

Isabelle Ann Cazier Galli

By Larry Galli

Isabelle Ann Cazier Galli was born on October 21, 1904, in Pleasant View, Weber County, Utah. She was born in her maternal grandparent's home, Daniel and Annie Ferrin Wade. She was born before the doctor arrived, and was ushered into the world by a midwife known as Aunt Jane. "I was named after my paternal and maternal grandmothers, Isabelle Cazier and Annie Wade. My father was Joseph Smith Cazier, and my mother was Edna Moselle Wade." She was the second oldest of ten children. When she was a baby, her parents moved up to Idaho and dry farmed near St. Anthony. Before the family lived in St. Anthony, they dry farmed near Twin Groves. The homestead near St. Anthony was settled in gently rolling hills. Outside of the oldest children in the Cazier family, all of the rest of the family were born there on the farm. Isabelle had many happy years there and felt she had a good life. It was always very interesting, but not always easy.

Her parent's philosophy in raising and training their family was to see that they understood honesty (which was strongly impressed upon us), unselfishness, treating others with respect and courtesy, and the blessing of belonging to a big family. As a child, she lived in a dry farming area of North Eastern Idaho, in a community known as Farnum. Her family was a large family, and had many happy times togetherespecially in the wintertime. "We lived 2 miles from school, and the same distance from church. We walked to school excepting during the deep snows of the winter time when we were driven to school in a covered sleigh. During the summer we did lots of walking or rode horses. The nearest creek for swimming was 4 miles from our home. One summer afternoon, my sisters and I, along with a cousin, who was a close neighbor, had walked to Primary at the church house. Afterwards, we had played along the way until it was dark as we reached the beginning of a canyon, which it was necessary to walk through. The sides of the canyon were covered with brush, aspen groves, and outcrops of rock. After dark, our imagination would run rampant and we would see wild animals, and hear eerie noises. We were terrified to begin our walk up in the canyon. Our cousin, Lorena Cazier, who was a

little older than we, suggested that we kneel in prayer before going on. No sooner had we finished that prayer than Joseph Smith Cazier, our father, appeared out of the dark riding a horse. He had become nervous about our whereabouts, and had come looking for us. The horse had seen us before our father could, and had made it known by his actions that there were objects ahead. I have never forgotten how our Heavenly Father answers our prayers.

She learned to love animals in her youth and had many rewarding and pleasurable experiences with them... She learned to ride a horse on a little bat called Mag. Every spring Mag would have a colt, and then would want to stay with the colt. One spring day, Isabelle was trying to ride Mag away from the direction of the colt, and Mag didn't like it. Suddenly she changed directions and rode wildly back towards the barn, crashing through the barn door with Isabelle on her back.

The family had many horses around throughout Isabelle's youth, and she acquired quite a love for horses. Another of her favorites was called Encafe. Isabelle would love to ride on a horse in the summertime to the berry patches where she would sit on the horse and eat all she could of fresh wild currant berries, gooseberries, service berries, and two or three different kinds of choke cherries. Through her years she especially liked chokecherry jelly. She no doubt she acquired her love for fruits and berries from her experiences on the farm.

She rarely rode a horse to school. During the fall and early spring, the children would walk the two miles each way to and from school. During the winter her dad would drive the children to school in a covered, horse-drawn sleigh, equipped with kerosene or wood heaters. In the wintertime, Idaho would experience many snow blizzards sometimes they could not see one foot in front of them. Sometimes, they would have to miss school for weeks at a time. Isabelle especially liked her first grade teacher, Rachael Root. They met in a two room school with four grades in each room. (Isabelle was able to return to her old schoolhouse in Farnum with her sister, Ruth, the last summer of her life on their trip to the annual Cazier family reunion. This was a rewarding experience to her).

