



THIS FAN
IS A CONTRIBUTION TO YOUR COMFORT
LET US CONTRIBUTE TO YOUR HEALTH
WITH NATURAL ICE

NO NOISE NO SPOILAGE NO DEFROSTING
NO TROUBLE

YOU ORDER THEN FORGET IT
WE KEEP YOU SUPPLIED
NATURAL ICE CO.

LOGAN, UTAH

PHONE 1222



The Natural Ice Co.

Founder: George Peter Mortensen

Operators: George Mortensen, Harry Muehlen, and Bob Mortensen

Served the Logan, Utah area for 30 + years.

1947 was the last year ice was cut from the pond fed by the Logan River. From 1947-1953, after the War, Bob drove to Ogden 2-3 times a week to buy ice made by refrigeration and deliver to those who still had ice boxes. Deliveries were made to 300 homes twice a week. 300 cafes, bars, and grocers were serviced twice daily with ice. Bob was going to college on the GI bill and attending classes, and then changing and delivering ice, and then back to classes. He often changed clothing 6 or more times a day. The trips to Ogden were always made at night.

WINTER HARVEST

--Leora Weaver
Mercersburg

In the year 1919 when I was four years old, my father bought the ice business in our town. Our crop was different in that it was harvested in winter. In those days no-one had ever heard of ice-making machines or artificial ice.

We had a large pond out back consisting of approximately 1½ acres with ditches running through the bottom to keep the water moving. The pond was filled with water in early November and emptied in early March to keep down growth of weeds and pollution.

When the ice had frozen 14 to 18 inches thick, the harvest was ready to begin. First, horses hooked to snow plows cleared all the snow away. Then, horses and ice plows were used to mark the pond into approximately 300-pounds in each cake with six cakes in each group. These were then cut free by men with long ice saws, especially built for this purpose. Other men had long poles with ice hooks attached, and with these they floated islands of ice down to the docks and loading shutes entering the barn. There, the ice was broken into cakes with crow bars before going up the shute and into the barn.

Usually, 30 to 40 men worked on the ice harvest, most of whom were farmers and neighbors. Most of the men brought lunches, and all of them came to the house to eat. Mother always furnished coffee and hot chocolate and also fed a dozen or so.

The temperature was usually 10 to 30 below zero, and there were lots of cases of frost bite. Many times I had to fetch snow to apply to frozen noses or ears. Every year a few would slip and fall into the icy water.

They would come to the house and dress in my father's extra clothes whether they fit or not, but I remember one old German immigrant who escaped us. He rode his old white horse nearly five miles to his home and was frozen to the saddle when he got there. Fortunately, he suffered no ill effects.

The ice barn was double walled with sawdust in between for insulation. Other men worked inside the barn--experienced men--because they had to know just how to stack the ice in crosswise layers or the cakes would freeze together.

When the first 3 or 4 layers were stacked, a horse and pulley were used to pull the cakes of ice up the chute. As the layers went higher and higher, the loads had to be smaller or the poor horse couldn't pull them. The barn held about 4,000 tons of ice which was stacked into approximately 60 layers.

After the barn was full, the wagons would begin to haul sawdust from the saw mills. A horse and pulley were used to pull large boxes of sawdust to an opening at the top of the barn where a man would grab the rope and pull it inside, dump it, and scatter it around and over the ice. This was very similar to the way farmers loaded hay into a barn.

As each layer was removed, the sawdust fell to cover the next layer. The ice would melt some during the summer but even in the Fall, the cakes of ice would weigh 180 to 200 pounds. A crow bar was used to break each cake free with ice tongs to pull them to the door where they would be dropped a good distance into a sawdust pit after which they were stacked on the platform like dominoes. Here they were washed and chipped and loaded into the trucks for delivery. I learned at a very early age to handle ice, count money and make change. Someone was always coming to buy a pice of ice to make ice cream.

Best of all though was when the ice harvest was over and the pond had frozen over again for then it became the whole town's skating rink. The fire trucks would come to flood the pond for smoother skating. We all worked at removing the snow, and the American Legion put two large flood lights on the wall of the barn for night skating. My father paid the electric bills and mother doctored all who were hurt. My father had learned to skate as a boy in Denmark, and he taught us children.

When I was 9 years old, our ice barn burned down one early Spring night. With those double walls and all the sawdust, it was a terrible and fierce fire. We children were standing barefoot in our night gowns across the highway watching it. In fact, the whole town seemed to be there watching. Firemen and volunteers had emptied our house too, and our piano sat squarely in the middle of the highway. They said the fire was caused by internal combustion. When it was all over, our ice crop was one big ball of ice and worthless, and we were broke. In spite of all this, my



Paul Rose, Emery Mortensen plowing snow off scored ice Wally M. front



Channel is cut, floating ice down to the chutes- Ephraim Jacobsen-right



Block 3 ft. long, 16" thick, 18" wide on dock, George P. Mortensen – right



Block on the hook, pulled up to be stacked, Ephraim Jacobsen - right



**Ice Barn, Bob Mortensen on pulley, Harry Muehlen with shovel,
Wally Mortensen by truck.**

**Notice the box of sawdust suspended, being pulled up by the truck to be
scatterd 8" deep over the ice to insulate it for the summer.**



Emery, Bob & Dean Mortensen, front of barn, ice washed and sold here.



