

Autobiography of Vinna Haws Lichfield



Written by Vinna beginning June 27, 1944

It is with humility and a prayerful heart,, I commence this record of my life, at the age of 50 years: That I may leave it, a written testimony to my children, that in the future they may find strength from the same source, through a divine testimony that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ and that Joseph Smith was and is a prophet of the true and living God. I know that the work which we are – and our parents before have been engaged in (Mormonism or the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day saints) is the way of life by which the portals of heaven can open upon our salvation – even to the heights of exaltation in the celestial glory forever and forever!

My testimony is such a living part of me, and absolute certainty- so dear that I'd rather sacrifice my life that lose of den it. And the greatest prayer of my life is that I will prove worthy of it and of my companion Robert Clarence Lichfield, whom I have always felt way my heavenly fathers' greatest gift to me. I love him for his clean life, his clean fine mind, his honesty, integrity, industry and sweet humility.

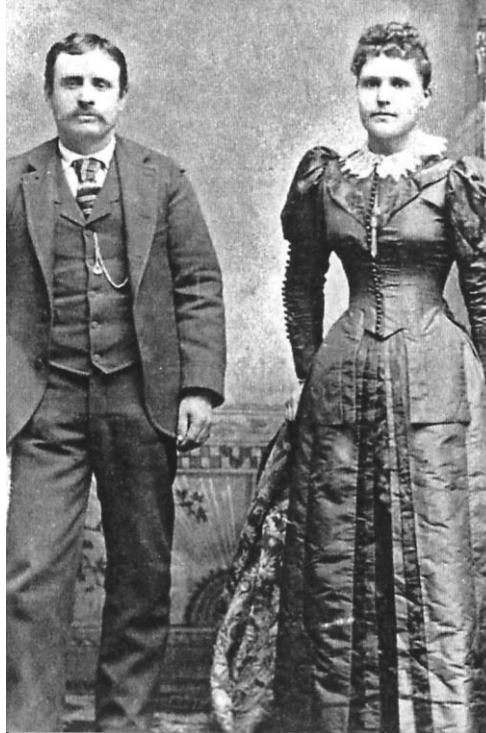
He has ever been thoughtful, unselfish and tender of me, and the most beautiful hour of my life, have been spent with him – in the Temple of the true and living God, when every hour was a time of peace, good will, abiding live, spent in the presence of angels and brothers and sisters, who moving forward in the presence of our maker- we were bound together again to the continuous effort of honesty, uprightness, humility, chastity, peace and righteous effort.

I pray that my mind may be quickened – my memory renewed to exactness, and my heart humble prompted to the most truthful and careful account of the wonderful experiences and testimonies I have received. I hope that all suffering may dim to the pure testimony which life's crosses enlarged, and what shadow must of necessity creep in. May it take shape by the higher light of inspiration, that each reflection of shadow may bespeak beauty of the blessings which have ensued. I would that no one will ever read who would crush my pearls beneath the heels of doubt, height cynicism – not thoughtless jealousy, for they are indeed precious to me as they have been given of a kind Father – who through he one of my dark hours of poor health in 1923 gave me this assurance: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth and through others rush in (with their criticisms) where Angels fear to tread – yet will I meet unto thee the judgements I have cherished for thee"

My continued prayer is that each of my seven children- five sons and two daughters- will walk in the paths of righteousness (with their companions and children) and be ever- each and every one of them a pleasure in the sight of our wise and Heavenly Father

Continued June 15, 1950

As I look back I realize how great has been the hand of providence in guiding, directing and providing throughout the 56 years I have lived. I am deeply grateful and acknowledge his hand in and throughout my life.



Vinna's parents: William Marquis Haws and Adeline Hunting Haws

I was born of goodly parents, in Meeteetse, Wyoming on April 6, 1894. While a baby my parents moved to Driggs, Idaho. My earliest recollection is of hearing people, who knew my parents well, tell of my mother's wonderful hair, which I remember in two ropes and one great rope (I could not lift to her head) It hung to her knees. When I was 8 years old, but people testified that before my birth, it swept the floor when she was standing. My father told me later that it had been cut tight to her head just before my birth and in 8 years had grown to her knees.

