

## Loreta Mae Hull Simpson 1892-1938



Loreta May Hull was the third child born to Thomas Hull III and Mary Ann Flueitt. Loreta was born on 17 March 1892. Thomas Hull 3 and Mary had seven children. Four of these children were college graduates. Loreta graduated college as a registered nurse. She was very efficient and dedicated to her position and in her duties at the Dee Hospital in Ogden, Utah. On December 2, 1919, at 27 years of age Loreta married William Edwin Simpson. He was 11 years her senior and a wealthy cattlemen with a five figure bank account and a 20 acre farm. Together they reared 10 children Mark, Ruth Nielson, Jack, Dean of Oroville, California, Betty Wilson of Hooper, Utah, William of Loanoke, Arkansas, Isabelle Voisard Hooper, Utah, Mary Stokes of Fountain Valley, California, Kathryn Penrod of West Warren, Utah, and Iretta Patrie of Evanston, Wyoming.

Loreta was a great mom. She was a clean freak, always made sure we were cleaned and combed every day and went to church every Sunday. Loreta and William had of flowing well and the water trough where they kept the milk in a 5 gallon milk can. They had plenty of water, so they always had a beautiful garden, an apple tree and lots of grape vines. They grew carrots, parsnips, turnips, potatoes, beets, beans, cucumbers, peas- you name it mom grew it. Mama made her own butter and soap. To make the soap our Dad made her a fire pit with the grate over top. In the summertime she made a fire in that pit and made this soap to last us for the year. She put a boiler on top of the grate, filled it with water, lye and some other ingredients bringing all this to boil. It boiled until it thickened, by then the fire was out and the soap was made. When it cooled she cut it into large squares and on wash day she would chip it into the washing machine, wash our clothes and then hang them on the clothesline to dry (winter and summer). The following day would be our ironing day, and she would iron all the clothes. She had a White electric sewing machine; making many of our clothes and patching those that needed it. She had a Hot Point electric stove. We were one of the first families in Hooper to have electricity.

In the garden mama had a few grapevines with produce sweet, sweet grapes, which she turned into juice putting the juice into 2 quart jars. Mama was well organized; Monday was wash days, Tuesday was ironing day and Wednesday she did all the baking-she made 10 loaves of bread every week-- man was her bread and cake delicious. She had a machine that looked like a bucket with a handle on top which clamped to the bucket and the arms went down into the mixture of milk, lard, salt, flour, and yeast. When the handle is turned many, many times the mixture became dough, then mom poured the dough into a bread board covered with flour and rolled it into loaves and put these loaves into a pan; when they raised they went into our pre-heated electric oven,; the smell when the bread was done is still in our thoughts and minds to this day. It was great!

Every fall was harvest time. We had a seller made of logs with straw, limbs and dirt over top where Dad filled it with potatoes, carrots, apples and upon the shelves that dad built from end-to-end we placed mom's bottled fruit and juices.

Then it happened. Never again would we see our mom plant a garden, wash clothes, put up fruit, make donuts, bake bread, rub our throats with Vicks when we were sick, give us our daily ration of cod liver oil to keep us well or hug us. In September 1938 when Iretta was just two years old Loreta was killed in a tragic automobile accident up by the Kanessville School House by a drunken driver. She was thrown from the car and lay in the middle of the road bleeding to death waiting for an ambulance. Friends passing by in horror notified her sisters of the disaster. They raced to the awful scene to see what they could do to help. While her husband lay injured in one room at the hospital, Loreta died in another room.

Family, friends and neighbors rushed to the Simpson home to take care of the children. Their Uncle Harvey Day Hull, a Dentist in Ogden, was there to comfort and assist, as were the neighbors. It was Uncle Harvey, who broke the awful news to the children; their mother was not coming home, she had gone to heaven. She was lovely as she lay there in her Temple clothes as each of her 10 children stood by her casket to say their last goodbyes. After 72 years, never a day goes by that we all don't think of our mother and how much she is missed and how much we loved her even though we know that we will again be with her in heaven.

Written by Betty Simpson Wilson, 2010