

History of Randolph Hepworth

By Patra Anne Hepworth

On the second of October, 1884, in the quiet, young town of Woods Cross, Davis, Utah, a boy was born to James Hepworth and Melina Smith Hepworth. [1] He was their fifth boy and the sixth of their eight children. He was named Randolph for Randolph Churchill. Years later, people would still call him Randolph Churchill Hepworth as a nickname, but even more often, he was called the shortened, affectionate version, “Dolph”.



James and Melina had left jolly old England after learning of the restored gospel from the missionaries to seek the people of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and to help them establish “Zion” on the American continent. They met and married in Salt Lake City. Three of their children were born there, after which they moved their small family to Woods Cross. [2]

Randolph was the second of their children born there. He was blessed by Joseph Argyle on the 6th of November, 1884. [3] He was baptized by S.J. Nuttall on the 14th of March, 1893, [4] and confirmed a member of the church on the 15th of March, 1893. [5]

Dolph was the favorite nickname, but not the only one. Melina made Randolph’s clothes out of a homespun material called shoddy. It wasn’t long before people were calling Dolph “Chaude” or “Chaudie”. The nickname tied over to Randolph’s first son, Ferrel, and through the years, turned into “Charlie”, and many people had no idea what Ferrel’s name really was.

When asked about his childhood and how he and his brothers got along, Randolph said, “If we had fights, I don’t remember them.” [6] He said his father never spanked them and wasn’t very strict with him and his siblings. He claimed, though, that his father didn’t have to be, because the children knew what they had to do, and they did it.

Dolph attended the West Bountiful grade school through the fourth grade. This was his only formal education. Reading must have been enjoyable for him as years later he read to his children, creating some special memories. He also spent time working in the Hatch Brick Yards with his father and some of his brothers. [7]



James Hepworth family in front of their home in Woods Cross;
Dolph is on the far right.

One of Dolph's finest talents showed up early in his beautiful singing voice; it was for this that many people would talk of and remember him. Dolph's family loved to sing, and after their meals, they all sang together. His parents, James and Melina, taught the West Bountiful Ward Choir to sing in parts and taught this to their children as well. In his later teen years and/or early twenties, Dolph was in a quartet with his brother, Nephi, and his sisters, Maud and Melina. They sang out for a number of different occasions. It is said they won many stake awards for their performances. At times just he and his brother, Nephi, would get together to perform duets. Dolph's children remember that he sang around their home. He sang with the West Bountiful Ward Choir and was their president; brother Nephi was choirmaster.

Besides Dolph's singing talent, he learned to play the fiddle a little, as well as the piano (played by ear), harmonica, and ukulele.

Dolph was drafted, but the war soon ended, so he never served in the armed forces.



The “Davis County Clipper” reported an incident from the wild, wild West town of Woods Cross in May of 1904- “The Utah Independent Telephone Co. had a little more hard luck Sunday night. They had been encountering all kinds of hindrances in trying to get their line through this county.

“Sunday night Mark Holbrook discovered three men on the street west of the R.G.W. Ry. depot in Bountiful taking wire from the company. It is copper wire. They took it off the poles. There were six wires. One would climb up and cut the wire loose and the other two wound it into rolls and threw it into the wagon. They had a wagon and two horses that belonged to a junk dealer in Salt Lake City. Mr. Holbrook noticed the men around about 9 o’clock at night but did not know what they were doing. About an hour later, they were still there, and he got some other boys, and they went and talked to them. They claimed they had been hired to come up from Salt Lake to get the wire.

“The boys went after Constable Charles Ellis to arrest them, but Mr. Ellis’ baby was sick, so he did not go, but authorized the boys to arrest the fellows and loaned them his pistol and ammunition. When the boys returned, the men were still taking down wire. The boys ordered the man down from the pole at the point of the pistol. After he came down, the boys told the two men who were left, the third having disappeared, that they were under arrest. At first they started to submit but later asked to see the star, but the boys had none, so they refused to take any notice of them. Finally the two men started back to Salt Lake in their wagon with about twenty-five rolls of this copper wire, valued at about \$100. Then the boys found they could not stop them. They telephoned the Salt Lake police, but the boys say the police acted very indifferent and unconcerned about the affair.

