

William Page and Rowena Hepworth



A Family History

by Shelley Dawson Davies

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Chapter 1

Growing Up

Will and Rowena



Rowena Hepworth around 1893.

It was an age of fashion revolution and frivolities, of shorter skirts and bigger sleeves. Women loved the new easy-to-wear shirtwaists designed to replace heavily boned bodices, and wore them almost everywhere. The fresh, new look of the 1890s inspired a nationwide affection for what became known as Gibson Girl chic, an idealized image of womanly beauty that was quickly adopted as the sought-after style.

Rowena¹ had the perfect Gibson Girl look with her blue eyes, soft blonde upswept hair, tailored walking skirts and a collection of frothy white blouses she stitched up herself. Ro was a consummate seamstress, who learned from her mother to sew with fine, regular stitches before she was “put out” to work as a young lady in Salt Lake City. According to Ro’s sister, Annice,² their father, Joseph³ “believed in putting children ‘out to service’, so when I was sixteen I

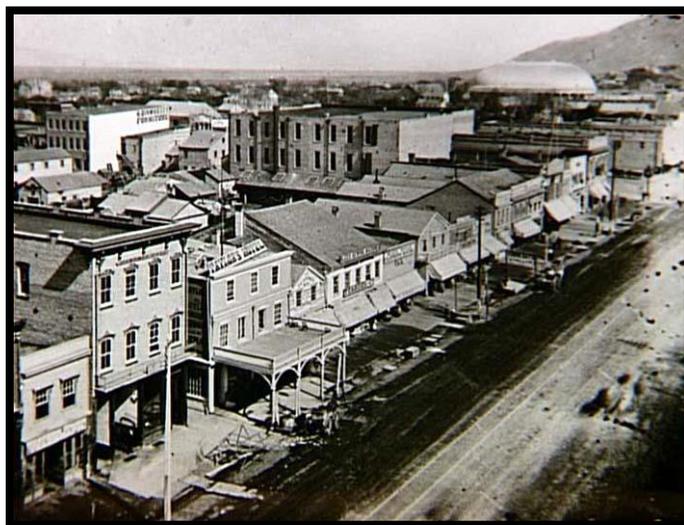
went to work as a servant girl for two dollars per week.” Rowena was also expected to work for wages, eventually securing a position in the Dr. William Sloan home for room, board and \$2.50 a week. ⁴

“No use in being poor and looking poor both!” Rowena often said, and she made certain her brothers and sisters looked their best by remodeling the hand-me-down clothing Mrs. Sloan passed along to her. ⁵ Her little brother Benjamin ⁶ often spoke of the pants Ro cut down to his size, and she always brought little presents of ribbons or lace for her sisters and sewed all of their dresses. ⁷ “Rowena made me three pretty dresses when I was five, and I started school all primed and ready to enjoy it,” said Josephine, ⁸ who also recalled “a precious long dress” Ro made for her for a school play ⁹ and a pale blue silk gown sewn especially for an important dance when she was a teenager. ¹⁰

Rowena was especially helpful to Annice, Ida ¹¹ and Eva, ¹² often putting their needs ahead of her own. “Aunt Annice told me on several occasions that when the four sisters were going out, Mother would help Annice, Eva and Ida get ready first, then she would wear what was left,” according to her son Bert. ¹³



Mary Ann Hepworth, left, and her daughters: Annice, Rowena, Ida, Eva, and little Josephine.



Looking north on Salt Lake City's Main Street in 1870.

Salt Lake City Girl

Sewing was only one of the important homemaking skills required in the traditionally English household of Rowena's immigrant parents, Joseph and Mary Ann Hepworth.¹⁴ All of the girls were expected to become proficient at cooking, baking, and keeping the house in tip-top order, as well as cater to the needs of their father. "Father was a typical English gentleman and liked to be waited upon," said Rowena's brother Reuben.¹⁵

The Hepworths had arrived in Zion from Yorkshire in 1873, staying initially with Joseph's brother Edmund¹⁶ and his family in their Idaho log cabin until they were on their feet financially.¹⁷ By 1875, the Hepworths had moved to Salt Lake City, where they set up house in a building along Second South between Main and State Streets.¹⁸

Joseph was an unskilled laborer whose only work experience before coming to Utah was in the Yorkshire coal mines. The family's living conditions were difficult for some time as Joseph struggled to generate income any way possible. He could make almost anyone tap their feet to the tune of his tin whistle, and brought in a few extra dollars playing the violin at church dances, but he was eventually forced to sign on as a manual worker in Park City's nearby silver mines to make ends meet sometime in 1875.¹⁹ Unfortunately, this

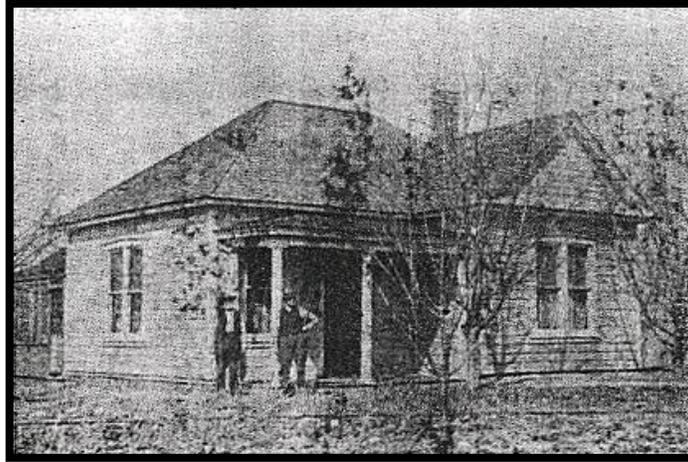
meant spending weeks at a time in the mountains, leaving Mary Ann alone with three-year old Ted,²⁰ one year old Tom²¹ and little Annice, who was born in Salt Lake that July.²²

Joseph was an easy going man, but Mary Ann was a natural worrier who found it difficult enough to care her small charges without wondering about Joseph's wellbeing in the mines. She became especially distraught when there was an explosion in one of the tunnels and it was some time before she received news that Joseph was unhurt.²³ Mary Ann's anxiety demanded that her husband find employment closer to home and not long after the mine incident, Joseph came up with the enterprising idea of delivering fuel to individual households in the neighborhood. He later opened a small shop on Second South where the family sold a limited selection of groceries in addition to coal and kindling wood cut from logs hauled out of the canyons.²⁴

Annice described Salt Lake City in those days as having "street lights that were only coal oil or gas. The old lamp lighter would run with his light and ladder from one lamp to the other, up and light the lamp, then down and off to the next. There were not so many posts, as they were called, only in the business district. The streets of Salt Lake City were a foot deep in dust in the summer and two feet deep with mud in the winter. I remember the boardwalk on Main Street and the cobbled streets and the asphalt paving when it came. The streetcars used to be pulled by mules before the electric cars came. I remember when ZCMI, Walker Brothers and Auerbach's department stores were only small concerns."²⁵

By the time Rowena was born in Salt Lake City on 26 June, 1877, the Hepworth family was poor, but self-supporting and loving, welcoming seven more children over the next eighteen years: Roger²⁶ in 1879, Jasper²⁷ in 1881, Ida in 1882, Eva in 1884, Benjamin in 1886, Leonard²⁸ in 1888, Reuben in 1890 and Josephine in 1895.

The children grew up healthy and strong, and managed to escape the more serious childhood diseases, until February, 1883, when a highly contagious round of whooping cough began making its way through the city. Two of the children came down with what at first appeared to be just another late-winter cold, but soon their coughs became continuous, racking their little bodies uncontrollably. Each cough was followed by a high-pitched "whoop" sound as the children struggled to breathe. Such coughing fits may have triggered vomiting, and Mary Ann told "how the children would cough and spit blood from their mouths."²⁹ Sadly, while one of the children recovered, little Roger died four days short of his fourth birthday, on 29 January, 1883. He may have died from pneumonia, one of the complications of the disease. He was buried in the Salt Lake City cemetery.³⁰



The Hepworth home on the corner of 400 East and 440 North in Bountiful.

Bountiful Bound

The Hepworth family was barely making ends meet ten years after their arrival in Utah, motivating Joseph to look beyond the family's small store to the productive fields of Davis County in order to make a living. Everyone hoped a move to the country would improve their fortunes and agreed that renting a farm in West Bountiful would be the beginning of a brighter financial future. Rowena was six years old by the time the Hepworths moved into a two-room home near Third South and Eleven West,³¹ old enough to pitch in where ever she could to help the family survive. She and Annice often worked in the kitchen with their mother, who assigned the girls small tasks such as preparing the vegetables for dinner and clearing the table after a meal. Annice recalled washing the dishes when she was "so small I had to stand on a box, and the scolding Mother gave me when I broke a bowl."³²

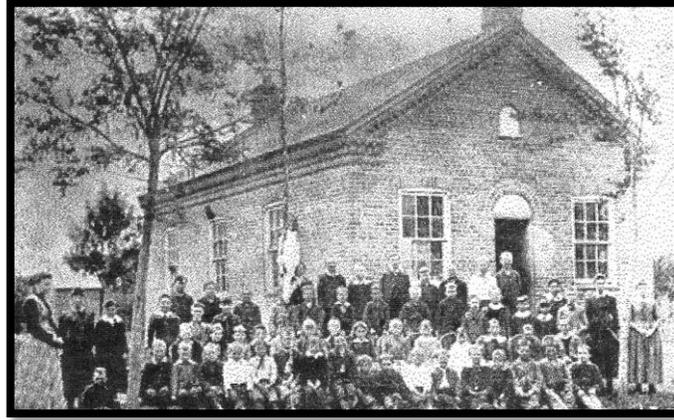
The family's situation was desperate enough that even breaking a dish was a setback and any loss of food meant going hungry. "One day while Joseph, Ted and Tom were in Salt Lake looking for work, Mary Ann was trying to keep the other children warm with nothing but some green willows to burn," said Reuben. "An attempt was made to change the table to accommodate the children and a glass container that held some milk (the only food they had) was smashed to the floor and broken. Mother cried, not for herself but for her children."³³

The older boys helped Joseph plant and tend the crops during good weather, and hitched up the horse and wagon for trips into Salt Lake City from time to time looking for odd jobs that would keep food on the table. Despite their hard work, Joseph was “unfamiliar with farming and was also unaware of others who were smart or clever, and who could—and did—take advantage of an innocent Englishman, and the venture failed,” said Reuben. “They reaped a poor crop and there was no sale. The oats were stored in one room of the house in hopes that the price would be better in the spring and family moved into the other room. Spring came but they could not sell the oats. The landlord took the oats for rent.³⁴ Because there were eight children to feed, Father went to work on the railroad as a section-hand laborer.”³⁵

