

History of Hilma Johanna Rosenberg Sly
Aunt of Reed R. Rosenberg
Sister of Harvey G. Rosenberg

I, Hilma Johanna Rosenberg Sly, was born Sept. 16, 1889 to Joseph Alfred Rosenberg and Charolotte Gower in Cedar City, Iron County, Utah in a lumber house across the road from Andrew Corry's Hotel on First East Street.

When I was a baby, Uncle Julius Rosenberg came to Cedar and lived with us when he was in town until he was married. He always made a big fuss over me and learned me little tricks, such as snapping my fingers.

I had big black eyes and very little hair. I learned to walk young, but didn't learn to talk very early. When I was about two years old father built a one-room long house with a lumber kitchen with a cellar underneath. The folks say I was always into mischief or running away to the neighbors. I don't know how old I was, but not old enough to go to school, there was snow on the ground, and mother sent me out to get an armful of wood. When I got out to the wood pile I couldn't see any wood father had chopped, (supposedly) a little while before. I had a coat on and I went down to Grandma Harris' to borrow an axe. I took the axe home and as I was going home I stepped in the ditch and got my feet wet. When I got home mother came out, hacked a few pieces of wood in two and sent me in the house to get my wet shoes off. I had seen mother, many times, take the coals out of the fireplace and put them on the hearth and set a saucepan on to get hot. So by the time mother came in I had coals on the hearth and my wet shoes on to dry. They were leather, almost new, and they were shriveled up.

When I was two and one half years old my brother Harve was a baby. When he was four months old, Uncle Albert Gower's wife died, leaving a little boy Bert, and a baby girl three weeks old. Her name was Grace. Mother took her to raise. The little boy went to live with his grandmother Condie.

During the next summer, father moved us up on the mountain to Walker's ranch. We lived in a one-room log house. On one side of us lived Jenet Clark. In a one-room house and on the other side, lived the Walker family, the parents and about five boys and one girl. She was a lot larger than I was. I loved to run away and go visiting both places. I loved to go to the Walker home and watch the boys and girl play cards.

We lived in Grandma's house about two years and we rented out house. Magness was a baby, born in 1900. We were there for Christmas and New Year's. The town was having a big dance, supper and program on Ne Year's Eve, the turn of the century. Mother's youngest brother Uncle Horace Gower was living with us. He had quite poor health but mother and father went to the dance. Father was asked to slice the mat for the supper. Uncle Horace stayed with us kids and Grandma tended Magness. He cried and cried and wouldn't sleep or let Uncle Horace sleep. He walked the floor with him most of the night. Mother and father got home about four a.m. They always had a children's dance in the afternoon on Christmas and New Year's. Most of the family would be there in the Ward Hall. After New Year's was over, Uncle Horace took worse and died January 12, 1901. He had a bad heart and rheumatism.

In the spring, father moved us to our own home over on Main Street where the Union Pacific Depot now stands. Our house had one room in the beginning, later two rooms were added at the back. Father worked at everything he could get to do to make a living. Some times he ran a butcher shop and did his own butchering and killed pigs and cows for other people.

When Magness was three years old, I wen^t to live with Aunt May Condie, mother's sister. She was living in Grandma's house taking care of Grandma Gower. Uncle Jim Condie (her husband) was at the shepherd most of the time. They had two little boys, Bill and Darwin. Darwin was three months old. Mother had my sister LaVern and had to have a hired girl, Sarah Walker, for five weeks, then I went home to stay. I liked to sew, and babies born in those days always had long clothes, sometimes tucks, and embroidery and lace a yard long or longer. I could sew on the machine, so I had fun making dresses and petticoats for LaVern to be shortened later and I helped with housework, washing and ironing and carrying her out in the fresh air and sunshine. Mother had poor health all summer until fall, so I had a lot of work to take care of LaVern, but I enjoyed it. She was my only sister. I had five brothers.

One summer when she was older and mother was better, I went on the mountain horse-back with three other girls to stay with them at their home. In three days I got my horse, which had been caught by a rancher and tied up and I saddled up, got the horse and rode home to Cedar alone. When I got about halfway down the mountain it started to rain. The horse loped most of the way down hill. After I got to the bottom he loped most of the way in a hard rain to the edge of town. I had to ride through town to the north end. It was noon and all of us were home for dinner. After dinner, father went out to see if the horse was ok after loping it down hill. It's front legs were swollen up to its body. Father thought so much of the horse that it made him sad. After that every time he was hitched up and worked very much his front legs would swell so I think father either had to kill the horse or traded it off.

