

PHOEBE ANN HARDY JONES

Typed by Kathleen J Woolf Oct 2002

I was born 16 April 1867 at Provo, Utah, the daughter of James and Mary Ann Hyde Hardy. I was the 6th child of a family of 8, 5 boys and 3 girls, all of whom have preceded me in death. The house in which I was born was a low 2 room adobe structure located on the corner of 7th West and 3rd South, Provo, Utah. It was the block on which the Franklin School now stands. It was known as the old Billy Kidd home. I do not remember any incidents connected with my life at this home, as I was very young when we moved from here. I do know however, that we lived under very trying circumstances, as my mother has told me how she lay in bed when my sister, Rebecca, was born and counted the stars through the cracks in the roof of the house, also how she sat up in bed and washed clothes for her baby with water heated only by burning shavings, as she had only 6 diapers for her and it was difficult to get someone to come in and help with this kind of work.

We later moved to a house on 6th West and 4th South which father purchased from Mr. Leatham, the house being built some years before by Thos. N. Vincent. This house had 3 rooms and although it was a very humble place, was much nicer than the former one. The north room of this home was used by father as a cooper shop, as this was his means of livelihood, and I well remember helping him on various occasions. One day I especially remember when I was holding the barrel staves all upright with my arms stretched around them and just as father went to slip the hoop over them, one slipped and down they all fell. I also remember the smack father gave me, he was so angry, and it was quite a job to get them all together again.

Although our circumstances were very modest, we were very happy in this home. We did not have money to purchase our entertainment, in fact, there was little entertainment to be had other than that we made for ourselves. I remember the rag dolls Augusta Peterson and I used to make with old pieces of bleach. We painted the faces and stuffed them with old rags and sewed for them just as proudly as if they had been purchased for a large sum of money. One winter we had such a lot of snow, it came right up to the window sills, and oh how my sister, Becky, and I wanted a sled. We had no money to buy one, but we did have a box and some pieces of wood father had left from his barrel making, so we went to work to make us a sled, and we had lots of fun that winter sleighing over the snow. Another form of entertainment was rag cutting and sewing. When mother wanted to make a carpet we girls would invite our friends to a party and we would sew rags all afternoon, laughing and chatting and having just a fine time, after which mother would serve us a lovely supper. My, how mother could cook. I will never forget how good her roast beef and cabbage tasted. It seemed nobody's cabbage ever tasted as good as hers. When we were a little older, mother let us help with the peach and apple cuttings. Again we would invite our friends and sit around a huge pile of fruit, paring and cutting the fruit for drying. At these parties our refreshments were very often molasses candy or molasses cake. Today young girls think they have to spend a lot of money for parties and refreshments, but I am sure that noone ever had more fun than we did at these peach and apple cuttings. In the fall after the wheat had been cut, we would go into the fields and pull up the ground cherries which grew among the wheat. We would sit in the shade and shell them, and when measured, often had 30 to 40 quarts. These had to be scalded and dried and then we would sell them for 10 cents a pound. This was quite a lot of work but there was a demand for the cherries and we were glad to do it to get a little money. I remember a dress I bought with some money I made this way, it was brown and oh so pretty.

I entered school at the age of 8 years, first attending Mrs. Oakley's school at 5th So. Between 5th and 6th West, also at 3rd So. Between 5th & 6th West, and later the school of Reinhart Maeser at 5th West and 2nd South. At the age of 14 it became necessary for me to leave school and go to work to help support myself as father was called to go on a mission to England. Mother took in washing and my brothers worked on the dray wagon. Aunt Elizabeth Smith Hardy, father's second wife and her children moved into part of our house, while father was away, and we all worked together to keep him on his mission and keep things going while he was away.

My earliest employment was doing housework and taking care of homes, where new babies had been born, later doing some practical nursing. The wages for this work were small receiving \$2.50 to \$3.00 per week, and sometimes washing most of the day for \$.50. I also worked at the D&RG eating house run by John Deal for a number of years. Here I made many friends, among whom were Maxie Hurst, Bell Eddingburg, Marie Strong, Annie Strong Graham, Minnie York and many others. We had many good times together. Some mornings Minnie York and I would get up at 5 a.m. and climb on one of the workers hand cars and ride down to the river and back before time to get breakfast for the men on the early train. It was a practice to serve chicken dinners and usually the chickens were brought to the café ready to be cooked, but one day when a large crowd was expected, 30 chickens were delivered, which were not dressed. I happened to be alone at the time and felt that it was my duty to get the chickens ready for cooking so without making any fuss I proceeded to dress the 30 chickens. It was not until 2 a.m. that I had them ready, and by that time I was not only tired, but pretty mad, and came near quitting my job, but Mr. Deal was very nice and said he would certainly have gotten some of the other girls to help if he had of known, so I stayed.