Several years later, Joseph decided to once again try his hand at farming, and rented a home with adjoining acreage in East Bountiful to set himself up as a market gardener, growing lettuce, radishes, carrots, cauliflower, and cabbage.³⁶ This time the undertaking proved successful. “It was the first time they had been comfortable since leaving England,” said Josephine.³⁷

Success came at the cost of hard labor by the entire family, with the older members helping on the farm and the younger children doing chores in the home. The boys often worked “until midnight, then went to bed for a couple of hours, until around two-thirty a.m.,” said granddaughter Edna Wood.³⁸ While the boys harnessed the horses, Rowena, Annice, Ida and Eva helped load the wagon with produce their father and brothers would sell house-to-house that day in Salt Lake City. Root vegetables were stored over the winter in a large pit covered with straw and earth. “During the winter they would open this pit up a little at a time and clean the vegetables to sell,” said Edna. Rowena and the girls were responsible for cleaning the mountains of produce in a kitchen with no sink or running water.³⁹

As one of the older girls, Rowena also helped with the care of her eight younger siblings. She saw to it that the boys’ faces were washed and shirts were pressed before they left for school, and it was Ro who tended to Ida’s and Eva’s scuffed shoes and sagging stockings at the end of the day. She was also on hand to bathe and fuss over little Josephine when she was an infant. “My sister Rowena rolled up my hair on kid curlers when I was but three days old,” said Josephine.⁴⁰



The red brick school house where Rowena attended class.

Book Learning

Rowena was baptized at the age of eight in the old Mill Pond, and confirmed a member of the church the same day.⁴¹ The Hepworth family was always active in the church. “We were sent to Sunday school and such other church functions as there were and we were taught to pray regularly,” said Annice.⁴² Although Joseph was strict about church attendance, he was less enthusiastic about secular schooling. “Father thought that if one could read and write his own name, that was enough education,” recalled Annice,⁴³ but with Mary Ann’s insistence, Rowena and Annice were enrolled in the Muir school,⁴⁴ a typical red brick, one-room building located four miles from the Hepworth farm. Rowena and Annice walked to school, following the railroad tracks “for quite some distance,” said Annice. “Sometimes when a train would come, we would get down in the creek bed and let the train pass over us for a thrill.”⁴⁵

Once at school, the girls hung their coats in the entryway and found their way to wooden desks fastened to the floor with rails. “There was an old potbellied stove in the center of the room with the stove pipe running clear across, which was more down than up,” said Annice. “The blackboard was on legs and the desks were not fastened down, so our friend in the seat in front of us would often annoy us by rocking us while we tried to write. The boys would snowball right in the room, so you can imagine the state we were often in.”⁴⁶

Lessons were learned by reading and rote memorization. Spelling bees were popular, although “the sides were not always chosen by reason of one’s ability to spell,” according to Reuben.⁴⁷ Math tables were practiced on small slates and story problems were used to demonstrate calculation skills. “I used to draw pictures on my slate rather than study my tables, to my sorrow now,” said Annice, who recalled her terror at being called upon to solve a story problem in front of the class. “The teacher asked me, ‘If you could buy bricks for one cent each, how many could you buy for one dollar?’ I was frightened out of my wits and said I did not know. The class laughed and I cried. I was beginning to be of a lot of use at home so I was kept out of school a lot to help my mother, so I lost interest and dawdled my time away.”⁴⁸ While neither of the girls attended class regularly due to the high cost of tuition,⁴⁹ Rowena managed to stay in school up to “what was then called fifth reader,” according to Bert, when she also was kept at home to help with family chores.⁵⁰

Good Times

All of the children naturally looked forward to leaving school, even it was only for holidays such as Christmas vacation. During the two week winter break from classes Rowena and her sisters helped their mother bake special cakes and cookies, clean the house and decorate the fragrant pine tree hauled home from the mountains by their father. Once the house was prepared, the family piled into the wagon for a trip to the city to see the decorated department store windows. “For years after we moved to Bountiful, Father and Mother would take us to Salt Lake City at Christmas time to see the windows. They were so beautiful,” recalled Annice. “Straw was put in the wagon box and hot bricks and rocks were there to keep us warm. It was a long day’s trip, but we thought it worth the effort.”⁵¹

Even in tight financial circumstances, the Hepworths did what they could to provide presents for everyone under the tree on Christmas morning. “There was always a doll for me at Christmas, and the doll I liked the best was dressed by Rowena every year,” said Josephine, who took special care of the handmade clothes her sister sewed for the doll.⁵²

Doll Face

“When I was about eight years old (1884), we moved to Woods Cross, later called West Bountiful,” said Annice. “Before we left for our new home, a nice young girl who was our neighbor gave my sister Rowena and me each a beautiful wax doll. They were beautiful and we did like them, but a little girl in Woods Cross scratched all the wax off the face of mine to chew.”

The Hepworth family was known for the good times they had all year around, thanks to the talents of Joseph, who was “a good story teller who always had a rhyme.”⁵³ Joseph was also musically talented and often entertained family and friends with tunes on his homemade violin. “Some of the children would chord for him on the piano as he played jigs and dances such as ‘The Irish Washerwoman,’ ‘Turkey in the Straw,’ or ‘Hornpipes,’” said Josephine. “Our home was filled with music. Anybody who had a soul for music found welcome in our home.”⁵⁴

Good times were not limited to home-grown entertainment. Several amusement parks opened up along the Wasatch front in the late 1800s, including the famous Saltair on the shores of the Great Salt Lake and Lagoon in Farmington, eight miles north of Bountiful. Rowena joined her sisters in riding the Bamberger Electric Railway to enjoy Lagoon’s first thrill ride, “Shoot the Chutes,” a distant cousin of today’s log flume. There was also a classic merry-go-round featuring forty-five hand-carved wooden horses. While Lagoon offered swimming in a pretty, fresh-water lake, nothing could compare to “bobbing like a cork” in the Great Salt Lake or taking a twirl on what was advertised as the world’s largest dance floor at Saltair.

Dancing, whether at fancy ballrooms or the local LDS chapel on Saturday night, was the most popular form of entertainment, especially for young people like Rowena, who never lacked suitable partners. “Mother was always a good dancer,” said her son Bert. “Fab McNeil, who would call their dances, would call for a dance, ‘The Rag Quadrille,’ and then run for Mother for his partner for that dance.”⁵⁵

Rowena and her sisters were required to obtain formal permission from their father to attend any social gathering. Annice recalled that “One night, the church was having what they called a bow dance. Each girl made two bows of ribbon, one for herself and one for the partner of her choice. My mother had told me I could go and I had invited my friend. Just as I was about to leave the house with my partner, my father called out, ‘Stop! Where are you going?’ I told him and he asked, ‘Who told thee thou could go?’ And I could not go until he gave his consent.”⁵⁶

The Hepworth girls were also expected to adhere to strict traditional rules of conduct, as Joseph saw them. Dances were community affairs attracting all ages, and as such were well chaperoned. It was with this in mind that Rowena and her sisters were expected not to leave the building during the event. “When I was fifteen I went to my first dance,” Annice remembered. “My father was very strict with me and when I was allowed to go to the dance, I had to stay inside the hall. One night at a dance I went out for a drink of water and was seen by my Uncle Jim,⁵⁷ who immediately reported to my father.”⁵⁸

It is not hard to imagine pretty Rowena catching the eye of many a young man at these social events, and it may have been while she was having fun with her friends that she met and fell in love with handsome Will Page.⁵⁹



Rowena and Ida Hepworth.



Baby Will in 1880.

William

Although he had been given his father's name, he was never a "junior," and was known to the family simply as Will. Will was as rooted in Bountiful as the crops the Page family grew, a place where neighbors knew each other by more than just a wave. Will called the small town of Bountiful home his entire life. It was where he was born in 1874, where he grew to manhood and raised his own family and where he eventually died, in the shadow of the Wasatch mountains.⁶⁰ Will was a middle child, sandwiched in between five older sisters, three younger sisters and a pair of younger brothers.⁶¹ As the oldest son in the Page family, he was expected to work alongside his father in the fields to help support the household of thirteen, and peddled produce at Salt Lake City's Grower's Market to buy necessities the family could not grow themselves.

Bountiful was where Will's pioneer parents had settled after their remarkable adventures on the immigration trail in the late 1850s. William⁶² and Mary Ann Page⁶³ built a four-room adobe home on the southwest corner of Fifth South and Fifth West⁶⁴ where Will and six of his ten siblings were born. William, a survivor of the Willie Handcart Company disaster of 1856⁶⁵ and a former Pony Express rider, could neither read nor write when he met his future wife. Mary Ann, a well-educated young woman, taught her husband to read by the light of a sagebrush fire⁶⁶ and was dedicated to giving her children a good education, enrolling them in grammar school and supervising their studies. Both Mary Ann and William also supported education in the community by serving as school trustees,⁶⁷ and helped organize church and recreational events around the county for many years.

Will was as quite as he was hard-working, but enjoyed attending the numerous events organized by his parents, including church bazaars, debates, dances and plays. When he was sixteen years old, Will took the part of Jacob Wasper in a dramatic presentation of “The Home Wreck” at the Bountiful Opera House. A notice in *The Davis County Clipper* advertised the production, calling for people to “come out as they will be sure to gain the worth of their money, and at the same time aid a company that is made up of ambition and natural talent.”⁶⁸ A week later the *Clipper* reported the troupe was “successful in entertaining an audience of medium size. The troupe played under many disadvantages. They did not have enough appropriate scenery and the music was not stocked with a sufficient number of airs,” but the review found the play “as a whole...gave general satisfaction.”⁶⁹

HOME WRECK
A DRAMA
 In three acts by the
 Bountiful Dramatic Ass'n.
SAT. NOV. 19,
Synopsis.