“By this time it was considerable after midnight, and the boys hardly knew what to do, but finally thought if they had stolen the wire, they ought not to be let go. So they decided to follow

them into Salt Lake. Mark Holbrook, Ira Mann, “Dolph” Hepworth and Henry Tovey were the young men who pursued them. They went along the lower road, which was awfully bad, caused by the recent rains. It was about all their team could do to pull the load, and when they reached Salt Lake, the animals were about tired out.

“On entering the city, one of the boys went ahead and got a police officer to come and arrest them. They were then taken to the city hall. It was now about 5 o’clock in the morning.

“They were taken to Farmington and appeared before Justice Robinson, Tuesday, but were given until the next Monday at 10 a.m. to enter their plea. They will be tried on the charge of grand larceny.

“Before starting for the city, the men finally admitted to the boys that they were stealing the wire, but offered to pay the boys to keep still and told them that they were owing board bills that they wanted to get money to settle before they left.

“The boys are surely deserving of a reward from the county or telephone company for their persistent work.”

The next month, the Clipper reported, “The Utah Independent Telephone Co., rewarded Mark Holbrook, Ira Mann, Dolph Hepworth, and Henry Tovey \$5 each for capturing Orr and O’Conner, who attempted to steal about \$150 worth of copper wire from the company’s poles at Woods Cross.”

Dolph was known to be a ladies’ man and a lot of fun. He met Edith May Holbrook (born 7 September 1887, at Auburn, Lincoln, Wyoming [8]) in the young years of the twentieth century. She was from East Bountiful, so Dolph would take a horse and buggy to go courting. The guys from that area didn’t appreciate Dolph overstepping “his territory” into theirs. They gave him a bad time about it, trying to get him to leave Edith alone.

Edith said there were not a lot of places to go then, so they stuck pretty close to home. Their activities consisted mostly of dances, which Dolph said they got a lot of kick out of, and going to a show house in East Bountiful. When his grandchildren asked if the shows were movies or stage shows, Dolph responded, “Movie! Never heard about a movie!”

Of course, everyone knows the rest of the story. Edith captured Dolph’s heart; he thought so much of her. She agreed to be his wife. On the 4th of December, 1907, in the Salt Lake Temple, they were married for time and all eternity. [9]

Sharon Hepworth, Sherman’s wife, later said of them that there never seemed to be any disagreements or fights between them. She remembered sitting outside with them in the summer to talk and hearing the tender, “Oh Ma”, or “Oh Dad”, that would come up during the conversations.

Dolph and Edith's first child, a boy, was born the 25th of September, 1908, in Woods Cross. They named him Ferrel "H" Hepworth. [10] At this time, they were living in a rented home, near the Woods Cross Cannery. Their first daughter was born the 23rd of March, 1912, and they named her Lorena. [11] The local newspaper commented that year that Dolph Hepworth had purchased land in Delta and expected to go there in the fall. Sometime after that, the Hepworth family moved to Wyoming; the newspaper reported it was in 1914. Dolph is thought to have worked in Auburn on his brother-in-law's ranch (Clarence), and later in the town of Thayne with another of Edith's brothers, Joe. At times they lived in temperatures of fifty below.



Dolph soon brought his family back to Bountiful where Dean Reese was born, the 11th of April, 1916. [12] They lived in a home that was one block west of Main Street and one block north of Center Street, which the "Davis County Clipper" said was the home vacated by Walter Grant. Dolph's family was not there long, though, before he took his family to Salt Lake. They lived in different homes in the vicinity of the old 3rd West, 2nd North area. Dolph worked for a time at a company called Interocean Elevators and later went to the Pacific Seedhouse for work. It was many of the long winter nights in Salt Lake where Dolph read novel after novel, as well as the Bible, to his small, young family. Some of the remembered books include many of Zane Grey's and the Edgar Rice Burroughs' series, such as Tarzan of the Apes and Man of Mars.

The flu epidemic in 1918 made them all sick at one time or the other, but they all managed to live through it. Dolph made bread to help out while Edith was very sick.

Dolph did not enjoy his life in Salt Lake. The opportunity came to buy a home and a small farm from his half brother, Eli, in Woods Cross. It was part of the land Dolph's father had owned. Eli had used the ground to raise fish on. Dolph filled all the ponds with dirt so he could farm, then he moved his family for the last time to the place that would become the family home.

