

# HOMEMADE



The autobiography of

**Ava Atwood Winterton**

Wayne's Table Top Press  
4728 West Alice Avenue  
Glendale, AZ 85302

2003

Binding by

STEVENSON'S GENEALOGY CENTER

230 West 1230 North  
Provo, Utah 84604  
801-374-9600

2003



Ava Atwood Winterton

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I want to thank my son Wayne for helping me to think about my past, organize my thoughts, and write them down.

I also want to thank my daughter Joyce Stewart and my granddaughter Sheri Dailey for the time they spent in proofreading the manuscript.

But most of all, I want to thank my Allen for his gentle touch, his loving companionship, and his lifelong commitment to our happiness.

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# 1

## The Baby on the Oven Door

Premature babies didn't often make it in the early 1900s, especially those born without benefit of hospital care. I was an exception!



My mother  
Hazel Carlisle Atwood  
about 1906

When I arrived at the family home in Pleasant Grove, Utah, on July 19, 1918, weighing only three pounds, the best the exhausted and worried country doctor could muster

was, "Well Hazel, at least she has good features."

About a year earlier, on March 22, 1917, my mother gave birth to a girl. Mom and dad named her Hazel after mother. Then, on July 12th, just four months after she was born, she died.

Because so little time had passed since the death of Hazel, and because I arrived in such a small package, I know there was concern for my safety. But I didn't know the odds were against me, so I just kept going, and I've been going strong ever since.

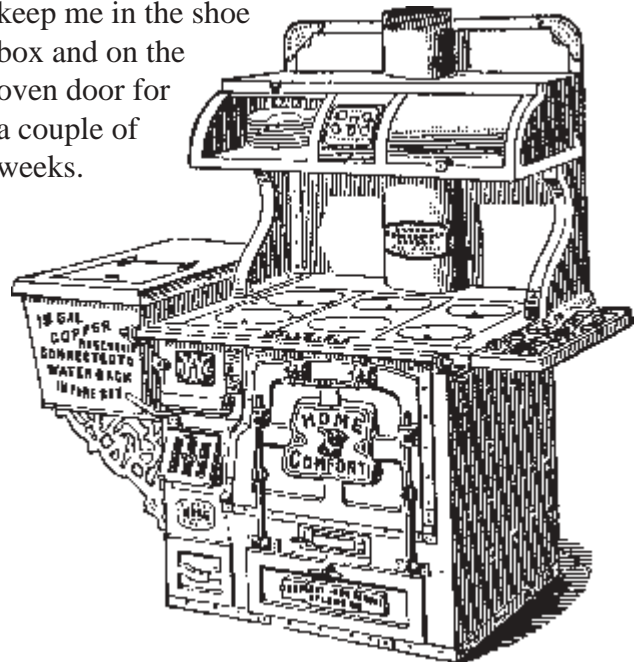
I am the fourth child born to John Leslie and Hazel Carlisle Atwood. The children older than me are Millen Dan, Royal Carlisle

(known as Tommy), and Hazel, who died as an infant. The children younger than me are John Rae and Annie Nell.

I'm told that the day of my birth was a terribly hot, maybe even a record hot, July day. Even so, a small fire had been kept flickering in the family's wood-burning kitchen stove.

Both of my father's sisters, Sadie and Denie, loved to tell me the story of my birth. Of course, I never tired of hearing it either. They said as soon as I entered the world, my tiny body was tucked in a shoe box and placed on the oven door of our huge, black Monarch wood-burning cook stove.

Since we didn't have access to an incubator, our country doctor had my family keep me in the shoe box and on the oven door for a couple of weeks.



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Whenever I tell the story about weighing only three pounds and being placed on the oven door when I was born, my children say it was because the doctor wasn't sure if I was done yet.

Just as my life began in the warmth of a makeshift incubator, my life has continued in the warmth of a loving family. And anyone who knows me, knows about my love affair with ovens and kitchens.

I love delighting family and friends with the aroma of homemade bread, hot rolls, desserts, salads and occasionally an omelette or two and the taste of a hundred jams and jellies. I've even managed to slip in a few crepes suzette when least expected, such as to complete strangers high in the Wasatch Mountains during deer hunting season, but you'll have to read on to learn that story.



The earliest known photograph of Ava Atwood, 1919.



Three-year-old Ava with brother Tommy (Royal), 1921.



## 2

### My Early Years

I am now in my eighty-fifth year and during all of those years, I've hardly had an ache or pain. I have truly been blessed as it says in the Doctrine and Covenants, to run and not be weary; to walk and not be faint. I believe this is a gift from my Heavenly Father and I want to thank Him for allowing me to live a healthy and wonderful life after my somewhat fragile and tenuous beginning.

I don't remember much about living in Pleasant Grove, but I do remember daddy and his grocery store and I can remember playing

with my brothers, Millen, Royal (Tommy), and John Rae.

When I was six years old, daddy made a deal with Archie Boren to trade his grocery store in Pleasant Grove for Archie's farm in Charleston, Utah.

I remember the day we packed up our belongings and started up Provo Canyon for the little farming community of Charleston. I was excited about moving, but my younger brother Johnny had different ideas. He was

only three years old, but he was sure he didn't belong in Charleston.

While the family was busy unpacking and preparing to settle into their new home, Johnny waited for the right moment then took off on his trusty tricycle, pedaling full-speed down the dusty road from which we had just arrived.

Finally someone realized that Johnny had disappeared.



**The Atwood Grocery Store in Pleasant Grove, Utah (about 1923)**

Left to right: lady customer, John Leslie, owner; Ernest Ash, butcher, and Bert Garner, helper (an unknown person is barely visible in the background, far right portion of picture)

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The hubbub of carrying and unpacking boxes, cleaning cupboards, arranging furniture, and all of the myriad tasks associated with moving had given Johnny a promising headstart on his quest to return to his roots and his friends, twenty-five miles to the south.

Everything came to a screeching halt while we searched everywhere. We looked inside every closet, behind every shrub, inside the barn and the other outbuildings, on top of everything he might have climbed on to, under everything he might have burrowed into, and inside every empty box but the truant toddler was nowhere to be found. Dad called out in his booming voice, deep, resonant, and as full of meaning as any father that walked the earth, but there was absolutely no response from Johnny. Mom was frantic!

Finally, as the search expanded beyond the newly acquired family property, little Johnny was found. He was vigorously pumping the pedals of his sturdy three-wheeler in a vain effort to avoid capture. He had peddled far enough to round a bend in the road, but not far



Ava with brothers Royal and Johnny (with tire ) outside their Charleston home, about 1924.

enough to escape the long arm of the law (dad) and the tired little fellow was returned home with his tricycle riding privileges indefinitely suspended.

We decided that Johnny had taken one look at the old barn and decided that farming was not for him.

The farm had forty acres of the most beautiful black, loamy soil you can imagine.

A small creek named *Island Creek* and the larger *Provo River* ran right through the lower half of the farm.

That beautiful soil and the abundance of water must have been what prompted daddy to buy the farm.

The house was very old and in need of repair. Mom was less than enthusiastic, but daddy consoled her by saying that Charleston would be a good



John L. Atwood with team and a wagon load of sugar beets, about 1925.

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**Family photograph taken in front of Lawrence Atwood's residence in Manila, Utah, about 1912.**  
Left to right: Will, Ardena (Denie), and Frank Atwood, John Leslie and Hazel Carlisle Atwood, Cora and Lawrence Atwood and daughter Marvel (holding doll), Grandma Sarah Wanlass Atwood holding infant Millen (son of John L. and Hazel), and Sadie Atwood Beck.

place to raise a family and things would work out fine.



Two-year old Ava with older brother Millen, 1920.

Life was not easy in those days and money was not plentiful, especially for a fairly large family in a small rural community. There was at least one occasion when we nearly lost the Charleston farm because dad and mom could barely make ends meet.

My brother Johnny tells the following story, and it is such a wonderful story about the character of my dad that I'm including it here - in his words:

"During World War II, I found myself on board a large ship headed for the island of Okinawa. The year was 1945 and I had been away from home since 1942. I was lonesome and daydreaming about home and the people I loved.

"I wasn't particularly happy to be on board a slow-sailing navy vessel. I was a pilot and I much preferred travel by air. Besides, this ship was called the *Liberty Ship*, a name



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John R. Atwood, 1944.

that didn't really fit. The last thing I thought this ship had to offer was any kind of liberty.

“Three days earlier we had sailed out of Subic Bay, which is located west of Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands.

“I was aboard because I was among the newest members of the 500th bomber group called the Air Apaches. All of the veteran pilots had flown our B-25 bombers to Okinawa, while we rookie pilots were confined to a slow-moving naval ship.

“However, I could be content to be aboard ship as long as I had something to read. Unfortunately, I had read all of the paperback books that I had stuffed into my B-4 bag before leaving Clark Field.

“As I searched around the ship for something to read I found a copy of the *Stars and Stripes*, the official newspaper of the armed forces. The *Stars and Stripes* was widely circulated to military personnel throughout the world.

“Out of boredom I picked up a copy laying next to me. I had read a few pages when I came to an article titled, “Honest John.” To my astonishment the article was about my father and how he had found a wallet with a large amount of money inside, and how he had returned the wallet including the money plus interest!

“As I started to read the article, my mind traveled nearly 20 years back in time. I could remember most of the incident, at least the part about dad finding the wallet.

“It was a hot July day and we were headed to Pleasant Grove to visit grandma. Dad was driving his first car to have windows that rolled up and down. The car he had traded in had old-fashioned isinglass windows that didn't open and old-style mechanical brakes.

“One of the family's customs on any trip to grandma's was a stop at Wick's Inn in Provo Canyon where dad would treat all of us to a frosted mug of A&W root beer.

“On this particular trip, dad informed us that we would not be stopping at Wick's, but



John R. Atwood

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rather at Bridal Veil Falls to freshen up with a drink of water. Dad explained that there was no money available for treats on this trip. The payment on the farm was due and he didn't have the money to pay the bank. The bank was on the verge of foreclosing on the property.

“Bridal Veil Falls is one of America's most majestic waterfalls and the mountains all around make it particularly scenic.

“Nell and I ran across the swinging rope bridge, stopping just above the spot where the falls enter the Provo River. Here we kneeled down to get a drink. Dad continued up the trail until he was alongside the falls. As he leaned over to drink, he saw a man's wallet.

“He picked it up and opened it to discover a large sum of money. The wallet and the money belonged to a man from Oregon, probably a tourist who had stopped for a drink at the same spot.

“On returning home, using the address from inside the wallet, dad wrote to the man who had lost the wallet. He informed the man that it appeared everything, including the money, was still in the wallet. Dad ended his letter by asking the man how he would prefer to have the wallet and money returned.

“Surprisingly, there was no response to the letter. Dad tried to contact the man by telephone, and again by Western Union, but none of the attempts were successful.

“Before the bank started foreclosure proceedings, dad used the money from the lost wallet to breathe life back into the mortgage. The money from an unknown benefactor had saved the farm and our family who depended on it.



John L. Atwood cooling down the radiator of his Model T Ford, about 1924.

“That had been in the 1930s and it was now 1945, and here I am, 10,000 miles away from home and I pick up a copy of the *Stars and Stripes* and I'm reading about my dad. What are the chances of that happening?

“The article brought my mind back to that day at Bridal Veil Falls, the foot race across the bridge with my sister Nell, and dad's chance discovery of the man's wallet. But according to the article, there was more to the story, and it was all new to me.

“Dad eventually sold the farm to the state of Utah where it was later covered with water when they filled the newly constructed Deer Creek Reservoir. Millen, Royal, and Ava had all married sweethearts they had courted in Wasatch County.

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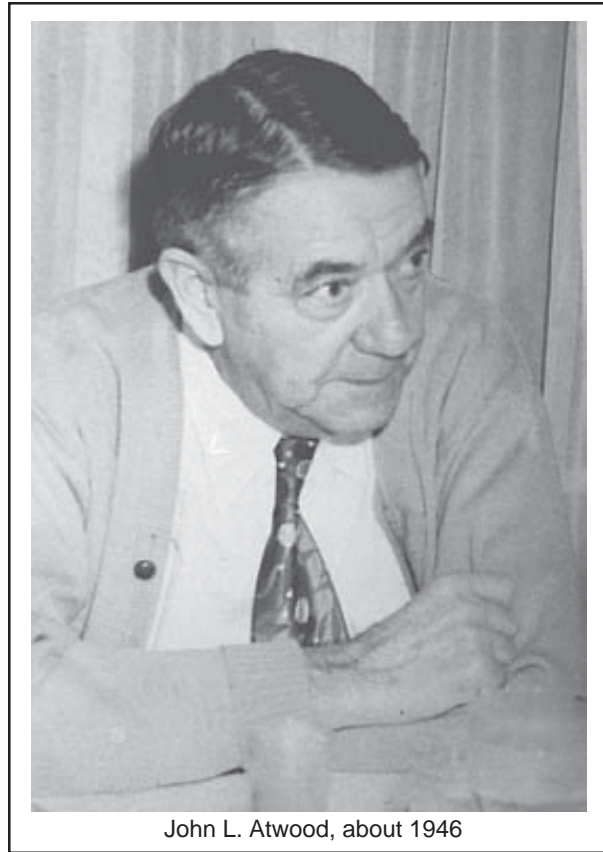
“Nell was living in Salt Lake City with mom and dad at 1773 South 3rd East. Dad was working at the air base in Kearns, Utah, where he managed the Post Exchange and the bowling alleys used by the servicemen.

“Dad always loved to meet new people and to find out where they were from. He enjoyed his job at the air base and his opportunity to meet new soldiers.

“On one occasion he met a young soldier from Oregon. As was his custom, he asked the soldier where he was from. The young man told him the name of the small town he was from. Dad’s ears must have perked up.

“Dad knew the name of the town as the place where the lost wallet had come from.

“He told the soldier the name of the man he had tried to reach years earlier and asked him if he knew the man.



John L. Atwood, about 1946



John L. and Hazel in Salt Lake City, about 1939

“The soldier said, ‘I sure do, he’s my uncle and he lives in San Francisco.’

“Dad got the address from the soldier and wrote to the man, telling him about how he found his wallet many years earlier, how he had been unsuccessful in contacting him, and that he had used the money to save his farm.

“Dad went on to explain how the money had come at a most fortuitous time, saving the farm from repossession by the bank.

“Dad calculated the amount of interest owed on the money for all of the years since he found the wallet, then he sent a letter with the money and interest to the soldier’s uncle.

“A short time later the man wrote back to dad explaining that when he lost the money, he was financially secure.



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“He said he had been on vacation, and like anyone else, he didn’t enjoy losing his wallet, important papers, and the money at that time, but it was simply more of an inconvenience than a disaster for him.

“The man went on to explain he was currently living in San Francisco and that he had fallen on hard times. The money you have sent me has made it possible for me to pay my debts and to continue to live in my apartment. I thank God for your honesty.”

I suppose the story made its way to the *Stars and Stripes* through the efforts of the young soldier that dad had befriended that day in the PX bowling alley.

My brother John concluded the story in his autobiography by saying, “At my father’s funeral in March of 1954, I was thrilled to hear dad’s former bishop, Wayne Whiting from Charleston, comment that ‘John Leslie Atwood was the most honest man I have ever known.’”

My daddy was a leader and a highly respected member of the community. Of course I never thought of him in exactly those terms when I was growing up. He was just my daddy.

After I grew up and left home, and even now as I am writing this nearly fifty years after his passing, I have come to appreciate him all the more. He had a bearing about him that commanded respect from others.



John L. Atwood presided over the Wasatch County School Board 1934-36.

If it was his physical size, deep resonant voice, and caring quality that made him a gentle, but no-nonsense giant within his family, those same attributes coupled with a genuine concern for his fellow man contributed to his stature as a community leader.

As I look back with my adult eyes to the time I was growing up, I can see that daddy was one of those men from whom others draw strength. He had the kind of personality that encouraged others to desire his leadership and to trust his judgment.

John Leslie Atwood served as president of the Wasatch County School Board. He was also selected by the townspeople of Charleston to travel to Washington, D.C. to represent them in seeking redress for lands taken by the government in the construction of Deer Creek Reservoir.

It was said of John Leslie Atwood, “You never had to guess where he stood on an issue, when asked.”

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John L. Atwood (wearing overalls) driving team. Seated next to John is Frank Atwood holding Millen (oldest son of John L. and Hazel). Standing in the back is Lawrence holding daughter Marvel and a very dapper Will Atwood. The year is 1911.



### 3

## Growing Up in the Shadow of the Mountain

The view of the Wasatch Mountains from the farm was spectacular. In my mind it is rivaled only by the Swiss Alps. Mount Timpanogos with its 11,750 foot elevation and snow-covered peaks was right out our front door. We had only to look out our door to see the splendor and glory of those mountains.



Mount Timpanogos as it appears from our Orem home. The flowing hair and head of the sleeping maiden are to the left.

The crest line of Mount Timpanogos outlines the figure of a sleeping woman. It starts with her long flowing hair on the north, followed by her brow, face, and neck, then the flowing lines of her figure (her hands appear folded on her tummy) until the ridge line ends with her feet on the south.

Local legend claims the mountain is the final resting place of a heartbroken Indian maiden named Utahna. The legend of Timpanogos goes like this:

Long ago there lived Indians in the area who made sacrifices to the mountain gods.

During a particularly dry year the Indians thought the mountain gods were angry.

The Chief had a beautiful daughter named Utahna. Utahna

and the other young girls of the tribe were blindfolded and made to choose a pebble from a dish. Utahna chose the black pebble so it became her lot to climb the mountain to plead the case for rain.

When she reached the top, she knelt in prayer and was prepared to jump when a handsome young brave saw her and begged her to stop. She thought he was the god of the mountain so she didn't jump. He led her to a cave and there they lived together.

One day the brave was attacked by a bear. Struck by the thought that the brave was not a god and that she had disappointed her people, she once again climbed the mountain and leaped to her death. The brave carried her broken body into their cave where her heart was frozen in time and the mountain



The heart of Timpanogos, a heart-shaped stalactite, is the main attraction deep within Timpanogos Cave.

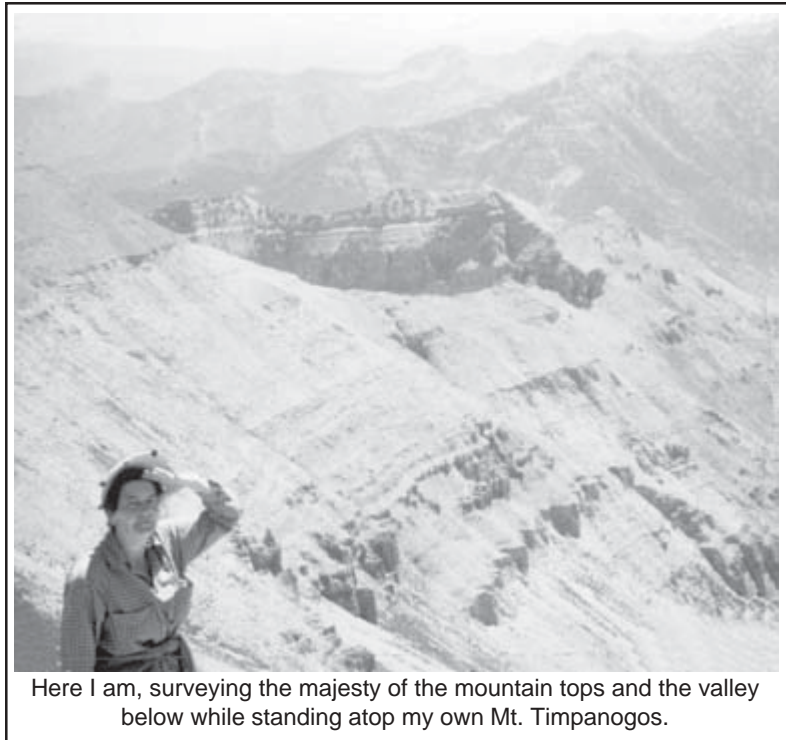
took the form of the eternally-sleeping Utahna.

The legend (and many variations) has been the subject of local plays and pageants over the years, but it is more imagination than fact. The word *Timpanogos* is from the Ute language and translates as *Rocky Running River*, referring not to the mountain, but to the Provo River that flows along its eastern side.

Thousands of people hike Timp each year to tour its breathtaking beauty and to visit its cave to gaze upon the heart within.

At the top of the highest peak on the mountain is a small metal lookout structure. The people in the valley call it the *glass house on Timp*. When conditions are right, the sun strikes the building as if it were a signal mirror and the reflection can be seen from the valley floor 5,000 feet below.

I have climbed through the pines and wild flowers, past the waterfalls and rock slides, to the top of Mount Timpanogos many times.



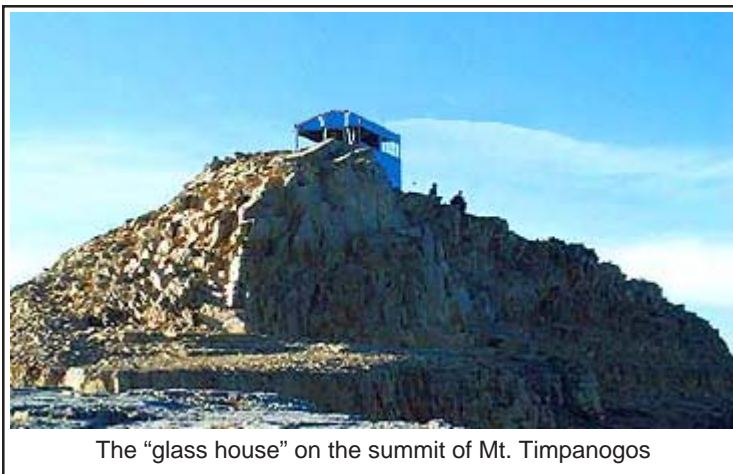
Here I am, surveying the majesty of the mountain tops and the valley below while standing atop my own Mt. Timpanogos.

From the top I have stood on the summit and marveled at the beauty of the vast valley below. Each trek ends with a slide down a long, sloping field of hard-packed snow that stays on the mountain year-round.

Just below the snowfield is Emerald Lake, a clear, icy-cold body of water fed from the ever-present snow.

From the crest of the mountain, it appears that if one fell onto the snowfield, they wouldn't stop sliding until they ended up in the lake.

In truth, although the top of the snowfield is steep, it flares out at the bottom before reaching the lake, and there are usually people there to help you stop before coming to the edge of the lake. However, it still requires courage to leave the safety of the trail at the top, sit on the edge of the



The "glass house" on the summit of Mt. Timpanogos

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snowfield and push off with what appears to be certain disaster.

Those of us who love the mountain refer to the snowfield as the *glacier* of Mount Timpanogos.

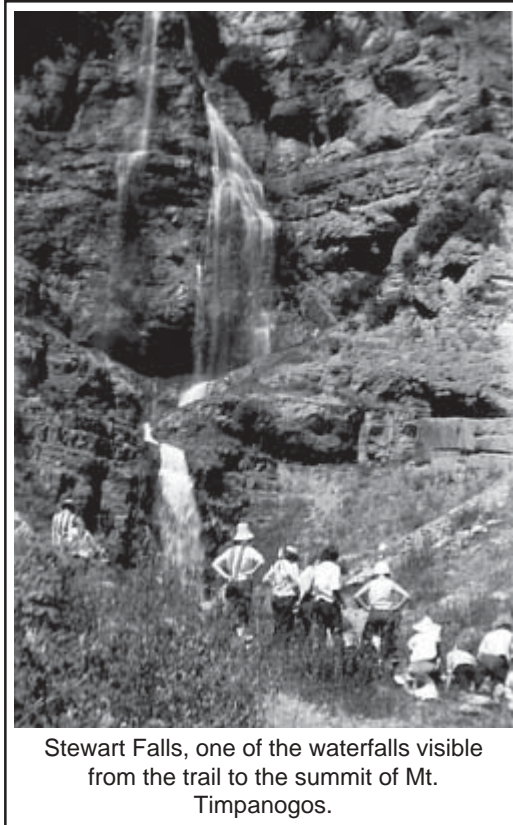
Although the snowfield bears no resemblance, scientifically or otherwise, to a real glacier, it's our *glacier* and woe be to the outsider who tries to correct our claim for the mountain! End of discussion!

The glacier can be a little treacherous. But once your aching legs have reached the summit, the idea of going several hundred yards downhill, in a sitting position, in mere minutes as compared to walking the same distance down a narrow, steep, and equally dangerous trail definitely relaxes the inhibitions. I've made the slide several times.

The first time I climbed the mountain was with a group of friends from Manila, Utah. The year was 1934.

My cousin Erma Atwood and I along with several friends made the climb. We were sixteen years old and the journey up the mountain was hot and dangerous, at least it seemed that way to us.

The second time I climbed the mountain was during one of the annual Timpanogos hikes. Those hikes took place on a single day in July with hundreds of people participating. Some only make it a short distance; others



Stewart Falls, one of the waterfalls visible from the trail to the summit of Mt. Timpanogos.

make it to the midway point or near the top, but even a short hike is worth the effort because of the beauty of the waterfalls, birds, and flowers along the trail.

I've done the annual hike several times, always enjoying meeting the people coming and going along the trail.

I don't remember how many times I've been to the top, but I can remember climbing to the top with Alma Manson, one of my good friends, and another time with my husband Allen and our daughter, Ann.

On one trip up the mountain two of Mack and Bee Christiansen's daughters were in the group. Their names were Jill and Susanne. Susanne fell as she was attempting to slide down the glacier and Allen had to help her down to Emerald Lake. It was a long, hard trek for both of them.

On one of our trips we thought we were going to lose our daughter Ann. We had made it to the top and were getting ready to slide down the glacier.

When it came time for Ann to slide down we called to the people below to look out for her, but she was so tiny and her body made the trip so fast that she slipped right through their hands and continued far beyond the safety point. She ended up frightfully close to



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A view from the trail, looking at the backside of Timpanogos. Note the waterfall in the center of the picture.

the edge of Emerald Lake. We were all thankful she was safe!

It takes about seven hours for the average person to reach the summit. People bring their lunches and once on top, there are places to sit, eat lunch, and enjoy the peace and serenity of being on top of one of God's magnificent mountains.

If you are real quiet, you can almost hear the heart of Timpanogos beating within the mountain.

Everyone who makes the summit during the annual hike is given a pin as proof of their achievement. Some people have collected

many pins and wear them on their hiking caps. I have mine safely stored in my jewelry box.

### Remembering Mama

My mother was a very loving, kind, quiet person. Allen said he married me because he knew my mother was a nice person.

Mama loved all of the beautiful things of nature and she could see something pretty in everything. Everyone can see the beauty in a lovely sunset or a bouquet of flowers, but mama also saw beauty in the weeds or stalks of wheat that might sprout alongside the irrigation ditches.

As the two of us would walk along a ditch bank, she might gather a bouquet of wild flowers and weed blossoms, add a sprig of tumbleweed or a leaf or two from a tree and we would have a bouquet to grace our home that evening.

Mama was constantly sewing something for me or Nell, or making shirts for the boys. She knew how to add a feminine flair to the clothes she made for me and Nell and she knew how to sew boy's shirts so they had a masculine touch.

Mama would drop everything at a moment's notice to go somewhere in the car, or on the hay wagon to play with a child or to just have fun.

Mama was a tiny person, but she could be strong and decisive when needed. I remember



Ava Atwood at age 10.

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the time when the two of us hiked down to Round Hill by the Watson place to look for red currants. As we were picking currants, we heard something rustling in the currant bush. Mama whispered for me to stand very still. I did.

Mama picked up a stick as a rattlesnake slithered from the currant bush. She beat the snake severely, not allowing the hapless creature time to think or coil for a strike. Instead, the snake beat a hasty retreat, which was exactly what we did. I don't know if that rattlesnake ever revisited that place, but mama and I never did.

Papa tried to teach mama to drive a car. It wasn't a good idea. Papa was so demanding in his instructions that mama was a nervous wreck. Mama might have been able to master the automobile if she had been taught by a regular



My brother Royal, who was always called Tommy, at about 15 years of age, 1929.

boomed and there was no misunderstanding that he wanted something. We all understood papa and his booming voice and we could always tell if he was upset or just wanted to get our attention.



John Rae, 8 years; Nell, 1 year; Ava, 10 years. 1928

instructor, but papa's expectations were beyond her ability to perform so she never learned to drive.

Since she couldn't drive she was never very far from home. Papa liked having mama close by. If she was a few minutes late walking home from Relief Society, papa would leave the house and walk toward the church until their paths would cross. He wanted her right by him or at least in sight.

During normal conversation Papa had a deep resonant voice that was very pleasant to listen to. When his voice went up a pitch or two his voice

I can remember him calling my mother with a big, booming *HAZEL*. She would come on the run and papa would say, "I just wanted to know where you were."

Mama and papa had a wonderful love for each other and the love between them carried over to all of the family members. I never heard a harsh or angry word spoken between my parents.

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We were together as a family nearly every night. We would sit around the big oak table in the kitchen or, if the temperature was below zero as it often was in the winter, we would gather in front of the Heaterola stove in the front room.

### First Grade

I started first grade soon after we moved to Charleston. It was a long walk to school, especially in the winter.

Girls were not allowed to wear pants to school. We always had to wear dresses. I had to wear long stockings with garters to hold them up. I was so skinny that the garters didn't do much good and the stockings would fall down and curl around my legs. They would get wet with snow and take all day to thaw out.

On the coldest days, daddy would hitch up the team and wagon and take us to school, picking up our friends as we rode along.

School was a mile away and that is a very long walk for a little girl just starting school.

I can remember walking to school in the winter and the snow would be so deep it went right over the tops of the fences. It was cold enough to crust the snow and we could run on top of the frozen snow.

On really cold and snowy days we would walk as far as Bill North's store. Here we would stop for a few minutes and get warm by his coal stove. It was wonderful!



My brother John Rae, about 9 years old. 1930

I can close my eyes today and follow the path I took going to and from school in Charleston.

After going past the Carlile home, I would walk along the irrigation ditch next to the edge of a canal, then I would walk the railroad tracks to Verdell's Lunch Stand.

Next I would go past the Latta's, the Richies', and past the post office (which was in someone's home). Then I would cut kitty-corner, as we called it, through the Charleston church yard and along the gravel road until I arrived at the tall, red, square school house. I walked this same path for all eight grades.

There were ten of us in our class. Our number stayed the same for all eight years. Ten of us started together; ten of us finished together. When we finished the elementary grades in Charleston, we all rode the bus to Heber City for our high school days.



Charleston Elementary School



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That's Tommy wearing high-top boots, me in stylish 30s slacks and hat, and John Rae eating a sandwich. 1934.

Who were the ten of us? I can still remember them, and I can still see them in my mind's eye. We were Anna Bates, Ardell Casper, Frank Casper, Dean Casper, Mary Davis, Mabel Wright, Ferris Wright, Dean Simmons, Wilma Latta, and myself.

One day we learned that Wilma Latta's mother and dad were getting a divorce. Not a one of us had ever heard of a divorce, let alone knowing someone who was going to do it.

As a child I had assumed that once someone got married it was forever. I think the rest of our group was as surprised as I was to find out that a marriage could be undone. It was a sad day for all us when we learned Wilma's daddy had moved away. She was a very shy girl and all of us were heartbroken for her and her brothers and sisters.

The most exciting time of my early years was when Nell arrived at our house. I was

certain she had dropped in from heaven. She had the most beautiful auburn-colored hair you can imagine.

She was such a very small soul and I can remember thinking, "Now I have a sister of my own!"

The story of how Nell came to be named Nell is worth including here because it provides more insight into our family and how papa was always in charge - sometimes to the surprise of everyone.

Papa was very proud of his team of horses, Old Maud and Nell.

When my little sister was born the family was in agreement that she should be named Annie, which was a family name.



Allen Winterton, the boy next door, 1937

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From left to right is Nina Edwards, who had just married my older brother, Millen; papa with his big smile, and mama with her hand on little Nell's shoulder. That's me, wearing the same stylish outfit I had on when I was sitting on the bridge with Tommy and Johnny. 1934.

When papa took our new little family member to the front of the church to receive her name and a blessing, papa gave her the name of *Annie*, then he paused briefly and added the name of his favorite horse *Nell*, and Annie became Annie Nell.

I think mama might have asked papa why he did that, but it was done and no further discussion was necessary.

From that day on she was Annie Nell, or just simply Nell.

Our elementary school had two grades in each room. There were four rooms downstairs and four upstairs. Grades 1 through 4 were downstairs; grades 5 through 8 were upstairs.

As we sat in our first grade seats we could see everything that the second grade was doing. We either learned twice as much or almost nothing as we had to listen to our assignments and then to the instructions given to the second graders on the other side of the room.

It was this way through all eight grades but it never bothered us. We didn't give it a second thought because, as far as we knew, everyone in the world attended classes that had two grades in each room.

Recess was the best time of the day. We used to play dress-up and pretend we were putting on shows. Sometimes we would play jacks or jump-the-rope. All the grades had recess together.

I remember the older boys trying to throw the ball over the roof of the school house. Ross Allen was the only boy strong enough to do it. That one skill set him apart from the crowd and made him a hero to the other boys.