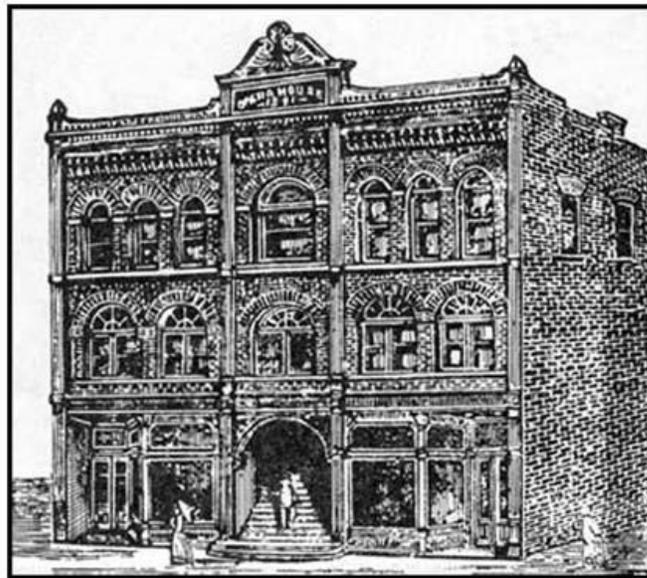
ACT I.
 The Adventure.
 A lapse of seven years.

ACT II.
 The capture.
 The Rescue.

ACT III.
 The Return. Saved from Shipwreck to find a Home wreck.

CAST.

Richard Truesider,	J. Rempton,
Walter Edington,	J. Wiley,
Capt. Handway,	L. E. Wiley,
Mr. Peter Pennington,	R. V. Call,
Jacob Wasper,	W. J. Page,
Fred Taylor,	W. C. Call,
Robert Lynden,	O. Barlow,

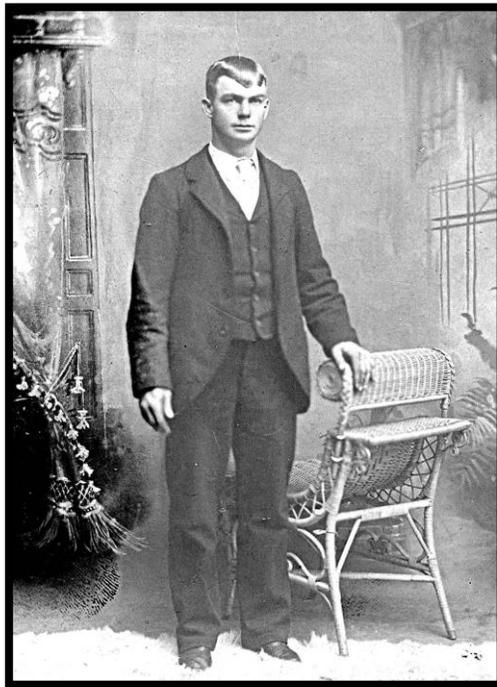


Will, listed third from the bottom, played in dramas presented at the Bountiful Opera House.

A Time of Tribulation

Will continued to take pleasure in time away from the drudgery of his duties at home until his father died of a heart attack while out for an evening walk. “His heart suddenly ceased to perform its proper functions and he dropped to the ground,” reported the *Clipper* of William’s premature death in May, 1893. “Such assistance as could be given him was promptly rendered, but the attack had overcome him, and soon his spirit passed peacefully from its fleshly tabernacle.”⁷⁰

Will’s youth was gone. His mother was left with eight children still at home, and at nineteen, Will was forced to assume the responsibilities as the household’s head. He and his younger brother George,⁷¹ took over farming operations for the next eight years, growing and selling enough produce to keep the family fed and clothed. It must have seemed to Will that life was a never ending routine of milking, plowing, harvesting and hauling produce into the city, but he made the most of being poor, growing increasingly practical and resourceful with every passing season. He also made a reputation for himself in Bountiful as an honest, hardworking young man, a man any young woman would be proud to have as a husband.



Will in his mid-twenties, shortly before his marriage.

ENDNOTES

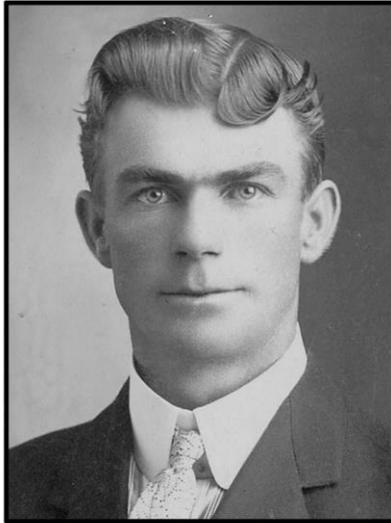
- ¹ Rowena “Ro” (Hepworth) Page (1877-1930), #KWCF-YQP, www.familysearch.org where verification of all vital dates can be found. Also see family group sheets at www.DaviesDawsonHistory.weebly.com
- ² Martha Annice (Hepworth) Hayward (1875-1971), #KWC6-Z4X, www.familysearch.org
- ³ Joseph Hepworth (1850-1926), #KWCW-9XQ, www.familysearch.org
- ⁴ Bert H. Page, “History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page,” 30 June, 1972. Typescript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ⁵ Elaine Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green* (self-published, 1987), page 83.
- ⁶ Benjamin Hepworth (1886-1963), #KWCG-PKJ, www.familysearch.org
- ⁷ Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green*, page 83.
- ⁸ Josephine (Hepworth) Dobbs (1895-1936), #KW87-Z67, www.familysearch.org
- ⁹ Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green*, page 120.
- ¹⁰ *Ibid*, page 126.
- ¹¹ Ida (Hepworth) Merrill (1882-1913), #KWVR-KNQ, www.familysearch.org
- ¹² Eva (Hepworth) Eldredge (1884-1963), KWDQ-LY7, www.familysearch.org
- ¹³ Bert Hepworth Page (1908-1995), #KWC8-DKK, www.familysearch.org; “History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page.”
- ¹⁴ Mary Ann (Green) Hepworth (1852-1931), #KWCW-9XS, www.familysearch.org
- ¹⁵ Reuben Hepworth (1890-1974), KWCW-961, www.familysearch.org Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green* page 10.
- ¹⁶ Edmund Hepworth (1841-1915), #KW64-KCG, www.familysearch.org
- ¹⁷ Edna May (Hepworth) Wood, “Joseph Hepworth,” undated typescript. Held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ¹⁸ Page, “History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page.”
- ¹⁹ Wood, “Joseph Hepworth.”
- ²⁰ Joseph Edmund “Ted” Hepworth (1872-1951), #KWCN-BX7, www.familysearch.org
- ²¹ Thomas “Tom” Hepworth (1874-1944), #KWCQ-MCB, www.familysearch.org
- ²² “Joseph Hepworth-Mary Ann Green family group sheet,” supplied in 1979 by Cleo (Hales) Page. This sheet offers only a generic list of materials consulted.
- ²³ Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green*, page 19.
- ²⁴ Reuben Hepworth, “Mary Ann (Green) Hepworth,” undated typescript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ²⁵ Martha Annice (Hepworth) Hayward, “Autobiography,” typescript, 1957. Held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ²⁶ John Roger Hepworth (1879-1883), #KWVR-KFR, www.familysearch.org
- ²⁷ Jasper Hepworth (1881-1960), #KWCN=9H1, www.familysearch.org
- ²⁸ Peter Leonard Hepworth (1888-1965), #KWCQ-D6Y, www.familysearch.org
- ²⁹ Hepworth, “Mary Ann (Green) Hepworth.”
- ³⁰ Plot 1183 K-20-13-1/2-SO. Salt Lake City, Utah, Cemetery Records, 1848-1992. www.ancestry.com
- ³¹ Page, “History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page.”
- ³² Hayward, “Autobiography.”
- ³³ Hepworth, “Mary Ann (Green) Hepworth.”
- ³⁴ *Ibid*.
- ³⁵ Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green*, page 5.
- ³⁶ *Ibid*.
- ³⁷ *Ibid*, page 119.

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- ³⁸ Edna May (Hepworth) Wood (1911-1997), #KWCX-D78, www.familysearch.org; Wood, "Joseph Hepworth."
- ³⁹ *Ibid.*
- ⁴⁰ Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green*, page 119.
- ⁴¹ 9 August, 1885. "Joseph Hepworth-Mary Ann Green family group sheet," supplied in 1979. Also see Rowena (Hepworth) Page, "Life Sketch," undated typescript. Held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ⁴² Hayward, "Autobiography."
- ⁴³ *Ibid.*
- ⁴⁴ Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page."
- ⁴⁵ Hayward, "Autobiography."
- ⁴⁶ *Ibid.*
- ⁴⁷ Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green*, page 113.
- ⁴⁸ Hayward, "Autobiography."
- ⁴⁹ "Tuition was a dollar and a half per pupil per month and my parents did not have the money," according to Annice. Hayward, "Autobiography."
- ⁵⁰ Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page."
- ⁵¹ Hayward, "Autobiography."
- ⁵² Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green*, page 122.
- ⁵³ *Ibid.*, page 6.
- ⁵⁴ Josephine (Hepworth) Dobbs, "Joseph Hepworth," undated typescript. Held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ⁵⁵ Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page."
- ⁵⁶ Hayward, "Autobiography."
- ⁵⁷ James Hepworth (1849-1937), #KWJW-XQY, www.familysearch.org
- ⁵⁸ Hayward, "Autobiography."
- ⁵⁹ William "Will" James Page (1874-1921), #KWCF-YQG, www.familysearch.org
- ⁶⁰ "William James Page-Rowena Hepworth family group sheet," supplied in 1979 by Cleo (Hales) Page. This sheet offers only a generic list of materials consulted.
- ⁶¹ Will's older sisters were Louisa Clark (Page) Bartlett (1864-1921); Caroline Hannah (Page) Knapton (1866-1928); Martha Jane (Page) Simpson (1867-1942); Avildia Lucina (Page) Odd (1870-1955); and Rose Ellen (Page) Bryson (1872-1948). Will's younger siblings were George Albert Page (1875-1935); Mary Annie (Page) Colbert (1877-1961); Agnus Amelia (Page) Colbert (1879-1927); Mabel (Page) Benson (1881-1943) and John Henry Page (1884-1943).
- ⁶² William Page (1838-1893), #KWNV-F66, www.familysearch.org
- ⁶³ Mary Ann (Clark) Page (1841-1925), KWNV-F6X, www.familysearch.org
- ⁶⁴ George A Page, "The Life Story of William Page," undated typescript. Held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ⁶⁵ The Willie Handcart Company was one of two groups of LDS pioneers who started their journey across the plains dangerously late and were stranded in central Wyoming by heavy snows in October, 1956. Hundreds of pioneers died waiting for rescue teams sent from Salt Lake City, who transported the survivors to member's homes in the valley.
- ⁶⁶ Page, "The Life Story of William Page."
- ⁶⁷ Mary Ann was the first woman on the Davis County school board. Sarah Page Kessell, "History of Mary Ann Clark Page," typescript, 1954. Held in by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ⁶⁸ *The Davis County Clipper*, 17 November, 1892.
- ⁶⁹ *Ibid.*, 24 November, 1892.
- ⁷⁰ *Ibid.*, 4 November, 1921.
- ⁷¹ George Albert Page (1875-1935), #KWCZ-MYZ, www.familysearch.org

Chapter 2

Marriage

A Family Forever



Will and Rowena were an attractive couple who loved each other very much.

