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shook the rafters. This was too much for Mother. She unlocked the door just as the old chief bolted from the house with Father at his heels. Breathless we waited as the Indian braves lined up on each side of the doorway, poised, erect, with tomahawks raised, while Old Washki writhed in pain face down on the grass, Father bending above him.

Suddenly he grasped Father's legs and kissed his feet again and again, saying Mooch-a-Wino, Mooch-a-Wino. Then springing to a stance and with grave dignity, he proclaimed, "Heap-a-Wino big white chief." After that he proved to be a great friend.

(Thelma added in conclusion:) "Father was the possessor of a natural dignity, the kind that stems from an exemplary conduct, fairness, honesty, forthrightness; he never indulged in derogatory remarks about men, or unclean words or stories. He would fire a hired man who would. He was regarded by many as the judge and jury of the valley, always able to settle any water disputes among his neighbors, everyone would accept his decisions, being so impartial in his judgments, always anxious to make peace. I never heard him say an unkind word to Mother in my lifetime. He loved good clean sports.

Hyrum’s daughters from Ann Eliza are shown in this lineup photo including: Avery, Mary, Edna, Thelma, Rhoda, Zula and Blanche.

28