer behind the car. All of the chickens went to one side of the trailer and part

of them smothered. We hired someone to move our furniture. The wind was blowing and it was dusty and dirty. I was pretty disgusted. I just told the movers to put the things in the house and leave. I didn't want my things left out in the dust and dirt.



We purchased an 80 acre farm north and east of Jerome. We were disappointed in the farm when all the Canadian thistle started coming up in the spring. The house was only a one bedroom. The boys slept on the back porch until Wells built onto the house. There was running water in the house but only had out-house facilities. I thought I would never get used to Idaho and the wind and dirt that blew around.

In the winter of 1948-49, we were snowed in for six weeks. We could not get out to take our milk and we had to throw a lot of it away. I never made so much ice cream in my life. When we could get out, we hauled 18 cans of frozen milk out on a slip with a team on the frozen canal. I will never forget that winter. It was a terrible winter but the kids had a lot of fun.

The first year the beans froze in June. We both worked in the harvest to make ends meet. The next year we didn't do much better. We got rid of the thistles as best we could and put the farm up for sale. I worried each time Wells went to the field, wondering if he was going to come back. He got upset if anyone told him he shouldn't be doing something. He had a damaged heart from having rheumatic fever as a child.

I liked Jerome all right but not that farm. While we were there, I worked in the Primary as a teacher, Second Counselor and also gave the teacher training lesson. We made a lot of good friends.

We were finally able to sell the farm in Jerome in the summer of 1851 and came out with \$10,000 profit. We looked and looked for a farm on the south side of the river that was within our means. We finally found one south of Filer. I didn't want to move because the farm didn't have a good house on it. Dad knew it wasn't what he wanted for his family either and promised to build a new home. We moved in 27 October of 1951.



Aerial View of the Farm South of Filer

Wells seemed to sense that he needed to get his family settled as soon as possible. After we got settled, Wells would just walk and walk around the farm. It was a good clean farm and he just loved it. He never had the opportunity to farm it. He was admitted to the hospital and passed away January 19, 1952. After Wells passed away, the doctor met me in the hall. I made the comment that I wished he could have lived until the boys were older. The doctor just snapped, "He wouldn't have been any good to you anyway." That really hurt my feelings and made me feel unhappy.

I was left with the farm and no money. We had put it all into the farm. Don was married. Ronald was 17, Wayne 15, LaMar 13 and Vernon 8. We had so many debts that I didn't know what to do. Everybody said to sell the farm or I would lose it but I knew that I had to have something for the boys to do. The boys and I farmed for the next 5 years. Ronald was old for his age because of the added responsibilities he had. It wasn't easy for me to get the boys to work the place.

I lived on prayer for two years. I kept wondering what Wells would do. I was not too well myself. One day I prayed and then laid on the sofa and Wells appeared to me with a big smile on his face. He was dressed just like he always dressed. I raised up and he backed off through the door and disappeared. Then I knew I was doing what he wanted me to do.

I would walk down each night and get the cows. I put my big hat on and started down through the pasture. The bull that was with the cows started after me. I ran as hard as I could but one of those spells I had with my thyroid started coming on. The bull was only about a yard away and Wayne jumped over the fence, grabbed a big club that was laying by the fence and stopped the bull. If they hadn't been there that bull would of got me. We took the bull to the sale the next day.