The Hepworth family had left Woods Cross for the greener fields of East Bountiful by 1887, where they were living in a two-room rented house while their new home was under construction a little farther north.⁷² It was while they were living in this little rock house that Will Page called on Rowena and made his intentions known.⁷³

Will was three years older than Rowena, with blue eyes and sun-bleached, sandy blonde hair.⁷⁴ He was muscular and bronzed from field labor and had a quiet confidence about him that Rowena found comforting. Rowena decided to overlook Will's tendency to work on Sundays instead of attending his meetings, and although she chided him about his smoking, he continued to roll his own cigarettes from a pouch of Bull Durham tobacco he kept concealed in his back pocket.⁷⁵

Joseph required his consent for Rowena to marry, and as the Hepworth family was more religious than the Pages, Will was no doubt encouraged to demonstrate his dedication to the church before his proposal was accepted. Will eventually passed the Hepworth family's inspection, as he and Rowena were married on 19 November, 1902. The ceremony took place at the Page home⁷⁶ where family and friends crowded into the parlor to witness the "I dos." Refreshments made by the bride and her family were served, after which the newlyweds were sent off with a shower of rice and good wishes.

Rowena had her heart set on a temple marriage, but waited three years to be sealed in the Salt Lake temple. According to Bert, this was because Will "was running the family farm and all the money went into one pot, so to speak, and Grandmother Page paid the tithing for the family. The bishop would not accept this and wanted Dad to pay extra tithing on his own. Dad would not pay additional, or, as he said, 'buy his recommend' in that manner."⁷⁷ At some point, the tithing conflict was settled, and Will and Rowena were sealed in the Salt Lake temple 11 October, 1905.⁷⁸

Kissing the Bride

The quick peck Will gave Rowena after the ceremony may have been the only time they were seen kissing in public. In keeping with the traditions of the day, "Dad was not one to express his affections in public," recalled Bill. "In fact, I never saw him and Mother kiss one another, but one of my aunts mentioned that Mother had told her that she and Dad never went to bed without kissing each other good night."



Will and Rowena's wedding certificate.



One of Rowena's silk and lace bows used to adorn her dresses.

Making a Home

Will and Rowena began their married life in a rented a one-story stucco house on Fifth West between First North and Center Street⁷⁹ where their first child arrived on 13 February, 1905.⁸⁰ Little Willie (later known as Bill)⁸¹ just happened to be born on the same day as Rowena's favorite brother, Peter Leonard, who was happy to share his middle name with his new nephew. A second son, Bert, followed three years later.

Not long after their marriage, Will purchased two and a quarter acres of property where he built a frame home at 380 West Fifth South⁸² with the help of carpenter friends Charles Hayward and Robert Argyle. Will laid the interior adobe bricks himself to serve as insulation for the home.⁸³ The project attracted the attention of the local newspaper, which described the home as "a new three room rustic cottage."⁸⁴ The house was small, but functional, including a living room, dining room and kitchen with a pantry where Rowena stored such delicacies as brown sugar, coconut and maple syrup on the upper shelves.⁸⁵

Rowena took charge of the kitchen, where she prepared three meals a day from scratch on the cast iron stove. Most of the family's food came straight from the vegetable garden or the cellar stores Ro had stocked over the summer with her home-canned produce. When Rowena needed something for breakfast, she sent one of the boys out back to the chicken coop where they could fill an entire basket with fresh brown eggs. Neither of the boys liked fetching items from the cellar, with its dark, dank air and spider webs that tickled their faces and stuck to their hands as they retrieved apples, potatoes or dusty bottles of fruit.

Sleeping arrangements were make-do for a long time, with the dining room serving as Will and Rowena's bedroom each night. Will built a long, screened-in back porch where Willie and Bert later slept, using a canvas hung against the screen during winter to keep out the wind and drifting snow. Boys were expected to endure discomfort and hardships in those days as a matter of routine, but Willie and Bert were the first to huddle around the kitchen stove or living room Heaterola every morning after a quick splash of cold water from the back porch pump that passed for washing up.⁸⁶

Real bathing took place no more than once a week, usually on Saturday night, when Willie and Bert lugged in buckets of water to heat on the stove before Rowena poured them into a tin tub in the center of the kitchen. “We had to carry all the water for washing, bathing and cooking. It was quite a job,” said Bill.⁸⁷ A water box installed across the street could supplement the supply, but “when it snowed so hard the water box was covered, we had to go to Ledingham’s, which was several hundred feet further east,” said Bert. Will later dug a well near the coal shed for the family’s convenience.⁸⁸

Sunlight streamed through the home’s large windows late into the summer evenings, but long winter nights required illumination in the form of coal oil lamps carried from room to room. Everyone appreciated the handy hanging lamp Will installed in the dining room that could be “pulled down and let up over the table,” said Bill. “The chimneys on those lamps used to get black from the flame of the coal oil and they had to be washed and polished regularly so we could see clearly.”⁸⁹

Keeping up with the housework was constant toil, especially since the Page home opened up right onto Fifth South, the main thoroughfare between Bountiful’s rail depot and the post office in Woods Cross. The constant passage of heavy mail wagons and other traffic churned up dust that drifted into the house all summer long. “Herds of sheep passed nearby every spring and fall headed for the seasonal ranges and clouds of dust blew every time a wagon went down the street. We had to let the dust settle. When Mother swept, the dust would just rise out of the floor,” according to Bill.⁹⁰

Outside chores were Will’s responsibility. He enclosed and defined his property by stretching a barbed wire fence around the yard, which was little more than a patch of weedy grass with several small cherry trees in front. The back was bare earth interrupted by a potato pit, “just a little hole in the ground with a roof over it,” recalled Bill,⁹¹ and an assortment of outbuildings, including a “two-holer” outhouse within easy walking distance on the west side of the house. Not far from the outhouse Will built a wood shed to store the winter supply of split logs and coal for the stove and a cement granary to lay up oats and grain for the pigs, two cows and three horses required for farm operations. Will harnessed up one of the horses to a single bed wagon on market days or to the one-horse buggy to take the family to town or church. Since owning horses and wagons meant a constant need for repairs of all sorts, Will set up a blacksmith shop in back of the shed where he could heat, pound and shape horseshoes and other necessary items on the old, black anvil.⁹²

All in a Day's Work

Will and his family worked ceaselessly to keep the farm in production, a task difficult in the best of times, heartbreaking under severe conditions. "To extract a living from the ground has always been hard labor accompanied by chance," acknowledged Bill. "For instance, a July hail storm wiped out our crop on some rented land in West Bountiful. One year, we planted our tomato patch and a frost came along and froze every plant except the first ones planted. Enough were left in the hot beds to replace the frozen plants."⁹³

A great deal of damage was caused in Bountiful from a flash flood in 1916,⁹⁴ and there were always hurricane-force east winds blowing in over the mountains, devastating everything along the Wasatch front. A notable wind in October, 1906, "was so bad it even blew trains off the tracks," said Benjamin. "That east wind of 1906 was the worst I've ever seen. The West Bountiful meeting house had just been completed, and after the wind there wasn't a wall over eight feet high left standing."⁹⁵ The impact on local crops was devastating, and Will was only one of many farmers who lost their investment that year.

Irrigation was essential for any successful farming operation in the valley and water was always hard to come by, since canyon streams fed by snow melt were the only source for the growing community below. "These streams were divided among property owners according to how many shares each party owned, and 'water turns' came any time, once or twice a week, perhaps at noon, perhaps at two a.m. Sometimes someone higher on the ditch would steal the turn. There were times when fights occurred over such events," said Bill.⁹⁶

Will's need for water expanded with his purchase of four and a half acres from a Mr. Hatch for \$600.00. He worked off part of the bill by leveling up a gully on the Hatch property.⁹⁷ "This was a back-breaking job with a team of horses and a wooden scraper," a board dug behind the horses as they walked the fields, according to Bill.⁹⁸ Will also worked a section of the Hepworth farm on a shares basis for several years after Rowena's father had retired from farming and her brother Jasper was serving a mission in England.⁹⁹ "These arrangements generally favored the other person, as Dad was not one to take advantage of anyone," said Bill.

Running the farm required sunrise-to-sunset labor, sometimes more than sixteen hours a day in the summer months when extended light and good weather permitted access to the fields. There was always work to be done, and everyone pitched in. "Chores were a daily part of our lives. This was a life of drudgery and required the efforts of all

four of us, leaving little time for pleasure in the summer months,” said Bill. “Summer was a time for preparation, the fat times for the lean to come. It was the time to weed ‘bunch stuff’ like onions and radishes, pick strawberries, cherries, cantaloupe and watermelons. There was the winter’s flour and coal to get in, the canning of the fruit, the storage of the apples and potatoes, the curing of the pork, and the threshing of the grain.”¹⁰⁰

Seedlings for tomatoes, eggplant and other vegetables were started in homemade “hot beds” Will constructed of wooden frames set on a foundation of oak brush and soil about eleven feet wide. Glassed frames set up over the beds produced a greenhouse effect that sped the seedlings’ growth. “The seeds were planted in this soil until they grew to three or four inches high, then they were transplanted into another hot bed [to give them more space to grow larger] and left until they were ready to set out in the field,” recalled Bill.¹⁰¹

Will raised a number of baby chicks in brooders he built himself, improvising divider curtains made from scraps of cloth to prevent the chicks from crowding and smothering each other. “There were always chickens, horses, cows and pigs to take care of two or three times a day. In the summer two or three cows had to be driven to pasture each morning and retrieved each evening, a two mile walk each way to the foothills above Bountiful,” said Bill.

“Then there was the annual pig killing. The preparation of the scalding barrel, the heating of the water, and then the big event as Dad and another man caught the pig turned it on its back and stabbed it. The pig was released and it staggered around for a while with the blood gushing from its throat before collapsing. They then dragged it to the barrel and sloshed it up and down, front and back, to loosen the hair. The hair was then scraped clean and the pig was strung up on a scaffold for disemboweling. Dad would show us the heart, lungs, liver, and other organs as they were taken out. We kids were bug-eyed as the intestines came rolling out as Dad slit the belly, and we were almost on top of him as we fought to see who would get the pig’s bladder, which we would inflate with a straw and use as a football. At these times Dad was the man, but I guess we didn’t realize it then and just took it for granted, as we did a lot of other things he did for us,” said Bill.¹⁰²

As the press of summer labor subsided, Will did what he could to find other work, “sometimes with pay, generally without,” according to Bill. “One job that was frequently available was hauling gravel for the county roads. This was done in wagons called dump boards, consisting of the running gear, two sideboards, two end gates, and the bottom built with two-by-fours. These last mentioned would be pulled up dumping the gravel on the ground, thus saving shoveling it out.

