

LYDIA BELINDA STOVER HAYNIE ,

COMMUNITY BUILDER

"Teach them to never be weary of good works, but
to be meek and lowly in heart; for such shall
find rest to their souls."

-- Alma 37:34

Lydia Belinda Stover Haynie is my grandmother, a great-great-grandmother of my grandchildren. Her life history has been recorded at various times and it is thru family history that I want my grandchildren to get better acquainted with her and her accomplishments. Stories of her life follow:

An account by her son, Winfred S. Haynie

"My mother, Lydia Belinda Stover Haynie, was born 7 November 1922 in Pickens County, Georgia. She was of medium stature with light skin and dark brown hair (later gray). Her eyes were hazel. She was very mild-tempered. She immigrated to Manassa, Conejos County, Colorado, with her parents and their family in September, 1880. She had a very few weeks of schooling, was self-taught, and became a very educated woman. She felt that her study and work in the auxiliary organizations of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were a great help in her learning process. As a teen-aged girl, she worked and lived away from her family, doing housework. She made the decision on her own, and was baptized into the Church on 3 November 1887. She was always religious and a very faithful worker in all of the ward and stake auxiliary organizations of the Church. Beginning in January, 1930, she did regular endowment work for the dead in the Mesa Arizona Temple. In November, 1930, she was ordained a Temple Ordinance Worker for the Mesa Temple by David K. Udall. On 23 September 1932, she was ordained a Temple Ordinance Worker for the Salt Lake Temple by Joseph Fielding Smith. She spent much of her time and means in temple and genealogy work. She taught early morning seminary classes in Salt Lake City, Utah, for several years. She died in her home at 832 East 8th South Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, on 16 September 1946, from arterio sclerosis, empyema, and apoplexy. She was buried at Manassa, Colorado, on 20 September 1946."

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An account by her daughter, Irene Haynie Bird

"My mother, Lydia Belinda Stover Haynie, was born 7 November 1872 in Pickens County, Georgia. She was seven years of age when the missionaries taught the Gospel to her family. They immigrated to Manassa, Colorado, in September, 1880. She was seventeen years of age when she married my father, Robert Milligan Haynie, 17 August 1890.

Mother spent many anxious hours when sickness came to the family. Elsadie was the first child in the family and was critical with diptheria when she was four and a half years of age. Mother nursed her as best she knew how. There was an epidemic of diptheria at that time and many children died. Some families lost as many as four children to the disease in a few days time. Whenever Mother would give her medicine that she thought might help her, Elsadie would say, 'Mama, if you make me take that, I'll die.' Then, after she did die, Mother just could never get over it and never did completely reconcile herself to her death. She boiled and disinfected Elsadie's clothes, but couldn't bring herself to part with whatever had been a part of Elsadie. She put the clothes in the bottom drawer of the chest of drawers in her bedroom and warned us children never to open it for fear we might just possibly get the dreaded diptheria. I had many nightmares as a result of this situation. I don't know that I ever told Mother that I did, but I would wake up frightened many, many nights after

dreaming that the drawer had somehow opened and I was there. I never knew what the drawer contained, so the dreams were never complete. When Mother and Father moved to Salt Lake City she put the clothes in the attic and, some time before her death, she took them out and burned them.

Perhaps it was a result of her early experiences with the sick, dying or dead, but Mother was sought for in times of sickness and sorrow in our town and seemed to have an instinct for nursing and giving help and comfort to the sick and the bereaved. Mother was a very compassionate person and gave much aid to the sorrowing.

I believe she was an attendant at the birth of all of the older grandchildren and took care of my brothers' wives and their children during those times. Some of these grandchildren were born at home even though doctors were there for the delivery. Hospitals were not available in our area at that time. Tonsillectomies were also performed on some of the grandchildren on our kitchen table.

