

# The Life History of Carl Stringham Collett

I was born of goodly parents, Sylvanus and Ethelwynne Stringham Collett, June 10, 1922, in Maeser, Utah, a suburb of Vernal. I was delivered by a midwife and weighed eight or nine pounds, because I was a large baby. My black hair and brown eyes probably came from the Stringham side of our family. Undoubtedly, I was breast-fed by my mother, because they didn't know what a bottle was those days!

I was the last child of two families since my father had a family before he married my mother. When I was born, my mother was forty-five years old and my father was fifty-five. I don't know exactly how I received my name, but I had an older cousin who was named Carl. My youngest son did a search on the internet and found nineteen Carl Colletts! Of course, my Stringham middle name was my mother's maiden name.

They say I was a good-looking baby, but I was dark. It probably came from an Indian ancestor back in the 1700's. I had a nickname of *Poser* which Grant Hacking gave to me because I rode a hay horse for him and I guess I was posing all the time, but that's the only nickname I've ever had, except just about everyone has always called me *Collett*. My first name was not used much and even today, people don't refer to my first name, but I am called Collett.

My personality was not very nice when I was a young boy. At age two or three years of age, I threw a fit at the breakfast table, so my father took me into the bedroom and gave me a sound spanking! That's the only spanking I ever received from either one of my parents. I was a hard-headed kid and I liked to have my own way and I was spoiled-rotten, because I was the youngest child. Edith, my sister next to me, was four years older, Edna was six years older, and my full brother, Howard, was eight years older. When I came along, my half siblings were grown and many had children that were older than I. The oldest of my father's first family was Wiley, then Orrin, Alice, and Byron. Even though I was younger than many of my nieces and nephews, they still called me "Uncle." I remained close to all my half-brothers and sister except Orrin, because he moved away from the Basin. My parents didn't show much affection and I don't remember my father or mother holding me or giving me a hug or a kiss. They just weren't

affectionate people. My mother dressed me in black bloomer pants that came just below the knee and bloomed out. When I wore them to Church, everyone poked fun at me and that was the only time I ever wore them! Bib overalls were what everyone wore because they were fairly cheap and we didn't have to wear a belt with them. Everyone wore Boy Scout shoes, because they were cheap. They were thin leather and laced up to the ankle, unlike the clodhoppers they wear nowadays! I never did go bare-footed because I had to have something on my feet. It is said my father had the most beautiful feet and I inherited that trait, but I have the big Stringham nose. I look like my older brother, Howard, even though he's eight years older, we resemble each other so much. Of my half-brothers, I look like Wiley more than Orrin or Byron and I resemble the Collett side of the family except for my skin and dark hair from the Stringhams because there were a lot of blondes on the Collett side of the family.

My father was a farmer and bishop of the Maeser Ward for five years. He had to be released, because of his asthma. His asthma was very bad and as a small child, I can remember him sitting in the rocking chair and trying to get his breath. I used to sit on his lap quite often, while he rocked in his rocking chair. He was a quiet man who didn't talk a lot. My father was also a blacksmith and the community dentist. He had a set of dental tools that he used to pull out teeth and ticks too! I don't know who has those tools now, maybe Wiley, because I think he received them after dad's death. There was no pay for the dental work, he just did it to help people in the community.

In those days, there was an imaginary fence between Maeser and Vernal. The Maeser community didn't mix with the Vernal people and Vernal people didn't come to Maeser. Maeser was an unincorporated town which they tried to incorporate at one time, but the action failed, so it's still unincorporated.

My father was loved by all. He was a very strict father and he wanted us to do whatever he asked and I think we all obeyed him but I don't remember any harsh words being spoken in our family. My mother was a Stringham and they are leaders! My mother told my father what to do most of the time. We purchased an old Chevy but my father never learned how to drive so my mother drove everywhere. I don't know my father's full name other than Sylvanus S. Collett. The "S" could be or Samuel, because his grandfather was named Samuel, but I'm not positive.

My mother had no middle name and her full name was Ethelwynne Stringham Collett. I haven't the slightest idea how they met. My father had been married and had four children when his wife died. Just after my parents were married, they lived in Naples, but I don't believe she ever talked about the day they were married. My father grew up in many places because his father built twenty-four homes, as he was sent from place to place by the Church to colonize certain areas. There are stories about my father but I have never seen his twin brother. They've always been Veau and R.S. for his older brother, Reuben, because his father went by Reuben. Why my father's twin brother, Sylvester, was left out, is a mystery to me, because I've read the history and I don't see him mentioned in it. He died of typhoid fever in Mexico City on a mission for the Church. Because he died of a contagious disease, they wouldn't let the family bring his body back into the United States, so he was buried in Mexico.

My father lived in Escalante, Utah and his brother, Reuben or R.S., had to drive a herd of cattle by foot, all the way from Escalante, Utah to Mesa, Arizona and that is hundreds of miles. He had a rough life trying to follow his dad from place to place. When they went up to Cokeville, Wyoming, he colonized it and there's a street named Collett. We've been thinking about going to the courthouse to research the history, but we haven't done so yet and before I die, I hope we will do that. My father went into farming and they had a home in Naples which they eventually sold and moved to Maeser where they bought a small place. They sold that and moved to where I am today. My mom was born in Salt Lake City to Philip and Carolina Crouch Stringham. Her father, Philip Stringham, was one of the first to move to Vernal with his family. He helped dig all the canals in the upper part of Maeser and he homesteaded a lot of acreage. The government took part of it away, because he hadn't recorded it in the courthouse records. Fort Thornburg was built by the government in upper Maeser, but it was open only a couple of years. My grandfather built a nice brick home there, where they lived all their lives.

I think my mother was quite young when she came to Vernal. The Stringhams had quite a large family, three sons and five daughters and Carolina Crouch died before my mother was grown. Mother was the second child and six were born after her and they were all quite close together, except Aunt Bea who was the last one born a few years after the others. Just about every day of her life, my mother wrote in her diary. It was quite a complete diary and gives a

history of what she did during her life. She was about thirty years old, when she married my father, so she was, more or less, an old maid.

I don't believe my father had much education. My mother could have had, because she was accomplished in music and very knowledgeable on everything. At one time, she set up a factory and made Sage Brush Tea. Across from our house, sage brush grew about ten feet high. Almost every morning, my mother made sage brush tea and drank it and that could have contributed to her long life. It was very bitter tasting, but she planned to sell it and get rich, but it must not have worked out. Her hobby and talent was music because she loved it and taught music lessons. Everyone remembers Aunt Winnie and her music.

My mother and father weren't affectionate people. I never did see my father kiss my mother or even embrace her. My mother never hugged me much, that I can remember, but they were happy people and I don't remember any cross words ever being spoken. She wasn't a perfectionist, but she kept things in order, and she was a clean woman. My mother had a hard time, because she was a widow with four children and no means of support; it was difficult and she was very proud. She would not accept relief and she would not take Social Security until the very last of her life. Other than that, she raised chickens and sold the eggs and was on her own for so many years. She did take a little help from her brother, Uncle Bri and she worked for Mrs. Rudge in the old Maeser Store. Once in awhile Mrs. Rudge would slip me a piece of candy, but she had a parrot and we had to be real careful or he'd peck us! My mother had good health except she had a hip problem, but she wouldn't do anything about it, so she used a cane but it seemed that as she aged, her hip improved. For some time she had to sit most of the time and was unable to do anything, then she started to use a cane and crutches and she gradually improved so that she was able to walk without any assistance. We knew the end was coming, because she had stomach trouble and she couldn't eat. I remember her sucking on ice to get a little moisture into her system but she refused life support. Until the end, her mind was as sharp as could be. We held her hand and were with her when she passed on.

My grandfather on my mother's side is the only one I remember. At first Philip Stringham was a sheep man but he turned over the business to his sons. He was an energetic man and one of the first to homestead the upper end of Maeser where he built two homes which were quite close together. One was a big brick home where one of his daughters and her husband, Shaffer, lived. The other home was a small stucco structure and I used to go there to help them make jerky out of deer meat. Grandfather Stringham was a good grandfather and I

would go fishing with him once in a while. He was in his eighties, when he passed away, but he didn't suffer, because he got out of bed one morning and his heart went *pong* and he fell over and passed away.

I didn't like to go to Church because I didn't like to wear knee bloomers or have people say they were going to cut off my ears. I didn't like to be harassed as being the bishop's son, so I dreaded attending Church and every chance I could, I avoided going. Maybe I'm making excuses, I don't know because I believed in God. My mother had very little control over me, after my father died when I was twelve years old. Howard wasn't there to discipline me and if I wanted to do something such as fishing on Sunday, my mother didn't tell me I couldn't. She had no control over me. Yes, I do make excuses. My mother held everything together because my father didn't spend a lot of time at home.

He was a prospector and even though he had two families, he didn't spend a lot of time with either family. He was widowed at an early age and my mother didn't marry him until she was thirty years old and he was about forty. We lived in an old house which I think was built in the early 1900's by Bill Vernon. Adobe and bricks were between the walls and there were slats on the outside but it was still an adobe house. Adobe and bricks was all the insulation there was at the time. The front porch was probably eighteen by twelve feet and the front room had a slanted floor which sloped northeast. As a small boy, I remember playing marbles on the floor and all the marbles would run to the northeast corner.

