

Mae Walker Bond

May 1898

May is a beautiful time of the year in New Mexico. The farmers have their fields plowed and mostly planted. The trees are starting to have leaves. The fruit trees are blooming and the wild flowers are everywhere. The lambs, calf, and colts are frolicking close to their mothers. May 1 is declared "May Day," with celebrations of sorts, including a program and games and the braiding of the maypole. It seems everything has come to life after a long winter.

The first of May 1898 was a special May Day for William Albert Walker and Lottie Brimhall Walker, for their ninth child, a daughter, was born. Because I was born on the first day of May, I was named Mae. I had black hair and brown eyes, just like my father. Excitement was everywhere in this humble home. I was delivered by a midwife, and my mother had a struggle bringing me into the world, leaving her very weak.

My parents had been married 21 years. They courted in Swan Lake, Idaho, were married in Brigham City, Utah, and immediately moved to Salt Valley, Arizona, Silver Creek, now known as Taylor, Apache County, Arizona. They were sent there by Prophet Brigham Young to pioneer this area. My father was an Indian scout and had a cattle ranch in ownership with his brother Jesse H. Walker. He was a very good blacksmith, like his father before him. Their family grew to seven children while in Arizona. When my father's brother Jesse died and the cattle rustlers took most of their cattle and the Indian problems grew, they decided to try to find a better way of life in the San Juan River Valley (Fruitland, New Mexico) where my mother's half-brother, Clayborn Brimhall, lived.

This was a difficult life for my father. Farming was not his choice, for he loved the cattle ranch, and farming brought many problems in this arid country. They tried raising turkeys and selling fruit and anything that might help them. Mother took in sewing for the neighbors. She was a beautiful seamstress and made all of the clothes for her daughters. They also lived in a large house and would rent it out for community affairs like weddings and dances.

My oldest brother, William Albert Jr. ("Willie") died April 25, 1896, just two years before I was born. He was only 15 years old and died of rheumatic fever. My brother Jesse was born the same year, in August of 1896. I now had Carl, 14; Ezra, 12; Estella, 10; Josephine, 8; Walter, 5; Lavina, 3; and Jess, almost 2, to welcome me into this world. Needless to say, I had plenty of attention until my sister Ruth came to the family January 16, 1900, and Ethel joined us September 3, 1902.

Jewett, New Mexico

I was only five years of age when our family moved to Jewett, New Mexico, just six miles away. My parents thought a larger farm might make life a little more comfortable. They had orchards, bees, vineyards, berries, and sugarcane, and all were producing, and they enjoyed the fruits of their labors on this farm for about five years.

We mostly enjoyed our pony Flea. We would ride him for hours, but did not enjoy him knocking us off by going under a low branch of a tree when he tired of us. Our brother Ezra bought Flea for \$1 from an Indian. Jess always claimed this horse, but we enjoyed him also.

We also loved the big cottonwood trees and the willow tree where Father built us a swing, the mulberry tree nearby covered with fruit, and the large apple orchard where Father would carry us to enjoy. San Juan was known for its apples, and we thought these the very best.

Father also burned lime and sold it to building contractors to mix with their mortar.

Mother became dissatisfied with the environment and felt that we children would be better off raised in a Mormon community now that the older children were of marriage age. The youngest child, Nellie, was born July 13, 1904, there in Jewett. Carl had already married Pearl Susan Wheeler. My brother Ezra and my sister Estella had gone to Mexico to work for their Uncle Joe Cardon.

I was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on June 8, 1906, in the irrigation ditch nearby. George O. Bostic Curtis baptized me. I attended school at the Presbyterian Mission for the Navajo Indians my first three years of school.

Redmesa, Colorado

When I was ten my parents moved to Redmesa, Colorado, and there on a farm, I was raised. In Redmesa I started learning what life was all about. I went to school in a one-room school with one teacher teaching all eight grades. We had to walk or ride horses or bobsleds the three miles to school over muddy, icy, snowy, or dirt roads, depending on the weather. The schoolroom was heated by a potbellied coal stove in the center of the room. We found we had to wear our coats most of the day because it warmed only the part of you facing it and didn't heat the entire room evenly. We could walk on the snow to school as long as it was frozen, which was most of the winter. But when spring approached, we began to sink to our waist in snow. Ethel became very sick one time after trampling through snow up to her knees, and her legs became very stiff from cold to the point that Mother believed her to have rheumatism. Her legs were so stiff and her joints so painful that she had to be lifted from the chair to bed.

Our home life was simple and happy. The daily chores became competitive, and we usually did them in teams. In a large family you are expected to give and take to develop a healthy attitude, and you learn a strong sense of loyalty when everyone works together and plays together. Our evenings were like Family Home Evening, with music, reading, and home games. Mother was very serious about our education, so she read to us or had us read to her every night. Most of our reading was done from the scriptures—the *Bible* and the *Book of Mormon*—because we were expected to have a firm testimony of the Gospel. We learned to play the piano and the organ, and we had family singing. Our father would rock us when we were little and sing us lullabies. He was a very loving and kind father.

It is said that sometimes your strengths can become your weaknesses. This was the case with Father. His neighbors would need some blacksmithing done and when it was finished, would ask how much they owed him. He would answer, "Nothing, just glad to do it." Thus his skill became unprofitable.

Because they depended on the dry farm for their living and the dry farm depended upon rain to be productive, when it was a dry year, living was difficult. We had to live on the food we had stored from the garden.

Our first winter in Colorado was very difficult—lots of snow and muddy roads. Father had to haul hay to feed the cattle and horses from some farms 15 miles away, so he was on the road a lot. They traded their farm in New Mexico for 160 acres in Colorado with a two-story frame house and 10 acres fenced and with the sage brush cleared off. We learned to ride horses. I remember riding to round up the cows each

evening as they would scatter over a large area to search for food. We had several good riding horses and could ride with the best of them.

On the 24th of July the community would put on a big celebration: the children would ride in the parade, waving their flags, and then go to the picnic grounds by the river. Usually there were outstanding programs with the local talent. We had plays, musicals, speech contests, dances, picnics, and overnight camping in our ward. We enjoyed street bonfires with tumbleweeds and roasting chickens or frankfurters. We played such games as *Hide and Seek*, *Kick the Can*, *Red Rover–Red Rover*, and *Fox and Geese*. Also, ice skating, tobogganing, and sleigh riding.

Estella married shortly after we moved to Redmesa. She had met Willard Call in Mexico and returned in December of 1908 and was married on the 10th of that month.