Three outstanding memories of early babyhood and childhood are: I remember crawling across the floor to mother where she was sitting in a little folding rocker and she lifted me up and nursed me. That was sometime before I was 18 months old. I remember the death of my grandfather Haws in our first log cabin home in Driggs, Idaho. The day of the funeral I stood on a chair by the coffin looking at grandpa while mother combed my hair. Cameoed against the background of happy childhood memories is the picture of Christmas each year made real and happy by my uncle, James Hunting, one Christmas Eve, in the #1 cabin – we children, Leon (my older brother) Feral (Uncle Jim's boy) and I were sleeping on the floor. Uncle Jim Came between the beds dressed as Santa Claus, We children did not know that a blanket was not an official Santa robe; in fact, Santa and an Indian might have been the same for aught we knew, except

Santa should have bells. Uncle Jim substituted with a chain. I reached out a small hand and in some way became conscious that my beloved uncle Jim was playing the part.

Still another picture dear to me is of mother standing in the door of cabin home #2 and greeting Leon and I as we approached with our arms full of red bells (or rooster bells or rooster heads as they are sometimes called). She became a symbol of an angel to me in that picture. She was noted for her beauty in every community in which she ever lived until her health failed.

One of my earliest lessons was on prayer. Mother and father were both very ill. My brother and I, about 7 and 8 1/2 years old, were trying to care for them and the home. It was winter and we were reduced to 1/2 loaf of dry bread. Leon who was older than I, suggested we pray. We knelt at a chair in the center of the kitchen, in line with mother's open bedroom door and offered a simple prayer for help. I presume mother heard us for she called Leon immediately to her and told him to saddle old prince. Taking some oats for a decoy he succeeded in doing so. Mother dressed and crawled onto the horse with arms outstretched to grasp the bridle bit and managed to cling on for 3 1/2 miles till she reached the home of friends. Bert and Birdie Stone. They brought her home in a wagon and stayed and cared for us until she was well, even though she was ill for quite some time.

My father was never very able as he had fallen over a cliff in his youth and struck on his stomach on a stump leaving him badly ruptured. He married at 34 years of age, my mother Adeline was just 18 years of age. After rest at Colorado Springs had improved his condition, but later became hampered as it would swell up like a tennis ball and was so tender, he could not hold we children, except on his knees. Nevertheless, ours was a happy home. Father took great joy in his priesthood and was very staunch in the gospel, we often sang together and young as I was I sensed the spirit of peace and harmony in our home. People often commented that my brother and I did so little quarreling, but we spent many happy hours and days with our parents out in the open, and I can still smell the odor of the lush, dank forests, can feel the presence of moss everywhere and following damp trails ever babbling brooks into the darkening forest amid the tangle of vines with large and small flowers blooming on either side as we stepped so cautiously lest we contact poison ivy or stinging nettle, or hidden small dangers lurking amid the plants or trees or gathering honey from

the flowers. Mothers little folding rocker holds memories also of Leon and I rocking together and singing-

"I'm going to write to papa and so how glad he'll be,

To get a little letter, that's written all by me"

I'll tell him 'bout my dolly, what's sleeping on the floor,

I'm sure that noise will wake her, so please don't slam the door"

Childhood scenes are always cherished in the heart of a child who retains the memory of a happy childhood.

The winter before I was eight years old, we moved over "Old Glory" to Wilson Wyoming. Many happy evenings were spent at uncle Nick Wilsons he was the "White Indian boy" in Howard R. Driggs book which first bore the title of "Uncle Nick Among the Indians" He would tell us Indian stories and we all sat at his knees, paralyzed with fear and thrill overjoyed at our mental adventures with so great a hero. Uncle Nick was truly a character to live in memory. He was a bishop and saloon keeper at the same time. I remember his trick of telling me to touch his finger and quickly flipping his cigar, so I was burned, and I learned early not to trust the man whose smoke fires were fanned by his puffing breath. Soon "Uncle Nick" ceased to be bishop and the man who took his place had a son Ray who was y pal. I liked him because-like myself- He did not caret to do the little forbidden things children do. I respected that little playmate because he dared to say "NO" to things which our parents had forbidden.

On my eighth birthday a brother M>M> Norman came on horseback over Old Glory from Driggs, bringing me my first box of chocolates. He was a returned missionary, whom we had not seen since before he entered the mission field. He let me have his gentle horse and I learned to ride and rode all day. We returned to Driggs in July where I was baptized and then returned to Wilson. My father was a taxidermist and did a great deal of mounting of elk heads, deer heads, ducks, swan and I remember one moose head, also birds and a flying squirrel. He built a cabin shop off the road and back from our log cabin of one room. In 1933, when we took father Haws over to Driggs and Wilson after an absence of 30 years, our Wilson, Wyoming cabin had been built onto and was a good-sized log home of two stories. Also, at Driggs the log home #2 still stands in a state of good preservation, a neat well finished job, just as my father built it, little worse for wear.