We had a built-on kitchen where the floor was lower than the front living room. Of course, the front room had the pot-bellied stove we used for heat and we used coal and cedar wood for burning that we brought back from Coal Mine Basin. We had no running water, but I think we had electricity. I don't remember when we first had running water because I remember hauling water for many years. We used *slips* that had wooden runners like a sleigh and we had a fifty-five gallon wooden barrel that we'd put on the slip. The horse would pull them a quarter mile down to the canal and we'd fill the barrel with a bucket. We drank water out of the canal, because the water was pure and the canal wasn't full of junk as it is now. Alan Jones lived below us and worked a coal mine in Coal Mine Basin. I think many times he'd throw off four, five or six big hunks of coal in front of our place and I don't think he ever charged us a penny. In those days, you helped your neighbor. If somebody needed help, they got it! I remember cutting hay and thrashing grain and the neighbors would all come to pitch in and help until it was all done. One neighbor would help the next neighbor and so on; it was just the way of life then and it was

good.

My cousin, Acel Hall, and I were about four years old when we found some matches and went out in the hay stack. We didn't think hay would burn, so we lit the matches and poked them into the hay. Pretty soon it caught fire and Alan Jones, who lived below our place, came up to tell us our haystack was on fire. Acel and I ran down and hid at our neighbors, my Aunt May and Uncle Mark Hall. They hunted and hunted for us and I guess it was four or five hours before they found us. They thought we were burned up in the haystack, so we didn't get any spankings!

I began fishing at Trout Creek, when I was four years old or younger. We camped on top of the mountain for the night and an old buck Indian and his squaw wife had followed us in a buggy. I can still see them sitting underneath the trees above the stream. My two sisters rigged up a pole for me that had a string on it and on the other end they put a safety pin. This was my first fishing pole. I threw it in and back out a few times and finally caught a fish! I remember the old Indian just a whoopin' and a hollerin'! You don't see Indians laugh very often, because they're pretty sober people. He was laughing hard, because I caught a fish. I didn't know until I was about nine or ten years old that my sisters put the fish on the safety pin, so I didn't really catch it! Well, how could you catch a fish on a safety pin? This was my first fishing experience and I've fished all my life ever since! We had a lot of animals on the farm. I probably should explain to begin with how much ground we had. The bank supported all of it. Where our house stood, we had about eighty acres and about two miles away, where we pastured our cows, we had forty acres. Near McKinnon, Wyoming, by the state line, we had six hundred and forty acres on which my father ran twelve hundred head of sheep. During the Depression and after the death of my father in 1932, we lost everything except twenty acres which was equally divided at five acres each, among my mother's children. Edith sold hers to my brother and me. Howard finally sold his acres and so the only acres remaining are my oldest sisters five acres and I have seven and a half acres.

We had twelve head of milk cows and I had an experience when I was about four years old while I was helping milk the cows with my two sisters. I happened to get on the left-hand side and the old cow kicked me in the mouth and I got a mouth full of manure! This experience taught me a lesson to never milk a cow on the left-hand side! We had two teams of horses and a couple of saddle horses. My mother's main work besides the house work was taking care of the chickens. She had a big chicken coop and she gathered the eggs and took them to the store to sell or to trade for supplies.

I had a horse called Coalie and at age four or five I would ride bare-back. We didn't know what a saddle was then because in my childhood, a saddle was a luxury. Coalie would run away with me, because he was tough bitted. When another horse would come to the side, he'd take off. He never liked to have another horse out-run him. The only time he'd stop, was when you'd drop a rein, then he'd stop dead still and over you'd go and land in the dirt! I did this many times. He lived to be about twenty-four or twenty-five years old and that's old for a horse. He was jet-black without a white spot on him.

When I was very small, I had an English Shepherd dog named Bud and he lived through all my young life. He was white with yellow spots and his hair hung over his eyes. Bud was a hunting dog and he was something else! I had a single shot 22 and when old Bud would spook up a rooster pheasant, I had the 22 and I could hit him on the fly, single shot. In those days, there weren't any controls and we could hunt pheasants without a license and bag as many as we wanted. Bud was a one-man dog! He wouldn't eat from anyone else and I tried to give him away before I went into the service, but no one would have him, because he wouldn't mind them or he eat for them. I didn't know what to do when I went into the service, so I just left him and he crawled underneath the front porch and starved to death. We've had a lot of dogs in our lives.

We pastured our cows about two miles from our main house on a creek bottom. When I was a small boy, we would get the cows and bring them back in the evening to milk and then take them back the next morning to pasture. I went with my father once and we must have had saddles, because I was riding behind him on the horse. We were going down a trail when he said, "Look!" We looked and there was an old mother skunk going along the trail with four little skunks following behind her. Believe me, we had to make a big detour around her so we wouldn't disturb her as we were going to get the cows. My father rode horseback most of the time. When he worked in the copper mine near what is now Dutch John, he lived near Red Creek in Brown's Park, and he rode eighteen miles a day on horseback to work.

I was generally a *loner*. I hunted alone, even after I was married. I began hunting rabbits when I was big enough to walk. My older brother, Howard, and maybe some neighbors, taught me how to use a gun, but not my father. It just came naturally for me to use a gun and I used the single 22. We had a granary and we'd take a bigheaded nail, not even as big as your little finger, and start driving it in the granary. We would step off about fifty yards and drive in those nails with a short 22. That's how I became a pretty good shot. Nowadays, you can't even find a short! I have a whole closet full of guns put in a safe I bought so the young children wouldn't get into

them and get hurt. We're going to give them away one of these days.

My mother was a very good cook and all of our meals were big meals. I never remember sitting down and not having what I wanted to eat. Our supper in the evening was the smallest meal of the day and it was usually a glass of bread and milk or warm milk with toast in it. We used a lot of milk and we churned our own butter but we never used whey, or cottage cheese, very much because we fed it to the pigs. In those days, it wasn't used for human consumption. The pigs had the whey and the yogurt, too. We had breakfast in the morning, with hot cakes and eggs. I think we had eggs at about every meal, because my mother had a lot of chickens. The eggs were scrambled or turned over easy. We did have a little hamburger once in a while but it was kind of a delicacy, because we didn't have it very often. Once in a while we'd have hamburger patties for breakfast.

My mother never ate pork, knowingly, because pork is hard to digest and she just did not believe in eating it. One time we had a dinner at Alice's home in Jensen and she served a big roast. She took me aside and said, "Now don't tell your mother, but this is pork!" We had our noon meal and afterwards, Mother said, "Boy, that was sure a good beef roast we had." I said, "But it was pork!" That's the only time I ever remember her eating pork.

My father was a blacksmith and we had an old tin garage about fifty yards from the house where he made horseshoes, plow shears which were knives for the binders, and mowing machines. I would turn the blower for him to keep the coals good and hot. I remember I would have to do it with two hands, because one hand wasn't strong enough and I could just barely reach it and I would leave the floor on the upper turn! I'd turn it and then I'd jump up, grab it and turn it down, so I must have been very small. That's about the only thing I can remember ever doing with my dad. Many times, the mowing machine would break down and he'd make new cutters for it. He could make anything, horse shoes, plow blades, and etc., but he didn't make tools for handling the hay. We stacked the hay with a Jackson fork that we purchased. It was a big fork with arched tines that stood up about four feet high. We didn't have any farm hands, just the neighbors who worked together on each other's farms. My dad and my brother, Howard, did all the work. Byron, a half-brother, was still home, when I was born and he was still living at home, after he served a mission.

I was the one who was babied all through my young life. I would wrestle with my two sisters, when I was *knee-high to a grasshopper!* I could put them both down together because I've always been a big boy. When I was thirteen years old, I was five feet nine inches tall and I

have a photo to prove it! So, I was a big boy all through my teens and through high school. I did a lot of wrestling, but I didn't do a whole lot of reading. I didn't have time to read. I'd have to ride hay horse at night and wouldn't get home until after dark. I also went trapping after school. I was a slow reader and I'm still not very fast, but I do a lot of reading now. I don't ever remember having a cold and I was an out-door's boy. I don't ever remember having a runny nose even when I was young.

As far as I can remember, there was really no closeness with my parents, as it is nowadays. Mother had her activities and duties and Dad had his. I was nine years old, when my father died and I didn't really realize what death was. It just didn't dawn on me that my father was dead. In fact, they wouldn't let me go to the funeral. Possibly the reason was because I was a hyper-kid or maybe they didn't let kids attend funerals at that time. I know I was a real active boy and they had quite a time controlling me. After my father died, I went to work riding hay horse. My parents had so much debt against the property that it was all taken except for twenty acres, which was divided between us. We were all supposed to pay my mother for it. Everyone was supposed to give her a dollar for the sale of the property because it was the law at that time. For some reason, people couldn't give away property. We all gave her a dollar and she gave each of us a receipt.

I rode hay horse for fifty cents a day for Grant Hacking and in the wintertime, I trapped muskrats. I may have caught a mink or two, but very few. In those days, we didn't have any overshoes, so we'd cut gunnysacks into strips to wrap around our feet, because we trapped muskrats in wet, swampy areas. We did some trapping along the creeks, but it was mostly in the swampy areas in Maeser. After school, I would check my traps and get what muskrats had been caught then I would work late into the evening cleaning them and my mother would get after me for staying up so late. I had to put them on stretchers and then they were sold to Russell Montgomery for fifty cents to a dollar a piece. He would send them back East to be made into fur coats and other things.

I did a lot of fishing alone. Sometimes for a little relaxation, I'd get my fly pole and go up the creek to catch a trout or two. My father loved to eat fish, but I know he never fished. When I'd go fishing, there would be Mr. Shano, sitting on the bank by the creek, tying a fly. I'd say hello to him but I don't remember whether he ever gave me any flies or not. We met quite often, because that's all he did was to fish the creek. My mother fried the fish but she never took off the skin, because that's part of the fish! She just cut off the head but she didn't cut off the tail

and if we were out in the wilderness and up in the hills, we didn't even do that but just cooked the whole thing. We had to have the tail to hold on to eat the fish! We caught small, cutthroat trout and I didn't know what a trash fish was until I was older because I never fished the Green River where the carp and catfish were.