Carol, their second daughter and fourth child, was born the 8th of September, 1921. [13] Dolph was gone for one or two weeks at a time, taking the train to Delta where he was foreman for the Pacific Seedhouse. Another boy was born to Dolph and Edith the 6th of August, 1924; they named him Jack Leroy. [14]

Their sixth and final child was born the 9th of July, 1931. [15] Edith said their little girl was a beautiful baby they named Joyce LaRue. Heartache came quickly, though, as she was a “blue baby”. She laid and moaned for two weeks before she passed away the 22nd of July, 1931. [16] Had she been born at a later time, modern medicine might have helped her, but nothing could be done for her then.

Dolph’s mother, Melina, had passed away a year earlier. He lost his brother, Nephi, in January of 1937, and his father was gone also in just two months from that time. His father-in-law had passed away in 1929.

Dolph’s brothers and sisters were close. There were big family gatherings at Grandma Hepworth’s home. These usually included a songfest. The children remember visiting at their aunt’s and uncle’s homes often.

Dolph loved his children. He tried to do whatever he could for them. Ferrel’s earliest memory was when he was about three or four, and the family was living at Emmy Hatch’s place. Dolph worked at Rob Ure’s part of the time and at the gun club. Dolph took Ferrel and put him on his shoulders for the walk to Ure’s. Then Ferrel got a horse ride holding onto the haines (the two ornamental knobs on the collar of the horse) while his father worked in the field all day. Then it was back on his Daddy’s shoulders for the walk home. Ferrel remembered that Dolph took him to the gun club also, riding in a boat to get there.

Lorena remembered her dad took her to Salt Lake with him to sell vegetables. She thought that was the greatest fun! They got up at 2:00 a.m. to leave since that had to drive the horse and buggy. They rented a stall at the Growers’ Market , located about West Temple and Fifth South, for a \$1.50 a day. After the work, Dolph took Lorena to a restaurant for breakfast. “And oh,” said Rena, “I thought that was really something!” Dolph did that for his other children also.

Dean remembered that his dad bought him a little horse that only weighed about seven hundred pounds. Dolph spent quite a bit of time, one winter, building him a sleigh to go with it. Dean said, “I had more fun on that darn thing! That’s the way he [Dolph] did things. If he could help you, he did.” Dean also remembered that the kids use to go sleigh riding and then return home for hot chocolate and a new team of horses. It was nothing for them to wear out three teams a night. Dolph and Uncle Alma usually supplied the teams, and occasionally Jared Brown helped out also.

Sherman, a grandson, remembered that his grandparents were family oriented. He remembered an informal family night at Grandpa’s or Uncle Jack’s next door, where each person was given a