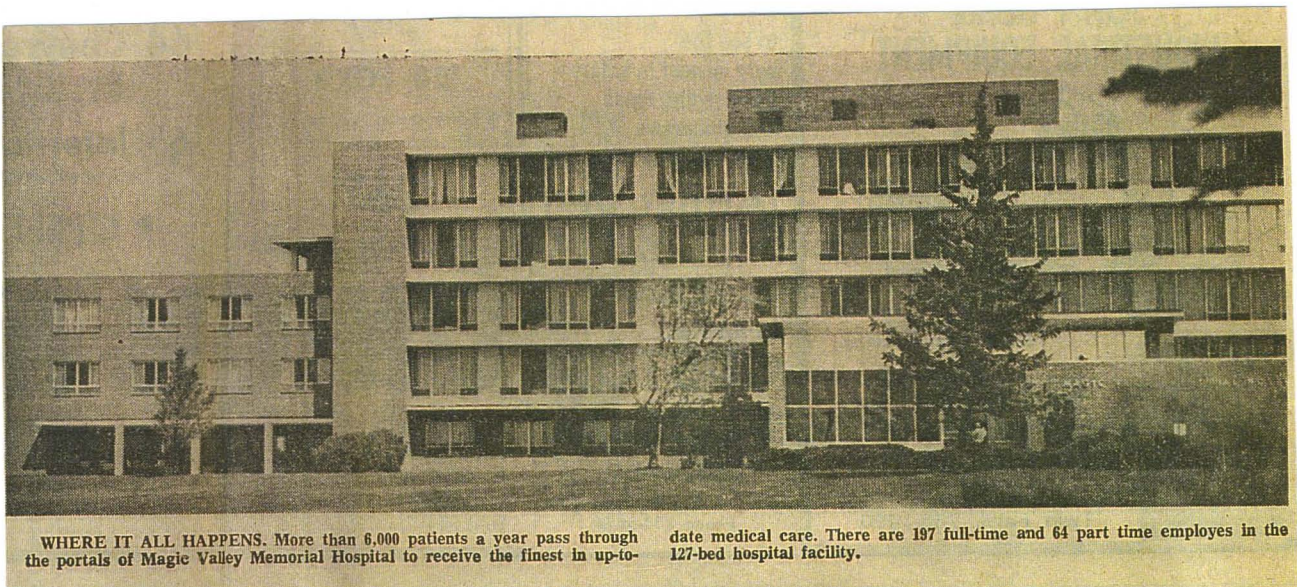
In 1954 Wayne joined the Air Force, and Ronald got married in 1955. LaMar didn't like the farm at all and Vernon was too young to do the farming. We ran the farm one additional year with the help of Don J. I talked it over with the boys and decided to sell the farm to Junior. That was a hard thing to do because Wells was so determined to have this 80 acres even though I didn't like the small house. I had so much wanted a decent home. It was so hard for me to part with something we had worked so hard for.

LaMar, Vernon, and I moved into Filer in 1957. That was the first time I had ever had a toilet in the house and a telephone. I did appreciate that.



Filer Home - 125 5th Street

I sure had a time finding a job at my age - 52. Finally I got hired at the Twin Falls County Hospital in Twin Falls working in the house keeping department. It was hard work but I was glad to get it. I started in April of 1957 and worked there for 14 1/2 years.



Magic Valley Memorial Hospital - Times News 14 May 1967

I had thyroid problems and I didn't know what it was. The doctor was treating me for hot flashes. Finally Dr. Affleck found what it was. I had my thyroid removed in 1958 and then I felt much better.

I never did look for another husband after Wells died. All I could think about was getting my boys raised. I testify to you that I didn't raise my boys alone. Heavenly Father was right by my side as I struggled through those hard years.

After I retired from working at the hospital, I was custodian of the church on Highway 30 in Filer. I worked there until I was 70 years old. Then I retired and stayed home and took care of my yard and did my gardening. I always have a good garden and beautiful flowers. I even took first prize at the county fair one time. I love my little home and garden.



Over and over again. Mrs. Doretta Hoskin goes about the daily task of cleaning and shining more than two acres of floors.