“Dad was a jack-of-all trades,” said Bill. “One of his interesting accomplishments was the manufacturing of a bob sled. He obtained four bent oak trees the shape of sleigh runners, shaved them to a four inch square and made tires for them out of iron. He then finished the running gear on which a wagon box was placed. This was pulled by a team of horses. He had bought a forge, anvil, and a hand operated drill press for this and other purposes. Another job he did required a great deal of patience and work. He obtained from somewhere an old hot water tank and cut the length of it and part way up each end, then pulled this piece back. He hung it on posts for a water trough for the animals to drink from. This was all done by hand with a cold chisel.”¹⁰³

To Market

“Dad was a hard-working, industrious gardener, getting full production from the land he tilled,” said Bill,¹⁰⁴ but growing and harvesting the crops were only part of Will’s concern. Selling his produce at a profit was a constant challenge. Will was no stranger to loading his wagon for the trip to Salt Lake City’s Grower’s Market, as he had grown up vending vegetables door to door. By 1918, a commercial market was established in the city, providing truck farmers with an organized outlet for their produce.

Will left home at three a.m. in order to arrive in time for the market’s five-thirty opening, three days a week.¹⁰⁵ “We lined up our wagon to display the produce along with the other farmers,” remembered Bill, who often accompanied his father to market. “Most of the time we just had a one-horse wagon, since we only had one horse at this time. One day, we had a big load and we had to borrow a horse. When we hitched him up to go to town, this borrowed horse just balked. He lay back against the neck yoke and wouldn’t move. Dad tried beating him and he still wouldn’t move, so Dad fastened a chain around the neck yoke up at the front of the tongue, ran it back along the horse’s back and under his tail, then hooked it on itself. He got up in the wagon and told the horse to go and the horse backed up like he had always done, and he hit that chain up under his tail. Boy, that set him off like a firecracker! That was the last time we had anything to do with him balking.

“I have mentioned the hard struggles and back breaking labors,” said Bill, “but Dad was a careful planner and managed his gardens well. As a result, although we were poor, we were well provided for and never went hungry.”¹⁰⁶

ENDNOTES

⁷² The Hepworth home was located at the corner of 400 East and 440 North. Elaine Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green* (self-published, 1987), page 5.

⁷³ Bert H. Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page," 30 June, 1972. Typescript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.

⁷⁴ William James Page, World War I draft registration cards, 1917-1918, Roll 1983883.

www.ancestry.com

⁷⁵ Interview with Janice (Page) Dawson, 14 May, 1990. Transcript held by interviewer Shelley Dawson Davies.

⁷⁶ Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page."

⁷⁷ *Ibid.*

⁷⁸ Their eight month old son, William Leonard, was sealed to them on the same day. "William James Page-Rowena Hepworth family group sheet," supplied in 1979 by Cleo (Hales) Page. This sheet offers only a generic list of materials consulted.

⁷⁹ Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page."

⁸⁰ "William James Page-Rowena Hepworth family group sheet," supplied in 1979 by Cleo (Hales) Page. This sheet offers only a generic list of materials consulted.

⁸¹ William "Willie" "Bill" Leonard Page (1905-1992), #KWZ8-T4C, www.familysearch.org

⁸² Will paid \$350.00 for the land with accompanying water rights at 380 West Fifth South on 23 January, 1904. At the time, Fifth South was known as Depot Street as it led to the railroad depot in Woods Cross. Janice P. Dawson, undated notes from abstract of title. Original held by Janice P. Dawson.

⁸³ William L. Page, "Recollections of My Father William James Page," 1 November, 1974. Typescript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.

⁸⁴ *The Davis County Clipper*, 9 March, 1906.

⁸⁵ William Leonard Page, "Personal History," 1976. Original typescript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.

⁸⁶ *Ibid.*

⁸⁷ *Ibid.*

⁸⁸ Bert H. Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page," 30 June, 1972. Typescript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.

⁸⁹ Page, "Personal History."

⁹⁰ *Ibid.*

⁹¹ *Ibid.*

⁹² *Ibid.*

⁹³ *Ibid.*

⁹⁴ Annice described the flood damage caused to her family's property. Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green*, page 53.

⁹⁵ Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green*, page 91.

⁹⁶ William L. Page, "Recollections of My Father William James Page," 1 November, 1974. Typescript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.

⁹⁷ Page, "Recollections of My Father William James Page."

⁹⁸ *Ibid.*

⁹⁹ Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green*, page 7.

¹⁰⁰ Page, "Personal History."

¹⁰¹ Page, "Recollections of My Father William James Page."

¹⁰² *Ibid.*

¹⁰³ *Ibid.*

¹⁰⁴ *Ibid.*

¹⁰⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁰⁶ *Ibid.*

Chapter 3

Family Life

Little Children



Rowena, Willie (front), Bert and Will around 1912.

The labor-intensive lifestyle required of a farming family consumed most of the Page's waking hours and provided them with little more than life's necessities, but they were usually cheerful despite their many hardships. "We did not have all the luxuries of life," remembered Bert, "but we did have a happy home,"¹⁰⁷ and it was Rowena who was the main source of that joy. She was a loving, attentive mother whose gentle and mild-mannered ways smoothed over many a domestic difficulty. "I have no recollection of seeing Mother with her feathers ruffled," said Bert.¹⁰⁸ Both the Page and Hepworth families were noted for their fiery tempers and it was often Rowena who served as peacemaker when conflicts arose, according to Josephine, who often spoke about "sweet Rowena... We were probably not as thoughtful as we should have been. We, too, had definite ideas. If it sounded like contention, it was no more than conversation. We loved and argued, but forgave quickly."¹⁰⁹

Blessed Peace

Rowena was often able to bring calm to many tense situations. Her patriarchal blessing recognized her role as a peacemaker in her family. "The workmanship of thy hands will bring peace and joy unto thee and unto those for whom and among whom thou shalt labor and minister. For thou art a peacemaker. Therefore, be true and faithful to the trusts imposed in thee to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in His kindness and thou shalt be remembered in mercy and will be blessed in health and with peace of mind which thy heart desireth in righteousness."

Rowena was dedicated to making her own home caring and warm. She loved children, especially little girls,¹¹⁰ and held her role as wife and mother in high esteem. "My life's work is raising my children and caring for my family and household duties. My aspirations of childhood are being verified in doing so. I am doing the best I can in my weak way for the betterment of the world," she wrote.¹¹¹

Rowena longed for a large family, but suffered a series of miscarriages over the years which left her arms empty and her heart broken.¹¹² She finally gave birth to a long-awaited daughter, Mary Ann,¹¹³ on 26 November, 1910, and delighted in sewing frilly dresses and bonnets for her little girl. Unfortunately, the baby became deathly ill near the end of January when a minor cold suddenly turned into pneumonia. Rowena immediately called Dr. Stringham and watched over the infant constantly, but only four days later little Mary Ann passed away in the early morning of 26 January, 1911.¹¹⁴ Rowena endured the loss of another infant two years later when her son Glen¹¹⁵ was born prematurely on 13 March, 1912. There was little that could be done for special needs babies in those days and tiny newborn lived only four days.¹¹⁶

Rowena spent the rest of her life loving and caring for her surviving children. After so many losses, she was especially mindful of her youngest son. "Mother always loved children, and I suppose that is why she sheltered me like she did in my early childhood," said Bert. "When I was just a youngster and Dad would be going out to farm for the day, Mother would say to him, 'I could use Bert to help me here if you can get along without him,' so that I would not have to be out in the hot sun all day."¹¹⁷



Rowena dressed Willie, left, and Bert in their best clothes for their first portraits around the age of two.

Bill remembered his mother as “good and caring. She lost several babies after we were born and that made Bert and me more precious to her. She comforted me when I had nightmares, she made my clothes, darned my socks, prepared three meals a day and taught me to work. In other words, she was always busy. Sometimes she didn’t have too much to go on, but Bert and I never suffered, either from lack of attention or food. We were always well fed and well clothed and well instructed. She was a good example to us. She was always kind and forgiving, forever encouraging us to do better. One time, when I was in the fourth grade, I was given Emerson’s ‘The Snowstorm’ to memorize. She sat at the table with me and I was rebellious, but I knew the poem when I got up and I still do. Mothers are not too well appreciated nor understood by children, seldom by teenagers and not often enough by adults, but unconsciously they solve the riddle of finding happiness. They serve with no thought of reward.”¹¹⁸

Dealing with Loss

Rowena clipped and saved this poem, as it clearly spoke to her feelings after losing her infants Mary Ann and Glen.

Compensation

By Ruth Ward Kahn

*Better to mourn our dead
Than never to know how sweet
The lisping words of a child
Or the patter of little feet;
Better to mourn, I say,
Than never to know the care
Of the tender trusting soul
That God Himself sent there.*

*Better to mourn our dead,
I say it through scalding tears,
Than not to have known the charm
They trailed through our faltering years;
For a heart from which love had fled
Is nearer the great unknown,
And perhaps is bound by a gold thread
To the Master's pitying throne.*



Mother's Work

Another of Rowena's favorite poems spoke about motherhood.