Mother knew how or learned how to do anything that was necessary in pioneer homes. When she was first married, she covered packing boxes with fabric for furniture. She could wallpaper a room. She made lye soap for laundry either outside in one of the huge black kettles used by the early settlers and later on she made it on the back porch on a gas stove we had there. She cut it into bars and put it on the floor in the north room upstairs over the kitchen. Where the bars lay on the floor, the boards were bleached, creating a kind of checkerboard pattern on the floor.

Mother cut and braided rags into large, beautiful rugs. We had a number of them throughout the house. She was always making or remodeling clothes which she fashioned from patterns she cut from newspapers. I never remember her quilting, though she may have done so. She made quilts, but the ones I remember were tied. She made most of them from pieces of wool clothing sewed together. She never made beautiful quilts, only warm practical ones. I helped her tie a number of them.

She learned to play the piano only a little. I heard her play two songs, but she was determined that Adella and I would learn to play the piano. The two songs I heard her play were 'Catch the Sunshine' and 'Merry, Merry Children Sweetly Sing.' She taught me to play both of them.

We had a washing machine when Anthon and I were old enough to help with the family washing, and it had to be agitated by hand. We would take turns with Mother and then we would turn the wringer while she fed the clothes into it. One time, she left Anthon alone to wring out the clothes. At that time, the colored clothes were not fadeproof, especially was that true of overalls. To save time, he put through the white clothes and then on top of them the colored ones. The overalls landed on the underwear, making blue streaks on them. Mother had him get a tub, soap, hot water, a scrub board and scrub the underwear to get the blue out. Of course, the blue color would not come

out and he said to her, 'You knew all the time that I couldn't scrub out the color.' I'm sure she did know it, but it is a lesson neither of us every forgot.

We always sorted the clothes before washing according to color and amount of soil. All were washed in the same water. The whites first, then the light colors and last of all the overalls and the dark colored socks. The white things were then boiled in a big oval copper boiler on the cook stove. The washer emptied a bucket at a time and poured onto the garden or on the trees. The clothes were hung on wire clothes-lines on the west side of the house. In the winter they would freeze before you could pin them to the lines. In the summer they would dance and swing in the breeze until dry.

After the clothes were dry, they were taken into the house and sprinkled by dipping your hand into a bowl of warm water and shaking it over the individual article of clothing. It was then rolled up, covered with a towel and left for an hour or two or until the next day when we ironed. The clothes were ironed with flat irons. These irons were heated on the coal or wood-burning kitchen cook stove. To see if they were hot enough, we would test them by touching them with a wet finger. If they sizzled, they were hot enough. Often they were too hot and would scorch the clothes. Then the scorch would have to be dampened and the article put out in the sun to bleach. Ironing was a tiresome job. The clothing had to be quite damp to start so it would still be damp enough to iron out the wrinkles by the time you reached the end of the article. Several irons were required for each dress, shirt or tablecloth. Most irons in my day had a removable handle and when it cooled it was returned to the stove and the handle clipped onto another iron. Three irons were used by each person. These irons were heated and wrapped in a piece of outing flannel and taken to bed with us in the winter to put at the foot of the bed to keep our feet warm.

We were taught to respect our parents. We didn't talk back to them. Perhaps, there wasn't the two-way communication that there should have been. I knew I should have had more opportunities to make choices and no doubt it was the same with the other children. To this day, I have a terrible time when I have a decision to make. One example of showing respect to our father was in the matter of his big black leather rocker. Mother had her favorite black leather rocker, too. We could sit in either as long as they were not wanting to use them, but as soon as Father came in with his newspaper or the Scriptures, we immediately gave up the chair. We were never punished for being in the chair, but we just knew that it was his to use whenever he was there.

Around the big round heating stove in the dining room was a favorite place to be when it was cold. We got dressed by it in the mornings and undressed by it at night. There was no heat in the living room or in the bedrooms. If we got wet or especially cold, sitting on the oven door in the kitchen was the best place to be. The oven was really big. Mother could bake eight loaves of bread at one time in the big black baking pan.