I guess I was almost born with a fishing pole in my hands! I would go with Grandpa Stringham and Jay Tharl Stringham to Summit Park on the old Carter Dugway. Grandpa Stringham was in his seventies then and he always carried a stick with him. Jay would be on one side of grandpa and I'd be on the other side as we walked down to go fishing. He'd take this stick and put it between our legs so we'd go tumbling over. And he got a big kick out of doing this because I can remember Grandpa Stringham just "a hee-hawing!" We would go about three miles downhill into Carter Creek to fish and then straight up three miles to come out. I don't think it was Grandpa's favorite spot but he went to be with both his grandsons.

Back in the old days, when the Valley was first settled, farmers would take their wagons up on the mountain, fill them full of buckskin deer and bring them back for their winter meat but there were no elk in the area. As a small boy, I remember going up to Grandfather Stringham's house to build a smokehouse and I'd get the willows for him. We would build a structure of green willows about three feet wide and four feet high and we'd build a fire. Often, we'd throw more green wood on the fire to make smoke. Then Grandpa cut the venison into strips, which we'd lay on the structure to let it smoke. I remember helping him do this to preserve their winter meat. They didn't kill their cows, because they could be sold. Sometimes we'd go to the mountain and never see a single deer because the old farmers had killed most of them.

I wasn't a prankster, except for wrestling. When my little nephew, Bill, was born, he was put in a shoe box because he was so small! He was a several years older than I, but he was always quite small. He and I would wrestle all the time out on the lawn and I'd pin him down and rub his ears. We'd always get someone down and then rub their ears until they got fire red! I guess that's being a prankster. The schoolhouse in town was an old two-story building with a bell on top, but the school is no longer there. Our neighbor, Alan Jones, had a pretty good one-horse buggy sitting out in front of his place and one fall, about Halloween time, Gene McLean, Boyd Colton, and I got the buggy and took it over to the schoolhouse where we disassembled it. We used a rope and pulled the buggy up and re-assembled it on the top of that old schoolhouse. I was probably twelve or thirteen years old and I don't remember who took it down or even how it got down, but all I can remember is putting that old buggy up there. Of course, I can tell a lot

of pranks I participated in when I got older. In fact, I can tell a million of them!

I like to discover things and that's why I've hunted arrowheads all my life. I like to go into caves, to find a hole in the wall and go in to explore. I have *no fear* of going in the dark, because I worked in the mines at 900 feet below the ground. As a young boy, I began looking for arrowheads in two caves called Twin Caves, which were about three miles above us. I don't think I ever kept arrowheads then, but we would pick them up along with grinders and such. There was a mountain called Chocolate Rock that must have been as high as a four-story building. Especially at Easter time, we would go up and run down Chocolate Rock. Once I tripped and fell and bumped one of my teeth and it turned black so for years I had a black front tooth. We played a game called "Annie I Over" by throwing a ball over the house and catching it and running around and throwing it to another kid before he could get out of the way. And we played "Kick the Can" and all those games, when we were kids. We'd play "Hide and Go Seek" and we ran races to see who could out-run the other. I participated in wrestling and was quite a boxer, too.

My mother gave me a couple of piano lessons, but I decided I didn't have the kind of talent needed for it, so I stopped. She taught all the kids in the neighborhood and me to play the harmonica and I can still play it a little. Acel Hall, my cousin, and I would go to Mutual parties and play the ukulele and the harmonica. We each had a ukulele but I don't know what happened to mine.

When I was growing up, we didn't have money or time for a lot of activities. I had to help make a living, along with the other members of the family. I had to go out and make a dollar so I could buy a shirt or a pair of pants or shoes. Nowadays, I don't think you could find one out of a million kids buying all their school clothes at age nine, ten, eleven, or twelve years old. I didn't have time to take piano or dance lessons or to play basketball. Basketball wasn't even heard of then. We didn't have the time, because we all had to work, to do our part, and we had to help make a living. We had to hoe the garden, pick the apples, milk the cows, fish for food to eat or whatever was needed to be done. Young people don't have to do this nowadays and I think it's a shame. I shared a bedroom with my older brother, Howard. We had a double bed and we slept together until he left home to go into the CCC's not too long after my father died. There wasn't any television, radio, or newspaper that was delivered to us. I don't think we ever knew what the news was, because we just lived in our own world and tried to survive. We were in Maeser and attended the Maeser Chapel and I was quite active in Church. I believe I

started Boy Scouts at the age of twelve and from then on I stopped attending Church.

I was closest to the Mark Hall family, because Aunt May was my mother's sister and Philip Hall was more or less my idol. As a real young boy, I looked up to him, because he would put me on his back, and run around the yard or up and down the road with me on his back or his shoulders. He was a sheep man and I would take him an apple or two when he'd come off the mountain with the sheep, and he'd eat the seeds, core, and everything! There wouldn't be a speck of the apple left because he hadn't had any fruit for a long time and he loved apples. His dad had a herd of sheep and Philip stayed out with them most of the time. Their family had bicycles which I didn't have. In fact, I never had my own bicycle, until my mother saved her pennies, penny by penny by penny until she had enough to buy a bike for me when I was sixteen years old. As a young kid, I would go down and ride Acel or David Hall's bicycle or use their kiddy car. Often, I would go up to the sheep camp and just have fun, but we did not take care of the sheep because there were sheep herders and we didn't interfere with them.

I was a widow's son and there weren't too many of us in those days. My mother was a widow for thirty-six years and that's a long time! I had two uncles I knew when I was young, Uncle Mark Hall and Bri Stringham. I didn't do a whole lot with Uncle Ray Stringham or Will Stringham until I was older, and then we would go fishing together. During my younger years, Uncle Bri would take me up to Diamond and one time I brought a herd of buck sheep home to Vernal for him. He wanted the bucks out of his herd to put them to pasture, so I got them all together, walked all the way, and drove them to Vernal. They separated the bucks from the ewes, or the males from the females and only at breeding time, were they put together.

As a young boy, I remember going out in the desert down into Chapetta Wells. It must have been in the winter or late fall. There had once been a stagecoach stop from there to Watson and other places. I remember traveling in a wagon across that desert strip of land just before the Colorado line. Uncle Mark had a big sheep dog who followed alongside the wagon and while we were riding along, a coyote jumped on the sheep dog and they had a fight you wouldn't believe! They just fought and fought and fought at the side of the wagon and finally the coyote took off and the sheep dog didn't follow him.

I liked to play marbles when I was young and always had a pocketful of marbles everywhere I went and we'd play "Keeps." We'd make a ring and shoot and when you would knock marbles out of the ring, they were yours! I guess that's not a very good way to do it, but that's how we played in those days. Sometimes, we'd go down with a pocketful and return with

none or we'd come back with two pockets full and we all had a lot of fun. Boys had a pocket knife as soon as they were born and I always had one and still do today. "Meg Peg" is a game in which one person throws down his knife and someone else throws his knife off his thumb or his finger, with the point down, to see if he can hit the knife and split it open, so then you didn't have a knife anymore! If my mother were here, she'd tell you that all I did in the evenings was play with my marbles and I guess I invented a few games that I played by myself. I used to go out and play in the straw stack where I would tunnel all the way through sometimes. I guess I didn't really have much time to myself in those days, when I was younger but when I was older, I did.

The most important part I played in my family was being the youngest and getting into and out of trouble! I had three friends, Acel Hall, Boyd Colton, and Gene Mc Lane, and there was the "Shadow." Every time, we'd look around, Junior Merkeley, un-invited, would be following us. I guess those three were my main friends because I don't think I ran around with anyone else. We would stay with each other at night and anytime we partied, we partied together. We went out camping and stayed all night. I really had no one to control me, because my father had died. My brother who tried to control me, left to be in the CCC's and then he worked for the WPA, so he was gone.

In every spot of ground that could be tilled, we planted gardens. There was some lawn on one side of the house but not very much. My mother had a big raspberry and corn patch, and she grew cucumbers, melons, radishes and onions. We didn't put anything out in the field, because it was planted with grain or hay, but we used all the ground near the house for gardens. Probably, we had over a hundred apple trees, apricot, and plum trees, and one pear tree. Our orchard was big and in the fall, people came from all over even from Ouray country and Neola, to load their wagons with apples. There were apples you have never even heard of; the Pewaukee, Pink Cheek, Wealthy, Wolf River, White, Yellow Transparent, and the Snow Apple. All around the outside of the apple orchard were apricot trees. We had Potamawatamee Plums and we still have some today but there are only about ten trees in the orchard and there are no apricot trees and the pear tree is gone, too. Underneath those big shady trees, we still get together for our family activities.

I guess all through my life, I can be the most proud of being a hard worker and I have had many compliments throughout my life. Before he died, Feron Hacking said I was the best worker he ever had. I guess I can complement myself, because most of my life, I've started at daylight

and quit at dark and I've never really looked at the clock.

We had a big upright piano and one of my sisters practiced faithfully every day and she was a good piano player. Donetta has my mother's old rocking chair. The kitchen chairs were oak and they had probably been painted ten or fifteen times. Our kitchen table was a two-wing table with two sides which dropped down. When the sides were lifted up, we would slide a bar out to support them. There was no table in the front room but Mother had a cabinet for her nick-knacks and old dishes, but it certainly wasn't very big. In my mother's bedroom there were two beds and I think they had only one set of dresser drawers. Edith and Edna stayed in the same bedroom with my mother. In the other bedroom, there was one double bed with a set of drawers and there were two small closets in each bedroom. There was no carpet, but we had some crocheted rag rugs which didn't completely cover the floor. My mother was not much of a decorator, but we did have wall paper on the walls. This was the only home I lived in until I left home permanently and we had many happy times there, especially at Christmas time. For Christmas, I would get a necktie, a handkerchief and a little bag of marbles. We didn't know what it was like to have toys such as little cars and other things. I don't ever remember getting new pants because they'd patch and re-patch the old ones and socks would last a lifetime, because Mother kept sewing up the holes but that isn't done anymore.