I had received little schooling by the time I was nine years old as each year when we entered school my brother would say we were in the first grade and so we were entered. At Driggs, my very first teacher was a Miss Fletcher, later I had a Miss Hill and a Miss Van Camp, who was my favorite, but we never got over a couple of weeks under each as diphtheria always broke out and school was closed for another year. We went into Wyoming with only two months schooling in all. We did not like it there as the teacher was very unfair to LDS children. Leon made the second grade though she retained me in the first grade. I followed the second-grade lessons unknown to the teacher. Since my earliest memories my mother had served as a midwife. She was the only one in Wilson who could serve as Dr. and / or nurse. One cold winter day she was delivering a mother across the creek from our cabin. My brother and I were coasting as usual. In one room of that home a little four-year-old boy with diphtheria lay. We stayed strictly on our side of the creek. Two older children of that home were forced to play out in the yard and were very cold. We called to them to build a fire. They gathered sticks and limbs but had no matches., We tied matches in a cloth with a rock and threw it over the creek and they were able to keep warm until again admitted to their home. I remember hearing of a tourist doctor who was going to Jackson after elk, also of a man who rode over 'old Glory" and to St. Anthony after anti-toxin. Years after my father told me the story. It seems the morning after the baby came that the little diphtheria victim lay very low and mother, hearing that a doctor was in town, went and plead with him to save the child, telling him he was the only hope. He said "Can you assist in giving the anti-toxin" she had never assisted in that before, but she said "yes" knowing full well that prayer would open the "Know How" to her. The kind doctor remained in Wilson until a horseman could relay from ranch to ranch getting fresh horsed, going and coming and stopping only for food to carry him through the next day. I remember the excitement of the people as they waited for the return of the local hero. The child's life was saved and the other children due to mother's faith and care never took the dread disease.

Father used to warn mother that she'd expose us children to diphtheria by nursing so much, but she maintained that she was armed of the Lord, (through prayer) and that neither she nor her family would take the disease and we never did! One of her remedies was to give us water daily, 1 teaspoon or 2 three times a day in which she had dissolved 3 drops of carbolic acid to a glass of water. Two other things she used a great deal were golden seal (powdered) and pure concentrated tincture of arnica. In all her practice mother never lost a mother or

a baby or had a gathered breast to contend with. Father was superintendent of the Driggs ward Sunday School while living in Idaho. There were about 20 families in Driggs at that time. President Don Driggs of the Teton stake was fathers' closest friend and Leon and I were often associated with Lynn and Vida Driggs who were out ages. Aunt Mae as we called their mother, was a small woman of great faith and ability and a very humble and devout LDS. She and mother were very close friends during those few years together. Their eldest girl, Erma was stricken with diphtheria and I remember standing by her bedside. She died two or three days later. She was a beautiful girl. On our returning home and reporting that she was ill mother got out the carbolic acid and her faith again functioned and neither of her children had diphtheria.

The winter I was eight we spent in Wyoming, and I do not know if we were there a year or a year and a half. The spring of 1903 found us traveling to Oregon. Mother's health was very bad, and doctors advised a colder climate. We found Oregon no colder, more windy and damp, but not as low temperature as Wilson and Driggs. From this journey on mother failed, often she was very low. Leon and I entered the third grade at Legrand public school, which I completed and the next year was entered in 4A. While Leon was entered in 4 B so at the white school we were in separate rooms. I can't recall my teacher's name but she resented me very much because I frankly confessed, I was a Mormon and she was Methodist. My early impression of other faiths became warped early because the teachers at white school were very unfair to the LDS children. Our one ward in LeGrand was the first in that city in Union Stake. We met unkindness at the hands of people of other faiths. I remember attending junior class with a little Presbyterian girl (named Ethel Wright) The sacred quiet of their church and the reverence for their chapel impressed me, but the second time a man whose older sons had taken my brother Leon skating on the sabbath afternoon – spoke and how he scored the Mormon boys for skating on Sunday the injustice of his talk struck me so I did not care to go again. I am glad that later I was able to place the blame on the narrow man and not his church. I am grateful to a wise foster mother who later weeded out those prejudices I had formed and taught me to be fair to other people and their faiths.