For a special program at Primary she would bake gingerbread in those big pans. I loved her white bread fresh from the oven with homemade butter. Another special treat was when she made cinnamon and raisin bread. It was so-o-o-o good. Mother never made wholewheat bread. Alta Boice, our neighbor, used to make graham muffins in a fluted muffin pan. They were pretty and good. I enjoyed them whenever I played with Leta Boice.

Mother was a practical cook. She cooked mostly plain nutritious food: meat, potatoes, vegetables. In the summer we had vegetables from the garden, cooked and raw. Rhubarb, currants and apples were the only fruits that would grow there. In the late summer the Mexicans from New Mexico would bring into town pottawatomie plums which Mother would buy and make into jam. In the fall, she would buy clingstone peaches which she would make into preserves whole. Those peaches with thick cream and homemade bread and butter were a super treat. Anthon could have lived on them. They were his special delight.

Mother could take food or leave it alone. She ate to live, not lived to eat. Desserts were not her specialty, though she did make some, which to us were special. As I have mentioned, it was her gingerbread for which she was especially noted since she baked it for Primary Pioneer Days Celebrations. Maybe her big black pans weren't as big as I remember, but looking back it seems that they were big enough to hold at least four regular recipe quantities. Her lemon meringue pies were the best ever. No one made better lemon pies. Apple, peach or berry cobblers with table cream were other toothsome treats. The only cake I ever remember her making was plain cake which she always baked in layer cake pans. She didn't make dripper cakes. The frosting was white or chocolate divinity frosting. Sometimes, instead of frosting, she used whipped cream and I liked these cream cakes best.

Chicken and dumplings was another of her specialties. No one I have ever known made dumplings like hers. They were made with a rich biscuit dough made with cream. They were rolled out like pastry and cut into strips about an inch and a half wide and dropped into boiling chicken broth and cooked covered for fifteen minutes or so. Father often called them 'sinkers' but they were really GOOD.

We had a wood tub six quart ice cream freezer and a few times each summer we made vanilla ice cream. I guess we didn't know there was any other kind or else it was so good that it could not be improved upon. Josie DePriest (Lenella's father) cut ice from the river in the winter and stored it in sawdust in a shed. He sold it during the summer to those of us lucky enough to have an ice cream freezer.

While Mother was Primary President in Manassa, she held children's dances in the opera house. Some of the time we would learn folk dances (The Shoemaker Dance, for example) and the rest of the time round dances as couples. These dances were a lot of fun. We always wore our very best clothes to these dances.

For the 24th of July Celebration, the children would make covered wagons out of their little red wagons and all children who could would dress as pioneers and we would have a parade. The Primary officers and teachers would serve succotash and Mother's gingerbread.

If you've never slept on or rather 'in' a feather bed, you have missed a cherished experience. We had at least two. They were devils to make each day since they had to be fluffed and smoothed. But sinking down into one at the end of a long day was pure comfort.

A weekly job was to fill the coal oil lamps, trim the wicks, wash the lamp chimneys and make them shine. By the end of the week, they could be quite smoky.

Our home was one of the largest in town so a number of General Board Members of the Church stayed at our home when they came to stake conference. Mother was always happy to make them feel at home and comfortable. Stake conference was held one time in Manassa and the next time in Sanford. The people from the local town would invite the members from the visiting town home for dinner. I always enjoyed these visits and it gave opportunity to get to know more people.

Mother was a great seamstress. She had a treadle sewing machine, a Singer. We were sure she could make anything and I guess she did make whatever was necessary. The biggest problem was cutting and fitting patterns. No commercial patterns were available so it was necessary to see the picture of an article and go from there. Then the folding and cutting of newspapers into a pattern of the right size was the next order of business. Father subscribed to the Denver Post so there was no problem in having papers available. Few families in town took a newspaper. If an article of clothing was to be remade it had to be ripped apart, washed and ironed. If made from new material that was much easier. Whatever it required, Mother was able to figure out and do. Mother made burial clothing whenever the need arose. She was usually the one who made boys or mens pants.

