

1 Thayne Smith

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Garfield Co 2000

INTERVIEW WITH: Thayne Smith  
INTERVIEWER: Karen Barker  
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**Tape 1, Side A**

KB: This is Karen Barker. I am interviewing Thayne Smith in the Tropic Ward Church house. This is July 23, 2000. You are the son of Thomas Washington Smith Jr.?

TS: And Minnie Helen Clark.

KB: Oh, she was a Clark. Of which Clark family, the same as John and...

TS: Cannonville. No, my grandfather was Owen Washington Clarke and my grandmother Harriet Jeanette Adair.

KB: Oh, you have the Adair line too

TS: Yes, I do. As I grew up my Clark grandparents were in Cannonville and my Smith grandmother was in Henrieville, so I had lots of contact with them when I was growing up.

KB: And you knew Elizabeth really well?

TS: Oh, yes. She was my favorite grandma. I was scared of my Grandma Clark when I was little. She was a big woman. When I would come in the room, "Son!" she would say. When I was a little fellow, it was kind of scary, but after I got a little older, it didn't bother me. I do remember being kind of frightened of her when I was little. My Grandmother Smith, I absolutely idolized her. I have letters written to me from her when I was off to school that are wonderful.

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KB: Does she talk at all about what it was like in Henrieville?

TS: It has been so long since I have read them, I would have to get them out [to read again]. The Clark side of the family... I have a cousin in Kanab, Evan Henderson. He is on a mission in Salt Lake. He screens all married couples that are going on a mission. He and three other couples run that department. Anyway, he said to me, "Thayne, Mother told me one time that she used to write to you quite a bit." I said, "She did." He said, "Do you have any of the letters?" I said, "I have dozens of them." They wanted all of those letters, because they were putting a book together and they wanted her personal stories. I have kept all of those letters and all of those from my mother, and from my aunt, my dad's sister. There were eight children in my family. My older sister was Nedra, then came my brother Tom, then a sister named Genet, a brother named Kent we called Dick, and a brother Owen we called Clark, then myself and then my sister Dicy Shumway and my sister Alaska Richards. I don't remember too much about when I was really small except my dad's sister named Sarelda Smith Savage. She and her husband, Uncle Lee...he worked in the mines at Deer Trail, which is up by Marysvale.

KB: Now, where is Deer Trail?

TS: It is this side of Marysvale, to the west, over in the mountains. I used to go up there. I was maybe four or five years old. I went up and stayed the summer with them. I don't remember a lot of things that we did there except there was a lady up there who wore pants, which I thought was unusual.

KB: You went to visit her all the way up there?

TS: Yes. They probably came to Henrieville and took me back. Anyway, that summer there were lots of snakes around and that lady would shoot down at those snakes. That is about all I remember about going up there. I did really have a great fondness for my Aunt Sarelda and my Grandmother. We lived across the street from Aunt Megs and we kids were over there all the time. Except for Joe, all the rest of the family were older. Ace and Persh were all older than me, so they had more things in common with my older brothers. I ran around with Charlie "Cop". He was my bosom buddy, Charlie "Cop" Francisco.

KB: But you call him Charlie "Cop"?

TS: That is what I call him

KB: How come?

TS: "Cop" was his nickname. He and I ran around together until I left in nineteen thirty-eight. And we don't have much in common anymore. We like to visit with him. He is more of a rancher- farmer type and I thought I was big city stuff.

KB: What kind of games did you play as a kid?

TS: We used to play Cob Horse when we were little. Cob Horse is... Well, we grew lots of corn and we would shuck it then and dry it and get the corn off the cob. We would use those cobs and pretend we had a herd of horses. Some of them were red and some white. This was when we were little.

KB: When you used the cobs as horses, did you put legs on them?

TS: No, we would just hold them in our hand. That was fun when we were younger. I think we were seven or so. When we got a little older, ten or elevenish, we would build a bonfire in the street and we would choose up sides. There were

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always bigger kids and some that were smaller, so we would try to have big and small on each team. We called that game Run, My Sheepy, Run. Have you ever heard of that game?

KB: I think Ruby mentioned something about that.

TS: You play this by getting a captain for each side, then they select one person and they start with the bigger ones, because they could run faster. There would be eight or ten of us on one team. One team would go out and hide, the other team was supposed to find them. The team was supposed to stay together. You couldn't wander all over and cover the whole area. If you were back quite a ways you would have to give the other team some kind of a clue. You would try to track them down. When you found them, who ever got back to the bonfire first was the winner. Sometimes you got two or three turns in a row. It was a real fun game. Then we had another game, and I was trying to think of what the name was...