I like casseroles and meatloaf and food like that more than anything. We never had many fried potatoes, because when we had potatoes, they were mashed and we had gravy with them. I don't think I ever knew what a fried potato was. Mutton was our main meat and we had absolutely no pork. As I have said, my mother didn't eat pork, because "it's not good for you and it'll kill you, because it is hard to digest!" The Stringhams were a sheep family and Uncle Bri would give Mother a half of a lamb every once in a while and so we ate a lot of mutton! Of course, it really wasn't lamb, it was mutton! They would take an old ewe and put her in the feed lot and give her a lot of corn to fatten her a little bit. They never killed the young lambs, because they were used for breeding stock.

We didn't have much company because the house wasn't big enough. The front room was so small and there were just two tiny bedrooms and a small kitchen, with a bathroom off the kitchen. If company did come, they put their tent or wagon out in the orchard and stayed there and they didn't really visit the house itself. I think we had a lot of people come for just a day to visit.

My mom ordered from Montgomery Ward's Catalog and she was home when I came

home from school, but she was not a disciplinarian. I could do just about what I wanted to do and she never reprimanded me, even when I was a renegade. She always had the meals ready and clothes washed. I had my traps and everything to take care of and I had many other responsibilities. Quite a bit of the time I was outside and I'd go off to play ball with the boys and I don't think I stayed around much. I did buy a liquor license when I was sixteen years old because I passed for twenty-one!

I don't think birthdays were ever celebrated, unless my older brother or sister tried to get me down to spank me, but they never could. I've got a big scar my head where Howard hit my head on the edge of the piano. I don't think we knew we were supposed to celebrate birthdays and I don't think we ever received many presents, unless it was an orange or something and I never heard of the Tooth Fairy! I went to the silent movies once, but I never went to the movies in Provo. My sister-in-law, Clela, who was married to my youngest half-brother, Byron, played the piano in the silent movies in Vernal in the old Vogue Theater. I went once and heard her play, as she played there for quite a few years. As a small boy, I remember when Byron went on a mission. One time Clela and Byron were in the kitchen and as I walked into the kitchen she was gonna give me a kiss and I ran around the room and hid underneath the table where I stayed so she couldn't reach me. I must have been four or five years old, but I got away from her and didn't get a kiss!

My father was sick all of my young life. Especially at night, he was in the house, rocking back and forth in the rocking chair all night long, trying to catch his breath, because of asthma problems. Mother worked out in the garden, dried apples and apricots, and kept things on the table. She was really active in Relief Society, Primary and Mutual all of her life and she directed music for many years. As far as going out and getting a job, she didn't and she never had any money. She was a good seamstress and she had her own sewing machine but I don't know how she got it, unless Uncle Bri gave it to her. When I was young, I didn't know what a train or an airplane was and I walked or rode a horse wherever I went. We never took a vacation and I probably never left Maeser until I was twenty years old.

I had three half-brothers and one half-sister. My oldest brother was Wiley, Orrin was next, then my sister, Alice, and the youngest one in the older family was Byron. All had left home, except Byron, when I was born. My full brothers and sisters were Claude, who was born October 29, 1911 in Vernal but he died just three months later on February 7, 1912. Howard was the next and he was eight years older than I. Edna was six years older, while Edith was four

years older, and I was the last one. I don't know where my half-brothers and sister were born and I don't even know where Howard was born. I think Edith and Edna were born around the corner in a log cabin at the old Hatch place.

My grandfather on my father's side built twenty-six homes in the following areas: Escalante and Ephraim, Utah and Mesa, Arizona. In Cokeville, Wyoming, he made coke for steel used by the Church and there's a street named *Collett Street* in Cokeville. We called my brother Howard and my half-brother, Wiley, *gypsies* because like our grandfather, they had umpteen homes! They took a job in one place for a while and then they'd go somewhere else and take another job and then they'd move on to another one someplace else. Howard and Wiley never really settled down but they took their families with them where ever they went. At the beginning of the war, Howard sold his little place and left the Maeser area to work in California at an airplane factory. Howard had a gypsy personality and he died with nothing. He was a hard worker, but he couldn't hold on to anything and it was the same with Wiley who had many places in Wyoming and Utah. They just couldn't seem to hold onto the material things of life. I think they took after Grandfather Reuben Collett, on my father's side. Byron was my youngest half-brother and he was somewhat like a gypsy, too. Finally, he went to Duchesne and stayed for quite some time, but he traveled a lot and went back east to Minnesota. Orrin was different because he lived in Maeser for a while and then made only one move to California. The other three moved around a lot, just like gypsies!

Alice married Euwall Snow in Jensen and they spent their life in one place, in the same house at the Snow Ranch. When they were first married, they had a dugout, before they moved to their house. Alice died at the age of ninety-one and Euwall had preceded her ten years earlier. Edna and Edith were very close. Edna went to college at BYU and graduated in Education as a school teacher. She met Adrian Raynes who was a Baptist minister. He was in the service and he spent a lot of time in Wendover, Utah, training pilots. Edna was active in the Church, but he never became a member. They had three daughters and one son and they came to Maeser and built a house on Edna's property. He worked at the Dinosaur Quarry for ten or twelve years while she taught school. Edna is the kind of person who likes to help others. She is eighty-six years old and has worked for years at the Golden Age Center packing food trays for people who aren't able to get their own food. Edna has stayed active in the Church and she's been very generous all her life. Edna's been quite healthy and has had very few problems. She has retirement from teaching school and she probably has other income. While growing up together,

we got along pretty well, and we've been quite close, probably more than any of my other siblings and since we're neighbors, we keep track of her.

Edith also went to BYU and became a school teacher. After she taught for a while, she joined the U.S. Navy and became a *Wave* and went back east. I was in the service at the time, so I don't know why she joined because she already had her degree, when she enlisted. Edith was a little more *laid back* than Edna and she had 6 children. She married Clarence Hatch and he died of cancer 20 years before she died fifteen years ago of heart failure but she didn't really have any health problems throughout her life. Edith was active in the Church and she was a great piano player who practiced almost every day so she could play almost anything. She was more *reserved* than Edna.

Howard had a lot of heart problems, much worse than mine, for the last fifteen years of his life and he died at the age of eighty-two. He was in a wheelchair for several years, because of his heart and he had two or three operations. Even when he was a small boy, he had heart problems. None of the others had asthma or diabetes but Edith might have had a little arthritis. Howard was in the welding business and that's hard work. It's hard on your whole body. He bought a big welder and traveled around and worked on Lake Powell and I'm sure he made good money, but he couldn't hang onto his profits because he spent more than he made. While I was in the service, I sent home half my pay to my mother and even though I sent that to her, I think my mother helped Howard out a lot. I don't know for sure but when I came home, Mom didn't have any money. She must have done something with it and I'm thinking she helped Howard. He moved around continually from place to place and didn't accumulate anything, starting over every time he moved and that costs money.

Miss Johnson was my First Grade school teacher and there were two sisters who taught at the Maeser School. One taught First Grade and the other taught Second Grade. At that time, there was no Kindergarten, so we went straight to First or Second Grade. Believe it or not, I was quite timid and laid back and I sat on the back row. I don't think anyone took me to school the first day. I just went to school with the rest of the neighborhood children. I took a sack lunch to school and we usually took a piece of leftover piece of roast mutton or a scrambled egg sandwich. We took several things, but we didn't have any dessert and we didn't have anything fancy. I sat in the back and Miss Johnson put me up in the front, because students were seated in alphabetical order. I walked through the field to school and in the wintertime, I never crossed a fence. Because there was so much snow and the surface was so hard, I walked on the top! We

could run a horse on it and never sink in. The temperature would be *30 degrees below zero* and it would stay that cold for weeks. It's a lot different now than it used to be. There were some parts of school I liked such as arithmetic, geometry, and algebra but I wasn't much of a reader and I hated English, which was my worst class.

The play yard was the grass out in front of the school and there might have been a teeter-totter, which would have been an old board across something. There was a baseball field in the back, but I never played ball in grade school and there wasn't any other playground equipment. The boys stayed away from the girls, because the girls were *poison*. Boys would chase me and try to blacken my eye. Gus Gee was one of my school teachers and he had a big *tater smasher*. I was talking or doing something I shouldn't and he came up and hit me on the head with that thing. Boy, did I have a big old lump! When I went home and told my mother, she went to the school and had a talk with Gus Gee! My mother never spanked me in my life and when I was very young, I got only one spanking from my father and that I have never forgotten!

Owen Hardy was the school bully and I was bigger than he was and we would scuffle together once in a while. One time, Nellie Oaks, our school teacher, was really strict and Owen did something and ran out the door with Nellie after him. She could run just like a deer, even though she was about square. She caught Owen and just *whittled the tar* out of him. Owen and I were good friends and we did a few things together as we grew older. I think he was an alcoholic, in the later years, and I believe that is what killed him. I was never sent to the principal's office and I was too bashful to stand in front of the class. I'd have run out the door, if they'd asked me to get up in front of the class! My best memory of elementary school was getting out of it when I could! We had clean pants or Levis to wear to school but my shirts were plain, because my mother was not a *dresser upper*! She was very *plain*! I don't think it ever rained during school but during the winter time, when we had so much snow and couldn't go outside, we ran the halls back and forth from the restrooms. Owen Hardy and Amos Merkeley were both good friends. Amos was a great big fellow from Ashley and he died recently. He had huge hands and we wrestled quite a bit, but he sure could hit with that hand! I was happy as I ever was during that time, I guess.

