

**Interview with**  
**CORA (HAIGHT) COX**

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**December 28, 1968**

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION  
ORAL HISTORY COLLECTION**

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## CORA (HAIGHT) COX

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Cora (Haight) Cox was interviewed on December 28, 1968 in Rockville, Washington County, Utah by Fielding H. Harris, a representative of Voices of Remembrance Foundation. She related her personal history of living in various parts of Utah.

FH: Would you please give your [full] name?

CC: [My name is] Cora (Haight) Cox.

FH: [What is] your birth date?

CC: [I was born] January 15, 1894.

FH: What is the place of your birth?

CC: [I was born in] Cedar City [Iron County, Utah].

FH: What was your father's name?

CC: [His name was] Caleb Haight.

FH: [What was] your mother's [full] name?

CC: [Her name was] Sarah Ellen (Chatterley) Haight.

FH: What do you remember from your early childhood?

CC: I was a very healthy baby until I had scarlatina [scarlet fever] when I was five years old. It was not known that there was scarlatina in the country [area] then. About a week after we [had] visited in Cedar City, I had a rash break out on my chest. Carpenters who were working there said, "It could not be scarlatina." They never had [seen] it in that light. My mother let me go out and play. I took [came down with a] cold and was [very] sick at that time. Mother had a hard time [trying] to save me.

FH: How long were you sick?

CC: I was sick two weeks. After that, I was left with complications. I had St. Vitus Dance. [St. Vitus Dance is a ceaseless occurrence of rapid complex jerking movements performed involuntarily.] That same year there were two or three others in Cedar City [who] were afflicted with St. Vitus Dance. Mother said the two children who died were not as bad as I was. She took very good care of me. She would not let anyone in the room to speak above a whisper. She kept me in a

dark room and kept me quiet. Just the smell of food made me deathly sick. I had a hard time making it.

FH: Did you have a lot of fever?

CC: Yes, I must have, but I pulled through. After that, the doctor [who] mother went to [for] my nervous condition said that the best thing was an outdoor life [and] that I should not have any responsibility in the home. I should be outdoors as much as possible, so I learned to love walking. Mother would say, "Now you can do a little work in the garden or you can take a walk, but you are not going to do anything in the house." I took advantage of that and enjoyed the out-of-doors. I went with my father a lot to the field to play in the sand while he worked on the farm.

When I [was] strong enough that I could help with the farm work, I dropped the corn [kernels] while he plowed the furrows. When we rested at noon, we would have a nice visit. When I could pile hay, I would [do that]. I always bragged about my muscles [and] how strong I was getting. I took delight in gaining strength. Even though I was underweight, small for my age, I enjoyed life a great deal. I [had] a happy disposition and mother kept me happy by letting me do the things I wanted.

I loved music. When I was a little older, I loved to watch my father play the guitar and so I took up the guitar. The children all around would come and watch me play the guitar and wonder how I could make my fingers fly so fast. I enjoyed all the games of childhood. We had a nice neighborhood in the north end of town in Cedar City, on the north side of the creek. Our neighbors there were very nice and we had lots of good times. As I [grew] older and went to school, these [children] were my chums.

FH: How much [education] did you have?

CC: Before we went to Cedar [City] I went to school [in] Enoch [Iron County, Utah]. Our farm was five miles north of Cedar City, close to Enoch. My father would take my sister [Kathleen May Haight] and me to school in a little buggy and he would [come back] and get us after school. I learned to love those Enoch people. They were such fine people. Most of them were Joneses. Our teacher was Miss Jones. The second year I went to school there she was married and so that broke up the school. They did not have [a] school in Enoch any more. People had to go to Cedar City on a bus after that.

FH: Was this the last school in Enoch?

CC: Yes. I was seven years old when I went to school in Cedar [City]. I lived with my grandmother. My grandmother and grandfather built a new home west of Cedar [City] down off the hill from the university.

FH: What were their names?

CC: [Their names were] John and Sarah (Whittaker)] Chatterley. My grandmother was a wonderful woman. For breakfast, she always had something warm for us to drink made out of barley. She called it barley coffee.

FH: Was it like Postum?

CC: Yes. We loved to drink that. One time she ran out of the barley drink and served us some real coffee. I didn't like it and I have never liked to store coffee since then. I never drink coffee. We do not have tea or coffee in our house. They tried to get me to drink tea for [the] headaches I had from my nervousness. I had these sick headaches every once in awhile. When they would offer me tea and say it was the best thing to cure those migraine headaches, I would say, "No, that is against *The Word of Wisdom*. I will not drink it." I refused to drink any tea. I have always been very religious and [have] grown up that way. I have been very faithful in attending [The] Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] activities in Cedar [City]. I had a long way to walk, but I would rest on the way.

FH: Did you finish grade school in Cedar City?

CC: Yes. When I was with my grandmother I would have these sick spells once in awhile and [would] have to go home and go to bed. I remember one time [when] I was asleep. I would go home when I had these sick spells and I would go to bed and sleep it off. I could sleep all day and all night and the next day I would be better.

One time one of my cousins [came] in [to see me]. She was a little girl [who] loved me so much. She wanted to stay in there with me, but her sister was afraid she would wake me up. She whispered to her and told her not to make any noise because she would wake me. She was determined to stay in there with me. She said, "If you do not come out, I will lock the door." [Laughter] So she snapped the inside lock on and went out. The little girl did not know how to open it and she screamed and screamed. It did not wake me. They tried to wake me and wondered if I was dead. They [brought] ladders and [went] up on the outside on the deck and went into [the room] and tried to wake me. When I finally awoke, I was alright, but they thought I had been in a coma or something for a short time because they had such a terrible time waking me from that sleep. [Laughter] That was something unusual, but it did not amount to anything. I never had [a spell like that] one again. I was glad that my cousin thought enough of me that she wanted to stay there with me. She loved me so much.

