

Life History of Jesse Leroy Pectol

I was born in the month, April 5, 1889, in the little town of Caineville, Wayne County, Utah. My father's name was George Peter Pectol and my mother's name was Annina Conradina Peterson Pectol. The last one in the family of thirteen, I lived with my parents where we farmed, my job was chasing sheep and cows while very young. I went to school for three days when five years old. Maggie Payne was my teacher. She called me an idler and it was then I quit for a while. I later went to school for four years. I was baptized into the Latter Day Saint Church June 6, 1887 at Caineville, Wayne County, Utah by Elder George W. Carrell, and was confirmed by Bishop Walter E. Hanks.

I worked on my father's farm until I was ten years old. I also helped run my brother's farm. When ten years old, I went to Emery County, Utah and worked on a farm for \$15 a month and my board. I came home and went to school part of that winter in the seventh grade. At the age of eleven I went to Sevier Valley and rode mowing machine all summer for John Dastrup of Siguard, Sevier County, Utah. That fall I came home to help make molasses.

February 16, 1902, I was ordained a Deacon by George B. Rust at Caineville, Wayne County, Utah. I spent most of that winter riding in the desert for cattle. That Spring at the age of twelve I went to take my brother-in-laws place, sheep herding. His wife was sick. I worked for one month then he came back so I went home. The boss followed me home and got me to go back. The first thirty-three months at sheep herd, I helped keep my brother on a mission and helped keep his family also. That was Ephriam Portman Pectol. I continued working at the sheep herd, saving my money and buying cattle. I had fifty head of cows and heifers of which I was very proud. I was put in Secretary of the Mutual in Caineville, Wayne County, Utah.

I was ordained a teacher January 7, 1906, by George W. Carrell in Caineville, Wayne County, Utah.

In the year 1908 floods came and took our homes and beautiful orchards that our parents had worked so hard for. In 1909 I had to sell my cattle at a low price to buy a home for my father and mother and myself to live in. I farmed in the summer and herded sheep in the winter. The home I bought was at Grover, Wayne County, Utah.

June 2, 1909, I was ordained a Priest by George P. Pectol. The following year, January 16, 1910 I was ordained an Elder, also by George Peter Pectol, my Father.

In 1911, I was married to Minnie Alveretta Carrell of Grover, Wayne County, Utah. She is the daughter of John Franklin Carrell and Olive Louise Foy Carrell. We were married by our Uncle John Curfew who was at the time a County Clerk. We performed our marriage vows again in November 12, 1912, in the Manti Temple.

During the winter of 1911, I herded sheep. My wife took care of her mother who was very sick. In the Spring we took up farming.

We went to Salina after a load of freight. We had four horses and a wagon for transportation. We stopped at Grass Valley that night and had a mattress of hay to sleep on. After we had been traveling for some time the next morning we discovered that our purse was gone which held our money for freight about \$300 and in those days that was a lot of money. I took one of the horses and went back to see if we could find it. I left my wife to fetch the wagon. Of course, we prayed to the Lord to help us and there was a long stretch of road and I was just ready to turn a corner and I thought I would look back to see if I could see my wife coming. There she was standing on the seat of the wagon waving a white cloth. She had found the purse and we were two very happy people. I know that the purse was found through faith and prayer.

I worked on a reservoir most of two years. Our first child was born June 27, 1914, Virgia M. Pectol at Loa, Wayne County, Utah. My wife was very sick but by faith and prayer and administering by our Stake Presidency and ourselves, her health was restored to her which we were very thankful for.

In June 15, 1915, our home was burned to the ground in it we lost most everything. Something happened that would seem funny to some people not of our faith. We had a bookcase of books, and they were all burned but our Church books. I was Secretary in Mutual, my wife in Sunday School and Primary and we never lost one of those books. I was also Secretary of the Ditch Company.

November 1915, I had four rooms of our home ready to move into. I gave Aurthur Burgess a horse for helping me build. Our second child was born in Teasdale, Wayne County, Utah, a daughter Zella A. Pectol.

