

LIFE HISTORY OF MARGE JUDD RYAN

I was born to Louisa Miles Judd and George Judd in St. George, Utah, on November 7, 1899. When I was three years old we moved to La Verkin, Utah, and my father purchased a fruit farm. In 1906 we moved to Las Vegas, Nevada, and my father worked on a farm owned by the Union Pacific Railroad, in order to make money to pay for farm he had purchased in La Verkin. We were in Las Vegas until the spring of 1908. We then moved back to La Verkin. I was baptized in the St. George Temple in 1908 by William Gardner, confirmed by Albert W. Norton.

Spent most of my growing up years in La Verkin. I was Secretary for the Sunday School, but don't remember how long I served.

Living on the farm, there was lots of work for everyone. We raised all kinds of fruit and nuts, grapes, peanuts, melons and pomegranates and garden with all kinds of vegetables. I always disliked picking figs as there was a milky substance on them that would burn your fingers and sometimes take the skin off. Dad dried some of the figs and pressed them in boxes and sold them. Mother made delicious fig preserves. I helped shell almonds. We dried the seedless grapes and made raisins.

We never lacked for good things to eat and Dad raised all of it on the farm. Mother always made a freezer of ice-cream on Sunday. My two brothers, Howard and Ernest, would always come home from Cedar City to get the good dinner we had on Sundays. We had a cow and we used whipped cream very much.

We were the first family to have a car and phonograph. I can still see my dad driving his Ford up the street, proud as a peacock. Before he had the car he hauled fruit in a covered wagon to Cedar City, but used the car later. We were glad when he arrived back home and would tell us about his trip and the sales talk he gave to sell his fruit and he always brought some records for the phonograph.

Dad would take the phonograph to the church building and play it for dances. At some of the dances the women would make basket lunches and dad would auction them off to the men and boys. The baskets were real fancy and Dad would get a good price for them, the money going to the church.

On the 4th of July we always had a good time. The men would shoot off a cannon real early in the morning. Then the band would get on a hay rack and ride around town and stop at the homes where they were served something to eat and drink (no liquor), then everyone would go to the church, where there would be a program. In the afternoon they had races and games. I generally won most of the foot races. We would really have a good time, plenty of home-made ice cream for sale. I remember going to ball games and Dad really razzed the players if they didn't play good. He loved baseball and I guess that is why I like it so much. On the 23rd of July, some of the families would take their covered wagons and sleep there overnight. Some brought a cow and the next morning we would have breakfast there.

I went to High School in St. George and stayed with my Grandmother Miles and graduated in 1918. I returned to La Verkin and clerked in a store owned by my Uncle James Judd. It was much different from the stores now. Carried everything from soup to nuts. The sugar was in a big bin, not sacked, and one day I lost a red set out of my ring in it. I finally found it. While I was working in the store my Grandmother Miles died in St. George, and mother brought Grandfather to La Verkin to live with her. The home in St. George was left to Mother, and we would spend the winter in St. George and the summer in La Verkin. The trips made were in a covered wagon and it would take us all day. I would be sick with a terrible headache all the way. We had to cross the river and many was the times I wondered if we would make it. Later on we had a truck and a different road so we didn't need to cross the river.

I clerked in a store in St. George for awhile and then went to Pomona, Calif. to visit My aunt Verna. While there I met my future husband, VINCENT EDMOND RYAN. He was working there and came to board with My aunt. The first dance I went to with him was the Fireman's Ball. The music didn't show up, so he played the violin and my Aunt the piano. I did manage a few dances with him and he was an excellent dancer. I was called home on account of my mother having an operation. In 1923 while I was in La Verkin, Vincent came to see me. He was working in Idaho then as a forest ranger.

We were married December 23, 1924 in St. George. We moved to California. Our first child, a son, Adrian, was born on April 28, 1926. In 1928 we moved to Missoula, Montana. On the way we stopped in Idaho to visit Vincent's mother and stepfather. It was the first time I had met her. She was a lovely woman and a great lover of flowers and could grow all kinds. In Missoula, my husband help build the sugar factory. It was a very cold place. We lived in a place called Orchard homes and raised a good garden. Our Second child, Marguarite Louise, was born in Missoula, August 28, 1928. She only weighed 3½ pounds. When we brought her home from the hospital she would have died if Vincent's mother hadn't been there. The baby turned blue and she put her in a roasting pan and put her in the oven.

