

"We are reminded that it is twenty four years ago tonight since you came to bless our little home. We were so proud because it was a girl, and girls were so scarce in our family. My what a night of wet and mud when I went with the little mare and buggy for the little lady doctor. In some ways that seems a long time ago, and many things have happened since then".

The circumstances pictured in these descriptive words are those of an event which occurred in Vernal, Utah, which is nestled among fine old trees, flourishing gardens, fragrant orchards and prosperous farms in a valley near the Uintah Mountains. Father was then Principal of the Uintah Stake Academy and he and mother and "big" brother had lived in Vernal for a year or two before I made my appearance on that eventful Easter Sunday in 1910. It was to be a good many years, however, before I should have the pleasure of really seeing that picturesque town, for when I was but six weeks old our little family made a dangerous trip over treacherous mountain trails back "home" to Utah Valley, promising dear friends at that time that we should make a visit to Vernal in ten years.

As years passed we moved up into Idaho and each summer we talked of the promised visit. But it was not until I was twenty-one and married that the trip was finally made. Howard and I had motored West from Washington, D. C., to visit with our loved ones and go through the Temple. On our return trip to Washington my family accompanied us as far as Vernal in order that we might see what the years had brought to the city of my birth.

I shall never forget that day. Instead of treacherous mountain trails we rode over a smooth, well-graded highway amid scenes of greatest beauty. We traveled in high-powered automobiles instead of with "the little mare and buggy". The highway was dotted here and there by "service stations" and refreshment stands, instead of an occasional lone mountain hut lost in a snowy wilderness.

What changes! The little town which had been practically isolated from the rest of the world was now easily accessible from East and West. We drove down its short, but well-laid, streets, noting old landmarks which had weathered the years and new improvements which the years had brought. Our lunch was eaten under the welcome shade of some sturdy old poplars on the Court House grounds. Then, after a somewhat diligent search up and down the street on which it had stood, we finally found the little log cabin which had been my first home. Additions and remodeling had altered its appearance until it was difficult to picture the cabin as it had once there stood.

I should have liked knowing that little house better and to have had the pleasure of enjoying the company of my family within its rough walls. It may be that I shall visit the little town often in the future and I may see the log cabin many times, but such visits will only add to the memory of that first visit to the pioneer town of my birth.

May 3, 1934

Lucile Manwaring Cullimore