That winter I fed bucks on my own farm for John Hiskey and Cameron Brinkerhoof. I freighted and farmed that summer and herded sheep two months that winger. March 19, 1917, our third child was born, a boy, Alvin J. Pectol, at Grover, Wayne County, Utah. He was the first boy in our family for some time and all came to see him.

My brother-in-laws James H. Carrell and Leo Alfred Carrell sent us some papers about the Unitah Basin. We decided to go look for us a new home, my father-in-law brother-in-law and myself. I bought me a home in Lake Fork, which is known as Upalco, Utah, now. We moved by wagon and drove our cows two hundred miles. We traveled three days with cows then decided to go on and let the boys fetch the cattle. We arrived in Lake Fork, Utah, June 9, 1917.

We had some very nice horses. Dr. Enoch always came for me to take him to the places he couldn't go in a car.

In July of that year, the people all got together and decided to pick out a tour site and in 1918 decided to build us a new Church house and amusement hall. I was put in as the Finance

Committee and also Secretary. In November, I went to the saw mill and stayed three months. Two of my nephews, Elden Guy Carrell and Wallace Carrell also went with me. With what other help we had had, we had the timber on the ground in three months and the building started. I furnished two teams and their feed.

Our fourth child was born April 19, 1918, in Lake Fork, Utah, which is now called Upalco, Duchesne County, Utah.

In August, 1918, my parents came to see me, and we sure enjoyed their visit. That fall, my sister-in-law died, Jane Carrell, which saddened us all. A friend came in from Salt Lake City. He offered his assistance so he and myself sat up with the corpse not knowing he had that dreaded disease the flu. Next morning my father-in-law and myself took team and wagon and went to Myton, Utah, for a casket and on the way home I took sick and was very bad for two weeks. By then there were a lot of people who had it and we found out what it was. People were frightened and those who did have it wouldn't come and help those who did, so it was up to me to go do what I could. I was very weak but people were out of food and medicine and also wood. So I put harnesses on one horse then sat down and rested then put the other one on. Finally ready to go after wood. When I arrived up there, there were two men and I asked them to build me a fire then go. By putting some wood on and resting, I finally got some wood on. I was delivering some wood to a neighbor, so I thought I would try to cut an armful, one of the girl's came out and said to me, "Mr. Pectol, you go home and go to bed." Well I did, but next morning I was up and went from place to place administering and helping with the sick. My brother-in-law had been called home on account of sickness and took Flu Phenmonia and died inside of a week. I laid him out and with the help we dug his grave and helped lay him away as I did others too.

My brother-in-law and nephew was out to Hill Creek with sheep and didn't know of our brother's death and nephew's father, John William Carrell. I and a nephew went to take the sad news. When we got to Green River, the ferry boat and also the small boat was on the other side of the river, so it was up to me to go hand over hand on the cable and get it. It seemed the river was fifty miles wide before I got there. But the Lord sure helped me. We met the boys that night and stayed to a ranch house. One man had come down with the flu and they had put him out in a little shack by himself without supplies of any kind. I and the boys that were with me worked with him all night, fixed him up with supplies he could get to and got a promise from one of the other men to help him. Years after, I seen this man that we helped and he said that we saved his life. When I returned home, I still went from one to another helping in sickness. I farmed for some years, drove truck and done machine work. I also sheered sheep and ran picture shows and skates and did kinds of work I could do to keep my family.

Our fourth child was born Inna D. Pectol, January 28, 1920. I was still running picture shows. Our sixth child was born, May 21, 1922, Fon W. Pectol. I was freighting and running picture shows. I went to Salt Lake and bought a thresher machine for Leslie Murphy and ran it for about three years while Mr. Frank War helped me.

Our next child was born October 1, 1923, Philip Brent Pectol, in Upalco. That year I went to driving stage from Upalco to Salt Lake City over Wolf Creek pass for two years. By this time on April 14, 1925, our eighth baby had been born, Zada Pectol, at Upalco, Utah.

I then sold cars for T.W. Naylor a Studebaker Company in Salt Lake City and U. J. Rice, Cheverolet in Myton, Utah. In one month and a half, I made somewhat of a record. I sold twenty cars for Studebaker out of Salt Lake City, twenty-two new Chevrolets and we sold trade-in on most of the new Chevrolets.