Addendum by Charlotte Lichfield Hays oldest daughter of Vinna Haws Lichfield:

Vinna Haws Lichfield was born 6th of April 1894 in Meeteetse, Wyoming on the banks of the Greybull river. She was the second child and only daughter of

William Marquis Haws and Adeline Hunting. Their first child and only son, Leon William Haws was born 8 October 1892 at Jensen, Uintah County, Utah.

Her parents were married in the Manti Temple, Manti, Utah. William Marquis was born in Provo, Utah County, Utah and his wife was born in Springville, Utah County, Utah. He was in his thirties when he took his 18 year old wife. Her health was very precarious after the birth of her second child, due to the fact she contracted erysipelas (*Erysipelas is a condition that bacterial infection causes. The bacteria are a group A Streptococcus bacterium. It penetrates into the deeper skin layers through small wounds on the skin.*) from a midwife. She suffered for years and died in screaming agony when her daughter was 12 years old. The family was separated by her illness with Vinna being sent to live in Utah county with a great aunt, Donna Mecham. Her father and brother went into the great Athabasca country in Canada to trap and raise foxes. William Marquis was a taxidermist of great talent. Some of his elk heads taking first place in the world's fair and some of his work leading to an offer to work for the Smithsonian Institute, but he feared that city life would lead his children astray and he chose the simple and isolated life. He was seriously ruptured which handicapped him most of his life. Mother was left with her people in Jensen and Vernal Utah ... but with the progression of the disease she was sent to the hospital in Provo where she died in agony, no help at that time available to ease or cure the unbearable burning of the disease.

Aunt Donna Mecham was ill and unable to take care of Vinna the homeless girl, so she was sent to a cousin who took her but with resentment and she was neglected and unloved.

One dreary winter day she was found wandering in the streets of Provo, cold, wet, with holes in her shoes and very feverish by a friend of Aunt Donna's Emma Sophronia Simmons, who took her home and called to tell Aunt Donna she had the sick girl. It developed that she had typhoid fever and was delirious and ill for six weeks, during which time she lost all her hair. "Aunt Frone" as she came to be known, was a childless divorcee raising a motherless girl Harriet Lot Harris (She was the daughter of a brother of Martin Harris whose wife died at the birth of her daughter.)

After Vinna recovered from the typhoid she decided to keep her, and the family was in agreement as they felt too burdened to care for her. Soon after another motherless girl, Leah Jones was added to the household "Aunt Frone" raised and educated the three girls as her own. All three had to work to help by doing housework for neighbors, helping mend and return the library books to

Brigham Young University Library. Lottie (Harriet Lot) taught Domestic Science at the University being older than the other girls.

Mother (Vinna) was raised in Provo, Utah and while she had a lonely childhood she gained much of faith in the Gospel and strong ideals. She finished a two-year teacher's course at the university and obtained a teaching certificate.

On June 17, 1915 she married father (Robert Clarence Lichfield) in the Salt Lake Temple and went to Goshen, Utah to live in a new little home her husband had built. Mother was a beautiful black-eyed girl and very talented. She had an outstanding soprano voice having sung in the Utah stake tabernacle choir as a girl. She was gifted as an artist, poet and writer, but soon had these things crushed as she married into a family with little sentiment or interest in anything but practicality and hard work to accumulate worldly means. They were all active in the church and outstanding in their moral character and honesty but lacking in warmth and cultural interest. Fortunately, as the years went on they became more educated and more interested in the finer things in life, but still remain cool and stand offish in nature. Mother (Vinna) had seven children five sons and two daughters ... Howard, Charlotte, Robert, Nerene, Walter, William and Joseph. She was an affectionate and conscientious mother and through the year of financial struggles and hard conditions she managed to bring happiness and security to her children. Mother and father decided after a short time to move to Provo where father might attend school and acquire the education he had not had. He entered the University and worked summers on his Goshen place and Provo farm. He used to place we children in the back of a wagon in the evening drive all night to Goshen where we would frolic in the warm creek that ran behind our little house. We also had a fruit farm in Provo and here he and mother worked hard picking, packing and then pedaling fruit in the summer. During the winter father rose at 4am to fire furnaces at the University to pay his way. Two of his children (Howard and Charlotte) were students at the BYU Elementary school there; by the time he graduated just before the birth of their fourth child. The family moved to Murray, Utah then to West Jordan, Utah as father taught school. Mother worked very hard but with failing health and finally in West Jordan she became severely ill. Aunt Frone had joined our family as a permanent member some years before and helped care for the children and Mother.



