

To be married in polygamy meant at once a peculiar way of life for both the husband and the wives. There were matters of equality, division of attention, differences and sometimes clashes in personalities, added financial problems to an already over-burdened economy in the home, loneliness and even heart aches, and more significant, the necessary sharing and sacrifices. Polygamy was not an easy principle to accept nor to live, and in mother's case, these problems were significant in her life.

The problem was continuously being complicated by opinions from outside the home. I have often thought that in the case of mother, one of the most disturbing elements of the status quo was the flood of sympathy that came, sincerely I'm sure, but none the less too freely at times. This constant barrage of indignation, advice and sympathy and even pity could get through to almost anyone in one way or another. Although mother was running her own life, she was still a very human person and this facet in her environment certainly had it's effect.

It is often observed that hardships make us sympathetic and helpful to others when they run into rough going; sickness makes us aware of the infirmities of our friends. Mother was particularly and acutely friendly and understanding in a helpful way to women who had problems, and this told me something of her inner feelings. Women, on more than one occasion, reminisced to me of trying episodes in their lives when they had been subjected to the not always charitable attitudes and actions of their neighbors or even families, have told me that mother's understanding and extension of friendship and sympathy were outstanding and sometimes even singular in their lives. So, if polygamy had it's stifling aspects, it also lend opportunity for character growth.

Concerning mother's marriage, it was not a matter of polygamy or no marriage at all. She had other suitors and urged by at least one of them to marry monogamously. But, as stated elsewhere, to the oft repeated question "Why polygamy?" she would reply, "For you and your brothers and sisters. I felt your father would give you a better heritage."

So, as I have indicated, she became a plural wife fully understanding what she was contracting and after careful consideration. She told me that the day father walked into her mother's home, she knew at once and without question or doubt, that this man was to be her husband. She had been his pupil at one time when he had taught school in Centerville.

Even though there were hardships and disappointments, and there were many, she never felt that she had made a mistake. I have been led to believe that it was only in her latter years that she, on one occasion, complained to her husband of neglect.