KB: As soon as you would find them, then you would race back to the bonfire?

TS: Yes.

KB: And both groups had to stay together?

TS: The team that was hiding, as soon as they were found, could break and run and try to get back to the bonfire first. The same went for the ones that were the hunters. But when you went to hunt, you had to stay together. That was part of the game. It made it more interesting. With twelve or fourteen kids you could cover the whole area.

KB: Was it all over town?

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TS: Oh, we used to hide in the old out houses, or in old barns or lay down in a ditch, just any place to stay out of sight until they found us. We played a game, but I cannot think of what it was called. We would sharpen a stick about four or five inches long on both ends. There were two guys. "Cop" and I used to play it. You would hit the tip of the small stick, which was on the ground. You had a long stick in your hand. When you hit the small stick, it would fly up in the air and you would swat it with the one in your hand. We had a stick about so long, sharpened on both ends, so it was pointed. You would hit the end and it would fly up in the air and then you would try to swat it with the stick you had in your hand. We played marble games. I was never very good at marbles, but my brothers were expert at marbles. Charlie "Cop" was pretty good marble player too.

KB: How about as you got older? What about dating and dances?

TS: Well, I left home when I was fourteen.

KB: You left home at fourteen? How come?

TS: Yes, well, I always wanted to go to school. My brothers, one was sixteen, one was eighteen, by the time I left, weren't interested in school. I always wanted to go to school. I was pretty good in school. My sister had married in 1936 and went to Kanab to live. I went to Kanab and lived with her and went to high school. From there I went to BYU in Provo. Then I went into the service. After I got out of the service my wife, now, whom I had been dating then, was going to the University of Utah. So, I graduated from the University of Utah.

KB: What is her full name?

TS: Her maiden name Georgia Joan Johnson. She is a related to these Johnsons here.

KB: I was going to say... she is a relation. Where did you meet her then?

TS: Her mother lived in Kanab. Her mother, and this is really a romantic thing, her mother came from Dallas, Texas to the South Rim of Grand Canyon. They were fairly well to do. They were traveling from Alaska back home. This was back in 1924 or 5. My father in law was a park ranger at the South Rim. They met. They never dated. They visited for a while and he promised he would send her more information about the Canyon. She went back to Texas. They wrote for a year.. Then he got in his car and went to Texas, married her and brought her back to Utah. Her mother disowned her. They got married in '26 and my wife was born in '27 and he was drowned in '29 in the Colorado River.

KB: How?

TS: He and the park superintendent and another ranger, I don't remember his position, were going to cross the Colorado River to check the plants and animals and whatever. The boat began to capsize. Jo's father took his life jacket off and gave it to the other guy with him. He drowned and the guy he gave the jacket to drowned. They were never found. Well, they found the one body, the one that had the lifejacket, but they never did find my father in law. That would be the year I was born. That was seventy-five years ago. Well, not quite. I was born in '24 and he was drown in the early part of twenty-nine. My wife's mother remarried his friend after five or six years. His name was Dell Everett. She was always known as Averett. But Jo would never change her name. She is a Johnson.

KB: Now, is this the same Averett family that is buried down there? {Near Willis Creek, in Averett Wash}

TS: Yes, they are related. They were probably cousins, probably second cousins.

KB: Neat.

TS: What else can I tell you?

KB: Oh, lots. So, you moved when you were fourteen?

TS: Wait, I forgot to tell about going to the old swimming hole.

KB: Oh, yes.

TS: There was the lane down by Aunt Roxie's house. I was born in Aunt Roxie's house.

KB: Oh, you were. How come?

TS: Well, my folks owned it. Chynoweth's bought from us.

KB: The one below Lula's house?

TS: No, not that house. They bought Fife's house furnished for nine hundred dollars. They bought that, we moved over there, and Harv and Roxie moved to our place. We would go down just to the south of where Roxie's house was, fifty or sixty yards south of there. There was a black smith shop there.

KB: Whose was that?

TS: That belonged to Harv Chynoweth. I guess it was my dad's when he lived there.

KB: Your dad did blacksmithing?