Nobody Knows But Mother

*How many buttons are missing today?
Nobody knows but mother.*

*How many playthings are strewn in her way?
Nobody knows but mother.*

*How many thimbles and spools has she missed?
How many burns on each fat little fist?
How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?
Nobody knows but mother.*

*How many hats has she hunted today?
Nobody knows but mother.*

*Carelessly hiding themselves in the hay,
Nobody knows but mother.*

*How many handkerchiefs willfully strayed,
How many ribbons for each little maid,
How, for her care, can a mother be paid?
Nobody knows but mother.*

*How many muddy shoes all in a row?
Nobody knows but mother.*

*How many stockings to darn, do you know?
Nobody knows but mother.*

*How many little torn aprons to mend?
How many hours of toil must she spend,
What is the time when her day's work will end?
Nobody knows but mother.*

*How many lunches for Tommy and Sam?
Nobody knows but mother.*

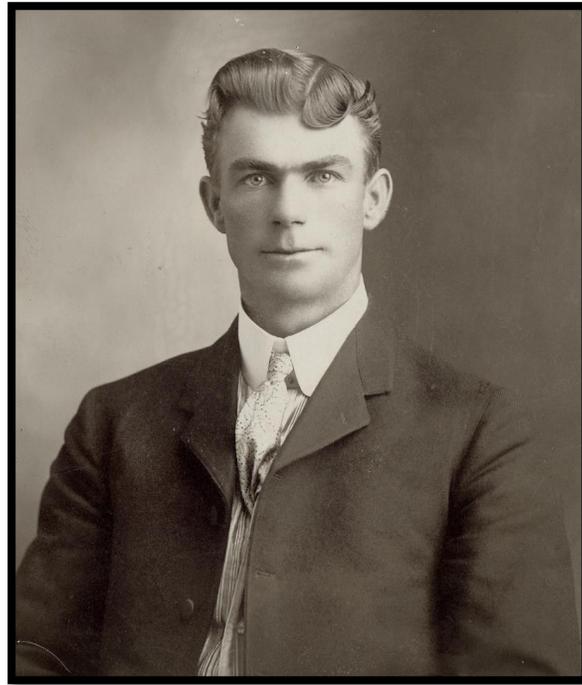
*Cookies and apples and blackberry jam,
Nobody knows but mother.*

*Nourishing dainties for every "sweet tooth"—
Toddlers Dottie or dignified Ruth,
How much love sweetens the labor, forsooth?
Nobody knows but mother.*

*How many cares does a mother's heart know?
Nobody knows but mother.*

*How many joys from her mother-love flow?
Nobody knows but mother.*

*How many prayers by each little white bed,
How many tears for her babies had she shed,
How many kisses for each curly head?
Nobody knows but mother.*



Will was like most fathers of the day, both stern and loving.

Disciplinarian

While Rowena was mild mannered and gentle, Will had the opposite temperament. In accordance with the philosophy of the day, Will subscribed to a strict rule of behavior, and as man of the house he made certain his boys toed the line. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was a favorite maxim," said Bill, who recalled several "incidents along the way that were unforgettable, although not always pleasant. One such was the shotgun shell deal. Dad always kept a leather bag loaded with shotgun shells hanging in a closet. One day, a neighbor boy found a cannon, maybe six inches long. He loaded it with powder and fired it. This, of course, was great fun until he ran out of powder. Then Dad's shells replenished the supply through Bert and me. One day, Dad needed some shells and our crime was exposed. The result? Bert wore a striped bottom and could not sit down for days. I don't remember what happened to me. Just as well I don't. After the shotgun shell incident and the following spanking, Mother took Dad into our bedroom and showed him Bert's legs. He was quite a repentant man and was sorry he had lost his temper so, but these happenings were quite the usual things in those days. A little of it may not be out of order today with so much permissiveness among parents.

“Perhaps I have portrayed Dad too severely,” said Bill. “He was not mean, he was concerned, doing the best he knew how to teach Bert and me to become honest and reliable members of the community. Dad was a strict disciplinarian with a severe temper sometimes, but he taught us to work, to appreciate, to conserve, to obey, and that home was the place to be after dark and not to be ‘bumming’ the streets. At the time these actions were sometimes hard to take, but our later years proved he was correct and today they are surely appreciated.”¹¹⁹

Will did not hesitate to take the strap to his boys, but he took a different approach when correcting the behavior of his niece, Mary,¹²⁰ who with her sister Mable¹²¹ spent several months in the Page household while their mother, Will’s sister Mabel,¹²² was recovering from a serious medical condition. “Mary was smaller than I was and needed coddling closely, so she always wanted everything I had, and she was mean. One thing she did was hold dead mice by their tails and throw them at me so I would scream,” said Mabel. “Uncle Will put her in a closet and said, ‘When you can behave yourself and leave Mabel alone, then you can come out.’ She would stay there and spunk a while and then he would take her out. I remember as plain as day when my mother and father came to take us home again, Uncle Will said, ‘Now Mabel, I have broke Mary from this terrible habit of always wanting everything Mable gets. You take her home and take care of her, but don’t let her do that anymore!’” Apparently Mary’s family did not follow up on Will’s corrections according to Mabel, who recalled that “Mary would promise to do better, but she never did.”¹²³

Taking a Licking

Child rearing in the early 1900s was primarily a woman’s role, although discipline was often administered by the father. Punishment was strict in most homes and the old adage of “spare the rod and spoil the child” was firmly believed. Whippings using leather belts, razor straps, and switches was almost universal and was considered the correct and responsible response to a child’s misbehavior.



Bert around the age of twelve.

Happy Times

The Page family managed to find a few moments for fun from time to time, working in “an occasional show, or an evening of cards (‘High Five’ or ‘Five Hundred’) with neighbors Ern and Mae Wood and Mr. and Mrs. Magnum,” recalled Bert.¹²⁴ As a member of “The Happy Hour Club,” Rowena took turns attending and hosting luncheons at the ladies’ homes.¹²⁵ “Dad and Mother’s social life was quite limited,” said Bert, who remembered “in the summer time, Dad would hitch the horse to our old buggy some evenings, or on Sunday afternoon, and they would either go to visit Grandfather and Grandmother Hepworth, or up to Aunt Annices’, or ride down into West Bountiful to see the beautiful gardens.”¹²⁶

Travel was a rare event for the Page family, who had neither the time nor the resources for these adventures. When such an opportunity did arrive, it was a memorable event. Bill recalled his father leaving the state only one time, “when the family went on a trip to Idaho by wagon, a simple affair with four wheels, a bed and one seat. The first night we made it to the ‘sand ridge’ [now Layton and Clearfield], the second to Brigham City. We stayed with relatives in Garland, with another stop at Lewiston, Idaho. Once the family went up to Mueller Park in the Bountiful foothills and spent the night. Some of us had to get out and walk up the hill so the horses could pull the wagon over.”¹²⁷

Most excursions were local, and usually had to do with providing for the family. Bill remembered going fishing a few times with his father along the Jordan River west of Salt Lake City, or hunting for pine hens, ducks and pheasants in the foothills. “Dad liked to hunt mostly for ducks, but he didn’t get many chances. He was too busy making a living. Once we went after pheasants west of North Salt Lake. One flew up and I took a shot at it over his head. He corrected me for shooting in such a position. The other time we went up Mill Creek Canyon in Bountiful. We were nearly to the top when a blue grouse flew up and he shot it. I can still see it as it set its wings and glided down to the bottom of the canyon, completely out of our reach. It was quite an event for me to go on that trip. Such times were really appreciated by us, they came so seldom.”¹²⁸

More common were little amusements the family found when they were together. “We always used to go to Dad to remove a sliver from our hands,” said Bill. “One April Fool’s Day I went to him to remove a nonexistent one. Of course, he couldn’t find it. I got a kick out of that. It was the only time I was able to fool him.”¹²⁹ Bert recalled the closeness of the family “later in life when Bill was starting to look at girls and wanted to dance. I remember Mother and Dad trying to teach him to waltz in our kitchen and how we all laughed and fun over this.”¹³⁰

Work and Worship

Even though Will was a smoker who rarely attended church, he was a moral, upstanding man who took care in teaching his sons correct principles. “Father was scrupulously honest and always paid his debts,” said Bill, who remembered “Father and Mother kneeling by the bed each night to say their prayers and, of course, we were taught to follow their example.”¹³¹

Will was known to lend a hand to others whenever he could. “He was always helping someone to build something,” according to Bill. “Uncle Charles Hayward¹³² received help several times in building barns and sheds and Ernest Wood was another recipient. There were two bachelors who lived down the street from us and they came down with some contagious disease. Neither the doctor nor their two brothers who lived next door would enter the house to help, so Dad assumed the duty. One night, our neighbor John Ledingham came to the door long after we had all retired. His car had stalled on him and wouldn’t start. He wanted Dad to get his horses and pull him home. Dad took the horses and drove about three miles to help him. When they got there the car started right away (it still happens),” said Bill.¹³³

Before cemetery care became a city responsibility, keeping grave sites cleaned and trimmed was up to individual families. “It was always Dad, Bert and me who cleaned the Page family cemetery lot annually,” Bill remarked. “The rest of his family just took it for granted and didn’t even comment on it.”¹³⁴ Will extended not only his time and talents to friends and family, but his hard-earned money, as well. “My mother wanted to be a school teacher, but she needed money to go to school for it. Uncle Will was the one who loaned her the money and she paid it back later,” said Mabel.¹³⁵

Will’s temper may have caused him to be “guilty of swearing when angry,” and he may have been impatient with what he considered incompetence,¹³⁶ but he was a fair man who earned the respect and admiration of others, even when they didn’t agree with him. Rowena’s sister Eva was often in conflict with Will. “He did not like the way she did some things,” said Bill, who remembered arguments and a “bit of yelling, usually over things in general, but one day Aunt Eva said to me, ‘Your dad and I did not get along too well, but I want you to know that he was the most honest man there was and would do anything for anyone.’ She told me what a fine man I had had for a father, always willing to help someone else, putting herself at the top of the list of those he had helped.”¹³⁷

Christmas saw even more generosity from Will and Rowena, who put their time and talents to use creating special gifts for those around them. “One Christmas, Dad made me a tool box and filled it full of tools, and made toy-sized ironing boards for [cousins] Florence¹³⁸ and Geneve,”¹³⁹ said Bill,¹⁴⁰ and there were “always, always doll clothes, dresses, or remodeled coats from the unfailing Rowena,” recalled Eva.¹⁴¹

It was Rowena who made certain Bill and Bert were cleaned up and ready for church every Sunday, and accompanied her boys to meetings until her health began to fail. Even then, she accepted positions as a Primary teacher (1909-1914) and a Relief Society teacher (1916).¹⁴² “Mother loved the gospel, but due to her health was not too active. At the time of her death, however, she was President of the Young Ladies Mutual in the Bountiful Second Ward,” said Bert. “She was truly one of God’s chosen daughters for she was a real devoted wife and mother. I have never heard of any person whoever met her that did not admire her. She was always willing to help others with their problems.”¹⁴³

Eva, who was often the recipient of her sister's assistance, called Rowena "one of the most selfless people ever born."¹⁴⁴ Rowena sewed "tirelessly, faithfully for Eva's children throughout their teen years; otherwise they would have been shabby indeed."¹⁴⁵ She also knitted quite a bit, often gifting sweaters, mittens, hats and baby booties to friends and family over the years.¹⁴⁶

"I appreciate the heritage that Dad left me. I am sure the examples and teachings of Dad and Mother have been the greatest influence for good which I have had in my life. I pray the Lord will help me to do as well for my children. This incomplete acknowledgement is in appreciation for what they sacrificed for their family," said Bill.¹⁴⁷



The Bountiful Second Ward chapel at the time of its dedication in 1919.

