

## Return to Naples

When grandpa and grandma decided they had lived long enough in Rainbow, they pulled up stakes again. They returned to Naples to the farm they had purchased when they moved from the Ouray Indian Reservation. The road they took was the same the used when they went to Rainbow in the first place.

The "Devil's Playground" looked just like this when we visited it 23 years later in 1953

to hunt fossil turtles and go on to Rainbow. Except our horses were under the hood. Otherwise, it was just like this. Even the road wasn't much different, being a bit smoother perhaps but still packed dirt. . Desolate dry territory that will never look any different until massive mountain building or subsidence happens. Because there is no water to weather and etch and transform the terrain. The top of some of those mounds contained fossils, discussed below in Volume 8 - Seward 1951.

Here's another image of the Devil's Playground, with an automobile this time:



**Figure 1 View of a horse drawn stagecoach on the Dragon-Vernal line at "Devil's Playground"** <http://gowest.coalliance.org/cgi-bin/imager?10021885+X-21885>



**Figure 2 The "Devil's Playground" between Bonanza and Jensen, Utah.**  
<http://gowest.coalliance.org/cgi-bin/imager?00138208+GB-8208>

As noted above, this is how Devil's Playground looked when we went there in 1953 to hunt fossil turtles and go on to Rainbow. The road which was still hard-packed dirt that produced immense clouds of dust, was still like a roller-coaster. Many of these mounds contained a turtle skeleton, the objective of our visit to the Devil's Playground.

### Farming in Naples

The move from Rainbow to Naples occurred after the onset of the Great Depression. The family consisted of 11 children, two of whom were married,

Harold and Ross. Grandpa moved with their belongings, by horse and wagon out to Dragon and then along this Dragon-Vernal road to Naples.

The family still struggled financially in Naples. Mom told the story today of a new dress that her mom

made for her. She was perhaps 8 years old and her mom walked to the Naples Store, out on US 40 about half a mile from her home. While she was there buying some baking soda or other basic staple, she noticed that the store had received a new shipment of hundred pound sacks of flour. Since she always needed more flour she went back and told Little Marie, the last girl of the litter, that there

were new flour sacks with pretty designs and asked her if she wanted to walk back to store and pick one out. Mom did, so they went back to the store and she picked out one that she liked, one that had a pretty design. Grandma used the flour in her trice weekly baking of 8 loaves of bread. She washed the sack, took the seam apart and made a dress for mom who was thrilled.

During her teenage years, she wanted to continue her education. Does that strike you as an odd thing for a teenager to do? In those days in that community it was, but not to Marie. She was one of the Susan B. Anthony females in the US, I think, who was discovering her identity and worth as a human being. Education seemed, to her, to be an important thing that she should acquire, a natural extension of earlier education, that would prepare her for life. Her mom had finished high school, but the problem was Fuller. He emphatically did not approve of women getting education, of Marie going to high school. I hope that shocks you. Your great-grandfather was adamantly opposed to educating women, simply because they were women. Isn't that appalling? He apparently thought that a



**Figure 3** <http://vintagefabrics.safeshopper.com/8/73.htm?837>

woman's place was bare-foot, pregnant and in front of a stove.

But Marie was Marie, a steely woman with a powerful Bronx Cheer character. She somehow prevailed on her parents - doubtless with the strong endorsement of Teen because Fuller was implacable when he made up his mind- to allow her to go Vernal High School on the west side of Vernal. To be able to do that, she had to arrange a place to live in near the high school because there was no school bus in those days. Universal education with municipally-funded buses was still a pipe dream. She had to be near the high school so that she could start each morning on time. Her home in Naples was perhaps 8-10 miles away, and without a car, it was impossible for her to travel to the school to start on time. So she managed to find housing, and pay for it, which was near the high school. And completed some time at the high school, though she was called away by familial obligations before she finished, a burden that she carried her whole life. Neither mom nor dad graduated from high school.

### The Baby and the Bread Can

Last night while talking to Mom about the 'new' house in Naples she told me a story that still bothers her. She was about 12 years of age. She explained that her mom had been president of the Relief Society for most of the time she had lived in Naples. I had heard that before and found it eminently reasonable, such a peaceful quiet woman. She is the only person I have met who embodies what I believe "Christian Charity" is. No anger, no threats, no boastfulness, no hypocrisy. So she was suited to lead a group by nature and example.