TS: Harv did. I don't remember sitting there watching them other than starting a fire with this big bellow that would pump air into the old coal so they could make horseshoes or tools or whatever they were making. Anyway we would go straight

down the lane for three or four hundred yards and we would come to the creek and then we would go down the creek a mile maybe. Uncle Harry Quilter irrigated from a pool. They would [send the] water in to the pool and fill pool up. During the week he could water. He used to raise big corn patches and rutabagas, etcetera. And we would go down there and swim. Of course it was skinny-dipping in those days. (Laughter) The girls our age, I don't think they learned how to swim. It was just the boys. I used to run around when I was small or tag along with my older brothers; one brother being two, one being four and one being about seven years older than me. We and some of my cousins would go rabbit hunting; traipsing through the snow in the wintertime. I can remember one winter, my Aunt Sarelda and her family was going to have Thanksgiving dinner at our house. There was my brother Tom, my brothers Dick and Clark and my cousin Howard Savage. We all went rabbit hunting. I remember we went down in the creek and got over into those fields south of town. The snow was so deep, we didn't have to crawl thorough the fences; we just walked right over them. When we got back home we were wet to our armpits. I was maybe ten.

KB: And you remember the blacksmith shop?

TS: I don't remember a lot. As you went in they had a grinding machine, a grinder, on a big rock where they sharpened the tools.

KB: Like one of those round stones?

TS: Yes and you pumped it with your foot. To the right as you went in, it was built up about two and a half feet and that is where they had the fire and a bellow

connected up with it someway. You could stand there and pump it and watch the sparks fly.

KB: Did you ever pump it?

TS: Well, just to try it.

KB: Was it hard?

TS: No, I don't remember it being hard, just a curiosity that you do when you are seven or eight years old.

KB: Was it down by where Amy Clark is?

TS: If you were to come down that street from Lula's house, you would run right into it. We used to go down what we called the back street, a little to the left; Harv had a big double gate into their barn. But that ended, that street ended right there. There was a water ditch ran across there.

KB: Do you remember the water ditches in front of all the houses?

TS: Yes, the canal came across the east of town, ran north clear up to that end street, then it turned and came down through town. and I don't know the exact route, but where Roxie and Jim Smith lived, those place got watered first. As you backed up, all the way back around, Uncle Andrew didn't have water. That would be Lula's father-in- law. Our ditch ran through his lot and we watered late evening; nine o'clock or nine thirty.

KB: How come it was at night?

TS: Well, because it took all day long to water the others.

KB: Oh, it took all day long to get the water through town?

TS: Dave Quilter lived across the street from Uncle Andrew. Where Lula lives across the street and somewhat east, there used to be a log house in there. Parley Pollock lived there at one time, but Dave Quilter lived there when I was there.

KB: So, it was originally Dave Quilters?

TS: Yes, after I left, Dave Quilter moved up to the other end of town.

KB: What was Dave Quilter like? I heard he was the first bus driver [for school] and I have heard about that old truck [he drove].

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TS: When I started to school in 1930 in Henrieville, I went to one, two, three grades in the little room, then I went to four five six in the big room and then seven and eight I went to Cannonville. Wallace Ott was the bus driver then. I didn't go to school when Dave Quilter drove the bus. You'll have to get someone older than me to tell about that.

KB: Was it a big yellow bus?

TS: Yes. What he would do is take us to Cannonville, all the seventh and eighth graders and the Henrieville high school [students], then he would pick up the Cannonville high school [students] and take them to Tropic. When school was out he would bring Cannonville high school students home and drop them off and pick up us seventh and eighth graders up and bring us on to Henrieville.

KB: You remember that old school house, what was it like? Was it cold?

TS: Oh, nothing was cold when you were a kid. I remember being wet a lot. I hated overshoes. My mother used to pinch my ears to make me wear overshoes. We hated them so bad they finally would buy boots for us. We just kick our shoes off and pull the rubber boots on. Lets' see, the blackboard as you go in the big room,

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the blackboard was on the north and the desks all faced that way. We had a wood and coal stove. A pot bellied thing. It seemed to me that the place was comfortable. I don't ever remember being cold? The teachers were quite mindful that we take off our boots and our coats when we came in. It worked out well and I loved school. I started to school with Hardy Smith, James Farnsworth, Virginia Quilter, Betty Rose and Eliza Middleton. These were the six that started out together in 1930. I have kept in touch with them, not close, but over the last few years I have. Eliza Porter and Betty Brown and Thayne Smith are the only ones left. So half of us are gone..