At the age of 19 while working at the home of Levan Beebe, my mother passed away very suddenly of a heart attack. This was a great sorrow to me for although, I had not lived at home for a number of years, I loved her dearly and felt the loss very keenly. Mother's passing, however, brought me a room of my own, for father felt that now it would be better for him to move to the home of Aunt Elizabeth, who had since located in a home on 2nd So. And 8th West. My brother Al and his family was to have the rest of the house. I was happy to have a room for myself that I could entertain my friends and did the best I could to make the room pleasant and comfortable. I had always loved pretty things and although this was a very modest beginning, I white washed the walls and scrubbed the floor with lye water to make it attractive. I had formerly taken care of a Mrs. Wallace, a convert of father's from England, during an illness, which had caused her death, in fact this dear old lady died in my arms. After her death Mr. Wallace discarded much of the furnishings, among which was a piece of home made carpet, about 2 yards square. I did not have a carpet for my room and Mr. Wallace gladly gave me this piece, which I tacked in the center of the room and continued for sometime to scrub the outside with lye water. In the meantime I cut and sewed rags to make me a new carpet which was woven by Mrs. Augusta Sward. I also embroidered some pillow shams. These I made out of squares of white bleach with peacocks embroidered in red, and crocheted popcorn lace around the outside. I had been lucky enough to win a Christmas drawing at the West Co-op, a nice white bedspread, so although I had but one pillow and had to place a flour sack filled with rags on the other side of the bed, for balance, I was so proud as could be of my new possessions. One night I brought a friend, Maraby Davis Johnson, home to sleep with me. As we came into the room I reached for the lamp to light it, of course, we had only coiloil lamps, but my lamp was gone. Rather vexed, I

went into father's room (father had not yet moved from the home) to ask if he had used my lamp. He had not, but inasmuch as I could not find it, I borrowed his. I lit the lamp, and as I did so, the form of a man in my bed met my eyes. I screamed and ran to father, who jumped out of bed, pulling on his trousers as he ran to my room. He turned down the covers and there in my bed was a wooden keg. "This is some of Heb's work", cried father, and so it was, and did Heb get it the next morning.

During these years we had many friends, and among the boys pals, one who seemed to come more often than the others. This young man was Samuel T. Jones. We attended choir practice and those good old second ward dances together, and it was not long before our friendship ripened into love. We were married 28 May 1891 at the home of Grandpa and Grandma Jones on 4th So. Between 2nd and 3rd West, by Evan Wride. My wedding gown was of white embroidery with a wide cream colored satin sash tied in a large bow in the back. It has short puffed sleeves, and I wore a corsage of orange blossoms. After the ceremony Grandma Jones served an elaborate hot supper of bakes ham, chicken, wedding cake and all the "fixings". Later the Provo Silver Band of which Mr. Jones was a member, came to furnish music for dancing on the lawn.

For a short time after our marriage we lived in the one room which had been my home, later moving to the home of Grandma and Grandpa Jones. Here our first son was born. This was in August 1894. On 8 Oct 1895 we went to the Salt Lake Temple and were sealed by A. H. Lund. Temple sealings were performed the same day for my sisters and brothers not born under the covenant, also for family of Thomas W. Jones.

After a short time we felt the need of a home of our own and father offered to sell us the old home. In the fall of 1896, we again moved to the only home I had ever known. Here 6 more children were born to us: Thomas William, Zella Phoebe, Mayme, James H., Mary Eliza, and a baby who lived only a few hours. James H. Lived only 3 days and Mary Eliza 24 days. Zella Phoebe died at the age of 5 years from diphtheria.