Josephine met Willis Taylor in Redmesa, and they married October 11, 1911, and moved to Montrose, Colorado.

Ezra met Alice Pinkerton and married her on December 14, 1912. Father gave him a piece of his farm.

The House

The winter of 1914, I remember so well. We had our two-story house moved from the south homestead to land we bought in 1907 when we moved to Redmesa. It took 22 horses and 11 teams three days to move it. It was moved on skids while the snow and frost was still on the ground. These conditions helped a lot to be able to slide it along. Our family worked hard that summer getting the house painted and fixed up to move into. Walter and Jess had their room all painted and had bought new clothes for their new closet and had put locks on them to keep us out of their private belongings.

It was in September, and most of the family was out to Burnham's, digging potatoes, and Ethel, Nellie, and I were left home. I was to do the ironing and bake bread, besides seeing to Josephine's needs, because she was in bed recovering from an appendix operation. I had the bread in baking, had put chips in the stove to heat up the iron, and ran upstairs to put on my new shoes to wear while I was ironing. Then our home caught on fire. I do not know to this day if it was my fault or not. But I got Josephine and the dictionary she was reading out, and the neighbors helped with the organ. I tried to get Walter's and Jesse's clothes, but they had locked their closets, and so I had to let them burn. I was able to get a couple of quilts, but the frame house burned so fast we could not save much. The attic was full of pinenuts we had gathered, about two or three hundred pounds.

I was so frightened and so ill that day and have always wondered if I could have avoided the fire. We do not know if the stove got overheated, sparks from the flue started on the roof, or if it started from the flue in the attic. The whole town turned up to help but could only save the barn and the hay stack.

Our family was farmed out to different families. Carl took most of the family into his home, and Father, Mother, Lavina, and Ruth went to the Dean's home for the rest of the Winter. Josephine went home with Estella, stopping at Montrose, Colorado, where her husband Willis was working, then on to Ophir, Colorado, where Estella and Willard were living. As soon as it was possible and the weather was milder, Mother got us all together in a tent attached to the milk house. We lived like this for a year, with clothes and bedding donated to us by neighbors.

Father mortgaged the farm for some milk cows, the boys got jobs at the lumber mills, and Mother took Ethel and got a job as a cook at the mill. Father took care of the family at home and worked on the

farm. Nellie and Ruth sold cheese and milk from a wagon on the road, and Lavina and I went to Farmington to work in the orchards and to pack apples. Though our family was scattered, we were able to earn enough materials, and with the neighbors donating labor, we soon had a roof over our heads. We were very proud of our new home and thought it beautiful, even though the outside never did get painted. We enjoyed showing off our new sliding windows—something new then—and neighbors came not to see us but to see our windows. The wallpaper on the living room wall had lilies all in bloom. We had a reunion with most of us at home.

The family killed and picked over 100 turkeys. Father took them to Durango, Colorado, sold them, and came back with the organ lost in the fire. I suppose the greatest loss in the fire was all of the records and genealogy that Father had kept over the years.

Another tragedy struck at this time. Ezra became ill with typhoid fever, and his wife Alice was in poor health, so he came home to be nursed. As a result, Jesse, Ruth, and Ethel came down with the disease. But I escaped getting sick, even though I helped take care of them.

Karl Ervin Bond

In the summer of 1916, while we were in Farmington packing apples, Lavina and I were staying with some of Mother's dear friends. They invited us to go to Kirtland, New Mexico, to a wedding dance. Lavina and I thought we might see our brother Walter there. He would work in the winter for the Blacks in their flour mill. We saw him, but never the bride nor groom. This is where Karl Ervin Bond first saw me. But I didn't meet him or notice him because we left to go to a dance in Farmington with some other young folks. Walter and Ervin had become very good friends, and Ervin naturally wanted to know who Walter was talking to. When he found out I was Walter's sister he became very interested.

I had earned enough money to go to Ft. Lewis to high school, so in the fall of 1916 Ruth and I went away to school, my first time away from home. I loved being there and felt so grown up.

In December, just before Christmas, Ervin went to the mill to see Walter and ask him what he was going to do on Christmas. Walter said he would like to find a ride home. Kind-hearted and scheming Ervin loaned him a horse and saddle. Of course Walter was delighted and invited Ervin to go home with him. Just what Ervin wanted—to go home with him and meet his sister Mae.

On Christmas Eve they came riding in on two beautiful horses. The snow was deep in Colorado, and 60 miles on horseback was a long, cold ride. It took them all day. They were cold and hungry. We were all happy to see Walter, but for me, I was thinking, "Where did he find that blonde cowboy?" with his big cowboy hat, fancy gloves, shining cowboy boots, chaps and spurs, and a smile from ear to ear. He looked like a smart-alec to me, so I stayed away from him, but took some good looks at him when he wasn't looking at me. Later I decided he was a handsome looking fellow when he got that cowboy outfit off. He had really blonde hair which stood straight up, a beautiful complexion, rosy cheeks, brown hair, beautiful hands, and a charming smile.

One morning I was making cream puffs for dinner and was in the kitchen alone. Who should come walking in but Ervin, of course, asking questions about what I was doing and such. I was very nervous, and when he ask me how old I was, I almost collapsed. But I told him, finished my puffs, and left the kitchen with him. The puffs turned out really good, and he still remembers how good they were.

Christmas

We all enjoyed a happy Christmas, although there was no money to spend on gifts. We had a delicious Christmas dinner with lots of vegetables, carrot pudding, turkey and dressing, and all of the trimmings. Dad went out in the pines near our home on Christmas Eve and cut down a beautiful Christmas tree and brought it in the house. We trimmed it with popcorn garland, oranges, apples, and all the Christmas decorations we had left over from previous years. There was a drought in Redmesa that year, so Dad's wheat crop was very poor. Anyway, we were all teenagers and understood about no Santa Clause.

The highlights of our Christmases were sleigh rides, coasting, and ice skating. Our neighbor, Oscar Wilden, had four big fat horses and a wagon box put on runners. He let us use them, and we filled the wagon box full of fresh-smelling wheatstraw and covered the straw with old quilts. We would pack in like sardines in a can, then put more quilts over us. We had sleigh bells on all four horses and a good driver and his girlfriend, and we were all well wrapped. The snow was so deep that winter that we didn't have to worry about fences; we just rode over the top of them on snow. We had a Christmas most people only dream about.