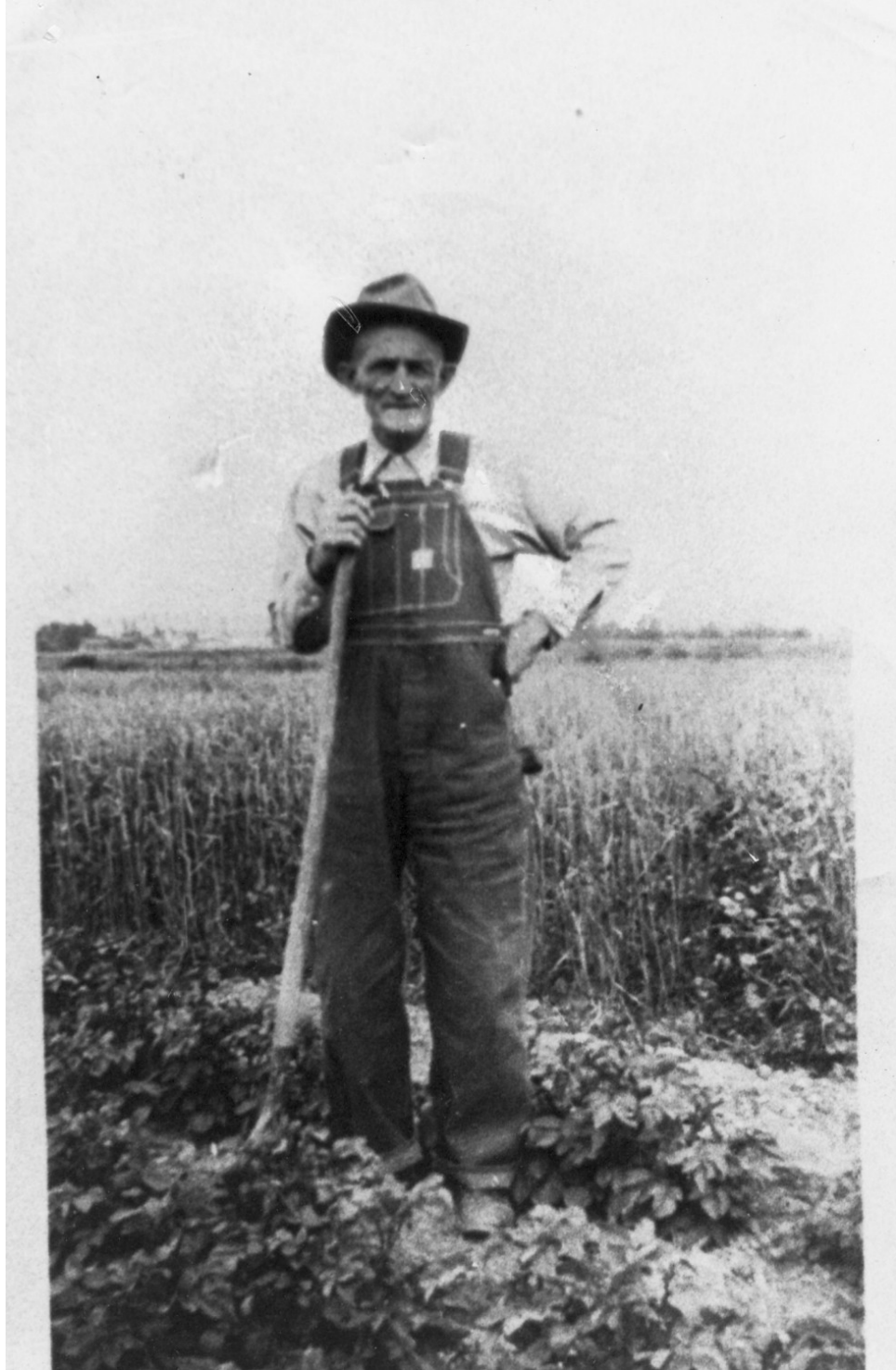
turn to do a talent. Other grandchildren remembered that their grandpa made each one of them feel special.

Dolph's main livelihood was farming, and there is where his heart was. He was a truck farmer, growing a garden you could eat. He could make an acre of ground pay more than most people could make five. His own farming land was only about two and one half acres, but he rented sixteen acres of pastureland. Onions were his main crop, but there were beets, peas, tomatoes, cantaloupe, corn, turnips, carrots, beans, potatoes, parsnips, asparagus, cabbages, and watermelons. He also grew wild hay. Dean boasted that his dad once had the best "spare grass" patch in all the state of Utah.

Dolph's children and grandchildren remembered the vegetables they ate from his garden. When they went to visit, Dolph always showed them his crops and then picked fresh vegetables for them to eat, including raw onions which were eaten like an apple. When it was time to go home, he loaded up their car with his produce. More than one family said they literally lived off the food he gave them during some time of their lives. That is what got them through when finances were tight. Edith simply said, "We want you to miss us when we're gone."

Dolph ran an ad in the "Davis County Clipper" in 1929. "FOR SALE Chester white pigs, Dolph Hepworth, Woods Cross. He also kept several cows. He raised fifty or sixty pigeons at a time in the loft of the barn. One of his favorite dishes was squab, which is young pigeon. At times, Dolph also raised chickens. One grandson, Don Hepworth, was not very old before Dolph died, and his only memory of his grandfather's farm was of seeing a chicken or two run about without its head before time to prepare a meal. Dolph was also a horse breaker. In his later years, harvest rabbits became a favorite hobby. Many of those were sold to Winegar's Market in Bountiful.

Times were not easy. The children remembered they often missed school to help out in the fields at home. During the Depression, Dolph couldn't get enough money from his crops to even pay for seed. They dumped refrigerator carloads of onions down in the fields because there was no market for them. But even at times when the family did not have much of anything else, they always managed to have something to eat. When the opportunity came, Dolph worked at the Woods Cross Cannery for extra money. Later in his life, he got a job at Phillip's Petroleum, close to home. Although some of his work took him from his farming, he always kept a garden.