Our school had an outhouse, but that didn't seem strange to us because nearly all of us had outhouses at our homes. The school's outhouse was located some distance from the school and the walk could be miserable on cold, windy, snowy days.

Recess seemed to last a long time when I was young.

Our parents took turns bringing lunch to school for everyone. The school purchased some huge kettles for the mothers to make the soup for the day.

It was a great day when it was your mother's turn to bring the lunch. You got to tell everyone that your mother was making the



## Ava Atwood Winterton



Five year old Annie Nell, 1934.

food for the day. That wouldn't cause much excitement these days, but we thought it was great because your mother always brought your favorite food.

If the weather was cold and the snow deep, daddy would bring the huge kettles on the big sleigh with his team of horses. Then he and mother and the teachers would fill each student's bowl and we would pass crackers around the table.

The ten of us made it through the eighth grade and we went on to high school. I loved participating in plays and watching all types of sports.

The high school in Heber City was about five miles from Charleston. Bill Casper, the

bus driver, always greeted us with a hearty laugh. My house was the last one down the lane and I always had to hurry to catch the bus.

In order to go anyplace in town I had to take the same route I took to school. After all these years I can remember the names of the families along the way as if it were yesterday: Simmons, Daybell, Edwards, Webster, Wright, and Winterton. Sometimes I didn't make it past the Winterton place because they had a family of fun-loving girls, Della, Lucile, Vera, and Beth. There were also two boys in this special family, Allen and Vernon.

Allen seemed much older to me because he had finished high school before I started. He had skipped a grade.

One evening in the spring of 1934, when I was sixteen years old, Allen knocked on the kitchen door. I answered the door and said, "Hi, do you want to come in?"

"Okay," he said, but he just sort of stood there. "Well, come on in," I said again.

"Did Lucile send you down here for something?" I asked.

"No," he replied.

"Did Vera tell you to come down here?"

"No," he replied again.

"So, how come you walked down here?" I asked.

"I just came to see you," he replied.

"Golly," I said, "Come on in and we can sit in the front room."

He was still pretty quiet so I tried to make some conversation. "You sure have wavy

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hair,” I said, “I’ll bet Vera waved your hair for you.” Vera was always doing things to everybody’s hair.

“No,” he said, “It’s just the way it is.”

“Gee,” I told him, “My hair isn’t the least bit curly. It’s as straight as a stick. That’s why I have Vera put flax seed on it when she tries to curl it.”

We just sat there for awhile, moving the pillows around, when Allen whispered, “I just came down to tell you something.”

I sat very still. Then he said, “I want you to know that when I get ready to marry someone, I want to come and ask you to marry me.” Then he politely excused himself and left.

I was so surprised I couldn’t believe what I had just heard. I didn’t know what to do, so I went upstairs to my little room and cried.

In my room I thought, “What did Allen Winterton just say to me?”

I was still playing with my brother Johnny making roads in the dirt and pushing little cars and dump trucks up and down hills and valleys.

I was still playing dolls with Nell, flying kites with Royal, and pumping water for

Millen when he needed a drink, or running messages to his girlfriend Nina’s house.

I was having such a good time being a little girl that I’d never given a thought to growing up and that Winterton boy from next door was thinking about marrying me.

When Allen’s mother realized that he was spending more time than usual at my place, she had a little talk with him. “Allen, why don’t you go with some of the other girls around here. There are some good, sensible, solid girls more your age in town instead of

little Ava Atwood! Why, I bet she can’t even boil water!”

Maybe that’s what encouraged me later in life to pursue a degree in food science, give countless cooking demonstrations, and later teach food science at the university. Me, not able to boil water!

Even though Allen’s mother was just trying to get her son to date some other girls, she was always nice to me, but maybe I didn’t look strong enough to be a good farmer’s wife.



Mom and daughter Nell, about 9 years old, 1938.

Maurine Henline graduated from Wasatch High School in 1935, a year before I graduated. She went to work for a family in Salt Lake City. She took care of children and helped with the housework for a family by the name of Badger.

## Ava Atwood Winterton

She learned there was a family across the street from the Badger's who were looking for a girl to live with them and help with their family. She knew I'd be perfect for the job.

By the time I graduated, the arrangements had been made and I became employed by Carl and Ruth Snow. They had two children, Joyce and Robert (or Bobby). They lived in a big white house on the east side of Salt Lake.

Living in a big city like Salt Lake was a lot different than living in small, rural Charleston! I remembered my mother having to keep the stoves burning, making bread, churning butter, making soap and pumping water. I was used to my father and brothers getting up early and working long, hard hours on the farm.

In contrast, Mr. Snow seldom left the house. I don't know what he did for a living, but he spent most of the day in a room he called his den. It was adjoining the front hallway.

I peeked inside the den once when no one was home. It had a desk, its very own telephone, and several bookcases plus a huge overstuffed chair.

By afternoon, Mr. Snow would drive his big silver-colored Cadillac someplace and return an hour or so later to spend the rest of his day in the den. He came out for meals and would go right back to his office. I often wondered what he did.

Mrs. Snow was a fun-loving person in her middle thirties. She never made me feel like a hired girl. She was wonderful. We did the work together.

In the mornings we would go upstairs and she would make her bed while I straightened

up the children's rooms. We would vacuum and dust the other rooms together. When I vacuumed the stairs, she would start the cooking and order groceries, which were delivered to the house!

I was amazed the first time I answered the door and there was a young fellow with his arms full of groceries. Mrs. Snow ordered wonderful fruits and vegetables and meats already cut.

Daddy was a butcher by trade and he always butchered and cut our meat up by himself. Mrs. Snow ordered whatever she wanted regardless of price.

I didn't have to take care of the children except to be there in case the parents were not home. Joyce was ten with pretty blond hair and a sweet disposition.

Bobby was eight with light-colored hair, flashing black eyes and a quick smile. The house was on a cul-de-sac so the children had a quiet street on which to play. They had many friends who lived in the other large homes on the circle.



Maurine Henline, Paul Carlson, and Allen Winterton enjoying a Sunday picnic in one of the many canyons around Salt Lake, 1936. I took the picture.



## Ava Atwood Winterton

Carl and Ruth didn't entertain or go out in the evening very much. They were good parents and very kind and loving to me. It surprised me that they needed me at all.

I enjoyed the family, the big beautiful house, and the opportunity to live in the city for a change. But I knew it wouldn't last long because I had a special boyfriend who I would eventually marry and start a family of my own. I stayed with the Snows for one year.

At the Snow's my afternoons were free. I could read, sew, embroidery, or write letters home. Maurine and I had Thursdays off. We would take the bus down to the big city and have fun looking in the windows of the fancy stores.

Department stores with names like ZCMI, Auerbach's, and the Paris Company were like magic to us and we spent time going in and out of the stores dreaming of all the things we would buy for our own homes.

While downtown we would buy lunch and perhaps take in a movie. One day we passed by a small store with windows plastered with bright advertising. It was either going out of business or luring young people like us in for bargains.

The clerks looked suspicious and we didn't know whether to go inside or not.



Allen Winterton and Ava Atwood, 1937.

We decided that we had enough courage between the two of us so we entered the store.

We spent a long time looking at the wrist watches. I kept going back to one particular little watch with a black leather band that had caught my eye.

Maurine and I debated for the longest time whether I should buy it or not. We didn't know anything about watches or about the store we were in.

After great deliberation I decided to buy the watch. The price tag showed \$11.00, a great deal of money for me, considering I only made \$6.00 a week.

I returned to the Snow home that evening and spent the next several hours agonizing over my purchase. I feared I had made a bad choice and squandered my money.

I couldn't sleep and when I heard the clock chime midnight, I got up and checked my new watch to see if it was still ticking. It was. I went back to bed.

Would you believe that little watch with the black leather band lasted me for twenty-five years with never a repair. That little watch outlasted several gold, black, and brown watchbands. Each year it became more of a treasure and I continued to wear it until

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Mr. and Mrs. Carl Snow and their children, Joyce and Robert, of 1131 Alpine Place, Salt Lake who arrived in New York aboard the Grace Liner, Santa Paula, from the Pacific Coast via Mexico and the Panama Canal. [1935]

one day it simply gave out and fell apart. It was a wonderful little watch.

In the spring of my year with the Snow's they decided to go on a trip to the Panama Canal. I took care of Joyce and Bobby and ran the household for their two-week absence.

I ordered the groceries, did the cooking, and stayed alone with the kids at night. It was a big job for a seventeen year old girl and I was very happy when the Snow's returned.

Mrs. Snow brought me a large, beautiful clear glass platter that I still have. It is tucked away in the bottom dresser drawer in my bedroom. I use it occasionally when I have club or company. It reminds me of when I was young and had full responsibility of two young children. I loved Joyce and Bobby and they never gave me a minute's problem.

Mrs. Snow used to give me the clothes that Joyce grew out of or didn't wear anymore. I took them home for my sister Nell who was about the same size as Joyce. As a result, Nell was the best-dressed girl in her class. Mrs. Snow gave us lovely coats, dresses, blouses, skirts, jackets and sweaters and Nell looked wonderful in all of them.

Maurine and I looked forward to Sunday afternoons and our dates with Allen and Paul. Paul Carlson was Maurine's boyfriend and Allen's best friend. What a wonderful arrangement!

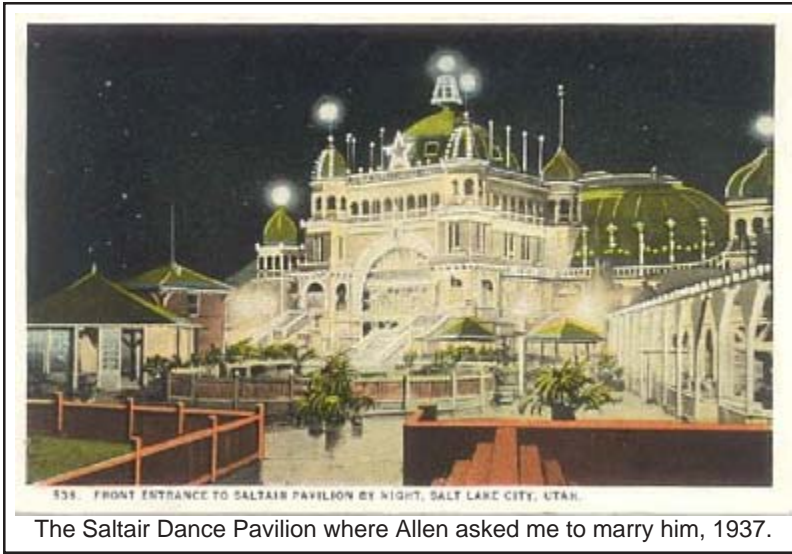
Allen and Paul would drive from Charleston each Sunday and we would have the rest of the day and evening to enjoy each other's company. They worked hard during the week to earn the money to drive to Salt Lake and show us a good time.

Sometimes we would drive up one of the nearby canyons and have a picnic, or go into the city and watch a movie. Then we would have a malt and hamburger and before we knew it, it would be time for them to say good-bye and start their drive back to Charleston. The time went by too swiftly on those Sunday afternoons.

In the wintertime Allen and Paul often had a difficult time making the drive through Parley's Canyon on their way to Salt Lake.

I once overheard them saying the weather was so bad they had to put their heads out of the car window to see where they were going. Maurine and I appreciated their coming all the way to Salt Lake and we were always thankful they arrived and returned home safely.

One Saturday evening we had a date to a special place called Saltair. Saltair was a



large amusement park on the shore of the Great Salt Lake.

Besides the carnival rides there was a large open-air dance pavilion where you could literally dance under the stars. Big bands of the twenties and thirties were regulars there.

The night was so beautiful this particular evening. We had gone for a swim in the Great Salt Lake earlier.

It is an amazing place because you don't really swim in the lake. It has so much salt content in the water that you simply float like a cork.

We changed from our bathing suits into our nicest clothes and stayed for the evening dance. Allen and I danced around the floor while the band played favorites like *Red Sails in the Sunset* and *I Love You Truly*. We traded dances with Paul and Maurine and had great conversation.

After dancing for awhile, Allen and I went to a small cozy table and ordered a chocolate malt for two. We could hear the band in the background as we looked at the reflection of

the moon shimmering on the lake.

It was all very romantic, the moonlight and soft music. Then Allen leaned over to me and whispered in my ear, "Will you marry me?"

I wasn't too surprised because years before he had told me he was going to marry me when I was old enough. I guess he had decided that the day had arrived. This time I didn't leave and cry, I simply leaned over, gave him a kiss, and we have lived happily ever since.

At the Snow's I was saving money from each paycheck to buy items for my trousseau. My first purchase was for a pretty set of dishes. They were pink cut-glass, a service for eight. I paid \$3.98 for the entire set.

Sixty-five years later I still have the plates to that set. I thought they were the most beautiful dishes I had ever seen and I showed them to everyone.

It finally came time for me to quit my job at the Snow's and go home to get ready for my wedding. The Snow's treated me as wonderfully when I told them I was leaving to get married as they had treated me when I arrived. They were such a special family.

Allen and I made plans to be married in September. My mother and I began making plans for the wedding.

#### **The Family Tree Sprouts Branches**

Somewhere during this time I came to the realization that my life was on the verge of changing. My childhood had been wonderful.



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I loved my brothers and my sister. My parents gave me so much love and support. I couldn't imagine what each day would be like without my dad's ever-present booming voice or my mother's patience and guidance.

Of course marriage doesn't change the love you have for your parents or siblings, but it does put your life in the context of a brand new relationship and no one really knows how things will turn out until the new relationship has met the test of time.

I have never doubted the love that Allen has for me, nor me for him, and we have had a wonderful marriage.

Our beginnings were extremely modest. We didn't have much but we did have each other and the confidence that love and similar goals bring to a relationship. Those goals included the full acceptance of each other's family and a family of our own.

My family, in addition to my parents, included Millen, Royal (Tommy), John Rae, and Nell. My place was in the middle between Tommy and John Rae.



Nina and Millen Atwood. 1937.



Millen Atwood, 1932.

Millen was seven years older than me and the perfect big brother, someone to look up to and emulate.

He was an excellent student and very bright intellectually. As we were growing up, he always had a book or newspaper in his hands.

I remember he had a small book that he glued poetry and articles from the newspaper in order to preserve them.

He was always good with math and figures and he enjoyed a successful career as a certified public accountant.

Millen claimed he didn't like any of the Charleston girls. Then three years before I married Allen who lived next door (to the north), he married Nina Edwards who lived next door (to the east). We both married next door sweethearts.

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My brother Millen had just married his sweetheart, Nina Edwards, but my other brothers, Tommy and Johnny were still at home, as was my little sister, Nell.

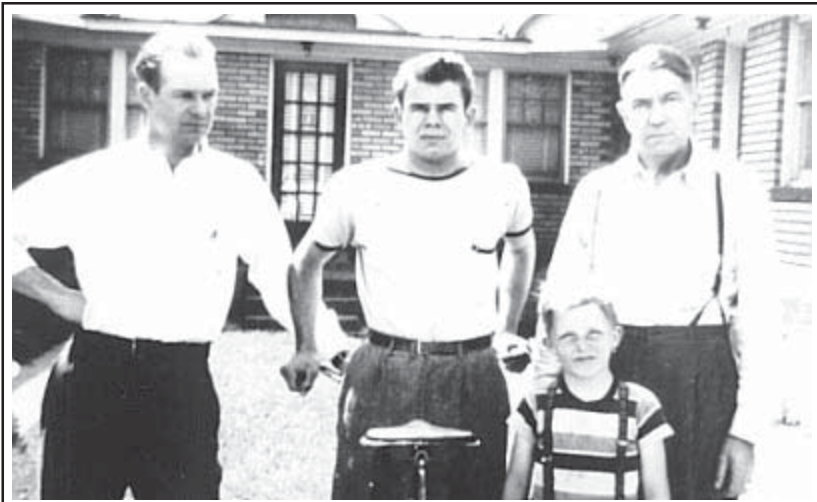
Tommy was older than me but not ready to leave home. Tommy was gifted at drawing and I can remember him to this day, drawing cubes, squares, and boxes. His artwork, especially his cubes were so realistic and precise I could imagine them falling right off the paper.

Johnny and Nell were growing up. Johnny loved to tease Allen and myself. We would pretend we couldn't see him sneak in behind Allen's car when we were parked on the driveway in the dark. When Allen knew Johnny was peeking, he would lean over and give me a kiss.

Johnny would also try to sneak up on us while we were on the sofa. At the most appropriate time, when Johnny's eyes were just above the fabric of the sofa, Allen would give me an extra big hug.

Nell loved to play games, especially Pollyanna, but she couldn't stand to lose! She would cry if we wouldn't let her win. Somehow, she won nearly every game.

Nell was such a tenderhearted little girl. She would cry when we sang songs, especially the song titled, *When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob Bob Bobbin Along*. None of us could figure out what was sad about that song, but it never failed to bring tears to Nell's eyes.



Millen, Johnny, Daddy and five year old Jay (Millen's oldest child), 1941.

Nell and I were very close. She was my only sister and we spent countless hours together doing girl things. We would cut out paper dolls, sew doll clothes, play house, and dress up for hours at a time. One of my favorite things to do was to brush Nell's beautiful auburn-reddish hair.

It was absolutely essential for a new bride, especially in the 1930s, to have several quilts. My mother, who was an excellent seamstress, made all of my clothes, coats, dresses, skirts, blouses, and nightgowns. For my trousseau she made several beautiful quilts for me.

Since we lived on a farm my dad raised sheep on the green hill next to the road. We had plenty of wool at sheep-shearing time.

One of the quilts that mother made for me was appliqued with pansies. Pansy quilts were very popular in the 1930s. Everyone in town borrowed each other's patterns and made pansy quilts in a rainbow of colors.

In making my quilts, mother used pieces from the clothes she had earlier sewn for me and Nell. It took a long time to piece the quilt



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together and to applique the pansies to the quilt top.

The part I remember best was when mama would set and card the wool to be used for the batt of the quilt. It was my job to gather up some wool from the sheep shearing. First, mama removed all the dirt, grime, sticks, and straw particles from the raw wool. Then she would carefully wash the wool in our big wash tub and the two of us would hang the pieces of wool all over our old wire fence to dry.

If we happened to have a wind storm while the wool was drying, it would be a big job to untangle the wool from the fence. If the weather stayed calm, the job was much easier.

Next, mother would take a pair of wool carders and begin carding. Carders consist of two flat pieces of wood with tiny, stiff wires in place for straightening out the wool.

Carding was done by placing a small clump of raw wool between the carders and drawing the carders apart multiple times, the clump of wool would be stretched and lengthened to a three to six inch length of puffy wool.

Then the process would begin again and again until many small lengths were produced. I still have my mother's pair of carders.

Each of the small pieces of wool were then laid end to end over the entire surface of the quilt to serve as a batt. It takes several hundred of these fluffy pieces of wool to make a single batt. Each piece must be touching each other so they will cling together inside the quilt and not come apart.

After the top of the quilt was completed, ironed, and trimmed to the right size it would be matched against the back of the quilt, which had also been ironed and trimmed.

Now it was time for daddy to fetch the frames from the upstairs closet. Mama would tie the frames onto four kitchen chairs with long pieces of old torn cloth. The back of the quilt was then thumb-tacked to the frames and the newly-made wool batting laid very carefully in place.

Next the beautiful pansy quilt top would be gently placed on the frames so as to not disturb the wool batt. Needles, thread, thimbles, and scissors were now placed on the top of the quilt.

Neighbors from close by and friends from wherever would be invited to a quilting bee. This was a great social event in the life of a new bride-to-be!

Mama would use the thick cream from our Jersey cows and make a freezer of ice cream.

## Ava Atwood Winterton

My dad would freeze the ice cream using an electric motor he had rigged up to turn the freezer. He was very proud of this contraption and we used it often on Sunday afternoons.

The ice for freezing had been chopped by daddy and my brothers from the river during the wintertime. We stored ice in a shed by packing it deeply between layers of sawdust. Amazingly, ice stored that way would last from winter until early August. It was used only for ice cream and emergencies.

I remember when our neighbor boy, Dial Webster, was very ill. His family came to us for some ice during the summer, which we gladly provided. We were glad to have been able to extend his life for a brief time.

Everyone came and quilted and talked about how wonderful the quilt was and how special it was that two families, like the Atwood and Winterton families, would have children joined in marriage.

The quilters agreed it was special in such a small town, that Ava would find someone that everyone knew and liked, and he just lived up the street.

The quilt was very beautiful. It was mostly yellow and purple. I proudly showed it to everyone. A few months after we were married I decided it was time to wash the quilt. I was trying to be a good wife and a clean housekeeper.

Looking back at it now, I'm sure the quilt couldn't have been soiled or dirty. I put it in our Maytag washer, filled the tub with water and turned the motor on, then went gaily about my other tasks.

When I removed the quilt from the washer it resembled a tight wad of nothing much at all.

I hurriedly hung it outside on the clothes line and tugged and pulled at it to no avail! I was horribly saddened and embarrassed about what I had done. I took the shapeless ball of nothing and hid it in the closet. I didn't want my mother to know what had happened.

A few weeks later my mother was visiting and asked, "Ava, are you enjoying your quilt?" I had to break the news to her. With tear-filled eyes I told her my sad story. She put her arms around me and in a comforting voice said, "It was only a quilt."

## 4

### Our First Years Together

#### Getting Engaged

My wedding announcement from the *Wasatch Wave*.



Miss Ava Atwood daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Atwood, will be married to Allen Winterton of Charleston, on Friday in the Salt Lake Temple. Mr. Winterton is the son of Mrs. Mabel Winterton. The couple will reside in Charleston.

I had a date with Allen for a dance in Midway, Utah, a small town a few miles from Charleston. It was the night before Easter, 1937.

Before we left the car to go inside the dance hall, Allen gave me a beautiful diamond ring. He said the jeweler didn't want to make the band so small because he didn't think anyone would be able to wear it. When Allen slipped the ring on my finger, it fit perfectly.

In the morning I ran downstairs to show my ring to my family. I flew into the kitchen, my fingers flying up and down. Tommy said, "Look! She has gone and done it!" Johnny said he expected it. Nell just cried.

#### For Time and Eternity

Allen and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple for time and eternity on September 17, 1937.

The marriage was performed by Stephen L. Chipman.

Everyone was up before daybreak. Nina (Millen's wife) was at our place at five o'clock in the morning to begin fixing my hair. She told me I was much too young to get married. I could go to school and be a teacher, get a job or work for awhile. I politely listened, but Allen was coming in his Chevy at 5:30 a.m. and I was ready to



Ava Atwood Winterton in her wedding dress, September 17, 1937.



**Ava Atwood Winterton**

become his wife. Mama and papa were to meet us at the LDS Temple in Salt Lake.

To add a degree of festivity and fun to our marriage, someone tied old tin cans and shoes to the back bumper of our car. I suspected it was Johnny; Allen suspected Vernon and Vera. We never found out who it was, but it was fun.

Since we had left early in the day neither of us had eaten any breakfast. We noticed a service station with a lunch counter near Park City. We asked the attendant what they were serving for breakfast. "Not much," he replied. Then he said, "I do have a can of grapefruit."

It was then I noticed he had a dead bird in one hand and a can opener in the other. He dropped the dead bird. Then, without washing his hands, he proceeded to open the can.

He dumped the grapefruit into a cracked blue enameled wash basin of dubious purity and handed each of us a spoon. I looked at Allen and he looked at me.

"I'm not very hungry," I said.



This is a picture of the Salt Lake Temple, with the Seagull Monument in the foreground, taken about the time Allen and I were married. With the skiff of snow on the ground, it could have been the very day, September 17, 1937.

"Let's get out of here," he whispered.

Mama and papa met us at the temple. The ceremony was beautiful and then my folks left to go back home to Charleston.



Ava with Papa and Mama (John L. and Hazel Atwood)



Ava with Allen's mother, Mabel Winterton

### It's Our Honeymoon But Just Don't Blink

My brother Millen and his wife loaned us their house for the weekend, and that's where we spent our honeymoon.

The sun was barely up the next morning when we heard a soft knock at the door. "It must be a neighbor," I said. "Don't answer it and maybe they'll go away," Allen offered.

Then it happened again, but this time the knock was not so soft. Someone was pounding hard on the kitchen door. "Why would someone be so persistent this early in the morning," I wondered.

We sat there as still as church mice. All of a sudden there was a very loud banging on the bedroom window! I slipped out of bed and stood behind the curtain. "Who's there?" I asked timidly. A big booming voice that I recognized immediately said, "Open the door!"



Papa

I opened the door and there stood my dad!

"Papa, what are you doing here?" I asked. In my mind I was wondering if he had come to take me home.



Allen and Ava - 1937

Papa explained that they had misplaced their temple clothes and mama sent him to see if they were with our things. Sure enough, they were. I handed them to papa and he gave me a big hug and waved good-bye to Allen and left.

Our first Christmas was spent in two cozy rooms on the south side of the Winterton family home in Charleston. We lived there until the spring of 1938 when we were able to buy a home in American Fork.

### What I was, was Pregnant

One Sunday morning we went to the 10 o'clock church service. We sat in the back of the chapel with our newlywed friends, Paul and Maurine Carlson.

When the congregation stood to sing the closing song, "Oh Come All Ye Faithful," I slowly sank underneath the long wooden bench and fainted. Allen and Paul carried me out the back door where the crisp, cold December air soon revived me.

Now everyone in town surmised that I was "expecting," or "with child," or "in that way," before I even suspected it myself.

What I was, was pregnant, although I had never even heard the word. Remember, this was in the thirties and I was a very naïve small town girl.

We had a large black coal stove that stood against one wall of the kitchen, along with a couple of chairs, a table, and an old sofa.

## Ava Atwood Winterton

Allen's mother and her husband, Joe Turner, along with Vernon, Vera, and Beth lived in the rest of the house.

One day Allen's mother asked me to make some tapioca pudding. She would furnish the ingredients and we would divide the pudding. I was so excited as a new bride to be asked to cook something for my new mother-in-law.

"Here are two cups of milk," she said, handing me a small pitcher, "I've already added a cup of sugar to it." I took the pitcher and she returned to her side of the house.



Allen's mother  
Mabel Winterton Turner

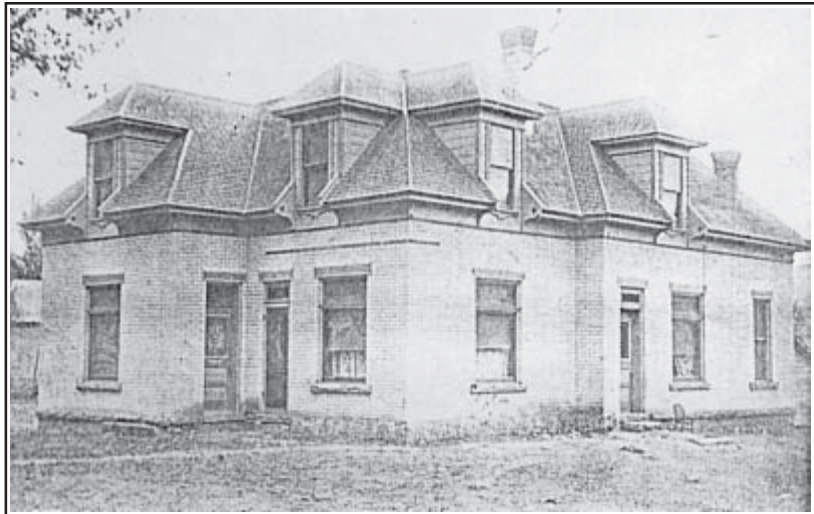
I looked at the recipe and started to cry. Allen came in for lunch and I was still in tears.

"What's the matter," he asked?

"Your mother asked me to make tapioca pudding and she brought over two cups of milk with a cup of sugar already in it," I bawled.

"What's wrong with that?" he asked?

"What's wrong?" I sniffed, "the recipe



The Winterton home in Charleston. Allen and I lived in the south side of the house for six months after we were married.

calls for one fourth cup of sugar and I can't take any of the sugar out of the milk."

"I'll tell you what," Allen said, "Since we have plenty of milk in the barn I'll go and get you some." "Oh no," I sobbed, "Your mother will see you do it. I just can't throw out two cups of milk and a whole cup of sugar."

"We won't tell anyone. I'll get the milk and you can add the sugar and everything will be all right." And that's what we did.

The following day I tried to make a pie. But as I rolled out the ingredients according to the recipe, the dough took on the consistency of leather.

I rolled and re-rolled the dough and it just got worse. I couldn't believe I was having such problems. Wasting food was something you just didn't do in the way I was raised. But here I was, throwing out perfectly good food, struggling with my conscience, and trying to cook.

Depressed, I opened the lid of the big black Monarch stove and stood there feeling





Our home in American Fork, Utah

guilty. Yesterday I had thrown away two cups of milk and a cup of sugar, and here I was, holding a stove lid with one hand and about to cremate a piece of hapless pie crust dough with the other.

I knew what I had to do. I closed my eyes, tossed the dough on top of the firewood, and the deed was done.

In the early spring of 1938 we left Charleston and moved to American Fork. We had bought a small white frame house, three or four chicken coops and six acres of land. Allen planted an acre of cucumbers on the property and they turned out to be a lifesaver for us.

He got up at the crack of dawn every morning and picked as many cucumbers as he could before it got too hot. Then he took them into town to sell.

An acre of cucumbers is a lot of cucumbers. It was backbreaking work and he grew weary of picking them. He vowed to never plant another cucumber!

We were dreading property tax time as we had barely enough to live on, but the little bit of money earned from the sale of those cucumbers paid our taxes and we made it through our first year.

I was carrying our first child. I didn't know what to expect or how I would know when it would be time to go to the hospital. I asked my neighbors Ruby Conder and Reva Vacher to tell me what to expect.

Mrs. Vacher would only laugh and tell me that I would know when the time came. The mailman said he would deliver the baby by putting it in the oversized mailbox that stood just outside our fence. It was certainly big enough. I even began to believe him.



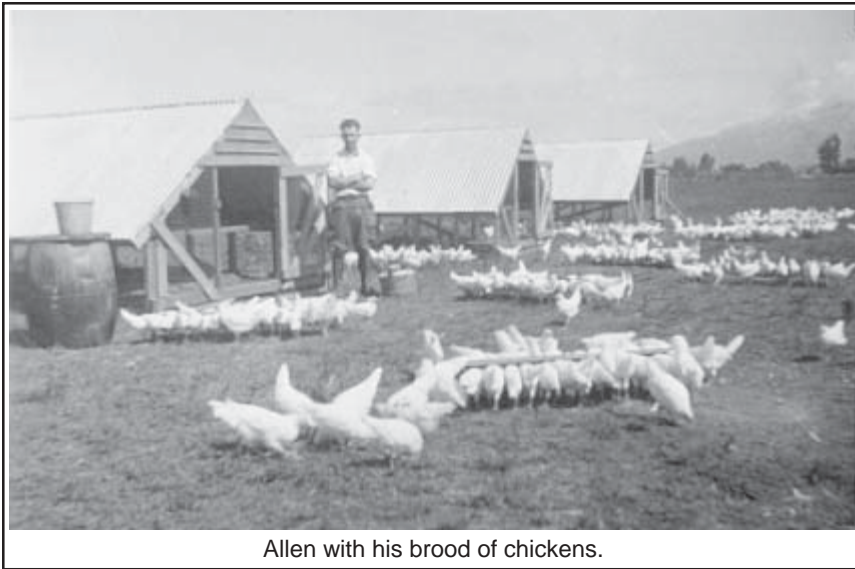
Ava and Wayne (spring 1939)

### Wayne Arrives

One hot August day in 1938, the 13th to be exact, our first baby was born. We named him Wayne Allen Winterton.

He was a darling little guy with light brown hair and dark eyes.

I remember my mother and dad coming to see us in the hospital. Grandma



Allen with his brood of chickens.

Carlisle came with them. She picked the baby up and gave him a hug and a big kiss on his cheek. I was so worried that the baby would get some germs.

Then I remembered that my Grandma Carlisle was such an angel she wouldn't be able to spread any germs. She was known in her hometown of Alpine, Utah, as the "Angel of Alpine," because of all the kind deeds she did for everyone.

When we had visitors drop in, they always commented on what a neat, tidy place we had.

Allen painted the house white, fixed the doors and windows and planted two small English walnut trees in front.

Behind the house stood several chicken coops. Allen and I bought baby chicks by mail order and when they arrived they

would be the cutest little creatures, all wanting to be fed. We would feed and protect them until they could join the other chickens.

We collected eggs and sold them in town, but first we candled them. Candling is what you do to make sure the eggs are okay.

Candling is done by shining a light through the egg shell to look for

imperfections. Our candler was a big shoe box with a light bulb inside and a hole cut in the lid where we could set an egg and inspect it. Store-bought candler could do a dozen or more eggs at a time; we did ours one at a time and it took a lot of work!

Beyond the chicken coop area we had a pasture where we kept a Jersey cow for milk. We also had a large vegetable garden by the side of the house and a bunch of raspberry bushes by the neighbor's fence.

One year, as I was trying to be of some use in the garden, I pruned the raspberries so close to the ground that the plants never recovered.