When my two sisters went to BYU to college, my mother and I followed and rented an apartment. In 1936, I went to BYU High School as a Freshman and in that entire year, I got acquainted with only one fellow, Norman Parker, because I hated being dragged away from the few friends I had at home. The next year I attended Provo High School and these two years of

my life are kind of blank. I had a cousin who taught art, Farrell Collett, and I took his class in Commercial Art and got a "B." I wasn't really interested in art, but I thought it was a class which might benefit me sometime down the road, but it didn't! I did get acquainted with one fellow who lived not far from our apartment. The apartment, two rooms at the back of a family's home, was on the northeast side and about two blocks from the University lower campus. Almost every weekend, I would hitch-hike back to Vernal. One time I was stranded in Heber City and I slept in a haystack all night. I got up the next morning and thumbed my way into Vernal. I didn't like living in Provo and my mother knew I was going back to Vernal on weekends but she had no control over me. In all my life, she had absolutely no control and she didn't seem to object to what I did; at least she didn't express herself to me.

In those days, there were pin-ball machines and I played one in Provo. I'd ask Mom for twenty-five cents but it was actually a nickel machine. I went into the mechanism and found out how it worked and then broke it and it gave up all the nickels it had, so once in a while, I'd go into the machine and get another handful of nickels! I don't remember how many it coughed up. One time when I was hitch-hiking, I went into buy a soda pop at the Junction in Heber, as it came off Provo Road and there was the same pin-ball machine! They'd moved it on me. I had only a few nickels and I went in and broke it again! What a poor example to my posterity.

Because I was so homesick, almost every weekend I'd go back to Vernal and there was no one at the house. My mother didn't rent the house, so I'd stay there for a couple of nights and I probably went fishing at the creek. During those two years, in the summer we'd go back to the house in Vernal. My last two years of high school I went to Vernal but this time was one of the most unpleasant times of my youth. I wouldn't want my children or grandchildren to be taken out of one environment and put into another one and back and forth because that is what happened to me. I was a little backward, country boy who was put in with a group of city dudes and I wouldn't do that to my worst enemy. It was a bad experience! I won't tell the full story of my high school years because it's not pleasant. I clipped school and went back the next year to graduate. I did take off one winter and that's a story I'm not going to tell anyone. It was a bad experience and a part of my life I wished could be erased. Back in Vernal I became involved with my friends again. I liked to box quite a bit and the CCC boys would come into town and we'd box and I'd beat them. I remember one fellow was about the same size as I was and when he'd take a swing at me, I'd step out of the way and he'd fall flat on his face!

In Vernal, I went to Uintah High School. I took shop mechanics and I used an old 1928

Chevy to learn on. When I was only fourteen years old, I drove Grandfather Stringham from Vernal to Salt Lake City, in his old Model A Ford. I drove the 1928 Chevy a lot and in the winter, we'd drive on the frozen the ponds and I'd twirl it around! It would start boiling and we'd have to put water in it. I took that old 1928 Chevy into shop to put some new bearings in it, because it was pretty sloppy and had started to rattle. With the help of the teacher, we put inserts on these bearings and installed them. There was no one to tell me how I should treat this car after the inserts had been put in. Pat Pip, a man about twenty years older than I who had the mentality of a twelve year old, was hanging around. He wanted a ride home, so I said, "Jump in, Pat and away we'll go!" We got in and I revved her up and we got to Maeser Store when I said, "Boy, let's see how fast this thing will go, Pat!" I pushed down the gas pedal and just started up and got to about ninety miles an hour and she went "*Boom!*" and the piston went through the side of the block! In those days, when a car was repaired, you had a break-in period of driving it real slowly for a while. No one ever told me that, so that was the end of the old 1928 Chev! I guess this is when I got started being a mechanic because I enjoyed that type of work.

All I thought of was making money and getting ahead in life but I didn't pick out any designated type of work I wanted to do. Garth Massey and I worked in the mines after high school graduation in 1941. Shortly after this, we went to California and we worked building houses. I pitched hay in the summertime, while I was attending school. In those days, we didn't bale hay, we just threw it on a wagon or a slip and put it in a big stack. I did lots of pitching hay and weeding corn and I worked for Ferron Akens for quite a while making wheat and fox pens.

In high school, I was boxing and I'd win most of the time because I was a fair boxer, but I didn't play basketball and they didn't have football in high schools then. I did not receive any honors for boxing in high school. I was put into drama and I sang and I played one of the main parts with Virginia Hacking but I don't remember the name of the play. I enjoyed participating and I could carry a tune, but I wasn't a very good soloist.

I started to drive, when I was very young. We didn't need a driver's license and I was probably about twelve years old when I got in the old 1928 Chev and went up on Christensen's Pond on the ice and I was fourteen years old when I drove my grandfather to Salt Lake City. I think from age 12 years on, I did most of the driving!

Gene McLane, Boyd Colton, Amos Merkeley, Acel Hall, and Junior Merkeley would often hunt together. Boyd, Acel, and I went on a hunting trip with Junior Merkeley, who had an old Model A Ford. One day, during deer hunting season, we went up on Diamond and I think we

sluffed school because they wouldn't let us off for the hunt, in those days. Someone wounded a big four-point buck and it went up a draw and the old deer didn't want to go up the steep hill. Junior was standing on a log right behind him and that old deer turned around and charged at him! His head was down and he went straight for Junior who fell off the log and pulled the trigger and killed the deer! To think he did it while he was falling! He was the luckiest boy alive, because the old deer would have hit him with those horns!

One day, Amos and I decided to mix it up with the boxing and Coach was there and said, "Okay, boys, go to it!" And he let us go for fifteen minutes. Amos had huge hands and when we got through, we were both the bloodiest messes you have ever seen. We hit each other in the face and in the belly for fifteen minutes!

I imagine I went to a few dances with Althea Caldwell, but it was just once, if I did! I have no stories to tell about dating girls because we'd go to dances, but we would never take a girl. Althea's Uncle Warren had a honky-tonk place out west of Vernal. A honky-tonk place is kind of a wild place like a bar and we'd go to dance and have a beer or two. Boyd Colton was going to show us he could drink two bottles of beer at once. So he took two bottles and put one on each side of his mouth. He opened his throat so he never did swallow and it just went right down! Fifteen minutes later, he could hardly walk and he floundered around waving his hands and broke one of the windows. Warren came out and grabbed him by the collar and said, "You kids get out of here!" I think that's the only time we ever went to his place.

Often we would go up on the sand dunes to Victory Park to a place called Doc's Beach, which was north and half-way from Vernal to Roosevelt. It must have been during our high school years when Gene and Boyd and I would go and do a little dancing. We couldn't have a bottle inside, so we'd watch fellows go out into the bushes with their bottles to take a drink and then hide the bottles back in the bushes. We'd watch and then we'd go steal their bottles. That's how wild we were! I drank a little and never went to Church after I was twelve years old, until I was thirty-five.

One time, we had a little party and we bought a jug of wine. Bill Murray, who lived above us about three quarters of a mile, always had big watermelon patch. It was just as black as it could be outside and so Gene and Boyd and I thought, "Well, we'll go up and have ourselves a melon bust!" We got into the melon patch and we loaded up! Of course, we'd had a drink or two! Boyd was the drinker of the bunch and he overdid it a few times. We went down into the orchard and lit a match or had a flashlight and guess what we had? Squash! No Watermelon!

That was the end of our melon bust!

There's another adventure we all did together during my high school years! Once in a while we'd pull a Chickaree. Farmers always had chicken coops full of chickens and Tad Merkeley and Roland and eight or ten of us boys would sneak up to the chicken coop where each of us would grab one or two chickens and away we'd go! We'd grab the head and wring it and off the head would go and it would flop and flop. Then we'd stick them in scalding water and all the feathers would fall off. We'd build a big fire, cook the chickens in a frying pan and have a big feed and we called this a chickaree! We'd probably get home about one or two in the morning but I was never disciplined or told, "You can't do that!" I'm sure my mother knew when I came in late at night or early in the morning but she never called me on it.

When I had any spare time, I went fishing up at the creek or down into Red Pine Setting where it was a mile straight down and a mile straight back up. There were bears, too, but just little fellers! Boyd and I had a creel basket which was a woven bamboo basket with a square hole on top where we could put our fish and sometimes we would fill it full of fish! One time when we were fishing on top of Taylor Mountain, I was by a big bank and I felt something hit the basket but I didn't pay much attention! Something hit the basket again so I turned around and there was a bear trying to get our fish out of the basket! Of course, as I turned around, the bear took off! I think he was just a yearling. Another time Garth Batty and I went down to stay all night at Red Pine Setting, but we didn't take a bedroll or anything. We went down in past the creek and walked up to some beaver ponds that we wanted to fish. We had a little food and I think we even cooked some fish. As we had no bedroll or anything, I said, "Well, Garth, we're going to spend the night and so we had better get ready for bed." "Oh," he said, "I'm all right." I dug a space out at the side of the fire, lined it with some hot cobblestone rocks, and then laid some pine tree boughs on top of the hot rocks. I laid down and slept like a baby but Garth set by the fire all night and froze because he wouldn't build himself a bed.