Wedding picture 17 June 1915, Vinna Haws 1894-1953 and Robert Clarence Lichfield 1893- 1977

My mother's parents were William Marquis Haws and Adeline Hunting Haws. Adeline had died while my mother was very young. Grandfather never remarried. He was a government trapper and a skilled taxidermist but spent most of his years in areas where his young daughter could not be taken and so she was raised and educated by a foster mother, Emma Sophronia Curtis Simmons of Provo Utah. She became Auntie Mamma to her fifteen foster grandchildren and a marvelous part of our growing up.



Emma Sophronia Curtis Simmons "Aunt Phrone"

Aunt Frone had never been able to have children of her own and after her marriage failed, she took in three motherless girls and raised and educated them.

She was such an integral part of the lives of Mothers five oldest children that of necessity much of her life became entwined with ours. She introduced us to a very large world of literature and learning by the telling of classics in language us young ones could understand. When was a great influence in our desire for learning and good books.

My earliest recollection comes from Goshen, Utah, where I was born and in the home my mother went to as a bride. I remember being in my buggy rocking back and forth, causing it to roll from the front room into the kitchen; and to strike the back of father's chair as he was eating his supper. How he laughed! I remember being grabbed from the buggy and tossed in the air while everyone just laughed and laughed.



Charlotte and Howard about 1920

Mother has since told me I was eighteen months old at the time. I recall nothing more until Robert was born. My older brother Howard was five years old at the time; and I two and a half.

I remember standing under a lilac bush at Aunt Frone's, (or Mommies' as we children affectionately called her) and daddy wrapping me in a large coat as it was raining and taking me home to view my new brother.

I promptly took over Robert, and through the years, despite a few serious quarrels, we've been pals.



Above picture home of "Aunt Frone"

The next few years are garbled, but we had moved from

Goshen to Provo, before Robert was born, so daddy might attend college. We later moved in with Aunt Frone, to care for her and stayed there about two years.

Aunt Frone was already an elderly woman, when I was born, but will always be a dominating factor in the lives of our family; though she has long since returned to her maker.

She was childless and this fact served to make her life one of faith and charity. She partly raised and educated three girls who were homeless, one of them being my mother.

She was a telegraph operator and while caring for her girls and earning her own living she found time to teach and mend library books for the Brigham Young University. She helped raise funds to free some of the Armenians from the tyranny of the Turks and bring part of them to Provo.

She never stopped studying and learning, until the day of her death at the age of eighty-one.

Many were the hours she spent with us children at her knee, telling us ancient history and myths in understandable language. However, her natural use of "big" words helped to enlarge our vocabularies. We never realized, till later years, what a store of useful information she instilled into our young minds.

She was easily hurt, however and subject to “moods”. I’ll never forget calling her an “old rough neck” when I was about five years old. She grieved about it and I was in the doghouse; for some time.

Another time I was in the dog house and justly so, for inviting all my playmates to a cherry feast at her home while no one was home. They all accepted promptly and stripped the tree. It seemed I was always doing such things and yet I was more or less her favorite. She left legacies to her three girls at her death, and building loan accounts practically paid up for most of her “grandchildren”.

Soon after the birth of Nerene, my only sister, we moved to Murray, where daddy had secured a position. In Murray, we moved into the first of a string of identical little brick homes. I remember very little of the playmates I had there, but had the usual childish friendships and quarrels. We moved to a home on ninth east in Murray next. The lovely yards and the home itself will always remain in my mind.



Aunt Phrone holding Nerene .. left to right Mable, Charlotte, Howard and Robert

Mother was ill a great deal of the time and we depended a lot on Aunt Frone.

It was here that Robert set the back of his night shirt afire. It was late evening and mother was on her bed near the fireplace telling us stories; Robert got too near the fireplace. Mother was weak but she carried him to another room and rolled him on the floor till Howard came with a quilt to roll him in. Howard was only nine years old but his steady sane thinking has been a part of his life always. It was shoed there.

Thanks to my start at the BYU training school, when we moved to Murray in the middle of the year I was advanced to the second grade.

I spent my third grade year in Murray also, and remember only that I had a cross eyed teacher, who whistled beautifully, and that I was in the "Bad Club", nearly every week and paid the penalty of missing the parties for those who did not talk during class.

We moved next to a 720 acre ranch in West Jordan. This ranch had five houses on it. Three of which we lived in while on the place, and here also was where we spent the happiest hours of our childhood. Years before, a disastrous flood in Bingham had washed a deep cut across Salt Lake Valley, through Jordan to Midvale and it ran through the north end of the ranch.