After Christmas, Walter and Ervin returned back to Kirtland, and we went back to Ft. Lewis. I didn't see Ervin again until late spring. He came riding in with an extra horse and saddle. This time I was happy to see him. He stayed several days and we enjoyed every minute of them, riding horses and visiting. The La Plata River was high and the grass on her banks was thick and green. The cottonwood trees and other plants and flowers were out, and several kinds of birds were singing in their branches. Thanks to my dad, I had learned to appreciate nature. On one of the days, we rode out to Walter's dry farm west of Redmesa. Dad had a small herd of sheep and a few cows out there. The next day Ervin returned home, and we didn't see each other again until fall, when I went to Farmington to pack apples with my two sisters, Lavina and Ruth. Ervin came up every weekend. When the apples were all packed and we returned home, Dad again let Ruth and I go to Ft. Lewis Jr. College to high school.

World War I

Ervin and I corresponded all winter, and he sent me a nice box of candy about every two weeks. We sure enjoyed it. He came up twice to see me, driving a Ford car both times.

War broke out between the United States and Germany on April 6, 1917, and all young, healthy men age 21 and over were drafted.

Walter worked hard after our home was built to earn enough money to get married. He married Irma Taylor June 7, 1917. Father gave him a piece of land, and he ran the farm while Jess and Carl and Ezra herded the sheep they had bought. They would help the sheep men each spring with the lambing and shearing. Then in June they helped on the farm until after harvesting time.

Walter was drafted soon after he was married. Jess was drafted September 1, 1918. Ervin's birthday was on June 1, 1918, and he would turn 21. You would have thought the world was coming to an end on that day to hear his plans. First he wanted to get married and get started on a family. He asked me to marry him.

I expected to be asked, but not quite so soon. I hesitated for quiet a while because I wanted to finish my schooling and I didn't want to run the risk of becoming a war widow. He kept writing, trying to convince me that now was the time or never. I knew by now that I couldn't go back to Ft. Lewis, because my dad's crops were all burned up from a drought in Redmesa. So I decided to get married and forget my education. I wrote him and invited him to come up, and we would make plans for our wedding.

He was at my home the next day. We decided to be married in the Salt Lake Temple on his birthday.

But the 1st of June was too soon. I wasn't ready. My sister Lavina worked night and day on my wedding dress and a nice blue suit, and everything else I needed was prepared. We had to get our temple recommends, which took time because we lived in different wards and it was hard to find our stake president at home. We had to make an appointment way ahead to see him. We didn't get started from home until June 1, 1918.

Our Trip to Salt Lake City

On the first of June, Ervin and his brother Morgan and his wife Ruth drove up to my home in Redmesa early in the morning. I was waiting for them with my sister Lavina and our luggage. We loaded in the back of Morgan's pickup and drove to Mancos, Colorado, where we were to catch the train the next morning. Lavina had written ahead to her friends, Brother and Sister Lamb, and asked if Ervin and I could stay with them that night.

When we arrived at the Lambs' they greeted us with kindness. Ervin unloaded our luggage, then Lavina, Morgan, and Ruth returned home to Kirtland. The Lambs were very good to us. They gave us our supper and two nice rooms.

The next morning we were up early. Sister Lamb had breakfast ready for us—*bless her!* Ervin called a cab from town, and we were on our way to Salt Lake City. We boarded the train at Mancos and rode all day, arriving at Telluride at 2 a.m.

We had trouble finding a room—it took us an hour of hunting—but finally found one in an old home. When Ervin knocked on the door, a landlady came to the door. Ervin asked if she had two rooms we could get for the night. She looked us over and asked if we were married. Ervin told her no. She said, "Anyway, I will give the young lady a room downstairs, and you, young man, can go upstairs." I was frightened stiff; I didn't like the looks of her. I had a nice gold watch and my engagement ring Ervin had given me and a suitcase of nice new clothes I didn't want stolen. I went with her to my room, and as soon as she left me, I locked the door, hid my ring and watch under the rug, put the suitcase back of my bed, then undressed and said my prayers and went to bed, but never slept a wink.

The next morning Ervin knocked on my door, thinking he was waking me up, but I had been awake all night. I was up early, showered, dressed, and ready to move on when he knocked. We ate our breakfast, boarded the train early, and rode all day. We arrived in Grand Junction, Colorado, at midnight. We couldn't find but one room. I took it, and Ervin sat up in the hotel lobby until we had to catch the train at 2 a.m. so didn't get much sleep. We arrived in Salt Lake City early in the afternoon, dirty, tired, excited, and a little homesick.

We took a cab and went straight to the Latter-day Saint Hospital, where my sister Josephine Taylor was working. She was expecting us, thanks to my dear mother's planning. Josephine had a room reserved for Ervin that belonged to a girlfriend of hers. Luckily, the friend was going to be out of town for a few days.

I stayed with Josephine in her room. We were happy to be there with her. We both took showers and put on some clean clothes, and Josephine fixed us a nice meal. We spent a very pleasant afternoon and evening with her. We brought her up to date on the changes and news that had happened at home.

We also enjoyed hearing about the experiences she had since we saw her last. Her husband Willis was in Washington, working in the shipyards, helping build ships for the U. S. Government.

June 5, we were up early and had a nice breakfast with Josephine. We helped her with her work in the kitchen. We were through early, and she didn't have to be back for several hours, so she took the time to show us around the city. We walked down to the City and County Building to get our marriage license, and Ervin had to register for the army because he was 21 on the first of June, and it was the law that men register at 21. From there we walked up to the LDS Temple grounds. There Josephine had to leave us to get back to work. We were thrilled at what we saw on Temple Square.

The next thing we wanted to do was go to Saltair. We had heard so much about all the rides, swimming, dance hall, etc. We bought our ticket and hopped on the slow train going out there, called the Bamberger. We looked things over, and like two country kids, we choose the merry-go-round to start with. We could ride all day for free if we chose to. They had an iron horse head with an iron ring in his nose on each side of the merry-go-round. If we could grab the rings out of the nose, we could get two free rides. Ervin, being a cowboy, was very active from the saddle of a horse and never missed a ring. But this became tiresome and time was passing too fast. There were so many things we wanted to see and ride before the Bamberger left to take us back to the city.

Time soon passed. We caught the train back to the city, called a cab to LDS Hospital, and found Josephine waiting for us. We spent the evening telling her of our trip out to Saltair. She sure got a kick out of listening to two crazy, mixed up country kids tell of their experiences. It was all fun and a thrill to hear Josephine laugh again like she used to when we were all at home together. Bless her kind, loving heart for taking care of two mixed up, excited kids the night before they were to get married.