I've had a lot of narrow escapes during my life and someone must have been looking over me. In 1940 or 1941, Garth Massey, Eugene McLane and I were working up in the timber. On the road north out of Vernal, there's a switchback around by Big Bush Creek. One day, we were driving up there in the old Blue Goose, my fancy Chrysler convertible, with the top down and it had snowed and the roads were really slick. We we're coming around that curve and for some reason, we didn't make it and we went straight down a thirty-foot drop and stopped sideways. Garth Massey said, "Oh, Gosh, I don't even think we're going to turn over!" Right then, we went

over and made a complete flip-flop! We were all in the front seat, which is the reason we're all still alive! As we went down, and hit the bottom, a great big rock fit right in the back seat. If there had been anyone in the back seat, they would have been squashed to death! We made another flip-flop, landed right on our wheels and I started that thing, gave her gas and went down through the brush and back up on the road, without even a scratch!

At the beginning of World War II, the draft was set up for all the boys in America and we all had to register to be available. My cousin, Acel Hall, and I decided rather than wait to be drafted we would go to Fort Douglas in Salt Lake City and enlist. Both of us had a high school education and we wanted to take tests to become pilots. We applied and tested for the Air Force and both flunked. We were allowed to take the test three times, but I told Acel, "Well, I'm not going to try again. I'm just going to go into the service and see if I can get into the Air Force and become a mechanic." They issued me a uniform and accepted me in the US Military Service on October 17, 1942 and I took my first train ride from Salt Lake City to Denver, Colorado. In Denver, I was put on another train to Louisville, Kentucky, where I did my training.

Basic Training involves being disciplined. We were awakened at 6 o'clock in the morning and we would line up for breakfast because in the service we stood in line for everything! We would go out to the field and do calisthenics in the field and have roll call so they would know everyone was present. Calisthenics and running several miles were activities we did to keep us in good shape.

After six weeks of basic training, I went from Louisville, Kentucky to Sedalia, Missouri where I was assigned to a guard squadron for more training. I didn't understand what was happening at this time and I went through all the training alone because I was a loner and didn't make friends with anyone. Soon, I was taken off guard duty and given an office assignment because I had a high school education. I took care of furlough papers, organizing and issuing them. These duties required only a half hour to an hour each day and the rest of the time, I had nothing to do, so I read books and paced the floor. For about two weeks I did this, then I went to the captain and said, "Captain, I can't do this any longer. I'm not the kind of person who can be shut up in a building with nothing to do," so I returned to guard duty.

In November of 1942, I was issued a 1917 model 45 to wear as I stood guard on four-hour shifts, simulating the guarding of properties in Sedalia. I remember distinctly that one day I went downtown to have a meal. We didn't have much money then, because I sent half of my pay back to my mother. While I was inside eating, it started to rain and when I came out of the

café it was so cold. As soon as the rain hit the ground, it turned to ice and as I stepped out onto the street, I went flat on my back! This is probably the coldest I have ever been in my life, because Missouri's winter weather is damp with freezing temperatures, so it was extra cold. I pulled guard duty for about thirty days and then I was shipped again by train to Chicago, Illinois. In Chicago, I had a ten-hour layover alone. In the train station areas in those days, there were hobos and people lying around doing nothing. I went on to North Carolina, possibly around Raleigh. I'm not positive, because I never got off the base while I was there. While in North Carolina, I took a three-month course from December until February, 1943, to become a mechanic. After the training, I was assigned to the Air Force and sent to Fort Myers, Florida. Prior to that time, I was in the basic military.

I was put into training on fifty-caliber machine guns that would be used on the airplanes. We had to assemble and disassemble the guns and know every part in detail, so if anything happened or if they broke down, we would be able to repair them. If they jammed, we'd be able to un-jam them and so forth. Fort Myer's is a big swamp area and the barracks were built on stilts. During this time, I did get acquainted with Lou Barrett, and I wrote to him, after I was out of the service. I also got acquainted with Pete Sermanski and we caught a little crocodile about three feet long. At the side of the barracks, we made an enclosure for our crocodile, but he dug out and escaped! On the gunnery range, there were big turrets which simulated those on airplanes. We'd see great big turtles in the swamp and we'd shoot at them with those fifty-caliber guns and they'd just explode. I guess I'm still a mischievous child because it was fun.

I was assigned to a crew and again I was on a train, traveling to Wendover, Utah, believe it or not! I traveled all across the United States by train. I'm sad to say that I don't recall all my crew members' names. The pilot's name was McGovern and Gray was the co-pilot. In the military, we were always called by our last name and no one ever heard our first name. The B-24 had belly turret and whoever operated it, had to be a real small person about five foot two or three inches and about a hundred pounds. Our man's name was Jones and when I got out of the service, I contacted him a time or two. I don't recall the name of our bombardier who released the bombs over the targets nor our navigator who charted the bombing courses.

My responsibility was as a flight engineer. I would go out in the morning and check the tires and the engines and then I would do what was called a pre-flight test. One at a time, I would start up the engines, and then I would check to see that they all had the same RPM and that no plugs or anything were missing. My responsibility was to synchronize all four engines on

those B-24's so they were all running at the same speed. We had a little *putt-putt* which was an auxiliary gas generator used for emergencies, in case of a hit and the power was knocked out. If that happened, we would be able to start this *putt-putt* and it would power the airplane. I did man the Waist Machine Gun which set into a little bracket in the windows of the airplane. I never was stationed in the tail because there was a tail gunner, in addition to an upper turret gunner and a nose gunner. I don't think I was ever the upper turret, but a couple of times I got into the nose and operated that gun. Generally, while in the air, I walked around and saw that everything was operating properly.

At Wendover, Utah, there were fifty to sixty B-24's used for training and we had to make a certain number of ground air flights. One day we coaxed McGovern into seeing how high we could fly a B-24 with all ten crew members aboard. We climbed up to 30,000 feet and the engine knocked out. Immediately, we fell to 10,000 feet and the plane was shaking like it was going to fall apart. All of us thought we were going to die, but at about 20,000 feet the engines finally started up again and we all lived to go overseas. After we made our last training flight, there was one crew who needed one more flight to finish their training and for some reason, their plane was inoperable. They borrowed our plane and took off, but there's a big mountain north of Wendover and they didn't clear it and all ten men were killed. We had to wait for another plane to arrive. In the spring of 1944, we received our orders for overseas.

We were sent to Kansas to refuel and I think we flew to South America where we stopped in Brazil to refuel again. At this time, we received additional orders and everything was pretty *hush-hush*. We didn't hear a lot about what was happening or what we were going to do. At the southern tip of South America, we refueled again and flew another ten hours non-stop to Marrakech in French Africa. While there, we had a narrow escape because during our flight over, we had a fuel-tank leak and we had to wait four days for another fuel tank to arrive. We were all alone, because the rest of our group went ahead and did not wait with us. In French South Africa there was an enclosure with German prisoners of war and the only food they had was what the GI's gave them from leftovers in the mess hall. It was a very poor country and those Arabs would stand at the door with a little gallon bucket, as we came out of the mess hall. We'd scrape our leftovers into the can so they'd have something to eat.

The military had quite a time with the Arabs. The Arabs cleaned the surface of the field to keep it operable so that our planes could land. They'd all dress in white with their turbans and they'd go out and do five minutes work. Then they'd all run, grab a rock, and form a big circle to

do their ceremony. This went on all day long so they didn't get a whole lot of work out of them.

The radio operator and I decided we'd take a little excursion, so we went to Medina, the famous walled city of Africa. Because the military were restricted in that area, we were able to get a little Arab boy to go into Medina with us. The boy knew where there was a hole in the wall and so we went in because we were curious. The people lived in cave-like enclosures in the walls. We could see all the diseased children crawling on the ground and I realized why we were restricted from going into the city of Medina. They urinated right in the middle of the streets. It was so filthy so we didn't stay too long and our little Arab boy left us. We were able to get a taxi which was the body of an old car, pulled by a horse! We were finally able to stop one of them and said, "Hey, do you think you could get us back to Marrakech without anyone seeing us?" He said, "Oh, yeah, I'll get you back!" He did and that was quite an experience!

Flying onto England, we had to take evasive action, maneuvering to avoid anti-aircraft artillery, so we didn't fly directly there. We had to be very careful that we didn't run into any German fighter planes. Our missions started from the base just outside Holton and I flew thirty-five missions with the same crew. When we completed the thirty-five missions, we could go back to the States. We were on bombing missions and we carried a load of bombs and bombed bridges in France a couple of times. The only casualty we had on those missions was our navigator. On one mission, he was in the bombardier and navigator's compartment and he called over the inter-com, "Hey, I'm hit and I'm gonna die!" The communication we had one with another was through the inter-com, and because there was so much noise they wore headphones to hear. A piece of flack about four by five inches came through the bottom of the plane and hit him on the rump! Flack results when bullets from ground fire strike the outside of the airplane causing metal fragments to explode and shatter. He was really fortunate the piece hit him flat and not sideways. If it had hit him sideways, he would have been cut in half, but instead, it hit him flat and on the rump and all he had was an unbelievable bruised spot. While I was riding in the front turret, a piece of flack broke the Plexiglas and I was hit across my left eyebrow with a piece of Plexiglas but it wasn't bad, just a little cut.

While overseas, I did fly with co-pilot Gray at one time. About half way through our missions, he became a pilot and he got his crew together so I flew with him on his first mission and it was quite an experience. We flew over Germany, and I believe it was to Munich. After we dropped our bombs and headed back we were hit pretty bad. As we had to fly over Holland and make the circle to come across the Gulf, we weren't able to keep altitude, so we started to

throw everything out, even our guns! We wore bullet-proof vests and we threw out all of them. It was a close call, but we made it.

