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My Biography by  
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I first saw the light of day in a very small and humble home on the great Canadian prairies. The nite was very cold as I was born in the 26th of November in 1901. My parents had migrated from Missouri the following spring, and my father had done all that he possibly could to build a livable roof over our heads nine miles from Olds, Alberta, Canada.

My father's people were of German & Swiss origin and came from Baden, Baden, Germany about 1845. His father's name was Anton Hammer. He with his small sister Theresa and widowed mother arrived in Highland, Madison County, Illinois after a very long and tiresome trip. Shortly after their arrival my great grandmother died of cholera leaving her two small children in the care of protestant Swiss immigrants.

My great grandmother Hammer was exceedingly poor in worldly goods, but I feel that her courage was outstanding. Anton Hammer said as he was very young he remembered a male calf had been given his mother, and from the day of her prize possession she had cared for it with upmost ingenuity and always kept this foremost in her mind. "When this calf is three years old I shall sell it and with the money my children and I shall go to America." ~~ How thankful I am for this brave progenitor. She had been reared a devout Catholic, but through no will of her own, her children were left at a tender age in the care of their heavenly father, and the immigrants ~~ Up to this date, I have not been able to do temple work for this faithful grandmother as I have never been able to procure her given name. Anton had blue eyes, brown curly hair and was exceedingly sweet tempered and fair-minded. He married three times, first Columbina Grob, secondly Emmerita Branger, my maternal grandmother, and thirdly Mary Grob and this last wife outlives him about ten years. Father was born September 2, 1864 in Illinois.

My mother, Rose Hirni, was born 24 October 1874. She was a beautiful Swiss girl with blue eyes, tall and fair. Her father's name was Christian Hirni and he with his father Christian Hirni and mother Elizabeth Riser, also two sisters arrived in Highland, Madison County, Illinois about 1846 from Hinterlaughen, Bern, Canton, Switzerland. Her father, my grandfather, moved to Missouri with his second wife,

Louisa Leutwiler, my maternal grandmother, and there my mother and all of his sisters and brothers were born and reared. Louisa Leutwiler was an invalid most of her married life, and after her death my grandfather married Lena Wirtz.

My father and mother were both reared near Pappinsville, Bates Co., Missouri and when father was nineteen he decided to travel west to California. Being industrious and saving he did well in California financially, and during this ten years he made three trips back to Missouri, and then married my mother and settled on a farm near Rich Hill. They lived on this farm for ten years and there five of my brothers and sisters were born. George, Florence, Walter, Nettie and Louis Jr.

I can easily see what great courage and love my mother must have possessed to go into a strange country 2200 miles north of her people and there strive to make a good home for her children, and now let us take up the threads of our early days in Canada.

I was a very small and frail baby in comparison to the other robust children, which my mother had born. Bur our heavenly Father was good to us. We thrived through the winter and spring found this brave little family healthy and happy, looking forward with new courage.

I cannot say that I can look back over my early childhood and say with all truthfulness, "Oh, those were the days of real sport." We certainly had the protection of good kind parents, but it seems that poor health was continually my lot. I was often cross and irritable with terrible headaches. My brothers often teased me regarding my "spider legs" and thin sallow face.

During those years I can dimly remember that during the summer a minister of the gospel times came to our house on a Saturday eve. He held lengthy pious prayers before our dinner. It was a task for my mother to keep us quiet, as we were hungry and desirous of food. Again, after the dinner we were required to sit (it seemed for hours) while the young preacher again uttered those lengthy prayers. Again before going to bed he kneeled in the attitude of prayer, and looking at my brothers and cousin said, "Boys don't you think you have forgotten something." We had never been taught to pray, so my brothers were at a loss to think of anything which they had neglected. The preacher then went ahead with his own prayers and my cousin leaned over to my brother and would whisper, "Look, he's doing it again." The next day services were held in the little country schoolhouse. I do not remember the services but I do remember playing with the other children before the meetings.

Shortly after my father's arrival in Canada the "Hammer School District" was formed, a school built and in this little humble white school we all received our early educational training.