Even though I was rather small for my age, I was quite quick to learn. My first teacher in Cedar City was my cousin, Bessie Parry. I remember once she noticed that I was not paying any attention to what she was teaching. I was in the first grade. She called me by name and told me I better listen to what was being said,

that that is the best way to learn. After that I paid quite a bit of attention to what was going on. I tried to be a good listener because that is the way I learned most of my work, from [others]. I loved this teacher very much.

In the third grade I remember my teacher, Miss Beutler, commented on me being so quiet in school and thought what a lovely school it would be if they would all be as quiet as Cora. That mentioned my name again. [Laughter] Throughout my [education] I often had to stop on the way to school because I would get tired. Sometimes, if I had a spell with [a] sick headache, the teachers [would] all [be] so patient and good. My seat-mate would take me home and take care of me. They called me the pet of the school, [and] I did not like that very well.

I remember when I was in the fifth grade we were changing from the ‘A’ and ‘B’ grades to the full grade. The teacher was helping us to make the grade and a half. I helped several of the children [who] were a little backward in their lessons. I would stay and help them after school. They appreciated that and it helped me a lot.

FH: You probably learned more from it than they did.

CC: I probably did. One of my cousins who was a [very] smart girl, said, “Cora, I wish I were you. I know you are going to get promoted.” But when I [received] my promotion card, I was not promoted. I went to the teacher and I cried about it. I told her I was going to study [very] hard and she said, “No, Cora, you must not study during the summer. You have a good time and rest. You have worked too hard. The superintendent has decided that the rest would be better for you than to go into [the] other grade.”

The next year my father felt bad about it. I had a bunch of younger children to go to school with, some that I did not know so well. The teacher was my cousin and he had been on a [LDS] mission to England. He was a [very] good teacher. After he had taught for awhile, my father went to him and told him how it was that I had not been advanced. The teacher said he could advance me if he wanted to, [but] he said, “No, I cannot part with Cora. She is one of my best students.” [Laughter] So I stayed in his [grade] and I was glad I did because he [talked about] so many of his experiences that were faith-promoting and built me [up] so much in my spiritual character. I would not have missed his teaching for anything.

FH: Was it a blessing to you?

CC: It was a blessing to me. I had lots of time that I could spend at home and I took up the violin. My father taught me how to play the violin. When I went to high school I was able to join the high school orchestra. I [did] not have any official lessons — only what my father had taught me. Our teacher was a German music professor. He was very good. We had lots of overtures to play. They put on a cantata or opera every year and we would play all those lovely pieces in the

orchestra. I did get so much enjoyment playing the violin. When I went to the university I was able to join the university orchestra and play the violin.

I have loved the violin, but when our home burned down my violin was burned. I did not take to [play] any other violin. We were poor and could not afford to buy one. "Dee's" [Arthur Delano Cox] uncle gave us one, but I did not play it very much and gave it to my daughter. We still have it in the family and it is being put to use now. One of my sons fixed it up for his little boy and it looks beautiful. I think maybe we will still have a violinist in the family. [Laughter]

My arthritic fingers are not too good now to play or maybe I would do a little bit of playing the violin or guitar. The fact I have now is that my musical talents have gone to my family and they all love to play instruments. They are all very good. They did not get it too much from me, but they got it from others [who] have passed it on through me to them. I am getting ahead of my story. Where was I?

FH: Did you graduate from school in Cedar City?

CC: Yes, from [the] district school. We had to pass a state examination and I [received] good marks. Then I went to high school, out west of Cedar [City] to the Branch Normal School, the BNS. I loved that school. Our English teacher recognized my abilities in English. She would have me stay and correct themes. I could mark an 'S' on every word that was misspelled, make a period where it was needed, or indentation where a new paragraph needed to be made, all these corrections. It has helped me out a lot, but I have never been able to teach English. I have only taught the first and second grade when I went to Orderville [Kane County, Utah] to teach school.

FH: Did you finish three years at Branch Normal School?

CC: Yes. At the end of that year they changed it from the BNS to the BAC [Branch Agricultural College] and they took out the subjects of psychology, pedagogy and history of education. Some of those subjects I needed to take in order to teach school. My teacher recommended that I go to the University of Utah [Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah] and take those subjects. That is what I did. She wrote to her landlady where she had lived when she went to school up there and found a place close to the school where I did not have to take a streetcar to go to school. That was a big help. My sister [Kathleen May] waited a year for me after she graduated.

She worked all summer. I had been working at tending bees and things out-of-doors and I had made quite a bit. I was able to earn \$300.00 dollars from honey that we sold. I kept the checkbook. I was the younger of the two girls, but they thought I was older because I did the business. [Laughter] I would buy the books, the groceries and keep records of everything. They had a conference to find out how the pupils were getting along there and how they spent their money. I had my

checkbook and could tell what I had spent for everything. They thought that was remarkable that we could get along on as little as we did. We paid \$12.00 [rent] for our room. We bought our wood and coal and did our own cooking. We had such a good place close to the school. A lot of our friends were talented in music. They would come there and play the lovely hit songs that were coming out. We would have a party every Friday night and would sing, play [and] then we would serve refreshments.

We really had a good time there. My father had ordered a piano for my sister and a violin for me. He [bought] them at the Daynes Beebe Music Company in Salt Lake City] and they were delivered to that home. It was agreeable with the landlady that we could have them. She learned to accompany me on the violin and we played pieces together quite a bit.

While we were there, our musical friends would come and we would sing. Some of them were well-to-do and they could buy all these lovely songs. We would sing them on these Friday nights. The refreshment we would serve was Concord grape juice with orange juice mixed [in] and it was delicious. After we went to Salt Lake [City] we bought the grapes and made our own jelly. We would use this jelly for the punch that we served. They enjoyed coming to get the refreshments. They helped out a lot with their music so we had a grand time.