"My older sister, Florence, and I started school the same year. Our schoolhouse was constructed of cement block, and still stands today, empty, and not in use. It was a two-room building, divided by a hallway where we hung our coats and put our lunch pails. Our first teacher was Miss Rachel Roop, a very lovely person. I can still see her expressive, brown eyes and freckles. We continued through grammar school here with the exception of some of the winters. We spent some in Utah with my mother's parents because of the severity of the winters in Idaho. Snow came about Thanksgiving time and stayed until April or May. As we grew older, we rode to school in a covered sleigh drawn by horses, and which was heated by a wood stove or kerosene heater. I surely was happy in the fall of the year, and the springtime when we could walk to school, as riding in the covered sleigh caused me to feel ill. Many times, we were unable to go to school for two or three weeks because of blizzards which drifted the snow and obliterated the roads. I remember seeing my father "breaking roads" again once the blizzard had stopped the horses lunging in the deep snow. Sometimes we stayed overnight with friends who lived near the school if a blizzard came up while we were at school. There were occasions when the community held a social in the meetinghouse one mile from school. A blizzard would come up and they would be forced to stay till morning transportation being horse drawn sleighs. Horses were covered by horse blankets to help protect them from the blizzard. I remember my father coming home at nighttime during the winter with icicles hanging from his mustache. I now realize the hardships our parents went through but, we have many happy memories of those long winter nights when our father would tell us true experience stories of his youth and young manhood during the early history of North Ogden where he lived. Sometimes he sang for us. Each winter the stories and songs were repeated, but they never grew old.

We had a sweet-tooth (which most of us inherited) and would often try our skill at candy making during those long winter evenings. There was no such thing as a corner storeonly vast spaces of whiteness. When spring came, if the Chinook wind (warm) melted the snow too fast, there would be large streams of swirling, roaring water running down the low places or valleys. On coming home from school one late afternoon with the school sleigh, it was necessary for my father to cross one of these streams

running through a rather deep canyon in our pasture land. Not knowing the depth or force of the stream before entering it, he tied the body of the sleigh to the runners, otherwise it would have been swept down-stream with those who were coming home from school riding in it. The horses were forced to swim and became somewhat panicky, but with strong urging from Dad, they made it safely across. It was an incident not anyone involved ever forgot. Needless to say, there was no repeat of forging the stream.

Another memory which comes to me of this same canyon pasture land was during the summertime. Our grandmother, Annie Wade, had come from Utah to visit us and to be present when our sister, Phyllis, was born. I still remember her wonderful homemade bread, and the good meals she prepared. Her reputation as a cook was known far and wide. Her time with us passed too quickly and on the morning she was to leave, Dad was driving her into Ashton, which was eight miles away, to take the train for home. It was necessary for them to leave early, so Dad sent my older sister, Florence, and I to the pasture to catch the horses which were to draw the buggy. It was not quite daylight as we walked along a narrow trail on the steep hillside. We saw a dark moving object on the trail ahead. Of course, we ran not waiting to see what it might be. As I saw it in my mind afterwards, it resembled a porcupine, and was probably as frightened as we were.

I used to dream of this canyon at night, and of the wild animals that were probably lurking there, and vowed to myself that I would never go there alone but with the coming of day, my fears all disappeared. Sometimes, we (my sisters and I) lingered after school and it would be dark before we reached this canyon. We held our lunch pails tightly so they wouldn't rattle and dared not to speak until we had passed through this feared canyon. Dark shadows were cast across the road by the massive rock formations, and the quaking asp trees. We feared that some animal would leap out at us at any moment. What a wonderful feeling it was to have passed safely through this fearful canyon.

"Some winters, especially her earlier school years, were so bad the children would move to Utah with their mother and would live with Grandpa and Grandma Wade and would go to school there. Isabelle remembered when peanut butter first came out, and the

children would have sandwiches with peanut butter and fruit for lunch.

The family farm was situated eight miles from Ashton. The Fall River was situated between their farm and Ashton. Her father, Joseph Smith Cazier, would go fishing on horseback in back of their farm up in the Tetons on the Teton River. The children were not allowed to go because there were a lot of rattlesnakes on the rock ledges on the river. For entertainment, the children would play games like Hide-N-Seek, Steal Sticks, and baseball. In the winter-time, they would ski. Being a big family, out away from a doctor, having the bad winters like they did, no one got pneumonia until the first winter her parents were away from the farm.

It used to get 65 degrees below zero during the winters. The family would keep meat all winter long by hanging it outside. To cure hams in the winter, they would bury them in the grain in the wheat silos, and would leave them there all winter long. It was not uncommon for the skin on one's hand to stick to any piece of metal it touched without gloves on.

Her father sold grain in Ashton to make a living for the family. On the farm he would mainly grow wheat, oats, barley, and potatoes. Her mother, Edna Moseley Cazier, raised a good and large garden each summer, besides spending a lot of time helping her husband in the fields. At harvest time, the kids would have to help shock the grain in preparation for the grain to be removed by the threshing machine. The family dry farm was approximately 300 acres in size.