A very special thanks to Dolph's grandson, Glen Hepworth, for the memories of his grandfather he wrote. I quote,

"Dolph was a kindly man, lightly built, with the looks of a craggy, down to earth, man of about 5 ft. 11 inches tall. Lean of muscle, hard as a rock, hands of steel, he could work all day on his "truck" farm, raising vegetables for a living. When Louise, Sherman, and I knew him, he had a small 10 acre farm in Woods Cross, Utah. The farm was one of the oldest truck farms in the area. He did most of his farming during the hard, hard, times of the Depression years of the 1930's.

"He raised asparagus, radishes, green onions, regular onions, carrots, turnips, potatoes, parsnips, tomatoes, cucumbers, lettuce, and numerous other vegetables. Every spring he would hire a crew of young people to help him "thin" out his rows of vegetables. The tool was a wooden-handled thinner about 12 inches long with a 1 to a 1 1/2 inch steel blade, shaped like a triangle, on the working end. Very effective, but with the long hours worked, it was hard on the back. That's why the young were so good at the work. Grandpa Dolph always said, 'Each vegetable has to have room to grow.' I think he was right; he had the best truck garden in the area. (I tried that method, but a hoe is better for me.)

"In the fall, Dolph would dig a pit about 4 feet wide, 15 feet long, and 2 feet deep. He would line the pit with straw. He put the different root vegetables in their respective rows lengthwise in the pit and cover the pit with straw again. After all the vegetables were covered with straw, he would then cover the whole vegetable "treasure" with dirt. It was quite a sight to see, about 4 feet tall, 4 feet wide, and 15 feet long. He must have learned the art of winterizing his vegetables from his ancestors. I tried it once, and it worked for me. But, being "city-fied", it's easier to go to the store now.

"When we were young, Louise (7), Glen (5), and Sherman (2), lived for some time in the home just south of Grandpa and Grandma. One day the whole family was cleaning up the backyard, raking and burning the rubbish and trash. There was a loud BANG. Turning to see what was happening, we saw Louise holding her thigh, withering on the ground. A closer examination revealed a small, black hole. The fire had caused a 22 short bullet to go off, wounding her leg. In those days, you simply took care of your troubles. She carries the bullet in her leg to this day. Grandpa was upset to see his little sweetheart in so much pain.

"To the east end of Dolph's farm, there was a railroad line, the DRGW. The trains ran on a regular basis in those days. You could set your clock by the schedule. Every day Louise and I would watch the trains go by. The temptation was too much. We decided to go up that way; Dolph, Edith, and Dad had warned us not to go there, it was too dangerous. We didn't heed their warning. Standing along the side of the railroad line, we watched the train speed on its merry way. It was truly frightening, but, oh, so glorious. After the train passed, we started to go home. Dad had just returned from work. We saw Dad waving his arms at Dolph, Dolph was waving his arms at Dad, pointing towards the tracks. Then Dad started to run towards us, all red in the face. We had another lecture on the value of staying home. Dad emphasized the point; we had warm, red behinds for a week. We learned to do what we were told.

“Many times during my childhood, Dad would take us out to the farm so we could eat again. I can remember helping Dad dig in the pile of straw and dirt for our week’s food supply. The only thing Dolph ever asked us to do was, ‘Make sure you cover the pit like you found it!’ Times were hard in those days during the depression. With Dolph and Edith’s generous help, I don’t think we ever went hungry. It was said that they were generous with anyone that came to their door who were hungry. Dolph would get his coal bucket from beside the heater in the front room, go out the door and return in a few minutes with enough vegetables for those who were in need. Both Dolph and Edith shared their “treasure” of food with all. If someone was hungry, they were told to go see Dolph.

“In the spring, asparagus was his main crop. I love to eat it to this day. Dolph would cut an asparagus spear and eat it on the spot. He taught me to do the same thing. One time while I was there, Edith wanted to go to the store. She called Grandpa from the field, telling him she needed money. He went into the asparagus field, cut a bunch of asparagus spears, filled a box especially made for them, nailed it up, and went to the vegetable cannery in Woods Cross. He received about \$14 for the 28 pound box, enough for a trip to the store. Happy as a lark, singing all the way home, he gave the money to Edith to go shopping. (You have to remember, you could buy a loaf of bread for 5 cents in those days.)