Harve and Grace were almost like twins, both could walk. Grandma Gower came up to stay with us. We had a bunk bed in two corners of the room. We had to stand on a chair to get in bed. When Grace was 3 or 3 1/2 years old she went to live with Grandma. Angus was born July 6, 1894 and when school started on my sixth birthday, I didn't know where the school house was so I followed two of my cousins and went to school. When I went in the beginners room, my teacher was a lady that lived with us sometimes and helped mother with us kids. She was Sadie Wilckelson, a very large lady. She didn't have a home when she lived with us. I went on to school, had to walk a long way on a gravel walk or muddy trail.

When I was seven years old, we went to live in the summer in the mountains. The first two years there was myself, Harve, Angus, Gower and the next year, Magness and my parents. We lived at Five Lakes in the mountains. I learned to help hunt the cows and calves. We milked several cows, made butter and cheese. Father would leave us to go to town to work. First two years he hired my cousin, George Gower, to stay with us to help mother. Second year, he hired Herbert Haight to stay with us. The next year he hired Lilly Cox to stay with us. She went to town for the Fourth of July and never came back.

Issac Haight, owned the ranch next to ours and built a log house on it. I was eleven then. He went up to build our house for two weeks and spent July 24. My two brothers, Harve and Angus, had bought some firecrackers to take to the ranch. They got up early on the 24th, (Pioneer Day) set all their firecrackers off, but one. They were large firecrackers. The two Height girls came down and I swiped the last firecracker. It was in a boat. We set it in the water and lit it. When the boys came home, they were quite angry. The next day mother helped them scrape the dirt and gunpowder out of fathers's ammunition box and made a firecracker. It was a big one. Us kids were in the garden eating turnips, we hurried down to see what was going on. I had a new sunbonnet on and got right over the firecracker. It went off in my face. I had a blister on my nose, one on each cheek, my eyebrows and lashes burned off. As soon as my face was well, in about two weeks, we went back to town so mother could bottle some fruit before school started.

When I was 14 Dad took me and my brother Angus on a trip for Christmas. He took me to Aunt Jane Yardley's in Beaver by team and wagon. He and Angus went on to Gunnison. He left Angus there with his sister Aunt Mary and Uncle John Edwards. He went on by train to Mt. Pleasant to see his father and his step mother (Caroline). While Dad and Angus were gone, Beaver was quarantined for small pox. The Christmas program and all church meetings were canceled and everything was closed. It was a very dull Christmas. It took us 2 days going and 2 days to return. (60 miles)

Harve was left to care for mother and the family in Cedar. When we returned, mother was in bed with inflammatory rheumatism. My sister LaVern was a baby nine months old. My brother, Harve, was only 12. The neighbors had helped mother and the children, so things were all right.

I was 16 years old when I broke my nose. I remember that it was October. I had to help with the work a great deal because mother's health was not very good. Besides, Horace was a very young baby. I washed the clothes on the board after school and was hanging them up by moonlight. The gang of boys and girls that I knew, came by and we laughed and talked. I put the pan of clothes on the step and joined the young people. One of the girls and I tried to tie one of the boys up to a tree. He threw his arm out and hit me in the nose, made it bleed and broke it. (I found this out later, however). I caught cold that night and was very sick with a sore throat. My face was also very swollen. I was afraid to tell the doctor that I had been hit in the nose. I was very miserable and had to stay home from school for two weeks. I felt much better in about 3 weeks. The swelling went down, but I had a dent in my nose. It was then that they discovered that my nose had been broken. The doctor wanted me to go to Salt Lake City and have my nose operated on, but it would have left a scar the length of my nose as they would have had to put a plate in my nose. Dad decided to leave it alone.

I had to drop out of school in the eighth grade. I had to help at home because mother had such poor health and we couldn't hire anyone. However, I went to the Cedar City Normal (high school) and took special classes. I took mandolin and guitar at one time and later I took cooking.

When I was about 18 mother and I had a quilt on the floor patching it on our hands and knees. We left the needle in the material for a short time while we did something else and my little brother Horace and sister LaVern proceeded to jump off their little red chair on to the quilt. They had tried to do this all day and they had been told several times not to. While we were busy, Horace jumped on the quilt and the needle went in his knee and broke off. Horace and LaVern screamed and Uncle Jim Condie and Dad came running in. We had three doctors in town at that time, but all three were out of town. Uncle Jim and Dad gave Horace nickels until they got the needle out. It took much probing and great deal of holding him down. Horace found that this was a most difficult way to accumulate nickels. Horace was only 2 1/2 or 3 years old at the time.

I had a terrible time with my teeth all of my life. Finally, when I was 19, they were so bad, that I had all of my top teeth pulled and new ones put in.