Although we had quite a lot of sickness and our circumstances were humble, we were very happy. Mr. Jones sang out a great deal and it was not always convenient for me to accompany him, but I was proud and happy to see him participate in those musical affairs. It was always our desire to build a new home and for this reason little was done to make the old house more convenient, but this desire came to an abrupt end when on 21 Aug 1912, Mr. Jones passed away after an operation for appendicitis. At the time of his death he was custodian for the Franklin School, and through the goodness of Johnie Farrer and the Board of Education, my sons Viril at 18 and Will 16, were allowed to keep the work. This was quite heavy work for the boys as they were not large in stature, but they were willing to work hard to keep our little family comfortable. We kept the work at the school for 2 years receiving \$60.00 per month. In July 1915 it was deemed advisable to move from our home to the home at the Utah Stake Tabernacle where the boys would be employed to do the custodian work, while Viril attended the KBYA.? Everything possible was done so that the children might have an education, and we all worked together at my honest occupation so that this might be accomplished. We returned to our home 8 July 1917, 2 years later.

My chief hobby has been quilt making. This has not only provided many pleasant hours but has been the means of making a few dollars with which to make some desired purchases. In Sep. 1921 the Dixon Taylor Russell Furniture Co. Was established and I was employed by them. My duties consisted of keeping the furniture dusted and arranged in an artistic manner. I worked

only during the mornings, leaving the afternoon to look after duties at home. I have always appreciated the association with this firm. While it has enabled me to make a comfortable living, I have also formed many sweet friendships which has made my life fuller and more enjoyable. I can truthfully say that working with these people has kept me young in spirit, and today I still enjoy association with the young men and women of this splendid company. I retired from their employ in 1936, at the age of 70. I worked 15 years. It is a joy to still be remembered by them as one of the employees and I am always invited to any social function they may have, including the Christmas party, which is always a lovely affair. The girls of the store made me very happy each year by remembering my birthday and always come down and spend an evening with me at that time, having dinner and talking of the good times we have had. This occupation has enabled me to add to my home many conveniences, and I still take my greatest joy in beautifying and keeping it in good repair. Just the past few weeks, I with the help of my grandson, Keith, have redecorated the outside of the house, painting the walls and woodwork. It is always a delight to have passerby make complimentary remarks and ask to see the inside, which often happens.

I have always been active in the LDS Church, being baptized 17 Aug. 1873 by Thomas Allman. I was counselor in the MIA with Ruth Baily and the other counselor was Emily Brown Maxfield. In this capacity I was editor of "The Garland" a publication edited by the MIA. At an early age I was a Relief Society Teacher, visiting for 40 years, members and non-members alike, helping in sickness and cheering those who were called to mourn. For 23 years I acted as chairman of the decorating committee of the 2nd Ward, never failing to have everything in order, with sometimes 2 services in one day. Martha Allen, Mercy Peay, Emma Leatham, were other members of this committee. When we were released from this position a lovely party was given us by the Relief Society sisters and we were all presented with a beautiful vase as a token of appreciation for our services. I am now one of the Sunshine Mothers of the Relief Society and a member of the Daughters of the Pioneers, and enjoy making my calls and attending the meetings.

The Lord has surely blessed me with good health to accomplish all I have, and it is my earnest and fervent prayer that I may yet enjoy many years of usefulness among my children and friends here upon the earth.

(The foregoing was written by daughter-in-law LaVon H. Jones, at the desire of Phoebe Ann Hardy Jones, Aug. 1941. She took ill in Dec. Of 41 near Christmas. Recovered from a stroke and visited Mayme. Suffered another one and passed away quietly 7 Jan. 1942 on a Sabbath Evening. Funeral services were held 11 June 1942 in Provo. Buried at Provo Cemetery)

LaVon and Bill were so good to her for many years. Their children also.

LaVon has added the following. Dec. 1978

37 years ago, 18 Aug. 1941 this history of Phoebe Ann Hardy Jones, along with one of her husband Samuel Thomas Jones, which should accompany this history, was read at the James Hardy Family Reunion held at Park-R-She, Provo, Utah. At that time T. William Jones, a son, was secretary of the Hardy Organization, so these histories along with others of the Hardy family, including James Hardy and Mary Ann Hyde Hardy are recorded in the minute book used at that time.