Mother was about five feet three or four inches tall. In her early years she was very thin and I would guess that she weighed less than one hundred pounds. In her later years she put on weight and weighed about 145 pounds. She was an attractive woman, always well coiffured and tastefully dressed. She had brown hair and hazel eyes. Later on, her hair was almost white. She wore glasses and dentures.

Mother and Father were always very formal in public and at home. They never called each other by their first names and did not have nicknames for each other. She was always Mrs. Haynie, or your mother, and he was Mr. Haynie, or your father.

None of us ever knew, nor will we know, how much she sacrificed and went thru to bring us into the world and then have the opportunities we have had that she didn't have to achieve the things we have. She would have given up any material oppor-

tunities she might have had to provide us with greater opportunities for training and development. About 22 months before I was born, Mother gave birth to a still-born daughter who would have been named Chloe. Six weeks before I was born, Mother was hemorrhaging so much that she had to stay in bed and they kept us both alive by replacing the lost blood with salt water. Blood transfusions were not available at that time -- at least, not in Manassa. Twenty-eight months later, she gave birth to another still-born daughter who would have been named Monice. This is only one example of her sacrifices for her family. Her devotion to her family is something we must never forget.

One of the most remarkable things about my parents was the education they received in the University of Life. Neither received much formal schooling. There was a small adobe school-house near Los Cerritos, Colorado, where it was said Mother went to school. She said she attended school only six weeks, so I presume it was in this little school that it took place. It is said that Thomas Edison with only three months of primary school education, became an educated person by engaging in thinking time, planning time and study time with regularity. He set specific goals and developed a burning desire to achieve them. He learned to recognize principles, relate and assimilate them into his own experiences. He then applied them to his fields of interest. I submit that this is the way Mother became an educated woman. She accepted callings in the Church, she thought about the lessons and pondered them in her heart. She planned time when she could read and re-read the material and internalize it. She prayed for understanding and discernment. She read, studied, tried to understand and comprehend, and then applied the principles from the material she had read. This she did for the forty or more years she lived in Colorado after her marriage.

Mother was President of the Primary, in the Presidency of the Relief Society and of the Young Ladies MIA. She taught most of her adult life in the organizations of the Church, including Religion Class in First Ward, Park Stake, in Salt Lake City, Utah. She was an ordained Temple Worker in the Arizona Temple for two years, and for ten more years in the Salt Lake Temple. She went through sessions for the dead once or twice a week during those twelve years. This was at a time when the temple clothes were not made of easy care materials. They had to be washed and ironed weekly and it was really a big job.

Mother was resourceful where arithmetic was concerned. She never learned the multiplication tables and, while it took longer, she could work any problem that confronted her with addition and subtraction. When she had trouble with spelling, as many people do, she found the dictionary an aid and she used it when necessary. When a number of the grandsons were servicemen for the USA in various places throughout the world during World War II, she, with the dictionary at her side, wrote letters frequently to each of them. These letters were full of love, concern, advice and poetry.

Not only did Mother have a testimony of the Gospel, she was

CONVERTED. She lived every Gospel principle she knew. When it was explained to her that she should not drink coffee, she quit. It was hard for her to give it up and for years after, whenever she would smell it, it filled her with longing, but she was not about to let a cup of coffee lead her from her resolve.

Mother always loved beautiful things, but she did not have a great many of them. When she was older, she commented to me once that by the time she was able to have the things she had always wanted, she did not care anymore whether she had them or not.

The only roses we had in our yard were yellow roses around the front porch and the wild pink roses by the west back door, outside the kitchen, and at the end of the lawn on the north.

There was a picket fence across the front of the yard and an unpainted board fence on the west and across the front of the orchard.

A few years before Father and Mother left Manassa, Mother took it upon herself as a committee of one to improve and beautify the public square. She tried every way to get the "town fathers" interested in the project, but John Brady was the only one who would help her. She envisioned a park with a bandstand with band concerts every week and places for family picnics; but it never materialized even with her dedication and enthusiasm. This was just another of her hopes and dreams unrealized.