“After Mom (Leona) and Dad (Ferrel) were divorced, Louise, Sherman, and I spent a lot of time at the farm. They had an agreement that each one of them would take us for half of the year apiece, that way there was no child support. I turned 8 years-old in the summer of 1941; Grandpa Dolph decided it was time for Louise and me to be baptized. He often asked Dad to get the job done. Dolph decided enough was enough and took the matter in his own hands. He arranged for the time and the baptismal font, got our Uncle Jack (Dad’s brother who was 18 years-old), packed us in the Ford, and had Jack baptize us in the church at Woods Cross, Utah. When Dad came home from work, Dolph told him what he had done. Dolph told him, ‘It’s done now, you don’t have to think about it anymore.’ Dolph liked things done in order and done when the ‘doing was right’.

“Dad came home one day with a small puppy. It looked like a Boston Bull Terrier, only it was brindle brown (dark brown strips running down its coat of lighter brown), with a white face and white stocking feet. It was my first dog. Dolph taught me how to take care of it. When we had to leave to go back with Mom, Grandpa said he would take care of Lady until I came back. That dog was there for about 11 years until it died. I would be gone for up to 6 months and still the dog would be my pal. We would play around, but Dolph was her master. Whenever he called, she would get up and go to him. I often asked him why she would do that. He said, ‘You treat them like you want to be treated, and they will love you, always, unconditionally.’ A good lesson for a small boy; love wins.

“Grandpa Dolph milked cows. He had a horse that pulled a one man cultivator that cut the weeds from his crops. He raised Silver and Brown King pigeons. In the summer, he had baby chicks all over the place. He would keep the hens (Bittie) in A-frame cages with enough slats across the front to keep the hen in but let the chicks run all over. What a time we had catching a chick, letting it peep peep and not have a mad Bittie looking for us. After awhile, Grandpa would say, ‘That’s enough!’ Grandpa’s word was law. You didn’t want to cross him.

“Dolph and George McGrath, his daughter Carol’s husband, raised fighting roosters and hens. Before World War Two, it was not illegal to raise and fight roosters. Grandpa had some sheds where he would raise the birds. Their roosters were well-known throughout the area for not ‘turning tail’ and running during a fight. Grandpa and George did not like the steel razor-bladed spurs. I never knew Grandpa to actually fight the roosters, but George did. They often talked about the fights and raising bigger, stronger, more fierce roosters. They were beautiful to see, fierce and stately and all the colors of the rainbow. [This] was a dream come true for a youngster to look at and admire. I still raise pigeons and chickens. They both stopped raising them when fighting roosters were outlawed in Utah.

“Dolph always thought he was very strong, which he was. He would grab a broom, hold it up flat, and ask anyone if they wanted to try and turn the handle in his grip. It was a big power play. No one ever turned the handle from him, all his sons, neighbors, or anyone else. In his later years, he asked me to give it a try, which I did. It was hard, really hard, but I turned the handle. He was amazed and asked me what I had for breakfast, ‘Wheaties?’ Later, I knew he wanted me to feel good about myself and let me win. I tried Dad; he let me win, too.

“Having Dolph as my grandpa was a delight. He taught me many useful and wondrous lessons about life and how a person should live. What wonderful memories I have! It was a pleasure to know him and his wife, Edith.”

Dolph seemed to have a wave of bad luck. Once he sold a refrigerator carload of onions on consignment. There were three hundred, one hundred pound sacks of them that were shipped to New York. He was never able to get any money out of them. Twice when he was raising chickens he received bad checks in the sale. Dolph had someone paint his roof one time; the new paint washed off in the first rain. The cows he raised got sick; he had to have all those put to sleep. He once ran an old Ford truck right through his barn. He never liked insurance, but when he finally did sign for some, the salesman was a fake; the man got away with the whole first year’s payment. He once traded a team and wagon for a house. The owner of the home had not paid the previous owner in full, so Dolph lost the house.

He had quite a bit of trouble with a perforated, gastric ulcer. At the time that it broke through his stomach, they were not sure for about fifteen days if he would live. All they could do for him was to lap the stomach over and sew it up. He went back in four years from that time and had two-fifths of his stomach removed. After that, it did not give him much problem.

One day when Dolph was driving his car, a little girl ran out into his path. She spent some time in the hospital, but she lived. The girls’ parents witnessed the accident and never blamed Dolph because they saw that there was nothing he could have done. But Dolph was so upset by the incident that he could never bring himself to drive again. His granddaughter, Susan, remembered going to her grandpa’s every week to take him to the store, but never her grandmother, who was sick.