Grandpa Samuel T. Jones was deceased at the time of writing so/was as complete as it was possible for me to get, but I had never added to Grandma Phoebe Ann's, and I feel it is important to complete this even though she lived less than a year from the time this was read, having passed away 7 June 1942 at 75 years at her home, and I would like to add a few thoughts of my own to impress upon you grandchildren, some of her worthy attributes. LaVon

Grandma was small in stature but she was a powerhouse of energy. Having been widowed when she was 45 years of age, she and her 2 boys Samuel Viri, and T. William and daughter Mayme worked and cooperated to keep the little family in modest means. Viri and Bill taking over the job of custodian of the Franklion School after their fathers death and grandma doing a little home nursing. After the boys were married, at the age of 54, grandma began working for Dixon Taylor Russell Furniture Co., as she has mentioned, keeping the furniture on display dusted and dusting the office. Mayme remembers that she was always at the store well ahead of the office personnel, the office would be ready when they arrived. She had been trusted with a key as she could admit herself, and in the winter it was often still quite dark when she arrived.

This proved to be a very pleasant 15 years as she made many friends among the employees. Friends who came to love her and treat her like a mother. She worked only the morning hours leaving the rest of the day to care for her home, attend her Relief Society and Daughter of Utah Pioneer meetings and other social activities. She and a friend, Mercy Peay spent many hours quilting during the afternoons. Sister Peay was very adept at designing quilting patterns and she would mark the quilts. Later I learned to do this for grandma and cut many patterns myself which had been used for quilts, which we made for other people as well as for ourselves. Grandma made many a dollar doing this work for she and Mrs. Peay were fine quilters and they always had plenty of this work brought to them.

She loved her home most of all and was always doing something to improve it and "Pretty is Up". It was an old home, as has been mentioned in her writing, but to her it was a palace and she was always proud of it. Grandma had always been called "Dollie" and from this and from the fact that the home was always so immaculately kept, it was often called "The Doll House". Her pretty curtains were always a delight to her and to those passing who often ask to come in and see the little place.

I (LaVon) have written quite explicitly of life in this little home in the history I wrote of my husband, Thomas William Jones, so I won't elaborate too much on this as you should all have a copy of "Bill's History". I am sure most of you will remember how Grandma loved to have us come to her place on her birthday and exacted a promise from us that we would always spend our Thanksgiving Day with her, and how we loved to get together. The family wasn't large but now there were 16 of us and that was crowd enough for the little house. After a delicious turkey dinner we all gather in the "parlor" sometimes called the "north room" and had a little program. Viri would sing and the children always had a few little readings or songs to perform and grandma would sometimes dress up and sing a couple of little ditty's they used to sing when she was a young girl, LaDeDa and ABC Song. One of Grandma's favorite songs was "I'll take you home again Kathleen". She had the record and we would play it over and over on the phonograph the DTR Co. Had given her on a Christmas. Grandma had a piano so we would all sing some of the old songs she loved. After the program we always played Rook or Mormon Bridge for an hour or so then we would draw names for Christmas gifting. Yes, It was always a festive day for all of us and we kept together for our Thanksgiving dinner for several years after Grandma passed away, but soon our children married and had children and it became hard to entertain them all in one home, so we had to give it up, and that was a sad gesture, because we have drifted too far apart now, our individual families have moved from one end of the state to the other, Reid and family moved to California, and we seldom get to visit. We should try to get together at least once a year...let's try.

Another treat Grandma used to make for us, which we always had on New Years Day, at our place, was her Old English beef and onion puddings. She wrapped the beef cubes or onions in a dough made of suet, flour and milk, tied the ball in a square of cotton material, and Oh how good it was. I never learned to make them myself, and I have often regretted it, and I've never found a recipe for it. I did learn to make Yorkshire pudding from Grandma though, a batter poured around a beef roast and cooked in the oven until it puffed up light and brown, and I always think of her when I make one now.

Mayme is the only living child at this time, Dec. 1978. Virl, the oldest married Etta Reid and most of their married life spent in Springville, Utah. They had 5 children, S. Reid, Valena, Elaine, Clifford and a baby who passed away at birth. T. William married LaVon Henrichsen and they had 3 children, Keith William, Geraldine and Nelma Jean. Mayme married Glen Baker and they had 2 boys, Robert and David and made their home in American Fork where Mayme still lives. LaVon still lives in the home they built on the property adjoining the old home. How proud Grandma was to have a picture of the home with all the family taken. She had Mr. Larsen of Larsen Photo Studio come down on a Sunday morning and we all "dressed up" for this family picture, I'm so glad we have it.