KB: Who were the Farnworths?

TS: The Farnsworths were related to the Gouldings. Ken Goulding, Armenta Goulding Farnsworth was his older sister.

KB: And the other one you mentioned, the Middletons.

TS: That was Elsie's sister.

KB: Now Elsie is older, a lot older isn't she?

TS: Yes. My sister is ten years older than me, so my oldest sister would be eighty-five. Elsie is going to be eighty-seven on her next birthday.

KB: Do you remember going to church in Henrieville?

TS: Yes. My father went on a mission, my grandmother was a widow and he was called on a mission. He was called from Salt Lake because Brother Willis was the bishop...

KB: Pappy Willis?

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TS: Pappy Willis, and Dad did not get along. All we know is what we have been told, but for some reason, he didn't like my father. What my father did to cause it, I don't know, but he was called from Salt Lake. The letter went directly to him. He was not even an Elder.

KB: Oh, my word.

TS: He got the letter. I can't remember if my grandmother told me if he told the bishop and that made him more out of sorts. They ordained him an elder, he went from Henrieville to Panguitch and from there to Salt Lake. I think he went to Marysvale and caught the train and on to Salt Lake. He stayed there overnight and the next day they put him on the train for Chattanooga, Tennessee. So he was in the southern states mission. What else was I going to tell you?

KB: About you going to church.

TS: When we were younger, we were active in the church. We had two bishops that were imported, James R. Ott and Robert Middleton. Well they weren't imported but they came in quite a few years after some of the others and some, especially I think Smiths, had their nose out of joint. (Laughter) The real thing was when they brought Brother Ott in...

KB: Oh, I heard there was a lot of resentment.

TS: Oh, there was. A nice family. Sister Ott was the cream of the crop. I didn't care for him as I remember, as a youngster. I liked her really well. She and my grandmother were such good friends. I think following him was Robert Middleton. He wasn't really well liked. Harv Chynoweth came next. He wasn't really well liked either.

KB: Wasn't he?

TS: No. His grandson was a bishop in Kanab and I was talking to him one day, and I said, "You know your grandfather was my bishop in Henrieville but I didn't like him very well." He said, "Well tell me about it..."

**End of Tape 1, Side A**

**Begin Tape 1, side B**

KB: What was the church house like?

TS: Well, the church house was...

KB: ....the old white one.

TS: ...the old white one, we call that the Ward Hall. We went up and had that ten and two. We would go at ten in the morning and get out at noon and then we went back at two o'clock to sacrament meeting which was two hours long. That for a kid was long. By the time it was over, we were probably shooting spit wads. As my brothers got older they didn't go to church, but I always went to church. And my sisters, both are younger than me, went all the time. When we had class, they had opening exercises and we just had benches, handmade wooden benches. We would have opening exercise and then we would break up for class. We would pull two benches together and the boys sat on one side and the girls on the other facing each other. The teacher stood on the end. One of them I remember real well, was Thora Goulding, Thora Willis Goulding. She was Dewey's older sister. She was a wonderful Sunday school teacher. That was before she was married, so we were eight or nine years old. She would tell us if we were good, the boys

mostly, if we were good and listen to the lesson, we would have a real treat. She read us the story of Sacagawea. That was how she bribed us.

KB: That was your treat? (Laughter)

TS: That was our treat. We loved that story. Sometimes we would get three or four pages, sometimes a chapter. We learned a lot because she was good and we all liked her. Some people have a knack for rewarding if you listen. When you are seven or eight years old you have pants full of ants, you are jumping all over the place.

KB: Was it heated, the building?

TS: We had a stove at either end. I don't remember who was responsible, but they always had it fired up good. Church would be at ten o'clock, so they had that old hall warmed up so it was comfortable. I imagine there were times we had to have our coat on, but we didn't care, we got to hear that good Indian story.

KB: Were they using the big furniture boxes and take them a part and use them as dividers? Were they doing that when you were there?

TS: No. They had an adult class and maybe 3 or 4 young people classes. There would only be four or five in some of these age classes, fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen in one group and ten, eleven and twelve in another. When Thora taught us, I think there were two if not three age groups.

KB: Did they do Christmas celebration in the church?

TS: Yes, we always had kind of a Christmas dance. I think the music was the piano. Then they had a sack of candy. I don't remember a Santa Claus, maybe there was, but I don't remember it.