FH: How long did you go to the University of Utah?

CC: It was a full year. I took three classes in art that year. I played in the university orchestra [and] one of eleven second violins. I was not good enough for the first violin. The leader of [the] first violin could look over a new overture and play it right off in just a few minutes. That was wonderful and I [had] such a thrill [at] being one [in] that wonderful university orchestra. It was a wonderful experience to me and I have loved music so much. Maybe our family has [received] some of that talent from me [because of] the love I have for music.

FH: You instilled in them a desire for it.

CC: We really have a talented family in music. I was able to pass the examination and taught school in Orderville. I taught the first and second grades and that is where I met my husband.

FH: Are you grateful for [your] teaching [experience]?

CC: Yes, I was able to use quite a lot of the knowledge I gained at the university [from] studying psychology and pedagogy. I used it in [the] school at Orderville. When I had my own family it came in handy [when] teaching them their correct habits of life. It has been a wonderful thing to have had that experience at the University of Utah.

When I first [came] to Orderville, it was a stormy, snowy day. The next day was Sunday and I went to church [where] a young man gave part of the lesson. He was very timid because of the stranger [who] was in his class. [Laughter] He told me this. He has not told it to anybody else. He said he fell in love at first sight. He said in his heart: that is my future wife. [Laughter]

[The Theodore Cox family] lived across the wash from where I was boarding that winter. I used to look out the window and watch him at his work. I noticed that he never wasted a bit of his energy. He used his energy in digging post holes, making fences and [doing] things around the place. He did not lean on his shovel and waste his time. He was working. That is one thing that attracted my attention to him more than anything else — watching him work.

FH: Were you active in church during the years you were in school?

CC: When I was growing up, I always went to Primary, Sunday school, Sacrament Meetings and MIA [Mutual Improvement Association]. I was very religious. I learned the scriptures that were assigned to me. It has been a help to me to know a little bit about the *Holy Bible*.

There was [one] interesting experience. A returned [LDS] missionary took a liking to me in Sunday school, being my teacher in Sunday school. He was graduating at the Logan [Utah State University, Cache County, Utah] school and we were both coming home after the commencement exercises were over. We were on the same train. We did not know it until we [came] to Lund [Iron County, Utah]. He was going to eat his breakfast. They would call us to come and have breakfast. I had a lunch with me and so I did not need any lunch. He sat down by me and was talking to me all about his [education]. He wanted to have me ride in the same car with him when we went home. There was another man there and he said, “No, she is going with me. Her father gave me orders to bring her home.” So I did not get to have a ride with him.

He liked me and did not tell me about it, but he came to see us every Sunday afternoon to take my sister [Kathleen May] and myself for a ride. The first time he [had] a chance when she was not there, he proposed to me. [Laughter] It was one of the most wonderful proposals that it made my ears burn to listen such a wonderful proposal that he made. I told him that I was already engaged. That was after I had taught school in Orderville.

FH: You were already spoken for.

CC: I showed him [Arthur Delano “Dee” Cox] picture and he said, “I cannot cut him out. He is too good looking.” [Laughter] But this was a wonderful experience. This young man who had been such a wonderful Sunday school teacher telling me these things. I should not remember things like that on somebody else. His life has not been as happy as mine. I chose a farmer and he was a banker. I understand he

married a Salt Lake [City] girl [who] was not very healthy and she passed away. I do not know what he has done since. I have not heard. These little experiences show that even though I was not very popular, being small [for] my age, yet I was sort of recognized as having some talents. In school I was good at art.

FH: They say good things come in small packages.

CC: [Laughter] That is what a nurse told me about my daughter [Lenna Cox] [who] was [very] small for her age. She said, "There is nothing wrong with her. She is just naturally small. It is not quantity we want; it is quality."

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

CC: She was tough and wiry even though she was not very large. She has been the smallest one of our children.

FH: What do you remember about your father?

CC: I remember that when the bishop asked that we have home evenings every Thursday night, we did not have any company on those nights. We would gather around and hear him [my father] read the scriptures. We would sing hymns. There was one song I remember a little bit about. It was about Joseph who was sold into Egypt. As soon as they were humbled enough, he hastened to make himself kind. I would like to hear that song now. I do not know whether I could get hold of it or not, but it was a wonderful song. We used to sing that.

FH: I do not know it.

CC: Have you never heard it? Anyway, we enjoyed those home evenings so much. It made us nearer to each other. There was a feeling of love for each other in the family and a beautiful feeling of unity in the home.

FH: [Did] your father engineer this?

CC: Yes. My father made it work out. Mother sang a few songs that she learned in her girlhood that were very impressive and [recited some] poems that she had learned. She was quite sentimental in home evening. She would tell these lovely [poems]. She called [one] *Grace Darling* and it would bring tears to her eyes. And another was [called] *Lillie of the Snowstorm*, about a drunkard. There were things that impressed us that we heard in our home. She was very fond of Shakespeare pieces. She had a book of Shakespeare's readings and it was wonderful. She could recite a lot of these. She was good at literature. Her mother was very good at literature too. My mother was a good conversationalist. She could talk with anyone and interest them in things of life.

FH: What else do you remember about your mother?

CC: I remember that she was a hard worker. She did a lot of work on the farm because my father's health was delicate. They sort of made fun at mother marrying a man with one foot in the grave. He was thirty-five [years old] and she was twenty-eight [years old] when they were married. They had the six children. I think our side of the family had more posterity than any of the other children have.

FH: [Did] they miss on their guess?

CC: Yes. The people down in Cedar [City] did not think I would ever get married, that I would be an old maid or a school teacher. But I was the first one of the family to get married.

FH: How many children did your parents have?

CC: [They had] six children. I was the second [child].

FH: [Would you] name those children?