However time "takes its toll" with houses as well as people and after Grandma left, the place became so run down we were sad to see it. The family sold it to a neighbor George Myers, who again sold it, and thus it was sold several times, each time becoming more untidy. The last lady who lived in it a Mrs. Molly Seybold, was very happy living there, she had never had a home and she did love the place, but could do little to keep it fixed up. When she passed away in 1976 they sold it to Merrill and Lucile Christopherson, who are building a 4-plex for rental purposes. It was on 2 Aug. 1976 that the pounding of the heavy machinery awoke me as the walls of the home were pushed over, this happened to be Mayme's birthday. Although happy to see something attractive being built, it was heart breaking to know the little home, where the family was raised was to be no more. However pleasant memories will remain with us forever. I know Grandma would be proud to see this nice apartment house and to know the place would be kept neat and clean. I must say how happy we are that the Christophersons have seen fit to keep the Chestnut tree and the Flowering Hawthorne Tree, and I have suggested to Lucile and Merrill that the place be called "Chestnut Apts." Many of you know that the Chestnut tree was brought from England, just a little twig, my Grandfather James Hardy, so it is special to us.

After Grandma quit her work her health began to fail somewhat, although she kept her home up and we tried to keep the yard looking nice. Bill still planted the garden and the place always had a clean tidy look, inside and out. She had "high blood pressure" so was somewhat restricted in what she could do but never complained.

She loved to go to Mayme's for Christmas, her only daughter. Her last Christmas, 1941, she hustled about getting her bag packed, a few gifts for Mayme's children tucked in, and I am sure she reveled in the excitement of spending the holiday with her 2 grandsons. Mayme was to come for her in the early afternoon, but being busy with her own Christmas preparations, she called me on the phone and said if we would put her on the Interurban, an electric car, which ran from Payson to Salt Lake, she would meet her at the station in American Fork. Keith would take her to the station and put her on the car. One of Grandma's idiosyncrasies was being early, and being early meant to be a half hour earlier than necessary for any appointment, so when Keith came for her she was already on her way, about a block from home. He got out of the car to help

her in but found the little soul incapable of speaking and almost ready to fall. She let him know she still wanted to go to the station, but when he got her there, he could see that she could not possible make the trip so brought her to me. I was at my mothers helping with our Christmas preparations. We immediately brought her home, I called the Dr. And got her to bed and by that time I could see that she had had a stroke. The excitement of the day, plus the anxiety of making the trip by train had been too much for her. Dr. Nixon, her Dr. For sometime, came and assured us that she couldn't be moved. Of co urse, I called Mayme, who came over and stayed the night with her. Glen and the boys coming the next day. I am sure this was a disappointment to the boys, but it was the only thing to be done, we were all heartsick. We stayed with her night and day and cared for her as we would a baby. Mayme coming part of the time and Etta and Virl coming from Springville, when they could, to relieve me. Then I had a bout with phlebitis and could not continue to make the trips over to Grandma, but by this time she had improved enough that Mayme took her to their place for a few weeks. The improvement didn't last long, however, and again she was brought back and we all did all we could to make her comfortable and care for her needs, until on 7 June 1942, the Lord in his infinite wisdom called her home. She had earned her reward and would now be able to join her husband and babies, who she had not been able to raise on this earth.

May I say that years before she had her burial dress and Temple robes made by Essie Eelck, a woman who was a professional in this type of sewing, showing how she wanted to take care of herself right to the very end.

Services were held in the 2nd Ward Chapel, Benjamin Knudsen being Bishop. Walter Whitehead was one of the speakers, the choir sang and Allen Brothers quartette sang, also Bernice Dastrup sand "Peace I Leave with You." Grandpa Jones had sung with the father of these Allen brothers, John K. Allen, and they were dear friends of the family. Many relatives and friends of "Aunt Doll" came to offer their love and sympathy and floral tributes were beautiful. Burial was in Provo City Cemetery.

(Written by LaVon H. Jones, daughter-in-law, Dec. 1978, to be given to her children and grandchildren at Christmas. It is my desire that others of her grandchildren will accept and cherish this history and tribute to their grandmother. With love, Signed LaVon H. Jones.