Mom's life was obviously affected by her mother's responsibilities. She said that about this age, she and several girl friends had made plans to go into 'town', i.e. Vernal, for a Saturday afternoon. She went home to tell her mom and get ready to leave, but her mom told her that she couldn't go, that she needed Marie in the house that afternoon to help, so mom had to cancel her participation in the outing. What had happened was the grandma had asked women in the group to make several quilts that she was going to give to a family that needed them. Unfortunately, the quality of the work that the adult women had done was unsatisfactory to grandma, a highly skilled quilter. [The quilt she gave me as a

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wedding present is now in Lisa's home if you'd like to see it. She made that quilt entirely by hand when she was 79 years old. It does not have the quality of her work when she was in her prime, but it was a gift of love created in her twilight years as she sat alone in a tiny apartment in SLC. She lived 4 years after grandpa died.]

Grandma kept mom home that afternoon to help her unpick all of the poor work. Then they had to rematch the blocks and corners and edges and re-tie and finish off the quilts.

The most distasteful responsibility grandma had was to lay out the dead and prepare them for burial. There probably were undertakers but these people couldn't afford them, so the congregation took care of the process for the bereaved family. This meant undressing and washing the bodies. Then clean clothing had to be put on, hair had to be combed and the body arranged in a coffin. Grandma did that for years. She was known to be a compassionate kind person who treated the deceased with respect and courtesy so people liked her to do it.

In addition to laying out the bodies, grandma also finished the coffins. Mom said that the coffins were made by any carpenter in the congregation who had time but that her dad never made one. He wasn't skilled at wood-working. After the coffin was made, it was taken to grandma who would line it and cover it. She used a thin cotton batt to pad the inside of the coffin, covering the bat with a satiny cloth of a solid color. Mom said it was difficult to get the cloth because of the depression so they used pretty much what was at hand. She'd then cover the entire outside of the coffin with another fabric that was preferably one that had a textured pattern to it, a sort of brocade. This attention to appearances was appreciated by the family and congregation.

Grandma baked bread every couple of days but the kitchen didn't have much storage space or counter space. One loaf of bread was stored in the kitchen in the "bread can" and the others were put on the chest of drawers in grandma's bedroom under a white dishtowel. Everyone knew that was where the extra bread was and went there to get more if needed. Mom came home from school one afternoon and went to get a piece of bread out of the bread can in the kitchen and found it empty. She went into the bedroom to get a new loaf, lifted the dishtowel, and found a dead baby.

The shock to her was obviously great. Grandma had forgotten to tell her to

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watch out in there. Mom also had to help sew the white burial clothing for the baby. A little girl. Stillborn.

The following pages have more photos of mom from about age 10 to about age 17 when she left home to meet James Alvin in Seward Alaska.

### Marie Photos

According to mom's history, she was around 10 when she moved to Naples. This image must have been taken about that time. It looks like 11 or 12 and really does have mom's features by now.



Marie doesn't look like she's too happy about this photo business or not. She looks to be a bit older in this photo than the one above, around 12 or 13 years old in her bobby sox



She's hanging out here with one of her girl friends, probably one of the Goodrich girls who lived down the road from them. The sign in the back says "We fix flats", and important service in those days. She's about 14 in this photo, a few years away from meeting James Alvin.



### Elementary School

Mom walked to the Naples school every day. There were no school buses to haul kids like there are now. You can just make out the school house in the left background in this photo on mom. She did that 6 years. The next years, she still walked to the school, but now there was a bus to take her into Vernal, first to the junior high school and then high school. Uncle Frank, grandpa's brother, had the contract to drive the bus. He provided an old bus first and then the school district bought the standard, yellow school bus for him to drive.



