

Rosetta Tracy Gilbert born 17 January 1892

The History
Of
Rosetta Tracy Gilbert

I was born 17 January 1892 in Yost, Utah, a small town in the western part of Box Elder County to David Samuel and Rebecca Harriet Taylor Tracy. I was the fifth child of a family of thirteen children. Father had taken up land and built a log house, one that could be added onto as the family grew. There was some water for irrigation, but the crops were not very good so father had to leave home to find work during the summer. The winters were cold and long so supplies and feed for the animals had to be gathered and stored during the fall. My two brothers Andrew and David took care of the place and at times had to drag wood from the hills to burn until father came home, then they would haul and cut enough wood to last most of the winter.

Our school was held in a one-room log cabin with a curtain to divide the grades. The teacher carried my brother David to school on his back as he was too small to walk, but had to go so there would be enough students to hold a school. It wasn't many years until it was necessary to build a new schoolhouse so a two room building was built after having two years of high school. As the community grew smaller again, the school was abandoned and students had to go by bus to Malta, Idaho to attend school. As a young girl, I helped mother with her younger ones; there were four girls, so we managed quite well. I spent sometime with my Grandma Tracy. She was a hard working woman and did a real job house cleaning. She taught me to never leave anything that could be taken out and cleaned left dirty. The carpets were taken up and the floors scrubbed, then clean straw was put down on the floor and the carpets beat on the clothes line until free of dust, then put down and tacked. It was hard work, but everything was clean. She would say, "Anything worth doing at all is worth doing good."

My oldest sister married and moved to Lake Point. When her third baby was born I stayed with her for a month; it was the first time I had been away from home so at times I would get home sick, but I met some nice young people and had my first date while I was there.

I came home and the Bishop of the ward asked me to be a Counselor in the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement. I was happy to be in the Mutual and took part in several dramas, which I liked to do. I can remember one in particular; I took the part of an old Mexican woman.

On 21 August 1911 I was married to Leon Gilbert in Twin Falls, Idaho. We left Yost in the morning and drove to Oakley, Idaho. Leon's sister, Geneva and two small boys went with us. Their mother was in Oakley staying with his sister, Alice, who had just had a

new baby boy.

Geneva Gilbert stayed there and we went on the train to Twin Falls, where Leon's two other sisters were living. We stayed at Jenney's that night and were married the next day by Bishop Kirkham. We came back home and stayed at his mother's. While we were there Leon and his brother Andrew put up hay to feed the stock during the winter. His mother came home and moved into the front part of the house so we could live in the large room she had used as a kitchen. In the spring, we moved into a house that belonged to my uncle. While living there on 27 June 1912, a little girl was born. She was named Leona. She was a sweet little girl who was loved very much by her Grandfather Gilbert (Leon's father). He would sit and sing to her or take her riding on the old saddle horse he rode so much.

During that summer, we moved down to his father's and again put up the hay. There was no house on the place where the hay was so we lived in a tent. As soon as the hay was up, Leon went to the canyon and got some logs and built us a log house with two rooms on his father's place. His father was too old to do much work and the farm was large enough for both the boys, so we moved in before the weather got very cold.

In November, my sister, Lydia, planned on getting married, but had got a license from Idaho, so she had to have a Justice of the Peace from Idaho perform the ceremony. We were living just across the line into Idaho, so they were married in our new home. The following May, Leon decided to go to Kimberly, Idaho to work so I and the baby went with him again. We lived in a tent close to Geneva and Will. Where the tent was under some real large shade trees. Leon worked until November, and then came back to Yost. On 19 December 1914, a little boy was born. Leon's mother and father decided to spend the winter in Twin Falls with their daughters, so we moved into their home and milked the cows for them. We had named the new baby Virgil Oliver. He grew to be a real pal for his dad.

In the spring, Leon decided to homestead some land. There was plenty to choose from so he took up 160 acres close to neighbors. Again he hauled logs from the canyons and built a small house, a barn, corral and a chicken coop. There was plenty of work clearing the brush off. A small place was cleared and plowed ready to plant, but we had a home and were real happy. The only thing bad was that there was not very good water for drinking or cooking, so we hauled water everywhere we went.