CC: My older sister, Kathleen May [Haight], was born April 7, [1892]. Then my brother [Arthur Whittaker Haight] next to me was born May 26, [1896]. I am losing track of their dates.

FH: Do not worry about the dates. Just name them and tell what happened to them.

CC: My brother was a very smart student. I should tell you something about my sister. She was a good housekeeper. As soon as she [was able to] she had to work out [to] earn [money for] her own clothes.

FH: What is her name?

CC: That is Kathleen [May]. My brother, Arthur [Whittaker], was good in science. He was going to [receive] a scholarship, but he let it go to another person. It was a fifty-fifty chance for both of them. He let it go to her. She was a cousin.

He did not teach school, but volunteered when World War I broke out. He volunteered to go, and even though he was tall for his age, they took him because he had volunteered. He was only seventeen [years old] and they put him as the leader of a squad — to drill them. He was quite active and became an officer in the [United States] Marine [Corps]. I have not kept track of all of the things that he has done, but he was glad when the war was over and he could come home [and] could have some real American food. I guess they treated them well in the Marines. He was disappointed in love. He did not get to marry the girl that he loved and so he decided that he would not get married.

FH: Did he carry that out and never married?

CC: He did not carry it out. [Laughter]

FH: [Did] he change his mind?

CC: They went to California to work to earn money, the two brothers [Arthur Whittaker and Isaac Chauncey] and my father. They went down to see if they could find work in L. A. [Los Angeles]. My father found a home that was for sale and they bought [it] because they thought it was a bargain and it saved them having to live upstairs. I believe they were working for a rubber company. They [had been] living upstairs in this apartment. When they bought [the house], they had everything just [right]. They [had] some renters and made good on the home they bought. My mother finally went [out there] to join them. She had stayed [behind] to dispose of the property in Cedar [City]. When she had, she went to California and they were a happy family. She had to work hard. My father just did the easy work.

FH: How did this affect your life?

CC: I was married before they left [for California].

FH: What are the names of the rest of the family?

CC: There is my sister, Sarah [Haight]. She lives in Beaver [Beaver County, Utah]. She has been very good in music. She sang over the radio and has been [very] good. She and her son have sung [at] funerals a lot. She and her daughter have sung in the Singing Mothers in conferences in Salt Lake [City]. My sister has been quite outstanding in music.

I did not tell about these children when they were little — how they loved to climb on their father's knee and have him sing their favorite songs. He used to sing *My Nellie's Blue Eyes*.

FH: [Has] music played a big part in your mother and father's family?

CC: Yes. It [was] a big part of keeping congeniality in their home. My father was very patient and my mother was more on the quick-tempered side. She says my father was the most patient man in the world or he never could have gotten along with her. [Laughter] She has been a wonderful character. In her earlier life, she was considered the belle of Cedar City. I heard one man tell about her. There were three girls. One was called "Little Nell", one "Big Nell", and one "Pretty Nell". She was "Pretty Nell." [Laughter] He told me this after she passed away. I learned as much about mother while she lay in-state there in Cedar City before her body was shipped to L. A. to be buried.

He said that [a] rich young man from England was a consulate and a musician. He thought he could get the pick of the girls in Cedar [City] because he was a dashing young man. He set his heart on my mother. He wanted to win her, but she was engaged to father at the time. Anyway, he was not a Mormon. He composed a song about her and sang this song to me there. [Laughter] It was not like a funeral because all of her old friends came. [They] said she had that same sweet smile. It reminded them of her early days when she was the life of any party and had been so influential in their good times. He told about those [events] and it was quite interesting. He sang [the] song that this young man composed. He said, "I guess there are people in Cedar [City who] still sing that song." [Laughter]

Father and mother were quite in demand when it came to parties because of father's singing and [ability to] play the guitar. He was invited out so much. She could remember the words to songs that he might forget. I told that once before, though. That is about all I need to tell about father and mother [inaudible].

FH: Were there any faith-promoting incidents in your life?

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

CC: My youngest sister [Lillian Bell Haight] was very ill with typhoid fever. I stayed home from school quite a bit. I was in the eighth grade and I should have been [at] school, but I stayed home and sat by her bed and took care of her while she was ill for three weeks. My mother was so busy. She had another one with typhoid fever and there was another one just about to come down with it. She said, "Sarah, we cannot afford to have you come down with typhoid fever, too. We have to break it up." Three [children] with typhoid fever would be a terrible thing. She gave her something that broke it up and put onions on her for a poultice to draw the fever out. My sister, Sarah, was even delirious with the fever and had the brown stripe on her tongue that was indicative of that disease. She was cured of it in three days.

This was quite an experience. My sister [Sarah] nearly died with the typhoid fever. When she [became] so bad and bloated, the doctors almost gave her up. They called in the elders and she was administered to. Her fever left soon after that and never did rise again. That was certainly a testimony that the administration worked.

FH: What did you do growing up to have fun?

CC: We had lots of fun at school. At recess, we would go over to the neighbors and play games. All of our neighbors close around the school were so good. I remember especially my aunt [who] lived close there. She loved to have me come over and would always be especially good to me.

FH: What was her name?

CC: Her name was Charlotte Walker. She was my grandfather's sister. She was Charlotte Chatterley before she was married to [my] uncle, Tom Walker.

FH: Did you take some special dance instructions when you went to school in Salt Lake [City]?

CC: Yes. In our school dancing, we learned all the late lovely dances like the vesuvian, the Charleston, the polka and the schottische.

FH: Those were pleasant memories.

CC: It was very nice to have [to learn those dances].

FH: Have you enjoyed reading in your life?