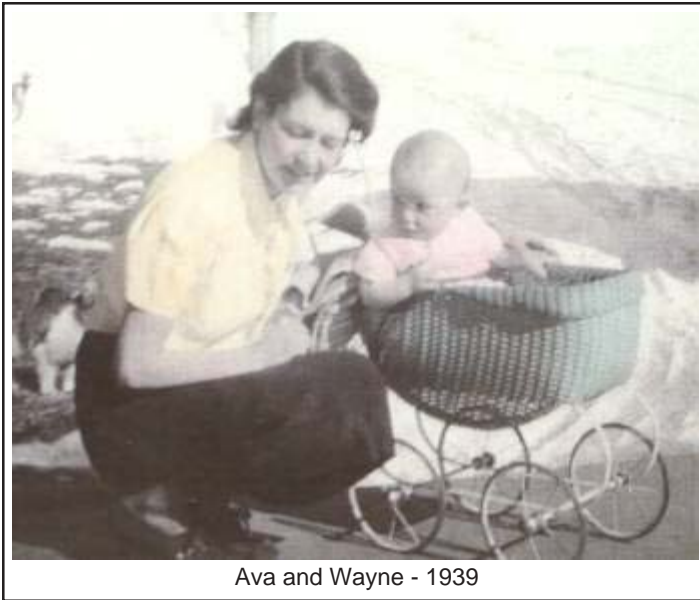
I had trimmed so close to ground level that I had destroyed the important shoots that bear the fruit. Fortunately, Allen said he didn't marry me for my green thumb.



Allen's best friend, Paul Carlson, holding our Wayne (in blue); and Allen holding Paul's son, Clyde.



## Ava Atwood Winterton



Ava and Wayne - 1939

We have always had a good garden thanks to Allen's farming touch and, of course, my endless support. In Orem, we are known as the people on the corner with the beautiful garden. Neighbors (old and new) have enjoyed our garden as much as we have.

### Joyce Arrives

The winter of 1939-40 was one of the coldest on record and the snow was horribly deep. We wondered if we would be able to make it to the hospital safely? We did and our daughter Joyce was born January 4th, 1940, at the American Fork Hospital. She was a sweet baby with dark eyes and black hair.

My mother and dad took Wayne home with them to Pleasant Grove. He had long blond ringlets down his neck and soft curls over his forehead. Papa took him to the barber shop for a boy's haircut - short.

My mother said, "John, the baby will catch a cold for sure!" "He'll be fine," he replied, "we can't have that mop of curly hair on a grandson of ours!"

My mother told me later that she heard a strange noise in the night and discovered that my father had slipped out of bed and was putting a warm scarf around Wayne's head. She tiptoed back to bed without ever mentioning a word to papa.

Mary Lloyd, our next-door neighbor, trudged through heavy snow drifts each morning to help me with baby Joyce. She was a timid soul from England and spoke with a heavy British accent.

She complained that her husband was "a bit of an cranky ol' Englishman," but what a wonderful help she was to me.

One time Mary Lloyd confided to me that her stubborn and frugal husband had refused



Wayne and Joyce - 1942

to let her paint the living room so she took a can of paint and splashed it against the wall. The Englishman got the message! Mary Lloyd got the room painted and in the process gained a whole new level of respect from me and the other neighbors.

### Is Your Mother home?

During those early years of our marriage, I looked much younger than my age. I suppose it was partly because of my small frame.

We had an old 1930, four-door Nash car that we bought from Joe Turner, Allen's stepfather. After the old Nash had sputtered and backfired for the last time, Allen parked it between the garden and chicken coops. Wayne and Joyce loved that old car and traveled around the world in it several times.

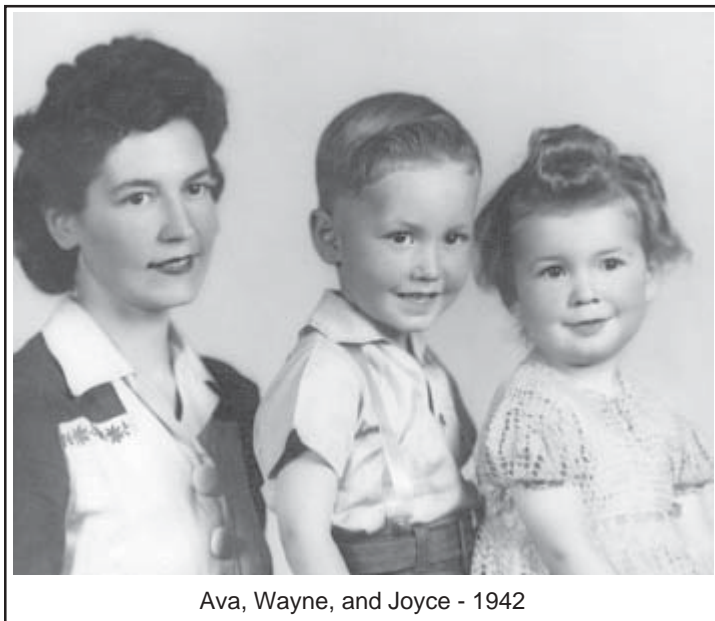
They drove up and down hills at a hundred miles an hour and took the sharpest curves with never an accident.

One day they coaxed me to take a ride with them. Wayne was turning the steering wheel, shifting gears, and honking the horn.

Joyce was in the passenger seat rolling her window up and down and reading a map. I was crouched down in the back seat waving my arms wildly as that worn-out Nash sped over hills and around curves.



Joyce 1944



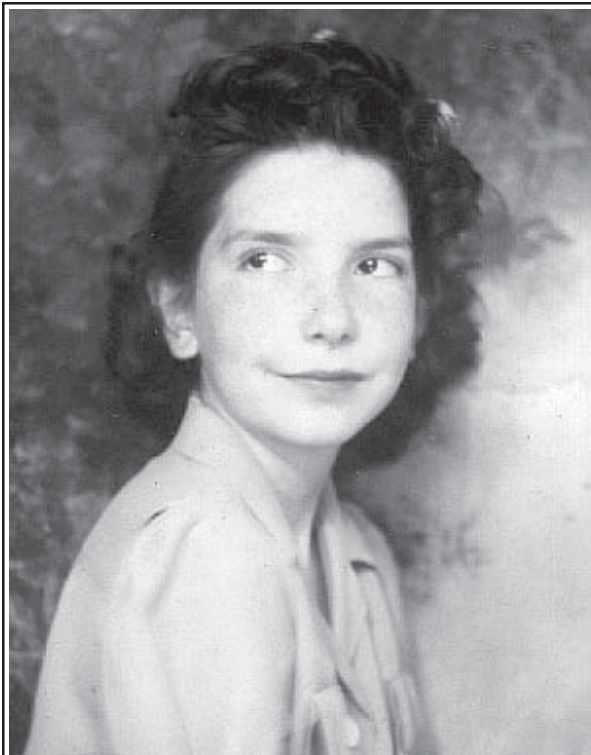
Ava, Wayne, and Joyce - 1942

During this wild and daring ride, a door-to-door salesman walked into the backyard and knocked on the car window.

"Hello," he said, "Is your mother home?"

"No," I replied, "she just left for town." I resumed waving my arms as I watched him walk away shaking his head.

My sister Nell used to spend summers with us. She loved to play with Wayne and Joyce. They would sit all afternoon under the shady lilac



Nell Atwood as a teenager - about 1943.  
Nell visited often and helped with the children.

bushes by the side of the house, playing with cars, stirring up concoctions, and making roads and mud pies.

I remembered how Johnny and I would do the same things during our childhood. I loved to watch Nell and my children playing dress-up, playing school, or just having fun with their dolls. Nell was so much fun that my children always loved to have her visit.

Norma King was my brother Johnny's girl friend. She was from Arizona. She stayed with us one summer to help with the children. World War II was on and my brother would soon join the Army Air Corps.

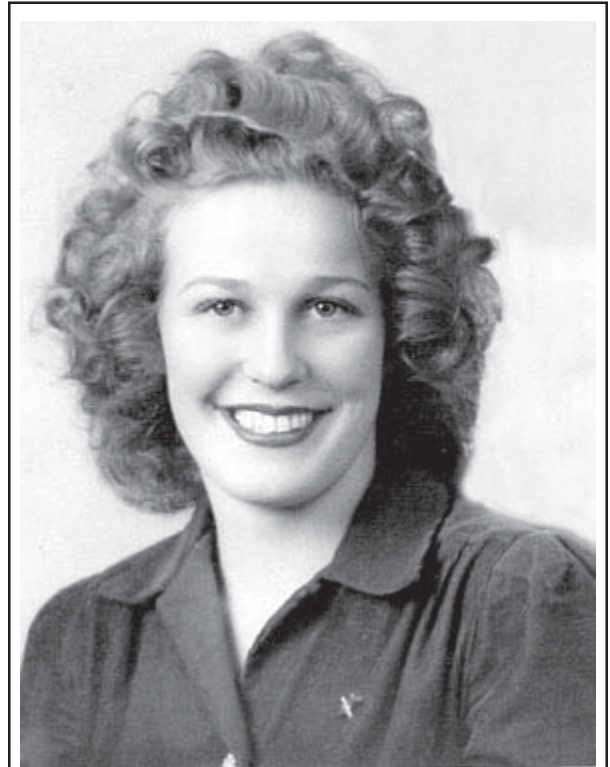
Johnny was stationed in the South Pacific and flew many missions over enemy territory. Our family was very proud of him!

## World War II

Everyone was expected to help out with the war effort. People supplemented what they could buy at the grocery store with food from their victory gardens, and because everything from gasoline to fabrics was needed for the soldiers, ration stamps limited personal purchases.

Allen was working at the Remington Ammunition Plant in Salt Lake City. With Norma spending the summer with us where she could help by watching Wayne and Joyce, I decided to go to work with Allen.

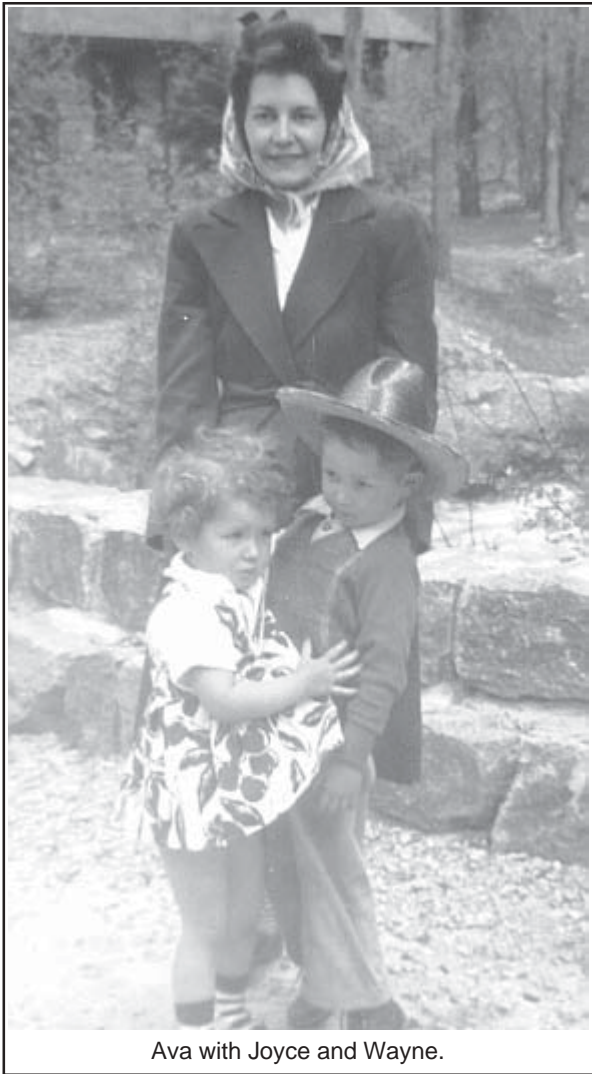
That summer I inspected bullets for flaws by carefully running them through my fingers as they rolled along a belt in front of me. I was proud to be able to contribute to the war effort.



Norma King, my brother Johnny's girlfriend.



## Ava Atwood Winterton



Ava with Joyce and Wayne.

It was also at about this time that my mother and father and Nell moved to Malad, Idaho. I was saddened because Idaho seemed so very far away.

### Wayne starts School

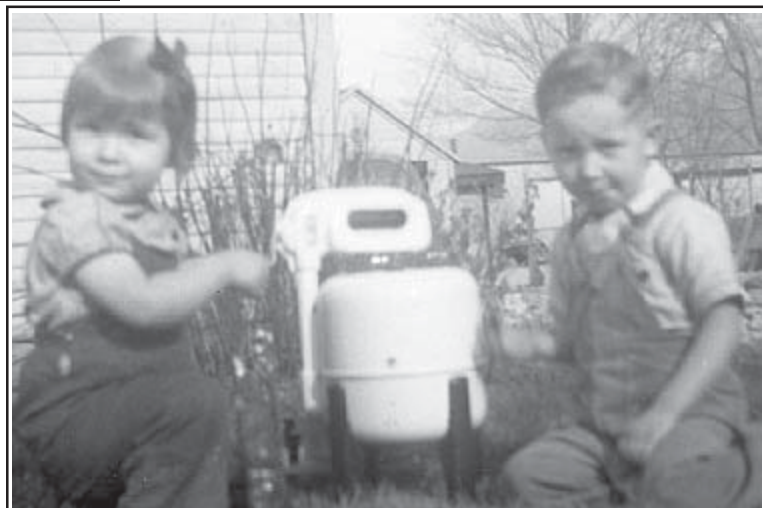
A mile is a long way for a first-grader to walk to school, but that's what faced my little Wayne in 1944. The school was Harrington Elementary School in American Fork and his walk took him past a house with a mean dog.

When Wayne came to that house, he would walk sideways to face the weathered fence and snarling dog. The dog's teeth and eyes were visible in the cracks and the dog would stay even with Wayne as he inched his way along.

Once past the place where the dog could no longer see him through the fence, Wayne would run until his short legs tired, then he would return to the north side of the road for the remaining walk home. The walk took him past Singleton's, past a couple of fenced pastures, past our next door neighbors, the Vacher's, and finally home.

When fall arrived my brother Johnny entered the service and served as a bomber pilot for the duration of World War II.

Norma left to go back to Arizona and Nell had to return to school. Without anyone to help with the children I had to quit my job. The three months during that summer was the only time I worked away from home while my family was growing up.



Joyce, Wayne, and a toy washing machine. Life was good.



## Ava Atwood Winterton

Once safely home from school he was expected to do his chores, which included filling the coal bucket with coal. When Wayne got home he would carry the empty coal bucket to the pile of coal in the backyard. His job was to fill the coal bucket but not to carry it back, which was a good thing because when full the bucket weighed more than Wayne.

The next day meant another day at school, which he fully enjoyed, followed by another sidestepping, eyeball to eyeball confrontation with the snarling dog, which he didn't enjoy.



Wayne and Joyce - 1943

the first rivulets of water to wet their bottoms. As the water continued to run onto the lawn, it would force small green frogs from their shady hiding places, especially from the waterways under the sidewalk.

Wayne would catch a frog and the three of them, Wayne, Joyce, and critter would splash around until worn out. Then they would lay down and let the cool wetness cover them until it was time to catch another frog and frolic once more.

They were very close during their growing up years, even through high school when they often double-dated.



Wayne and Joyce did what they could to help put food on the table. Here they are fishing in the irrigation ditch across the dirt road from our home.

When he wasn't at school, he and Joyce were inseparable. If you knew where one was you could count on the other being nearby.

### Green Frogs and Squeals

Allen irrigated the front lawn once a week during the summer months. This anticipated event ranked high on the list of things that Wayne and Joyce looked forward to. It meant swimsuits, water in which to find an escape from the summer heat, and lots of little spotted green frogs.

When Allen turned the water into the yard, the kids would sit on the grass and wait for



Wayne and Joyce were inseparable!

## Ava Atwood Winterton

### Joyce and the School Board

Every day Joyce could be found standing by the side of the dusty road that ran in front of our house, patiently waiting for Wayne to get home from school. As soon as he arrived she would grab his school work and make him tell her what he did that day.

They would read and talk and play school in the comfort of their backyard limousine, or stretched out underneath the lilacs, or in some secret place.

Joyce could hardly wait for the next day and, except for that hated dog, Wayne felt pretty much the same way.

Joyce learned to read so well that Wayne's teacher had her read for a group of teachers, then for the school board. It was decided she could skip first grade. She was already reading second and third grade readers with outstanding comprehension and she hadn't even started school.

Allen and I talked the situation over and decided it best to let her stay with her own age group. Allen had skipped a grade when he was young and had forever regretted not staying with friends his own age.



Ava Winterton, John Rae Atwood, and Nell Atwood - 1944



Joyce, 5 years old - 1945

### Chicks! Hundreds of Them

We are expecting babies! Hundreds of them. Tiny, yellow, round, fluffy, one-day-old baby chicks!

When they are first born you practically have to sleep in the coop with them. They require constant care.

Did you know you must knock on the



Wayne - 1946

## Ava Atwood Winterton



We took this picture of the most delapidated of our chicken coops soon after we moved to American Fork in 1938. A few years ago we drove past where we used to live and the house had been replaced by a new home. But, would you believe this eye-sore is still standing. And it looked the same now as it did 60 years ago. Ugly!

chicken coop door before entering or the chicks will all bunch up in a corner and die?

Did you know that the chicken coop blinds need to be pulled down at night so the chicks will stay warm? As the chicks grow older they need the lights turned on before dawn if you want them to lay more eggs.

Here's a strange "did you know?" Did you know that a chicken will peck at its best friend until its best friend bleeds to death?

To correct this problem we had to put blinders on each little chick. We ordered the blinders and spent hours clipping them on their tiny noses. They looked just like chickens wearing eye glasses. A sight to behold!

I was tempted to put comic books and funny papers in the coops so they would have something to read.

Most chickens have it pretty easy. They live in a heated coop, they're fed regularly, and they spend their days clucking to their little hearts' content.

Of course, those singled out to become fryers or stewing hens did have one bad day, but most of our chickens just laid eggs and spent their days in relative comfort.

Raising chickens for eggs is hard work. We gathered the eggs every day, candled them, placed them in cartons (small end down), and took them to town to exchange them for groceries.

With a chicken in a pot every Sunday, a jersey cow for milk, fresh vegetables from our garden every day, a few store-groceries that we traded for our eggs, and lots of good love, we managed quite well during our first few years.



Ava Winterton - 1942



### Vacations

One summer we had a neighbor lady take care of the children and we took a trip to San Francisco. We visited the redwoods, dined out, saw the ocean, and took in the sights.

Our old car made the trip to California in fine style, but the return trip was a nightmare. The muffler was so clogged with rust and exhaust debris that we couldn't get up enough power to pass slow moving cars on a downhill grade.

We drove most of the distance on the return trip at less than the speed limit. Allen was so disgusted with the car that he dubbed it, "the gutless wonder." But even with this difficulty, the trip was fun, appreciated, and much needed by both of us.

Although we didn't have much money, we did take other trips around the state and to Yellowstone Park, a favorite family vacation place for many years.

The kids loved to go camping. Allen and Wayne would see how fast they could put up the tent. Joyce and I would hurry and fix the food so we would have time to see the sights. Our vacations were a team effort and that always added to the fun.

Perhaps our most memorable trip, certainly my most memorable trip, was one that Allen and I



Allen and I took a vacation to San Francisco in 1944. It was our first time away from the children. The watch on my wrist is the one I bought when I worked for the Snow's in Salt Lake.

took to Yellowstone National Park not long after we were first married. The old Nash was still running and it had a really flat top. After dark we rolled our one sleeping bag on the ground. We snuggled down into the bag. About midnight I awoke feeling something wet on my cheek.

I started pulling Allen's hair! "Wake up!" I screamed, "there's a big black bear licking my face!"

We were out of that sleeping bag in a heartbeat. The mamma bear and her cubs gave us the once-over, turned, and lumbered up a hill disappearing into the night.

I guess the bears decided we weren't worth the trouble.



Ava and Allen with Joyce and Wayne.  
1945



## Ava Atwood Winterton

We put the sleeping bag on top of our flat-topped Nash and slept there for the remainder of the trip. We decided it was really the best way to see the moon and stars at Yellowstone Park.

### Time to Move from American Fork

The city of American Fork allowed a sand and gravel company to dig large gravel pits in the east end of town.

One of the pits was right behind our property; another next door to one of our neighbors, the Singleton's. The pits were ugly, noisy, deep, and once dug they trapped the rain and left dangerous pools of water in the bottom of the pits.

We didn't have much as we were struggling to make ends meet. But we knew that raising children near those gravel pits with the dust, unattended equipment, and pools of water was like waiting for something bad to happen.

We decided it was time to find a better place to live. It was 1946.

Our friends, Delbert and Jean Page lived in Riverton, Utah, and there was a vacant two acre lot next door to their home.

We decided moving to Riverton would afford us the best of all worlds. It would put us in a rural community, away from city influences, but close enough for work and occasional visits.



The apartment house in Lehi where we lived during the construction of our home in Riverton.

Allen was working in Salt Lake at the time and it really seemed like the smart thing to do.

We sold our home in American Fork, bought the Riverton property, and moved into an apartment house in Lehi, Utah.

We stayed there for the year it took to build our new home.

The apartment house was not in the best place for children because it was close to Main Street and there was no place for Wayne and Joyce to play. As soon as you walked out the front door, there was that busy street.

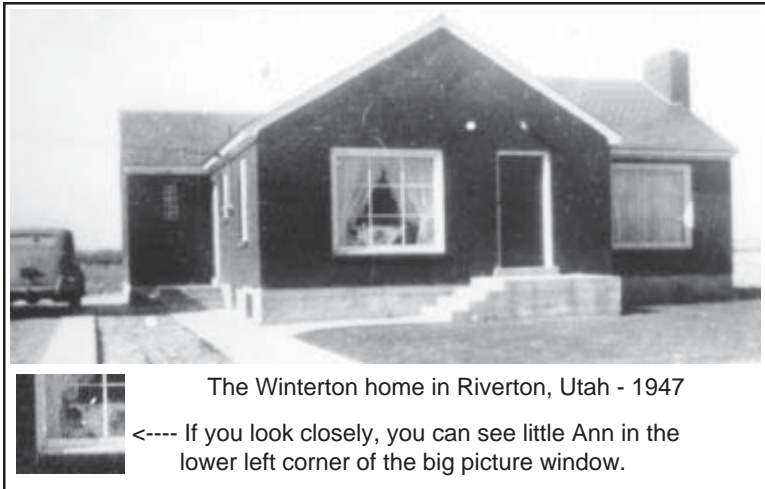


Wayne and Joyce and the trusty Radio Flyer.  
Joyce is holding her doll.  
Taken in front of Lehi Apartment - 1947

But Lehi was temporary and that's what got us by. We knew we would soon be moving into a nice home on two acres and close to our friends.

Wayne and Joyce attended Lehi Elementary School for a year. Wayne was in third grade and Joyce was just starting school.

## Ava Atwood Winterton



The Winterton home in Riverton, Utah - 1947

<---- If you look closely, you can see little Ann in the lower left corner of the big picture window.

### Living in Riverton

We drove from Lehi to Riverton often to check on the progress of our home.

When it was finally finished, it was so nice. It had tiled countertops and roomy cupboards in the kitchen and dining room, a nice living room, three bedrooms, a bath, and a full basement. It was more room than we had ever had.

The house was set on two acres of land which gave us a garden and nice yard. The house cost \$7,500 to build, a substantial sum of money in those days.

On moving day, in the spring of 1947, the Riverton Floral Company delivered a beautiful bouquet of spring flowers from my brother Millen and his wife Nina. They looked so lovely in our new dining room, with its big picture window looking east toward the mountains.

### Ann Arrives

A new house in a new town, a new year, and a new baby, all scheduled to arrive at about the same time. Ava Ann was born during the Christmas holidays, December 29th, 1946. She weighed seven pounds and like Joyce, she had dark hair and dark eyes.

Ann was a tiny, pretty baby and Wayne and Joyce loved their new sister.

My mother made a lovely quilt for the baby. I washed it and hung it to dry in the laundry room of the apartment house. When I returned a short time later the quilt was gone. It was never returned.

In the springtime Wayne and Joyce enjoyed the luxury of living in town with conveniences such as sidewalks and the nearby playgrounds of the school. Wayne and Joyce would take Ann for strolls in our large baby buggy.



Joyce - 1946

We only lived in Riverton for one year. Our house was located right in the middle of town. We were a block west of Main Street and close to shopping, the church, and the best part was that Wayne and Joyce's elementary school was only a block away.

### Thinking About the Future

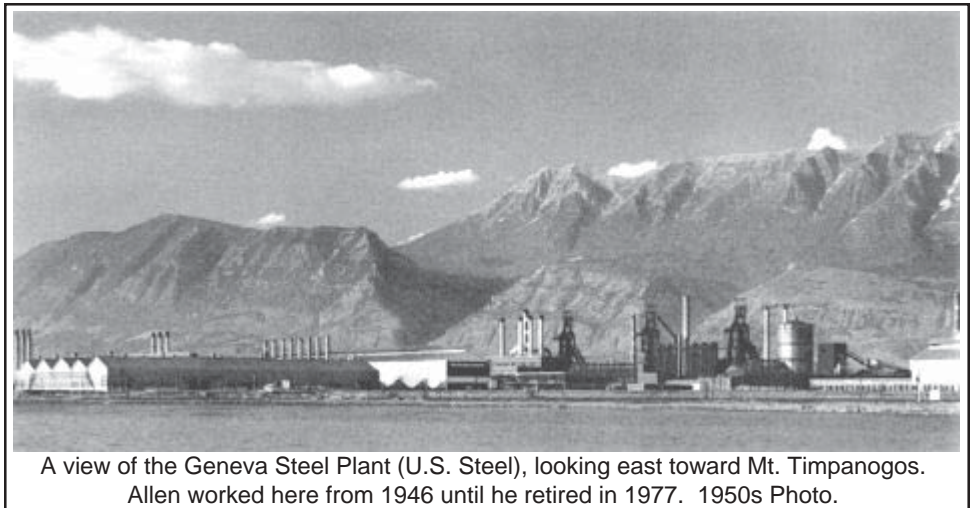
It was 1947 and we liked our new home. But what had seemed like a good idea a year earlier was feeling less and less like something we wanted for the future.

## Ava Atwood Winterton

Riverton is an isolated community, or at least it seemed that way to us. The distance between Salt Lake and Provo is about 50 miles, and Riverton was right in the middle.

Most employment opportunities were located in the two cities and this meant that unless Allen was able to find a satisfactory job in rural Riverton, he would be in for a long commute regardless of whether he drove north or south to go to work.

When we started construction on the Riverton home, Allen was working in Salt Lake. By the time we moved into the house, he had taken a job at the Geneva Steel Plant close to Provo. Both jobs meant a 50 mile round-trip commute, just in different directions.



A view of the Geneva Steel Plant (U.S. Steel), looking east toward Mt. Timpanogos. Allen worked here from 1946 until he retired in 1977. 1950s Photo.

World War II was in full swing and because he was married Allen wasn't drafted into the military. Instead, he found work in Salt Lake with companies that had defense contracts. His first job was soldering ammunition cases shut to make them air- and watertight.

Allen was a natural around the equipment in machine shops. With each new job or change in employment he was given greater responsibilities, which in turn increased his interest in becoming a machinist.

Because of World War II, the government built a steel mill near Provo to help diversify the locations of the country's steel production.

In 1943, Allen worked briefly as a laborer, applying asbestos to steam and water pipes.

Construction of the steel plant started in 1941 and was completed in 1944.

The government started producing steel for military purposes in 1944, but when World War II ended in 1945 the federal government started looking for a private company to run the facility.

In 1946, the plant was sold to Columbia Steel of the U. S. Steel Corporation with the stipulation that it pay to convert the plant to peacetime operations.

The mill became known as the Geneva Steel Plant and for more than 40 years it was the major industry in Utah County.

At about this time, Allen was working in the machine shop at Pacific Intermountain Express, a trucking company.

In November of 1946, the company announced plans to move its machine shop operation to Denver, Colorado, and they offered Allen a job there if he was interested.

## Ava Atwood Winterton

We weren't interested in moving to Denver so we declined the offer and started to think about what we wanted to do. We had always liked Utah County with its beautiful fruit orchards and its close proximity to Provo.

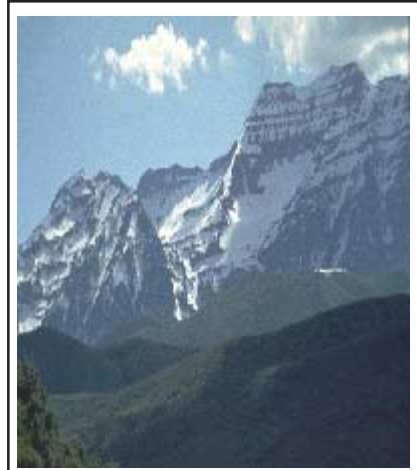
Allen checked out job possibilities at the new Geneva Steel Plant and as providence would have it, they were looking for a machinist. Allen applied for the job. When it was offered, we started thinking seriously about moving back to the shadow of my old friend, Mt. Timpanogos.

In those days, Orem was a small town, separated from the larger community of Provo by fruit orchards and open spaces.

Today, Orem has more houses and stores than fruit orchards and more traffic and congestion than parks. But the neighborhood where we raised our children and where we still live has remained much the same.

The two communities have grown together, including the hill that once separated the two towns, Today, a person is hard pressed to know where Orem ends and Provo begins.

In 1987, ten years after Allen retired from Geneva Steel, the plant closed its doors as a part of the United States Steel Corporation. But for thirty-one years, the plant provided us with a good living and the means to provide many opportunities for our children.



A view of Mt. Timpanogos from the foothills east of Orem.

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The verse to the right, in Ann's handwriting, was written in 1957. I've taken the liberty to add a little punctuation and give it a title. I call it, *My Mother and the Mountain*.

### *My Mother and the Mountain*

by  
Ann Winterton

On the top of Timpanogos sits my mother, all alone.  
She has made it four or five times now,  
And she's never coming home.

Every year she climbs that mountain.  
Every year she's black and blue.

Oh mother come down off of there,  
We're in dire need of you.

on the top of Timpanogos  
sits my mother all alone  
she has made it 4 or 5  
times now  
and she's ~~say~~ never  
coming home  
Every year she climbs  
that mountain  
every year she's black  
and blue  
Oh mother come down  
off of there  
were in dire need  
of you.

Ann Winterton



## 5

### Putting Down Roots

#### Finding Orem

When Allen got the job at the Geneva Steel Plant we started thinking about moving somewhere closer to his work. But where?

One day we drove to the little town of Orem, just north of Provo. A beautiful new movie theater had been built at the intersection of State Street and 7th South.

What makes this theater unusual is that it was built by the community through an association of local leaders known as the Sharon Community Educational and Recreational Association (SCERA), and the theater was named for the association.

The association was organized in 1933 by Victor C. Anderson and Arthur V. Watkins, who was later elected to the U. S. Senate.

The reference to Sharon in the association name is because the first LDS stake in Orem was named for Sharon, Vermont, the birthplace of Joseph Smith, the church's founder.

A visitor to Orem will find Sharon in the names of schools, churches, businesses, and even the town's weekly newspaper, *The Orem-Geneva Times* had its origin as *The Voice of Sharon*.



The Scera Theater in 1942, one year after it opened its doors. Note that State Street in front of the theater was not yet paved. Our home was one block east of the theater.

The association is active to this day and its many contributions to the community have made Orem a wonderful place to raise children.

We liked the idea of having the Scera nearby, but even more important than the presence of a theater were the locations of an elementary school, a high school, and a church.

On the next intersection south of the Scera theater (8th South & State Street) was Spencer School. Spencer had the distinction of being Orem's oldest school. The original Spencer was a one-room log school built in 1883. In 1912, a modern eight-room school replaced the log structure, and it was in that *modern* eight-room building that Wayne and Joyce attended elementary school in Orem.

The story of how Spencer got its name is interesting if you're curious as to how things



**Spencer Elementary School**

Although this photograph was taken shortly after the school opened in 1912, nothing about the physical appearance of the school had changed when Wayne (5th-6th grade), Joyce (3rd thru 6th grade), and Ann (6th grade) attended school there.

get named. Irving Pratt, the school’s first teacher, used a book written by English philosopher Herbert Spencer to teach evening classes to adults. Attending classes at the school became synonymous with “going to Spencer,” and the name stuck. The school was formally named Spencer School in 1890.

Across the street from Spencer stood the very traditional-looking Lincoln High School. Lincoln was Orem’s only high school. Wayne graduated from LHS in 1956, the final year of its operation as a high school. Joyce attended LHS through the 10th grade, completing her high school studies at the new Orem High School in 1958.

Then, the crowning touch that made this a most ideal place for us was the Timpanogos Ward chapel, just a block east of the Spencer School. The chapel, another of Orem’s aging pioneer buildings, was affectionately known locally as “the green church.”

The green church had probably seen as many winters as the old Spencer School. It was small, seating only a hundred people or

so, but its presence seemed to provide a quiet stability for the neighborhood it served.

