

## HUGH JOHN FORD

According to record it was on the 7<sup>th</sup> day of May 1901 when the question, “Are John and Alice going to have any boys?” was answered. Yes, there were four girls born into this home before a son was born, who was myself. I was to have a brother but for such a short time. His name was Rodney and he lived to be just a year and a half. It was a coincidence that my brother was named for the grandfather of the girl I was to marry and was yet not born. After this one more sister was born. I believe Grandfather Ford was the one who was most disappointed in the final outcome in our family, because his son John didn’t follow the family pattern, ie: four or five boys and a couple of girls. I have five wonderful sisters and with four of them older, I had wonderful care. Viola has told me stories about me that I won’t write here, bless her, I love her for it.

It was rather ironical how I got my name. Mother says that the name I was to have had was “Frank”, however, when Grandfather Ford held me in his arms to christen me, he gave me the name of Hugh. No one else had anything to do about it, and I didn’t even care.

My early childhood days were about normal and full of experiences as we had our home and farm in Centerville and a cattle ranch in Weber. We were on the move between the two places until about 1913 when we sold the ranch in Weber and settled down to truck gardening, farming, and dairying.

While at the ranch in Weber, my main job after I got big enough was to ride the derrick horse or drive a team on the front gear of a wagon. This went on for weeks at a time, first here in Centerville and then on the ranch. I had many pleasant experiences there, also, riding the range with my father, and participating in my own way with the annual branding of cattle in the spring, and the round up in the fall. Occasionally, I would ride over to Peterson with my mother for the mail and groceries. We attended Sunday School and meetings as often as possible in a little one room frame building. I shall never forget our nearest neighbor on the west, Grandma Robinson, her cookies and her cats.

After we settled down in Centerville, our home life was more natural, with father here all the time, and all our efforts were concentrated on the farm. Uncles Joe N., Thomas, Grandfather, and Father were in partnership which continued until about 1936, at which time Uncle Tom, Father, and I went into partnership that continued until just before his death in 1940. Father and I then went into business ourselves. This gradual change came because the families were growing and presented individual problems.

We lived only a few years in the “Old Rock Home”, when we moved into the brick home now called the “Ford Apartments”. I was born in the rock house. Rodney and Mary were born in the brick home. When Mary was born, Mother accused me of putting pollywogs in her tea.

It wasn’t until we moved into the brick house that we had modern plumbing in the house, such as a bathtub and toilet. I well remember Saturday night bath in the family round tin tub. In the brick house we had a copper tub built in before the modern one.

I almost shudder when I think of going out in the yard to the toilet. (One with three holes, each of different size.) At night when I was small, I could imagine all kinds of animals and ghosts. Once when the east wind was blowing hard I was in there and had to hold on to stay put and kids now days can’t imagine the thrills we used to have.

My first school teacher was Anne Steeper and then from the third grade until the sixth I had Emma Chase. There were from 22 to 26 children in the five grades, held in the old north schoolhouse, in one room.

We also held Sunday School and Primary in this building with dark red curtains drawn to divide the classes. Thomas Barber was the first superintendent of the Sunday School. Aunt Maggie was my first religion class teacher. My Mother was president of the first Primary I attended.

I attended the sixth and seventh grades in the old Central School under John H. Tolman. Then the present grade school was built and I attended the eighth grade there under John H. Tolman.

One day while I was in the sixth grade I ripped my pants. Eva Earl sewed them up so I could go back to school.

From the eighth grade I went to Bountiful Jr. High. Mr. J.A. Taylor was my teacher there. Then I went to Davis High for two years, graduating in 1920 with 16.2 units. Lee J. Muir was the principle. In 1920 the school won the first state basketball tournament. The Roberts twins of Centerville played on the team. I also attended Seminary while at Davis at the John R. Barnes Seminary, under Brother George Ensign. At that time there were about 260 students in High School from the whole county.

From 1921-22 I attended the University of Utah in the School of Business, taking most of my pre-grad subjects.

About the year 1910 the street car was built from Salt Lake City to Chase Lane. This provided transportation for school children between Centerville and Salt Lake City until about 1922 when this was discontinued. Since then Bamberger Railroad and buses furnish the transportation.

At the age of 12 I was made a Deacon and a Boy Scout. My Scout Master was George McIntyre. There was only one ward at that time and each Sunday we would go by horse and surrey to the Centerville church house or otherwise walk. In order, I was ordained a Teacher and a Priest. Melvin Randall was Bishop, succeeded by Uncle J.N. Ford and he continued after the ward was divided.

I was ordained an Elder after the division and in the fall of 1922, I was called to the Swiss-German Mission. George F. Ballif was my first president and then Fred J. Tadge succeeded him. I spent 34 months in the mission field. I learned the German language and my first companion was Brother and Sister Laurence Rippling. I had many thrilling and wonderful experiences while in the mission, most of which are in my diary. My release came while I was holding Mutual meeting in Linz, Austria. I soon left for home joining Elder Lawrence McKay, son of President David O. McKay, and came all the way home with him.