Other children were born to my parents Anton, Grace, William, Harold and Clare. While Anton was very young (two years) he developed pneumonia and was exceedingly feverish and ill. Our mother's bed was moved into the front room, and upon her arising mother would carefully wrap Anton in his warm nightgown, as if the warmth that had come from her body would give him warmth and strength. He was very ill for days, and at last he began to mend. How happy and thankful my mother was during those days and often we were required to sit and watch Anton as he basked in the warm summer sun. At this time a small kitchen was being built onto our tiny house. While we amused Anton and played in the sun, mother so often came to the door and it seemed that he eyes were hungrily happy as she watched us.

When I was five years old we had a very good crop and enjoyed a small amount of prosperity. On the 25th of September we younger children were left at a neighbor's place (Mr. & Mrs. George P. Dake) while mother, dad and the older children traveled to Olds to enjoy the fall fair. During the day a strong wind blew up and we believed because of a faulty chimney the house caught fire and all the buildings were burned to the ground. Then came much work for my father and mother, days of sewing for the many little children, washing wool to make warm comforters, building, and then for long hours in the evening we pulled wool while mother carded wool for the lovely warm comforters. And it was well for us that our industrious mother made those warm covers for the winter of 1906 was the coldest that had been recorded in Alberta, Canada for many, many years. The house had been quickly and rather poorly built, and all winter our heater and kitchen stove was red-hot.

Around Christmas of that year my mother became exceedingly homesick for her people and friends in Missouri. She felt she couldn't leave us, so she coaxed my father to return for a visit to Missouri, hoping that he would return with stories and tales of her home people. My father returned in due time, but on the trip home he became so ill that he was taken off the train and sent to a hospital at Brandon Manitoba. My mother's brother, Geo Hirni, who had always lived with us went to Brandon for Dad and after they returned, Dad was so ill that by the time he had recovered he had almost forgotten about the trip -- so poor homesick mother did not hear the news and tales of her people & friends as she had desired.

The next winter dear sweet baby boy William Henry was born. He was a solemn blue-eyed, and the only black curly headed Hammer baby. How we all loved that

sweet baby boy, and to this day it seems a great spirit had partaken of a body and had come to our family. Before his birth my mother had spent months in bed in order to bring forth this son. Surely she was greatly rewarded.

The following winter in 1907 my mother planned a trip back to Missouri. My eldest sister was then just fifteen, and the household cares, along with all the children and this new baby were left in her care. Mother decided to take one of the children with her to lighten the household duties for my sister. She wanted to take the most quarrelsome and troublesome child with her, so I was the one who was chosen to accompany Mother on this delightful trip.

We had such a lovely winter and that is the only time I can remember being held on my mother's lap and fondled. Surely I had been pushed off my mother's lap by new babies and new cares. That was indeed the happiest time of my childhood for every nite I was rocked and caressed. I can look back on that trip and remember the happenings and relatives as tho it was only yesterday. This trip was of infinite value to me as later years when I decided to keep a genealogical record of my people.

During the next few years I attended Hammer School and progressed well in my studies. Sunday was generally a day of much play since there was seldom church or Sunday school. We always played with our cousins, and oh we did play hard. Running over banks, and eating huck berry seeds. Evening found us so tired we could hardly drag to bed, and almost always I would awaken in the nite with a terrible headache and crying for Mother. The day of play had been too strenuous for me. The next morning, Monday, mother always started the big family washing, and I would lie on the dining room sofa hardly able to bear the odor of soapsuds and clothes. The Mondays of my childhood are indelibly printed upon my mind as bad and undesirable days. The next day would generally find me up and about my business.

When I was about ten years old, our teacher Frank Boyer's father came from Nova Scotia to rebuild our house. He was a very good carpenter and to this day the house remains well built and solid. He was kindly and a religious God-fearing man. That summer he started the Sunday School at Hammer School and all during the next year there was an average of fifty at Sunday School. My oldest sister Florence was Secretary Treasurer, and once she was sent to a S.S. convent at Didsbury over the weekend. She went on a train, a trip often miles, but it seemed to us that our sister had gone on a long trip.

During all these years my father prospered and often added a quarter to his farmlands. We never knew any great financial difficulties and if there were any, Dad generally kept them to himself.

