

LACHONEOUS LUTHER HEMENWAY



Lachoneus Hemenway & wife Annie Maria Roberts

My name is Douglas Hemenway Bertoch. I was born July 20, 1910 in Granger, Utah (now known as West Valley) and am the son of William Joseph Bertoch and Ethel Maude Hemenway.

My mother, Ethel Maude Hemenway, was born in Granger, Salt Lake, Utah, the daughter of Lachoneous Luther and Anna Mariah Roberts Hemenway.

Her father, Lachoneous Luther Hemenway, was born January 16, 1849 in Daysville, Ogle County, Illinois, the son of Luther Hemenway and Elvira Day

Her mother Anna Mariah Roberts was born Feb. 8, 1854 in Millcreek, Salt Lake, Utah, the daughter of Sidney Roberts and Caroline Bowers. Grandma died in 1912 when I was two years old. The only stories I know about her were told to me by my mother.

Grandpa and Grandma came to Utah at an early age and settled in Granger, Utah. Grandpa took up a homestead consisting of 360 acres at 3200 West and 3900 South. No surveying was yet done west of State Street. Grandpa, being a very talented man made the first survey from State Street to 3200 West and 3900 South. He then built his home 1,000 feet south of 3900 South and 400 feet west of 3200 West to make sure he was on his own property just in case he had made a mistake in the survey. He did not make a mistake, so the country mansion he built sat way back in the property with a long curving drive way back to the home.

There were no irrigation canals west of the Jordan River at that time. Being very active in public affairs, Grand Dad helped promote getting the first irrigation canal and did the survey for it. The story is told that he made his own spirit level by using a two quart bottle half-filled with water and with a line down the middle so that he could gage the level of the canal. The canal was named the North

Jordan Canal and came through Grandpa's property on an angle with about thirty (30) acres below the canal. Grandpa was a professional horticulturist and this is where he planted his first orchard. A few years later the second canal was built coming out of the Jordan River farther south, and all of Grandfather's ranch was irrigated from it.

My grandparents had seven daughters and one son. The son died in his early twenties. I didn't know him. One daughter Amy never married and lived with her father for the rest of his life. I was twenty years old when Grand Dad died.

We were a very close-knit family, so I have many memories of him. It was a family custom for us all to gather at his place for Christmas Eve. This made quite a crowd, including his six daughters and their mates and all of their children. The Christmas I was eight years old stands out in my memory. Grandpa always dressed up as Santa Claus and would come into the living room with his pack on his back and a big Ho! Ho! He would sit next to the Christmas tree and call each child by name and give each a present as they sat on his knee. This particular Christmas he passed presents to everyone except me. There I was in the middle of the room all alone and no present. As I stood there with tears starting, he called, "now my favorite grandson Douglas come and get your present. My tears stopped and my chest stood out as I went and sat on his lap and he reached down into his pack and handed me a big rubber ball. I kept that ball for a long time. Mother would talk to me about it for years to come.

Grand Dad was a very successful in his operations and made a lot of money, which he put back into his ranch. It was a quite a show place. The large house had a kitchen, living room, parlor, four bedrooms, a large entry porch on the back of the house, and a large screened porch across the south side of the house. There was a furnace room with a large water boiler. Hot water radiators provided heat throughout the house. The house was very modern with a bathtub, washbasin and kitchen sink but there was not a toilet in the house because Grandma would not allow one in the house. Instead, they had a fancy out door toilet.

Grand Dad's rose garden was spectacular with a waterfall in the center and a decorative iron fence surrounding it. This was Grandmother's love, and Grand Dad kept it very special as long as he lived. From the front of their house to 3200 West ran a 400-foot walkway bordered by a row of black walnut trees. To the south of the walkway lay a two-acre park where we played all kinds of outdoor games.

He had concrete everywhere: a large concrete patio to the south and back of the house and sidewalks leading to all of the well-built, stylish outside buildings which lay to the south and west of the house: a large hay barn, a modern cow barn, and a horse barn. To the west of the house was a large garage and granary. To the north of them was a huge fruit cellar with a concrete floor. Dad said they could store five thousand bushels of apples in it. Next to it was the packing shed was where they sorted and packed the apples for shipment. At one time he had forty acres of "fruit trees consisting mostly of apples and some pears. He was well known for the fruit he produced.

Grand Dad had the first of everything west of the Jordan River, including the first model T Ford (1910) and the first iron wheel Fortson tractor. The Model T Ford stayed in the family as a historic treasure, but it disappeared out of the garage soon after he died. He invested heavily in the electric Orem line that ran from Salt Lake City to Magna and in the Selma Mines at Tinic, Utah. Both of these ventures failed, but this didn't seem to suppress him. He loved everyone and no one was ever turned from his door.

Grand Dad was known for his ability to locate underground water using a method called water witching. I can verify two water wells he witched: one named the ED Blat well and the other the Younggreen well. Both were located on the dry farms west and south of Granger (West Valley).

When I was about fifteen, I worked on the dry farms during the summer months, weeding with horse drawn weeders. The Blat house was vacant at that time: therefore, surrounding farmers camped by the well in order to have a place to water their horses. The well had a windmill that pumped the water. That particular summer, the sucker rod on the pump came disconnected, and I was sent down into the well to reconnect the rod. The well was about eight feet in diameter and about sixty feet deep. In the bottom was a small stream of water running through it.

During the years he reared his family, he was very active in the community, serving on the school board, promoting the building of the first schoolhouse. He was also very active in the LDS church and helped build the first church house in Granger at 3200 West and 3500 South.

Grandma and Grandpa were very family oriented. Mother told many stories about her childhood. Family prayer was offered every morning before breakfast, and the children were inspected to insure they were clean and properly dressed before leaving for school. Mother said her mother was the cleanest woman in Utah. Everything had to be "sparkling clean. She taught each of her six girls how to cook, sew, care for babies and be independent in later life. Amy never married but the five "other daughters and one son were all married in the temple and were active in church and community. This strong trait of raising families to have love, respect, independence, and how to be active in community, civic and church callings has continued down through the generations.

Grand Dad had a great love for animals, always keeping about ten milk cows, which he was still milking at the age of eighty. He also had a pet Jersey bull that followed him everywhere. This bull still had his horns because Grand Dad did not believe in dehorning an animal. One day, while walking to the house carrying two buckets of milk, he was unsuspectingly gourd through the pelvis and tromped by the bull. Grand Dad only lived about thirty days after that. I was twenty years old when he died.

I, Douglas Hemenway Bertoch am very proud to say that I am a grandson of Lachoneous Luther and Annie Roberts Hemenway.