

## OWEN AND MY LIFE TOGETHER

Owen Hall (my husband) was a neighbor boy, pal of my brother Ruel, 4 years older than I. As kids we played together with our neighbor kids. He always looked after me in games, etc. When he went away on construction he wrote me letters calling me, "dear sister." In 1907 he and I were together in a construction camp in Thayn, Wyo., east of Rock Springs. I was helping cook, he used to spend a lot of time in the cook tent.

In Nov. of 1907 we had our first real date, went to a skating rink theaters, dances. Went steady until he went to Bingham Canyon to work in Feb. We corresponded with letters every other day. He didn't get to come home only every 3 or 4 months, as it took all day to get home at that time. He had to go to Salt Lake, stay all day then come home on evening train. We were engaged in Aug., 1908. He gave me a lovely diamond. I think I was one of the happiest girls in the world. (When I started to get out with him all my girl friends told me to hold on to him.) He was so nice, cute and handsome.

We were married Dec. 8, 1909 in my Mothers home. Had a home reception. Just one week after we were married I got smallpox. (I got at a dance the Friday night before Owen came home to get married.)

We moved in a little three room house on the North lot of our big home, (the place we bought later). It was the cutest little house inside as we bought the best furniture for three rooms. A rag rug (carpet) on kitchen and bedroom, a states carpet in livingroom. We loved our little home.

We were quarrentined in for six weeks. Owen had smallpox very bad. Some of our neighbors had it also so we used to visit.

In May of that year Owen went to Swallow, Colo. to work for Reynolds & Roylance. He was gone all summer. Merlyn was born in this little home in 28 Aug. Also Ione two years later.

Owen went to Bingham in Oct. 1920 to work for Utah Copper. I went the next Feb. Charlet and Fern (a baby I lost) was born there. We lived in three different houses in Bingham. Owen was General Foreman of Utah Copper. There were a group of Springville friends there. We lived close together. (Ten very happy years.)

In Aug. 1920 we returned to Springville we bought our big home at 1125 East Center. Beth and Ruth were born there. Owen was General Yard foreman of Columbia Steel.

We all loved this home. To Owen and I this home was our Shrine. Mountains at the east, north and south. Open fields, meadows, a spring at the foot of the hill. The cool summer breezes, the wind and snow flurries of winter. We had this place all to ourselves. It was two blocks to the North, a block to the East, two blocks at the West. I could holler and scream at my kids. ha ha No one could hear, only Aunt Raine Weight, who lived across the street, but we didn't mind her as she was one of us.

We had a red porch swing we all enjoyed. Owen and I enjoyed sitting in this swing and I am quit sure if it could talk, it could tell a lot of love tales about our girls and some of our granddaughters.

In this home we had oodles of parties, lots of company. My girls tell me they slept on the floor so much because they gave up their beds to company. The girls brought girls home to sleep sometimes. I never knew who was coming down stairs mornings.

We had two cows names (Suckey and Sarge), named by Merrill and Lawrence Barney. Grandchildren loved to go with (Dad) as they called Owen to do chores and play in barn.

Owen and I went with several different crowds. We went to reunions, canyons, Childs Ranch, trips and dances. In 1939 Will and Nellie Child, Theo and Albert Thorpe and us went North West and to Worlds Fair in San Francisco, Black Hawk encampments, Grand Canyon, Bryces, Yellowstone and many more places. I went deer hunting with Owen and deer parties for 9 years.

After Beth and Ruth were married our big home on the hill became too big. We sold it to Beth and Arnold. (We were glad they bought it as we could go home whenever we wanted to.)

We moved down the street to 5th East by John and Ella Whiting, This was three times we had moved by Whittings. The ~~three~~ moves we made in our married lives we were by each other.

We learned to love this little home, but on January 7 of the next year Owen left me. I was so glad I had this little home, It was home to me because Owen had lived in it for five months with me. My heart was broken but after a year or two I tried to make a new life for myself with my wonderful family, relatives and friends.

Owen was (Found in drawer--no beginning--)

hill, wher Beth Hall Barney lives now. Bought White home but didnot live in it a day.

The next year we moved to Bingham Canyon where we lived for ten years. My husband worked for Utah Copper Company now known as Kennacot Copper. There were 15 couples from Springville lived there also. We all lived in the same neighborhood. We were all close friends, partied and visited daily--ten of my happiest years. We had two children born in Bingham, Charlet and Fern, (Fern died), Marilyn was born in Springville, also Ione, But I came from Bingham to have Ione.

August 20, 1920 we moved back to Springville, bought the Frank Burt home, where we lived for 27 years. Beth and Ruth were born in that home. We loved that home. Our neighbors wer Aunt Rame Weight, Renze and Ida Weight, the Salsburys, and the John Whitings. "By the way--we made three moves in our married life, and each time, we, John and Ella, moved side by side, each time". Strange I think."