I bought and delivered eleven thousand pounds of Turkeys to Salt Lake City in one month and a half and never went to bed. I bought a Chevrolet truck which was new. Then I got a contract of hauling wool from Wayne county to Sevier County. Jeff Mathews took his truck and went too. That year our ninth and tenth babies arrived. It was a pair of twin girls, Lavena and Lavina Pectol born February 9, 1927, which saddened us to lose Lavina. They were also born in Upalco.

That spring we had the same contract hauling wool. Bill Harris of Myton went with me. I freighted and hauled coal for a few years. Our last babies were born August 8, 1928, another pair of twins, a boy and a girl. They lived long enough to be named and blessed which we were very thankful for. But it saddened us to lose them. I took a course in criminal decetive of which I didn't complete. Then I took a course in pertillion measurement in finger print and classification, for which I had a job offered me in the State Penitentiary in Canon City, Colorado, but had a family of small children which I couldn't leave and we were unable to move there. Then I took a course in Electric Engineering which I completed.

I repaired motors, generators, flat irons and all kinds of work on automobiles and wired houses. I made out a list of all needed equipment to put in an electric plant and distribution system to be installed in Wayne County, Utah. But the drought came and a depression with it. We had a very hard time making a living for a few years. In 1935, we leased an Indian farm in Arcadia, Utah. We farmed that one year and then leased another farm in a different part of Arcadia. We took out a government loan to help us get started. My boys were then large enough then to do a lot of work. And through hard work we prospered. We all worked hard. By then our three oldest girls were married, and our two boys also. I had gall bladder trouble and was in the L.D.S. Hospital for eight weeks and through faith and prayers was helped. While gone we had fifty head and two heifers stolen which was a very hard blow.

Arrived home from the hospital March 8, 1940, still very weak, but with the help of the Lord went to work. We all worked hard and raised some very good crops, took care of our sheep and cattle and in 1942, bought a place in Pleasant Valley, Utah, about ten miles from where we lived. Fon and Florence were with us. We had to build houses, make cisterns, build corrals. Some of the land had been farmed but had been idle for several years. We had to buy water for our land and build canals, but we raised some very good crops. The Lord blessed us beyond measure.

We bought an old thrasher machine and fixed it up. This worked very good for our grain. We used it for some time but people were raising alfalfa seed and needed a better machine. The thrasher machine paid for itself the first year.

In December 1944, our daughter from California wanted us to come down for Christmas so I took a load of sheep, pigs, and cattle into Salt Lake City to the stock yards – got back Wednesday morning and said “Can you be ready to go to California by nine o’clock tonight?” We went to Roosevelt, paid our bills, got Lavena, and our tickets and left for California. Fon and Florence stayed and took care of our things. We arrived in Eureka, California December 22, 1944, about 2’o clock in the morning. All the cabs were busy but one cab driver said he would get our hotel number and come for us about five or six o’ clock in the morning to take us to Korbel. We arrived at Korbel and he took us to a hotel. I said to my wife, “You stay here with the suitcases and Lavena and myself will go in different directions and see if we can find Zella and Floys. We soon arrived, myself with Floyd and Lavena with Zella and the car. That was a very happy meeting. My brother-in-law, G.A. Carrell, and some of his family also lived there in Eureka. That night Floyd and Zella took us to Arcata and Eureka and showed us around and came back by my brother-in-law’s and he suggested that we come to his daughter Mildred’s and spend Christmas eve with his family and then he would spend Christmas day with us at our daughter’s. We had a very nice time. There were quite a number of Utah people living around here. They all came and we had a wonderful Christmas dinner and everyone enjoyed themselves. Floyd and Zella were wonderful to us. They took us to see the Fishery and went on the boat over the bay to the Ocean. We enjoyed it all.