KB: Would this be on Christmas Eve and that was all?

TS: Well, this would be in the afternoon. We were little and it was cold, very cold weather, so it was two or three in the afternoon. It was a primary day, and probably the primary put it on.

KB: Hum, that is different than Ruby, but there is such an age difference.

TS: Ruby, well, the first time I remember Ruby she was married.

KB: What about the Fourth of July?

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TS: Oh, the Fourth of July! We got a quarter. We could go hog wild with a quarter.

KB: With a quarter? What did they have, games?

TS: It seems to me like they were in categories too. Three and four ran together. Because in some age groups there were only one or two kids, so to participate, you had to run against an older and younger one. In my grade, there were three boys the same age and the girls. We always had a footrace. Jim Farnsworth could always out run us. They got a nickel or a candy bar or some reward like that. It was a fun time, but it was mostly oriented to young people. I think later on, not sure when, they had horse races in the afternoons. They would run them down one of the streets.

KB: They raced down the street?

TS: Yes, they raced down the street.

KB: How neat.

TS: My father had horses, race horses. He was in the sheep business until 1938. He homesteaded 640 acres.

KB: Where?

TS: Just across the border into Kane County, in Dry Valley, which I still own.

KB: Oh, you do?

TS: Yes. He homesteaded the acreage and had horses. He was crazy about horses. He had sheep until 1938; about the time I left home. The spring before, he sold the sheep. My sister was married in 1936. Her husband helped Dad get cattle in Kanab. They brought them up the Paria. He applied for grazing permits and then ran cattle. He did better than most of the others. But he spent a lot of time with them.

KB: Down on the Monument area?

TS: Paria area in the winter.

KB: Did he have a ranch down there?

TS: No, no. They used some of the old buildings down there. Sometimes they would store grain for the horses that they were using for round-up. The only ranch we ever had was the pasture. We would go out there every summer. You go down to Cannonville across the creek, across that nice bridge which certainly wasn't there way back then, you go down and around a bit then you go up an incline. That used to be called Shepard Hill. I remember when I was six or seven we went out one summer to the pasture and lived all summer. One year Mother had a setting hen and scooped her up nest and all and put her in the wagon. The baby chicks were hatching as we were traveling out.

KB: What were you in?

TS: A wagon. My dad always raised mules, so we always had mules that pulled the wagon.

KB: What would you live in, just a tent?

TS: My dad built a wooden floor, so high, maybe three feet and then put a tent over it. That was where we kept the food. My dad and mother slept there. The rest of us, we just slept out with camping blankets outside. My sisters, when they were little, might have slept in the tent, but the boys always slept out. We didn't worry about snakes and stuff. They scare me to death now. When I was little I would get them by the tail and throw them around.

KB: You know when you talk to some of the other people, fear of the rattlesnakes, I don't know, maybe they just didn't see them...

TS: Most animals do not bother you. If you are walking through the brush and you step by a snake and they hear that sound they will strike. Or if you step on it. Otherwise they aren't crawling around hunting you.

KB: Oh, now. Let me ask you while you were out there, what kind of food did you eat?

TS: When my dad had sheep, of course we had mutton. Mutton I do not like. It has to be burned black now and I will just eat a little bit of it. Oh, we had meat and my mother canned corn and beans and preserves and fresh fruits like cherries and stuff. So, she would send a variety of canned stuff out with us. My dad sometimes later on would buy canned meat and we would have that. My dad cooked quite a bit. He made bread.

KB: Like, what do they call those, the Dutch oven bread?

TS: Yes. Fry Bread.

KB: Oh, what was that like?

TS: Well, we go to these places and they called them scones and I said in Henrieville we called that fried bread. Of, course this was made a little different. It was made with yeast and you would put it in the skillet, fry it on one side and turn it over and fry it. But a scone is dropped in hot grease and that is what gives it that hollow center. Fried bread was not hollow. After you fried the bread, you wiped it around in the skillet and got it good and greasy and then you put a gob of "baserves" on it. We called it "baserves". It is preserves.

KB: I must make fried bread then because mine is not hollow in the middle either and I have to turn it over.

TS: I used to love that. And parched corn.

KB: How do you parch corn?

TS: We used to put a little bit of grease, just enough to keep the corn moving around and then wash regular corn. Well, generally sweet corn and put it in the pan and shake it around so it wouldn't burn and the kernels would puff up. They wouldn't pop open. They just puffed up.