It seemed the years flew by and while I was in my very early teens, Mother and Dad made one of their numerous trips back to Missouri & Illinois. They brought back with them a young nineteen year old second cousin, Kaspar Kamm. My father loved young boys, and it seemed he always loved to talk to them, advise and teach them the fundamentals of life. In due time my parents had seven boys and four girls, yet there was often some one else's boy being reared in our home.

Then in 1914 war clouds loomed over Europe. Prices soured & Canada being a possession of Great Britain was immediately affected. My brothers were growing into manhood, and it certainly did not seem to be the desire of my peace-loving Swiss parents to see their healthy young sons pushed into the trenches. My father seemed to fear far more for their virtue and the health of their strong young bodies than he did for their lives. How great was his wisdom & foresight -- And my brothers did not go to war, but at to close they could be found in various training camps. Caspar had returned to Missouri and from there entered in training at Camp Bowie Texas. During his stay there he sent me a beautiful felt cushion which I still have and prize.

The Sunday school at Hammer School continued to flourish, and in about 1913 Hammer & Bennett erected a church midway between the two districts. My mother has been President of the Lady's Aid in those districts for years, and it seems they have attached to her a life-long job.

I continued through High School at Olds, Alberta, Canada and while there boarded with W.W. Hunters, David Greys & Mr. & Mrs. Foster's. One year had been spent at home regaining my health and helping mother.

Naturally, during my girlhood, while in high school, I enjoyed the sports & friendships of youth. Outstanding among my sweethearts was this second cousin who lived at my home. He was truly a fine, clean, young friend, and if I could think of my children possessing such a clean friend to bring them through their early girlhood, I should feel most happy and thankful. Those days were happy & fun loving, and my wise father cautioned me that our friendship should not go further than just that, as we were "cousins." During the war he went to Camp Bowie, Texas & never returned to Canada. I continued to have sweethearts & friends.

Predominating among these was a fine young farm boy by the name of Clifford William Harvey.

I graduated at eighteen from High school, and after a year at home I accepted a country school at Roche Plain Saskatchewan without further teaching training. This school was sixty miles from a railway, had a very busy and good wheat farming district. A nervous condition brought me home, and I never taught again.

After I returned, Clifford went to The Olds School of Agriculture and I was invited to all the dances & social affairs. We had a wonderful time as Clifford's bright sunny smile and good nature entitled him to many friends. As years went by we grew closer to one another, and became real lovers.

He was truly a fine young man and my parents loved him almost as their own. We planned on being married so Clifford and his mother build us a beautiful stucco bungalow on the mother's farm. She wished Clifford to be near to run the farm as he was the eldest son, very capable and his father had died the 23 of February 1923. We were married the 21 July 1925 & spent our honeymoon going through Canadian Rockies to Omak Washington where we spent a week with Aunt Lilly & Uncle Geo Hirni.



This snap was taken about a year before our marriage on a Sunday afternoon at the Hammer farm. We were married at my home among the beautiful trees. All our immediate relatives and close friends were present. My parents always wanted home weddings for their children and I look back on them now as something big & beautiful.

The two years which followed were probably the happiest years of my life up to that date. My health was good, and I enjoyed the love and companionship of one of the dearest of mother-in-laws. Her home was near ours, and rarely a day passed without being in one another's company. We gardened, cooked, worked and played together, and I shall always feel that her love

and friendship is one of my rarest jewels. I cared for her through two rather serious illnesses, and each wakeful hour I spent with her made me love her more. Once during a very bad spell of Erysipelas of the face I told her she looked like "Queen Victoria." Indeed she was a Queen in my estimation.

It seemed that everything which was essential to the happiness of a young couple was ours. We enjoyed prosperity to a marked degree. Holidays were frequent as we bought two good cars and had all our friends and loved ones near.

Clifford had always been bothered more or less with a bad cold during summer & fall of 1927, and finally we persuaded him to go to bed in order that he might rid himself of this bad cough. Suddenly he became ill with Spanish Influenza, we called in Dr. and he said not to worry that Clifford was over the worst of it. He still stayed abed of course and one nite dear Mother Harvey came over to see that we were both settled for a comfortable night. As she left she said, "I believe that you shall both enjoy a good nites rest to-nite."