Emery, Dean and Bob, side of barn, 20 ft. rope swing, abt. 1942 pre-war



Becky M. Muehlen, 1935 Ford delivery truck. Ice was 3/4¢ lb. delivered.



After the ice was harvested, the community was invited to ice skate.



Obituary

Born: Thursday, December 22, 1927

Died: Monday, November 17, 2014

Carroll "Bud" Draper

Carroll "Bud" Draper, 86, passed away Monday, November 17, 2014 following a stroke.

He was born December 22, 1927 in Lewiston, ^{Utah} ~~Idaho~~, a son of Robert and Sylvia Elizabeth Draper. He grew up in Cache Valley and moved to Layton 65 years ago.

He proudly served in the US Army Air Corp just as WW II was coming to an end.

Service Summary

Visitation

6:00 PM to 8:00 PM, Fri Nov 21, 2014

9:00 AM to 9:45 AM, Sat Nov 22, 2014

Lindquist's Roy Mortuary

3333 West 5600 South
Roy, Utah 84067

Funeral Service

10:00 AM Sat Nov 22, 2014

Lindquist's Roy Mortuary

3333 West 5600 South
Roy, Utah 84067

On June 21, 1949, Bud married Violet Mae Muehlen in the ^{Logan} ~~Ogden~~ LDS Temple. Violet preceded him in death February 14, 2011.

He retired from Hill Air Force Base.

Bud was an active member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints where he served faithfully as a home teacher and in his earlier years in scouting and coaching softball.

He enjoyed flying model airplanes, bowling, and dancing with his sweetheart. He loved to laugh and tease everyone.

Bud is survived by his children, Jeffrey (Carol) Draper, Syracuse; Kathy (Larry) Smith, Clearfield; Danny (Sue) Draper, Taylor; Mike (Debbie) Draper, Slaterville; David (Carole) Draper, Clearfield; 28 grandchildren and 39 great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 10 a.m. on Saturday, November 22nd at Lindquist's Roy Mortuary, 3333 West 5600 South. The family will meet with friends Friday from 6 to 8 p.m. and Saturday from 9 to 9:45 a.m. at the mortuary.

Interment, Logan Cemetery.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
CARROLL "BUD" DRAPER

Date of Birth

December 22, 1927

Date of Death

November 17, 2014

Dedication of Grave

David Draper, Son

Interment

Logan Cemetery

Pallbearers

Curtis Smith
Kevin Draper
Jonathan Draper
Matthew Draper
Christopher Draper

Rick Smith
Jared Draper
Devin Draper
Robert Draper
Benjamin Draper

Honorary Pallbearers

Zachery Draper
Garrett Ricks
Robert Passey

Colton Fullmer
Tytan Smith

Special thanks to the Clearfield North 23rd Ward & Layton Park West Ward for providing a luncheon for family and friends.

FUNERAL SERVICES

Saturday, November 22, 2014 at 10:00 a.m.
Lindquist's Roy Chapel

Bishop Todd Smith, Officiating

Family Prayer Danny Draper, Son

Prelude & Postlude Shawn Colledge

Chorister..... Carole Draper

Congregational Hymn Hymn 300
"Families Can Be Together Forever"
Acc: Debbie Draper

Invocation..... Jennie Zaugg, Granddaughter

Obituary/Tribute..... Matthew Draper, Grandson

Speaker..... Jeff Draper, Son

Musical Selection..... Rae Anne Blood
"What is This Thing That Men Call Death"
Acc: Carole Draper

Speaker..... Kathy Smith, Daughter

Remarks Bishop Todd Smith

Congregational Hymn Hymn 219
"Because I Have Been Given Much"

Benediction Mike Draper, Son

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

My First Christmas in Heaven

I see the countless Christmas trees around the world below,
With tiny lights, like Heaven's stars, reflecting on the snow
The sight is so spectacular, please wipe away the tear
For I am spending Christmas with Jesus this year.

I hear the many Christmas songs that people hold dear,
But the sounds of music can't compare with the Christmas Choir up here.
I have no words to tell you, the joy their voices bring
For it's beyond description to hear the angels sing.

I know how much you miss me; I see the pain inside your heart
But I am not so far away, we really aren't apart.
So be happy for me, dear ones, you know I hold you dear
And be glad I'm spending Christmas with Jesus this year.

I've sent you each a special gift, from my heavenly home above
I've sent you each a memory of my undying love.
After all, love is a gift more precious than pure gold.
It's always most important in the stories Jesus told.

Please love and keep each other, as our Father said to do,
For I can't count the blessings or love he has for each of you.
So have a Merry Christmas and wipe away that tear
Remember I am spending Christmas with Jesus this year.

APPRECIATION

On behalf of the family, we wish to express their gratitude for
your many kindnesses evidenced in thought and deed, and for
your attendance at the service.

LINDQUIST
MORTUARIES/CEMETERIES



CARROLL "BUD" DRAPER

DECEMBER 22, 1927 - NOVEMBER 17, 2014