During our drive that day we found a small, empty lot a block east of the Scera. The road in front of the lot wasn’t paved and there were few neighbors but many cherry orchards. We didn’t look at any other property. We knew this was where we belonged and we’ve never looked back on our decision to locate in Orem.

We purchased the lot from Julian Hansen. Later, we were able to purchase the adjoining property enabling us to have a large garden, some fruit trees, and a sweeping, curved driveway.

We used the same blueprints to build the Orem home as we used to build the Riverton home, with a few differences. The most noticeable differences between the two homes were that they faced different directions and had different colored exteriors.

In Riverton, the home faced east; in Orem, it faced west. The Riverton home was built of red brick, the Orem home was built of a soft, beige-colored brick.



**Lincoln High School**

This photograph was taken from the Spencer School playground. LHS was built in 1921 and served as Orem’s only high school until it was replaced in 1957 by the new Orem High School. The building remained in use as commercial office space until 1976.

## Ava Atwood Winterton

Orem has been a good place to live and raise a family. Ann was a year old when we moved here, just barely big enough to peek out the picture windows. Wayne was ten and Joyce was eight.

But our family was not yet complete, and wouldn't be for several more years.

### Living in Orem

Allen oversaw the construction of the home, doing as much of the work as he could himself. He contracted out the specialized work such as heating, plumbing and electrical.

He used only the best materials. For example, we have oak flooring throughout the house, and the concrete steps for the front and side porch were poured with the foundation, not added on afterward. That's why you'll never see a separation of the steps from the house.

We built the house intending to live in it forever and I think that's what we're going to do.

The first day in our new house was exciting! New appliances, new hardwood floors, big picture windows with new drapes and curtains and a bedroom for everyone. Perhaps the best thing of all for Allen and me was a sense that we had found the perfect place to put down our roots.

In the early evening of the first day in our new home, we walked the one block to the Scera and watched a movie. It was like living in paradise.



Construction began on our home in Orem in 1947  
Three workmen are visible. One of them was probably Allen.



We lived in the basement until the upstairs was completed.



The Orem home in 1949. Allen and Ava in doorway. Joyce, Ann, and Wayne on steps. There were no sidewalks at that time and it would be a few years before the street would be paved.



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Our children enjoyed the Scera Saturday matinees for years. You couldn't beat Roy Rogers shooting the gun right out of the hand of the bad guy, Gene Autry singing his way out of trouble, or Lash LaRue cracking his whip in the face of danger, or watching Buck Rogers come within inches of death every week aboard his sparkler-powered spaceship.

For a quarter the kids could see a movie, a short serialized adventure, several cartoons, buy a candy bar, drink a root beer and still take a nickel home.

They really didn't care that they couldn't hear the movie for the noise of constantly moving and chattering friends trying to eat popcorn or unwrap candy bars without spilling their drinks.

The essence of the Saturday matinee was twofold.

For the kids, Saturday matinees meant independence within the protective walls of the place-to-be on Saturday afternoons. It wasn't school, it wasn't church, it was wall-to-wall friends. It was where they could be themselves for a couple of hours.

For us parents, Saturday matinees meant an opportunity for a few hours of quiet time without worry about where the kids were or what they were doing. Whatever they were, Saturday matinees were a form of wonderfully inexpensive therapy for parents and kids alike.

The Scera also had a swimming pool built entirely from community donations. The pool was located in a lot just east of the theater, less than a block from our home.

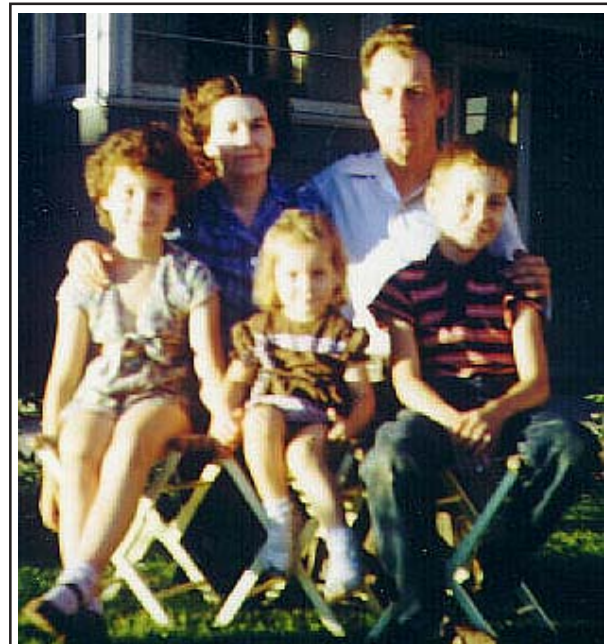
The cost for the use of the pool was \$15.00 for a family season ticket, regardless

of the number of children. Is it any wonder we fell in love with Orem and the quality of life we found there?

Shortly after we moved in, my brother Johnny and his family came from Salt Lake to visit us in our new home. We hastily set up folding stools in the front yard so Johnny, who took pictures of everything and everybody, could take a family picture of Allen, myself and our children.

The Orem Library was located at City Hall, about a mile from where we lived. Wayne and Joyce spent many hours at the library. Sometimes I drove them to the library; other times they rode their bicycles. They were avid readers who enjoyed stretching their minds with good books.

Sometime after Wayne and Joyce graduated from high school, the city purchased the Leo Poulson home a block from where we lived and turned the place into one



Allen and Ava and children, Joyce, Ann, and Wayne.  
Orem - 1947



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of the city's branch libraries. Ann and Alene spent hours on end at this little library with its homey charm. It had an old-fashioned fireplace, a rock-front mantel, and a big stone hearth where you could sit and read in the comfort of a cozy house.

On the State Street side of Lincoln High was Bunny's Corner, the teenagers' hangout. The place was right out of a Norman Rockwell painting and the teenagers thought it was a super (if not incredibly noisy) place to get a hamburger, fries, malt, or milk shake, provided you could get inside. The place teemed with teenage humanity.

Bunny's Corner was intimidating to anyone over the age of nineteen or under the age of thirteen. The Spencer Elementary School kids, who knew their time would eventually come, knew enough to stay out when the place was full. Adults, whose time had passed, knew better

than to venture inside.



Joyce and Wayne with little sister, Ann.  
Photo taken on vacation. Yellowstone Lake  
in the background. 1948



Ann standing in a bed of iris blooms -1949.

Our family attended the green church, officially called the Timpanogos Ward.

A month after we moved into our new home a neighbor, Loreen Bliss, asked me to work in the Mutual Improvement Association with her. It was a good way for me to get acquainted with the people in the Timpanogos Ward.

Years later, perhaps around 1963, the bishop of our ward called me to teach the Gleaners, a class of sixteen year old girls. There were only two girls in the class. They were Jolane Laycock and Mary Margaret Bishop.

We had a wonderful relationship that transcended the differences in our ages and we have remained friends throughout the years. We enjoyed many activities together such as cooking, knitting, sewing, and just having fun.

### **The Stewart's - Our New Best Friends**

During a Gospel Doctrine class one Sunday morning the teacher presented information and

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asked a question. Then she said something like, “Ava, would you like to answer the question?” This was the first time I had attended the class in our new ward and I was so startled to think that anyone knew my name that I literally jumped in my seat.

Before I could speak, another lady stood and answered the question. After class I approached the lady that answered the question. “Are you Ava?” I asked. She said she was. Neither of us had ever met anyone else with our name.

The only other person we had heard of named Ava was the famous movie star, Ava Gardner.

I told her my maiden name had been Ava Atwood. I said I was always the first name to be called on the roll at school. She said she would have been right behind me as her maiden name was Beckstrand. She introduced herself as Ava Stewart. I shared my married name with her and we continued to visit.

This chance meeting started a lifelong friendship with the family of Ava and Ray Stewart.



John L. and Hazel Atwood on the Temple Grounds in Salt Lake City, 1950.



Myrlene Simmons and Ann Winterton, 1949

Our two families have traveled all over the state of Utah and around the country. We had so much in common. We often went out of our way to visit new places on seldom used roads and over high mountain passes.

Soon after we became friends we decided to take one of our long drives. It was a particularly hot summer day. Each family packed a lunch. The Stewart's offered to pick up some *provisions*, their name for pretzels, chips, and other forms of munchies. I offered to bring the water.

After several hours of bumping along dusty and wash-boardy mountain roads we stopped to relax and take in the scenery.

The Stewart's pulled out a grocery sack filled with provisions. I pulled out the pint jar I had filled with cold water several hours earlier,



Wayne and Ann, Easter morning, 1953

which by now was tepid at best. Ava and Ray couldn't believe that I had only brought a pint of water for the four of us.

Soon after we returned, Ray taught me how to take a large plastic ice-cream carton, line it with newspaper, and place a gallon jug filled with ice and water inside the carton.

I was determined to redeem myself so the next time we went on one of our little trips, I offered to bring the punch.

I mixed several fruit juices together, including fresh orange and apple juice. It had a wonderful aroma and tasted delicious. I poured it into an iced jug and placed it inside the newspaper lined ice-cream carton. I was so proud of myself.

For some unknown reason, by the time we reached our destination, the once aromatic and sweet-tasting punch had taken on the color and consistency of dirty irrigation water. The only redeemable feature of the unappetizing liquid was that it had stayed ice-cold in the makeshift cooler Ray had taught me to make.

The punch was ugly, but cold and wet, so we used it to wash down the sandwiches, pickles, and chips. The pint water bottle fiasco became the topic for years of good-natured kidding from the Stewart's, but when I served up the dirty irrigation-water punch, Ray suggested that I never consider being responsible for liquid refreshment again.

Allen had wanted a boat for many years. Then he saw a kit for building a sixteen-footer. The cost of the kit, while not cheap, sold for much less than buying a ready-made boat. For the next year he spent all of his spare time in the garage, measuring, cutting, sanding, fitting, and polishing.

Allen has never done anything halfway in his life, and this boat didn't receive any different treatment. He wanted a boat that would be safe and well-built.

Allen's attention to detail paid off. The craft was beautiful with its wood deck in front and the canvas-covered cabin. He and Ray purchased a motor powerful enough to tow water-skiers or to get them off a lake fast if a storm should come up. The boat cut through the water with the same ease and sleekness as those that came off an assembly line. Both families enjoyed the boat for many years.

When the boat was ready for its maiden voyage, Wayne bought a brass plaque with the words, *YOT NACHT* (pronounced yot not), etched near the top. Below, in small letters,



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was the message, *To Hell With Yard Work*. Yot Nacht, Wayne explained, was a play on words meaning the boat was not a yacht.

The plaque, affixed to the center of the polished wood dashboard, was still there when we sold the boat thirty years later.

One of the excursions we took on the boat with the Stewart's started at Moab, Utah. We joined up with a large group that makes an annual summer run there.



Allen working on his boat on the driveway while I watch. Notice the C-clamp at far right holding something in place. 1956.

We launched the boat on the Colorado River and travelled downstream for two-hundred miles. What a wonderful trip. We debated how best to pack the food, or provisions, for the journey. Ray teased me, carefully watching that I didn't become responsible for the water.

Allen suggested we purchase a large metal garbage can and use it for our food. We found one just the right size to fit in the boat. It held oodles of food and kept everything dry.

We had a great time on this trip, eating our daily bread from the garbage can. It was things like this that made our trips so much fun. And then, when we would later recall our trips together, we would enjoy them all over again. We laughed at ourselves with so little effort.

One night after setting up camp for the evening, we wandered a little way from the campsite and came across a dilapidated, tumbled-down old stone building. We later learned it was one of the places Butch Cassidy and his gang used in hiding from the law, or at least it was believed to be so.

On another occasion I was relaxing and taking in the beautiful surroundings while running my hand across the old weathered rock I was sitting on. I happened to glance down just as my hand was about to touch a very large lizard relaxing alongside me.



Joyce, Allen, Ann, and Ava, Christmas Morning, 1950



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I've never been much of an animal person, but I let this curious old-timer stay where he was. Besides, he probably had the rock first. Instead of skooshing him away, we sat there and watched each other.

The little guy blended in with the mottled surface of the rock so well that when I looked away it would take me a minute to find him again. I thought to myself, "What a great camouflage job."

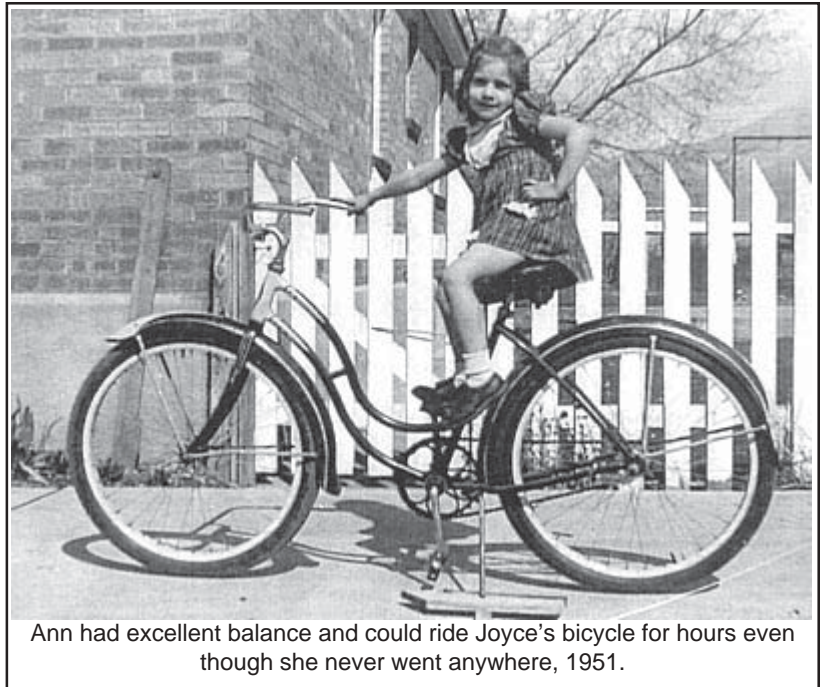
Each night we would dock the boat and place our sleeping bags where we could see the stars and the moon.

I'm an early riser and in the morning dawn I sometimes strolled along the shore by myself. I can still close my eyes and see the sunrise during those breathtaking mornings. The air was so still that it was difficult to tell where the shore and water met. I was thankful I hadn't walked off the edge of the bank.

On another trip, the four of us drove up Daniel's Canyon to McGuire's Campsite. This campsite should have been named Winterton's Campsite as Allen had long ago laid claim (unofficially, of course) to this spot in the canyon.

McGuire's was the starting place for most of Allen's deer hunting trips since he was a boy. He knows the trail up the mountain from McGuire's as well as anyone, or maybe better than anyone else.

For this particular trip, which was during the deer hunting season, both of our families had purchased new campers for our trucks. Ray and Ava's camper looked nice on their Chevy truck (Ray liked Chevys), and ours looked great on our Ford truck (Allen likes Fords). The merits

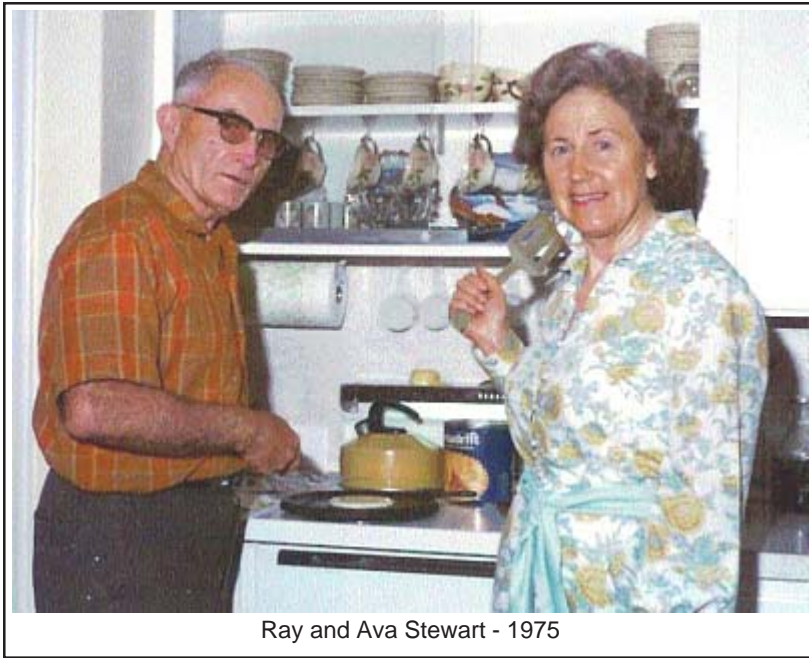


Ann had excellent balance and could ride Joyce's bicycle for hours even though she never went anywhere, 1951.



Ann and neighbor boy, Melvin Taylor, 1951.

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Ray and Ava Stewart - 1975

of Fords and Chevrolets always made for interesting conversations during our travels.

I always enjoyed cooking up something special in the camper. Many times Allen or Ray would joke that my cooking was the real reason they would bring me along.

On this crisp fall day I decided to make crepe suzettes for breakfast. Ava Stewart and I began inviting the hunters in nearby outfits to come over to our camper and have a treat.

The hunters didn't know what they were going to be served when they walked over to our camper. They might have expected freshly prepared beef jerky or a big bowl of chili, but a crepe suzette? Never.

Ava and I served the crepes to the hunters, providing a touch of class to the rustic hunting environment of the old McGuire Campsite. The hunters, every one of them, thanked us for the crepes. Ava Stewart really had fun because her idea of a good time is serving food to a group of people.

One time when our ward had a campout at Hobble Creek Canyon, I made lollypops for over 150 people. I set up my Coleman Stove, my kettle and my marble slab under a tall pine tree. Here I cooked the syrup, colored it, and poured it over the lollypop sticks. They were beautiful and tasted incredibly good. The adults enjoyed them as much, perhaps more, than the children.

### The Knitting Club

After meeting in church in 1948, Ava Stewart and I decided it would be fun to get some ladies together and form a club. I didn't know many people, but Ava Stewart did.

We invited Bernice Watts to join us. Bernice was an accomplished knitter. She could knit beautiful sweaters, gloves, hats, and pretty little girl's dresses. She agreed to teach us how to knit. All of us purchased yarn and knitting needles and we named our group, *The Knitting Club*.

We all took up knitting, making many articles for our families until the novelty sort of dwindled and we ended up just visiting with each other.

The group decided they needed someone to be in charge and so they voted for me to be president. What an honor!

For the next few years they voted for me to remain president. After a while I just assumed the job was mine. It is now 2003, the Knitting Club is still going strong, and I've been president continuously for 55 years.



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Of course the membership has changed over the years, with new people coming in and others moving away. Some of the members still active include Ava Stewart, LaVerda Barron, Mary Bishop, Mabel Christiansen, Ruth Johnson, Dorothy Squires, Clista Thomas, and myself.

### The Orem Women's Club

A few years before we moved to Orem (about 1944), a group of eleven ladies formed a club called, *The Orem Women's Club*. The focus of the club was to serve as a civic and literary addition to the city and it was a privilege to become a part of this organization.

The club chose as its theme, "Power through Progress" and many of the club's organized events were designed to promote civic responsibility and community pride.

The meetings were held on the first Wednesday of each month, promptly at 3:30 in the afternoon, in the spacious lobby of the newly constructed Scera Theater. This was so handy for me as I only needed to walk the block from home to the theater to be present.

In 1958 I had my name placed on the ballot for president of the club and surprisingly I won the election and served in office for the years 1959-1960. It was a fun, exciting, and very busy year for me.



My official photograph as President of the Orem Women's Club, 1960.



Wayne and Joyce on the front steps of the Orem home, 1949.

I had no idea how demanding the position would be, but I would do it all over again if I had the chance. It was very rewarding. The theme for my administration was "Utah, We Love Thee."

I had wonderful ladies to work with. Lucy Laycock was my Vice-president, Gena Gourdin was Secretary, and Izetta Robertson served as Program Chairman.

A couple of the programs stand out in my mind, including Edward R. Tuttle and Dr. George Hanson speaking on the history

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and beauty of our state; and Dr. Ralph and Lucy Laycock and family presenting a wonderful musical program. It seemed that each event was better than the last because they were all so wholesome and uplifting.

### **Your legs are as skinny as mine!**

Soon after we moved to Orem, a couple named Ted and Margaret Simmons built a home across the street. It was Christmas time and Margaret came over to introduce herself and to wish us a Merry Christmas.

I opened the door and she exclaimed, “Gracious sakes! Your legs are as skinny as mine.” We were instant friends. People often wondered if we were sisters because of our size, dark hair, and dark eyes. We could have been sisters because we had such fun together from shopping to walking to the Scera together for Orem Women’s Club meetings. She served as president for the years 1956-1957 and was one of the persons to encourage me to run for office.



Margaret Simmons, 1975



John L. Atwood, Hazel, and my sister Nell. Dad is holding Janell, Nell’s daughter, 1951.

Ted and Margaret had a brand new silver-colored Oldsmobile, but Margaret had never learned to drive. The two of us would go to a vacant lot nearby where I taught her how to drive. I can still remember how thrilled she was when she received her first driver’s license.

We enjoyed shopping in Provo. Our favorite places were Thomas’s and Clark’s Dress Shops. Taylor Brothers’ Department Store was the biggest place to shop in Provo. We usually ending up at the new Safeway store to pick up a few needed groceries.

We had to shop in Provo those days because Orem had few shopping places. There were two drugstores and quite a few gas stations. Bill and Iva’s was a trucker-type restaurant, and there was Kirk’s Drive-in, where girls on roller skates waited on cars.

When we were able to slip away from the family routine Allen and I would dine together at Bill and Iva’s Cafe. These were always



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good moments for the two of us to sit and visit in a relaxed way. Kirk's Drive-in was mostly a hangout for teenagers.

These days if you drive through Orem it is hard to imagine only two eating places.

Today, State Street is one fast food restaurant after another with many standard, go-in-and-sit-down and enjoy being waited on type restaurants in between.

Now there are malls where fruit orchards once blossomed and hardware stores and automobile dealerships where farmers plowed and harvested crops.

### The Great Root Beer Blow Out

Homemade root beer was not only considered a delicacy in our home, it was almost a necessity during the summer months. We rarely had store-bought soda pop in the house and the naturally carbonated homemade root beer, with its foamy head and distinctive mild bite, was a more-than-welcome warm weather treat.

Wayne and Joyce helped us make gallons of the stuff.

Making root beer was definitely a family affair. Everyone got into the act. We would mix Hire's Root Beer extract, sugar, yeast, and water in an empty five-gallon honey can. Then we poured it into whatever brand of soda pop bottles we had, cap each bottle with a hand-operated capper, and carry the batch downstairs for aging.

The bottles were placed downstairs where we used to store the coal for the furnace. The



This is a rare picture of me (center), my sister Nell Atwood Pearce, and my three brothers, Millen, Royal (Tommy) and John R., all in the same place at the same time. Rare indeed! 1965.

root beer had to age, or ferment, for several weeks before it would be ready to serve.

Although we made many gallons of the stuff over quite a few years, there was one occasion when something went awry in the fermentation process.

In the middle of a warm summer night a couple of weeks into the aging process we heard what sounded like a series of gunshots coming from the basement. They were loud enough to wake everyone.

Once we discovered we weren't being robbed, it dawned on us that it might be the root beer. It took a lot longer to clean up the sticky mess behind the

furnace than it took to discover there were no intruders in the house.



Royal's wife, Ludean

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Ava holding Alene on the day they returned from the hospital, May 1953.

### Alene Arrives

Our family was again blessed with a new arrival. Our new baby girl was born May 24, 1953.

We didn't have difficulty naming Wayne, Joyce, or Ann (Ava Ann), but we had the hardest time trying to come up with just the right name for the new baby. We liked Laurie, Carol, Beth, and Julie, and in fact called the new baby each of those names for a week or two each. Nothing seemed to fit.

My dad despaired that we were never going to settle on a name so we could have her blessed at church before she got too old.

Then one night I suddenly sat up in bed. "I've got it!" I shouted. Allen groaned, "You've got what?"

"I've got her name," I replied. "What name?" Allen returned. "The baby's name, of course," I replied, totally awake.

"Well, What's it to be?" Allen asked. "Alene," I said, "that's a perfect name. She will be named after you." And that's the true story of how we came up with Alene's name.

She was a sweet baby. It was fun to have a tiny one around when there were older children to help out. I was so happy to have another child.

One morning after I had bathed and fed her, and had given her several hugs and kisses, I noticed her little right arm was hanging limp at her side.

Allen was working that day so I asked our neighbor Bob Dowdle if he would drive me to American Fork to see our family physician, Dr. Kenneth Noyes.

Bob drove me to the doctor. When the doctor looked at Alene, he told me I had hugged her until her little arm muscles had been squeezed too tightly. "Just don't hug her so tight next time," he said. It was a relief to know there was nothing seriously wrong.

Soon she was talking and walking. Some of her first words were, "I can do it myself," or "yes I can." I can remember going to town with Ava Stewart and Ava wanted to hold on to Alene, but Alene would always say, "I can do it myself." And she always could.



Wayne and Joyce helping Ann with her life-jacket on the shore of Yellowstone Lake, 1955

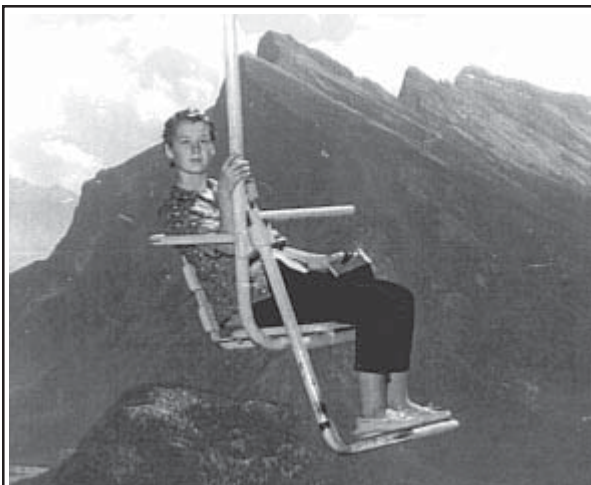
### Family Fun

Vacations are a wonderful way for families to spend time together. One of our most memorable vacations took place in 1955 when we drove into Canada, going as far north as Banff National Park.

One of the best known attractions in Banff is Lake Louise, a living postcard of incredibly beautiful scenery. The lake is set at the base of rugged mountains and surrounded by stands of lush pines. In the wintertime the area becomes a popular ski resort.

We were there in the summer, but the ski lifts were running to provide tourists with a view of a lifetime. Allen and I decided that this was too good an opportunity to pass up, so we all rode the chairlift to the top of the mountain.

Allen gave each of us a ticket for the ride. It was a long but wonderful ride to the top. The day was nice and sunny with no wind to blow us around. At the top of the mountain Allen collected everyone's tickets.



Joyce, hair in curlers, aboard the chairlift at Banff Nat'l Park, 1955.



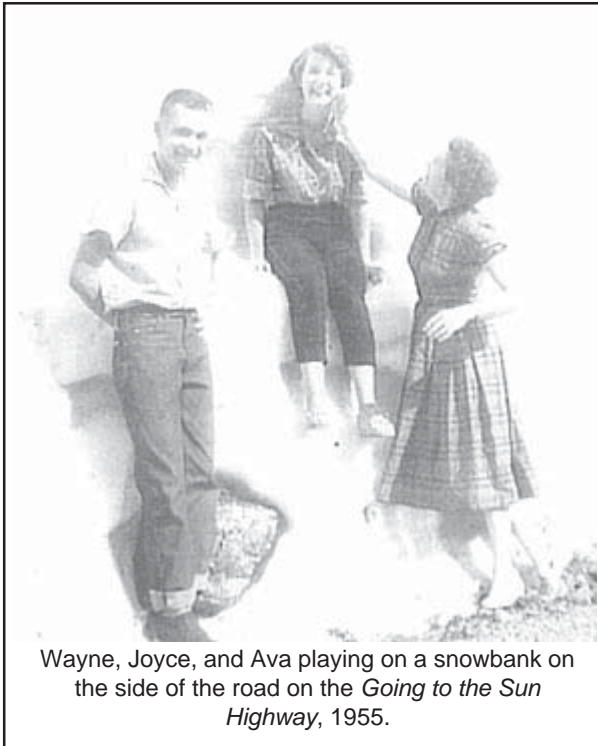
Ava, well known for serving exotic culinary delicacies in the woods, went too far in 1954 when she tried to create the ultimate campground dish. Her comment as she was being led away was, "But I know everyone will like Alene."

When we returned to the base of the mountain we were told that pictures had been taken of each person, keyed to the rider's chairlift ticket. They were available, for a price, as souvenirs. We decided that a single picture would be sufficient to remind us of the ride.

Joyce said she didn't want her picture as she had washed her hair that morning and had taken the ride with her hair in curlers. Those were the days before blow dryers and curling irons. We decided to get the picture of Wayne but there was a problem.



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Wayne, Joyce, and Ava playing on a snowbank on the side of the road on the *Going to the Sun Highway*, 1955.

All of the tickets had been given to Allen at the top of the ride making it impossible to know for sure which ticket had belonged to which person. We used our best guess in picking Wayne's ticket and gave it to the vendor with payment for a picture.

A few weeks after returning home the picture arrived in the mail. Surprise! It was Joyce on the chairlift, curlers and all.

On the way home from Banff we took a highway called the *Going to the Sun Highway*. The going was as steep and narrow as the scenery was beautiful, but we wondered if our black Ford would make it.

The highway, cut into the side of a mountain, was a mere two lanes wide with no guard rail. We could see the faces of the people in the other cars as they passed us going the other way, and they looked just as nervous as we were.

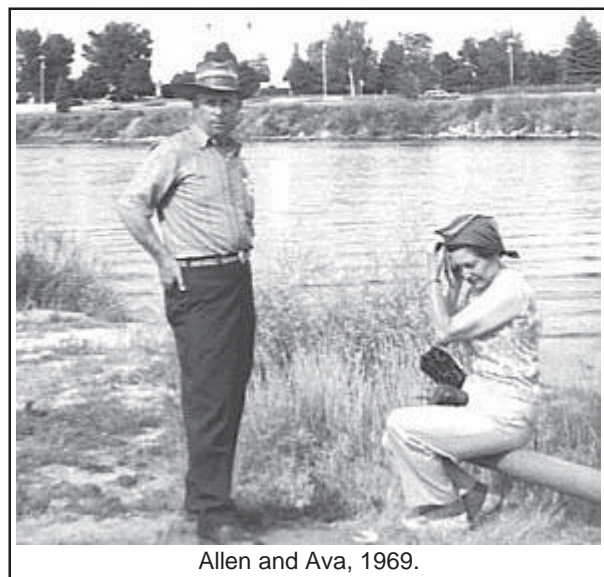
Even though it was the middle of August there were great piles of snow along the road as we approached the summit. Allen found a wide spot where we pulled over for a break. Wayne lifted Joyce onto a shelf in the snow and I pressed some cold snow to her cheek. Allen picked up the camera and snapped another memory of our good times.

When Alene was six-weeks old we borrowed my dad's trailer and spent ten days in Yellowstone Park. After we were all settled down at night the only place left for the baby was in the sink. Alene slept there every night, warm and cozy.

We all loved our trips to Yellowstone. We saw bears all along the highway plus squirrels, birds, moose, deer and many other creatures.

Allen and Wayne enjoyed casting with their fishing poles from the famous Fishing Bridge and they always had good fish stories to tell.

One of the family's favorite fish stories didn't take place in Yellowstone, but during a camping trip on the Duchesne River in Utah.



Allen and Ava, 1969.



Allen caught a nice mess of fish during the morning. I've never been fond of the term, *mess of fish*, but everyone uses it.

Anyway, as Allen would catch a fish he would add it to a cord with his other catches and attach the cord to a half-submerged log in the crystal-clear icy water to keep them fresh. He quit fishing when his string contained seven trout.

As it approached dinner time Allen walked down to the river to retrieve the fish. To his surprise they were gone. Allen returned to camp and told us the sad news, and it was sad news because there's nothing quite as tasty as a fresh catch of rainbow trout, boned, breaded and cooked in butter over an open fire.

Undaunted, Allen decided to see if he could quickly catch a few fish for the family to enjoy for dinner. With rod and reel in hand he began walking downstream, casting into the good fishing holes and hoping for the best.

He had fished for quite some distance without so much as a bite when he stopped and prepared to make another cast. For some reason his eyes fixed on a waterlogged piece of driftwood a few feet from where he stood. There, caught in a wedge of the driftwood was the cord with all seven fish nicely submerged with the cool water rushing over their shimmering bodies.

Allen returned holding his new catch for all to see and the family enjoyed a delicious fish dinner that night.

Joyce and Wayne slept on their air mattresses at night and used them as rafts on the lake during the day. Ann and Alene built sand castles and chased birds along the beach.



The family story about this picture goes as follows. Less than enthusiastic about being tied to the family tent, Ann looked around and asked, "But where is my Pi-Ann tree?"

Back at our campsite we would tie Ann to a pine tree to keep her safe from the water. Ann called them her Pi-Ann trees. She never complained about being tied to them.

We always gave her plenty of rope to wander around, but never enough to let her get into trouble. Besides, someone was always nearby.