We would take a large milk can with us when we would leave home and fill it with water from a small spring. The water from the spring provided enough water for a garden and potatoes. The rest was dry farmed so mostly rye and barley was raised. It was soon after living here that a terrible thing happened. On 9 July 1916, Sunday morning the family planned a trip to the canyon. I had the two children ready for Sunday school, when the relatives came and

picked us up.

17 Jan 1892

We had spent the day where it was cool and started home when coming down the hill rather fast, the wheel on the buggy hit a hole in the road. This threw Grandma and Leona, Virgil and I out. I don't know how they were hurt, but the wheel ran over both my legs. The baby wasn't hurt, but both Grandma and Leona were. Leona was knocked unconscious and grandma was hurt inwardly. We took them home as soon as possible and sent for the doctor. Grandma died before the doctor got there and Leona two hours later. I always felt we were being punished for breaking the Sabbath and have never wanted to go anywhere on Sunday since.

I was blessed with another darling baby girl on the 24th of August 1916. Norma was born a tiny little girl, but she filled the empty place in my heart. When she was one year old, Leon got work on a farm and we moved into a nice large house with plenty of water piped into the house. Then, World War I broke out, Leon was one that was called to take a physical examination, but was not called to go. The war quit on 11 November, 1918. This same day, another little girl was born, Della was her name. The flu was so bad, we didn't dare leave home. But we contacted it anyway. Of course, she took it and had pneumonia. We called the Elders in and she was administered to. She began to feel better and was soon better.

In July 1919, my husband had a chance to go to work near Twin Falls, Idaho so we loaded what things we needed on a wagon and went again. We lived in a tent or trailer house. Leon worked all summer. In the fall, we came back to Yost. Virgil was six years old in December and went to school. Now, I had to stay when Leon went away to work.

On 10 January 1921, Reva was born. She was a little dark haired baby, but Virgil was so disappointed that he wouldn't look at her. Then on 5 January 1923, the brother Virgil had waited for was born. Doriel was five days old when Virgil went out in the field to catch his horse for school. The horse whirled as he tried to put the bridle on and kicked him in the face, breaking his nose. He was home from school most of the winter.

Doriel was two years old when Eldon was born on 23 March 1925. Our family was growing and another room had to be added. On 30 January 1928, another little boy was born. We called him Arnold.

When Arnold was two weeks old, we sold the homestead and moved to Acequia, Idaho. We bought a small farm where we were happy until another tragedy occurred. Virgil had grown to be a real young man. He was a big help on the farm until one day while he was herding the cows on a canal bank, he either slipped or was pushed in the canal and drowned. This terrible thing happening and so many little ones, we felt we could not live near the place so we sold this place and rented another place.

On 30 October, Veron was born. He was two weeks old when I and the rest of the children came down with the measles. What a time we had. The girl that stayed with us while I was in bed came back to help us out. Her, Doriel and my husband worked day and night to take care of our wants. We never know how much we can take until these things happen to us.

In the fall, we moved back to Yost. We lived on a piece of land that was just pasture. It was too far from school so during the winter we had to move again closer to school. Leon stayed and took care of the cows, as long as the feed lasted in the pasture.

On 29 January 1932, on a real cold winter day, Wendell was born. Another boy, but they were all welcome and never can I remember any of them going hungry. There was always something for them to eat.

After World War I, Yost being so far out west, we weren't getting the benefits of doctor commodities, so Doctors were sent out to check on the children at school. They came out from Brigham and gave all the children shots for scarlet fever and then made arrangements to take out tonsils. Aunt Celestia Tracy let them use her front room and dining room table for the operating table. They started early in the morning and took sixteen children's tonsils out that day. Two doctors and a nurse did the operating. They returned to Brigham that night. The children were taken home and were all right the next day.