Isabelle had very good, conscientious parents. They were very protective especially her father, who was always an admired and respected person in the community. Her father was very strict concerning raising his children to be honest. He was a very patient and kind man. If he felt his children were telling a lie, or doing something wrong, he would talk to them until the truth came out no matter how long it took. Isabelle learned it was better to tell the truth at first.

When her father was forced into bankruptcy, the family moved off the dry farm, and Isabelle (at age 20), and her sister, Ruth, went to California to visit their Aunt Myrtle in Ceres. They never again

returned to live on the farm. They eventually got an apartment in Modesto.

Isabelle met her future husband, Adolph, through a friend named Winnie, who lived across the hall and worked in a coffee shop right below them where Adolph ate quite frequently. Adolph was down in Modesto going to mechanic's school. He never finished grammar school. Isabelle said he hated school in his youth he said he was going to burn down the school on numerous occasions. One day in May, 1927, Winnie arranged for Adolph to come to her apartment, and also arranged for Isabelle to come at the same time. Isabelle recalled being afraid of him at first sight because he was so big. It was set up that they were to go out on a date together. Isabelle wanted Ruth to go along with them, but she had a date of her own. Adolph took her up to Phoenix Lake above Sonora in a Cadillac where he took her out in a boat and serenaded her the entire afternoon. Coming home, they didn't want Ruth to come with them, but she did anyway. They began dating quite regularly. Soon after they met, Adolph was wanted back in Pine Grove by his parents who needed his help with their business. Isabelle remained in Modesto where she had a job and dated Adolph whenever he could get away from Pine Grove. They were married in Merced, California, on November 22, 1927, some 7 months after they met. Adolph was late to the wedding, they were to be married by a Catholic priest but since Adolph was late, they could not find the priest. (Isabelle's parents had prayed she would not be married by a Catholic priest as she was brought up in the LIDS Church) They were then married in the courthouse aloneno onlookers. They went to Yosemite for their honeymoon. After their honeymoon, Isabelle had to go face Adolph's parents, who did not know they were married yet. Adolph's father, Luigi, said, "You darn fool!!!! You should have told me and I would have given you more money."

They moved to Pine Grove and lived with his parents in the hotel (Now called Giannini's Restaurant). Later they moved into the house where Adolph's sister, Vesh, now lives and lived there until their first child, Lawrence, was 6 months old. Then Adolph's parents built for them the white house on the highway we all knew and loved. (It is a mortuary today) Isabelle had 3 daughters while living there.

Moving to Pine Grove in 1927 was like moving to a different world. Having been reared amongst LIDS people and finding myself the only Mormon in Pine Grove, among people I had not known before, was not the most satisfying feeling. Coming into a family of a different nationality and background was not the most comforting either. They were very good to me, especially Adolph's sisters Angelina and Vesh. Angelina, now deceased, helped me through many rough spots in adjusting to my new life. Though I have liked the setting of Pine Grove in the foothills, amongst the pines, I have never been able to accept it fully as the only place I would like to be. Perhaps a part of me remains in Utah, where I was born, and in Idaho where I grew up. I often told my children that my childhood was a happy one, and that, in spite of being poor, I valued the fact of being reared in a home where high ideals were taught and practiced.

The lives of my children were different than mine. Having grown up on a farm with all those satisfying experiences, mine was closer to the pioneer life ...which still appeals to me. Our children had better opportunities for education and social life, which I am sure they enjoyed. As most parents do, we tried to give them more opportunities in life than we had had. I'm sure the girls, Ardith and Carol especially, remember hurrying home after school for music lessons with Ruth Fontenrose, and to Jackson for ballet and tap dance lessons. Lawrence, our only son, took violin lessons for a time. One time, we took our children to the World Fair at Treasure Island in San Francisco. We stayed in a hotel, and spent several days there. One evening, we went to dine at an exclusive restaurant, The Cliff House, overlooking the Seal Rocks on the Bay. Lawrence learned a lesson in etiquette which he never forgot. When we were called to our table, he barged ahead and sat down, and the maître-d corrected him and asked him to stand until the ladies were seated. He has raised his sons to always seat the ladies first.