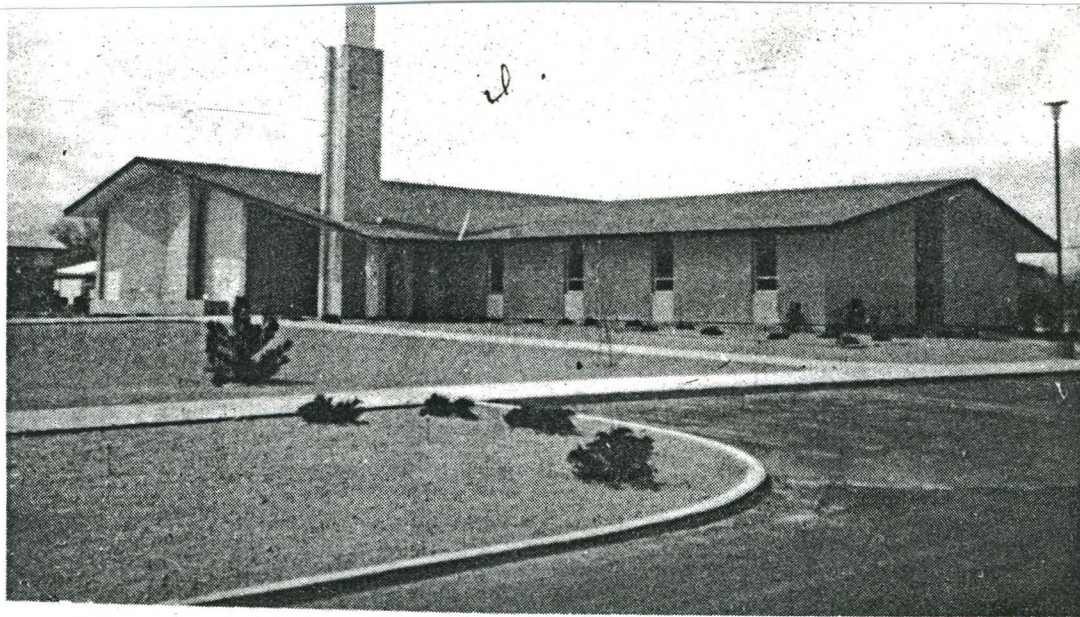
Times News May 14, 1967



Piece of My Uniform
25



Housekeeping Crew - I am the one peaking from behind with gray hair and glasses



Open house for the new Filer LDS Church was held last Sunday, May 6. Approximately 500 persons attended to see the new building and to observe displays in various rooms set up by the different organizations of the church. The former LDS Church was destroyed

by fire on Jan. 12, 1967 and work began on the new church the following September. Services have been held in the Tom Parks Pavilion and at the Central School. The new church is located east of Gerry's Frosty Tree on Highway 30.

Church on Highway 30, 1981

When I was 73 years old, LaMar and Brenda asked me to come and stay with their 7 children while they went on a trip to Florida that LaMar had won from work. Everyone thought I was crazy to do it but I went anyway. The baby was only three weeks old. I went and it all worked out great. They were good kids.



About 1965

Back Row L to R Wayne Hoskin, Vernon Hoskin, LaMar Hoskin
Bottom Row L to R - Don J. Smith, Doretta Hoskin, Ronald Hoskin

I also enjoy quilting and crocheting. I have given away a lot of quilts. I made one quilt for the building fund that sold for \$400. I have pieced and finished many for the Relief Society. I made baby quilts for my 25 grandchildren and many of my great-grandchildren as well as given many baby quilts to people in the ward. I have crocheted many afghans - large and small - and given them away for gifts. I have to keep my hands busy.

I have worked in the church all my life. I started at first when I was in high school. I have taught in the Primary, M.I.A., Relief Society and Sunday School. I taught classes for 50 years or longer. I also served as a Counselor and Teacher Trainer in the Primary and First Counselor in the Relief Society. I was still serving as Secretary of the Relief Society when I was 75 years old. I worked in the record extraction program for two and a half years. My eyes got so bad I had

to have cataract surgery on both eyes. I have tried to do everything that was asked of me in the church. I know its is not just them asking me to do things. It is my Father in Heaven. I just haven't learned the word "No" yet as far as the church is concerned.

I like to read and always enjoy it when my children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren stop to visit. I try to listen to their problems and joys and encourage them to live the teachings of the gospel. I am very, very proud of my family. That is what I live for and they are so good to me.

In 1996, I celebrated my ninetieth birthday. My family hosted an Open House for me. I had a lot of people come and a lot of nice tributes paid to me. I am so blessed.

In December of 1997 at the age of 91, I was very sick. I had a very bad cough and cold but I didn't have a high fever or anything but I thought I was going to die. I knew my sisters were in the house in the north bedroom. I could feel them but I didn't ever see them. I was never alone a night while I was sick. They were always there. It was all so real to me that I got up one night and walked to the living room to call Agnes and then I told myself, "There is no one in that room." I went back to bed. I could feel their presence.



Me - 1993

I am so thankful for The Church of Jesus Christ. I am so thankful that I am a member of His church. I know that it is the only true church. I know that God lives and that Jesus is the Christ - that he hears and answers our prayers - that he watches over us every day. I know that he loves me and stands by my side. I know I could not have made it without his help. I love him and I know He loves me. I know He stands by my side and watches over me and helps me in all I do. I am thankful for the Priesthood of God. I would rather go hungry than not pay my tithing.

I know that Joseph Smith restored the true Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. I am so thankful that we have a true prophet at all times. I know that Pres. Hinckley was called for this present time. I know if we keep His commandments we will never fail. He stands by our side at all times.

The Lord has really blessed me. Sometimes I get lonely but I know my family and friends are not far away. I know the Lord is near and watching over me. I am really happy for what I have and for the many blessings I receive.

Doretta Hoskin 1998

Doretta has a great ability to love and be interested in people and the things around her. She has found a lot of joy in life in spite of the trials she had. She has lived alone for many years. That's a lot of lonely days and nights but when you stop to visit her, you don't find someone feeling sorry for herself. You find someone counting her blessings and someone who is happy and glad to have you visit. Even though Doretta is 92 years old, her mind is still very clear.

Brenda Hoskin, February 1998