Then it came time for us to be on our way. We going to Klamath Falls, Oregon, to see our other daughter, Lillian Mecham. Floyd and Zella wanted us to have a good view of the ociean so they took us up as far as Orick in the car. There we took the Greyhound bus to Klamath Falls. We arrived there one o’ clock at night and our son-in-law was there to meet us. It was a happy meeting. Charlie, Lillian, and their daughter Joanne. We had a wonderful week there. New Year’s dinner and they showed us around. We went to Tule Lake and several places, and enjoyed every minute we were there.

Time for us to go home. We left on the Greyhound bus and went by Portland, Boise, Idaho and then to Salt Lake City. The night in Portland, the hotels were all full that was close around so we bought pillows and stayed in the bus depot all night. We were more fortunate than some for when they arrived from hunting a place to stay, the depot was locked and they stayed out in the rain all night. The first night after we left Portland, we were all strangers, but as night came on some of the croud began to sing. My mandolin had been to our daughter’s in Klamath Falls and she said, “Father, take it home.” So I got it out and we had a very wonderful night. We all joined in the singing and there was a very happy bus of people – even the bus driver, the rest of the way to Salt Lake City, our daughter decided to go on home and we stayed there, Virgia and family and Philip and Audry. We had a very nice time there.

Before we left Korbel, I was talking to a man that owned a ranch. He said he would have to sell it. He told me how much ground he had and how much he wanted for the place. All the way

home I had been thinking about why I didn't talk to him more about that place, so as soon as I got home I turned around and came back. When I arrived, had sold the place, so I began to hunt for another one. Our daughter Zella took me around. I sent for my son, Fon, and we finally found one on Fickle Hill. We came back to Utah, sold our farm, cattle, machinery, squared our debts, bought two trucks, loaded them up and left for California. Fon and Florence drove one truck and Dean and Geneva Mitchell the other one. Myself, my wife, Lavena, and some of the children rode in the touring car. We landed in Korb August 8, 1945, at our daughter's Zella Mitchell. We were there two days then went to our home on Fickle Hill. We fetched 1200 bottles of fruits, vegetables, and canned chicken with us. Also jellies and jam. Mrs. Sheifield had not moved so we got busy fixing up another house and by Sunday, Fon and Florence were moved into it. That day we served twenty-one to dinner, including two missionary ladies who we were very happy to meet. We had just been there a week when Fon's call came for him to go to the service which made us very unhappy. He decided to take his family to Utah. The morning he left we were a sad family. The place we bought had to be cleared and made with hard labor. We bought cattle and sheep and started to work making trails, clearing land, fixing up corrals, barns, and houses, leading the cattle and sheep to feed and watering holes. It was a slow process for mother and myself. Lavena stayed to President and Sister West's and went to college. Fon came back in the spring and went to Klamath to work. Lavena married so we were left alone.

We had made many improvements on the place. One, a new house which we surely enjoyed. We could look out our living room window and see the ships come in and the city of Eureka looked very pretty at night when all lit up. We have lots of wonderful memories of our ranch home. We had meetings up there and sure enjoyed it. Also some of the Church members came up one day. My health was very poor but we worked and prayed together. We had learned very much to take our troubles to our Heavenly Father. We always prayed that something would happen to make us worthy of his blessings. It seems as though we were to be tested to see if our faith would hold out but our troubles only made our faith grow stronger. It seemed we were going to fail when I had a cancer and the doctors said they could do no more for me. We had sold some timber and I decided I wanted to go to Utah. I felt like I wanted to be buried there so Fon and family, Zella Mitchell, and Lillian Mecham, our daughters, drove back to our home on Fickle Hill. We had sold our cattle and sheep so I bought some more and decided to stay on the ranch until we could sell it. All the time I was taking pain pills as strong as they could be taken by mouth. We were still hoping and praying that something would happen.