KB: Really, so it is fresh corn?

TS: No, no, it is dried. Dried kernels on the cob.

KB: You didn't leave it on the cob did you?

TS: No, no.

KB: You took it off?

TS: You let it go to seed and get dry and rub it off. My mother used to wash it to get the dirt off. Then we put it in the pan and pop it for a nice serving there would be about a cup of corn. That would be quite thick in the pan.

KB: Did you salt it or anything?

TS: Yes, yes. It had been rolling around in this grease; hog lard and the salt would stick to it. It was really good. It is better than this stuff you get now, that they call parched corn or beer nuts.

KB: Would it be soft or crunchy?

TS: No, it is crunchy. It was wonderful. They have it, the original. Corn nuts are what it was. But if you do it don't put as much lard in as we did. Just cover the bottom of the pan. They are my favorite things now, but I buy it and I buy the original. I don't buy anything with spice on it.

KB: Now, I have to ask you, Lula was saying the old cattle drive went up and over from Kodachrome, then down into Henrieville, then there was a corral on your dad's property where they would house them for a while. Do you know anything about that?

TS: I don't. The corral where we lived, Maggie lives there now. That corral couldn't have held very many. The only ones that I remember were when my father and my brothers would bring them from Dry Valley, which is the land he homesteaded. They would bring them in and get them ready for sale. Now, if other people used that corral, I don't know.

KB: It may have been before your time.

TS: No, because I don't think he would have been involved. I left in August of 1938, and he got those cattle in the early part of 1937. Sometimes I would be home in the fall if somebody would come over. I would come over once in a while.

KB: Did he bring them up over Kodachrome and over that hill and down into Henrieville?

TS: Heavens, we used to hike that to go out in there. Have you ever been out there to see? That isn't very wide. That is only five or six feet and some places it wasn't even that wide. So, they had to come in a line, but you would get a leader, and they would bring them right up over. My recollection of the year or so that he brought them when I was around, he brought them out of Horse Valley. From Dry Valley you can go into Horse Valley and comes down into Little Creek, it hits Big Creek and comes into Henrieville.

KB: Why did he shift from sheep to cattle?

TS: The problem was the land was being over grazed. That is my own theory because I don't remember my father saying. His father, his grandfather all had cattle. He got into the sheep business, because he thought that was the thing to do in the early thirties and would make a fairly good living. But it didn't work out and I don't think he ever liked it that well.

KB: Did he keep them at Dry Valley?

TS: Yes. We used to go out in the summers when I was little. Then after, I don't remember what happened, my mother stayed a month or two months, sometimes she came back and we would take turns staying out there. My older brother and myself and then my two middle brothers would be one weekend. I didn't like the sheep, the stink of things. When I see mutton, I see those stinking sheep. My brothers didn't really mind it. We were on horses and they really liked horses, burros and mules. As long as they were doing something like that they didn't

care, but me, I didn't. I always wanted to read. They just weren't interested in school at all. My oldest brother was mentally handicapped, Tom. He was my dad and mother's second child and when he was little, whether it was when he was born, I don't know. My mother never gave a straight answer on it [but] he had violent epileptic seizures. When he would go anywhere one of us was always with him. Generally it was my older brother. When he was ten or twelve, I was four or five. When I got a little bigger I could go. If he had one of these seizures, I could run for Mother. He and I were wading in the town ditch and he had one of those. He flopped over in the water. I knew enough to get his head up, and then I ran and got my mother. We always had to be careful so he wouldn't swallow his tongue and choke. We put a stick in his mouth until the seizure was over. When he became an adult, (he died when he was seventy-seven), for the last thirty-five years or so he was on medication. Then he only had one seizure since he was on that medication.

KB: Where was he when he died?

TS: He was in St. George. He had lip surgery. He had a cancer on his lip. They had pulled part of his upper lip down to cover up this wound and he didn't chew very well. He was chewing meat and it got lodged in his throat and he choked to death. It was terrible. By the time I got to St. George he was dead.

What a wonderful experience it was with him after I came back. I took him and had him evaluated with a psychiatrist. He had the mentality of a twelve year old. He would get mad. He could count change and do hygiene and worked like a horse, but when he would get mad, he wouldn't eat or some [do some] crazy

childish thing. Uncle Bart really loved him. After my father died Uncle Bart spent a lot of time with him. Tom thought he was the most wonderful dude that ever lived.