On 4 April 1934, our youngest daughter was born making eleven children. I was really blessed with good health. This was the last of our family; we gave her two names to be sure we use them all that we had chosen. Glenna Ladean is her name.

When she was two years old and the older girls were in High School, we decided to move to Brigham where they could all go to school. On 24 August 1936, we moved to Brigham and bought the place that has been our home. Here we raised our family and knew we would all need to work as another depression made work for only part time for most of the men. Norma and I worked in the cannery, peeling tomatoes. Whenever we had sometime off, we canned fruit for ourselves. Leon stayed in Yost until he had sold all the cows.

He brought one cow down here to milk. I made butter and we had all the milk we needed. During the winter, Leon worked on W.P.A, a government project to help families. He only worked four days a week. World War II broke out in the spring of 1939. As soon as the boys graduated from school, they were drafted.

On the 21st day of April 1940, Eldon was stricken with appendicitis. He was operated on to find it had ruptured. He suffered for nine days and on 30 April 1940, he passed away.

Doriel finished school and was one of the many boys who was

drafted. He left on 1 January 1942, for Fort Douglas and was assigned to the Air Force. He took his training at St. Petersburg, Florida; then he was sent to Virginia. In 1944, he left for England⁹ where he flew thirty-six missions across the English Channel. He came home without a scratch and several medals. We felt the Lord was with him as he had several close calls. The war ended in June but still had to have occupational forces.

Arnold enlisted and went to Korea for eighteen months. On his return he was asked to go on a mission. He left 9 February for New Zealand where he stayed two and one-half years. Six of the months were in Auckland as Assistant District President. As soon as he returned, he started college. In 1955, he graduated from the University of Utah as a medical student. He spent one year in Salt Lake County Hospital, one year in New York at Staton Island, one year in Tuba City, Arizona and finished in Ogden where he studied surgery. He is now practicing in Brigham City, Utah. A very good doctor.

On 30 January 1950, our house burned. Before we got the mess cleaned up, we were just finishing putting the roof on, Leon had just gone back to work, he was digging a trench to pipe water to a new building when the dirt and rocks caved in on him breaking his leg. We had a hard time keeping him down, as there was so much to do. As soon as he was able to go on crutches, he got on top of an old table and did most of the painting.

Wendell enlisted in the Navy. He too was lucky. He was assigned to the Veterans Hospital in Oakland, California. He spent two years here then came home and went to Weber College. He then decided to go back to school in Oakland, but changed his mind and went to work for Finance Co. He stayed nearly five years before coming back to Utah where he went to work at Hill Field. On 28 February 1964, he was married to Charlene Fowers in Ogden.

Norma being the oldest was a real little mother to the younger children, always ready and willing to help-especially when we first moved to Brigham. She was working and always helped pay for groceries. She married Clyde Nichols and lived on a farm until the death of Clyde's father. She then moved to Brigham where they are still living.

Della came to Brigham to attend High School. She married Dale Carter and spent one year in California, then came back and settled in Corinne where they still live.

Reva married and moved to Ohio until 1944. Later they were divorced and she lived in part of our home and worked. She lived with us and worked to support her three children until she married Marion Roche and moved on a farm. The youngest girl decided to live with us.

Glenna was married to Max Grunig on November 1958. They moved to

California in 1958 and came back in July 1959. Max went to school in Logan for one year to get his Masters degree. He then got a job as a physical therapist in the Valley Hospital in Provo, Utah. They bought a new home in Orem, where they still live.

I served as Secretary in the Relief Society from 1956 to 1958, and was a Primary Teacher for many years. I also served as First Counselor in the Yost Ward and as an agent for the Children's Friend. I was Historian for eight years in the Brigham Sixth Ward.

Leon's health began to fail him and he had to quit work. After a year, he became worse and passed away on 3 March 1960. He was a hard working man, but had never done very much in the church. He had a desire to go to the Temple, but was unable to go as he had such failing health. So in June 1961, the family went to the Temple and did the work for him and the children who had died. Most all of my children have been to the temple and have families of their own.

Rosetta Tracy Gilbert
August 11, 1968