Sometime later, cement sidewalks were put all around the block and Mother did plant some trees so she never gave up.

Mother must have had the flu sometime around 1917 or 1918. I remember she was very sick and Father waited on her. This was the only time I ever remember her being sick until the year before her death. This later time she had empysema and was in the hospital. They removed part of some ribs to drain this infection. She recovered enough to make a final trip to Colorado to visit her family members there.

It was only a month or so later that she became bedfast for two weeks before her death September 16, 1946.

In the summer of 1933, Mother and Father were driving to Colorado from Salt Lake City to visit the families there. They got as far as Fruita, Colorado, when they and another car crashed into each other and totaled out their car. Their sons came and took them on to Manassa. I think shock was the main problem Father had, but Mother had her knee cut open and her chin was also cut. Her face was quite deformed for a long time; but, finally, both problems were eliminated thru prayer and self-administered therapy.

Anthon had recently purchased a new Plymouth which had balloon tires. He decided that he should take his family and me to see how the folks were recuperating in Colorado. It was while we were in Manassa on this trip that we had family pictures taken



Family Photograph of the ROBERT M. HAYNIE Family, taken on the east porch of the family home in Manassa, Colorado, in the summer of 1933.

Not present was Elwood who was away at school. Other family members were born in later years, including Galen, Marie, Adele, Jon, Roger, Beverly, Linda, Bruce, Gary and Judith; and Irene was later married to Howard Bird.

Family members in the photograph are identified as follows:

Richard Harran Earl Leonard Winfred Tony Anthon
Irene
Mary Lucinda Lydia Robert Hazel Cloe Bernice
Theron LaRue
Carol Louis Kathleen Gerald Lloyd
Maurice Donald Cornell
Ella Delph Louise
Robert Ralph

-- the only ones we have of our entire family.

As we reached the mouth of Spanish Fork Canyon on our return trip, they were repairing the road and there was a lot of loose gravel on the road. Apparently, one of the large balloon tires blew out which allowed the car to drop down enough to drag in the gravel and tip over.

Carol was coming back to Utah with us. She, Bob and Tony got scratches. Anthon and Bernice had shock. My head was cut open presumably by the switch which turned the dome light on and off. They took me into Springville to Dr. Anderson who sewed up my head. I requested to be taken to the home of Reed Bird where I was put to bed for a few hours before we returned to Salt Lake City. The next day we went on to Logan where I stayed until my parents recovered and returned from Colorado.

Dr. Anderson later asked Howard about me and said that my hair would probably go prematurely grey -- which it did. My back troubled me for a long time. Although I went to an osteopath in Provo during the school year, my back continued to bother me for years.

There is another incident I recall that showed Mother's determination and undaunted spirit. Harran had always had an interest in automobile racing and such things. So, when the Kramer Flying School opened in Alamosa to give private flying lessons, Harran enrolled.

By July, 1945, he had secured his pilot's license and either rented or borrowed a plane from Kramer Flying School and flew it to Salt Lake City, landing at the old airport #2, at about Redwood Road and 21st South.

A day or two later, he decided to fly to Logan to visit with Anthon. The plane was a PT-17 (primary training plane) which had two cockpits -- one situated in front of the other.

The day prior to the trip, Mother became extremely interested in how Harran would be able to find Logan when he was up in the plane. His explanation that, when he got in the air, he could see the railroad tracks and would be able to see the cars going along the highway and he would just follow them, seemed to satisfy her.

The following morning, she announced that, since there were two seats in the airplane, she was going to fly to Logan with Harran, and she did.

Apparently, this was planned as a pilot trip to see how things went, because, shortly after returning to Salt Lake City, she announced that she had decided to fly back to Colorado with Harran.

They flew to Grand Junction, Colorado, where they stopped for gas. The main concern that Mother expressed at the time was not for their safety in flying over the mountains, but how they were going to find Alamosa.

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On July 27, 1945, at the age of 73, Mother landed at the Alamosa Airport, having flown in an open cockpit plane from Salt Lake City, Utah.

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