June 6, 1918, we were up early, ate breakfast, and received all of the instructions Josephine had to give us, and away we went to the temple. We met Sister Mazel Hall at the door, waiting for us. She was a very dear friend of Mother's and a regular temple worker. Mother had written her in advance, asking her if she would help me through the temple. I knew Sister Hall—she was from Mancos. Mother and I stayed at her house several times when we went to stake conference. She had a son my age, Dilworth. We went on several dates before I knew Ervin. I will never forget how sweet and kind Sister Hall was to me on my wedding day.

How could I ever repay my dear, sweet mother, who was always so thoughtful of her 12 children. I wished she could have been with us that beautiful, important day of our lives. Mother had written to have some temple clothes ready for me. I don't know where she got them, but when I left her she handed me a neat bundle of temple clothes and explained what they were for.

We started our interviews at about 8 a.m. There was so much red tape and a long wait in the temple chapel and a long lecture to listen to. I began to think maybe it would be night before we could get married. Ervin had to rent his temple clothes, so he went in the clothing room to get them. They gave them to him and sent him to dress. He put on everything they gave him except the bundle he was to take into the temple. He came out to go to the first room of the temple without any pants, not knowing any better. But thank goodness he didn't get very far before one of the temple workers stopped him and asked where his pants were. He said they didn't give him any with his clothes. They soon sent some down to him, and he was on his way.

We got our endowments and were sealed to each other for time and eternity on June 6, 1918, by Joseph Christensen, witnessed by Thomas Biesinger and Charles W. Symons. It was a long but glorious

day. We felt humble and really blessed to be worthy of receiving one of the greatest blessings God had given us.

We were tired and hungry after a long day at the temple, and we still had to find a room. We weren't long finding one. It was a nice suite in the Canyon Hotel for \$3.50 per night. We cleaned up and went downstairs and ordered a big salmon steak dinner, the first we had ever seen. Our eyes popped when they brought in those two big platters of salmon and the rest of the dinner: vegetables, sauce, pickles, lemons, etc. We decided we over-ordered, but it was delicious. We went back to our beautiful suite of rooms—a nice living room, well furnished, and a nice bedroom with a joining shower and bathtub. We spent the early evening talking over the events of the day and making plans for the next day. We had our first family prayer together, and I went to bed and was so tired that I never knew when Ervin came to bed.

We were up early the next morning, cleaned up, and went downstairs for breakfast, then hurried back to the hotel room to get my wedding dress on, and Ervin had to change his shirt and tie. All of the curl had come out of my hair, and I couldn't do anything with it. And Ervin couldn't get his tie tied right, so we looked like a couple of tramps. But that was the only time we had to get our pictures taken. I have been ashamed of that picture all of these years. We really could have been a nice-looking couple had we taken time to doll up a bit.

After we had our pictures taken, we went back to the hotel, changed our clothes, packed them, and checked out. We went down to the train depot and boarded a slow wreck of a train, which took us out to Ophir, Utah, where Estella and her husband Willard and their four children lived. Their children were Augustine, Elaine, Rex, and Mack. Willard was working in the mines there. We stayed the rest of the day, that night, and part of the next day and had a delightful visit. We went picnicking and did a lot of reminiscing and bringing them up to date on the happenings at home.

We left them early in the afternoon and got into Salt Lake City in time to catch the train to Durango, Colorado. We went home the same way we came up, except we went to Telluride then Durango. We stayed in Durango all night at the Savoy Hotel. The next morning we took a narrow gage train to Farmington and were met there by Ervin's brother Miral.

While we were on the train, we had time to relax and count our many blessings we had enjoyed during the time of courting and planning our trip and wedding, and in our hearts we thanked our dear families who helped to bring these blessings to us. Such as my sweet mother, who thought of all the things I needed to take with me, even the smallest details I would have forgotten. Also, my dear, kind and unselfish sister Lavina, who spent many hours sewing my wedding dress and beading it with white beads on the front and collar. She also made my white slip and a beautiful blue suit. She made the arrangements for our first night away from home and at the last minute decided to go as far as Mancos with us. And we will never forget the afternoon we arrived in Salt Lake City for the first time and my dear, lonesome, married sister Josephine was there to meet us, and she took us to her room and really made us feel at home. The next morning she helped us find our way to the City and County Building and get our marriage license and helped Ervin register for the army. Our many prayers had been answered by the help of these people. We didn't forget how Ervin's folks helped too—his kind, thoughtful mother, who gave him lots of wonderful advice and consented for us to live with her until we could find a place of our own. His brother Morgan and wife Ruth were so kind to drive us to Mancos. Then Brother and Sister Lamb, who were so sweet and willing to give us our supper, beds, and breakfast. And Miral, who came to pick us up when we returned. God bless all of them.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Ervin Bond

Grandmother Ada P. Bond was living in a nice brick home she had bought from her brother-in-law, John T. Nielson. It had ten rooms. Her son Miral, his wife Maude, and their baby son Dean were living in three of the rooms. Grandmother and her two daughters—Avarilla, 19, and Laverna, 17—were living in the rest of the house. Grandmother Bond was kind enough to let us have a bedroom upstairs on the west side, where the afternoon sun beat in. It was so hot we almost cooked, but were ever so glad to get it. Ervin was expecting to be drafted any day into the army, so we didn't know which way to turn.

We lived there four months before he was drafted. He was to leave Aztec, New Mexico, September 3 for Waco Texas Training Camp.

We went to Mother Bond's home in Kirtland, which was to be our home, for a while at least. We were given a nice clean room upstairs on the west side of the house. Ervin had bought a nice new bedroom set before he left to be married. He helped his mother on the farm and worked for Elmer Taylor, making bricks, until he had to go into the army. When he left, I went with Mother Bond and her daughters on the reservation to work, but then decided I wasn't needed, so went back to Redmesa to be with my folks.

He was in the Army only two months when the armistice was signed. He was discharged on the 18th of November, but took a round about trip to Durango. He found a young man to drive him to Redmesa and knocked on our door at 2 a.m. and scared us half to death. He was so tired we let him sleep until noon the next day.

