

My Father
Scott Preston Horsley
By: Joan Haskins

He was about 18 months old when his mother died, leaving five children: Shirley, Stewart, Muriel, Scott and Lily.

After the funeral, Lily and Muriel were sent to live with their maternal Grandmother in Provo. She was a doctor – a cancer specialist, and had a formula for dissolving cancers that cured a lot of people.

Dad was not your ideal missionary, but he did have a lot of joyful experiences and converted the Drewes family, who later moved to Brigham City and established a fine floral shop there.

I am unsure how he met our mother but they lived in a tiny apartment next to Grandpa Clem and your Grandmother. They were too poor to pay for hospitalization, so my mother labored while old Dr. Pearse held ether under her nose, and it burned her sinuses and caused discomfort during her life. Eventually they bought a small house next to Aunt Eliza on the same street where Clem and Della lived.

Dad worked at the mercantile store a bit but was more into shipping fruit out of the state from the large garage like room that adjoined the mercantile store. He also did the seed store and there was storage in back of these buildings that was rented out for the storage of caskets. It was during the depression and the home had only one bedroom so I slept in a small bed next to my parent's bed for many years.

When I was four, Mother gave birth to a baby boy that was born with only one arm. Dad did not want Mom to know so she was only allowed to hold the swaddled little guy. Lots of sorrow and Dad kept that secret from me and Mom. Mom died at the age of 73 without ever knowing the truth.

My father went to live with the Phillips family and Eliza – the only daughter in the family, helped her mother rear him. He always spoke highly of them. His job – when he was old enough was to get the cows in the barn at night. He loved being in the family – they were so good to him. Shirley and Stewart remained with their father and since Clem's grief was so tremendous, it impacted the young boys in a life changing way. Dad regretted the Phillips family did not have money for him to take piano lessons or to go to college but he did serve a mission in Germany.

My parents finally scrapped together enough money for a little home next to Eliza. At one point Dad tried to put in a small golf course in the land adjoining

our property. He worked hard on it but finally gave up. At one time he had a small cart on Main Street and he sold root beer.

When I was about 12, Phillip was born and that was a great occasion. He was well loved.

Eventually, Dad was able to buy a home on the east side of town by the playgrounds and we moved, which was very traumatic to leave Aunt Eliza – who was like a second mother to all of her kinfolk.

Dad got the idea of buying an old apartment building and restoring it and renting it out. This is how he got his start and it proved to be a successful enterprise. I left for college and was married at age 20 so I missed out on some of the events after I moved, but he did have the seed store and developed a cleaning plant for seed north of town. He collected rare coins and enjoyed finance. He and Mom liked to golf and bowl.

I guess he was in his late 60's when he founded the Box Elder County Bank – a real feat and Rich and I went to the ribbon cutting.

Sadness struck in my parent's early 70's when Mom died at the age of 73 of a rare form of cancer. Later on Dad married his cousin Legrande's wife, Doril. Sadly it was a short marriage as he developed cancer and died at age 76. He was loved by all who knew him – very generous, very kind to everyone and Mom – though a bit shy was the same in the way they treated people.

Joan Haskins