CC: I have been interested in reading scriptures. My mother gave me *The Book of Mormon* for a wedding present. I had not read it through [earlier] because it seemed like my school [classes] had taken so much [of] my time, but I did read it then. When I [was] married and came to the Cane Beds [Arizona], I was quite active teaching in the Sunday school. I was in the Mutual too, and helped the young girls. There were not very many out there, [and] we had a long ways to go to contact these people. We learned to love our neighbors out there and they gave us a grand party when we left after three years.

FH: Tell about your courtship and marriage.

CC: I told about watching my husband [Arthur Delano "Dee" Cox] when he was a young man in his work.

FH: Did you make up your mind about this pretty quick?

CC: Not exactly. He thought I had other beaus in Cedar City. I never told him any different. He was going to take me out for the winter. So we had been going together a little bit before he let me know that he was in love with me. Our first party was a Mutual party. He asked me if he could have my company for the night for [the] party for special officers of the Mutual. He said I eyed him up and down, but I was offering a little prayer to know whether it was the right thing to do. It seemed when I decided in my heart that he was the one I should go with, I told him yes.

FH: I do not know of a better way to find an answer. [Laughter]

CC: No. I think "prayer is the soul's sincere desire." It had been said [to my mother], "Now, Nellie, if you send your daughter to Orderville to teach school, she will not come home single. All people [who] go there get married." [Laughter] So my mother was a little skeptical about me marrying him at first. He had been a wonderful help to me in my school activity. I had a hectograph and prepared all

my busy work for my first and second grades on this hectograph. He helped me take these off of the hectograph — their arithmetic, spelling words, nature studies [and] animals.

I was in the Sunday school. We went to Sunday school board meeting one night [and] to choir practice one night. We went to girls' athletics one night. So we were out quite a few nights. After we would get home he would help me with my school work. He was quite a help to me. It was after New Year's [when] he had hauled a load of wood and was stuck in the quicksand and did not make it home. He had to unhook the horses and go home on horseback to get to church the next day. It was Sunday. I happened to inquire of his mother if he [was] out of the quicksand. That pleased him more than anything I could have said — for me to have enough interest in him to inquire of his mother. [Laughter]

They sort of encouraged our union. [His family] thought that I was a good girl. I was a good worker. At least I chopped wood for the family that I stayed with. I would get out and work outside. That was my hobby: being out-of-doors. At recess, the little [children] enjoyed having me help them with their games at school. They would come running to meet me when I would go to school. They would get hold of my arms so thick that I thought they would pull me over sometimes. They all wanted to get hold of my arms.

FH: This tells a lot about what kind of a school teacher you were.

CC: It shows that they liked my activity.

FH: They liked you.

CC: They sure did. I loved the little school [where] I taught. I thought there was no better little group of children in the world than that first and second grade. They really did work for me, too. I gave them a bit of freedom to go about when we did not have a class. They enjoyed that. When I would call [them to] attention you could hear a pin drop, they would be so quiet.

FH: How long did you go with your husband?

CC: We were engaged before we left Rockville. He took the teachers, Mr. Cooper, Miss Clyman and me, home in a buggy that he had borrowed from his uncle. He [dropped off] the others and then we went from Toquerville [Washington County, Utah] on to Cedar [City]. We stayed at my uncle's in Toquerville overnight. I cannot quite remember how it was. Anyway, there was quite a snowstorm at that time. It was in May and it seemed that [we were] engaged, [but] we had not made any particular arrangements to get married.

[As told to me by my father, Arthur Delano Cox: At the close of school in 1915 I took my team, borrowed Uncle Jode's buggy and took Cora home to Cedar City. I was in Cedar

City for a few days. While there, I asked the parents of the girl I loved if they were willing to let their daughter marry me. They both were willing. We corresponded through the summer.

In the latter part of August, I took my mother and her fruit bottles [jars] to Hurricane and we put up a nice bit of fruit. I let Cora know we were going to Hurricane and she found a way to come there. When we had the fruit we wanted, we started for Orderville. The last of September, my sister Ethel [Cox], Cora and I went over the mountains to Cedar City on horses.

We planned a fall marriage. On November 18, 1915 I left Orderville in a large white-topped buggy and went to Cedar City by the way of Cane Beds and Hurricane. All preparations were completed. Early [in] the morning of November 22, 1915 I, with Cora and her sisters, Kathleen and Sarah, drove to St. George. On the morning of November 23, 1915, my wife-to-be and I journeyed to the beautiful St. George Temple where all nature was in tune with the beautiful surroundings and the occasion. We received our endowments and were sealed as husband and wife for time and all eternity by a very kind man, Thomas Cottam.

— Added during editing by Elmer Floyd Cox, son.]

He asked my father for me. My father consented [that] if I was his choice and if he would be good to me, it was alright with him. We were engaged to be married in November. I had that much time to get ready. My mother was very good [at] helping me. I had not [prepared] anything towards our marriage because I was an outdoors person. I had been tending bees and working in the garden. I worked in the market gardens up until that time and [with the] bees. I really had an outdoor life. That is how I earned my money — in the market garden and tending bees.

FH: Did you have any trouble getting ready?

CC: [Laughter] No, not very much.

FH: Where were you married?

CC: We were married in the St. George Temple [on November 23, 1915]. My aunt was the matron there who took me through [the temple]. We spent three days there. In those days, they only had one session. The first session we were married and then the next session we took other peoples' names. There were some of my folks [who] had names there. My aunt had names. My husband was baptized for twenty of his relatives. He did not mention that in his history. That was wonderful for him to be baptized for twenty of his relatives. We had Thanksgiving dinner with his aunt.

FH: What was the name of the aunt [who] was the matron?

CC: [Her name was] Ann Macfarlane.

FH: Who was the aunt you had dinner with?

CC: His aunt's [name was] "Em" White. We had a nice celebration while we were in St. George. My two sisters went with us. We stayed at one my uncle's place.

FH: When you went for your marriage, was it a three-day excursion?