He spent a week with my folks. Because the snow was so deep, his brother didn't dare come up after him. Finally Jess offered to drive Dad's team to a store on the La Plata, and Ervin's brother Miral would meet us there. On the way to the La Plata, our sleigh hit a ditch bank beside the road, which tipped the sleigh over. Oh boy, the wind was blowing in our faces, and we almost froze to death before we got the sleigh straightened up and on our way. We met Miral in his wagon, and he had some quilts to keep us warm, but we just couldn't get warm. When we got to Kirtland, I was so cold and sick I could hardly get into the house. Ervin's Mother fixed us some hot food, and I went to bed but was sick all night, coughing and vomiting. I had caught a terrible cold and was pregnant.

I spent all winter coughing and vomiting. We were given a small room in Grandmother Bond's old adobe home that Morgan and Ruth had occupied and claimed to be theirs when Grandmother Bond sold her brick home and went to cook for the superintendent of schools and teachers of the Navajo school in Shiprock, New Mexico. She took Avarilla and Laverna with her and worked there until the war was over. When she moved back, it was necessary for her to have her home back. We all lived there the rest of winter.

Elmer Taylor, Ervin's brother-in-law, offered us an apartment in a nice brick building. Ervin had worked for Elmer before going in the Army and had earned enough brick to build us a home and paid for Elmer to lay the brick. I had saved all the money Ervin had sent me while in the army, but he had to borrow some to hire Mr. Smoak to do the carpenter work. It was nice to have an apartment of our own until we could move into our home. We got our milk and eggs and butter from the cows and chickens Mother Bond still owned on the ranch. I made the bread and churned the butter. Ervin milked the cows but Ruth gathered the eggs, so we didn't get many eggs until we decided to get our own chickens.

Ervin was working on Elmer's brick kiln all of the time Elmer was building our house. One day I couldn't find anything for his supper, so I decided to kill a chicken. I chopped its head off with an ax and skinned it and put it in the oven to bake. I cooked potatoes and had supper ready for him. I was so proud

of myself. But when I opened the oven to serve my chicken, it was a sight to be seen—browned to a crisp and tough as rawhide. I cried. Ervin laughed and asked if I hadn't learned never to skin a chicken to roast.

We lived in Elmer's apartment until fall.

Children

Our first child was born September 26, 1919, in our apartment, a healthy boy weighing 7 ½ pounds. We couldn't agree on a name for him. Ervin wanted to call him Hogle or Engman after two lieutenants he had in the army. I certainly wasn't going to call him Hogle, so to please his dad we gave him the name of Engman Ervin Bond. Dr. A. Monrow Smith from Farmington was our doctor, Alice Lee our nurse, and they were the very best. Alice was a very good nurse from our ward. We enjoyed our baby boy, even if his Uncle Morgan did say he would rather have one of his newborn pigs. Guess he was jealous because they hadn't been able to have any children.

Ervin's mother gave him 20 acres of land to build our home on. It was mortgaged, but we thought we could pay it off. Eight acres were above the Coolidge Ditch (this ditch belonged to the whole town), 12 acres were below the ditch, and it was beautiful farm land. We decided to build our house above the ditch, leaving the 12 acres for farming. We built a four-room house with a living room, dinning room, kitchen, and bedroom. There was no inside plumbing, so no bathroom. So what; no one else in town had one either. We had a nice one-hole toilet about 100 yards from our house. Elmer laid the brick. A. P. Smoak was our carpenter. Ervin hauled all the lumber from a lumber mill in Cherry Creek, Colorado.

We moved into our new house when Engman was six months old. We hadn't been able to finish off the bedroom (ran out of money). We used sheets and papers for drapes. We put our bed in the living room. While the plaster on the walls was still wet, we hung pictures on the wall, and about midnight they came tumbling down. We bathed in a washtub and heated our house with a big potbellied coal stove that Elmer Taylor gave us. We were lucky to have a big iron water tank built on the left side of our cook stove. It held about 10 gallons of water. We kept it full, and it was always hot for our use. We had to carry water from Miral's well to drink and cook. He lived just a quarter of a mile south of us. We used water from the ditch, which had been dipped by Ervin and stored in large barrels to settle the dirt, etc. We used this to wash dishes and clothes.

We also used the ditch for swimming in the hot summer months (we and the whole town). There were several cottonwood trees on the bank by our place. We didn't have bathing suits, but wore old dresses to swim in. Some of the ladies thought they were hiding behind the trees to change their clothes, but in fact the only part of them that was hid was their heads, and we had a good view from our big double window on the south.

Every morning before Ervin went to work he would search for rattlesnakes around the house. They liked to stay near the house during the night. We sure saw a lot of them. I almost sat on one. It was about six inches from me before I saw him all curled up.

We had ten milk cows and sold cream. We separated the milk with a separator turned by hand and put the cream in a five-gallon milk can and sent it by mail truck to Durango, Colorado. It was graded there, and our can and check were sent back. It took us two weeks to fill a can. We had to buy our groceries and clothes, and our mortgage came out of the cream money. The dairy didn't seem to care how sour the cream was. One day our cream came back with a cabbage head all soaked up in sour cream. We couldn't imagine how it got there, unless our mischievous little Engman had tossed it in when we weren't looking. We got our cream check anyway, though not expected.

Our old separator wore out. In fact, so did Ervin's toe the last morning he used it. He kicked it because it wouldn't work and broke his toe. He bought a new separator, which set us back plenty.

We decided we needed more money, so we bought some white leghorn chicken eggs and some chickens. We had a dozen hens, and they were good layers. But magpies kept stealing the eggs, so we kept the hens locked up and used the eggs for setting hens to raise more chickens. We had good luck with hatching eggs. We had several dozen. They were so beautiful and we were really proud of them. They got frying size for market when they began disappearing. We watched for skunks and coyotes and couldn't trace anything. One day we were sitting in the shade in the back yard and saw a big chicken hawk fly down, pick up a fryer, and take off with it. We sold the few we had left and went out of the chicken business.

We always had good crops on our land below the ditch. We raised alfalfa, corn, beautiful big water-melons, cantaloupe, tomatoes, and carrots and all garden vegetables. But there was no market for them because all of our neighbors also had good gardens.

Ervin will never forget to tell everyone about him talking me into riding and guiding the horse that pulled the plow so he could make the rows straight. I must have looked awfully funny, because every time he tells it he seems to laugh harder.