One clear, sunny day Allen took Wayne and Joyce for a boat ride on Yellowstone Lake. They rented a small boat with a five-horsepower outboard motor and proceeded toward a small bay two or three miles away. At about the same time as they going around the bay, a windstorm came up and the water became very choppy and difficult to navigate.

Allen began to fear for their safety. He told Wayne and Joyce to curl up under the

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protected area of the bow, which they did. He prayed for help as he guided the small boat with the even smaller motor back to the boat rental place.

His prayer was answered and the three of them made it to safety, but Allen was exhausted from working the boat to keep it from being capsized.

We took an early summer trip to the Grand Teton's in Wyoming one year. We camped at beautiful Jenny's Lake. Although it was summer and school was out, there were huge snowbanks on the side of the road.

It was getting late in the evening and the sun had gone down so instead of pitching our tent as usual, we rolled our sleeping bags out and slept on the snowbank. We watched the moon and stars until we fell asleep. We never stayed in motels or lodges, preferring to sleep under the stars with nature.

We didn't hear any cars or see another person until morning when we rolled up our sleeping bags and went on our way.

When we arrived at a campground we were so proficient in setting up and fixing something to eat that we could drive in, set up, eat, and be on our way before the mosquitos knew we were there. We loved to hear a Forest Service ranger deliver a lecture or attend a program at one of the lodges.

One summer evening we hurried up to the Rockefeller Lodge where we saw a movie and enjoyed a nature program. It was late evening and pitch dark as we neared our campsite. While we had been away, a strong wind and rain storm had blown our tent down and scattered our belongings. Everything was soaking wet. No one complained.

Allen and Wayne righted the tent while Joyce and I gathered up our belongings. Minutes later we were in our sleeping bags ready for a good night's sleep. Wayne started giggling and then he tried his best to tell us a funny story. Pretty soon we were all giggling. I don't think Wayne ever got through his story and I don't think any of us got much sleep, but it seemed we could have a good time no matter the weather or the problem.

The girls often complained that they couldn't win board games when Wayne was playing, but they never quit playing together. Of course, there's the family rumor that the girls let Wayne win so he would play another game. The rumor has never been proven, but every time it's been put to a vote, Wayne has lost - three votes to one.

We've had many fun excursions and trips as a family. One night at Flaming Gorge we slept in our boat. It started to rain in the middle of the night so we placed a tarp over the boat and listened to the rain as it splattered on the cover overhead.

Alene worried that it would never stop raining. In the morning Allen had to empty the water from the middle of the tarp. It had almost sunk in upon us. Allen loves to hear the thunder roar and the lightning crackle in the out-of-doors.



Lake Louise, Banff National Park, Canada.

## 6

### Expanding my Horizons

#### Learning and Giving Back

It was wonderful to have a large university such as Brigham Young University so close to home. Each summer the university sponsored Leadership Week, a week of wonderful events and activities designed to help people expand their horizons. In recent years, Leadership Week has been renamed Education Week, but it still consists of a rainbow of stimulating and challenging activities.



Entrance to Brigham Young University



Best friend Myrlene Simmons and Ann during Leadership Week at BYU, 1959.

I enjoyed going to those classes and I always took Ann and Alene with me as soon as each became 14 years old, the minimum age to attend. Joyce was married and living away from home when they started this event.

We learned many useful and fun things and the girls enjoyed the classes and the arts and crafts programs. We would leave at 7:00 a.m. and stay through the night entertainment, returning each night around 10:00 in the evening.

We would always sew new dresses and outfits to wear, plus buy new shoes, purses, notebooks, and all the rest of the things that meant we enjoyed participating in the program.

Leadership Week lasted four days and was held in either June or August. I once attended a class on candy-making taught by a Mr. Davenport. He always had his wife there to help him. One day she



fell ill during class. He asked if anyone would come up and read the thermometer and help with the candy. Although there were about 250 people in the class I instantly raised my hand and offered to help.

Mr. Davenport was so thankful for my willing assistance that he gave me a small book of recipes that I've used many times since. In helping Mr. Davenport that day, I discovered how exhilarating it was to share something of myself with a group. The experience that day was also the beginning of a long relationship between me and candy-making.

Before I knew it, I was demonstrating the art of candy-making before church, civic, and school groups and I was loving it! Then it became my turn to give something back to the university. For the next ten years I demonstrated candy-making and gourmet cooking to hundreds of Education Week attendees.

Being able to think fast and turn a possible disaster into something good is one of the qualities that a good teacher needs to have. That was the case in my very first candy-making demonstration ever. The demonstration was held in the lobby of the beautiful Scera Theater. I had asked my friend and neighbor, Mary Bishop, if she would like to help. She agreed.

We were using my new stainless steel saucepan and making fondant for the chocolates that we were going to dip later. Mary and I were paying more attention to our audience than to our kettle of candy when suddenly our beautiful white fondant turned a tan color. I hurriedly poured it onto our marble slab and without missing a beat, declared it to be the best caramel-flavored fondant we had ever made. No one was the wiser.

Mary taught me how to make a terrific tasting English toffee. I have demonstrated how to make this toffee many times at churches and schools. Then one day, a television station (KSL) in Salt Lake City invited me to come and make the toffee on a television show. What a surprise and thrill to appear on television.

I took my beautiful stainless steel electric pan with me. After adding the sugar and butter and two tablespoons of water, I began cooking and stirring.

The host of the show asked me how long I cooked the candy. I simply answered, "just until done." After the show aired my neighbors and friends referred to me as the lady who just cooks until it's done.

I loved giving demonstrations any time of the year, but perhaps the most fun was during

### English Toffee

Mary Bishop and Ava Winterton

#### Ingredients:

Butter: 2 squares (½ lb)  
Water: 2 tablespoons  
Sugar: 1 cup  
Pecans: enough to cover pan bottom  
Chocolate: grate a sprinkle's worth  
Nuts: grate a scattering's worth

Place pecans in the bottom of a 9" x 12" pan.

Cook butter, water, and sugar until it smokes and becomes streaked with brown.

Pour hot syrup over the nuts in the pan.

Sprinkle the grated chocolate over the top of the hot syrup.

Scatter the grated nuts over the top of the chocolate.

the Christmas holidays. Everyone wants to sweeten the season with homemade candy, especially the girls in the area's high school home economics classes.

My candy-making demonstrations were well-known and they always included hints and secrets for making really good candies and chocolates.



One day during the holiday season my telephone rang. The man on the other end introduced himself as Mr. Startup. I froze in my tracks. The Startup Candy Company in Provo is famous for its delicious confections. My first thought was that Mr. Startup was going to ask me why I was giving away so many candy-making and chocolate-dipping secrets.

After some small talk, he finally got around to telling me why he called. He was always short of staff during the holidays and he wanted to know if I would help him out.

For the next thirty years I dipped chocolates and other kinds of candy for the Startup Company, but just for the holidays. Well, almost just for the holidays. If they needed someone in a hurry, they would call me and I would fill in for a day or two.

I enjoyed hand-dipping chocolates and making the squiggles on top that have



meaning to us chocolate dippers. Did you know that one kind of squiggle means cherry chocolate, and another kind of squiggle means a chocolate with a nut inside? I'm as amazed as you are about what you can learn from reading my biography.

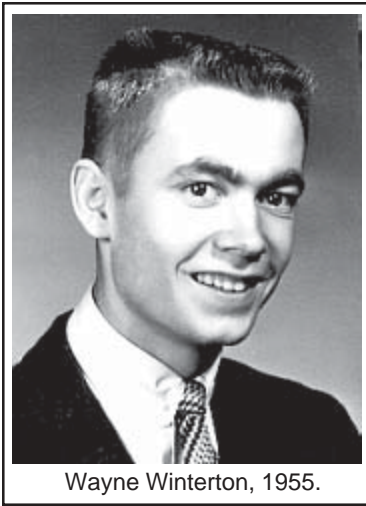
The Startup family began making candy in Manchester, England, in 1823 and continued the business after moving to Provo in 1875. It is believed that they made the very first candy bar in America with a filling inside. It was developed by the Startups in 1895 and was called the "Opera Bar." It is still sold at their store in Provo in a little cardboard box, just like the original was marketed.

Today the company is run by Harry Startup and his son Jon who carry on the long Startup candy tradition. They declare each batch of candy they make as, "the best they've ever made," and they really believe it.

#### **When Sewing was Fashionable**

When each of the girls were young they learned to sew and later sewed for people to earn spending money. They loved to go to the Fashion Fabric Store in Provo to see and feel all the new fabric and to look at the new pattern books.

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Wayne Winterton, 1955.

Wayne would tag along, but he was totally useless when it came to shopping for fabrics. Two or three stores were all he could handle.

He would announce that he couldn't bear to enter the portals of another fabric store and he would sit outside and wait, or wander down the street, visit another store, or just people-watch.

Hurrying us would have been a lost cause and Wayne knew it. One crewcut boy would never be a match

for two or three fabric-feeling sisters and a mom. We were surprised when he would go with us, but we always enjoyed his offbeat sense of humor.

I have had people at church tell me they would watch to see what the girls were wearing because they always looked so nice in their beautiful new clothes.

Sewing at home didn't mean being out-of-step with fashions. In fact, it was just the opposite. The girls kept up with the newest fashions and trends. They were often in style more quickly with better fitting outfits and at considerably less expense than their non-sewing friends who had to buy off the rack.

### Joyce Started Sewing at a Young Age

Joyce's first experiences with sewing came when she was very young, probably three or four years old.

The sewing machine fascinated her and she liked to work the treadle for me on my treadle-driven Singer. One day she decided to do a little sewing on her own.

Instead of using a piece of fabric for her entry into sewing, she found a box of precious old keepsake photographs, including studio portraits of my mother and others.

While working the treadle, she sent each photo flying under the needle leaving a row of needle punches the length or width of each picture.

It was the summer before she started 7th grade that she started sewing in earnest. She made many of the outfits that



Joyce Winterton, 1955.



Among the casualties of Joyce's early attempts at sewing was this 1913 picture of my dear mother (Hazel Atwood) when she was 25 years old. You can see the needle punches running the length of the photograph.



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Joyce Winterton (center) was 1st Attendant to Miss Orem, 1959.

she wore throughout her school years. Back then girls always wore dresses to school.

Just before Joyce started college she made an especially lovely formal dress. She wore this dress the night she became engaged to Lynn Stewart at a Cami Los dinner dance held in Mapleton, Utah.



Joyce (right), as 1st Attendant to Miss Orem, 1959.

When Joyce competed for the title of Miss Orem in the spring of 1959, she chose sewing as her talent and modeled the dress during the talent portion of the competition.

Joyce was chosen as the First Attendant to Miss Orem. Among other activities, she rode on a lovely float in several parades, including the *Orem Steel Days* parade and the *Days of '47* parade in Salt Lake.

### Ann and Janell's One-of-a-Kind Dress

Ann always loved to sew and she had developed considerable skill as a seamstress. Her cousin, Janell Pearce (my sister Nell's daughter) approached Ann to see if she would be interested in making her wedding dress.



Janell Pearce and her truly one-of-a-kind wedding dress, 1972.

Janell had been a student at Utah State University where she had taken a weaving class. As a class project she decided to weave the material she would use for her wedding dress.

She brought the hand-woven fabric to Ann along with a pattern for a blouse that formed the basis of the pattern for the wedding dress.

Ann took Janell's measurements, created the overall pattern and made a muslin model of the dress. This was necessary because there was only enough of the hand-woven fabric for one attempt. A mistake would be disastrous.

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After she was satisfied that the model was a perfect fit, Ann began cutting into the yards of Janell's prized fabric. The end result took many weeks to accomplish, but as you can see, it was the wedding dress of a bride's dream. It was stunning.

### Alene Had a Knack

Alene had a knack and an eye for sewing that few have. She became an accomplished seamstress at a time when other girls her age were still playing with dolls.

She enjoyed shopping with me and Ann and we would spend hours deciding on fabric, patterns, and buttons. By the time Alene started high school she was already making nearly all of her clothes. She had skilled teachers in Ann and myself but she was a natural at sewing and she was able to turn her sewing skills into spending money at an early age.



Fifteen-year-old Alene (1968) displaying some of the clothes she had made for herself and others.



Alene modeling one of her creations.

One day a lady in Provo called the house and wanted Ann to sew a dress for her. Ann was married and no longer lived in Orem, so I suggested she have Alene make the dress. The lady agreed, not knowing that Alene had just turned fifteen years old.

A day or two later the lady arrived at the front door with her fabric. Alene opened the door and greeted the lady, "Come on in, I'm Alene. I need to take your measurements and talk to you about how you wish to have your dress made."

Alene was not only barely fifteen years old, but she was a rather small fifteen and looked even younger. The lady was dumbfounded, unable to think of something to say. She was obviously expecting someone who had at least finished high school or was in college.

She looked first at Alene and then at me. I'm sure she was wondering what she had committed herself to, and she wasn't even sure she wanted to leave her fabric.

The three of us went into the sewing room to take the lady's measurements and talk about the job. Her comfort



level improved when she saw two sewing machines, neat racks of thread on little spindles, several different kinds of scissors, and other sewing paraphernalia. She decided to take a chance and let this little girl make her dress.

The dress turned out super and well-beyond the lady's expectations. She was very complimentary and had nothing but praise for Alene's work.

At about that same time Alene taught a group of girls her age to sew their own clothes. They met regularly at our house and everyone had a lot of fun learning a skill that would benefit them the rest of their lives.

### Taking the Plunge

How does a person lose their fear of water? They have to be willing to get their feet wet. That's just what I did many years ago without a single soul knowing what was I was doing.

It was no secret to anyone from the time I was a little girl until I had grown children that I was terrified of water! I had never learned to

swim. All of my brothers could swim. My sister Nell could swim. But not me, and I had no desire to try. Just the thought of putting my head under water made me panic.

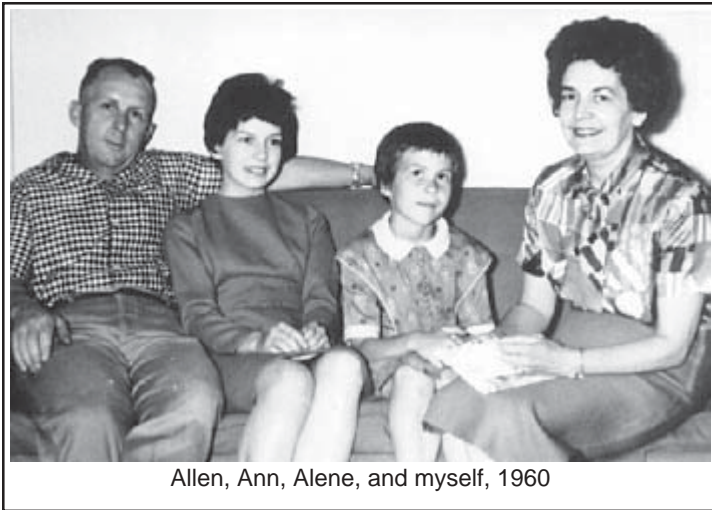
Then one day when I was in my forties (late 1950s), I heard they were giving swimming lessons at the nearby Scera swimming pool. For some reason on that day I decided it was time to put that fear behind me so I enrolled.

I bought a new red and white swimsuit that looked pretty good, if I say so myself, on my still small but fortyish figure. As I walked to the pool, which was only a block away, one of my neighbors called out, "I wish I had the courage to do that." I don't know if she meant she wished she had the courage to learn to swim or the courage to jump in the pool with all those kids. But on this day I was feeling good because I had the courage to do both.

As I walked to the pool that first day, I was hoping the lesson would be on something like "Buoyancy and the Human Body," or







“How to Keep your Head above Water: A Theory on Getting Wet and Staying Alive at the Same Time.”

I would really have enjoyed “The History of Swimsuit Fashions,” but no such luck! It became evident that we would be in the water before long.

Here I was, the only adult in the class with about twenty kids. All of them anxious to begin splashing and swimming.

A whistle blew and the instructor was ready. The first task was for all of us to enter the water. I did it, but it took every fiber of my body to force myself down the steps. When my feet touched bottom, the water was up to my chest. I stood there proud that I had already done something I had never done before.

Then the instructor asked for the impossible. He wanted us to put our heads under the water. I knew that eventually I would have to put my head underwater, but on the first day! Really!

“I can’t do this,” I thought, and I almost climbed out of the pool. I really tried to do it.

I let the water touch my chin, then I let the water touch the tip of my nose, but there was no way that I could put my entire face into the water!

I looked around and everyone of those darn kids had already stuck their heads under water. Now everyone’s attention was shifted to the only person in the pool with dry hair.

The instructor coaxed gently and the kids encouraged me. “Try it, you’ll like it,” they yelled as they splashed and bobbed like ducks on a pond. I was mortified!

Then I realized that the kids were anxious for the next piece of instruction and here was this lady holding up progress. I felt bad for the kids and the instructor, but I just couldn’t make my head go under.

Several minutes passed. The instructor coaxed me (with feeling) to try it. He was begging me to do this thing that everyone else had done in five seconds - or less.

I finally pinched my nose with my fingers and dipped my nose under the water. The kids cheered. As I lifted my head I heard the instructor shout, “No! No! You must go all the way under!”

“All the way,” I moaned loud enough for him to hear. “All the way,” he replied with just a touch of sharpness to his voice. He had taken his gentle coaxing to the next level. “All ... the ... way!” he yelled.

I took a super deep breath and under the water I went. I felt the cold rush of water go over my head and I knew I was going to die but I couldn’t hold up the group any longer.



Treading water - and loving it!

As I came up for air I was sputtering and coughing so bad that I lost my balance and down I went. My bottom hit the pool bottom and my thoughts went to my family.

What will my family do when I don't come home tonight? Who is going to fix dinner? I was a dead lady that just wanted to learn to swim and not be afraid of water.

Suddenly, I was above water, choking, spitting, and gagging. The instructor had me by the armpits and was dragging me toward the steps and safety.

As I was being towed to the side of the pool I was struck by the total silence. Not a kid moved. There was not a splash, not a ripple, not a word spoken. All I could see was a bunch of wet faces belonging to wide-eyed kids, every one of them staring at me in disbelief wondering if I was still alive.

It took me two days at home to recover from the trauma and to reevaluate my desire to learn to swim.

Three days after that embarrassing first lesson that I never completed, I showed up at the pool. My eyes met the instructor's eyes as I came through the turnstile and into the pool area. He started toward me.

I've often wondered what went through his mind when my red and white swimming suit showed up on day three with me inside.

The kids were having a great time and as far as I could tell, there were no bodies at the bottom of the pool.

During the past three days while at home, I had decided if others could learn to swim, I could do it too.

Besides, if the instructor could pull me out once, he could pull me out again.

As the instructor picked up his pace, I picked up the pace as well, and before he could get to me I had already walked down the steps and into the water. I wasn't in a frame of mind to stop and think about what I had decided to do. I had my mind made up.

The water was once again up around my chest. Without hesitating, I bent my knees until I could feel the cold water pass over the top of my head. I purposely stayed down for a second or two then slowly straightened my knees until I could feel the air on my face.

When I opened my eyes the instructor was looking at me, poised to jump. The pool area was silent as the eyes of the kids were once again on me and the instructor.

I sputtered a little then gave the instructor my best smile, an action not lost on the kids. Some of them waved and others cheered.

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Everyone went back to what they had been doing. I stayed where I was, experimenting with the water. I put my head under a few more times, and each time I surfaced, I smiled more and sputtered less. Confidence is a wonderful encourager.

No one at home had the slightest hint that I had been spending my afternoons at the pool. Allen worked at the steel plant and kids were at school. No one suspected a thing. In fact, if anyone had said, “can you guess where your mother has been?” the very last guess on anyone’s lips would have been “to the swimming pool.”

I discovered a wonderful truth at the pool. I couldn’t sink! It was a miracle! What a revelation!

To my complete surprise I discovered that when I went underwater and pulled my legs up underneath me, I would bob to the top just like an apple. “So that’s how those kids do it,” I thought, “they aren’t so smart after all. It’s a natural thing that happens.”

Then I discovered I could float. In fact, I could float for hours. I could just lay there on top of the water and float with hardly any effort at all. I found that I could float longer than any of the kids in the class. It was amazing! I thought about what I had missed for all those years.

Floating, I discovered, became swimming when you combined it with treading water with the hands and kicking the feet.

I had learned to swim! What a great secret I had, but how to tell the family?

Later that summer Allen and I took a trip to Colorado Springs where they had a big,

beautiful swimming pool. Allen put on his swim trunks and came out of the dressing room. I entered the pool area wearing my red and white swimsuit. Nothing unusual about that. I always wore swimsuits when we were at a pool but I never did anything more than dip my toes in the water.

“You look nice,” Allen said, “are you going to dip your toes in the pool?” I said I might and I sat down on the edge and let my feet dangle. Allen went to the diving board.

I just sat there and every once in a while I would slide a little further toward the deep end. I made sure Allen was watching. I sat and slid for a long time.

When I had finally slid to a place where the water was way over my head, I started talking to Allen who was some distance away. Then I did it. I tumbled myself into the pool. Splash!

Allen started running to where I had been sitting. He yelled, “My wife has fallen into the pool.” The stress in his voice told everyone that my falling into the pool was not a good thing. He dove to my rescue only to have me swim away from him. You cannot





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imagine the look on his face. He thought a miracle had occurred. I knew it had!

It is wonderful to have looked fear in its watery face and beaten it. I have enjoyed many hours of swimming ever since.

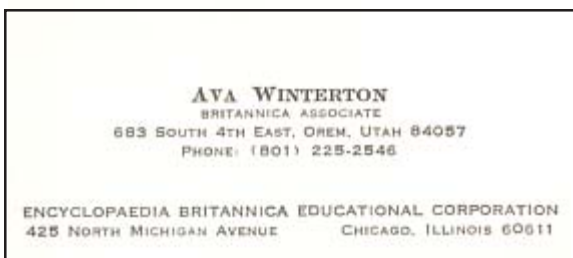
### The Sales Team of Johnny and Ava

In 1968 my brother Johnny asked me to work with him in one of his business ventures. He had taken on a line of school materials representing Encyclopedia Britannica, Walt Disney, and National Geographic.



I have just set up a display at one of the schools.

Johnny needed help in getting the products into the local schools where the teachers and administrators could have a chance to review and hopefully purchase them.



The companies were so well known that it wasn't difficult to talk school officials into letting us place their products in the schools

for short periods of time. The work was in transporting the materials from school to school and in setting up the displays. That's where I came in and I loved doing it.

Half of the fun came in being able to work with my brother, and the other half came from meeting the principals and teachers at the various schools. Everyone was so nice to me that it didn't seem like a job at all.

I would visit a school, meet the principal and maybe a few teachers, set up a display, and leave. A week or two later I would return to the school, remove the display, and set it up at a different school.

The best part was that I didn't have to take any orders or handle any money. Johnny did all of administrative tasks. I just drove around meeting nice people, representing products that were well-respected, and making some extra money for doing it.

Quite often Johnny would pay for a booth at an educational convention and these were extra special. Johnny and I would work the booth together and I was always amazed at how many people he knew and had become friends with throughout the state.

### Quilting a Broken Heart Back Together

In 1985 my heart broke. Well, that might not be the terminology the doctors use, but the truth was that this very important part of my body was in need of repair.

I was on the verge of having a heart attack and the condition of my circulatory system dictated the need for quadruple bypass surgery. Oh my!

The surgery had been postponed once and it was now Sunday morning and I was

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relaxing in my hospital bed awaiting the Monday morning operation.

I was relaxing because I decided it wouldn't do any good to worry. Besides, my two quilting daughters, Joyce and Ann, were already at the hospital to keep me company until time for the surgery.



*Another Dimension*

Joyce and Ann brought their quilting with them. Joyce had just finished a quilt titled, *Another Dimension*, and was just getting started on a new one she would name *Wicker Baskets*.

Ann had brought her latest project along, a quilt she would call *Prairie Flower*. Ann had also brought along several quilt magazines and books. We were prepared for a good day of quilting and visiting.



*Prairie Flower*

A few days earlier Katie Snow and Nina Grimes had shown me how to make a tiny miniature quilt with embroidered hearts. I'd spent the last few days cutting and pressing tiny hearts and thinking about where each color and print should appear on the finished quilt. Then I pinned them in place on the muslin.

The bed was soon completely covered with all of our sewing stuff. Then, "My needle! I've lost my quilting needle," Joyce

exclaimed with a worried expression on her face.

"I think it's in the covers of mom's hospital bed," Ann said, and all of us started a search of the bedding for the missing needle, but to no avail. The needle was nowhere to be found.

There we were, the three of us in the hospital room, sewing up a storm. It wasn't long before the entire wing of the hospital knew about the bedside quilting bee. What fun!

People walking by pushing their IV stands ahead of them would peer in and watch the three of us talking and sewing. Pretty soon they, along with doctors, nurses, aides, attendants, the families of other patients, and even the maintenance people would stop by to look in or visit with us.

When Dr. Marvin Smith arrived to make his rounds that evening he was astonished at what he saw. He said he had never before encountered such a busy, happy, contented group in a hospital room. He stayed longer than usual to watch what we were doing.

Then Dr. Smith told us he was sorry, but an emergency heart operation with another patient would require my surgery to be put off for another day. "Okay," I said, adding that I would like to be the first surgery on Tuesday morning. He answered, "I'll see to it."

Monday went by like Sunday had, with Joyce, Ann, and Allen at my bedside. The bed was again covered with needles, thread, fabric scraps, thimbles, scissors, magazines and books.

Our room was a real attraction by now. Everyone in the coronary care unit knew

about us and stopped by to visit and look at our projects. My heart quilt was nearly half done and looking more and more like a miniature quilt. The nurses and doctors were really intrigued with it. "Imagine spending all this time," they would say, "working on a heart quilt while you're waiting to have your own heart fixed."

Before the sun was up Tuesday morning my family arrived to be with me before the operation. Joyce and Ann had their quilts to work on. Allen had brought along several magazines and papers to read.

When Dr. Smith stopped by my room he put his arm around me and said, "My dear ...." I interrupted him and said, "Oh no, not again!" He said, "we have another emergency, but we're going to do your surgery a little later in the day." Before he was out of the room, the bed was once again covered with our quilting items.

It was late afternoon when they finally came in to wheel me to the operating room. The last thing I remembered was seeing Joyce and Ann frantically tearing the bed apart in search of the missing needle. Just as they took me through the door Joyce called out, "I found it!" and the needle was no longer a worry.

As they put me to sleep I could imagine Allen, Joyce and Ann sitting in the waiting room waiting for me. What I didn't know was that almost as soon as they sat down, Joyce discovered she didn't have her little Gingham scissors. "Can you believe this?" she said, "I found the needle and now I can't find my Gingers."

Joyce and Ann left the waiting room and went back to my room. The laundry cart was still there, and to the amazement of the

hospital staff, they started going through the sheets and stuff in the cart.

Joyce thought the scissors might have been transferred from the bed to the gurney when they took me to the waiting room.

"Do we dare tell them?" asked Joyce. "I think we'd better," said Ann, "I don't think any of the doctors are going to expect mom to be taking her own pair of scissors into the operating room."

The next time the liaison nurse came out of the operating room Joyce and Ann told her that they may have lost a pair of tiny, but very sharp, scissors in their dear mother's bed. The nurse looked puzzled but said she would check it out. She later told us a search didn't turn up the lost scissors

When they returned to the waiting room, they found the scissors in the bottom of Ann's sewing basket.

The operation was a success, but I never doubted that it would be.

When I woke up after the surgery I could barely make out the faces of Allen and my daughters as I was still groggy from the anesthesia. They were quietly visiting with each other so I decided to break the mood. They didn't know I was awake when I asked, "Am I still here?"

I finished my tiny (17 by 16½ inches) heart quilt, and whenever I look at it I'm reminded of how fragile life is and how thankful I am to be alive and able to enjoy my family.





## 7

### My Life as a Coed

#### Reverie

It had been exactly 30 years since I last scampered through a school yard on my way to class, but there I was, scurrying across the beautiful Brigham Young University campus on my way to my first college class. The year was 1966 and the thought of going back to school was both exhilarating and scary.

As a young girl I attended Wasatch High School in Heber City, Utah, graduating in 1936. The school had been named for the rugged mountains that formed the southwest boundary of the valley where I lived.

As I have already written, I loved those mountains! They were the one constant for everyone who lived in the valley. Regardless of crop conditions, small-town disputes, heartbreaks, or politics, the mountains never changed. Rising nearly 5,000 feet above the valley they were like a mother hen hovering over her brood. They protected, offered encouragement, and provided a sense of direction. I have drawn strength from those mountains throughout my life.

During my childhood and adolescent years I watched the morning sun light up the eastern face of the mountains. Now, living on the other side of the mountains, I watch the evening sun throw its final rays of light against the mountain, often in shades of pink and purple and orange.

Where the mountains had been my boundary as a child, they were now less of a boundary and more of a landmark that served as a constant reminder of my roots. I have always felt safe whenever I am within view of Mt. Timpanogos, the most easily identifiable mountain of the Wasatch range.



I picked up the pace across the manicured grounds of the university. I was never late as a student at Wasatch High (well, now that I'm older I don't remember ever being late) and I didn't intend to break my perfect string of non-tardy days now, thirty years later.

I had been a good student in high school, but college represented a whole different level of expectations.

As I continued to walk toward the building where my first class would be taught, I experienced a feeling of panic, and my step slowed to a more thoughtful gait.

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Walking at a snail's pace, my head started playing those terrible *what if* games that fog the mind and create self-doubt.

What if I had the time wrong and class had already started? What if I found college too difficult and I couldn't make the grade? What if I couldn't remember how to study; or worse yet, if the stuff I studied wouldn't stay in my head long enough to pass a test? Would I be able to fit in with students half my age?

I stopped walking and stood still. I glanced at my watch and saw that I only had a minute or two before class would start. I remember looking at the crisscross of the sidewalks connecting the various buildings and thinking to myself that those sidewalks were like me, unsure of which direction to take.

The late sun caused long unfriendly shadows to jut out from everywhere, making the crosswalks look even more intimidating and confusing.

The textbook I was carrying suddenly felt extra heavy and overwhelming and the thought occurred to me that I should be home relaxing in my kitchen or reading a good book, not standing here in this strange environment.

I watched people come and go into the various buildings. A few couples strolled by hand-in-hand. I imagined most of these to be students in full control of their futures. As I stood there I was overcome with emotion.

At that moment I experienced the feeling one gets when the universe seems out of kilter. I felt small, insignificant, and alone.

The sun started to disappear behind the hills west of Utah Lake and I watched as it

threw a golden cloak over the shoulders of my dear friend, Mt. Timpanogos. The long, angular shadows from the buildings and trees disappeared and in their place the soft glow of the setting sun and the comforting feeling that the universe was back on track.

As suddenly as they had come over me, the negative feelings disappeared and I knew I was at the right place at the right time, but I was afraid I had dallied too long and I dreaded the thought of entering the classroom late.

I started walking, slowly at first but gaining momentum with every step. Before I knew it, I was in the building, finding my classroom, and seated before class had started.

I looked at my watch. It said I still had a minute or two before class time. I couldn't believe it! It was as if time had stood still awaiting the outcome of my personal crisis. And guess what, my non-tardy record was still intact.

From the moment I entered that classroom I never had another doubt about what I was doing. The only question was, "how long would it take me to finish." And back then, not even my mountain knew the answer to that question, but I can tell you now. It took me ten years. I graduated in the spring of 1976.



A view of part of the BYU campus.

## Ava Atwood Winterton



### How it all Started

So, how did all of this happen? What were the events that led up to my becoming a college student at the age of forty-eight? Here's the story.

In the fall of 1966 an article in the *Provo Herald* mentioned that Dr. Marian Bennion would be teaching a special workshop on home-canning. I have done a lot of canning over the years and I thought this would be a great opportunity to learn something new. And besides, I had never taken a college class so I thought it would be fun to sit in on one.

I drove to BYU to register for the class. I later learned from Dr. Bennion that the class

had been canceled for lack of interest. It seemed I had been the only person with enough interest to register.

I was so disappointed in the cancellation of the canning class and my opportunity to take a college class that I made up my mind I'd go to school anyway.

Without telling anyone in the family (I love secrets) I returned to the university and took the dreaded ACT exam!

Even the atmosphere for taking the ACT was intimidating. I entered a huge room through a large glass door and then went into a special room where I had to sit alone with nothing but a pencil, a pad of scratch paper, and the test booklet. It took at least forty-minutes for my poor brain to quit spinning so I could start thinking.

After spending most of the day pouring over the test and racking my brain trying to remember stuff long since learned and forgotten, or never learned at all, I went home. The test was so long, and there were so many questions that I didn't have a clue about, that I didn't feel the least bit confident about my chances of passing. So I kept my secret to myself.

My daughter Ann was thinking of entering BYU in the fall. She had taken the ACT and had already sent in her papers to apply for admission and was totally unaware that I had done the same.

I had almost forgotten about my application for admission when two letters arrived on the same day. One was addressed to Ava Winterton; the other to Ava Ann Winterton. Ann and I had been accepted to attend BYU the same day.