Adolph and Isabelle didn't notice the depression years as Amador County wasn't seriously affected. Salt Springs Reservoir was being built at the time and there was a lot of money around. Adolph made good money and Isabelle took good care of it. Back then \$5.00 a day or \$1.50 an hour was good wages. Adolph's parents

built the big garage next to the house for Adolph to do his mechanic work in.

They owned a Philco radio and they used to listen to it a lot (her grandson, Trent, is now in the process of restoring it). Isabelle liked all types of music, but was especially fond of the lovely, beautiful songs by Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy.

Isabelle took an active part in helping with the Galli-sponsored dances at the town hall and magnificent dinners held in the garage next to the white house on the highway. People would come for the dinners from as far away as San Francisco. The people would be lined up until four in the morning waiting to be served. They would serve such foods as: homemade ravioli, spaghetti, potato salad with shrimp, cream cakes, stuffed veal, chicken, stuffed zucchini, wine, French bread, etc. It was all you could eat for \$.75 per person they would make \$400 to \$500 profit a night.

She was especially fond of her parents and had many vivid memories of them. Her Father served a church mission in the southern states in the late 1800's. A couple of years after he returned, he was married and he and his wife moved up to Idaho to the dry farm. Times were hard then. Her father was a self-educated man who had no formal schooling past the 6th grade. People in the community thought of him as a college graduate and he was a leader in the community. Eventually, some people who were not very educated, but ignorant, came into the church, and one thing led to another, and her father became disgusted and began to look against the church. He always believed in the church, but became inactive. As Isabelle put it, "When life is hard and full of troubles and struggles, it is easy to stray from the truth." But her father was a good Christian and she always thought of him in the highest respect.

Her dad at one time worked in the mutual program and in the social activities for the church. Her father was a born actor, and would always give marvelous dramatic readings. "I was a small child, but can still remember how he moved audiences with his very dramatic recitation one being Spartacus, another Thomas O'Brian. And one about a soldier thought to be dead, returning from war to find his wife married to another man. A decision was made that she was to choose between the two. This was a real tear

jerker, but can't remember the title. He also coached home dramatic plays, such as Hazel Kirk. He had a deep sensitivity for feelings and could truly make himself a part of the character he played. Somehow or other, none of his children inherited this talent from him; at least, it was not developed in any of them." He directed many plays and would take these plays to other nearby communities. Whenever he spoke, he was fully portraying the entire character of the person he was speaking for.

Isabelle remembered being lifted up on the stage to give talks at church when she was young. Her father continually taught them proper speech, expressions, and manners around the kitchen table. Her father was always proud of his family and was proud that they had plenty to eat, and clothes to wear although they were a relatively poor family. Her father's ambition in life was not to gather material things, but to live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to all men. He was greatly interested in politics, and spent a great deal of his time riding through the countryside on his horse in the interest of politics he was a man that had a great sense of justice. He had many friends and was well-respected.

Her mother was a very conscientious and hard-working lady. She came from a well-to-do family, and married into a poor family. Life was hard on her at times because of this fact. She worked very hard on the family farm. She tended the family garden, milked the cows, made butter by hand, did lots of canning, dried corn, prepared and stored fresh vegetables in an undercount cellar, personally made all of the family clothing, traded eggs-butter-grain for groceries, etc. She was a very hard worker with a large family to look after. "I remember our mother driving us into Ashton and buying new hats and shoes for us. Two of my favorite hats were one with pink horsehair, one decorated with flowers, and red horsehair and one decorated with red cherries. I really felt like the "bell of the ball" when wearing these hats. I was so thrilled at having new shoes, but I didn't always use good judgment in the way they fit. I remember walking home from Sunday school in the summertime carrying my new shoes, as they burned my feet so badly, and would rub blisters on my heels. As the years' passed by, pride was replaced by comfort.

I remember our mother sitting at the sewing machine far into the night sewing dresses for us to wear to some celebration. She was a

good seamstress, and we were lucky girls as all our dresses were made at home. How happy I was to wear my little pink dress, with ribbon rosettes on it, to our children's dances. I remember on this occasion, dancing with my "boyfriend", Harold Bat, who was originally from England. Harold was dragged to death by a horse when he was 16 years old."

Her parents were married in the Salt Lake Temple. She heard about a Mormon Church meeting starting in Lone, CA sometime in 1942, and became one of the stalwart members of the little branch. She especially loved to have the missionaries in her home. She especially remembered the large old-fashioned celebrations held at the church on July 4th and July 24th. There would be games, activities, plays, and such treats as popcorn balls and ice cream. In the evenings, there would be a large banquet and dance.