One can imagine the shock which came to her when I cam across snowy ground, barefooted & coatless to ask her to come quickly. Just as I ran back Dr. Mann drove into the yard, we rushed into the house together and as we looked at Clifford we knew that his spirit was passing from his body. He was buried beside his father in the Olds Cemetery, his death taking place the 25 of November 1927, at the age of 29. He was born 12 November 1898.

The months that followed were lonely & full of heartache. It seemed that I cried as a child in darkness to my heavenly father "Why this?" and "Why that?" At that time I never realized that my question would probably be answered to my fullest satisfaction at a later date.

I lived with my people and often stayed for days with Mother Harvey while we were all busy settling up the Harvey Estate. Everyone was so kind and good to me. Mother Harvey & her children allotted me a farm near the home place as my share of the Estate. It was a half section of good land with buildings and clear of all mortgages. I still have the farm, my father & brothers run it, and each year it has brought me in a good little nest egg.

In the fall of 1928 I came to California with my parents, sister Grace & youngest brother Clare for a winter holiday. Here I seemed to gain a fresh desire to live and see the wonderful beauties of nature.

When spring came my folks went home by way of Missouri, but I stayed in California with my Uncle & Aunt, Henry Hirni's at Visalia, California.

Later in the summer I bought a new car, and Aunt Kitty, Florence Truman & I enjoyed many short trips. Among these was a trip to Long Beach over the 4th of July. The Balmy ocean breezes were so cool & invigorating and I decided that life was too short to spend in a heat-infested valley.

My cousin, Florence Truman & I lived and obtained work in Long Beach for several months, and truly enjoyed life once again. We took in the best of shows, scenic rides, and had a carefree & lovely time together.

Finally Aunt Kitta became ill with neuritis, so Florence went back to Visalia to care for her mother. In the summer of 1930 dear Mother Harvey came to spend the summer with me, and I truly enjoyed the visit beyond words to express.



This snap was taken at the entrance of Harold Loyds palatial home in Hollywood, and Louise Fonken child, Mary Harvey Fonken Clifford's only sister and dear Mother Harvey are standing near my car. After two months Mother, Mary &

Louise started on their homeward journey by way of Seattle where Mary & Louise live.

Soon after I lived with another girl for sometime and in the course of a few months I met an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I was naturally interested in his religion, and so promised to attend Sunday school with him. Truly a new and beautiful life was unfolding before me. Little by little I grasped the



truthfulness of Mormonism. I sang in the choir and attended Sunday school and Sacrament meeting very steadily.

I had been interested in religion since childhood, and had attended every church that I had heard of, but this was the first church that satisfied, and answered my many questions. I gradually learned more about it & continued to become more interested. Finally I was at the crossroads, and still there was a doubting Thomas in my mind. In June 1932 I obtained a position, and I there and then made a covenant with my heavenly father that I would pay an honest tithing of ten percent to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints if he would in return make known to me if this was the true church. A testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ came with each paying of tithes, and in the fall I applied for baptism.

And now I want to bear my testimony that God our heavenly father dwells in the heavens, that Jesus Christ is his beloved son & our older brother, & that Joseph Smith is a true prophet of the living God, sent in this last dispensation of time to bring forth this Gospel of Jesus Christ and to restore the Priesthood of God to the sons of Israel. My heart is full of joy, and as I continue in the work of the Lord I know and appreciate more fully each day the goodness of God to me.

I was baptized the 2 October 1932, and on the 7 November 1932 Orson E. Baugh an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints were married at the home of our Bishop Parley Wright & wife of Long Beach, California. I was endowed at Mesa Arizona Temple 1 February 1933.

We continued to live in Long Beach and were there at the time of the Earthquake 10 March 1933. Our apartment was water soaked because of broken plumbing so a friend invited us to stay at their home. Those were nerve-wrecking days for the earth roared below us & the very air seemed fraught with deadliness. Orson worked at his trade (plumbing) on swaying buildings.

During the summer (July 1st 1933) Orson & I started on a trip through Utah, Idaho to Canada to visit my folks. We stayed in Logan, Utah for three weeks visiting with Orson's parents & meanwhile working in the Logan Temple.

We arrived home the last week in July (Olds, Alberta, Canada) and were just in time to attend a beautiful home wedding for my brother Anton John & his sweetheart Helen Maude Houchin.