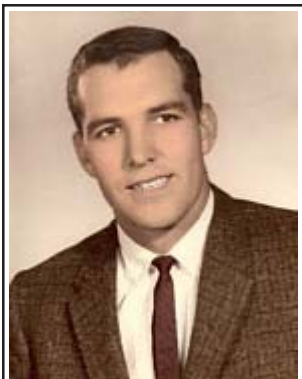
## Ava Atwood Winterton

When Ann came home from visiting a friend I asked her how she would like to go to school with her mother? She said she couldn't think of anything more special than that.

My family was surprised when I told them I had been accepted to BYU and that Ann and I were going to attend that great institution together.

None of them had suspected such a thing from their dear mother.

Joyce had attended BYU for a couple of years before falling in love and marrying (1960) Lynn Stewart of Payson, Utah, one of the fullbacks on BYU's football team. She had since settled into the role of homemaker.



Lynn J. Stewart, 1960.

Joyce and Lynn have five children, Susan Joy, Gregory Lynn, Shari Jo, Steven J., and Allen Glen.

Wayne received his bachelor's degree in 1963. He married Barbara Rae Bush that same year and they had two children, Tami Lyn and Sheri Ann, before they were divorced in 1970.

Now it was Ann's turn to go to college, but to have to do it with her mother on campus? That really takes a special kind of relationship! Alene was in junior high school. Her turn to go to college would come in a few years, so I decided this would be the best time for me to start.



Barbara Rae Bush Winterton, 1963.

### The Secret to My Success

Remember that first class that I was so worried about as I was hurrying across campus to avoid being late? It was a freshman English class taught by a young, handsome teacher that didn't seem any older than his students.

I enjoyed the class although it was very hard for me to write the weekly freshman English papers. I would write about something in as few words as I could. The teacher insisted that I include all of the details needed to make the story interesting. I learned so much about writing from this young man.

I loved the English teacher I had during my sophomore year. She was a tiny person from Australia and spoke with a delightful English accent.



Ava with the secret to her success, a book with everything she ever wanted to know about English, and a whole lot more.

## Ava Atwood Winterton

I wanted to excel in her class, but learning the parts of speech hadn't been easy for me in high school, and I sure hadn't spent any time over the last thirty years improving my knowledge of verbs, adverbs, and infinitives (split or otherwise).

Nell Madsen had been my high school English teacher in 1934. When I took her English class thirty-two years earlier I thought she was so old that she would never make it through the year. I ran into her several years ago and she is still alive and well.

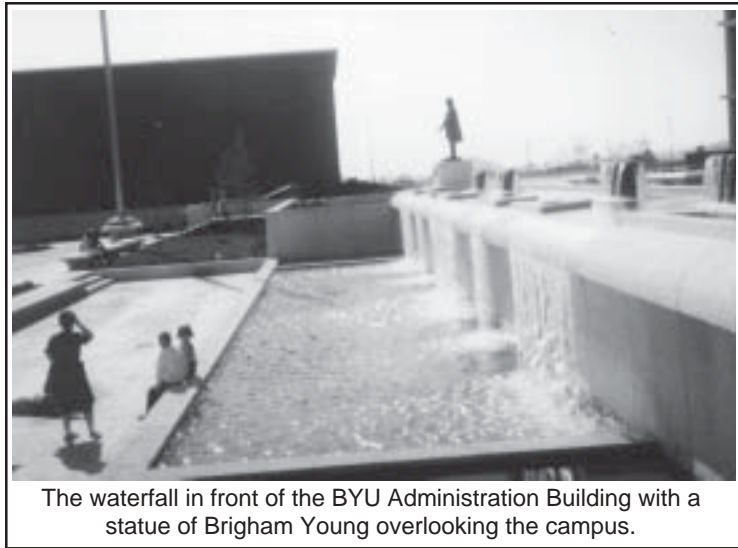
I'm going to share the secret to my success as far as college English was concerned.

The best investment I ever made was when I bought a book at the BYU Bookstore titled, *2000 Answers To Your Questions About English*. It was the answer to my prayers!

It was a programmed-study book, a concept entirely new to me. You read the question on one page and turned the page for an instant answer.

One evening while studying the book I came across the question, *What is a gerund?* "What an odd word," I thought. It sounded more like the name of a boy than a part of speech. I turned the page and there was the answer, "A gerund is a verb ending in 'ing'." Imagine that!

I dreamed about gerunds that night and thought what an unusual part of speech, why hadn't I ever heard of it before. I couldn't remember Nell Madsen ever teaching us about gerunds. Maybe they didn't worry about



The waterfall in front of the BYU Administration Building with a statue of Brigham Young overlooking the campus.

gerunds in 1934. I couldn't get the darn thing out of my mind.

The next day our teacher was reviewing the parts of speech. "Can anyone tell me what a gerund is?" she asked. My hand flew up so fast I didn't realize it had even left my side. I wanted to be the first to be called on. Not another person had raised their hand. Could it be I was the only one in the class to know what a gerund is?

"A gerund is a verb ending in 'ing'," I stated with authority. The rest of the students were dumbfounded!

A hush came over the room; I could feel the students looking at me. I imagined that they were thinking, "She must be a pretty smart cookie to know about gerunds." If only they knew the secret to my success.

That same evening my phone rang and one of the boys from the class asked if I could answer some questions for him. I had three other phone calls that evening from students in the class. Some of them wanted to know if I would meet with them before class and a

couple of them even came to my home before the end of the semester for help.

At home I kept the secret of my success near the telephone. I became so familiar with its contents that I could find answers to questions before the person on the phone had finished asking.

I was enjoying this new found role of English expert and I answered their questions as best I could, never letting on that I was only one step ahead. All of this because of my wonderful programmed English book.

Over the course of the next few weeks I devoured the book. I read every one of the 2,000 questions and answers and I loved every minute of it! I wondered why English had seemed such a boring class in high school and was such a fascinating subject now.

I discovered how powerful teaching is to the learning process. The more I helped others, the better I understood the information myself. So teaching my young friends was as much a benefit to me as it was to those I tried to help. I had heard this before but never really understood how true it was until I experienced it myself. This was one of the best truths I learned by going to college.

At the end of the semester my English teacher returned to Australia. She was a great teacher and I enjoyed her class.

### **Getting Religion from Holland**

Each semester Ann and I would register together for classes. One time shortly after the beginning of a semester Ann told me she was disappointed in her religion class.

“Oh, you should see what a wonderful teacher I have for my religion class,” I said.



“He is young, handsome and full of fun.” I suggested she drop her class and sign up for mine. I doubted she would do it. After all, what young student would want to attend the same class with their mother, but Ann said, “I think I’ll try your class.”

We attended the class religiously, no pun intended. It was a class called, *The Letters of Paul*. The instructor was a fabulous first year teacher by the name of Jeffrey Holland.

We loved his delightful way of teaching and his wonderful sense of humor. Years later he became president of BYU and afterward one of the apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

What a thrill it is to have known him as my teacher. His talks at conference time are always my favorites.



## Ava Atwood Winterton

On the second or third day of class when Brother Holland received the official computer printout of students, he started class by saying, “There has been a computer mistake. One of our students is listed twice.”

“Is there an Ava Winterton in this class,” he asked.

“Yes,” I replied, “and my daughter Ava Ann is here too.”

“Well,” he said, “I guess that takes the computer off the hook, but I’m amazed that a daughter would like to attend class with her mother.”

We laughed and told him that we have always enjoyed doing things together.

The next day Brother Holland asked Ann to lead the singing. The song was, *Oh How Lovely Was The Morning*. Ann was such a petite girl that Brother Holland lifted her up on a chair and remarked, “You are so tiny they will never see you in the back row.”

### Boy Meets Girl

One tall, good-looking blond boy in the back row did notice sprite-sized Ann in that class. His name was Richard Seely and he asked if he could walk her to her next class. She said yes.

I watched as Ann and her new friend leisurely strolled over to the Wilkinson Center where they sat and shared a soft-drink at the cafeteria or relaxed at one of the many alcoves lined with chairs and couches.

After our next class together, I told Ann I had to hurry to my next class and I wouldn’t have time to wait for her. I planned to make a quick exit every day and being a good mother, I stuck to my plan.



Ann and Richard's courtship at BYU turned serious and they were married in 1969. Here they are with Allen and myself at their wedding reception in our backyard.

Although he never said so, I’m sure Richard appreciated my hasty departures every day. The way they looked at each other told me they needed time alone.

It wasn’t long before they were dating and had become inseparable companions. They later married and have raised a wonderful family.

### Dogs and Rats and Human Behavior

One of the required freshman classes was sociology. Having to study about Freud and his conditioned dogs and rats made me uncomfortable. I thought that such emphasis on dogs and rats and mazes was pure silliness.

The more I studied about Freud and his animals the more I began to feel as though everyone at school was on a fast track in a rat-race, myself included.

## Ava Atwood Winterton

Hurry to class, run to the library, dash to the Wilkinson Center, race to the parking lot. It seemed like a mad rat-race of human beings during class breaks and the sidewalks were so crowded.

At first, it seemed to me that the teacher and the textbook readings were not in tune with everyday life. But as I continued to learn and try to see things from the teacher's point-of-view, the more things began to fit together.

The class became more interesting as we got into the study of how each person is truly unique and that it is our differences that make us who we are. I was finally able to see how sociology and research into human behavior provided valuable insight into why people do what they do.

I think we would make less mistakes in our lives if we better understood what makes ourselves and others tick.

### History Can Be Embarrassing!

I usually ate lunch at the Wilkinson Center Cafeteria, especially when they served corn chowder. They made the best corn chowder!

One cold day I decided to take my lunch to class with me so I wouldn't have to slosh through the ice and snow from the McKay building to the Wilkinson Center.

I fixed some bread, spread with soft cream cheese, grabbed a banana and a pint bottle of my delicious home-canned grape juice. The grape juice was made from our own Concord grapes. Then I headed for school.

The classroom was a theater-style room with a long sloping concrete floor and rows and rows of seats. The other students called it "the pit," but I never liked that word so I



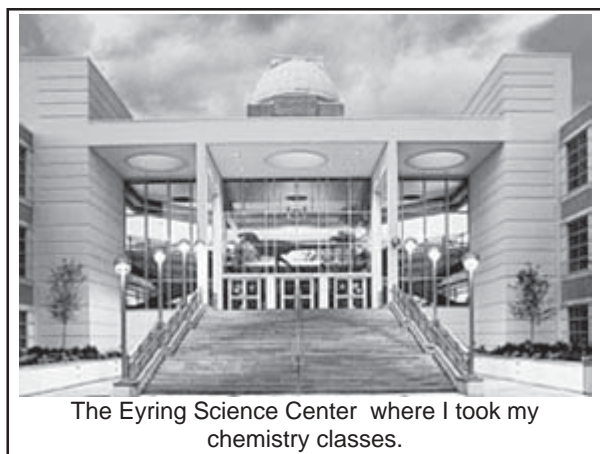
I loved my years as a college coed!

never used it. I opened my bottle of grape juice and took a sip and then sat it and the rest of my lunch under my seat.

The teacher began his lesson on the Civil War. I got caught up in the class and without thinking about my grape juice and lunch, I moved my foot ever so slightly. It was just enough to send the opened bottle of deep purple grape juice on a collision-course with the instructor.

Imagine the sound of the bottle rolling first one way, then the other, as it made its way to the front of the classroom. Like a guilty kid, I sat as quietly as possible and closed my eyes at the expected moment that the bottle would exit the front row and roll toward the instructor.

The grape juice left a long purple trail on the floor under fifteen rows of seats and stopped mere inches short of the instructor's shoes. He looked down at the errant bottle,



The Eyring Science Center where I took my chemistry classes.

but bless his heart, he went on with class as though nothing had happened.

After class I owned up to being the culprit and found a janitor to help me clean up the mess. Luckily there was no carpeting to be permanently stained, only concrete, and we were able to get it looking pretty good.

#### **Bunsen Burners and Erlenmeyer Flasks**

In order to obtain a Bachelor of Science degree in Foods and Nutrition a student must have 15 hours of chemistry. Just like others not particularly adept at science, I found those chemistry classes difficult and demanding. I really had to study hard to pass those classes.

I took most of those chemistry classes during my senior year, which made my senior year a very busy and interesting one. The chemistry laboratories were located on the top floor of the Eyring Science Center. In the lab, each student was assigned a long counter.

I was fascinated by all the shining beakers and glass containers and the measuring cups of various sizes. There was a tiny gas Bunsen burner in which a mixture of gas and air is burned at the top end of a short metal tube. It produces a very hot flame. It is lighted with the flicker of a match.

The thought of studying chemistry was intimidating, so I decided to think about the subject in my own way. When I saw the Bunsen burner with its flickering flame, I thought, “what a wonderful little cooking stove! This looks like fun!” I felt that this helped to alleviate some of my anxieties.

The most intriguing thing to me about the chemistry lab was the constant tiny stream of water that ran along the back of the counter top. Here one could quickly and easily dispose of any chemical waste during the day. What a wonderful idea!

One side of the room was partitioned off. It was here where all of the acids, bases, and other chemicals were stored. The cutest and tiniest scales you could imagine were kept under a glass cover near the chemical supply area. With those scales you could weigh out small amounts of chemicals needed for an experiment.

The days that we made something interesting in class I would take it home and put it on the table while we were eating supper.

The family enjoyed my projects and explanations until the time I presented dinner alongside a container of hydrogen sulfide, better known by its common name, “rotten-egg gas.” Allen and the girls said there was a limit to the amount of education we needed to experience at the dinner table.

The day we made aspirin I asked the professor if I could take mine home. He said he hadn’t known of any students desiring to take anything home that they had made in class. If I wanted to take it home it was fine with him.



## Ava Atwood Winterton

I was almost always the first to arrive and the last to leave. All of the students were expected to clean up after class, and they did. But I loved to spend time shining and polishing my beautiful glassware, my trough, and even my Bunsen burner. After all, I thought of the lab as a kitchen and I wanted things spotless.

We had nice cupboards and drawers for all of our equipment. In a way it reminded me of the food and nutrition laboratory.

One spring day as the semester was coming to an end one of the students from my chemistry class approached me. I was busy polishing my equipment and putting things away when he started talking to me about some personal concerns.

“I’m worried about my grades in this class,” he said, “I’m sure that I am going to fail and that means that I’ll have to repeat the class. It wouldn’t help me though as I know I’d never make it through a second time.”

“I’m sorry,” I answered, “you seem to be doing fine.” Then I asked, “How do you know that you have a failing grade?” “I don’t know,” he replied, “I just feel like I’m not understanding the class well enough to be able to pass the final exam.”

This revelation from this young man came as a complete surprise to me. I was stunned. It never occurred to me that someone should be concerned with failing or having to repeat a class. I had never thought about such a thing for myself.

I did my best to offer encouragement, but after he left I began to feel uneasy and worried. If that young man wasn’t going to make it through the class then how would I ever make it through?

The conversation with the young man haunted me for several days. Finally, I decided to set my mind at rest. I waited around until most of the students left then I walked up to the professor’s desk.

“Can I can find out about my grade for this semester?” I asked. He just stood there and looked at me for the longest time.

“Yes,” he finally answered, “It’s all here in this book. Let’s take a look.”

After looking through the alphabet he came to the letter W. He paused for a long time, then he looked at me and said, “Well, it looks like you have an ‘A’ for the class.”

“How could that possibly be?” I said, “Me with an ‘A’ in my senior chemistry class. It’s a miracle.” Then the professor put his hand on my shoulder and said, “My dear, it isn’t a miracle. You did it with your enthusiasm and desire to learn.”

I think he meant I may not have been the class genius, but he found it in his heart to



None of my college experience would have been possible without the love and support of Allen. He encouraged me, put up with my late hours of studying, and always provided emotional support.

## Ava Atwood Winterton

reward me for having the cleanest flasks and best polished beakers on the planet.

One Friday afternoon I ran up the granite steps to the top floor of the Eyring Science Center. Many of the students were sitting on the floor outside the classroom visiting with each other. They were all laughing and joking and sounding so happy.

I asked them why they were so jovial this particular day. “Hey guys, Sister Winterton doesn’t know what’s so great about Fridays.” They said that it was because they didn’t have to go to school on Saturday or Sunday.

They found it hard to believe that I would be happy to come to school everyday. That was the truth because the days I spent at BYU were among the happiest of my life. I loved being on campus. I loved the young people, and I enjoyed studying and learning new things every day.

### On Being the Campus Mom

One day about Thanksgiving time I was attending a lecture at the Marriott Center. A young boy asked if he could sit by me. “I’d be delighted,” I said.

“Well,” he went on, “ You look a little like my mom and I’m kind of lonesome.”

We visited and I encouraged him to stick with his education and after the lecture we went our own ways.

I wonder, sometimes, about the many students whose paths crossed mine. Some seemed unsure why they were there. This was never a problem for me. I knew why I was there. I never saw that young man again but he needed someone to talk to who looked like his mom and that was me.



Alene Winterton, 1971.

On another occasion, there was a fellow in my senior physiology class that needed some help. We were studying about plants and animals. The course required that we dissect frogs and cats to see how the parts fit together and to learn about how the blood flows through the veins and arteries.

He was a member of the BYU gymnastics team, but he was only interested in the development of body strength and agility. He needed the class and the credits to graduate, but he didn’t want to take the time to study.

He would come to class everyday about ten minutes early and asked if I would give him a quick review of the things I had studied the night before, which I did, and I was surprised at how quickly I learned about the muscles and circulatory system.

Here is another of those wonderful truths I learned from my college experience. I discovered that the best way to learn something yourself is to study it as if you were going to have to teach it to someone else. That’s exactly what I did. The young man on the gymnastics team never knew how much he helped me to pass that class.

There was a cadaver in the classroom that we used to study different parts of the body. We saw a section of a smoker's lung compared to the tissue from a healthy lung. It clearly showed how brown the smoker's lung had become and how clear the nonsmoker's lung had remained. It made quite an impression on me and I was thankful I didn't smoke.

### **Why Students Study in Stairwells (and other strange places)**

One day a male freshman student asked me if I would help him get started with his English writing class project.

It seemed there was always a student wanting my help. I guess they thought I had more knowledge and insight than they did, just because I was older. I never told them any different. Some things are best kept a secret.

I've decided there's a lot of truth to the old saying that "to learn something well, try teaching it to someone else." I don't know if that's really an old saying, but if it isn't, it should be.

Back to the freshman student and his English project. We decided it would be best to go to a study room in the library where it would be quiet and we wouldn't be disturbed. In order to have access to a study room we needed permission from the librarian at the front desk.

We inquired of the librarian if we could schedule a room for one o'clock. She told us that would be impossible.

"Perhaps we could reserve a room for four o'clock then," we asked politely.



Alene showing me her school work, 1962.

"That's out of the question," she replied without any explanation. "Then what time can we schedule one?" we asked.

"I cannot schedule one for you," she stated without any emotion or explanation.

"Why not," we pressed. "I just cannot permit it," she replied.

I was getting frustrated so I said to the librarian, "This is really ridiculous. All we need is a quiet place so we can study for an English class."

"Well, you can't have a study room here," she stated, emphatically this time in a tone that said she wasn't going to budge from her position. I decided we were at least entitled to an explanation for her refusal, so I asked her to explain the problem with our request.

She said, "Because you're a girl and he's a boy and you can't have a private study room."

I looked at the librarian, then I looked at the young man. He looked like he had been struck between the eyes with a hammer. And then the two of us began to laugh.





Do you really think I'm hoeing the furrow with Allen wearing this nice dress? I'm probably going shopping and couldn't pass up this opportunity to have my picture taken with Allen, 1961.

That silly librarian never cracked a smile. My own son was nearly twice the age of the freshman student who was seeking my help. Surely the librarian could see by our age differences that our request didn't include romantic intentions.

But rules were rules so we walked around until we found a seldom used stairwell in the library where we sat and discussed his writing project.

Looking back, I'll bet that same stairwell has served admirably over the years as a safe alternative to the "no study room" for many students whose intellectual pursuit might have included a little hand-holding.

But for a fifty-plus mother of four and a 17 year-old freshman worried about how to begin an English writing project. Well, the two of us really enjoyed a good laugh.

### **My Niche: Food and Nutrition**

My food and nutrition classes were the ones I enjoyed the most. In many ways studying about food and nutrition is about as difficult as studying chemistry and physics,

but because of my interest in the subject, I enjoyed them more.

I remember one particular final exam for a foods and nutrition class during my final year. I usually did well in these classes and I took a great deal of pride in being one of the top students.

I had spent countless hours in review for the final exam. I read every chapter very carefully. I felt well prepared.

It is a pleasant challenge to take a final examination when you have done everything possible to be qualified and ready for the test. I filled in all the blanks, marked the true and false, finished the essay questions and then I came across a real problem.

"What is the meaning of the word *jambon*?" the question asked.

I'd never seen nor heard of the word and it definitely wasn't a gerund. I knew my gerunds! I couldn't remember ever seeing *jambon* in the text book and I knew I had never included the word in any of my notes.

I finished everything else on the test and then just sat and stared at that strange word, *jambon --- jambon --- jambon*.

I told the instructor I couldn't complete my examination because of this one word. She suggested that I repeat the word often and over and over and maybe the meaning would come to me. "*jambon, jambon,*" I said to myself. But I was at a complete loss.

I had absolutely no idea what a *jambon* could be.



Nell Pearce (my sister) and myself in the kitchen.

This was one of the few times that I just gave up. I placed the test on the teacher's desk and left the room. When my test was returned the question about "*jambon*" was the only one I had missed.

I found I could miss a question or two from my chemistry and physics classes and not feel particularly bad about it, but it was definitely disconcerting to miss even one question from a foods and nutrition exam.

By the way, the word *jambon* is the French equivalent for *hambone*.

Our Foods Laboratory class was four hours long, three times a week. We were required to follow recipes, devise new recipes, plan menus, and cook meals.

These classes were very enjoyable for me. Each day was different and it was a challenge to do various and unusual planning projects.

Some days were spent making food items that were plain, simple, and tasty as everyday fare. Others were spent devising new and different food preparation and cooking

techniques. Our teacher was very demanding.

The day we made jams and jellies was a total disaster for me. In spite of all I could do my jelly remained as liquid as a glass of punch. The teacher came by and gave both me and my jelly a look of disgust.

I reminded myself that I had made jelly at home for my family for 25 to 30 years. It always jelled and everyone enjoyed my many varieties on big slices of homemade bread. But no such luck this day and I still have no idea why I had such trouble.

The day we made bread was a different story. I must take a moment here to tell you my bread story.

The loaves that I baked at home always had split sides and bumpy tops. The taste was delicious but I wanted to make a pretty loaf of bread. I began to read all the cookbooks I could find. I even sent for a Fleischmann's Yeast brochure on bread baking.

I made a single loaf of bread every day for five years. Allen used to tell me his mother baked six or eight loaves every other day plus biscuits. I only wanted to make one loaf.

When my friend Margaret Simmons and I would go to Provo shopping, I would carry my dough in the car with us and check it out once in awhile and knead it down when it needed it. One recipe book stated that it didn't matter how long your dough stood as long as you kept kneading it down.

I tried putting the dough in a Styrofoam picnic container so it would be in a dark place.

## Ava Atwood Winterton



Allen and Ava, 1965

One cookbook said that dough should be kept in a dark, warm place. On a cold day I would place it near the heat vent in the kitchen.

After baking a loaf of bread each day for years my family would only eat bread as it came fresh from the oven. As soon as it cooled they thought it was old.

One time Margaret and her children, John and Marcia, were coming from Cortez, Colorado, to visit for a few days. A truck driver friend of her family was coming this way and he told Margaret they could ride to Utah with him.

I had no idea they were coming.

During the drive Margaret kept telling the truck driver that when they arrived at my house there would be some fresh homemade bread. Of that she was absolutely confident.

When the truck pulled into our driveway I raced out of the house and said, "Oh Margaret, I'm so glad you are here. Come in, I'm just ready to take the bread out of the oven."

Margaret and her children and the truck driver came into the kitchen. I opened the

oven door, popped the bread out of the oven, served it with butter and honey and they sat down and devoured it.

After about four years of baking a loaf of bread every day I was beginning to make a pretty loaf of bread. I don't mean that it just tasted good, because it did, but they were becoming culinary works of art. Perfectly shaped and evenly baked.

I was asked to make a perfect loaf of bread for display at the Relief Society Building in Salt Lake City. The display was in connection with the General Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

I made several loaves of bread and then chose the best one to send to Salt Lake City for display.

For five years I had made a loaf of bread every day and biscuits on Sunday. I felt confident I could make a pretty loaf of bread.

When class began that day in March I was well prepared.

I began to mix my bread at my counter. The professor didn't give me a second glance. She was busy watching what the other students were doing. What a mess those young girls were making!

Most of them had never kneaded bread before. They were up to their elbows in sticky dough and flour. I mixed my ingredients, kneaded the dough, let it rise and began putting the loaf in the pan.

I had learned by experience that to make my loaves even on the edges you had to put the dough in the pan and gently press the dough over to one edge of the pan.



## Ava Atwood Winterton

To have the top come out at just the right height and be smooth you must put the loaf in the oven at the exact moment that it is raised slightly with the edges of the pan. I was very precise and correct in my baking procedure that day. My loaf turned out perfect!

I placed my loaf on a cooling rack and turned my attention to my laboratory note book to fill out the notations and statements required for the days activities.

The teacher was going by each table judging the loaves and giving suggestions. As she approached my corner I glanced up to see her coming my way.

She grabbed my loaf of bread, dashed out the door, and ran down the hall. I was expecting her to stop and comment on the loaf of bread but she left without saying a word. I sat there fully expecting her to return at any moment.



Ava in one of the food preparation classrooms.

She never returned to class that day and that was the last I saw of that loaf of bread. She never mentioned the incident to me, and I don't know where she took it or why. I have designated this event as one of the great mysteries of the universe.

When grades were posted on her door at the end of the semester I had earned an A.

One of the projects for our finals in my chemistry class was to demonstrate a chemical formula and present the results to the class.

We worked in groups of students. My group consisted of three boys and myself. There were few girls in the class. The boys selected me as the spokesperson and we all worked together to complete the project. Work on the project lasted two weeks.

At one end of the chemistry classroom was a raised platform with an overhead mirror like the one used in the food laboratory. In

### BYU Bread

Ava Winterton

#### Ingredients:

<b>Flour:</b> 2½ cups	<b>Water:</b> 1 cup
<b>Yeast:</b> 1 yeast cake	<b>Salt:</b> 1½ tsp
<b>Sugar:</b> 1½ tbsp	<b>Short'ng:</b> 1½ tbsp

Place all ingredients in a bowl and mix into a soft dough using a knife.

Put on a lightly floured bread board and knead until the gluten is well developed (at least 10 minutes). Can be kneaded in an electric mixer.

Place dough in bowl and allow to rise until double in bulk.

Shape into a loaf and place in a lightly oiled pan and set in a warm place away from any draft until the loaf reaches the top of the pan.

Place in preheated oven, 350 to 375 degrees and bake for 45 minutes.

When done, remove from oven and cool on a rack.



I've just finished icing a cake - 1970.

my mind, Bunsen burners and flasks were simply stoves and cookware for learning chemistry. In this way I could think about chemistry without the initial intimidation I had felt.

I was used to giving food demonstrations. I had presented classes to Relief Societies, civic groups, schools and clubs for years. These opportunities had given me the confidence to speak in front of people so other than the normal butterflies that flutter just before speaking, I looked forward to being the spokesperson for my group.

I even wore one of my pretty white pinafores that day.

I can no longer remember the project or the findings, but I recall the boys invited me to join them at the Wilkinson Center where,

besides being treated like a queen, they treated me to an ice cream cone for my efforts.

One of the projects I was assigned for my food science class was to perfect and prepare recipes using purple plums and Italian prunes.

Brigham Young University had a large plum and prune farm near the Idaho border. They needed to publish a pamphlet using new and innovative plum and prune recipes.

Early each morning I would go into the laboratory and stir up some new concoction, or devise an unusual recipe using fruit from my large five gallon containers of purple plums and beautiful large juicy Italian prunes.

I made cakes, cookies, puddings, jam, jellies, sauces, drinks, dips and all sorts of odd, extraordinary, and exciting things. Also some plain everyday good old-fashioned home-cooking.

Often, some of the faculty members would come in for a tasting session. Only a few of my recipes were developed in the laboratory and printed for use in the pamphlet. One recipe that they used was my Plum Sauce Spareribs. I was particularly fond of this recipe and everyone seemed to enjoy it.

One of the students in the class was working on a special project at the same time that I was thinking up ideas about plums and prunes.



Author Dian Thomas

Her name was Dian Thomas. Dian's project was preparation of foods in the out-of-doors. We became very good friends.

Her parents were forest rangers so she had spent most of her summers in National Forest campgrounds.

Dian's project turned out really well and her work became a book that was on the national best-seller list for a long time. Dian has published several additional books since. Her best-known books are: *Roughing it Easy*

and *Roughing it Easy II*.



Richard Dale Seely, 1969.

My friend Dian became a well-known radio and TV personality.

#### Going to School with Ann and Alene

One of the things that I enjoyed most about going to college was being able to attend with two of my daughters.

At first I attended with Ann, but she fell in love with Richard Seely, got married (1969), and left school to raise a family.

She and Richard have three wonderful boys, Michael Scott, David John, and Steven William.

Alene graduated from high school in 1971 and enrolled at BYU that same year.

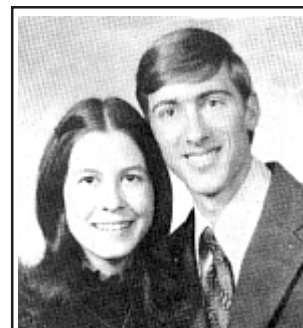
We didn't see each other very often as I was a junior at the time studying zoology, French, chemistry, and my food science classes. Alene was taking English, history, and other freshman activities.

Although we lived only ten minutes from BYU, Alene decided to live closer to campus. It would be a new experience for her. Some of her high school friends decided to move into apartments in Provo and Alene decided to do the same.

Alene and her friends met frequently at a table in the center of the Wilkinson Center Cafeteria for lunch. They became so attached to that table that they claimed it for their own.

Since I could depend on always finding Alene at her table during the lunch hour, I generally stopped by to say hello and see how things were going. She always seemed proud to introduce me to her many friends and her friends were always so cordial to me. It was things like this that made going to school so much fun every day.

Alene's apartment was located near the Utah Technical College and it was here that she met a nice young man from Las Vegas, Nevada, by the name of Donald Brent Neilson. It wasn't long before they started dating, became serious, got engaged and then married.



Alene and Brent Neilson  
1973

When Brent (he never used Donald) finished his education at Utah Tech, they moved to Las Vegas and have lived there ever since. They have three lovely daughters, Kristina Lee, Karen Lynn, and Leslie Ann.

After Alene's marriage and move to Nevada I was once again in college by myself so I just kept going.



### My Final Project

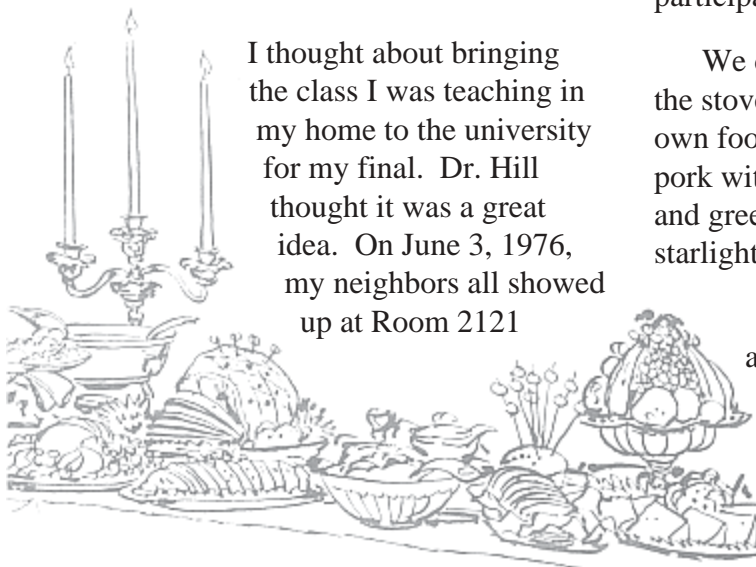
My final senior assignment was to complete a project of my own, different from any of my classmates. Each student was required to do a research paper for the semester.

After much deliberation and careful thought and planning I wrote up my schedule for the semester and submitted it to Dr. Marian Bennion for her approval.

I planned to have my neighbors attend a Foods and Nutrition Diet Class for the semester. I contacted each neighbor and signed them up for an eight week class to be held in my home each Tuesday morning. I prepared and presented a new lesson each week. Each lady agreed to be weighed each morning. I weighed 114 pounds at the time.

Some of the ladies were hesitant and worried about getting on the scales but like good sports they all participated. We each went in the kitchen to be weighed away from the others.