Back – Edith and Dolph
Front - George and Rena Page, Ferrel Hepworth, Jolene Page, and Sarah Hepworth

When you asked Dolph's children what his special qualities were, one of the first ones said is that he was honest. He expected others to be the same. In spite of all the bad business deals that happened to him, he remained an honest man. Ferrel said, "He was honest. He never lied. He never cheated. As far as I know with his business dealings, he did what he said he'd do. Now this is something I always admired about my dad."

Rena commented, "He never had much of a business head, but he was a good man." She supposed she got her hatred of people who lie from the fact that her dad was so honest.

Jack said, "He taught me to mind, to be honest."

Dean had this to say. "My dad was an honest man. I guess that was his best quality. He believed in honesty more than most people, I think." Dean remembered as a boy he came down along the railroad tracks from school and through the field to home. One day he picked up a red, railroad flag that was lying on the track. When he arrived home, Dolph told him that the flag wasn't his, it didn't belong to him, and he had to take it back. Dean told his dad that someone else would just take it anyway, and besides that, the railroad had thrown it away. His dad told him that it didn't make any difference; he had to take it back.

Another quality of Dolph's was that he was a hard working, industrious man. He thought sleeping in was awful. He was always up early to do his work and kept at it until night. His yard was always well-kept and said to be the nicest in the neighborhood. In speaking of his days, Dolph emphasized that in his life, you had to know how to do many tasks. "Things then wasn't like they are now. We couldn't do it the same way, we had to do it our own way. We make it

ourselves. People didn't make it for us. We made it ourselves. We grewed our own. We made our own."

Dolph's children admired all the things he knew how to do. He had many skills that pulled them through hard times. Dolph knew how to barter and that brought them things they did not have money to buy. He traded a wagon load of carrots for a plow and more.

Jack and Dean remembered two things about their dad from the many days they helped him in the fields. First of all, Dolph was a stickler for straight rows. The boys would take hold of a stick or pole to which a string had been attached and walk it to the other end of the field. They stood the stick in the ground and then stood behind it. Poor Dolph could not see the stick for how they were standing. He yelled and hollered and waved his arms trying to get them to move, but they were clear across the field and couldn't hear or understand what he wanted. Dolph finally threw his hat on the ground in frustration and stomped on it.

His daughter-in-law, Clara, remembered Randolph was always clean in appearance and always well-kept. He put on a pair of clean overalls to go into the house, rather than wear the dirty ones he had been working in. Dolph kept a pocketful of white mints for his breath. He shared these with all of the children wherever he went. You can bet he was a friend to them.

Dolph was stubborn also. If he told you the moon was made of blue cheese, there was no questioning him.

He was a Democrat throughout his life.

He was also a real tease. Jack remembered Dolph's daughter-in-laws needed some time to get use to him because of all his kidding. Dolph enjoyed teasing his sisters, Maud and Melina, also.



Dolph and Edith with their grandchildren, about 1950.

Dolph's loss was great when in 1952, his daughter, Carol, was killed in a tragic automobile accident. Tragedy struck again in 1959 when he lost his son-in-law, George Page, in an auto collision with a train.

Dolph's property in Woods Cross was sold on a life lease to the petroleum company behind him. The land was subdivided and sold, but the home still stands and it thought to be about 136 years old in 2005.

Early in 1962, Dolph's grandson, Sherman, and his wife, Sharon, took their small children to Dolph's home along with an old reel-to-reel tape recorder and spent an evening asking questions to Dolph and Edith about their life. My sincere appreciation goes to them for the priceless quotes included in this and Edith's history.

On the 19th of January, 1962, the Davis County Clipper printed in their paper, "Mr. and Mrs. Dolph Hepworth have not been feeling well lately. On the 17th of June, 1962, Edith passed away [17], just five months before Dolph slipped quietly away on the 8th of November. [18] They are both buried in the Bountiful Cemetery in Bountiful, Davis, Utah. Once when Dolph gave a message to a grandson who had been away for some time, he teased a little, and said, "I hope

when you come and see us, you'll treat us like you knew us." Hopefully though this history, when we see Randolph and Edith again, we can treat them like we knew them. We love Dolph and appreciate all he did for us and will yet do for us.

Dolph's obituary printed in the "Davis County Clipper" 16th of November, 1962.

"Death Claims Life of R. Hepworth

Randolph Hepworth, 78, 74 N. 1100 W. Woods Cross, died of natural causes Thursday at 12:15 p.m. at his home.