Myself and 2 children left Missoula on the train and came back to St. George, where our third child, Dorothy, was born on October 20, 1931.

We lived in Springville, Utah, 1932-1934. My husband worked for a construction company building roads. In 1935 we moved to Creede, Colorado, where my husband was mining. Adrian and I went fishing most every night in a small creek. The fish weren't very large but we had a lot of fun. My husband obtained work in Douglas, Arizona, in 1936 and he left Creede in a car and the three children and myself went on the bus. What a trip, the children were 10, 8 and 5 years old and I had my hands full. It took us 3 days and it seemed like I waited for busses most of the time. The last bus we were in was not in very good shape. We got into a bad thunderstorm and it leaked. The children were so cross and tired. Adrian went to sleep with his head on a negro mammy's shoulder and Louise was sick to her stomach and I don't remember about Dorothy.

Douglas is close to the Mexican border. Adrian would go across the line on his bicycle and buy meat. Vincent worked for a copper company.

My husband was always in the mining business or construction work, so we were forever moving. In 1938 he went to the Keystone Mine, close to Kingman, Arizona. Left me to do the packing and the children and myself went to Kingman and then to the mine. We lived at the mine from 1938 to 1941. There were about 10 families at the time. There was a one room school house and all the grades were held in it. The kids had a good time, climbing the hills and getting into lots of mischief. I didn't know how much until they told me in later years. Vincent and I went to Kingman for groceries and we gave them instructions on what not to do, for instance the mine shafts and tailing ponds, but as soon as we left that is where they played. It is a wonder they weren't killed. Mrs. Augusta Metzer, a dear friend, organized a Sunday School. Her husband worked in the mine office. There was a large water tank and we found a few rattlers under it. While we were living there Orson Wells broadcast a program over the radio that about scared us to death. It was a play, but at the time we didn't know it. It sounded like the United States was being invaded and we were all going to be killed. The kids would put on plays for the school and we had a lot of fun watching them.

We moved to Kingman and in 1941, Vincent went to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where he ran a saw mill. Vincent came back to Kingman and took the family to Jackson Hole. We lived up in a canyon and in the winter it was very cold. I cooked for about 6 men and it was quite a job. I didn't have a washing machine, so took the tub down by the creek

and heated the water and rubbed the clothes on a scrubbing board. I was very glad when we left there and went to Provo, Utah, in 1941. Vincent worked for Geneva Steel Co. Adrian and Dorothy went to the BYU while we lived in Provo. Louise went to St. George and stayed with her grandmother Judd and went to Dixie College. While we were in Provo Adrian graduated and in December 1950 married Loreli Winn in Bakersfield, California. He met her in college. Louise was married to Burnell Lamb in the St. George Temple in 1949 and Dorothy was married to Veraun Hiatt in the Salt Lake Temple on August 27, 1952.

We moved to St. George in 1952, stayed a short time and then moved to Las Vegas, Nevada. Louise and Burnell came to live in Henderson, Nevada, where he taught school and later became assistant Principal in Junior High School in Las Vegas.

Vincent worked for Manganese Co. when we moved to Nevada. We rented for awhile and then we built a home in what is now called Desert Hills. At the time we moved we were the only people around and there was nothing but sand and rocks. We hauled some trees from St. George and planted. Vincent had shift work and I was left alone some nights and I was really nervous. One night I locked myself out of the house and stayed in an old car we had. The wind blew all night about 50 miles an hour. I didn't have sense enough to put a key outside and sure enough, I did the same trick. This time I broke a window and got in the house. After that I put a key outside.

After the Manganese Co. closed down, Vincent went to Mercury to work and was there until 1966, when he retired. We sold our home and moved to St. George in December 1967. I hope I never have to move again. We bought us a small home near the business center and close to my mother and brothers. Vincent raised a nice garden and we had plenty of vegetables to can and freeze. I am glad to be back in St. George among my friends.

I am very proud of all my children and their husbands and my eleven grandchildren.

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