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Title: **LaKay's My Dad_0002**

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LaKay's files

[first pass LKA]

[Matheson collection / Simon Alva Matheson / LaKay's My Dad_0002]

We were never rich, but I never remember being in need. We grew

vegetables in the garden, raised rabbits, and a dogey lamb Uncle Rass

brought in from his ranch across the desert provided a playmate for us

during the Summer, and meet on the table during the Winter. Milk came

from one of a succession of "Brownies" which Dad milked and cared for.

At least one was so well-trained she would come running to the gate when

she heard Dad approaching with the milk bucket. And there was usually a

cat (which Dad considered a stray, but we girls thought was ours) on

hand to catch the stream of milk Dad would aim their way. One of our

Brownies was so gentle we girls could ride on her back, and that was

great fun. When she fondled on early Spring grass and bloated, she was

butchered and the meat put in our freezer locker, but none of us could

sit down to a meal which included beef without asking "Is this Brownie?"

So I think the meat was eventually given to one of the Uncles.

Dad always had time for us. One year he built an entertainment

center for us on the small lot east of the house. It included a

telephone pole swing, bars, a merry-go-round, and maybe a slide. It was

great fun, and all of the neighborhood kids enjoyed it with us. I

wonder now if part of his reason for building it was not to try to get

me more socially involved with the other kids. I was always very shy,

and a total book-worm, and it was very hard for me to relate to the

others, We all enjoyed this equipment for a couple of years, until kids

from all over town started showing up to use it,

sometimes quite late at night, and the folks became worried about the liability if someone got hurt there. Then it was taken down.

Dad will always be tied in my mind with the great our-of-doors. He loved nature, and the mountains. For many years he was not active in the church as far as attending meetings went. He said that he could worship much better in God's great Cathedral. He never objected when Mom went and took us kids, except that he would have liked to have us with him on his excursions, and sometimes we went. I always said I had never traveled (except for one trip to the San Francisco World's Fair in 1838 and a couple of visits to Wyoming when Grandma Barnson lived there)

Outside of 50 miles from Cedar City, but I knew the area near-by better than any of the kids.

Dad was an excellent hunter. Not that he enjoyed killing anything, but he had the knowledge and intelligence to always get his deer. In the Fall in Utah, the deer hunt is the big thing. All of Dad's brothers

and their sons and other relatives would gather together and make up a

party to go hunting. They always came home with their full limit, but

Dad usually had filled up far more than his won tag. He had the

patience to sit and study the figure out what the deer would do. He

would go into the area and scout it out and figure out where the most

likely hiding places were, then sit and watch them until the other

hunters tramping all over the place would scare them out, and he could

pick them off. I don't think some of them ever figured out how Dad got

so many, and came back to camp the least tired of all of them. He may

have told them, but few people have the patience to do it Dad's way.

Dad's life was never easy. He has always had health problems, with

a bad back, and a very touchy stomach. But I have rarely heard him