I was in the *Eighth Air Force*. I can't tell all the tragedy we had, but just before "*D*" Day. Two hundred B-24 and B-17 airplanes rendezvoused above England for several hours. On flights into our target, we usually had fighter protection. Our fighters flew above us and when any enemy aircraft would come in, they would engage them in *dog fights* and we had to maintain radio silence in case the enemy was listening. As we went on our missions, I don't know how many towns we bombed, but there were many. Some of the planes didn't get fighter protection and when we returned, out of two hundred planes, sixty were shot down. Ten times sixty is six hundred men who were lost in one raid! The worst part of the whole experience was we stayed in barracks with other crews and when we'd get back, the crews who didn't show up, were the boys we were acquainted with. This happened several times in our barracks and it was so hard on all of us; we came back and they didn't.

I completed my thirty-five missions and they gave all of us a little time off. I was a loner then and I'm still a loner! I decided I'd go up to Scotland to spend a few days, so I got on a bus and went up to visit and I had my first experience playing golf. The famous golfing greens are there so I had the privilege of playing two or three days on these greens. I stayed in a hotel and I received word to come back and was told "Your crew is leaving for the States and you better get back to England!" When I returned to England, believe it or not, my crew had already left. I was alone again and had to wait thirty days, while doing nothing but sleeping and reading for a month, but I was given passage on the *Queen Mary*! The others all went on what was called *evasive action*. I waited thirty days and made it across the ocean in six days on the *Queen Mary*. It took them twenty-four days to go across on *evasive action* and I almost beat them back!

I landed in New York and visited the big *skyscrapers*. There were so many high buildings I couldn't even see the blue sky! It was all such a wonder to a little old farm boy like me. I caught a train and rode in a cattle car that seemed to go clunk, clunk, clunk, clunk, and clunk. The cattle cars were fitted with bunks and took loads of boys going back across the States to their homes. The train traveled from New York all the way across the United States to just north of Los Angeles, California. A meeting was held with all of us together and they said, "Okay, boys, you've finished your missions over there and by the raise of hands, who would like to go across the other way now to Japan?" Out of a huge room full of boys, only two hands went up. The rest of us had enough!

I went into a cafe soon after that day and sitting across from me was a woman who had long hair down to her shoulders. She seemed like a huge woman with big, broad, wide shoulders! I couldn't imagine a woman being that large. Finally, she got up and turned around and it was a man! It was *Tarzan., Johnnie Weismiller!* He wore a long coat and looked like a woman with the long hair but it was Johnny Weismiller!

From Los Angeles, I went all the way back to Buffalo, New York! You can imagine how much traveling I had been doing. I waited awhile until I was assigned to another military base. While in Buffalo, I did get acquainted with Lee Urbanski who lived in New York and his parents were from Poland. I would go to their house about every day and eat Polish sausage, Polish bread, and Polish this and that. Everything was Polish and the Polish Sausage was just wonderful. They treated me just like one of their family. The military base was about five miles out of Buffalo. Urbanski and another fellow and I decided to go to town and see the sights. We went to town and it snowed and it snowed five feet deep! I think it was five or six days before we were able to get back to the military base. Huge trucks were used to pack the snow off the roads and out of town.

My next station was in Indianapolis, Indiana, where the pilots had to continue training by accruing flying time. There was a captain who always chose me to go with him on these old C-47's. If you've ever seen a C-47, it has two endings and it rattles and bangs like an old Model T Ford. He was a dare devil who would see a hole in the clouds above us and would head for it! When we got into the hole, the air turbulence was so bad we thought those planes were going to come apart! They told me they wouldn't let him go overseas because he was such a nut, dare devil or whatever you would want to call him. After about two weeks of this, I had enough! I told the boys, "I'm going to town, because I've been seven days a week and fourteen days doing this flying and I'm getting air sick!" I didn't get air sick, but I went off to town. He tried to get me to go on another flight but I refused to go with him and that was almost treason, so I was grounded! They wouldn't let me fly any longer. It didn't hurt my feelings one bit, because I'd had enough of the dare devil!

I did have an opportunity to fly again, transporting hospital patients from Cuba, because the old C-47's were used to transport hospital patients. When I first arrived in Indianapolis we'd take a C-47 and fly to Cuba and pick up injured servicemen and fly them to South Carolina. Some were going in for rehabilitation and others were on their way to recovery. One or two nurses would accompany the patients. Sometimes we'd fly all the way to Palm Springs,

California. It was such a good deal, because when we arrived in Palm Springs, we often had a day or two to swim and relax before we returned for another load of patients. While I was in the service, I flew across the United States seven times.

Shortly after this time, the war ended but don't remember the date. It must have been in the summer and a big parade was held in Indianapolis. I ran around with a fellow who had been shot in the arm and he had a scar from the tip of his fingers to the top of his shoulder and he couldn't straighten out his arm, even though he had partial use of it. He and I were at the head of the parade in the center of Indianapolis where they had a big statue. Around the statue was a big pool of water, but it was only two or three feet deep. I remember how crazy people were. They'd get up on the statue and dive off into the water and crack open their heads. Can you imagine? People just went crazy, because the war had ended. It had to have been 1945.

By this time, I had enough points that I could be discharged from military service. I went back to Denver, Colorado, by train to receive my release papers and I was issued a suit of clothing and a pair of black oxfords and that was the end of my military career. I received the *Flying Cross* and several *Oak Leaf Clusters*. I have boxes full of ribbons and a brown leather jacket issued to me that I was able to keep. I wore my jacket on most of the flights. A friend of mine, who was quite an artist, designed a bomb insignia for every mission I flew, so I had thirty bombs on the back of my jacket. I wore the jacket until I wore it out, because it was lined and was so warm.

I was in the service just a little over three years and returned home on October 27, 1945. Immediately I went to work with my brother, Howard, Clyde Hall, and Boyd Rolf, cutting fence poles and line props on top of the mountain toward East Park. The little knoll where we cut most of our poles was a place we called *Little Alaska*, because it was so cold! In November and December, the wind never stopped blowing. On weekends, we'd go home and because I had met Donna before I went into the service, I began *courting* her. I'd walk five miles down and five miles back every night to spend time with her. On December 12, 1945, I proposed to Donna, in a café over four cups of coffee, which helped me get up enough nerve to ask her to marry me! She agreed and we set the date to be married on May 25, 1946. I went back up on the mountain to work in the timber to earn enough money to buy her a ring, because I didn't have any money. I found out that the money I'd sent home to Mother was gone. I did rake up \$150.00 and took my fiancée, Donna, with me to pick out a ring at Sather's Jewelry Store in Vernal. That winter I continued to work on the mountain and Donna was a little disappointed, because I would work

up there for as long as two weeks at a time, before I'd return. Donna didn't think it was good for me to stay away so long but I had to so I could make enough money to get married.

Donna and I would go to dances together at *Victory Park* and *Club 40* in Colorado and one time, we traveled to Craig, Colorado to dance. I was not much of a socialite until I met Donna and then all we did was party! I didn't go to many dances before meeting her, but she and I are good dancers! Donna's beauty attracted me to her, because she is the most beautiful girl in the world! She has a beautiful personality and she's a beauty inside and out, with good ideals! I guess this is my greatest attraction to her. There are so many things I like about Donna and she's the only gal in the world for me after fifty-six years of marriage! She was the first girl I dated for very long. I went out a time or two, but never with the same girl. I don't think I ever dated anyone over once, if I dated anyone at all and I didn't have very many girlfriends. My mother thought it was wonderful I had chosen Donna Williams and she was probably happy, too, because she knew I was going to settle down. I had done quite a lot of roaming around the world but we settled down, after we were married on May 25, 1946 by Harvey McKee, Donna's bishop, at his home.

Almost immediately after we were married, I went back to work again on the mountain, for Caldwell at his sawmill. Donna went with me and we lived in a boarded-up twelve by fourteen foot tent. Her responsibility as part of the timber camp during the summer of 1946 was to cook for Gene McLane, Boyd Rolf, Howard, and me. We lived in the mountains most of our married life. We didn't take a honeymoon, but I don't think we knew what a honeymoon was back then. On the mountain every afternoon about two or three o'clock, it would rain and that would stop our timber work, so Donna and I would grab our fishing poles and run over to the creek or walk up to Hacking Lake and fish. This is where I taught her to fish and I don't know whether it was a mistake, because now she out fishes me! One day we didn't have any flies and we found a bait hook. We took the hook and an old hat with black glittery thread and we wrapped the hook with the thread and used it to catch a mess of fish! From daylight until dark, we worked really hard, and so the meals had to be good with a lot of potatoes and meat; food that would stay with us. At breakfast, we'd have hot cakes, eggs and bacon, because we worked hard. We sweat continually all day long whether it was winter or summer. One fishing experience we had was at Long Park Lake where the water level was very low. The fish swam down and out through an outlet about the size of a twelve inch pipe. Fern, Howard's wife, had a baby in the buggy which was covered with mosquito netting. They took the netting, stretched it over the

mouth of the pipe, catching the fish as they swam down, and they caught more fish than we did! We were up the stream fishing and they sat catching fish in the mosquito netting as they came out the hole. By the way, I cleaned all those fish!

While we were up on the mountain, there was a big rodeo in Vernal that everyone attended. All the workers, except my brother Howard, Clyde Hall, and I, went to the rodeo because Mr. Caldwell had told us we could use the sawmill, while they were all gone for the three-day rodeo. Previously, we had cut down a bunch of dry trees and made some logs, so we spent those three days in the sawmill, working our *fannies off*, cutting enough logs to build our three houses. That was the beginning of our first home in Maeser.

Fall and winter came and we left the timber work and lived in Mom's house in Maeser in 1946, while we started work on our home. We've never wanted for much at any time in our life and we've always had a *buck* in our pocket. There was a short time when we went to Phoenix, Arizona that we were out of work, but other than that, we've always worked. For a while, after we were married, Donna worked in the café and we always had sufficient for our needs. I think we went back to the mines and worked for three or four months, after we returned from Phoenix, Arizona. It was a winter we could have jumped around and worked on the vein the other side of Bonanza, for Donna's half-cousin, Johnny Sir in Black Dragon country at the Virgin Mines, where we lived in a little shack. The cracks in the walls were so wide you could throw a dog through most of them! Donna fixed it up, made curtains, and made it livable for us.