We had two beautiful horses named Brownie and Snip and a good female watch dog called Flossie. Old Snip died after we had lived there for about two years. We were really sick when he died. He died on Mother Bond's ranch, and Ervin dug him a grave there and buried him with great grief. He then bought a pretty sorrel mare, but she never was as nice to handle as Old Snip. She was flighty and couldn't be trusted, and we never could break her to ride. We had a cow we called Old Frosty. She was just that frosty color. Ervin had to rope her and tie all four legs every time he milked her. We had a very hard winter. Life was just one big disappointment after another.

There was no such thing as a refrigerator, and we couldn't keep our food cold very long. We could bottle our peas, string beans, corn, and fruits if we could afford a pressure cooker. There weren't many in the ward that could, so the Relief Society bought a large one and rented it out. They would charge so much per day to use it. So we would get about six or eight women in one home where the vegetables were, and two would pick the corn, two would husk, and two would put it in the jars and cook it. It kept us all busy, and we had to start early. At the end of the day we each paid our share for the vegetables and cooker and went home. We had a lot of fun while we worked.

Ervin and his friend Karl Ashcroft would help each other at times when they would put up their hay. It was a great friendship. In the fall when their crops were all harvested they would try finding other work. One winter they decided to lease a coal mine from William Hendrikson. It meant a lot of hard work and long hours, but the wages were good and they both needed them. He would get up at 5 a.m., milk the cows, separate the milk, then be to work by 7 a.m.

Ervin hired a neighbor boy (Bigler) to help him with milking and other chores. He would haul the cream to the post office in a little wagon, call for our mail, and bring the empty milk can home that had been sent full a few days before. On one of these trips he stole our check and spent it. Of course, when we expected our check and it didn't come, we wrote the dairy and found out it had been sent. He asked his sister-in-law Ruth Bond, who was the postmaster, if she had given the check to the boy. She had. So Ervin went after the boy. But he wouldn't own up to it until his father came and wormed it out of him. His father paid us back the money, but the boy lost his job. We then hired a boy from Redmesa who wanted to work for his board and room so he could go to Central High School. He was very nice to get along with, but he had to leave us early in the spring to help his father on the farm. His name was Vernon Wilden.

Ervin quit working in the coal mine and went back to run his farm when spring came. There wasn't much coal sold in the summer anyway. The owner could take care of it alone.

Ervin farmed our place and rented Tom Stolworthy's farm, thinking he could sell the alfalfa in the fall and still have plenty for his ten cows. But hay was cheap, and it didn't bring as much as expected.

Our second child was born September 20, 1921, a darling little girl. Dr. A. M. Smith and Sister Lucinda Palmer were with us. Sister Palmer was the president of the Relief Society and had helped deliver several babies that year. She was a very kind and religious woman. I was asked to be her secretary later on. We named our baby Verlee, taken from the song "Virginia Lee." I loved the record we had of the song, so I left out "ginia" and added "lee" in its place and came up with "Verlee," which I loved as a girl's name.

Our baby daughter had a bad year her first year. She had an infected ear and cried night and day. She had colds, and sores came under her arms. The doctor gave us medications, which cleared up the sores, but the gathering in her ears had to burst before she could get relief from her ears.

Shiprock, New Mexico

Our house was drafty, and the only heat we had was a big coal stove in the dinning room and the kitchen stove. Everyone was still feeling the results of the war. There was a lot of sickness. We stayed on the farm for four years and almost starved to death. We were ready to give it up, but we didn't know where to go or what Ervin could work at. I remember crying one day when Ervin sold some hay and came home with some new shoes for me. I had been staying home from church because my shoes were worn out.

We decided to try something else, maybe get a job out on the Navajo Reservation or dig coal again. So we knelt and prayed about our problem, and the answer to our prayers came the next day.

Grandmother Bond came to our dilemma and offered Ervin a job in the Lodge at Shiprock, New Mexico. She had taken the job of cooking and managing the Shiprock Lodge, owned by O. S. Evans and J. O. Morris. There was a big oil rush 14 miles southwest of Shiprock in a place called Rattlesnake, and rightfully so, because there were so many rattlesnakes and almost nothing else except oil. The drillers had to come to Shiprock for lodging. There was room enough for only a third of them, so Grandmother had tents pitched. This meant more meals to cook, and she and her daughters were working themselves to death.

When Ervin went down and saw what was happening, he went to help. This left me with cows, pigs, chickens, and two small children—Engman, 4, and Verlee, 2—to care for. I got Ervin's nephews, Owen and George Bloomfield, to milk the cows. Grandmother was renting her big brick home to their parents, Alex and Nina. I got girls from the ward to stay with me at night. I was scared to death of an old man named McKee, who lived above the ditch. One night I heard someone turning the knob on the kitchen door. I was petrified for a while, but after I came to my senses, I looked out of the door window and saw old Bossie, our cow, rubbing her nose on the door knob. I went back to bed and went to sleep. One night old man Harris stayed overnight, and the Bonds thought that was a disgrace.

So after a week or two, Ervin came up, sold the cows, locked up the house, and moved us to Shiprock. We had to sleep in the washroom, but that was better than being alone and scared to death.

Our life in Shiprock was busy. As I said, we lived and slept in the washroom. There was no inside plumbing, just a one-hole toilet outside. Here is where we emptied the slop-jars from each guest's room every morning. There were wash bowls and large pitchers of cold water in each guest room, and if they needed hot water they had to come to the kitchen to get it. There was a good supply of clean towels and

lots of soap to clean their hands and faces. If they wanted a bath, the San Juan River was near, and swimming was good, with only a few squaws and their kids looking on. There were quite a few bushes, rocks, buildings, and a deep wash and the one hole toilet if needed. We also had a cow corral until the cow died; then Ervin tore it down.

Ervin was up at 6:00 a.m. each morning to help his mother build a fire in the coal range and get the water hot for coffee, cereal, and eggs and start breakfast. Avarilla made biscuits some mornings, but we usually had toast. I helped set the tables at night before going to bed. The butter, cream, sugar, jam or jelly, some kind of fresh fruit, and milk had to be put on the table in the morning, and it was his sisters and me that did that later. Ervin and his sisters took turns taking orders for the meals and serving them. It took all of my time dressing and taking care of my two children. After I fed them, I would send them out to play while I helped clear the tables and wash the dishes. Grandmother helped me with the dishes while Avarilla and Laverna cleaned the rooms.

Every day, more and more geologists came, wanting board and room. Ervin and Grandmother went out and found some army tents and cots for rent. Ervin pitched several big tents, put several cots in each tent, and rented them out to the geologists. Their wives had to stay in Farmington, about 30 miles east of Shiprock. We put more tables in the dinning room, and even then it was first come, first served. They had to wait in the lobby to be served.