I went to Beaver to Aunt Jane Yardley's for Christmas and New Year's. Dale Sly and his brother came to get some cattle at Yardley's and they stayed and had dinner and I was introduced to Dale then for the first time. (Dale says he met Hilma when he was about 14 and she was about 6. He went with a man to Cedar to buy something from a man named Joe Rosenberg. As they were loading their wagons a little girl about 6 came out of the house eating a slice of bread with molasses on it.) The New Year's Eve dance was all night. I went with another girl, but met Dale at the dance and went to supper with him and another couple. We ate at a little cafe. He took me home to Aunt Jane's at daylight after the dance. I went home to Cedar, and we

started corresponding.

In March I went to work for a Swedish family, the Lundgreen's. I was there seven weeks doing general housework and cooking. She had a baby while I wasn't here. Although my father was Swedish, I learned more about Swedish cooking from Mrs. Lundgreen than I did at home.

Dale came to see me in September with a team and buggy to see the fair and races in Cedar and then took me back to Beaver to see the fair and races there. My girl friend went with us and we stayed at Aunt Jane's. After the races, Dale took me to Aunt Jane's. On the way, he proposed and I accepted. He bought the ring in Beaver and I wore it home.

Back in Cedar, I went to work in November for Lungreen's again. Dale and his brother Dee came to Cedar for the Christmas holidays. Dee stayed at Houtchen's (a friend). Dale stayed with us. Small pox was in the area, so before Dale and Dee left Beaver, they went to the doctor and got a certificate showing that they had had smallpox. Many things were planned in Cedar for the holidays and we were looking forward to it. Just before Christmas, smallpox became worse and they closed down all the socials. No one was supposed to meet in groups. This was very disappointing to the young people, so Dale and Dee decided to do something about it. They had a buggy and a team and they loaded it with young people, then other couples loaded their buggies and we went to Enoch, about nine miles away, to the dances. We went two nights. On the second night another group in a buggy challenged us to a race and we raced several miles.

Beaver, in the beginning and for some time had the Army fort there. There were a lot of soldiers and their families and others living there. It was not as much a "church settled" community as other communities in Southern Utah. So in Beaver, young people dance close together. In Enoch this was absolutely not permitted. They kept asking Dale and Dee not to dance so close. Finally, the fiddler (Mr. Jones) ran his bow up and down the strings and said, "In respect of Fiddler Jones, please don't."

Dale and Dee went home right after New Year's. We planned to be married the first of June. When Dale got back to Beaver, his father said, "when are you going to get married?" When Dale told him the first of June, he said that was a terrible time as that would be in the middle of haying season, and he wanted us to get married in the fall. Dale wrote me a letter and said, "Set a date sooner, before they get into the haying". I set the date for the second of March.

Dale, Dee, Edgar Patterson and Aunt Jane Yardley came down in a buggy for the wedding. They came on Tuesday and we were married in the living room of father's house on Thursday the second of March, 1911 by Bishop Lehi Jones. The house was packed with friends and relatives. (Dale was 29 and Hilma was 21). After the ceremony, they played games, had a program and were served refreshments of ham sandwiches and cake. We were going to stay with father and mother until Wednesday, but Grace Gower, whom mother had cared for when she was a baby, decided to marry Mark McMullin. We stayed over as they had their reception at mother's on Wednesday before they were married as the folks were all there. Dale had a white topped buggy. We filled the second seat with a trunk, mattress, bedding, etc. Dale, Edgar Paterson and I rode in the front seat. Mark and Grace went along with us in their buggy on Thursday morning as far as Parawan (the County seat). They were married at Mark's sister's house Thursday night. They then went to Leed's to see his parents and then on to St. George and were married again in the Temple.

On Friday, we went to Buckhorn Flat and past aways, but the water was so high we had to turn back to Buckhorn and stayed with a cousin there for the night. The next morning we were able to cross and went on to Beaver. We stayed at Aunt Matt Morgan's that night. The next morning we were able to cross and went on to Beaver. We went to a benefit dance that night in Beaver and we went on to North Creek to the family farm the next day.

We moved into a new two room log house that Dale had just finished building. It was next door to his parents home on the same 160 acre farm. All the Sly family were present. His sisters, Katie Jean and her husband John Twitchell and children; Banks and her husband, Tom Waters and baby girl; his brothers, Dee and Ray and his parents. We had a big dinner on Sunday. Monday night we had the customary wedding dance for the people in the community at the North Creek School house and or church.

Later, we went to town and bought a stove, cupboard, carpet and the necessary housekeeping items. In October, Dale hauled wood and earned enough money to buy linoleum for the kitchen. We painted and fixed up the house.

Thurland was born April 12, 1912 at home in North Creek. When Thurland was 10 months old, I had a terrible tooth ache. I went to town and a doctor pulled all my bottom teeth. I went to Cedar for memorial Day and got new teeth for both top and bottom. This was in 1913, I have had them all of my life.