CC: It was a three-day excursion. That Thanksgiving night we were on our way back to Cedar City. They had planned a reception for us in Cedar City. My aunt Zillie [(Haight)] Spilsbury in Toquerville gave us some good advice. Zillie was one of my father's sisters. "Never both get angry at the same time." It has been good advice. We went out to a Thanksgiving party where they served refreshments and [we had] a very nice time. It was nice for my sisters because they enjoyed the parties, too. When we [arrived at] Cedar [City], they did not shivaree us very much, but it was a wonderful party. [A shivaree was a noisy celebration for newly married couples.] There were a hundred of our relatives invited to this party—uncles, aunts and cousins. They were all sort of relatives [who] were invited. We had a new home there. [It was] two large homes that they threw into one home and had dancing in the center of the building. We had some dancing and singing — a nice program besides just the refreshments and visiting. It was not just presents and [an] open house like they have now. We did have a [very] wonderful program.

FH: Where did you go to live?

CC: We went to Orderville to live. His folks had built a new frame house and we fixed up two or three of the rooms. We had a room upstairs and two of the rooms downstairs. We were living in the kitchen and dining room downstairs and our bedroom was upstairs. We painted and fixed up these rooms. I had a lovely set of oil paints. I had my violin. He [Arthur Delano Cox] told about the house getting on fire December 12th. He was on his way to Summit [Garfield County, Utah] to find work.

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

CC: I do not know, [maybe] he was going to find a ranch that had been advertised [and] he thought he might make a better living [there]. When the home caught on fire they went for him at Cane Beds. He was on his way to Cedar [City]. This night we had been washing [clothes]. The cistern on the hill had run dry and we did not have any water to wash with, so there was no water to fight the fire with. The first we knew that the house was on fire was when the smoke burst through the roof. It came down around the house and made it dark. It was in the evening. So we did not have much of a chance [to] put [the fire] out.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

CC: I am not very good at telling these things because it has been so long since it happened. When the fire broke down around the roof, I ran out and screamed for help. The neighbors soon [came] with their buckets to get water. They made a brigade from the river up to the house and tried to put out the fire. They unloaded the food that we had [stored] on our porch. I do not know how many sacks of flour there were. They [brought] all the flour and part of the fruit out. My husband not being there to tell them anything, it was hard. All I could tell them was about things in the house that I knew about. They would ask me and I would tell them what there was in the house to get. I would go in and show them and they would get them. The fire [was] drifting so bad they would not let me go in anymore. They kept asking me what there was in there to get out. They saved most of our things that were in there, the [items] upstairs. I did not think about the violin, or my painting outfit, things I should have remembered. I felt so bad to think I had not rescued those [items]. We did get the lovely organ and his mandolin and a few [items] of his and a chest of material that was in the house. So we were pretty lucky.

The first things I [took] out were the lamps that had kerosene in [them] and my baby in the basket. I ran to the neighbors with him after I [took] the lamps out. He was alright in the care of the neighbors and I was helping [the neighbors] get everything else out. There were just two of us [who] held our heads [and] knew what we were doing. Everybody [was] so excited they did not know what to do. It was only a half an hour from the time the fire started until it was burned to the ground. It was a frame house and it was in the fall of the year. There was no breeze blowing, so the blaze went straight up. In just half an hour it was burned to the ground. There was a five gallon can of honey under the sink that burned all night. [Laughter] That was something, for honey to burn like that. The things from upstairs were all burned. His mother's loom was burned. She had made a living by weaving.

FH: When this fire occurred, were you and the baby in the home alone?

CC: No. There were several [others there]. All of his mother's family were there, except him. It was about suppertime. They helped to get things out as much as they could, but when it was not safe they did not go in. They just stood outside and watched it burn.

FH: You cannot [stop] it after it [when it] gets so hot.

CC: They would not let anybody go in there anymore. They even [brought] a few things out after the fire was drifting from the porch.

FH: What did you do? Where did you go to live?

CC: The neighbors were very good. They found an empty place where people had moved out. They had us go there. It was not long until they had gathered up the things that we had not saved enough of, like bedding and clothing [that] was burned up.

FH: People in those communities all help each other.

CC: They surely do. It happened that I had [some] dishes that had [been] used at one of the parties that were still in the pan. They grabbed up that pan of dishes and they were our lovely wedding dishes. They were not broken so we had those. Our cupboard was saved and table and our stove. A few things were saved from our kitchen. I could think of our things, but I could not think of their things. They were getting fruit out of their cool room which was not as important as the things I was doing.

FH: Tell about your children.

CC: Alma Joy [Cox] was born in Orderville. At the time of his birth, my mother and father [came] to Orderville to be there [for] the wonderful event. I took them for a walk up on the cistern hill [so] they could look over the city. It was wonderful to think that I was able to get around like that. They thought I was marvelous. That night the baby was born so they did not have to wait very long.

FH: You timed it well. [Laughter]

CC: He was born on the right date. His aunt [Sarah Aveletta Cox] took care of me. The first baby: it seems like [mothers] do not have as much pain as they do with the following ones. I guess it is that way. Anyway, I got along [very] well.

Our next baby was born out at Cane Beds. This one we [named] Elmer Floyd Cox. He [my husband] told you about the [children]

FH: Well, you tell me about them.

CC: I will have to tell you about the narrow escapes our first son had. When we were living on the place that we homesteaded, there was a big lane where the cattle came in to drink. [One day] I heard a noise. I did not think he could get away from the house. He was just a little youngster playing outside. When I heard the cattle coming for water I thought about him and hoped he was not out in the lane. I looked out and could not see him. When I did see him, he was clear out to the reservoir where the cows were going to come and get their drink. They were coming on a stampede, you might say. They were longhorn steers and [it] looked like a sea of cattle coming. It made such a thundering noise and they were coming so fast that I ran like lightning out to that reservoir and grabbed him up. [I reached] the high fence in time to save us both. I must have been blessed with special speed at that time.