Mr. Hepworth was born Oct., 2, 1884, in West Bountiful to James Hepworth and Melina Smith Hepworth. He was married to Edith Mae Holbrook, Dec. 4, 1907, in the Salt Lake Temple, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. She died June 17, 1962.

Mr. Hepworth was a retired farmer and employee of the Phillips Petroleum Company. He was a member of the LDS Church and of the West Bountiful Ward.

Surviving him are sons and a daughter, Mrs. Lorena H. Page, and Jack L., both Woods Cross; Ferrel H., and Dean R., both Salt Lake City; 16 grandchildren, 19 great-grandchildren; brother, sister, Samuel, Bountiful; Mrs. Maude Harmon, Salt Lake City.

Funeral services were held Saturday, Nov. 10 at 3 p.m. in the Union Mortuary chapel, with Bishop Donald Curtis in charge.

Prelude and postlude was played by Mrs. Harriet Stephens. The invocation was given by Sherman R. Hepworth.

Musical numbers were by Jared Brown, "Not Understood", accompanied by Mrs. Helen Layton; Rachael Noyes and Helen Layton, a duet, and a vocal solo, "Beyond the Sunset," by Jared Brown, accompanied by Mrs. Helen Layton.

Benediction was by Bishop Robert W. Telford. Dedication at the cemetery was by Andrews Anderson. Burial was in the Bountiful Memorial Park.

Pallbearers were Sherman R. Hepworth, Glen Hepworth, Randy L. Hepworth, Michael McGrath, Ronald Jacobson, D. Richard Winkler, and Weldon Wardell. Ladies of the West Bountiful Relief Society were in charge of flowers.

Documentation

1. FHL #237,425 West Bountiful Ward Record of Children Blessed. For Melina's name (correct spelling) records of her and her children in the West Bountiful Ward, as well as her endowment record, FHL #184, 070 SL 7 Dec 1911, and her sealing record 186,213 7 Dec 1911, previously married.

2. History of James Hepworth, by Iris Moon, Hepworth Family Organization.
3. Deceased Membership File #162 for Randolph Hepworth.
4. Same as above.
5. Same as above. Confirmation performed by D. C. Lee.
6. In this instance, as well as all quotes in the history, came from Sherman and Sharon Hepworth's tape that was referenced at the end of this writing.
7. History of James Hepworth, by Iris Moon, Hepworth Family Organization.
8. FHL #025,821 East Bountiful Ward Record of Members. Note that at the time of Edith's birth, the county was Uinta, but in 1913, it was changed to Lincoln.
9. 1975 CFI for Randolph Hepworth. Special Collections in the Family History Library of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.
10. In the above mentioned tape [6], Edith gave the birthdates of all of her children. These correspond with the dates in the film FHL #027,425 West Bountiful E Form. As to their names and places of birth...
Ferrel "H" Hepworth FHL #027,425 West Bountiful E Form 1908, Record of children blessed.
11. See #10. Lorena, same as Ferrel, 1912
12. See #10. Dean, same as Ferrel, 1916. 1925 baptisms also.
13. See #10. Carol, same as Ferrel, 1921 E Form partially incorrect. 1931 baptisms also. Personal knowledge of living family members.
14. See #10. Jack, same as Ferrel, 1924 E Form partially incorrect. 1934 baptisms also. Jack's personal knowledge.
15. See #10. FHL #027,425 1931 E Form, partially incorrect. Also, a family record book kept by Edith in the possession of Ferrel "H" Hepworth.

Note – There is some indication in the ward record and some things Edith is thought to have written, that some of the children's names may have been spelled differently when the children were first named.

16. In the taped history, as well as in the above mentioned book [15], Edith gives the

death date as the 22 of July, 1931. The ward record FHL #027,425 E Form, deaths, gives the date as the 21 July, 1931. Of course, Edith's records were accepted as correct.

17. FHL #821, 661 Deseret News Obituary Index. Deceased Membership File.

Also, the obituaries printed in the "Davis County Clipper" recorded in this history.

18. Same as #17 above.

A special thanks to Randolph's living children and their spouses in 1980 for the bulk of the information for this history, as well as his grandchildren and spouses who contributed. Those not quoted directly were Joyce Burgess, Ann Dangerfield, Linda Kendall, Louise Wright, and Una Taylor Swenson.