Earl was born November 25, 1913 at home. Grandma and Grandpa Sly were at Hot springs, near Milford. A neighbor came to help deliver the baby at home. Grandma arrived later and stayed with me until I felt strong.

I went to Cedar City in June to my father, Joseph A. Rosenberg's funeral. I stayed ten days. I returned to Beaver and attended Dee and Rose Puffer's wedding.

We went to Hot Springs when Earl was about eight months old and stayed three weeks with Grandma and Grandpa Sly. This was about August. They had bath houses, etc. and it was very nice.

Ray got married in January to Ethel Dalley. Jean lived in Manderfield and the wedding supper and dance was there. Coming home, the buggy broke down and Dale took one baby in a quilt and led the horse and I carried the other baby through he snow and very cold wind the last 1 1/2 miles home. It was daylight when we got home. We sat down and had breakfast, then had to care for the animals, etc. on the farm. I caught cold.

Joe was born the following October. (Oct. 22, 1915) Thurland walked at 10 months. He talked very early. He had black hair and large black eyes. When he was just past a year old, he would go to his grandmother's house next door, early in the morning when the milk was going to be separated and pint to the cupboard for bread and homey. She would give it to him and he would sit on the step and eat it and drink milk.

Jack was born January 29, 1918. My brother, Harve, was overseas with the Marines in World War I. My family took a family picture to send him, but I couldn't be there because of the new baby.

(Jack was the nickname that his father gave him. His name was Etsil Jefferson. Hilma named the children, but Dale nicknamed the boys: Thurland, Dutch; Earl, Swede; Joe was Joe; Jack was Jack; and Chester was Chuck.)

In 1919, Grandma Sly's house burned down. It was in January and Dee had built a big fire. Very little was saved, as there were not many to help. We lived quite a distance from other people. It was a log house and it burned very fast.

Chester was born on New Year's Day, January 1, 1920. The one-eyed doctor said it was a girl. The baby was very small, blue and frail. He had lots of black hair and his color was not good. He had terrible instrument marks and wasn't doing very well. We named the baby Catherine Charlotte. The doctor gave the baby to Grandma Sly to care for as he didn't think it would live very long and he was very busy trying to save my life. He worked all day with me.) Hilma was very thin and she would only weigh about 118 or less when her babies were due.) In the evening when things were somewhat calmer, Grandma informed the family that they had

another boy, not a girl. The baby was much stronger and given the name of Chester Nelson. It took a long time for both of us to become strong. This story stayed with Chester all of his life.

Life at North Creek was always busy. I assisted Dale milking cows, herding cows, mending fences, raising a garden. We had chickens to care for. I drove horses and helped as much as I could. I canned food, made butter, baked bread and we sold eggs to others. We had no luxuries, but it was in a beautiful setting, with clear spring water and the mountains in the background. The farm was at the foot of the mountain in a small canyon, between North Fork and South Fork. We had sage brush, scrub oak trees and apple trees. We raise corn, grain, alfalfa, potatoes, etc. in the somewhat rocky soil. There was an abundance of elderberry and chokecherry bushes on the farm growing wild.

One night when Joe was little and the women were alone on the farm, the horses made a noise. A prowler came into the house and put his face to the window. He went away, leaving some frightened women and children behind.

Thurland rode a horse by himself from the farm to the school house, 2 1/2 miles each way every day from the time he started to school. Later, Earl rode behind him.

When Chester was six months old we moved from North Creek to Manderfield, sometimes called Indian Creek. We moved into Jean's house as they were living in Delta. This was the red brick house off the road.

After we moved to Manderfield, Thurland would ride a horse by himself to North Creek to help with the farm. Once he drove a team and wagon and had a run away. He started making this trip when he was seven years old. Dale was helping Dee put up hay, Dee's boy, James Calvin, was two years old and he fell in the creek and drowned.

Catherine, our first baby girl was born October 8, 1921. We were still living in the red brick house then. I had not gained much very much weight and I had a very difficult time. She lived only a few hours and died. She is buried in Beaver City Cemetery. It was a long time before I regained my strength.

We moved next to the lumber house on the curve of the lane across the road from Lafe and Annie Bradshaw. Charlotte Lenore was born in this house May 15, 1925. They then moved on Highway 91 and raised their family there.

Hilma's son Etsil (Jack) Sly was shot and killed while deer hunting 19 October 1963. Hilma suffered a stroke the next day and went into a coma and passed away 25 October 1963, in the Iron County Hospital at Cedar City, Utah and was buried in the Mountain View Cemetery in Beaver, Utah. LaVern and her husband Al Dobrusky live in Parawan, Utah. (Al passed away several years ago and LaVern is living in a rest home in Hurrigan, Utah...1980.)

(Lottie Rosenberg was known to everyone in Cedar City as Aunt Lot. Gower was known as Slim Rosenberg.)