“Dee” [my husband] told about him [Alma Joy] having his accident with his finger taken off. It was not Ira [Newell Cox who] was on the wagon driving the team. It was his brother, Julius [Orville Cox]. He was doing alright driving, but he [came] a little close to the post and it touched him right where his hand was and threw him out. It sounded like clothes tearing, but there was nothing torn on his clothes. It was the flesh tearing. It tore right down his finger to the middle of his hand. We did not know his finger was all mashed to pieces. His [“Dee’s”] mother decided to treat it with turpentine. We put a splint on it, but it did not do any good. It was mashed into bits.

We were on our way to Hurricane [Washington County, Utah] to have the doctor take care of it. It was black and had not healed up. We were on our way there and met my mother. She was coming with some other folks, [the] Perkins. They said there was no doctor in Hurricane, that he had left town so we had to go back. We decided to go to Fredonia [Arizona] to a doctor. We went [there] to the Indian doctor. I cannot remember his name.

FH: Do you mean he was an Indian or was he a doctor to the Indians?

CC: He was on the reservation, but he was a white man [and] was a doctor out there. Alma [Joy] sat on my lap while this doctor took his scissors and cut [his] finger off. He did not cry. He just said, “Ow,” like it hurt him, but he did not even cry. The finger had not been given any anesthetic to deaden the pain. It shows what a lot of grit he had to stand that being cut off. It left the bone sticking out for about half an inch. He said, “You will have to come back later and have that bone taken off and the flesh drawn together.” It was in such a bad shape. It healed up around the bone and left the bone sticking out there. It did not bother him much. We did not bother to go back for quite awhile.

He [received] a set of tools for a Christmas present that year and was using his little hammer to crack nuts outside. Anyway, he [hit] this bone and knocked it off. So we just pulled the flesh together over the end of the bone and did not have to go back to a doctor to have it done. [Laughter] That was a wonderful thing. Alma [Joy] has been such a patient, good boy. There have been other experiences that have been outstanding, [but] I will not go into any more details.

Elmer [Floyd] was our next son and we had a wonderful experience with him, too. He was in his basket one time and had learned to pull himself up. He would get a hold of the edge of the basket and could pull himself up. I was not in the room at the time, but I heard this crash. The basket tipped over and he was under it. If I had not [been] there, he would have smothered because the bedding was on top of him, but I [was] there quickly and saved his life in a miraculous way.

They have all had narrow escapes and all have lived through [them]. All of our children have been wonderful and we got along fine. They have been such a good family to cooperate and work on the farm. They have been very good.

I remember one time the girls [Marie and Lenna] were going to weed the carrot patch and one of them looked up and said, "Mama, why do you like to work?" I had never had such a question brought to my attention before. I did not know whether I liked to work or not, but I always went at it enthusiastically. I said, "I like to get the weeds out of these carrots so I can watch the carrots grow." They went on working. It was an awful job to do. They usually worked [very] well without complaining about work. When they would get through working, we would let them make their own games. They would play in the orchard and have such a good time. Our farm has meant a lot to us to [be able to] keep them off of the street.

FH: [You have] a lot of pleasant memories.

CC: [There are] a lot of pleasant memories because they have not [been] with the mischievous children when they got into scrapes. They have avoided all those scrapes and it has been wonderful. When they [went] to school they [did] not take up with the bad language. They [did] not take up with any of the bad habits [like] a lot of the young people.

FH: Will you name the rest of your children?

CC: They were named in their father's [Arthur Delano "Dee" Cox] history.

FH: I want you to tell about each one.

CC: The first boys were quite young when we moved to Rockville.

FH: You had one [child born] in Orderville and one [born] in Cane Beds.

CC: The next was born in Rockville. That was Marie [Cox]. She was our first girl [and] was such a beautiful baby. All the neighbors came to see her; what a doll she was with black curly hair, such a lovely pretty baby. I do not know whether I should tell [this]. About from the time she was born until Lenna [Cox] was born, was during this time that I had my dream. It was [the] next year after Marie was born.

I can tell my dream because it did mean a lot to me that I would be able to keep cheerful in all the things that I had to go through. I think I should tell it because they all want a copy of my dream. They will have it as near as I can tell it now because I am quite forgetful, but I should not forget it because it was so wonderful.

It seemed at this time there was a land dispute in Rockville that caused a division in the ward. The people took sides. On Sunday, half of them would go to church and the next Sunday the other half would go to church, but I would go to church all the time. The bishop would talk to the people and say, “You need to repent, every one of you.” I felt quite bad to think that I was a sinner. He was not talking to me. If the hat fits, wear it. I should not have taken offense at that, but it was not too long [after] that [that] they had their trouble.

They tried to fix it up, but it seemed there was not any way that they could fix it up. One group of people would talk about the other [group] until it [became] quite bad. There was a lot of backbiting. People are supposed to forgive one another and not bring up all past things, but they did. It seemed that at this time I felt so bad. Every night when I would go to bed I would cry. My husband said, “If you cannot be happy here, we will move. Where do you want to go?” I said, “It does not matter — just so we get away from Rockville.”

One morning I woke up with a wonderful feeling. It was so different. I told my husband I had had a beautiful dream. It was just about daylight and time for him to get up and [do] his chores. He went about his chores and I just lay there marveling. It was in the springtime. The trees were in bloom and everything was lovely. I marveled at such a dream, but I will try and tell it like it came to me.

It seemed a crowd was gathering outside of the city. They were all finally assembled at this certain place [where] a big crowd had gathered. It was rumored that a man was coming who claimed to be Jesus. I was anxious to get to see this man, so I edged my way through the crowd so I could see Him making His way through the crowd. When I first saw Him, He was talking to the people on either side of them asking them if they believed that He was Jesus. They would say, “No. Go away. Go away.” They would wave Him back. As they did so, they themselves would step back and leave the way clear for Him to go through the crowd.