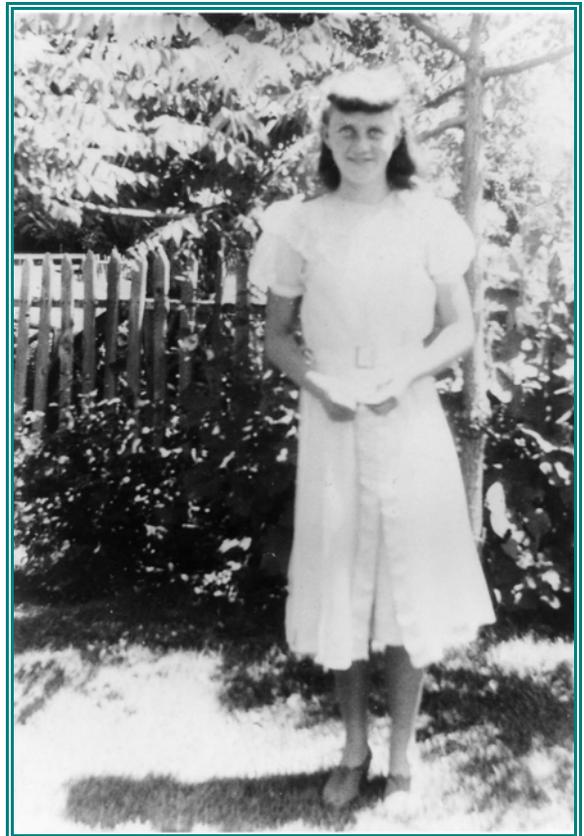
## Uphill - Both Ways

Chapter 3: Naples 1929

She's advancing in years and is wearing the pageboy hair style that was popular. Her clothing is doubtless of her own construction because she learned early from her mom how to sew well.



By now she has turned away from the tomboy into a young lady who stays - more or less- neat and tidy. I can't place the yard because I don't think grandpa ever put in a picket fence.



This is a photo of mom and Grant taken up in the mountains above Vernal. For some reason this photo bothers me. Grant is smiling like a hyena but mom looks devastated and vulnerable. I do not understand the profound difference in affect. Compared to the other photos of mom, she looks to be nearly dead in this one. What happened.



She is now a late teenager. She may have already met this James Alvin. This show is a good one of the front of the house. The steps have been moved from the right end to the front. The patten in the color of the house is probably a pattern that was created at the time the stucco was applied to the lath.

The interesting thing is the window over the porch. Was there a second floor? I don't remember such. There was a basement, the first such thing I'd ever seen but I don't remember a second floor or an attic.



## Vernal High School

Many years ago, when Mom was coherent and logical, she told me the story of how she pursued her education. The first obstacle was her father. Fuller apparently opposed female children getting an education. He preferred that they stay at home, cook and have babies. Literally. That sounds like an unfair characterization of him but mom's explanation that he wanted to keep her from attending high school doesn't leave much of an alternate explanation.

That didn't prevent all of his daughters from trying to finish high school. Mom's own history tells about Mable, Bessie and Pearl going to high school. She had the same aspirations. Her mother supported the girls in this however. She was the only one of that pair who grew up with an appreciation of education. Her dad would not let any of his children get married until they had finished high school and Teen did that.

I've received conflicting stories from her about how she managed to get to high school every day. In one version, the more recent one, she took a bus from the Naples school every day. In the other version, she stayed in Vernal with someone during the week so she could get to school easily.

I don't remember who she stayed with in Vernal but think it may have been someone in the large Goodrich family that lived in the region. They were the honey makers *par excellence*. If you wanted the purest, sweetest, lightest honey in the region, buy Goodrich honey. It was clover honey, as sweet and mild as any you could fine.

Anyway, that family was all over and some of them lived down the road from Fuller's house and were friends of Marie. So it is not unlikely that Marie lived with them during the school year. The other band of people who would have put her up during the school week would have been relatives but she had no relatives in Vernal. All of her family lived out there in Naples and Jensen so she had to rely on friends of the family to help. She said that the home she lived in was on the west side of town not far from the high school. In fact, I somehow remember that this home was not far from the two story building that was designated as the Seminary. I remember it personally from the time I passed it while I was on the school bus going to the high school.

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## Mercur

Mom went to Mercur to live with Pearl in the summer of 1939-1940 -I still am not sure- to help while her next child was born. Mable was already there helping but the amount of work to be done in the house, with Pearl's kids and Tharel's store was so great that Mable needed help. During that summer, Marie met James Alvin and her life was changed. The story of her brief life in Mercur is told in the next volume, Volume 4 - Mercur 1939.