In the assisted living home, they gave him assignments. One of his assignments was to call me up either once a week or once a month. When he would call. I would have to hold the phone this far away. He'd shout, "Hello, Thayne!" I had some awful good times with him. He absolutely loved Jo because she cooked things that he liked. He would eat anything. I was always kind of particular; there is a lot of stuff I don't eat.

KB: That sounds like a Smith.

TS: Yes.

KB: Tell me about your dad. What was he like?

TS: When I was little my dad was gone quite a bit, first with the sheep, then with the cattle.

KB: So, he spent a lot of time on the range then?

TS: He did. My dad had wonderful stories to tell. I don't think there was a soul in Henrieville, even those of them that didn't like him for whatever reason, didn't think he was a really wonderful person. Personality plus, he beat all his brothers and sister. He had been on a mission to the southern states and had been out and seen something besides Henrieville and under the Dump kind of things. That makes a difference. Not that he felt like he was better, but he knew a lot of things.

KB: A better understanding.

TS: He was so good to my grandmother who was a widow for heavens, forty years.

Then he had his second or third oldest sister, Aunt Martha Reynolds who was a widow here in Henrieville with five little girls. And my dad helped her.

KB: Now was that Ellie Little, was she one of them?

TS: Reynolds. No, they all moved away. Ernie Henderson's mother was one of them. She absolutely loved my dad to pieces. She remembers the time when she helped them when they were kids. There were five little girls and she was left a widow.

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Then she married again. She was a Littlefield. She was Smith, married a

Littlefield had five girls, and married a Reynolds had two boys and two girls. I lived with her. I lived with her when I went to college in Provo.

KB: What about your mom?

TS: My mother had a heart of gold. She was not really out going, but once you got to know her, she was well liked. She waited on my dad hand and foot (chuckles). She spent all her time raising... You know where that house is that we had?

KB: Yes.

TS: Just to the north used to be the tithing barn. My mother used to farm half of that and plus her lot. I don't mean she put in one row of tomatoes; she put fifteen.

KB: What would she do with all of those?

TS: Can them. Those trees on that lot, she planted and watered with a bucket when we were younger.

KB: Did she put roses in to?

TS: Yes. She would grow these vegetables and trade them to Aunt Lib Willis Pollock for plums and prunes. She would trade Fern.

KB: You said Aunt Lib. Is that because that was what everybody called her?

TS: Yes, she was not my relative.

KB: I have heard a lot about her too.

TS: What a wonderful lady she was. She went through misery. He was an alcoholic for years. She made the living for years by growing the garden and trading. She stuck by him until it got to the point, the kids were grown, that she just kissed him goodbye the last few years. He came from a good family too. Alcohol is the devil.

KB: Yes it is. Did you ever get in trouble growing up?

TS: Oh, you would have to ask that? Cop and I tried everything there was to do. We stole chickens from Aunt Sarelda, who we both loved. We would go and roast them. We didn't [even] cook them half way, well only once. We never did use them. I don't think they suspected us of it. Uncle Dave Quilter farmed down on the south end of town and we were down there chasing these cows around, probably turned them into the alfalfa. He could see us from up on the hill, and he came down through the Lucerne patch. By then Cop and I were out onto the street. We went flying up to Aunt Sarelda's. He was just sure he had us pinned that time. My aunt told them that we had been there for a while. She didn't really exaggerate to them. She said, "I don't see how they could have done anything."

KB: She knew you had?

TS: She knew we had, you bet. I remember one time Deward Smith got into a fight. I am a year or two older than him, but he was quite big and mean. He would do devilish things. We got in a fight and I beat him up good. Of course I went up to

Aunt Sarelda's and his dad came up there. I remember her saying, "Jim Ed Smith, you take that boy and go on home. You're not touching Thayne."

KB: Nobody liked him.

TS: Oh, yes. Do you know Karen Dutton? Karen was in that family but I didn't know her very well. She was a baby when I left. Howd, he was an only boy and pushed his sisters around, especially when he got a little older. I didn't like him too well. Don and Alene, I liked them, especially Alene. She was my favorite. My sister died with cancer. I came back in '75 and she died in '77. I was moaning my blues to Alene one day and she said. "Look, I'll be your older sister."

**End Tape 1, Side B**

**End of Interview**