This home to Owen and I was our shrine, the beautiful east mountains, At the west, north and south the meadows, the open fields, the spring at the foot of the hill, the cool summer breeze of summer and the wind and snow flurries of winter, We had open fields all to ourselves as it was two blocks on the North, two on the West, one on the East. "I could holler and scream at my family. HaHa No one could hear but Aunt Rame Weight who lived across the street, and we didn't mind her as she was one of us.

In this home we had oodles of parties and lots of company-- "my girls tell me they slept on the floor so much for they gave up their beds to company."

Our family loved this home, they brought friends home to sleep, I used to say that I never knew who was coming down stairs with our girls. We loved that too.

Owen worked at the US Steel, rented the farm but left the pasture and a big yard. From this home we went to reunions, canyons, trips, Child's ranch, dances and ran around with two or three groups of friends. Oh, for these days over again.

July 28, we sold this home to our daughter Beth Hall Barney, (we were happy about this as we knew we could go home any time we liked.)

On August 20, 1946 we moved again down on 5th East still on center street by the Whitings again, as Own had a heart attack four years previous and had to retire. We learned to love this little home, but January 7, 1947 Owen left me, I was so glad I had a smaller home, and it was home to me then because I had Owen for five months after I lived there. My heart was broken but I had to keep on living. After awhile, I tried to make a life for myself with my wonderful family, friends and relatives. No one will ever know how much these and church friends did to make life once more worth living.

I have 25 of the nicest grandchildren a grandmother could have, Merrill, Lawrence, Jeanne, Bonnie and Diane have stayed with me a good part of the nights since I have been alone.

I have five of the best son-in-laws. I kid myself they like me, because if they don't I hope I never find out--but after all "I am a mother-in-law. Ha Ha I have thought many a time I wish Owen knew how good our girls and their husbands have been to me, (Maybe he does) who knows?

There is one with I desire most of all--this poem will explain:  
The Stick to-gether Family

Stick together families are happier by far  
Than the brothers and sisters who take separate highways are  
The gladdest people living are the wholesome folk who make  
A circle at the fireside that so power but death can break.  
And the finest of conventions ever held beneath the sun  
Are the little family gatherings when the busy day is done.

another verse

Its the Stick-to-gether family that wins the joy of earth  
That hears the sweetest music and finds the finest mirth.  
Its the old home roof that shelters all that charm that life can give.  
There you find the gladdest playground --there the happiest spot to live  
And a weary, wandering brother of contentment you will win  
Come you back into the fireside and be comrade With your kin.

Dad and Mother

This is what Owen was to me

The one husband and father in a million.  
His character lives on in our life  
His straight forward honesty, his love for me and our family,  
His ambition to get the things we enjoyed. In fact I think  
he worked too hard is why he left us so early in life. He went out  
on his own at the age of 14 years.  
His constant tenderness I rarely noticed, but I am sure I  
couldn't live without it.  
He never called me Pearl, always mama, mom or dear (even darling  
and sweetheart when we were alone. )  
Thank you Owen for holding my hand tight the day we were married  
For seldom remarking, "that's what we had for lunch".  
For the way your eyes lit up when our glances happened to meet at  
a party.  
For being so eternally there for me to lean on  
For the things you didn't say the day I wrecked the car up at Whitings.  
For balancing my checkbook without grumbling or pitying,  
Thank you Owen for just being you.

Thanks to him for making it possible for the life I have had  
since he left-as I am independant, have I want, go where I want to go.  
I have been on three conducted tours of the greyhound bus company--  
one to Los Angeles, sightseeing of the highlights, L.D.S. Temple,  
Disneyland, Hollywood, Knottsberry farm and Forest Lawn and etc.  
To New York, Vermont, Niagra Falls, the L.D.S. Pageant, all the  
Eastern States, sightseeing some of the largest cities, the Mormon  
Trek of the pioneers.

All the Southern states, New Mexico, Florida, the privilege of  
flying to Cuba. Words cannot express how I enjoyed these things.  
Trips to Worlds Fair in 1939.

This is all we can find.

Edward Owen Hall

Owen was born July 17, 1885 in Springville, Utah at ninth East and 2nd North. His father's name Joseph S. Hall son of Edward and Sophronia Perry Hall. His father was a farmer. His brothers were Elwood, Clifton and Theron Hall. His sisters were Edna Hall Wheeler, Maggie Hall Wood and Elner Hall. He was five foot eleven, light brown hair, blue eyes, average weight about 175 pounds. (175)

When he was 14 years old he had to go on his own and make his own living. He was a water boy in Prove Canyon, when he built the Heber railroad, he was working for Roylance Brothers. When he was sixteen he worked in the Thistle railroad ~~yards~~ yards. Later he followed construction work in many states. He then went to work for Reynolds and Roylance in Bigham as a boss, running their camp, building the mountain tracks for Utah Copper, now known as Kennecott Copper.