It was dry most of the time, but piles of debris were enticing and hour after hour we spent capturing nations, defending islands, raising and lowering "draw bridges" over the moats. Here also we found hundreds of small snakes, lizards and horned toads, which being harmless, we cluttered up the place with them. Mother never scolded, regardless of how she felt about them.

At this time Aunt Frone was becoming a little childish. She fretted about us day and night, as we rode horseback, (sometimes perching on the horses back and then sliding down over rump and tail, in front of her window, just to worry her)

Of course Mother never caught us at it. We swam in the canal and roamed the cut, climbed fences, swing on the rafters in the barn, and worst of all climbed a rickety old windmill about 85 feet high.

I was about eleven years old, but having had mostly boy companions all my life, I entered it all with gusto!

I believe, I'll here tell the story of Felix...Nerene's Cat and Margie: Roberts Cat. When we lived on ninth east in Murray Nerene was given a cat named Felix who proved to be a very superior cat. He was clean in his habits, a great pet. He was an excellent mouser and once nursed some of mother's baby chicks, when she put them under the stove to keep warm. He curled up around them and guarded them jealously for several days. Most of them got well.

Roberts cat Margie was a yellow and white cat, named "after the Nicest girl in my room" she had nice bunch of kittens and when they were large enough, he consented to sell her to feed baby foxes. Daddy started out one morning to take her to the fox farm, but about fifteen miles from home, she got loose and we thought when was lost; but the next morning she was home with her kittens.

Three girl cousins came to stay with us one summer in West Jordan. Beth fourteen, Fay ten and Carroll (or Tesso as we called her) six. This curtailed some of my tomboy activities.

Beth was very studious and had the most wonderful imagination from which she poured fairy tales into our eager ears. Often, she goes there Characters tangled up in such troubles and couldn't get them out, so she'd forget the story... but we were a most willing audience.

Fay had a terrible temper she and I fought and often I'd have to take refuge in "the little green house" (Toilet) locking the door. She'd get a pole and use it for a ram to open the door. Usually Mother had to come to the rescue and cool us both off, but she always let us settle our own disputes if possible.

Tesso (Carol) had only one outstanding characteristic that summer and that was her passion for horned toads. She loved them, was seldom without them, and in fact even took them to bed with her sometimes. Aunt Zella just took it as a joke.

That summer I pulled the meanest trick I ever remember pulling, just for the sake of being mean. Our house had lovely trees around it, spaced conveniently for swinging hammock. We each had a hammock, which we made from gummy sacks and swing with baling wire.

I was angry at Beth for getting the place I wanted so after she was comfortably settled with a book I let her down and her back struck a rock. It hurt her, but I received the real hurt when Mother escorted me to the pump shed with a strap.

West Jordan was dry, dusty and barren where we lived, but it had its advantages to us kids. A few feet from the canal bank was a large bed of clean sand. Here was our beach and we built castles, towns, mountains, rivers ECT. Or we were rich people vacationing in the south.

That was the summer of 1929 and everyone was on top of the world. The world began to crumble. The man whom Daddy was working with was given a national job as head of the NYA, He went to New York and took several hundred dollars of partnership money leaving daddy to pay the bills out of his own pocket.

On Easter morn, 1930 our home burned to the ground. Mother, daddy, Aunt Frone, the Kulusens and Mr. Parker fought desperately to save the furnishings as there was no water. Mother heaved mattresses and bedding from the windows, a piano, which took six men to unload into the house, came out carried by daddy, a crippled man and a half pint woman. Tables, rugs and stoves came through the doors easily.

I was so terribly frightened I ran to the neighbors and hid, but luckily, I had presence of mind enough to take the younger kids with me. Walter was an infant still.

Poor Felix, he wouldn't come out of the burning building until just before the roof fell and then he rushed into the cool grass. We never saw him again, but the neighbors did and said he had become wild.

After our home burned, we moved immediately into half of Parker's house. Here we had our first experience with bed bugs. We couldn't sleep and we got up in the night to fight them. One night we composed a parody, daddy started it and we all contributed...



bed bug



bed bug



bed bug



bed bug

It went thus:

"Now I lay me down to sleep the bed bugs slowly towards me creep."

It rambled on and on, and the next morning Mary Parker completed it with:

"If I die before I wake, you'll know I died of buggy ache."