I thought about bringing the class I was teaching in my home to the university for my final. Dr. Hill thought it was a great idea. On June 3, 1976, my neighbors all showed up at Room 2121



**GOURMET COOKING**

Preparing good food is an art. Many people tend to rush in and out of the kitchen to prepare dishes that can be made quickly. Preparation of good food, however, requires time, skill, and patience; the results mean the difference between mere eating to exist and the satisfaction derived from one of the major pleasures of life. Gourmet Cooking will give you the skill to prepare the most exquisite food in the world for your family.

**INSTRUCTOR**

Ava Winterton has been cooking professionally and demonstrating foods for the past fifteen years. Since studying at Brigham Young University, she has given food demonstrations in Salt Lake City and Utah County to church and civic groups as well as to BYU's Food Science and Nutrition Department.

**COURSE OUTLINE**

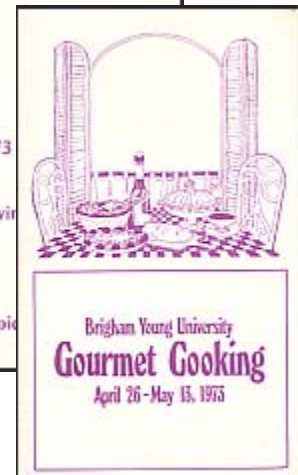
This course will be taught on a demonstration format. Ava Winterton will discuss the following topics:

Fondue	Souffles
Seafoods	Crepes
Filet Mignon	Soups
Sauces	

**DATES:** April 26 - May 31, 1973  
**DAYS:** Thursdays  
**TIME:** 8:00-9:30 p.m.  
**PLACE:** 2121 Smith Family Living Center  
**TUITION:** \$30  
**INSTRUCTOR:** Ava Winterton

Enrollment is limited so register early to avoid disappointments.

The cover and information about the Gourmet Cooking class I taught in 1973.



of the Smith Family Living Center to participate in this phase of my project.

We cooked our dinner right there with all the stoves and equipment. We brought our own food. We cooked a large crown roast of pork with paper frills on it, plus vegetables and green salad. We had limeade and a starlight ice cream bombe.

It was a delightful warm spring day and we ate our lunch out on the patio. It was so pleasant there on the campus. The ladies loved every minute of it. In the class I gave suggestions on the benefits of walking, bicycling, and swimming.

## Ava Atwood Winterton

After the eight week period each neighbor signed a written statement that they had participated in my fitness program.

I wrote my research paper about each person's health, weight, and the benefits from attending the class. We had a fun time getting together for those weekly sessions.

I presented my paper to Dr. Bennion. After it was approved she said to me, "Ava, you are now ready for graduation; you have completed all of the requirements for your diploma from Brigham Young University. The faculty and staff are proud of your accomplishment and we hope you have enjoyed your education. We have had a good relationship while you have been here. I hope you will do wonderful things with your knowledge after leaving here."

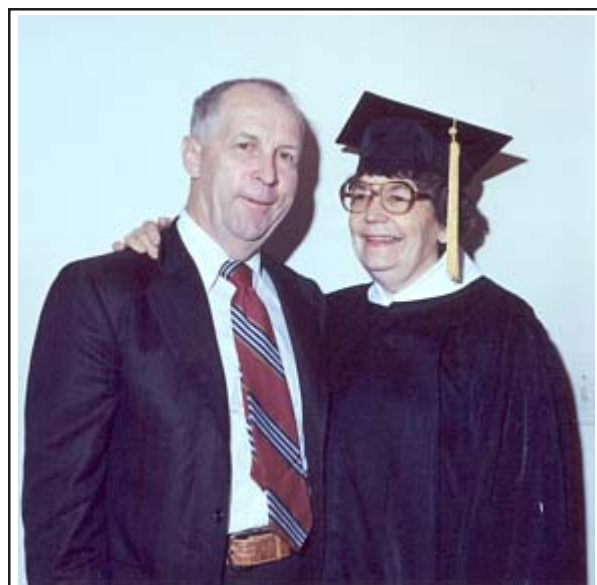
I told her I had loved every minute of being on this beautiful campus and of having good teachers like her even though I struggled at times with chemistry, physics, and worst of all, my least favorite of all of my college classes, the dreaded volleyball!

I ordered my cap and gown!

### Graduation at Last!

During my senior year I was very busy with my studies. My son Wayne was also busy with his studies at the University of New Mexico where he was about to be awarded a doctorate. We looked forward to graduating within days of each other.

Our telephone conversations consisted of sharing what each of us were



Allen and Ava on the day of graduation, 1976.

doing to get ready to graduate. Everything got more and more exciting as we got closer to that magic day.

Our graduation dates were very close together with the University of New Mexico holding its graduation exercises about a week before Brigham Young University. Allen and I traveled to Albuquerque to see Wayne put on his cap and gown and walk the processional to receive his doctorate.

It was a quick trip but it was nice to attend his graduation and visit with his family.

In 1970 Wayne married Caroline Finley. They had one daughter, Jana Lee, at the time of our dual graduations. Two years later they had a son, William Wayne. In 1996, Wayne and Caroline divorced.

Wayne told us that Jana wore his tassel hooked to her



Wayne Winterton with daughters Tami and Sheri - 1976.

## Ava Atwood Winterton



**Graduation Day - 1976**

First row: Shari Stewart with hands folded, Michael Seely, Jana Winterton, Steven Stewart.

Second row: Susan Stewart, Joyce Stewart, Lynn Stewart holding son Allen, Allen and Ava, Ann Seely, Caroline Winterton, and Greg Stewart.

ear for a week after graduation. Dr. Wayne Allen Winterton, my goodness, I was so proud of him!

After our trip, Wayne and his family traveled to Orem to see me put on my cap and gown and walk across the stage of the Marriott Center to receive my Bachelor of Science degree.

My degree was presented to me by Elder Boyd K. Packer of the Council of Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It was a dream come true. I had finally earned a Bachelor of Science degree. What an achievement.

I was now fifty-eight years old and it had taken me ten years to complete my studies.

I interrupted school periodically to help with nine grandchildren. I stayed with each family to help take care of the tiny babies, something I dearly love to do.

What a great celebration we had with all of our family at home. I told every one that I wanted to keep my cap and gown so I could parade around in it for awhile.

Things quieted down after everyone left for their homes. It was springtime and the yard and garden were just beginning to blossom and become green and pretty.

**“Hello. This is Dr. Johnson.”**

I hardly had time to take a breath after graduating when the telephone rang. “Hello. This is Dr. Hal Johnson from Brigham Young University. How are you today?”

“Oh, I’m just fine Dr. Johnson.”

“I’m calling to ask if you would like to come teach at the university this summer,” Dr. Johnson asked.

“I’d be delighted, but I must run to the garden and ask my husband if it would be all right with him,” I replied. Dr. Johnson said he didn’t mind waiting.

I hurried outside and called to Allen who was busy planting tomatoes in the garden. I told him that Dr. Johnson was on the phone



Allen’s garden with our home taken in 1966. If you look closely you can see me near the back door.



## Ava Atwood Winterton



and wanted to know if I could teach at the university this summer. Allen smiled and said it was fine with him if I wanted to do it.

I picked up the phone. “Dr. Johnson, I would love to come teach this summer but how come you’re asking me when there are so many young ladies who qualify for the job?”

“Well,” said Dr. Johnson, “we do have several people who have recently graduated and who can cook very well, and we have several who can talk very well, but we need someone who can cook and talk at the same time and you’re our first choice.” He finished by asking if I could meet with him in his office in the morning. I told him I’d be there.

Such excitement and something I had never expected.

One of the questions my friends, club girls, and relatives had been asking me ever since I started school was, “what do you plan to do after you graduate.” I had never concerned myself with such a question. Allen

and I had never even talked about me doing anything after I graduated. The fun for me was in getting the education.

I was in Dr. Johnson’s office bright and early the next morning. He gave me some forms to complete, then he handed me a text book titled, Meal Management by Kinder.

I was so excited. I was assigned a room for my lecture and the use of Room 2121, better known as the Mary W. Hunt dining room and accompanying patio.

The dining room is one of the prettiest rooms on campus. Huge windows on the north side of the room provide a magnificent view of beautiful Mt. Timpanogos. On the east side of the room are more windows, this time overlooking the campus and the part of the mountain with the big block “Y” on the side.

I purchased some white uniforms, some other new clothes, and a hairnet and started to prepare for my first class. Before I knew it, I had typed up six pages of notes and knew exactly what I was going to do. But the more I thought about being in front of a college class the more nervous I became.

The Sunday night before my first class Allen and I rode over to the campus to hear a talk by Elder Sterling W. Sill, one of the apostles of the Mormon church. I guess I don’t remember much of what he said because I was so impressed with his ability to talk without any notes.

I decided about midway through Elder Sill’s talk that I was going to give my lecture in the morning without benefit of notes.

I was up early Monday morning and pulled into the parking lot at the “Y” long

## Ava Atwood Winterton

before I usually arrived. I was nervous and anxious for it to go well.

I kept telling myself that I had been reading and studying about food and nutrition for ten years, but most of all I wanted to present myself before the students in the same way Elder Sill had presented himself to his audience.

I gave the entire one hour lecture without looking at a single note or opening a book.

Perhaps the best reward for my efforts came from one of the girls in the class that came up to me afterwards. She told me, quite matter-of-factly, that my lecture was worth getting up and coming to school early.

I had survived my first day as a college instructor, and it felt good.

But things didn't always run as smoothly as they did on that first day.

### When Things Don't Go Right

On the second morning I again left home early. This time to prepare for my class on making Crepes Suzettes. Alas, the doors to the laboratory were locked.

I set my beautiful copper kettle (the one with the sterling silver lining), a glass jar full of dried fruit, my text books, some class papers, and my rollbook on a desk and went the length of the building to find someone who could unlock the doors. Finally, the laboratory was open.

When I returned to the lecture room everything was gone. My copper pan, the dried fruit, books, papers, everything! I knew in the pit of my stomach what had happened. During the night and early morning a cleaning

### Les Crepes

Ava Winterton

#### Ingredients:

Flour:	2¼ cups	Salt:	½ teaspoon
Milk:	2 cups	Sugar:	2 tablespoons
Eggs:	4 unbeaten	Vanilla:	2 tablespoons

Put all ingredients in bowl. Beat eggs with an egg beater. Melt one tablespoon of butter in a fry pan. Add one-third cup batter to pan. Push dough out of center toward outside edges of pan with a spoon. Cook until light brown and edges begin to curl. Flip over and cook on other side.

Serve with jam or sugar, or peanut butter and honey. Dough can be prepared the night before and refrigerated.

### Filling for Crepes

Ava Winterton

#### Ingredients:

Cottage cheese: 1 cup (small curd)  
Sour cream: 1/3 cup  
Sugar: 3 tablespoons

Combine cottage cheese, sour cream and sugar. Place 1 heaping tablespoon of filling into each crepe. Roll and place in an oven-proof dish. Heat in oven at 325 degrees for 10 minutes. Crepes can also be placed in a chafing dish to keep warm until served.

### Sauce for Crepes

Ava Winterton

#### Ingredients:

Pitted dark sweet cherries: 1 17-oz can  
Sugar: 2 tablespoons  
Cornstarch: 1 tablespoon  
Lemon juice: 1 tablespoon  
Red cake coloring

Drain cherries, save the juice. In a saucepan combine the syrup from the cherries, sugar, cornstarch, and lemon juice. Stir until the cornstarch is dissolved. Cook, stirring constantly until thick. Add cherries.

Serve warm over filled crepes. Fills about 12 crepes.

## Ava Atwood Winterton

crew goes through the rooms and everything is picked up and taken to lost and found. They weren't used to my early-bird tactics of over-preparation.

I made a second run to the opposite end of the building and found a janitor. We looked in the cleaning closet and sure enough, there was my hundred dollar pan, dried fruit, and the rest of my things.

"You're lucky," he said, "because they pick up the lost and found at 7:00 am." It was now 6:57. I walked into my room with three minutes to spare and gave another lecture without benefit of notes.

Following the lecture it was time for the class to move from the lecture room to the laboratory. Would you believe it? During my hour-long lecture someone locked the lab that

I had just had opened. For the third time I ran the length of the building to find a person with a key.

The students took their seats in the lab and I went to the front of the room. A day earlier I had alerted the building manager that the pilot light for the gas burner on the demonstration table was out. I was promised it would be in good working order by today's class. Do I need to finish this story?

I made yet another trip, this time to the basement of the building where I finally located a custodian. He hurried back to the laboratory with me, took one look at the stove, and said it wasn't his job to light pilot lights but that he would return with someone who could do it.

Just then, Nina, the lady that runs the dispensary walked by the laboratory. She listened to my plight, calmly took out a match, and lit the pilot light. My lab class was finally underway and in spite of a most harried and frustrating beginning, we had a wonderful session on the making of crepes.

### **My Quantitative Cooking Class**

I also taught a class titled Quantitative Cooking. This was instructions on how to cook for fifty to one-hundred or more people.

The kettles, pots, and pans were so huge that they almost overpowered me. I had to use a footstool to peek into the large kettles. It was a difficult change for me as I have always enjoyed making tiny portions of food.

I delight in making miniature cakes, pies, and candies for my big, tall sons-in-law. The girls in the class had assigned duties for the day and they were very efficient at their work.



Instructing in my Quantitative Cooking Class



## Ava Atwood Winterton

Our class had complete charge of overseeing and managing a small, but distinctive and lovely restaurant in a small corner of the Smith Family Living Center on the west edge of the campus. The name of the restaurant was The Elizabeth Dining Room.

Our clientele consisted mainly of graduate instructors, teachers, and some students. Our little restaurant was not widely advertised throughout the campus.

We had nice tables and chairs and big picture windows that provided a spectacular

view of the mountains. There was a secluded patio to the west of the building nestled among the big oak trees. A nice quiet spot where one could enjoy a leisurely lunch. The food was good, the price was right, and the atmosphere was pleasant. It was just the right kind of setting to offset the otherwise hurried campus environment.

As often happens, progress has taken its toll. Last summer (2002) the old Smith Family Living Center gave way to a new and bigger building, but I will always have fond memories of the years I spent there.

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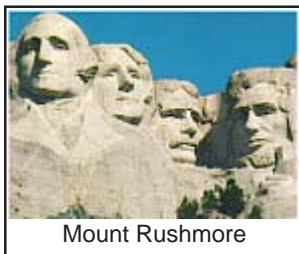
## Travel

### Fulfilling a Dream: New York

All my life I had dreamed of visiting New York City. As a young girl, when people asked me about my goals, I would say one of them was to visit New York. Now I was about to fulfill that goal with my husband and youngest daughter Alene.

Alene was a BYU student at the time but she arranged her schedule to be available for the seven weeks of our planned trip. We left on August 29, 1972.

There isn't any way for me to write about all we saw and did so I'm just going to hit a few of the highlights. But know my goal wasn't only realized, it was exceeded!



Mount Rushmore

Our first stop was Mount Rushmore where we gazed with awe at the faces carved out of the mountain. It was truly unbelievable that

a man could visualize those faces in the mountain and then sculpt them so well.

At Hannibal, Missouri, we visited Mark Twain's home and watched the big barges go up and down the Mississippi.



Barge on Mississippi River

From here we followed the Mississippi to Nauvoo, Illinois, where we saw many of the sites relevant to Mormon history.

It was a dreary, rainy day when we visited the Kirtland Temple, but once inside we were amazed to see light pouring in the windows making the temple interior appear to be well-lighted.



Kirtland Temple

I thought of the pioneers and the work they put into the temple and how they must have hated to go when they were forced to leave the state.

We also drove to Carthage, Illinois, where we saw the jail where Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were murdered by the mob.

From here we drove to Chicago, and where others might have found the Sears Tower, Lakeshore Drive, the Shedd Aquarium, or Union Station to be the best part of Chicago, we discovered Colleen Moore's fabulous Fairy Castle doll house.

Colleen Moore was a movie star from the silent movie era. She was most famous for her roles as a flapper, but she was also a collector of elaborate doll houses including the one we saw at the Museum of Science and Industry.

Ava Atwood Winterton



The Fairy Castle at the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry. Valued at over \$500,000.

It may seem like an unlikely place to find a doll house, but this was no ordinary doll house. It contains over 2,000 handmade miniatures and was simply amazing with tiny lights, carpets, jeweled chairs, and too much to describe here.

From here we went to Palmyra and the Hill Cumorah in New York.

It was late afternoon when we walked through the Sacred Grove at Palmyra. We were the only ones there and it was so peaceful and quiet.

It made me feel very humble and thankful for the gospel of Jesus Christ and for my testimony that I can say for sure that God the Father and his son Jesus Christ appeared to Joseph Smith in this sacred place.



The Sacred Grove where Joseph Smith prayed.

We stopped at an antique store owned by eighty-five year old Sally Brown. She had a 150-year-old spinning wheel for sale that I immediately fell in love with.

Allen wasn't nearly as excited about the spinning wheel as I was. In fact, he was more than a little concerned about having to travel cross-country with a fragile spinning wheel, but in the end he bought it for me. He said it was my 35th wedding anniversary present. I couldn't have had a nicer anniversary gift.



Alene and myself with 85-year old Sally Brown, the owner of the antique store where I bought my spinning wheel and the Shaker bucket that I'm holding.

He did want to know what I was going to do with it when we got back. I told him I was going to learn to spin.

Allen refinished the old spinning wheel, even hand-making some new parts to replace worn-out ones. The spinning wheel now looked beautiful and also worked very well.

I learned to spin yarn from raw material and I even made a couple of hats and some mittens with the hand-spun yarn.





Downtown Boston traffic

Next came Boston. Although the city is rich in history and culture, it is a disaster as far as driving is concerned. Unless you've been there, there is no way for me to adequately describe Boston and its perpetual traffic jam.

The only drivers that pay attention to red lights are people with out-of-state license plates, and even those of us in that category quickly learn to disregard red lights altogether. Except for a few brave, or foolish, souls that dare Boston's traffic in personal vehicles, nearly everyone else is inside a cab.

Getting through an intersection has nothing to do with light changes, and everything to do with a tightly-clenched jaw and a willingness to accept the honking of horns as sort of a salute for one's driving creativity and daring-do.

The old streets are miserably narrow, jaywalking is prolific as pedestrians weave their way in front of the cars, and then there's those confusing circles where streets, like spokes of a wheel, all converge at the same spot.

To make matters worse, our lack of knowledge of the city coupled with driving a truck and camper with its restricted visibility made this part of our trip a real challenge.

To say the least, Allen was challenged beyond anything he had seen before. At just that point where frustration had totally replaced sensibility, Allen spotted a huge parking lot. With one turn of the wheel, we were in the lot and out of the traffic. Allen turned the ignition off and the three of us just

sat in our seats amazed at what we had just been through.

As we stepped out to stretch our legs we saw a huge sign reading, *Museum of Fine Arts*. Allen had delivered us to one of Boston's finest museums.

It took a little encouraging to get Allen to leave the safety of the truck and camper, but he did and we saw some of the most beautiful paintings you could imagine. Work by Monet, Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Renoir, Gainsborough, Rubens, and so on. It was wonderful!



Boston Museum of Fine Art

I'll save you the grief and pain of reading about how we found our way out of Boston, but suffice it to say, Boston was one of the most unforgettable places we visited.

Back on the road and the lovely drive through the Catskill Mountains, which are really hills when compared to my majestic Mt. Timpanogos, but beautiful just the same.

A quick look at the map showed we were only thirty miles from our New York goal. Allen told Alene and me to watch for a particular exit, which we did, and we were suddenly in the most beautiful park and campground. We ate dinner and relaxed before our assault on the Big Apple.

New York was as wonderful and exciting as I had dreamed it would be. I had reached my goal.

We took the tour bus that moved us all around the city. No traffic for us. This was going to be special and trouble free.

Ava Atwood Winterton



As much as I hate elevators, the three of us rode all the way to the top of the Empire State Building.

We saw the United Nations Building, rode the Staten Island Ferry, walked all twenty-two flights of the Statue of Liberty, visited Lincoln Center, Chinatown, and a Buddhist Temple.

The following day we felt comfortable enough to tour the city on our own so we boarded a bus and stepped off in the heart of the Big Apple. We were standing right next to the World Trade Center.

Those magnificent twin towers were destroyed by terrorists in 2001, but we were there in 1976 and we were awed by their architecture and beauty.

An unusual thing happened to me while I was standing there. A policeman approached me and asked if I would move to the other side of the street. I couldn't imagine what was happening.

There was a fire in the subway right under where we stood and smoke was coming



New York City

through the grills on the sidewalk. I had seen the smoke while I was standing there, but I just thought it was normal for New York.

We saw a show at Radio City Music Hall featuring the

Rockettes. Wonderful! I shopped at Macy's where I found some fancy colored sugar crystal for my candy classes. Now it was time to move on.

Our next stop was Philadelphia. Here we visited Independence Hall where the Declaration of Independence was adopted and where the Constitution of the United States was debated and signed.



Independence Hall

The building was built in 1732, forty-four years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence.



Allen and Alene standing near Independence Bell

From here we drove to Washington, D.C. where we visited the Capitol, took the tour of the White House, walked the steps of the Lincoln Memorial to see Mr. Lincoln sitting in his chair. Awe-inspiring!

We visited the National Art Museum, the National Air and



Lincoln Memorial

## Ava Atwood Winterton

Space Museum, we saw the First Ladies dresses, the Hope Diamond, a moon rock and many other interesting things.

On our last day we went to Arlington National Cemetery and stood silent at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Kennedy's grave, and went to see the Iwo Jima Statue, and finally out to the Mount Vernon home of George Washington.

There was so much to see and we tried our best to take in as much as we could. This was truly turning out to be our trip of a lifetime and we were loving it. We were even laughing about our miserable experience with the traffic in Boston. We had a great time.

After our whirlwind visit to New York, Philadelphia, and the nation's capital, we drove to Colonial Williamsburg where we relaxed for five days before moving on.

We enjoyed the old buildings and the craft shops. It amazed us that eighty-eight of the original buildings from colonial times were still there.

After Williamsburg we went to Thomas Jefferson's home



Monticello

(Monticello) in Charlottesville, Virginia. This was another highlight of the trip.

It was interesting to see how the beds were built into the rooms so they didn't take up space in the room itself, and there were secret places for the servants to serve food so they wouldn't be seen by the guests.

The seven weeks were coming to an end and we prepared for the long cross-country trip home and to our own beds.

We arrived home safely. It had been a wonderful five weeks living in the camper on our truck.

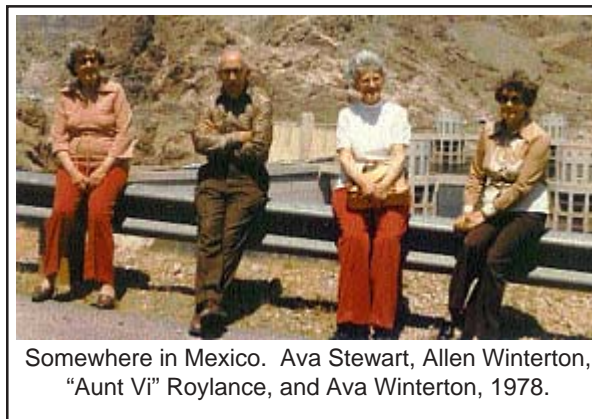


Ava and Allen in the camper at the end of the trip.

### South of the Border

In 1978 we took a long trip deep into Mexico. We traveled from our home in Orem to Mexico City, a distance of over 3,000 miles one-way. It was like driving from Los Angeles to New York and back again. It was a wonderful trip.

The trip was arranged by the Brigham Young University Travel Bureau and we were part of a caravan of forty camper outfits, all taking this great adventure together.



Somewhere in Mexico. Ava Stewart, Allen Winterton, "Aunt Vi" Roylance, and Ava Winterton, 1978.



## Ava Atwood Winterton



Ray Stewart, Ava Stewart, and Viola Roylance

It was an impressive sight as we followed each other into the campgrounds in the evening. The little Mexican children would line up along the fences to see us pull our rigs into the campgrounds.

At one place we invited some children to see the inside of our camper. They were awed by our tiny stove, refrigerator, and oven. We let them turn the water tap and flip the light switch to see the electric lights go on and off.

They watched in amazement as we converted the dinette into a bed by folding the table and chairs in their magic way. Then we gave them some candy treats and these polite, beautiful children thanked us and left.

Drinking water is a problem for many tourists in Mexico. I decided that if I boiled some water similar to the way I can my quart bottles of peaches in the fall, just pure water, and use my pressure canner to seal it, that we would have worry-free water for our trip. So that's exactly what I did.

As space in the camper is at a premium I placed my bottled water all around the bed in the top space of the camper. I tucked the

bottles securely around the quilts I stored there to prevent breakage.

As we traveled further into Mexico, a few of the people in the caravan became ill because of the water they were drinking, but we were never affected because of the supply of pure water we had prepared beforehand.

As we drove along the narrow, busy streets, young children would jump up on the truck and try to sell their wares to us. We stopped at several roadside stands where the local people were selling baskets, beads, pottery, and sandals.

Viola Roylance (whom everyone called Aunt Vi), was traveling with Ava and Ray Stewart. She had taken orders and money from her senior citizen friends to bring back souvenirs. We let her store all of her treasures in the same general area of our camper where our water supply was safely tucked away.

It wasn't long before we had a camper full of sombreros, serapes, and baskets. Another couple, skiing friends of the Stewart's, Junior and Maxine Bounous were part of the caravan. They were hunting all sorts of clay pots to take home. For me, about all I bought to take home was one large basket.

We drove our outfits to the city limits of Mexico City and took a tour bus into the city.



View of Mexico City

The inner city was very beautiful with its tree-lined streets, greenery, and over-hanging flower baskets.

We saw several wedding parties with everyone dressed so regally in their traditional clothing, including the children.

Mexico City is impressive with statues, wide streets, and elegant buildings. Perhaps most impressive was the appearance of the streets. They were clean and shiny.

### Hawaii

In 1997 we took a trip to Hawaii. We wanted to make it a family affair, but Alene was busy with her studies at the University of Nevada Las Vegas, and Wayne was involved with his work in a way that didn't provide the necessary free time. So the four of us, Allen, Joyce, Ann, and myself boarded the plane and were soon winging our way to the islands.

Our guide for the trip was Sam Brooks, a neighbor and friend of ours. His wife Carolyn went along as well. They had been to the islands several times and knew all of the best places to go.

As soon as we stepped off the plane, leis of lovely fresh flowers were tossed around our necks. I thought that only happened in the movies.

Soon we were off to the Polynesian Center where we rode the canoes and saw the native dancers and watched several shows. Sam was able to secure front row seats for us. The entertainment was so colorful and tasteful.

We watched a young Hawaiian boy climb a coconut tree in his bare feet, break off a coconut, and climb back down the tree to give us a taste.

Everywhere we went people gave us shell necklaces. Before long we had acquired a pretty good-sized collection.



This is the four of us on the first row of the show at the Polynesian Center.

The next stop was a place called the Blow Hole. Sam said that everyone should see the Blow Hole. It was similar to the geysers at Yellowstone Park, only this time it was in the ocean.

Then we climbed a small rise that overlooks the city of Honolulu. What a sight to behold. The next day Sam drove us to the city and to the famous white beaches. But this place was so busy and crowded with tourists that we were glad to get back to our rooms.

Ann and Joyce went snorkeling in the crystal clear water while I stood hopelessly frozen with fear until they surfaced from the water. I can swim as you now know, but snorkeling just isn't something I can handle. It's too long under the water.

Sam was very surprised when we told him that the thing we really wanted to do was to visit a Muu Muu factory. I'm sure that was the last place he wanted to take us, but away we went.

Of course, we had secret plans in our heads. When we arrived there we asked the manager if they had any scraps left over from their day's work.



Judy Peay, Joyce, and myself hunting for the best Hawaiian scraps.

“Of course,” he said, pointing to a huge barrel full of scraps, “help yourselves.”

You can see from the picture that we, along with our friend Judy Peay, are hurriedly searching for the best pieces of scraps.

### *Scrap Quilts*

*Cheers, Cheers, for scrap quilts today.  
We know you love them - hip, hip, hooray!  
Reds and yellows, greens and blues,  
Are you wondering which one to use?*



“Cheers - Cheers - For Scrap Quilts Today.”

*We're here to help you. We have a plan.  
If we can do it we know that you can.  
Make a quilt and win the show!  
Scrap quilts, scrap quilts, Go! Go! Go!*



Ann, Joyce, and myself, in stitches near the pool.

The photograph above shows how we spent our leisure time during our trip to Hawaii.

Although most tourists might find other ways to spend their time, we enjoyed putting on our silver thimbles and stitching the time away.

Commenting on the trip, Allen said it was fine to go, and he was glad we all had fun, but that he was careful not to lose anything that would make it necessary to go back.



Allen and Ava with Jack and Nell Pearce, somewhere in the state of New York, 1981.



## Ava Atwood Winterton

### Other Trips of Note

In 1981 we took a trip to New York with my sister Nell and her husband Jack. The highlight of the trip was being able to attend the Hill Cumorah Pageant in Palmyra, New York.



Ava and Allen with Norma and Johnny Atwood, 1994.

The pageant has been performed continuously since 1937, on the very site where 14-year-old Joseph Smith discovered the record that became the Book of Mormon. It is held on a huge natural lawn amphitheater with about 10,000 guests at each performance.

In 1994 we took another trip, this time with my brother Johnny and his wife Norma.



Eleanor Roosevelt's cottage (Val-Kill) near the Hudson River.

Johnny had to take a business trip to New York so this seemed like a perfect time to team up and make the trip with them. Of course, the real fun came after Johnny's business was over and we were able to see the sights.

My best memories of the trip included a visit to the Vanderbilt Estates and then to the home of Franklin Roosevelt on the banks of the Hudson River. There we were able to visit the secret cottage used by Eleanor Roosevelt to write. The name she gave to her cottage is Val-Kill, named for a nearby stream. We learned that she sometimes spent weeks at a time in the cottage. It was a beautiful place.

## 9

### Agnes Tucker

#### A Story of Friendship

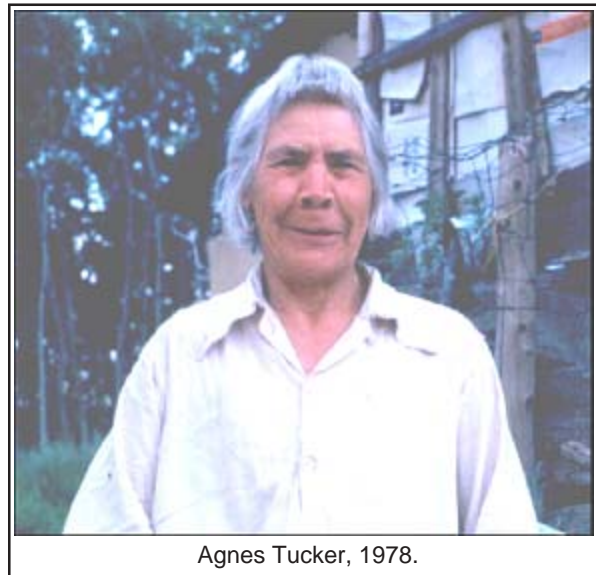
In 1978 Allen and I accepted a calling to serve a mission for our church. The assignment was to the Canada-Winnipeg Mission where we would work with the native people of that region.

My daughter Ann wrote a magazine article about the friendship that Allen and I had with a remarkable lady by the name of Agnes Tucker. The article was published in the April 1997 issue of Quilter's Newsletter Magazine, and rather than me retelling this story, I'll let Ann tell the story through her article.

Kamsack is a small town in the Canadian province of Saskatchewan, on the edge of North American civilization. Kamsack is inhabited by the descendants of Ukranian immigrants and the Salteaux Indians. The summers there are short, and the winters are cold, harsh, and long with temperatures dipping to -48 degrees Fahrenheit. Ice crystals drift out of the sky 24 hours a day.

My parents, Allen and Ava Winterton, were sent to Kamsack in 1978 on a mission for their church in Utah. My mother assisted the native Indian women in improving their homemaking skills. It was here that she met Agnes Tucker and formed a lasting friendship with her. This is the story of that friendship.

Life is hard in Kamsack, and many people do not own automobiles, so hitchhiking is a



Agnes Tucker, 1978.

way of life. You learn fast that someone walking along the roadside needs a ride somewhere, so you never pass anyone without stopping.

One day in late summer, my father offered a ride to a small, bundled woman. She was headed for Regina, a large town 175 miles away. Dad took her as far as he could and let her out. She thanked him and said she would be fine. Dad told my mother about the curious little hitchhiker, but they didn't expect to see her again.

Then one day, alongside the road, there she was. She was carrying a large bundle and asked if they could take her to her house. They said they would, of course, and off they went. After some distance the road ended.

## Ava Atwood Winterton



Agnes standing near her home in the Canadian bush.

They headed, by her directions, into what is called the bush country. Following a mere trail for six miles, they eventually came to a tiny house.

As they rode, the woman told them about herself. Her name was Agnes Tucker, and she lived alone. She had no running water, no electricity, and no close neighbors. Agnes chopped her own trees for the cookstove and winter fuel. She kept a few goats for milk and meat.

The entrance to her house was filled with drying herbs, which she sold in Kamsack.