10-23-10 to 4-1-11 as Gang Boss

4-1-11 to 7-1-15 as Track Foreman

7-1-15 to 4-17-17 as Night General Foreman

4-17-17 to 8-10-20 as General Foreman

In 1920 August 10 he came back to Springville. He bought a home and a small farm at 1125 East Center. <sup>14 acres</sup> Where we lived until August 20, 1946. He was Springville Water Master for two years. On April 7, 1923 he went to Colombia Steel on construction of that plant. He was the first man to work for U.S. Steel of the Ironton Division. He put in the tracks in their yards and was foreman there until it was completed. Then when as general yard foreman until November 20, 1942. He had a heart attack and was unable to work. He passed away January 7, 1947, 4 years not working.

(2)

He worked on the scout committee. Always had a big responsibility. He was on the building committee for the 4th ward church. He was a promoter for getting the Steel Plant in Springville. He and I were on the <sup>city</sup> Old Folks committee. He was a secret service Detective in the first world war in Bingham. He was not a church goer because he was always on construction or working, but he was a generous man with assessments and donations, his family went to church all their lives.

He was a lover of his family, honest, honorable, a good citizen, he was loyal to his men, town and country. ~~He and Beth's boys--~~ One of the best husbands and fathers in the world. We were married Dec. 8, 1909 in Mothers home. Married later in Salt Lake Temple. We had six children. We lost a little girl after one month. Her name was Fern. There was Merlyn, Ione, Charlet, Beth and Ruth.

GRAN and DAD: by Ione Anderson

My first remembrance of Mother and Dad was at Bingham. They came out to bid us goodbye while they went out for the evening. I loved seeing them dressed up and going out. They always looked so nice and special--and then of course knowing that they would bring us home some Black Jack Gum.

They were two special people in one special union -- marriage: and in all sense what marriage really means; caring, sharing, loving and giving of oneself and commitment.

They were man and wife, friends, companions and of course father and mother, and apart from all that LOVERS. You could feel it and you could see it. Dad, leaving a little talcum powder on his face after shaving, knowing that Mother would brush it off for him when he kissed her. The ritual of bringing the pay check home and putting it in their private deposit box - down her neck-- knowing that she would spend it wisely. If he needed money he would ask for it. Mother, setting out in good weather watching for him and in bad, peeking out the window; (The pride and respect they had for each other.)

Oh, they had their differences. They had their fights. Mother was a feisty one and showed her temper on many occasions -- often pounding the wood burning stove with the poker when it wouldn't burn and with a few phrases she never used for any other occasion, telling Dad off if she thought it necessary, and tightening the reins so to speak on his "strong feelings".

Dad was -- honest, dependable, opinionated, gallant, a disciplinarian, fair, and loving. He was always ready and his hat on, long before Mother, not that Mother was always late, just that he was always early. One of his favorite beliefs was, "If a man couldn't be five minutes early he wasn't worth hiring." He was handsome, a gentleman and attentive to everything and everyone that touched him.

Mother was first of all a lady, gracious, cute, spunky, a tease, friendly and loving. She never gossiped nor criticized. She accepted people as they were. She was loved by everyone and made home a gathering place for much visiting and parties. It is still a sore spot with Merlyn, Charlet and Beth that she and Aunt Lottie wouldn't tell them any gossip that Mother and Aunt Lottie used to laugh at so often.



They were considerate of each other, Dad bustling mother into the front room right after dinner and leaving us poor girls to do the dishes. Mother making us go out to do the chores on extra cold nights because Dad would be tired and cold. Dad always went to bed first to warm mothers side and then move over for her to get in the warm side. Dad claiming he couldn't eat strawberries so Mother could have the first of the crop.

This marriage was a love story. They were childhood friends and teenage sweethearts. They spent their honeymoon in what was later our washhouse, where Beth's lives now, and with Dad ill with the small pox. We have often heard mother say how much she loved that little house and how cute it was. They were seldom apart throughout their lives. They never quit loving each other, it was only strengthened. They had their secret shared moments and shared a sign language. When Dad died a part of mother died with her, but she still carried on and even enjoyed many trips on the greyhound bus. She kept her friends and her love for his daughters, sons-in-law and grandchildren. Yes above all, they were lovers. In mother's own words after Dad's death she wrote.

"Thank-you Owen for holding my hand tight the day we were married.

For seldom remarking, 'That's what we had for lunch.'

For treating all my friends as though he liked them.

The way your eyes lit up when our glances happened to meet at a party.

For being so eternally there for me to lean on.

For the things you didn't say the day I wrecked our car up at Whitings.

For balancing my check book without grumbling or pitying.

Thanks for making it possible for the life I have had since you left.

Thank-you Owen for just being you."

And I say for all of us girls, Thank-you Mother and Dad for the HERITAGE you left us and for the memories of the happiest of childhood and for the love you always gave us and the support regardless of any sorrows or disappointments we may have given you.

Thank you for the sacrifices you both made for us. And thank the powers that be that gave you us for parents.