Grace Myrtle Woolf was born 2 Aug. 1889, at Cardston, Alberta, Canada, to John Anthony Woolf and Mary Lucretia Hyde, the 11th of their 12 children. Her parents went with Charles Ora Card and the first group of settlers to Cardston in June 1887. Their daughter, Zina, was the first child born in Cardston, arriving in Dec. 1887. Grace came along 2 years later in Aug. 1889. “Aunt” Susan Smith, an experienced midwife, was in attendance at her birth.

Grace was always very proud of the accomplishments of her family in this north land. Her father was the first bishop, her mother, the first Relief Society president, her brother, John, the first member of Parliament from the district, her sister, Jane, the first school teacher, and her sister, Zina, the first child born in Cardston.

Early in the year 1890, John A. Woolf received a call through Apostle John W. Taylor to build and operate a hotel, where travelers could not only be housed, but where Church doctrine and practices could be explained to all enquiring guests. It happened that most of the guests wanted to know who and what those Mormons were, and Bishop Woolf was a valuable exponent of the gospel, in which he so firmly believed. He impressed many with the validity of Mormon doctrine.

As a child, Grace enjoyed being able to help in the hotel her father owned; she remembered washing dishes when she was so small that she had to stand on a stool to reach her work. Her entire life was one of service to her fellow men, which made her loved by all.

Guests at the hotel were often men of prominence both in government and in the Church. The Governor General of Canada, Earl Grey, his wife, Lady Grey, and their daughter, Princess Pat, with their retinue visited Cardston on one occasion and were guests at the Woolf Hotel.

The year 1893 was a memorable one for the colonists of the Alberta Mission, because it culminated 40 years of building of the Salt Lake Temple; the magnificent edifice was ready to be dedicated. The Great Northern Railroad had arranged special fares for the occasion, so many of the colonists took advantage of the opportunity to attend the dedication and also to visit their relatives. John Anthony and Mary Lucretia Hyde Woolf and their 4 youngest children, Milton, Zina, Grace, and Charles, were among those who went. Both parents had a mother, brothers and sisters living in Logan and vicinity and they spent their time with them until conference and the dedication were over. This was the first time the children had seen their grandmothers, uncles and aunts and also the first time they had ever seen the luscious autumn fruits growing on the trees in Utah. Their Aunt, Jane Molen, brought in a pan full of beautiful apples and one of the children inquired, “Ma, hasn’t she got any carrots?” Needless to say the children soon cultivated a taste for apples. In May 1893, the family set out on their journey back to Canada. The last part of their trip was by railroad from Great Falls, Montana, to Lethbridge, Alberta, over the narrow-gage line spoken of as the “Turkey Trail.”

Grace was always trying to improve herself in every possible field. She worked in the Church when she lived where she could, teaching Sunday School, Relief Society and Mutual. She advised all her family to have patriarchal blessings early in life. Her father was a patriarch and she knew the value of these blessings.

In the Woolf home, each day began with all members of the family kneeling in prayer around the breakfast table and each taking his turn at prayer, from the time he was 8 years old. The family prayer always included a blessing on those in authority in the church, a blessing was
asked upon the family, a special blessing if a member were ill, and the prayer always included “a blessing upon our enemies, dear Lord, those who abuse and malign us that their minds may be enlightened and their hearts softened to the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ.”

Tragedy struck at the Woolf home when Charles Oliver, Grace’s youngest brother, and Charles Hinman accidentally took strychnine, a gopher poison, left in root beer bottles. They received the antidote too late to save their lives. The poison had been carelessly left with other bottles containing home made root beer similarly labeled at a neighbor’s house when the neighbors had moved the day before. The entire community was shaken and grieved by the deaths of these promising young men. Charles’ mother was in the hospital at the time of this accident, when her husband came to advise her of her son’s death, she said she already knew, as the Lord had made it known to her.

On 10 April 1916, Grace Myrtle Woolf and Thomas Henry Hatch were married in a ceremony performed by Sterling Williams (whose son later married the Hatches’ eldest daughter, Mary.)

Tom Hatch had been born in Livingston, Montana, and was not a member of the Church, although his genealogy ties in a few generations back with the Utah Hatches, who were members of the Church. His mother was Henrietta Burns and his father was Morton Williams Hatch, pioneer newspaperman in Montana.

5 children were born in this union. Mary Lucille married Brigham Young Williams and they live in Cardston. Henrietta married Sherman Collins Young in Salt Lake City, where they have lived and raised their family. Thomas Ross married Beth Hurd and they have lived in Cardston, as well as several different cities in the United States. They presently reside in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Stuart Woolf married Pearl Layton and they have had homes in Lethbridge, Riverside, Cal., and now Calgary. David Morton married Lorna Broadbent. David passed away 31 Dec. 1966. His wife and family live in Cardston and vicinity except for Judi, who married a young man from Utah, where they reside. There are 31 grandchildren.

Grace taught her daughters many of the home making arts as they worked along beside her. Her children always remember verses that she repeated to them, such as: “If a string is in a know, patience will untie it. Patience can do many things. Did you ever try it?” “Work while you work, then play while you play. This is the way to be happy and gay.”