Moral Code

Rowena was dedicated to making sure her family loved the gospel as much as she did. She found her feeling expressed by this poem, which she clipped for safe keeping.

Keep to the Right

*Keep to the right is the law of the road;
Make it a law of your moral code,
In whatsoe'er you determine to do.
Follow the road of the Good and True.
Follow and fear not by and and by night,
Uphill or downhill, "keep to the right!"*

*Doubt will assail you, temptation will woo;
"Keep to the right," for the right is the true.
Doubt is a traitor, temptation a shame;
The heart that is honest, a life without blame
Will rank you far higher in worth and renown,
Than the grandest of kings, with his scepter and crown.*

*"Keep to the right!" In the journey of life
There is crowding and jostling, trouble and strife;
The weak will succumb to the bold and the strong,
And many go under and many go wrong.
He will acquit himself best in the fight
Who strike shirks not his duty, and "keeps to the right."*

*"Keep to the right" and the Right will keep you
In touch and accord with the Good and the True.
These are the best things in life, after all:
They make it worth living, whatever befall.
And death has not terrors, when he comes in sight,
For the man who determines to "keep to the right."*

ENDNOTES

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- ¹⁰⁸ *Ibid.*
- ¹⁰⁹ Elaine Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green* (self-published, 1987), page 127. Also see Interview with Josephine (Hepworth) Barr, 13 March, 2010, by Gayle (Page) Anderson. Transcript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ¹¹⁰ Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page."
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- ¹¹² Cleo (Hales) Page, *Personal History*, 1976. Typescript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ¹¹³ Mary Ann Page (1910-1911), ##MWSZ-58H, www.familysearch.org
- ¹¹⁴ Mary Ann Page, death certificate no. 12 (Davis County, 1911). Utah Department of Public Health, Salt Lake City.
- ¹¹⁵ Glen Page (1912-1912), #MWDZ-586, www.familysearch.org
- ¹¹⁶ Glen Page, death certificate no. 28 (Davis County, 1912). Utah Department of Public Health, Salt Lake City.. Notice of Glen's death appeared in *The Davis County Clipper*, 22 March, 1912.
- ¹¹⁷ Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page."
- ¹¹⁸ William Leonard Page, "Personal History," 1976. Original typescript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ¹¹⁹ William L. Page, "Recollections of My Father William James Page," 1 November, 1974. Typescript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ¹²⁰ Mary Eveline (Benson) Wood (1917-2008), KWCF-Z5W, www.familysearch.org
- ¹²¹ Mabel (Benson) Peterson (1916-2008), #KWCD-NSK, www.familysearch.org
- ¹²² Mabel (Page) Benson (1881-1965), #KWC8-MFG, www.familysearch.org
- ¹²³ Mabel found Rowena to be "very loving and kind to us. She never scolded us. I thought she was just perfect." Interview with Mabel (Benson) Peterson, 19 September, 2003, by Janice (Page) Dawson and Marilyn (Page) Bennett. Transcript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ¹²⁴ Page, "Recollections of My Father William James Page."
- ¹²⁵ *The Davis County Clipper*, 10 June, 1921.
- ¹²⁶ Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page."
- ¹²⁷ Page, "Recollections of My Father William James Page."
- ¹²⁸ *Ibid.*
- ¹²⁹ *Ibid.*
- ¹³⁰ Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page."
- ¹³¹ Page, "Recollections of My Father William James Page."
- ¹³² Charles Edward Hayward (1864-1933), #KWC6-Z4D, www.familysearch.org
- ¹³³ Page, "Recollections of My Father William James Page."
- ¹³⁴ *Ibid.*
- ¹³⁵ Interview, Mabel Benson Peterson, 19 September, 2003.
- ¹³⁶ "He liked to see one take care of his tools and use them correctly. One of his pet sayings was, 'You handle that like a pig with a muck fork' if he thought we weren't doing something properly," said Bill. Page, "Recollections of My Father William James Page."
- ¹³⁷ *Ibid.*
- ¹³⁸ Florence (Eldredge) Smith (1911-2001), #KWC8-S9D, www.familysearch.org
- ¹³⁹ Geneve (Eldredge) Manger (1912-1959), #KWDD-BR7, www.familysearch.org
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- ¹⁴¹ Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green*, page 83.
- ¹⁴² Penciled notations by Rowena on a family register held by Janice P. Dawson.

¹⁴³ Page, “History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page.”

¹⁴⁴ Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green*, page 83

¹⁴⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁴⁶ Interview, Josephine (Hepworth) Barr, 13 March, 2010.

¹⁴⁷ Page, “Recollections of My Father William James Page.”

The Influenza Pandemic

*I had a little bird,
Its name was Enza.
I opened the window,
And in-flu-enza.*

*Children's rope skipping verse, 1918
"And In Flew Enza"*

As if Rowena's ordeals under the knife were not enough, both she and Will were struck by the infamous influenza pandemic in 1919. Fortunately, the Pages recovered from the illness, even though they were "critically ill,"¹ but many others around the world were not as fortunate.

"Spanish Flu." "La Grippe." "Influenza." Whatever it was called the outbreak of this devastating flu epidemic in 1918-1919 not only brought the United States to its knees, but affected the entire world.

Some estimates claim that between twenty to forty percent of the world's population became ill and over twenty million people died, ten times the number of deaths resulting from World War I. In fact, it was probably The Great War which helped spread the epidemic with its movement of men and ships around the globe.

Between September 1918 and April 1919, approximately 675,000 flu deaths occurred in the U.S. alone. Physicians of the time were helpless against it. Influenza often struck suddenly. People feeling well in the morning could be ill by noon and dead by nightfall. Those who did not succumb to the disease within the first few days often died of complications caused by bacteria, such as pneumonia. In many places bodies piled up as the scourge spread through the population.

In desperation, public health ordinances were implemented, but did little to prevent the spread of the disease. Gauze masks were distributed to be worn in public, large gathering such as funerals were either limited to fifteen minutes or had to be held outdoors. Gradually, the epidemic waned, then disappeared toward the end of 1919, leaving in its wake a staggering death toll across the country.

A Bitter Pill

During all the years Rowena struggled under the burden of serious health concerns, Will appeared to be hearty and healthy, thanks to his active schedule and work-hardened physique, so it came as quite a shock when Will, who was only forty-seven, discovered that the increasing heartburn, indigestion and abdominal discomfort he had been experiencing were actually signs of a developing stomach cancer.¹⁵³ His heavy tobacco habit coupled with a diet high in preserved food such as pickled vegetables and smoked or salted meats most likely contributed to his condition.

Will became seriously ill during the summer of 1921, and underwent an operation at the LDS hospital in Salt Lake in mid-August of that year.¹⁵⁴ “William Page... is reported to be improving,” the *Clipper* claimed,¹⁵⁵ but such was not the case. “Mother informed me that Dad would not get well from an operation which he had had, that it was stomach cancer and they had sewed him right back up,” recalled Bill, who was sixteen years old at the time. Bert was thirteen.¹⁵⁶

Over the next few weeks, Will’s symptoms grew from abdominal pain and vomiting to what Bill described as “a long painful struggle, punctuated with bouts of delusions. He shouted at me once to get the mouse that was running along the floor. There was no mouse, of course, but to him in his condition there was, and he insisted there was and became angry at me for not obeying him. I became frightened until Mother reassured me of his condition.”¹⁵⁷

Rowena could do nothing but watch at her husband’s bedside as he quickly deteriorated over the next three months, knowing she would soon be left alone to raise her teenage sons. Will deeded the house and property to Rowena on 8 September, 1921, three weeks before he died, with a shaky signature.¹⁵⁸ “One day Mother called Bert and me and said Dad’s mind was clear and coherent, and that while he was that way he wanted to talk to us,” said Bill. “We knelt at his bedside and he made us promise to take care of Mother and to be good boys. He mentioned that he had been delirious, but that he now knew what he was doing, and that he was going to die. He wanted to be sure that we would treat Mother properly.

“So the summer dragged to a conclusion and on 1 November, 1921, as Bert and I were hauling watermelon and cantaloupe vines off the field, Mother came out screaming at us. When we arrived at the house she told us that Dad had passed away. Back in the bedroom she fell on him and kissed him and I tried to get her off. I had never seen them kiss.

“I had to go tell Uncle George Dad had died. I got down there and did not know how to do it. I was sixteen years old. I talked for about five minutes before I told him. When I finally told him, he just dropped his tools and ran up home.”¹⁵⁹

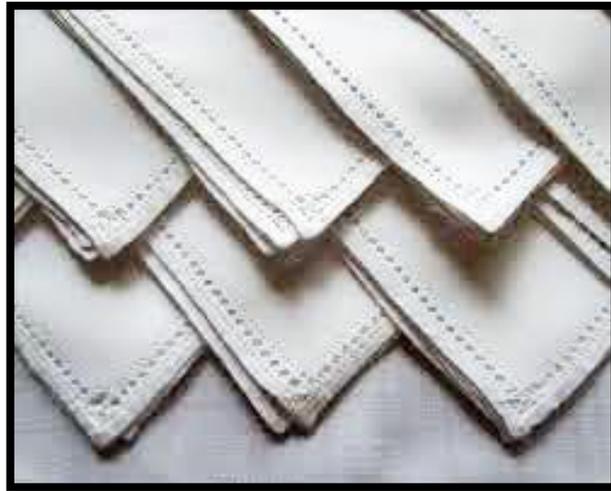
Will’s funeral was held in the Bountiful Second Ward Chapel three days later. There was “a large attendance and numerous beautiful floral offerings,” according to his obituary. The services included eulogies and prayers by his friends and neighbors, with music furnished by the ward choir.¹⁶⁰ Will was buried in the Bountiful Cemetery, not far from the Page family plots he used to care for himself.¹⁶¹

Keeping the Family Together

Will died leaving the family with few financial options. Bill and Bert tried to run the farm for several years, but were unable to make a success of the operation, due to the hard-heartedness of people who took advantage of their youth and inexperience. They eventually turned the farm over to their uncle George and found paying jobs.¹⁶²

Fortunately, Rowena received a modest award from Will’s life insurance policy, which she used to finance an addition to the family home which included a bedroom and bathroom on the east side of the house. She invited Eva, who was by then divorced, and her daughters, Florence and Geneve, to board with her. This arrangement helped the Pages both financially and emotionally. Eva had been there for Ro, especially throughout Will’s illness, and Rowena was pleased to have her company. Eva kept her sister busy with “so many trips to Salt Lake City by way of the Bamberger Electric Railway that Rowena was heard to exclaim, ‘Come on, old coat. We’re going again!’”¹⁶³ Rowena had always been close to her nieces, but now she showered them with her affections every single day. “Mother was especially happy to have the girls with us, as she had made their clothes for them all of their lives,” wrote Bert.¹⁶⁴ Rowena gave them as much love and care as if they had been her own daughters and they returned her love. She even taught them how to sew.¹⁶⁵

In addition to her regular chores, Rowena found her time taken up with other duties required of the property. “Mother had plenty to do,” said Bill. “Sometimes she even mowed the lawn. We had a push mower. We watered the lawn by turning the irrigation ditch on it and flooded it, if we had the water to do it.”¹⁶⁶



Hemstitching was a popular method of trimming both clothing and household linens.