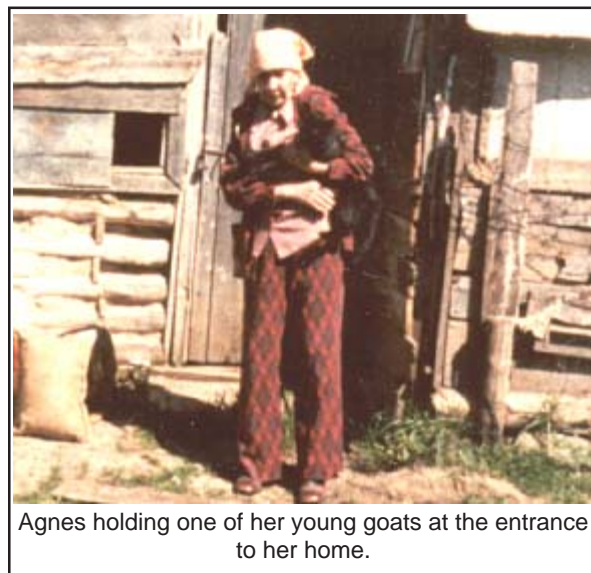
Agnes at her big, black, wood-burning cookstove.

Her one-room shanty held only a big, black cookstove that took almost half the space, a table and a chair, a treadle sewing machine, and a stack of cardboard boxes for a bed.

She had been living there, winter and summer, for over ten years.

Mother took pictures of Agnes and her house before she and Dad drove away. Because it was late fall, they were never able to get back to Agnes's house, which was accessible in winter only by foot.

As the bleak Canadian winter progressed, Mother wondered every day about Agnes, living alone in the wild bush country. Temperatures at night could reach -30 to -40 degrees. Icy snow would blow and drift, making even paved roads impassable.



Agnes holding one of her young goats at the entrance to her home.

Then one snowy, cold afternoon there was a knock on the door. It was Agnes!

"Oh, come in," Mother said, so pleased to see Agnes again. Come in, take off your coat and gloves, sit down." Mother chatted away as she went to get something for Agnes to eat and drink. "Please, take off your coat and gloves and stay," she said, trying to make Agnes feel at home. Agnes just stood there for the longest time, and then she said in a barely audible voice, "I can't move my hands to get my coat off. They are so cold. I have walked all the way!"



## Ava Atwood Winterton

Blinking back tears, Mother helped with the coat and gloves. It was a long while before Agnes was warm. After a wonderful visit, Agnes wanted to go back home. Dad drove her as far as he could and let her out. He remembers that one of the hardest things he ever did was to watch her walk off into the bush for the six-mile hike through the snow to her cold, silent home.

My parents left Canada the following January, so Mother never saw Agnes again, but she did not forget her. As soon as she got back to Utah, she packed a box with warm underwear, wool socks, gloves, and a few books that she thought Agnes might like.



Here I am, holding one of many burlap sack packages received from Agnes over the years.

Months passed, and Mother kept busy. One beautiful spring day the mailman knocked on the door. He had a large burlap bag with tags hanging from it. It was a package from Agnes! Mother was so excited, she could hardly get her hands to work as she untied the strings around the bag. Inside there were several handmade hot pads, an apron made of four or five different pieces of fabric, a small quilt, and a letter.

**March 13, 1980**

*Dear Ava,*

*I received your wonderful gift. Today is -20 but nice. I am making a quilt of leftover pieces from the church...I butchered two young goats, I have only one nanny left...The gloves just fit...hope you are well. Love, Agnes.*

For the next 16 years Mother and Agnes corresponded. Mother sent knives, boots, sweaters, flannel gowns, and a down coat. She sent scraps for quilting, scissors, and many things that she knew Agnes needed in the Canadian wilderness. Agnes sent hot pads, tote bags, aprons, and quilts, always tied in burlap bags.

Influenced only by her inner creativity, Agnes's quilts were true folk art. Agnes wrote about how she made the quilts of whatever fabric scraps she could acquire.

**October 28, 1985**

*Dear Ava,*

*You asked if I sewed to a background. I sew to a piece the size of a block, maybe secondhand cotton or sheets, for pieces put together any which way they go. I cannot sew without a background. Inside, I use old coat linings or cutup long johns or flannel.*

The poignant letters often gave an idea of the life Agnes led.

**January 4, 1987**

*...butchered last goat, no goats left. It has been very cold. -48, and*



Agnes Tucker (right) helping Allen and me to show off the quilt she called *Couple Sleeping*. I told Agnes how special this quilt was and it was the first quilt she sent me after we returned from Canada.

In 1992 Mother received a surprising letter from Agnes:

*...moved to Ottawa. Very different here. I live on the 22nd floor and when I go out all I see is buildings and people.*

Mother never knew why Agnes moved. She was in her late 70s and had no family, so perhaps she was afraid of something happening and that there would be no one to find her.

*the snow is so deep I have no path out. Days are long. I am cutting up the goat shed for wood. I am out of coal oil so I use candles...*

**June 21, 1987**

*...someone broke in and took some food, my coal oil lamp and .22 rifle. I got a new lamp from my neighbor, now when I go out I hide the lamp. Love, Agnes*

Agnes loved making quilts. Sometimes she would let Mother know that a quilt would be on its way.

**August 14, 1988**

Dear Ava,

*I am making a quilt. The squares at the corners are sewed twice with purple thread. I have an idea in my mind to see how it goes together. Thank you for the knife, it was a blessing. Love, Agnes*

The last quilt Mother received from Agnes was a Churn Dash pattern in cotton and poly/cotton-blend scraps. Agnes had seen a quilt like it in Ottawa. It was a very nice quilt, stitched on an electric sewing machine. The pieces met nicely, had real batting inside, and had a matching back. I am sure that Agnes was very proud of it, but Mother was a bit saddened, as she knew there would be no more folk-art quilts from Agnes Tucker.



Agnes picking herbs.

Agnes died in the spring of 1994, and Mother was able to acquire the rest of her quilts. Agnes's charming folk art will forever tell of her life in the Canadian bush.

## Ava Atwood Winterton

There is something else about the Agnes Tucker story that helps to define this wonderful woman.

Shortly after I learned of the death of Agnes, I received a letter from Agnes's friend, Betty Rollo.

**May 17, 1994**

*Dear Ava,*

*It is with a great deal of sadness that I write to let you know that Agnes passed away quietly. It was a privilege for me to know her, at least for a few years and I will miss her.*

*Agnes was so pleased that you were her friend and I appreciate all you did for her. Agnes especially enjoyed the quilt you sent her. She was so proud of your work. She showed it off to everyone and passed your daughter's quilting book to all around her. I would like to keep the quilt as a remembrance of Agnes if that's all right with you.*

*I found some snapshots in with Agnes's keepsakes. It's nice for me to see them. However, I'm returning them to you for you and your family.*

*I'm so pleased that your cornea transplant is working out and that you told us about it. Agnes would not discuss funeral arrangements with me, just asked me to look after it all.*

*I was very pleased when the Canadian National Institute for the Blind who arranges cornea*

*donations accepted Agnes's cornea. They told me that even though she had glaucoma, the cornea would be fine and give someone sight.*

*Her body was donated to medical science. Same arrangement as I've made for myself.*

*You are certainly a busy family. Allen with his computer and you with your sewing and quilting.*

*You were wonderful to Agnes and she appreciated it so much.*

*Thanks from Betty Rollo.*

Agnes knew that I had a cornea transplant. I'm sure it was because of her knowledge of my transplant, and my desire to donate my eyes that she asked for her eyes to be used for someone else after her death. She knew how much my transplant meant to me.

### **Agnes Lives On**

After Agnes' death in 1994 I couldn't stop thinking about this strong, independent woman that I had grown to love. I decided to personally tell her story and let others enjoy her many wonderful folk-art quilts.



Sharing the story of Agnes Tucker. You can see Agnes's burlap bags behind me.





I've never tired of telling the story of Agnes Tucker.

Even now, when I'm at a quilting function, people will mention that they've heard me tell the story. Then they will ask about Agnes. I always consider it a tribute to Agnes, that her story has touched the hearts of others and I know her memory will live on.

# 10

## Ghost Quilters

### All the World's a Stage ...

In the early 1980s my daughters Joyce and Ann, along with myself, became involved in quilting. In the mid to late 1980s we had become quite skilled, particularly Joyce and Ann who had discovered a real affinity for the art form.



Ann Seely, Ava Winterton, and Joyce Stewart.  
Picture taken at the Festival of the American West in Logan, Utah. 1984

It wasn't long before we started receiving invitations to travel as guest teachers and lecturers at classes, conventions, and state quilting guilds. We were invited to conventions in Paducah, Kentucky; Rochester, Minnesota; Denver, Colorado; Houston, Texas, and a host of others.

Rather than bore you with the details of each of these fabulous adventures, I've decided to pick one of the trips and let it paint a picture of the fun we experienced as we

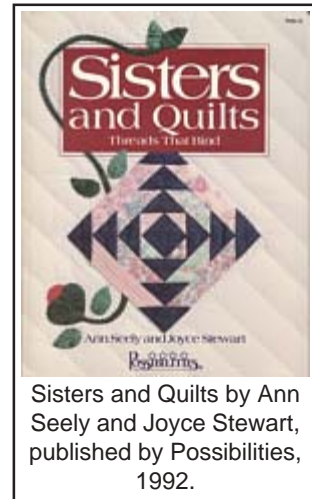
traveled together. I'll use a trip we made to Denver, Colorado, in 1998, as the one to share with you because the events of that trip catapulted us to another trip.

We flew to Denver and were greeted by Nancy Smith and Lynda Milligan, the owners of the Great American Quilt Shop. We were there to do a two-day quilt workshop. Nancy and Lynda are the publishers of Joyce and Ann's first book, *Sisters and Quilts*.

After we finished teaching the first day, Nancy and Lynda took us out for a nice dinner. We

taught until noon the second day and then one of their staff drove us to Golden, Colorado, where we met our good friend Vivian Ritter, senior editor of *Quilter's Newsletter Magazine* (QNM).

This was very exciting. After being a subscriber and avid reader of QNM for so many years, it was like a dream to see where the magazine was published, and it was fun to have Vivian show us around. She introduced us to the other workers.



*Sisters and Quilts* by Ann Seely and Joyce Stewart, published by Possibilities, 1992.

Ava Atwood Winterton



She showed us some new quilting patterns they were working on for the magazine and some nice displays of quilts that were there. They asked Joyce and Ann to display their quilts there the following year, which they did.

When it came time to return home we made sure we were at the Denver airport with plenty of time to spare, but as fate would have it, our plane had mechanical problems and we were told there would be a short delay.

When about an hour passed, the airline company apologized and said there would be another wait because the problem was not yet corrected. That was okay with me because I'm not at all interested in being inside an airplane with a problem, and Joyce and Ann felt the same way.

The airline company gave us pretzels, drinks, free phone calls and a coupon for a free dinner. Such fun!

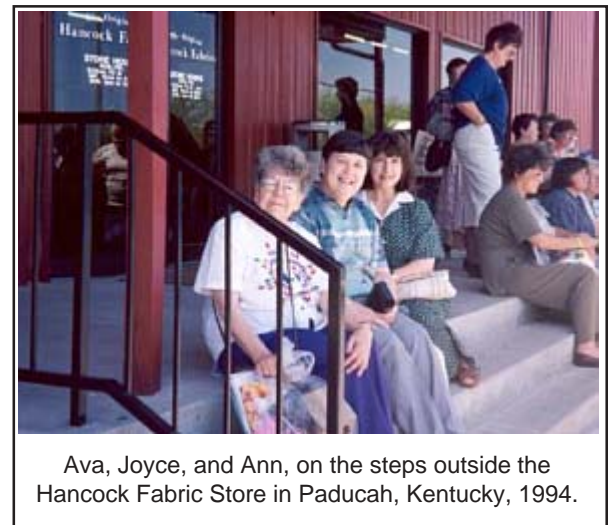
It was now nine hours past our scheduled departure time and would you believe that the three of us were having the best time watching the people in the airport, visiting, and sewing.



The important thing was that we were together, and since we had called our families, no one was waiting for us so we just made the most of the situation.

Later, when I told Wayne the story about our long wait at the Denver airport he remarked that we were the only people he knew of that could turn a nine hour delay at an airport into an exciting adventure. After watching the other passengers for nine hours that day, I think he might be right.

Anyway, when we got hungry we decided to use the coupons they gave us and have





## Ava Atwood Winterton

dinner. We were all wearing our sparkly Quilters pins. Anyone who knew anything about quilting, knew that we were quilters. There was no mistaking that fact.

A lady seated next to us at the restaurant noticed our pins and mentioned that she was also a quilter. The three of us were full of questions. “Where are you from? What kinds of quilts do you make? Are you going to the big convention in Paducah?”

The lady introduced herself as Mary Ann from Bloomington, Illinois, and that she was going to the Paducah convention with her friends Arlene and Beverly.

When we finally boarded the plane the hostess gave each of us a free ticket to any destination serviced by Frontier Airlines. The three of us looked at each other in amazement, then Joyce exclaimed, “Now we can go to Paducah next month.”

Our problem was that Frontier Airlines didn’t fly to Paducah. We searched their flight map to find the name of the city nearest to Paducah serviced by Frontier and would you believe, the nearest city was Bloomington, Illinois.

As soon as we could we called our new friend Mary Ann and made arrangements to meet up with her and her friends in Bloomington. From there we would drive, caravan-style, to Paducah.

When it finally came time to go to Paducah, Joyce, Ann, and I were so

excited we could hardly stand it. We had been to Paducah five years earlier in 1994 when we taught there, but with teaching we had been so busy we hardly had time to see and do everything.

The Paducah Quilt Convention is the biggest and best known of all quilting events. In fact, we were so excited about the trip that we were at the Salt Lake Airport hours in advance of the flight, something that turned out to be more of a problem than a good idea.

We were finally in the air on our way to our first stop on this adventure. We arrived in Bloomington around midnight. We walked to the luggage carousel to get our luggage.

Everyone else on the flight got their luggage, but not one piece of ours came out of the carousel. It was a small airport and when we looked around there were only six people left in the terminal and we were three of them. The other three were employees getting ready to lock up for the night.



Left to right: Ava, Ann, Mary Ann, Arlene, Beverly, and Joyce. Picture taken during a lunch stop on our way to Paducah, 1999.

## Ava Atwood Winterton



Here I am, in action, at one of our quilting workshops.

The three of us went to the counter and told the fellow there about our plight. He disappeared into a back room and returned with our luggage. We had checked in so early at the Salt Lake Airport that the luggage had arrived on a flight ahead of us and, since it wasn't picked up, it was placed in storage. I guess it doesn't always pay to be early.

It was well after midnight when we reached our motel and checked in, and even later than that before our travel-weary bodies dropped off to sleep.

In the morning we hopped into our rental car and met up with Mary Ann and her friends. Six hours and a dozen stops later (lunch and every quilt shop we saw on the way) we arrived in Paducah.

The annual Paducah Quilt Convention is

the one place where everyone who is anyone in the quilting world gets together each year to visit, learn, and meet new friends. We had so much fun with the ladies from Bloomington. Our friendship continues to this day.

Over the years, and especially because of the books that Joyce and Ann have published, we have been invited to give lectures and put on quilting workshops all over the United States. Ann even took it a step further when she gave a series of quilting lectures and demonstrations as a guest of the American Embassy in Saudi Arabia with all expenses paid.

When we presented our quilt program in Rochester, Minnesota, at the Mayo Civic Center, there were over a thousand people in attendance. The acoustics and sound system were so good. Each of us was fitted with one of those lavalier-type microphones that are clipped to the clothing making them invisible to the audience. I felt so special.

Perhaps I should back up a little bit. Joyce and Ann have put together the most fun quilt programs. Some are designed to be used when we do a program at a convention, others are for less formal lectures and workshops at local quilting clubs and associations, but they have oodles of wonderful information about quilting all tied together with a song and dance routine.

Joyce and Ann make up the songs and verses, setting the words to familiar tunes that everyone knows and can hum along with, and the quilters just love them. They really get into the spirit of the program.

I think Joyce and Ann do their best work late at night when it's time to go to sleep in our motel rooms.

**Ava Atwood Winterton**



Ava, Joyce, and Ann in Rock Springs, Wyoming, 2000.

I go to sleep and they stay awake giggling and thinking of new and funnier ways to teach about quilting. Their inspiration seems to improve the longer it takes for them to drop off to sleep.

Here is a sample of their creativity. This is one of the ways we would open up the program when we're doing one of the less formal lectures:

**All:**

If you go out in Rock Springs today, you're in for a big surprise.

If you go out in Rock Springs today, you won't believe your eyes.

For every quilter that ever there was,  
Is gathered there for certain because,  
Today's the day the quilters are having a party.

**Ann:**

Come away with me and quilt.  
I have quilting frames that tilt.  
We will applique 'till dawn.  
With our silver thimbles on.

**Ann and Joyce:**

The quilting stitch is mainly in the ditch.

**Mom:**

(Long pause) - "I think she's got it."

**All:**

Stitch, stitch, stitch your quilt  
Gently down the seam.  
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily  
Quilting's but a dream.

**All:**

Quilters, Quilters,  
There were never such devoted quilters!

**Mom:**

How much is that fabric in the window?  
I do hope that fabric's for sale.

**Ann:**

I can buy fabric cheaper than you can,  
I can buy fabric cheaper than you.

**Joyce:**

I can choose colors quicker than you can,  
I can choose colors quicker than you.

**Ann:**

I can quilt anything prettier than you can,  
I can quilt anything prettier than you.

**Joyce:**

I can piece pieces faster than you can,  
I can piece pieces faster than you.

**Both:**

No you can't! Yes I can! No you can't! Yes I can!  
No you can't! Yes I can! Yes I can! Yes I can!

**Mom:**

I'm just a material girl - living in a material world.

**Ann:**

It was an itsy bitsy teenie weenie mini quilt of red  
and greenie.



## Ava Atwood Winterton



Ava, Ann, and Joyce doing the Sunbonnet Sue Rap.

That I saw at the quilt show today.  
It was an itsy bitsy teenie weenie mini quilt of red  
and greenie.

That I saw at the quilt show today.  
So at the quilt show I wanted to stay.

**Ann:**

Quilt, quilt, quilt 'till you wilt.

**Mom:**

Quilt, quilt, quilt 'till you wilt.

**Joyce:**

Quilt, quilt, quilt 'till you wilt.

**All:**

Quilt, 'till you wilt, my darlings!

And that's how we would start our  
program.

Of course, the best thing about their song  
and dance creativity is that they give their  
dear mother all the best lines so I end up  
getting all the laughs. It is so much fun and  
they do all the work.

Like all young girls, I remember dreaming  
of one day being on the stage, all dressed up  
in fancy clothes, and everyone standing and  
applauding my performance. My dream had  
come true and I loved it.

Here I am, eighty-five years of age, and I  
still love to perform in front of an audience

and it's all made possible because of my two  
quilting daughters.

One of my favorites songs for us to  
perform is our version of *I Like It, I Love It*.  
Our version goes like this:

**1st Verse:**

My mama and daddy tried to teach me frugality,  
But it never sank in and then somethin' got a hold  
of me.

Now I'm buying bolts of fabric and quarter yards  
galore,

I'm huntin' for bargains and I'm lookin' for more,  
Fabrics all around me, I cannot go to sleep.

**Joyce and Ann:** "How 'bout it mom?"

**Mom:** "I think you're in too deep."

**All Sing Chorus:**

I like it, I love it, I want some more of it,  
I spend too much, I JUST CAN'T HELP IT.  
Don't know what it is 'bout that fabric in the store,  
But I like it, I love it, I want some more of it.

**2nd Verse**

Spent ninety-eight dollars today at the fabric shop,  
I picked out a floral, then I got a new polka dot.

And then I saw a wild red-green, yellow,  
chartreuse, and, oh dear,

I ain't never seen one like it, bring it over here.



Here we are at a book signing (notice copies of the  
book on the table), 1994.

**Ava Atwood Winterton**

**Joyce and Ann:** "How 'bout it mom?"

**Mom:** "What would you use it for?"

**Chorus:**

Let's run to the bank, then go and find a fabric store,  
Just a very, small loan ..... You know we'll pay you back, for sure.  
How about it darling mother? You know we need some cash,  
We gotta buy some quarter yards and add them to our stash,  
Some new ones just came in. Ooh, a lovely shade of pink.

**Joyce and Ann:** "How 'bout it mom?"

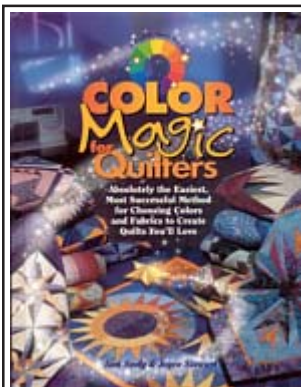
**Mom:** "I think you need a shrink!"

**Chorus:**

**Joyce:** Ooh, look over there.

**Ann:** Yeah, I want that one.

Sometimes when we are walking around an exhibit area at one of the conventions, someone will come up to Joyce and Ann and say, "Aren't you the sisters that perform with your mom?" and then they would tell them that, "You guys put on a real good show but we really LOVE your mom!"



Five years after the publication of their first successful book, Joyce and Ann collaborated on Color Magic for Quilters, published by Rodale Press, 1997.

I got all the glory and nobody knew that Joyce and Ann did all the work. Do you think I'm going to spoil my reputation by saying something? Not likely!

At the Rochester convention we ended the performance with our most famous song. It is called *Ghost Quilters in the*



Performing Ghost Quilters in the Sky, 1994.

*Sky*, set to the music of that famous old Vaughn Monroe ballad, *Ghost Riders in the Sky*.

Picture the three of us on the stage of the Mayo Civic Center in Rochester, Minnesota. Ann is singing the lead, Joyce is filling in and cracking her bull whip at the appropriate times (and what an awesome crack), and me, a little ol' diminutive lady who can't carry a tune - the star of the show, singing the chorus, Yippie Ki Oh! Yippie Ki Yi. Ghost Quilters in the Sky....

**Ghost Quilters in the Sky**

(words by Ann Seely)

One dark and stormy night as I lay sleeping in my bed,  
I was woke up by the sound of something rumblin' in my head.  
I looked outside and there I saw to my astonished eyes;  
A Bee of wild quiltmakers ridin' quilt frames in the skies!

**Yippie Ki Oh! Yippie Ki Yi! Ghost Quilters in the sky**

They all had silver thimbles, Gingher scissors at their side,  
And the blocks that they were making were of fabrics they'd hand-dyed.

**Ava Atwood Winterton**

As they flashed their Olfa cutters, I thought it was  
a dream,  
But their battle cry was no mistake, "Take  
accurate quarter-inch seams!"

**Yippie Ki Oh! Yippie Ki Yi! Ghost Quilters in  
the sky**

They sat at their Berninas and I watched their  
fingers fly,  
Chain piecing at a rapid pace a pattern called  
"Shoo-fly."  
When all at once I heard a sound that filled my  
soul with dread,  
A mournful cry of anguish, "My bobbin's out of  
thread!"

**Yippie Ki Oh! Yippie Ki Yi! Ghost Quilters in  
the sky**

The scene grew very gruesome as I watched the  
awesome sky,

Outlaws wearing Polyester shouted, "Wash and  
Wear: Drip Dry!"  
When a hero came from nowhere, her eyes aglow  
with fire.  
The Polyester outlaws were gunned down by  
Jinny Beyer!"

**Yippie Ki Oh! Yippie Ki Yi! Ghost Quilters in  
the sky**

This was the most exciting night that I have ever  
seen,  
Watching quilters sharing batting, swapping  
scraps and Metrosene,  
I guess it's true 'bout what I've heard, "Old Quilters  
Never Die."  
Cause I've seen 'em for myself riding quilt frames  
in the sky!"

**Yippie Ki Oh! Yippie Ki Yi! Ghost Quilters in  
the sky**



## My Closing

Now, I must bring my story to an end.

Perhaps I should say something about Alene, Wayne, and Allen because I've been doing so much talking about Joyce and Ann in the closing chapter.

The past fifteen or so years have been so much fun because of the quilting and the friendships made, and not enough can be said about how nice it's been to be included in their quilting activities.

Even though Joyce and Ann are nationally recognized in quilting circles, Alene is just as gifted as my other girls when it comes to sewing. She was barely fifteen-years-old when she was doing custom sewing for others.

In fact, Alene can turn out a pretty good quilt herself, but she is the youngest of my children and at the time Joyce and Ann were getting their kids ready for the prom, Alene was helping hers learn to tie their shoes.

Differing family responsibilities and the fact that Alene lives in Las Vegas, a long day's drive from Orem, meant she wasn't as

available for our sewing trysts, but can you imagine what it would have been like if it could have been Joyce, Ann, Alene and myself on stage! The world, or at least the quilting world, would have never been the same.

Then there's Wayne, my oldest. He can neither quilt nor sing, and once during a family reunion in Arizona, he failed miserably at cracking the whip used by Joyce in our rendition of Ghost Quilters in the Sky.

Wayne's comment was that having been married twice, he liked the idea of being on the handle side of the whip, but all

things being equal, he would prefer doing research on the history of whips to cracking one.

Wayne has achieved a modest amount of skill on the computer and he and Allen have used the machine to accomplish several projects together.

Of all the things I am thankful for, the greatest is for the love of my Allen. He has



Ava and Allen on their 65th wedding anniversary, September 17, 2002.

## Ava Atwood Winterton

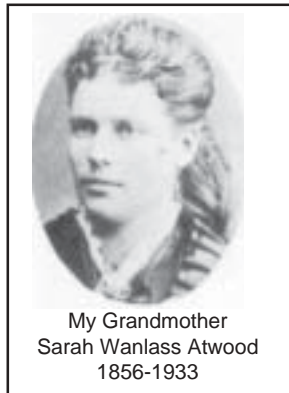
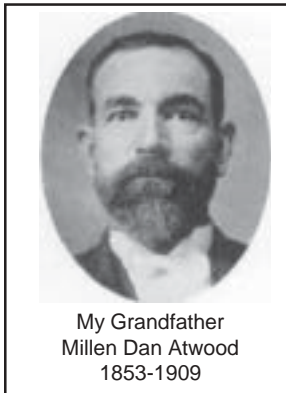
been so very supportive and wonderful over the years. We have had a great life together and I can't imagine what we could have done to improve what we've had.

I know my Heavenly Father loves me. I have been blessed with a wonderful family and good health. Miracles do happen. I've

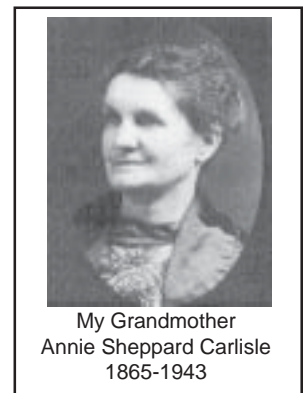
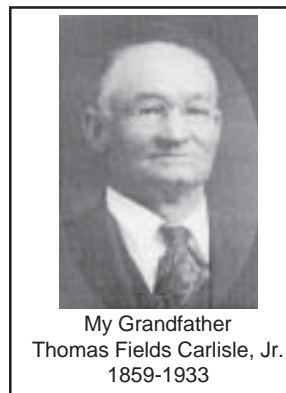
seen many examples of miraculous happenings during my lifetime, including some in my own family. I also believe that angels watch over us and protect us every day.

And finally, thanks to you for taking the time to read my story. I hope you've enjoyed reading it as much as I've enjoyed living it.

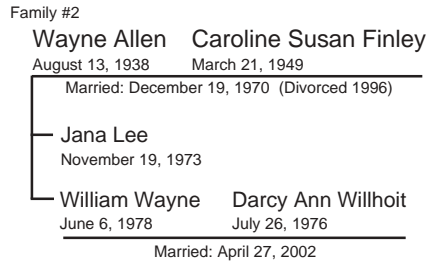
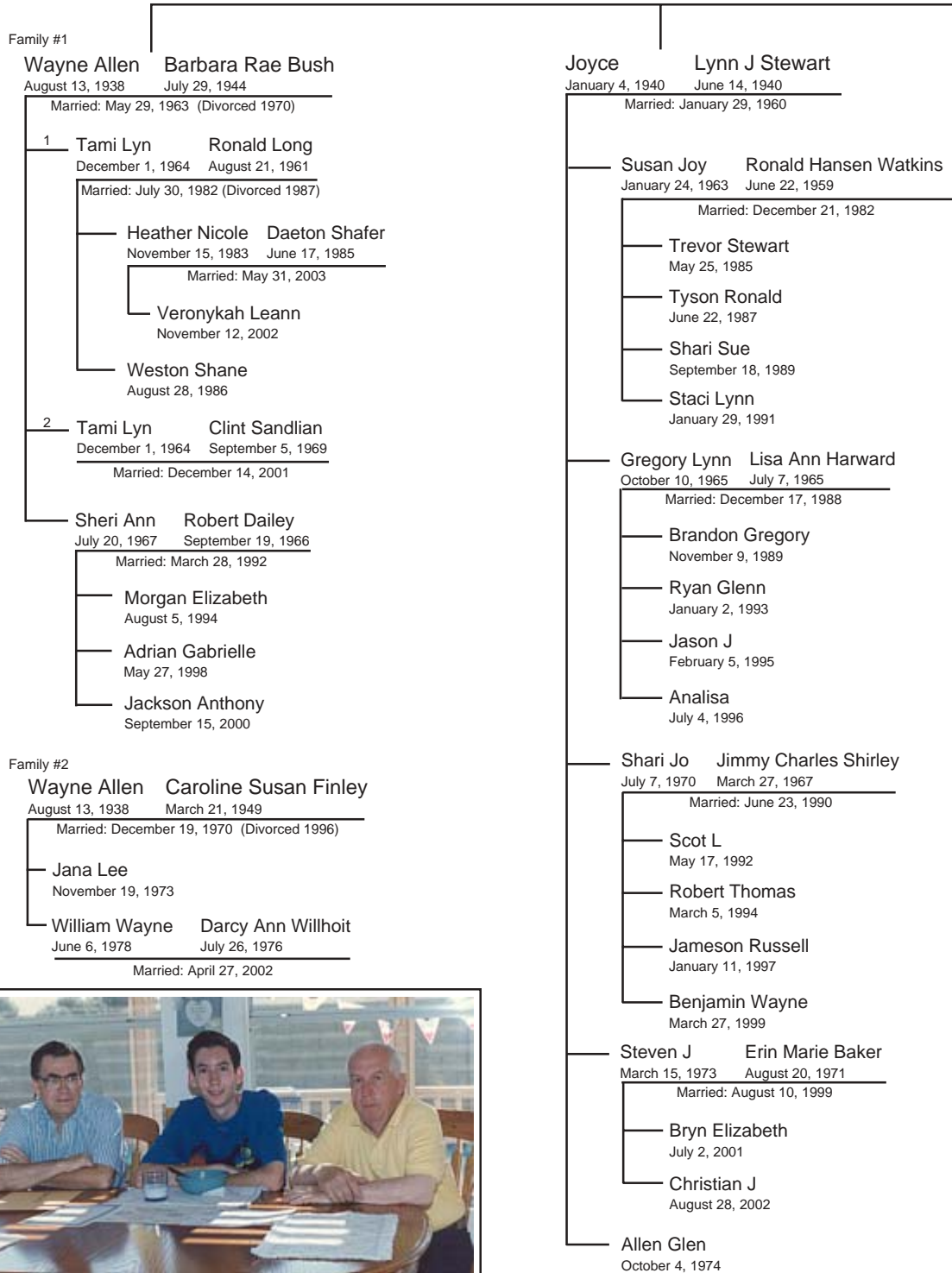
### My Atwood Heritage



### My Carlisle Heritage



# Our Family



Wayne, William, and Allen Winterton - 1994.



# Ava Atwood Winterton

Allen M Winterton    Ava Atwood  
 January 31, 1915    July 19, 1918

Married: September 17, 1937



Ava Ann    Richard Dale Seely  
 December 29, 1946    August 14, 1947

Married: September 1, 1967

Michael Scott    Jennifer Bryce  
 June 21, 1971    October 7, 1971

Married: June 2, 1994

Richard Michael  
 May 29, 1996

Katherine Elizabeth  
 November 2, 1998

Miriam Christine  
 December 21, 2000

Andrew Bryce  
 February 13, 2003

David John  
 October 28, 1979

Steven William  
 March 13, 1981

Alene    Donald Brent Neilson  
 May 24, 1953    June 22, 1954

Married: September 8, 1973

Kristina Lee  
 January 2, 1979

Karen Lynn  
 November 1, 1981

Leslie Ann  
 December 29, 1984



Wayne & Barbara Winterton and  
 Tami and Sheri - 1967.



Front row: Lynn and Joyce Stewart  
 and Allen, Shari, and Steve  
 Back row: Susan and Greg - 1975



Richard & Ann Seely and David,  
 Steven, and Michael - 1981.



Wayne & Caroline Winterton and  
 Jana and William - 1978.



Brent & Alene Neilson and Karen,  
 Leslie, and Kristy - 1986.

# Index

The index contains many, but not all, of the proper names in the book, with some exceptions. The main exception is the exclusion of names such as Ava, Allen, Charleston, Orem, and others that appear so frequently that inclusion would be of no value as a reference.

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