She and her sister, Ruth, were very close. In their youth, they were the silly and giggle ones in the family. Her oldest sister, Florence, was always very quiet, sensible, good, and always helped her mother they, too, were very close. In her youth, Isabelle did not have to work in the fields a lot because she would get bad nosebleeds. In her spare time, she learned to cook and became a magnificent cook through the years. She would love to be alone on the farm. She would work real hard, and would accomplish a lot. She cleaned house, baked, did chores on the farm like milking cows, etc. She especially liked to bake cakes, potatoes, meats, and make gravy. As mentioned before, she loved to ride horses.

One of her family's favorite family activities was to leave the farm after the crops were in, and would go camping with neighboring families at Coyote Meadows. They would be there several weeks at a time. She liked being able to play with the other children there. When she got older, she would have to stay home to milk the cows and tend the farm. The men would hunt and fish during the day, and at night, the families would gather around the campfire.

She especially liked going to Cazier Family Reunions. She remembered attending reunions at: Three Forks, Montana; a couple in Canada; a couple in Utah; Pine Grove, Disneyland, and other places in California, Afton, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, etc.

Isabelle spent most of her married life looking and caring for her own four children, or her many grandchildren. She especially remembered when Lawrence was born at St. Mary's Hospital in Modesto. She recalled her first awareness that he had been born. She said she never had such a wonderful, joyous feeling in all her life. She knew he was a special, warm spirit. She remembered how Adolph and she would adore him and worship him, and how they would worry about him. She recalled once there was an obnoxious member of the family that always wanted to touch the little baby, Lawrence, and every time he would touch Lawrence, she would take all of the clothes off him and wash them. Isabelle always stood for cleanliness and honesty.

Ardith came along 14 months after Lawrence was born. She had a lot of hair ...so much that it was always standing straight up on her head. The doctor said he had never seen a baby with so much hair. Twenty-two months after Ardith was born, Carol came along. Isabelle had to hire help to take care of all of the children. Geri came along 13 years after the other three children. She was a very pretty baby, with blond, curly hair. Her brother and sisters would play with her and adored her until she got big enough to be a nuisance. When the older two girls would have boyfriends come over to the house, Geri would torment them by telling the girl's other boyfriends about the other guys that had just been there previously. Isabelle recalled that Geri was a strong-willed girl and had a way about talking Adolph and Isabelle into letting her do what she wanted.

Isabelle was very fond of all races of people. She deeply cared about her family and the church. She had a great faith in the gospel and in God. She was always willing to do what the Lord asked of her. She was a great example of personal sacrifice. She was very thankful to her Heavenly Father for the blessings and opportunities he had given her. She especially loved gardening, canning, animals, and grandchildren. She deeply wanted her children to have all of the opportunities in life she never had. She spent much of her spare time helping in the church or various community projects. She loved being able to go to family reunions, especially when she was able to take her father when he was alive. She liked to go to these reunions with a car full of relatives. She wondered through the years if Adolph and she would ever be able to

celebrate their Golden Wedding Anniversary. Finally, the day came that they were able to do so. She especially remembered all of the family and longtime friends that were able to be there. To her, it was a very nice, heartwarming occasion such special occasions that only come along once in a lifetime.

Isabelle always looked forward to holidays or special occasions all the way from childhood to adulthood for they were the times the family would get together. She was, as always, a tremendous and magnificent cook, and she always put a tremendous amount of energy in it. She especially liked to cook homemade candy, lemon pudding, turkey and stuffing, homemade cranberry sauce, cream, etc. It was all very worthwhile to her.

When the children were small, she didn't have any cats. Then one day a very common looking black cat moved her family of kittens underneath the house. They were the wildest, but prettiest kittens she ever took care of. She would spend hours and hours taking care of them. She especially remembered sitting on the porch and throwing bits of hamburger meat to them. Eventually, she had them trained. She took care of 26 cats at one time, and never less than 6 to 10 permanently. One of her favorite cats was called Sulky. She found Sulky when she was just born, and the whole litter was very sick. But Isabelle took loving care of her, and she was the only one from her litter to survive. Sulky was a long-haired gray cat with dark stripes. Each year for 15 years, Sulky would produce a litter of kittens. Another of her favorite cats was a cat called Molly, whom she got from Carol.