Mother also composed a parody which went:

*"Lives of bed bugs all remind us; we can surely wake in time,
And arising, leave behind us, blood prints on our sheets so fine."*

*Blood prints that perhaps another, crawling over our counterpane,
An energetic bed bug brother seeing ... may flee back again."*

It seemed to be a characteristic of our parents to make jokes of such things; however, the bugs didn't last long once mother started in on them.

Our home being gone, mother and dad decided to return to their 15 acre farm in Provo, which had been rented out for years, so in June of the same year we went back to Provo.

Shortly before we moved to the farm the next-door neighbors, Meldrum's were stricken with spinal meningitis; within one week, the father and the mother were dead and one girl left deaf. When we arrived, the children were trying to adjust themselves to life alone. We had a lot of fun with them that summer and sorrowfully saw them go out of our lives when they went to Ogden to live with an Uncle.

When fall came that year, daddy secured a position in Wyoming. It sounded terribly far away, but he left and Mother assumed full responsibility of fall harvest and preparing for winter.

Until then we had things pretty fair in life, but here was where we hit the



bottom. We had good crops, but no market and poor prices.

When the apples were all harvested we had 800 bushel in storage, but couldn't sell them. They were worth 10 cents a bushel that winter. When winter hit we were totally unprepared.

The pigs had gotten all our carrots and potatoes, then the chickens, and then they died one by one with some disease. The chicken coop house was terribly cold. We had very little fuel and t'was almost impossible to keep it warm, even when we had fuel.

All the temper was gone from our cook stove, as it went through the fire, so mother was compelled to bake bread on top of the heater in a roaster she baked first one side then the other.

Our supplies got so low that we were forced to live on bread and apples for about three weeks steady in November.

Nerene and I were kept out of school that winter, because of lack of clothes and having to walk to school. I used to ride to town on horseback for supplies whenever we could afford them. I was quite a point of curiosity as Provo by that time was well on the way toward being a city.

We children always stopped at Aunt Charlotte's house whenever we could, for she always fed us, knowing we were hungry. It was a heartbreaking period and Mother aged fast. Finally, at Christmas time, daddy decided to move us all to Wyoming as he was able to trade his equity in the farm, for down payment on a 400 acre ranch in Etna, Wyoming.

We had been told there was snow on the road all the way through Provo Canyon so started out with a team and sleigh, but after about 15 or 20 miles we discovered the snow was anywhere but on the road.

We were unable to turn back so kept on hoping for a snowstorm. We all slept in one bed. There were five children and Mother and Father. We made a camp over our sleigh with a bed across the back end. A small stove, a makeshift cupboard and table completed our equipment. We took only essentials, food, clothing ECT.

I'll always remember our flour can which was next to the stove, and the flour burned to one side of it. *(The can was once 100 pound lard can 'twas the second time in our lives flour can left a lasting impression)*

We kept trying to get over the bare roads and finally had to drive over the railroad track as there was snow between the rails. We traveled between trains, luckily daddy knew their schedule and stopped to eat, rest and sleep between trains.

We finally reached Midway and there daddy purchased old Dick for \$5 as our ponies, Pet and Clipper were worn out. He'd never had a harness on before, but he pulled swell the first day, then he balked the second. Defiantly! So he was tied on behind and we went on. It started to snow and heavily too! During the afternoon we lost Dick. We felt bad but could not help matters.

We camped at Kamas that night and father phoned for a truck to come to meet us. About two hours later, here came Dick plodding through the snow after us.

Next morning the truck arrived, and we loaded everything but the team and Dick, these we left with William Lemmon until we could send for them.

We traveled all day and into the night about midnight we climbed into the mountains going into Star Valley. The truck had no brakes, the gas feed kept

Sticking and the road was icy. The snowplow had plowed too far out on one side and we went down!

Except for a large pine tree which the truck rested on, we'd have rolled to the bottom of the canyon.

Mr. Fluckinger, who drove the truck, walked two or three miles down the canyon and got a team. We all got out and father built a fire in the middle of the road and he and Mother made jokes while they kept us all moving around so we wouldn't freeze, as it was well below freezing that night. After an hour or so we got on the road and finally arrived at Etna.

All our bedding was damp, but we went to sleep anyway. The next morning, we awoke half frozen and tried to cook breakfast. Mother made mush and I wishing to help, filled it with sugar that turned out to be salt. Daddy proceeded to eat a dish to show us he was no sissy, and made himself sick at the stomach.

We finally got settled and in school, but I don't believe we ever got warm that winter.