Grace was an excellent cook. Her daughters remember comments from various guests that she was especially good at flavoring things just right. In the fall of the year, it was a joy to walk into her storage room and see shelves full of jars of peas, beans, corn, pickles, relishes, jams, jellies, cherries, peaches, pears, plums, apricots, and wild fruits such as service berries, chokecherry jelly and chokecherry syrup. There were always bottles of chicken and beef. Tom and Grace also had a root cellar filled each year with potatoes, carrots, turnips, squash, and cabbages. Grace also made sauerkraut. Delicious fruit cakes were made at Christmas time. Tom and the boys chopped ice from the river in winter and stored it in blocks in sawdust in the little 8' x 8' ice house for use in the summer. Grace made delicious ice cream, also pies, cakes and cookies. They raised a large vegetable garden and always had a few flowers by the front door.

When the cows were milked, the milk was brought to the house where the milk was separated from the cream. Some of the cream was saved to make butter and some was sold to the Cardston Creamery. The cream was churned into butter and delicious buttermilk was made. Every morning, in addition to washing breakfast dishes, the separator with its many parts had to
be washed.

Farming requires back-breaking labor for the woman as well as the man. Washday was not easy for Grace. Water was hauled from the river in barrels by her husband and sons. Then she heated it in kettles and in a large boiler on the wood and coal stove. When hot, it was transferred to the Maytag washer and to 2 rinse tubs. Grace made her own laundry soap when a lamb or mutton had been butchered, using mutton tallow and lye. She sorted the laundry according to color and started the whites through first, followed by the next-to-lightest, and so on. After coming through the last rinse, the clothes were hung out on the lines to dry. Bed linens and clothing always smelled wonderfully clean and fresh, after being handled in this way. It was another big project to bring in, fold and dampen for ironing all the clothes on Monday afternoons or evenings. If the weather was bad, the clothes were hung on lines in the basement. The children always had a tired mother on Monday nights, but a grateful and satisfied one because of a job well done.

Indians and Hutterites were friends of the Hatch family. Old irons with his long black braids, who couldn’t speak English, frequently came to visit. Grace always gave food, flour, sugar or a loaf of bread. The Hutterites still remember all of Tom’s and Grace’s 5 children; when those who live away visit Canada, they always go to the Hutterites colony, located just a mile from Tom’s and Grace’s farm, 7 miles east of Cardston. (In fact, the Huterites now own the land that was the Hatch Farm.) The Hutterites always treat them well and express their joy at seeing them.

The Hatches lived in humble circumstances, without indoor plumbing, while the children were growing up. However their home was always clean, neat and comfortable and a place of refuge. Their daughter, Mary, states, “Our parents loved us, we loved them, and we loved one another. A year after their deaths we did their temple work and we are all sealed together as a family. We will enjoy one another’s company in the great hereafter.”

Grace loved the Church, and the Church hymns were beautiful as she sang them to the children. She also sang these songs:

Two little children were playing together
Never a quarrel had they
Until Carrie one day, just to tease her young brother,
Tauntingly to him did say,
“I know that Mother loves me more than you.”
“She doesn’t” answered George with a boast.
So they ran in the house and said, “Mother, please tell
Which one of us do you love most?”

“My dear little children, you are both dear to me.
I love you both the same and thus it shall ever be.
Carrie, you’ve always been a good child
And George, a good boy, although somewhat wild.
So run out now and play. Make up and be gay,
For you both are my little sweethearts.”

I DON’T WANT TO PLAY IN YOUR YARD
Once there lived side by side, two little maids,
Used to dress just alike, hair down in braids,
Blue gingham pinafores, stockings of red,
Little sunbonnets tied on each pretty head.
When school was over secrets they’d tell,
Whispering arm in arm, down by the well,
One day a quarrel came, hot tears were shed:
“You can’t play in our yard,”
But the other said:

I don’t want to play in your yard,
I don’t like you any more,
You’ll be sorry when you see me
Sliding down our cellar door.
You can’t holler down our rain-barrel,
You can’t climb our apple tree,
I don’t want to play in your yard
If you won’t be good to me.

Next day two little maids each other miss.
Quarrels are soon made up, sealed with a kiss.
Then hand in hand again, happy they go,
Friends all thro’ life to be, they love each other so.
Soon school days pass away, sorrows and bliss
But love remembers yet, quarrels and kiss,
In sweet dreams of childhood, we hear the cry:
You can’t play in our yard:
And the reply: (Repeat chorus)

Grace’s home, family and religion were her whole life & her children love her for it. She passed away in Cardston after a lengthy illness 31 May 1960, saying before she died, “I am at peace.” Her husband Tom died 6 months later. They lived in times of poverty and prosperity and their children call them good.

Mary Hatch Williams and Henrietta Hatch Young, daughters

Typed into the computer 27 Oct. 2002 Kathleen Jardine Woolf  Idaho Falls, Idaho
Information from book JOHN ANTHONY WOOLF AND FAMILY  Publ. 1986