It seemed that when He [came] close enough to where I was, I seemed to recognize the divine intelligence on His countenance and I knew that He was Jesus. So I started forward to greet Him and, as I did so, I fairly ran unobserved by the crowd. As I greeted Him, a thrill of love swept my being. I was filled with love for the Lord. I laid my head on His shoulder and wept for joy. Then a wonderful thing happened. I rose with Him above the multitude and I could look down on the people and my heart was filled with love for the people. I had a longing to do something to help them to know Jesus, so they could be happy like I was. Then, as we came back among the crowd, He went this way and I went my way. I was one of the crowd, but that feeling of love for the people stayed with me. I sure wanted to help them to know Jesus.

As the day wore on and it was night, the people were entering a well-lighted building. I went with some of them into this building. When I entered, I thought it

was set with long tables and people [were] seated at these tables. These tables were set with large bowls of beautiful tinted eggs. It was Easter time and they were enjoying their evening meal. I did not take my place at the table, but I sat on one of the side benches. There was a little girl crying because her sister had been cross with her. I tried to comfort her and made room for her to sit by me. She did, but still she did not seem very happy.

Presently, Jesus came into the building at the same entrance. He was talking to the people at that first table. I observed for a little bit that they did not pay any attention to what He was saying. They just went right on and did not listen to Him. Finally, one of them asked for the salt shaker and it was missing. They accused the smallest one at the table, a little boy. Presently, the shaker was restored in the same mysterious way that it was taken and I knew that it was a miracle that Jesus had performed to show how easy people [are] accused wrongfully. Then I spoke to this little girl, finally. I asked her, "Do you love the Lord?" She said, "No." I asked her another question and she answered no. I cannot remember what the other question was. I asked her if she had ever heard the story of Jesus who came and lived and died for us. She said, "Yes." I said, "Would you like to see Him?" She said, "Yes." I said, "That is Him over there and if you will go and greet Him, you will be happy like I am." So she started over to greet Him and she almost flew to where He was. She danced up and down with joy like a child meeting a beloved parent. I felt so happy that now she was happy.

It seemed that as Jesus went on through the crowd, when He [was] close to the other end where there was another door He announced that all who could walk nice and talk nice to follow Him. Quite a few arose and followed Him out and I followed after them. In the hall they chose partners for a dance. They went into a beautiful ballroom. It was down the hall a little ways. It was a dimly lighted hall where they chose their partners. A gentleman took my arm and spoke in a kind voice, so I went in with him. They were formed in there in a pattern that I had never seen for a dance. There were no bright lights, no orchestras, no music, only the rhythmical counting of the Master as He led them in the dance. It seemed that there was no noise. They probably did not have any shoes on. They were all dancing. There was such a desire for everybody to learn that beautiful dance. They were all intent on learning it. When they had learned it thoroughly and enjoying it to the utmost, I awoke. That cheerful atmosphere remained with me. I was not blue and discouraged anymore. I had that cheerful atmosphere.

When I awoke from my dream I lay there and marveled over what a wonderful dream it was. I knew it must have some meaning for me and I wondered what it could be. It seemed as I thought about it only those that love the Lord and their fellow men would be permitted to meet Him at His coming. This seemed to be what I figured in my own mind. Later in the day, when my husband asked me what the dream was, I told it to him. He said, "That is a testimony to you that you do not have to leave Rockville to be happy." I said, "It surely is." I loved

everybody and I did not feel like I wanted to move. I had forgotten all the bad things that they had told me. I did not remember things that were bad about people. It made me think [that] if I had moved away from Rockville feeling ill towards the people it would have been quite sad.

It has been a place where we have raised our children and we have really worked a lot in the community here. We both worked for the good of the community building up and, like he told you, about the water system. If it had not been for his work, it might have been a long while before things would have been as well-established as they have been.

When they [built] the tunnel up here we did not have to travel through so much mud and the roads were so much better. We [brought in] the lights and water and it has been a lovely place to live. This little valley of Rockville has been one of the most beautiful places in the state, I think. No better place to raise our family. There are not many families [who] live here, but they are fine people. They are so united and happy here. We love the people here and they are all so closely related in the gospel. They all want to live as near [to the gospel] as they can.

It is wonderful the things the church is giving us more now than we have ever had before. We both have such a wonderful testimony of the gospel. We study together. We have our home evenings, study these [topics] out, do our scripture reading and attend to all of our activities. If we could [only] impress [upon] our children and our grandchildren to overcome their selfish ways. We have tried to overcome ours. We are still working at it and I think the children are doing very well, but the grandchildren do not know which is right and which is wrong the way they are putting things out in the colleges and places where they go to learn. They are so confused with the [information] that the communists have introduced into schools that they do not know what to do, but things are going to be a little different, I think, from now on.

FH: I think they might get worse before they get better.

CC: Do you? I hope they do not. There are a lot of calamities. Does the bad get worse and the good get better?

FH: Until the Lord intervenes.

CC: If we can just encourage our grandchildren to do whatever they are asked to do in their wards. To work, not just to believe what Jesus has told us what is the right thing to do, but to do it, do it with all their energy. [If they will] do whatever they are asked to do in their organizations, they will prepare themselves for things that are coming in the future. That is the only way we can prepare, is to do what we are told to do in our scriptures and in the words of our prophets.

Our Prophet [David O.] McKay has given us so many things to help us to live now-a-days that we have never had as [many] great things shown to us as we do now. I pray that my grandchildren will be as faithful as their parents are and that they will all work to make their homes more united and happy in overcoming their selfish ways and be willing to help those that are not of our faith to see the right way. I pray that they will all do this. I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

[END OF RECORDING THREE. END OF INTERVIEW.]