We struggled like this for about a year. Then Grandmother and her children decided to buy the Lodge and also build a hotel on the hill above the Lodge. This location would be on the main highway and would give them more rooms to accommodate their many requests for rooms. She borrowed the money, and Ervin began making bricks for the building. With the help of some good-working Navajo Indians, he soon had enough adobe bricks to build the hotel and enough to sell to O. S. Evans to build a post office, dwelling house, and half of a garage. William Evans also bought enough for a new store and dwelling. Bruce Bernard bought enough to add a new addition onto his store.

Then in 1925, when they added an addition onto the hotel, Ervin made more brick. Ervin and I moved into the Lodge with our family so the children would not be in the way so much.

We really enjoyed the new hotel, and so did the guests. We had 11 guest rooms and a bath upstairs. Downstairs we had a lobby, dining room, kitchen, laundry room, and two rooms for ourselves. Then when we added on the new addition, we had two more bedrooms downstairs and a bathroom.

It was quite an exciting day when lightning struck the hotel while Elmer Taylor and a man from Cortez, Colorado, were on ladders, laying brick on the new addition. Grandmother tells about it in her history.

We had the open house on November 30, 1923. I guess I had worked so hard that our third baby came early—December 1, 1923. We named him William, after his two grandfathers, and Dale, because Mrs. Gerrsbach wanted us to. She was so good to all of us and was a trained nurse who lived in Shiprock, and she was a good neighbor. Because he came a month early, I had no clothes for him, so she brought most of her son Frank's baby clothes up for me to use. She took care of the baby and me for two weeks and never charged one cent. Mrs. O. S. Evans was our nearest neighbor and was a practical nurse and assisted the doctor and Mrs. Gerrsbach in delivering Dale. These two women were always dear friends and gave me lots of good advice in caring for our new baby.

Verlee was only two and would come in crying and needed to be picked up for comfort before I could get a batch of dishes done. Grandmother thought she was spoiled, but I was going to take care of my baby first if those dishes never got washed, and I did.

Our routine was about the same as in the lodge, except more rooms to clean. When the dishes were done and dinner started, all of the soiled sheets, towels, pillowslips, dish towels, and wash clothes had to be washed and boiled, rinsed, and put on the outside lines to dry before noon. That was Ervin and his sisters job. When I got the baby settled down, I set the tables while Grandmother made pies. We always had pies for dinner. We had either steak, hash made from the roast of last nights supper, or pork chops, with vegetables and potatoes fixed in different ways. We could always count on extra guests for dinner, like salesmen or tourists.

If Ervin wasn't busy with outside chores or repairs, he would wait on tables. I never waited on tables, because I always had a child hanging onto my skirts or I was expecting another one. I tried to help with the meals and dishes and sometimes cleaned the rooms when I could get away from my children. There were many times I got the feeling that Avarilla and Laverna didn't think I was doing my share, but they didn't understand, because they were not married and had no children.

As soon as dinner was over, tables cleared, and dishes washed, we all took a rest, except poor Grandmother, who had to get a roast in and beans cooked. She had a steady boarder, Bruce Bernard, who wanted beans every night for supper, so they were always put on the table every night in case anyone else wanted them. Grandmother baked her own bread, so she had to bake every day. We three girls took turns making the dessert for supper. It had to be cake, donuts, upside-down cake, custard, or carrot pudding and served with fruit. On Sunday it had to be special homemade ice cream and cake.

We got our ice from Rattlesnake. One time we went after ice in a pickup truck. It was a hot summer day, so Engman and Verlee wanted to ride in the back on the ice. We started for home, and about ten minutes later, I looked back and no children. They had slipped off the ice. We waited for a few minutes, and here they came, calling us to wait for them.

Avarilla went on a mission August 25, 1925, and Laverna went back to Kirtland, so Grandmother and Ervin and I ran the hotel. We hired Ivy Palmer to help us, then Mrs. Magleby.

Engman went to school at the Indian school but was so bashful that Verlee had to go with him.

April 5, 1926, our fourth child was born, a girl. We named her Twila Mae. We couldn't get a decent doctor. The only one we could get was a Dr. Carmicle from the Indian Hospital. He brought a good nurse with him, thank Goodness!

Back to Kirtland

In 1928 Grandmother leased the hotel and moved back to Kirtland, and she and Avarilla and Laverna rented the rooms in her big brick house to school teachers. Shortly after, Laverna went on a mission. Ervin went to work for Shell Dustin in Lukachukai, Arizona. He took us with him in the summer but left Engman and Verlee with Grandmother to go to school in the winter. His job was to haul the groceries and supplies from the railroad in Farmington to the Trading Post. The Lukachukai Trading Post was far up in the mountains, and it seemed like I was in the middle of nowhere. It was very lonely, and I dreaded the times he went to Farmington, because I did not like to be left alone with all of these men and Indians, so he moved us back to Kirtland.

We traded our home above Miral's for a piece of property south of the main road, just south of Elmer Taylor's property. We leased part of the farm and, with the help of my sons, were able to take care of the garden and animals. Ervin kept that job for just a short time before he was offered a job with Bruce Bernard. His mother had again taken the Shiprock Hotel, so he was able to stay with her and help her in the hotel after his work in the store. He built us a home with running water pumped from the San Juan River by a ram. It had two bedrooms, a bathroom, kitchen, dinning room, and front room, which Ervin and I used for our bedroom. Ervin was able to come home only on Saturday night and Sunday and would go back to Shiprock (30 miles away) Sunday night to be able to go to work at 6:00 Monday morning. We lived there for 13 years.

We did not have a telephone, so on the day our last child was born, a son, Hal Dwaine, I sent Dale to Uncle Elmer Taylor's to use his phone to call the doctor and try to get in touch with Ervin. He ran up the long block to our back six-foot fence and jumped over it to get to Aunt Armina to get help.

I always had a position in the LDS Church, either in Sunday school, Primary, or my favorite—Relief Society. I enjoyed being the secretary of the Relief Society, where I worked with wonderful women and made some very close friends. We would get together and do our canning with the ward pressure cooker. We had quilting bees. I was good at sewing, so I was called on to help with burial clothes. I was very busy with my family and church. My family was a lot of help to me, but I missed having Ervin home to help.