It was on one Sunday evening. I had been very bad all day and no one had came up. It was raining very hard and my wife looked out the door and said, "Well, I guess no one will come today." We were feeling pretty blue when a knock came on the door. My wife went to the door, opened it, and I heard a voice say, "I'll bet you don't know me." I said, "Yes I do, if I haven't heard your voice for thirty years but I sure know it." And here was one of my good boyhood friends, Elder E.K. Hanks and wonderful President Everet Brown, and were they ever welcome. It seemed the Lord had sent them. They came in a very heavy rain storm. We talked a few minutes, then I asked them to administer to me. We had prayer and then they administered to me. Elder Hanks promised that the cancer would leave me and I knew that if I lived according to God's commandments I would be healed. I also realized if I was saved there must be important

work that I should do. This was the late fall of 1949. I had a very hard winter but I and my wife never gave up for we had been given a wonderful promise and we asked the Lord to forgive us of our sins and live the life we should. The children would come when they could and set up with me as I could not lie down.

We had tried to sell our place, plenty of people wanted it but did not have the money. A real estate man came to my place and we listed our place with him and told him we would give him extra if he would sell it in two weeks. He was some over two weeks but sold it. We loved our ranch home but we realized we could not take care of it. This was the year of 1950. We came down to Blue Lake to our daughter, Zella Mitchell's and it was wonderful in them. We were over to our daughter, Lavena Woodard's staying awhile when Zella called up and said a place was for sale so in one hour I was in what is our home making arrangements to buy it. We went to the bank the next morning and got the down payment as we had not gotten our money yet. We got two houses, so we stayed in one until they moved out of the other one, then went to fixing it up. We had to line the house all on the inside, build cupboards, finish another bed room and porch. Then when this was finished, we built another house so we could have more income. It took us some time to build this house as we had to clean the ground, tear down old fence, and put up new one, but with lots of hard work and the help of our children, we had it completed. Then we decided to take in boarders to help us out. Blue Lake was putting in new water works or water lines. We had six men boarders. I helped my wife until I had a job of flagging for them. I was still taking the pain pills. I would get very tired but kept it up until they were through. These men said we had learned them a new life of living and asked God's richest blessings on us when they left.

The doctor wanted to take an X-ray picture to see how the cancer was. If there had to be an operation, he would do it for nothing. He knew the promise that had been made us and the faith we had so finally the X-rays were taken and he took the first ones and compared them with these and said the cancer was gone and that was a miracle, it could be nothing else. He said, "You will have to get rid of those pain pills." I had tried to go without them and did very good but it was very hard. The doctor said to go to the hospital and they would help me, so I went and they gave me three aspirins and that was all. The doctor said it would two or three months to get rid of that awful drug. I went to the hospital Friday morning. By Sunday, I was very bad. Philip and his wife fetched my wife to see me. I wanted them to fetch me home but they couldn't. They went back home and fetched a radio over to me but I was very sick so Philip went over to the Eureka chapel and there was Elder Hanks. Again he, President Thompson and wife came back with Philip. The nurses put me in the hall and put curtains around my bed. We all knelt down around the bed and had prayer, then Elder Hanks, President Thompson, and my son, Philip, administered to me again and I was promised I would get well and I knew I would. I was cold to my knees. They put more blankets on me and tried to get me warm. They all left and the nurses sure watched me very closely. At twelve o'clock I told the nurses that the drug was leaving me. They said, "How do you know?" I said, "My ears are natural instead of like waxed paper." They said, "We sure hope so." I was in awful pain as it went down it was more intense, almost unbearable. I was just like I had been beaten all over. By nine o'clock the next morning the drug had left me and I was very weak. The doctors and nurses today say it was a miracle they say

they have never seen anything like it before or since. In three days I was taken home weighing 98 lbs. I realized how the Lord and helped me and I could never thank Him enough or do too much for Him. The doctors put me on a fattening diet. They said my stomach had shrunk so I would have to eat every two hours so I did and the nurses were sure thrilled when I reached 130 lbs. and so were we. Today I weigh 189 lbs.

We never missed a Sunday School or meeting when we had a chance to go. We went to Salt Lake City, Utah, and worked most of the time while we were there in the library and sure enjoyed it. We accomplished a lot while there.

We prayed that an opportunity would be opened up to us to do this work and by the grace of God we were given the opportunity to preach the Gospel. We were set apart by President Love May 4, 1957. Those were the two happiest years of our lives. We learned to meet people, learn their problems, and help them with them and learned to love people.

Transcribed verbatim from family document by My Family Online in April 2013