The spring of 1931 we moved to the ranch, four miles north of Etna. We found ourselves in an old log house two stories high, which had the reputation of being haunted. Sometimes it seemed so, as opening one door would cause another or others to shut.

The first winter we slept with paper over our bedroom windows in place of glass, it was terribly cold.

On our ranch we built three homes, none livable, but we existed. Our father was a hardworking, visionary, stubborn man, who lost his grip on life when the crash at Jordan came, and he seemed to lose his interest and desire in life and family for several years. Things went from bad to worse for the next few years. Mother bore two sons during this time: William in 1932 and Joseph in 1934. Both came in the summer luckily, but she was so weakened that the winters were too much for her and I had to bear the load of washing, ironing, cooking etc., While trying to attend school.

Mother did the best she could but had to keep the two babies in bed to keep warm and was very weak herself.

Howard and I were never privileged to have a class ring, sweater, or anything past necessity in our years at high school. *(Note from daughter Jean: Mother told me she always made the honor roll but her father would not let it be posted or receive any recognition because he was the principal at the time and didn't think it right for her to be mentioned. She also said he would not let her dance with any boys at school unless he liked them, and would pull them apart if she was asked to dance by a young man in disfavor)*

I realized the folks were having things hard, but daddy was inclined to think such things were foolish. I have always felt things could have been pleasanter if father hadn't been so disheartened.

The winter of 1935-36 in Star Valley was one of the very worst. 8 foot drifts across the level ground, were not uncommon. And the winter got so rough that work and travel came to a virtual standstill. That winter was the hardest Star Valley had had for forty years. Daddy had gone to Texas on a short-term mission.

Robert and Vinna raised a good and stalwart family. They farmed in Roy, Utah and sold the produce. In the early 1950's there was a lot of polio in the city so the grandchildren were sent to the farm at Roy to stay for the summer so they wouldn't get polio. They worked on the farm and took naps every day. Vinna cooked good healthy food and taught them the gospel through stories and songs.

From a memory of grandson James Edward Hays:

Just before Christmas, 1952, Vinna and Robert Lichfield, their son Joe and a girl who was staying with them traveled from Salt Lake to Snowflake, AZ to spend Christmas with their oldest daughter Charlotte's family. At bedtime on the 29th of December Vinna insisted that they get up and have Ted (Charlotte's husband a professional photographer) take their picture stating this would be their last chance to get a picture of them. They were both in night clothes but freshened up and put clothing on for this last picture:



On the morning of December 30, after a snowstorm grandpa decided they should leave. The roads were icy but they left anyway. They traveled the twenty-one miles to Holbrook, AZ then turned west on Route 66 travelling about 6 miles to a point near Joseph City, AZ. The road was icy and the car started to slide into the oncoming lane of traffic. It collided with an eastbound car head on killing the woman in the other car. Joe and the girl were injured seriously; Robert was very seriously injured with a split head, broken pelvis and knee. Vinna Lichfield was quite heavy and injuries to her chest put her in serious danger of expiring.

Family members were called and rushed to the hospital in Holbrook. The medical personnel at the hospital told us that Robert was so serious that they were concentrating on saving Vinna. Unfortunately, Vinna Lichfield passed away from her injuries. It was believed that Robert's injuries were so serious that he would not survive the night. However, he continued to hang on to the amazement of the doctors.

The next day Howard, Nerene, Robert, Walter, Bill and Joe all arrived from Utah. Robert Lichfield asked for a priesthood blessing. He specifically asked Ted, Charlottes husband to act as voice. This surprised everyone because the Lichfield family had always viewed Ted as the black sheep. Dad had struggled with a word of wisdom problem most of his life. Jim Hays said "As a teenager, it was a most instructive and faith promoting experience to watch my uncles and father form a circle and with my father as voice perform the blessing. Immediately after my father completed the blessing, grandpa turned on his side and vomited up about a teacup of bright red blood. We called the doctors in immediately and they recognized the problem as a punctured lung caused by an undiscovered broken rib. We had planned to leave for Utah within a day or two so that grandpa could attend grandma' funeral. The doctors immediately vetoed that idea and ordered up an air ambulance to take grandpa to Phoenix where he could get more intensive care. In time, grandpa Lichfield recovered, remarried and lived another 30 years".

Note from Jean: *(I remember Mother and Aunt Nerene telling me when they went to the mortuary to view her body she had a tight frown on her face, it was an expression she used when very unhappy. It bothered them, Then they realized she did not have on her Temple garments, they got her garments and put them on her and her face relaxed into a contented smile.)*