Pins and Needles

Fancy decorative stitching which had been done by hand in previous generations could now be accomplished expertly by machine. With her years of sewing expertise, Rowena knew she could purchase a hemstitching machine with the remainder of Will's insurance money and support the boys by adding a pretty picot finish to children's clothing or embroidering the edges of napkins, tablecloths and other household items. She rented a small white frame building from Dr. Trowbridge at 55 North Main Street in 1925, and ran regular ads in the *Clipper* to attract business.¹⁶⁷ Ro walked to work and back every day, as there was no money for purchasing something as expensive as an automobile. She occasionally accepted rides from kind friends and neighbors who passed as she made her way uptown. "Joe Hepworth was very kind to Mother and would take her home after work many times. She was grateful for these kind deeds," said Bert.¹⁶⁸

However, Rowena was never financially comfortable and continually worried about having enough money to cover the bills.¹⁶⁹ In addition to taking in boarders and running her hemstitching business, she sought other ways to increase her income. Apparently she was one of the many church members who were duped by investing in the Koyle Mining Company, popularly known as "The Dream Mine." John H. Koyle, a Spanish Fork resident known as a visionary man, claimed to have been shown an ancient Nephite mine by an angelic visitor, who instructed him to develop the mine and spread the wealth to his followers. He founded the Koyle Mining Company in 1909 and began

excavation east of Salem in Utah County. Eventually, Apostle James E. Talmage, a geologist by training, examined The Dream Mine, but found no evidence that precious metals would ever be found there. Even after Talmage officially spoke out against the Koyle mine, it continued to attract supporters and money, including some members of the church leadership. Koyle was eventually excommunicated from the church in 1948, but the Koyle mine continued to operate in fits and starts for another twenty-three years afterwards.

Rowena purchased fifty shares in the mine at one dollar a share in 1927,¹⁷⁰ although no returns were ever realized on the stock. Years later, Bill's daughter Janice¹⁷¹ found the certificate after his death. "I showed the certificate to Bert," said Janice. "He held it in his hands, looking at it on one side, then on the other. He sat there for a very long time, not saying anything. It brought back a flood of bad memories for him. Finally, he mentioned that his mother had bought the stock from some fellow in Bountiful who was selling it to a lot of people. Fifty dollars was a great deal of money to Rowena as she struggled to keep her little family afloat. Bert said more than once they were grateful at the time to even have bread and milk for supper. They struggled so hard and went without so much, and for him to think about his mother being cheated out of this large sum of money upset him, even fifty years later."¹⁷²



Rowena's certificate of investment in the Koyle Mine.

On Borrowed Time

Working every day at the hemstitching shop meant spending less time with Bill and Bert, but Rowena had no choice. She treasured evenings at home with her sons and was eventually happy to welcome a daughter-in-law into the family when Bill fell in love with Cleo Hales.¹⁷³ Bill and Cleo were married in the Salt Lake temple on 13 July, 1928. “Mother was very happy to have a lovely daughter come into our family,” recounted Bert. “She longed for the day when she would be a grandmother and have a little granddaughter to sew for.”¹⁷⁴

Rowena and Cleo hit it off right away. “Bill had a wonderful mother,” said Cleo. “She was a soft-spoken, sweet person, tall and lovely. The Hepworth family was known for their outbursts of temper and arguing with one another, but she was different. She never raised her voice or ever said anything unkind. She said I was her first daughter and she treated me so. She would have had eight children, but she lost six of them, so she was happy to have Bill and Bert and she gave them all her love. I never saw a mother so devoted to her sons as she was, and they thought the world of her.”¹⁷⁵

While Bill and Cleo took an apartment in Salt Lake City, Bert remained at home with Rowena for several more years, working as a clerk down at the bank on Main Street. “Mother and I were always very close and we became even closer during this period,” said Bert, who recalled how his mother worried about him “and who I might marry.”¹⁷⁶

It wasn't more than a year after Rowena open up her hemstitching business when her heart started giving her trouble. She was becoming increasingly fatigued and found herself short of breath after walking to work. Some days she even experienced minor chest pains and the sensation of skipped heart beats. Dr. Trowbridge recognized the symptoms and diagnosed her with chronic myocarditis, a degeneration of the heart muscle which had been occurring so gradually over the past few years that Rowena failed to make the connection between her “sick spells” and the serious condition she found herself in.¹⁷⁷ The doctor ordered an electrocardiogram and x-rays,¹⁷⁸ although there was not very much he could do to treat the condition. Rowena struggled on, working as many days as she could, until she finally pulled Mrs. Trowbridge aside. “She said to me, ‘Dora, I have to give it up. I am way too old and I cannot do it anymore.’ She closed her business and sold the hemstitching machine.”¹⁷⁹

Rowena began the final battle for her life in May, 1930, when she was taken to the LDS Hospital for treatment, but there was little chance of recovery. After a week's serious illness, Dr. Trowbridge released her to return home on 13 May, where she died three days later.¹⁸⁰ She was fifty-two years old.¹⁸¹

Friends dropped by the mortuary the day before her church service to pay their last respects. "She had a large funeral, as she was loved by everyone," said Cleo. Attending the services were all of Rowena's nine surviving siblings and their families: Eva and Josephine, Jasper, Ted and Reuben, who were living in Bountiful; Tom and Leonard from Salt Lake and Ben from Farmington. Annice and Charles Hayward drove up from Spanish Fork, and of course, Bill, Cleo and Bert also gathered at her graveside where she was buried next to Will on 18 May, 1930.¹⁸²

Rowena left a legacy of love for her family. "I will always remember Mother for her sweet, tender loving care, and the manner in which she cared for us in our tender years, for her concern in our wellbeing and the interest she took in our behalf in our later years," said Bert. "I am grateful that she taught us the way to live and be honest with ourselves and our fellow men and to be humble before the Lord."¹⁸³



ENDNOTES

- ¹⁴⁸ Bert H. Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page," 30 June, 1972. Typescript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ¹⁴⁹ *The Davis County Clipper*, volume XVI, 1911.
- ¹⁵⁰ *Ibid.* 12 March, 1916.
- ¹⁵¹ *Ibid.* 21 April, 1916.
- ¹⁵² *Ibid.* 12 May, 1916.
- ¹⁵³ William James Page, death certificate no. 72 (Davis County, 1921), Utah Department of Health, Salt Lake City.
- ¹⁵⁴ *The Davis County Clipper*, 19 August, 1921.
- ¹⁵⁵ *Ibid.* 2 September, 1921.
- ¹⁵⁶ William L. Page, "Recollections of My Father William James Page," 1 November, 1974. Typescript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ¹⁵⁷ *Ibid.*
- ¹⁵⁸ Janice P. Dawson, "Tracking Page Property in Bountiful, Utah," undated typescript. Held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ¹⁵⁹ Page, "Recollections of My Father William James Page."
- ¹⁶⁰ William James Page obituary, *Deseret News*, Salt Lake City, Utah, 4 November, 1921.
- ¹⁶¹ Block 8, Lot 30, Plat 3. www.findagrave.com
- ¹⁶² Bill and Bert were close to Uncle George, but not the rest of the family, according to Bert, who said the extended Page relatives occasionally dropped by on their way to visit Grandmother [Mary Ann] Page. "After Dad died, the visits stopped. They visited Grandma Page, but not us. They would come out from Salt Lake and walk right by our house and not stop in." Interview with Bert H. Page, 12 March, 1993, by Janice P. Dawson. Transcript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ¹⁶³ Elaine Hepworth, *Family History of Joseph Hepworth and Mary Ann Green* (self published, 1987), page 83.
- ¹⁶⁴ Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page."
- ¹⁶⁵ Interview with Janice (Page) Dawson, 27 June, 2001. Transcript held by interviewer Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ¹⁶⁶ Interview with William Leonard Page by Kathryn Dawson, December, 1989. Transcript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ¹⁶⁷ According to advertisements in *The Davis County Clipper*, Rowena first rented space in the George E. Garret furniture store (February, 1925) and the J. E. Hepworth store (23 April, 1925), which was her brother Ted's butcher shop.
- ¹⁶⁸ Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page."
- ¹⁶⁹ "Her earnings were meager, but she always paid her tithing out of them," said Bert. Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page."
- ¹⁷⁰ Koyle Mining Company, certificate of stock, 2 July, 1927, fifty shares at \$1.00 each. Original held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ¹⁷¹ Janice (Page) Dawson (1931-), #LNDN-5DB, www.familysearch.org
- ¹⁷² Interview, Janice (Page) Dawson, 27 June, 2001.
- ¹⁷³ Cleo (Hales) Page (1906-1989), #KWZ8-T4C, www.familysearch.org
- ¹⁷⁴ Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page."
- ¹⁷⁵ Cleo (Hales) Page, *Personal History*, 1976. Typescript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ¹⁷⁶ Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page."
- ¹⁷⁷ Rowena Page obituary, *The Davis County Clipper*, Vol. 40, No. 13. 1930.

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- ¹⁷⁸ Rowena Page, death certificate, no. 38 (Davis County, 1930), Utah Department of Health, Salt Lake City.
- ¹⁷⁹ Interview with Dora Trowbridge, 17 March, 1993, by Janice P. Dawson. Transcript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
- ¹⁸⁰ Rowena Page obituary, Davis County Clipper, Vol. 40, No. 13. 1930.
- ¹⁸¹ Rowena Page, death certificate, no. 38 (Davis County, 1930), Utah Department of Health, Salt Lake City.
- ¹⁸² Block 8 Lot 30 Plat B space 9. www.findagrave.com
- ¹⁸³ Page, "History of Rowena (Hepworth) Page."

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This index lists the names of people related to William James Page and Rowena (Hepworth) Page. Women are listed under both their maiden names (in parentheses) and married names [in brackets].

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Mary Eveline [Wood], 36.

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