Back to Shiprock

When Engman was a senior in high school, Ervin heard of a trading post for sale in Shiprock, and with Richard Evans, they bought it with the sale of our home and farm. We took Engman with us and lived there to get the business started and build a home for the rest of our family. We left Verlee in Kirtland to take care of Twila and Hal. Dale stayed with Grandmother Bond. Verlee lived in a little adobe house that was right by Grandmother Bond so she could supervise. They were only there until school was out, and then the children could come with us. There was a bus that took our children to school by the time the school year started. The children all helped in the store or station.

Ervin had taken a course at Swift Meat Co., so he was a very good butcher and soon built up a good business with the government employees. Our move, however, made it very hard to be active in the Church, as Kirtland was the closest ward or branch. We made it to Sunday school at 10:00 and church at 2:00. In between meetings we would go to Grandmother Bond's for a visit. She had turned the hotel over to Aunt Avarilla and Aunt Laverna and Uncle Roy Watts.

Verlee graduated from high school and went to beauty school in Provo, Utah, where she met Donovan W. Shurtliff, and they were married September 27, 1940. Engman went on a mission in January 1941.

Salt Lake City

In 1941 Ervin was badly burned in a gas explosion and eventually had to go to Salt Lake City to get help. Engman was on a mission. Dale was in the ROTC at BYU in Provo, Utah. This left Verlee and a hired man, Harry Halls, to run the store, with Hal's help and Twila working in the fountain. Verlee's husband, Don Shurtliff, was also in the service. She had a great responsibility but stood up to the task.

Ervin had 20 major operations to replace the burned tissue. Dr. Robbins was his doctor. We lived at the Kimball Apartments on Main street and 100 North. Mother would walk to the hospital every day through the City Creek Park just behind the Kimball Apartments. He would have to wait ten days between

operations to heal, so we had a lot of time to see Salt Lake City and plan what to do with the rest of our lives.

Our sons would want to go to college when the war was over, so we decided to turn our business (in Shiprock) over to Don and Verlee and build a grocery store in Salt Lake City. We bought a home at 334 C Street, close to the hospital, and built a store at 2815 South 2300 East. The boys went to the U. Twila got married to Leo A. Dean September 12, 1946. Dale got married to Adelaide Call Aug 18, 1948.

When Engman got married to Muriel Kae Beck August 16, 1950, we sold Rosecrest Market and Ervin went to work for Safeway as a butcher, until he retired. When the Rosecrest Market was opened, we sold our C Street home and bought a home at 2909 East 3215 South. We had also bought a home and moved it up behind the store. We needed the property the home was on next to the store for a parking lot. Leo and Twila had moved from Wyoming and lived in this home. When we sold the store and Twila moved to Midvale, Utah, we moved into that home until we could build a new home on our property at 3050 South 2225 East. We lived there until Ervin passed away in 1979. I lived alone until I had a bad fall in 1990, and Twila had to move in with me because I could not take care of myself.

[Mae Walker Bond, May 1992]

Mae held the position of stake Relief Society secretary when she lived in the Canyon Rim Stake, at 2909 East 3215 South.

Mae and Ervin have many times taken their family members into their homes to help them in time of need: Edgar and Leah Mae when their mother died and Carl was adjusting to her death, Walter when he was separated from his wife, Josephine when she had this terrible disease that paralyzed her tongue so she could not swallow and which took her life, Jess when he was looking for work, and Richard when his father Ezra died. J. L. Watts came to take lessons on the piano from a special teacher here in Salt Lake City. Their home was always open to any visitors to Salt Lake City, particularly at General Conference time.

Mother was at my sister's home in Logan when she died January 25, 1994. She had had five years of that blasted bed, but never gave up the desire to live.

[Twila Mae Bond Dean]

Woman Tells of Indians

Down in Shiprock, New Mexico, an Indian in a marrying frame of mind carefully determines the value of his Navajo bride-elect's sheep herd before he pops the question.

Down on this vast Navajo reservation, which has a population of 60,000, Indians think nothing of taking their children 20 to 40 miles a day to school.

"To the members of this Navajo tribe," says Mrs. Karl E. Bond, 334 C Street, the wife of the Indian trader in Shiprock, "education is a serious objective, and members of the tribe who can neither read nor write ('long hairs,' as they are called by their tribesmen) are becoming less prevalent."

"There was no one prouder," continues Mrs. Bond, "than those educated members of the tribe who were allowed to serve their country during the war, and especially those whose work was in the Army Signal Corps. Since the Navajo language has no written counterpart and is learned only among the tribe, Navajo

tribesmen often spanned continents in their native tongue and then translated their messages to English with little fear that their messages could be decoded by the enemy.”

Mrs. Bond’s face becomes earnest when she is asked about the state of Indian affairs. “When an Indian wishes to insult anyone,” she explains, “he calls him ‘John Collier,’ so great is the hatred among the tribe for this former head of the nation’s Indian Affairs. This winter, due to lack of proper food and clothing, subjects of the United States within 15 miles of Colorado, Arizona, and Utah will be dying and tuberculosis will be running rampant.” These Christian Indians, who are allowed to fight for their country but who are not given the right to vote, will be living in their huts made of cottonwoods and mud that house families of 12 or larger in their impoverished circumstances. All because our government,” says the wife of an Indian Trader, “is deficient in supplying hospitalization and education for these proud folks who live as they do because they just don’t know any better.”

Mrs. Bond, who has lived on the reservation most of her married life and reared her five children there, claims she is quite used to answering White men’s questions about Indian folklore. But recently in her talks to grade school children she has had difficulty in convincing the youngsters that the Indian is jovial rather than savage and warlike.

“They are one big happy family,” she insists, “jolly and fun-loving. They’ll go without food to buy jewelry, which they make themselves and sell to the trader for supplies. They never fight among themselves. I have seen Indians come to our store to trade, set their groceries down for a short time to take care of other business, and seconds later discover that a hungrier tribe man has carted them off, yet nothing is ever said or done about the matter. The victim Indian will just simply purchase another supply.”

Being the wife of an Indian trader in the area has made Mrs. Bond not only the wife of the man who must carefully account for all Indian purchases and pay checks in the vicinity, but also has made her the wife of the reservation, Lawyer, doctor, and undertaker. Her husband, called “Ja-Paw-Nee” by the tribe, received his name because of his unusual ears. The word means *bat-like*. As for mastering the language herself, Mrs. Bond just laughs good-naturedly concerning her ability, and that when she can go no farther in Navajo she switches to sign language and what she calls “the point system.”

[Deseret News, Salt Lake City, Monday, November 17, 1947, by Jean Ward]