While attending school at the University, I stopped at the L.D.S. High School to see Royal Miller (my brother-in-law). I was in the old Studebaker car. I was driving south just east of the Deseret Gym when all of a sudden I saw my cousin, Alta and another girl coming from the gym. I stopped to see if she would like a ride home. Little did I know then that the girl with Alta would some day be my wife. I was introduced and of course took her home up on 995 Lincoln Street, and from then on until I left for my mission, I kept seeing Alta's friend. Alta would invite her out and naturally I went down to see Alta. (This is something like my Father.) It is said that Father went up to the Rollins for current bushes and incidentally asked for Mother's hand in marriage. For six

months I saw Rosalia Badger as much as I could. She came from a large family of 12 children and wonderful parents and grandparents. Her parents were Carl A. Badger and Rose Jenkins. I attribute much to Mother Badger for keeping warm the friendship between her daughter Rosalia and I while I was on my mission.

When I got off the train in Salt Lake from my mission Rosalia and her father met me. My folks had missed me and gone home. I saw her standing on the platform when the train stopped and hardly knew what to do. I delayed the meeting as long as possible to give me a little time to think. Brother McKay and I walked the full length of the train before coming off. I don't know why, except that the lovely reception was a bit frightening. We met again and I knew she was the one. Her father gave her the car to bring me to Centerville and from then on things were pretty definite as far as I was concerned.

I had already sent a diamond home from Switzerland, but it wasn't until the next spring in 1926 that I gave her the ring. It was the night that I bravely walked into her father's library and asked for her hand in marriage.

I went back to the University in the fall of 1925, working on the farm until school started. Jobs were hard to get and times were pretty rough. We planned to get married on the 25<sup>th</sup> day of August 1926. We started our home in the spring and expected to move in by fall.

I probably took things too much for granted, busy working at home, school and church work, and was tired and didn't give Rosalia enough personal attention. She became discouraged and discontented so one day we had a "showdown". I went to her home, we took a ride and had a talk at Butlerville where her father had some property and we later lived there for two years during a building program for her father.

We were married in the Salt Lake Temple by Apostle Joseph Fielding Smith and had a lovely reception on August 25, 1926. Sargent Streeper was best man, Alta Ford Egbert, matron of honor and Alice, Beth, Janet Nelson and Mary Ford were bride's maids. Alice Miller and Jean Holbrook were flower girls. After the reception we were taken by some friends downtown to an A & W Root Beer stand on 5<sup>th</sup> South and State and I had to buy root beer for the crowd of about 6 carloads. After this we slipped away from the crowd and went up to about 17<sup>th</sup> East and 20<sup>th</sup> South and stayed by a haystack until Royal Miller brought us our car. We then started our honeymoon up Lamb's Canyon in a summer cabin we obtained from Dr. DeYong. We stayed there a week and then returned to our home and duties of a married couple.

A baby girl blessed our home on June 22, 1928 named Rosemary. Then John came on July 15, 1930. Hilda was born March 28, 1934. She was named after my sister Hilda also which was her marriage date to Blaine Shomaker. Margaret was born Nov. 5, 1936. Rodney was born March 10, 1938. Holland was named after a very dear friend of the Badgers (a school teacher, Miss Holland), born July 24, 1940. Carol was born October 14, 1942, just before deer season. Blaine was born Nov. 5, 1944 and named for his Uncle Blaine Shomaker. We have 8 lovely children, one son-in-law at present and one grand daughter, Marci Ogzewalla. John is now filling a mission to New Zealand and keeping up with the mission spirit of our family.

It is now 1952. Our family life has been full and pleasant. I have held many jobs in the stake as well as ward all my life. I was Sunday School Superintendent in the ward, Mutual President in the ward, Stake Era Director in South Davis Stake, First Counselor in

the bishopric with Bishop Leo V. Worsley and Norris Knighton, Second Counselor, with Samuel Parrish as ward clerk. I held this position for four years at which time Apostle George F., Richards, ordained me a High Priest November 17, 1942. In 1946, I was released from the bishopric and since then I have held the position of General Secretary to the Aaronic and Adult Aaronic Priesthood. At present time I am the coordinator to Bishop Don Folsom in the Aaronic Priesthood. My good wife is Stake President of the YWMIA. Between her job and mine we are kept very busy.

In January 1951, I started to work in Plastics at Hillfield. Father and the boys, Rodney and Holland, are taking care of the farm.

Things begin to happen to a family after many years of smooth sailing, both good and bad. Our barn burned down, sickness, death of Uncle Blaine, all of which can be taken as blessings. Mother Badger once said, "Everything that happens may be considered a blessing in disguise if we only look for it." My Mother and Father's life has been a wonderful blessing to the good of my own family and life.