I sank one hole for them and they wanted another, so I sank a hole again with a pick and shovel! I'd go down and as I went down, I'd fill the bucket full of ore and then it would be hoisted up by hand. By the time the shift was over, I was just as black as the *Gilsonite* I was mining, and it was hard to get clean, so as I scrubbed, my skin would just about come off, too. There was one shaft that was dug into the mountain which stayed cool all the time and that is where we'd hang the deer meat. We'd illegally shoot a buckskin to provide meat for the camp, and it would stay cool and nice as could be, in that shaft.

Many times I'd work for the neighbors because I wasn't too proud to do any kind of work, digging ditches or post holes or anything to make a buck. In 1947, we went back up in the timber. I have always been a timber person for some reason. My brother, Howard, and I bought the first two-man chainsaw to Vernal. It was five feet long and weighed a hundred and ten pounds. If you've ever packed a hundred and ten pounds for eighteen hours a day, you know you've done a bit of work! We cut timber one fall or summer four miles south of East Park

where we stayed with Gene McLane and Neil Caldwell and their wives. We called it *Honeymoon Park*, because all three of us had just been married. The park's still there, but it's hard to find, because the road's gone, but we fished and fished the creek. In 1948, when Craig was a year old, we returned to the timber and cut for Thomas at Meadow Park, on the other side of the mountain. In the summer of 1949, we cut timber for a different outfit and, again, we lived in a tent that was boarded- up. One of the fellows had a boy the same age as Craig and they played together and had a lot of fun. We never worried about animals, but deer and elk were being introduced into the area. About 1948, Caldwell, who had cattle trucks, planted twelve elk up on the mountain and today there's a big herd! He probably got the elk in Colorado. Most of our saw-mill experiences weren't working in the saw mill itself. We contracted to cut trees and we were paid so much per board and our food was provided, too. The harder we worked, the more money we made. I think I worked once with Clyde Hall, in the mill, but it wasn't for very long.

John Adams was working with us and one day I told John, "Let's go down Carter Creek and do a little fishing!" So John and I went down into Carter Creek and at Meadow Park, it's almost a mile straight up and down. We got down in there and John got sick with pains in his chest and he said he couldn't breathe. I said, "John, let's get out of here! We can't be down in here while you're sick!" John was a big man, but I threw him over my shoulder and I struggled and struggled and dragged him out of that canyon. I had several experiences with people who had heart problems. In Dry Fork, there is a lake called Chimney Rock Lake where Rex Allred and I would walk in five or six miles. One time, we were walking and walking and we came to the stream that was supposed to lead to the lake. Rex said, "Hey, I can't make it, I'm hurting bad and I can't get my breath!" He said, "I'll just sit here underneath this tree and you go on up and fish and I'll wait until you get back." I said, "Well, gosh, I don't want to do that." He said, "I can't go on any further." I said, "All right, I'll go up and look at it and see if I can catch a fish or two and then we'll come back and go out." I fished and came back and Rex, who was a pretty good sized fellow, too, was still there waiting. We found a big stick and I said, "Now, you lean on me, take this stick and use it to help us along, and we'll go out together." We had five or six miles to hike to the vehicle and he didn't live too long after this incident.

I've been pretty fortunate and haven't had too many close calls, except being shot at a few times and missed being hit! One afternoon Dr. Nielson and I walked into Horseshoe Park, up Dry Fork to fish, at Chimney Rock Lake. We fished and caught a few nice rainbows but time got

away from us and it was getting dark. I told Doc, " We better get out of here," because big storm clouds had come in. On the trail, we had to walk on big rocks that had rolled off the mountain and it was dark and getting darker. We couldn't see our hand in front of our face. I said, "Doc, this is as far as we can go. We're going to have to stay here all night." He said, "Oh we can't do that, because my wife will be worried to death!" I said, "Well mine will, too, but if we try to cross those slide rocks and it's raining hard, we're going to slip and break our necks and there's no way we can cross this as wet and dark as it is. We don't know where we're putting our feet. Follow me!" We found a little place that was fairly flat underneath a big pine tree and I built a fire, curled up, and went to sleep. Doc Nielson came over and patted me on the shoulder and said, "Carl, don't you think we should try getting out of here someday? My wife is going to be sick." I said, "No, I don't." We had bamboo fishing poles and he said, "Don't you think we can put all these tips together and light them so we can see?" I said, "It wouldn't last five minutes! The bamboo would burn up just like paper! You just settle down!" He never did and all night long he paced up and down, up and down but I was snoozing away having a good time under the pines. The next morning, when it had stopped raining, we took off and made our way down to the road and Paul Batty came along in his Jeep. Of course, they were hunting for us and thinking that something had happened. We could have had a catastrophe, if I hadn't insisted we build a fire and spend the night underneath that big pine tree. We could have slipped on the rocks and killed ourselves or dropped to the bottom of the creek.

When Craig was just a year old, we returned to town and lived in a dirty, run-down little motel and I went back out to the mines to work. I worked below ground at the nine hundred foot level and Eskelson worked across from me. We could scratch each side of the four or five foot-wide vein and the Gilsonite would just pop out. We really didn't have to use our pick very much except to trench along the rock next to the Gilsonite vein. It was *trammed out* to the shaft, in little tram cars, and then a big bucket was filled and hoisted to the surface. We weren't allowed to work any longer than six hours at a time in the mine itself. For fresh air, there was a four-inch pipe which ran down to the top of each slope. There was gas in the shafts and we had to be careful because we'd start to get dizzy. When that happened, we'd crawl to the top of the slope and stick our nose over the pipe to breathe fresh air for a few minutes and clear our heads. We'd go back to work again until we needed more fresh air, running back and forth for a six-hour shift. I became the top digger and made fifty-five to sixty dollars a day and that was good money, but it was hard work.

Lynn Hall worked out there and he was a prankster! A prankster, I'll tell you, a prankster! When you worked down in the hole, we never did anything that had an odor to it, like urinating, because we had to be able to smell any gas leaks. Sometimes we had a bladder full by the time we got back up to the top. One time Lynn and I jumped and went up on the bucket to the top and I ran over to the side where the surplus rock was dumped, and I let go but Lynn sneaked up behind me. We were wearing hard hats and he took my hard hat off and put it in front of me and I couldn't shut 'er off! He was always pulling something like that and playing pranks. We had some good experiences and met quite a few people. Clyde McDonald's brother worked there and the two Felder brothers. I spent quite a bit of time in the dungeons, down in the ground, so I've never been afraid of holes or the dark in fact, sometimes it was quite intriguing to explore.

When I finished in the mines, a fellow talked us into selling cook ware and we sold door to door in Roosevelt and Vernal. The cookware was made of very heavy aluminum and was probably the best in the world and we still have several pieces of it from fifty-two years ago. We'd go into homes and prepare a meal for a family. Sometimes we'd cook hot cakes and we told them we had a prize for the one that could eat the most. We would cook three or four inch hot cakes and they'd gobble them up and at the end, they'd receive a prize. Our grill was about twelve to fourteen inches across and we'd fill the whole thing with a great big fluffy hot cake and that would be their prize! We cooked delicious ham in a little pressure cooker and after we cooked their meal, we packed up the cookware and hoped we would sell them a piece or two.

When Randy was just a small baby, we traveled to Arizona. It was winter and Craig, who had severe asthma, was almost two years old. We thought it was a good opportunity to be in a warm climate during the wintertime and possibly Craig would outgrow the asthma, which he did. It was hard to get into homes in Phoenix and especially the Mesa area where people were quite wealthy so I even built cardboard boxes to make a dollar or two. A lot of lettuce was grown in the area and I would confiscate some of it that was being discarded so we'd have it to eat. I guess it was an experience, because we just about starved to death. We lived in Arizona about three or four months during the winter time and we drove an old 1938 Plymouth that we kept running. We borrowed \$50.00 from the head of the cookware organization and returned to Maeser where we lived in Mom's house for quite a while.

Max Pedersen helped us build our first home in Maeser and it was built with logs, upright sawed logs that were six inches deep and eight to twelve inches wide, according to the size of the tree we cut. We hung sheet rock inside piece by piece and little by little according to what

money we earned and we didn't go into debt building it. In general we built it on our own and because we had a big garden, we didn't spend much money for food. As I've said, I did work for certain neighbors to make a dollar or two and I worked in the Maeser Store.

In 1949, I went to work for my brother-in-law, Ken McLane, at the Maeser Store for three or four months, stocking shelves, operating the cash register and doing whatever was needed. After that, I went to Vernal and worked in the IGA with Garth and for Don Batty in the grocery store on 5th West and Main Street. Garth's cousin, Vern Batty, owned and was running the Phillips 66 Service Station on the corner and Garth and I decided to buy the station from Vern, because it was for sale. I ran it alone and worked hard for quite a while to get the business going. For seven years, I greased cars, sold gasoline, and changed oil, but I didn't have much mechanic work to do, only minor things to help customers on their way.

In the fall of 1957, Harmon Sowards came to me and wanted to know if I would like to go to Dutch John and run the Conoco Service Station after it was built, and I said, "Yes." The station was being built, because of the construction of the Flaming Gorge Dam by Continental Oil Company. When we left Maeser, I hadn't sold the Phillips 66 Service Station, so I closed it down and the distributor didn't like that one bit, so he broke into my service station and opened it up for business. When I finished with him, he wished he hadn't ever done it because I all but murdered him! I didn't do him any bodily harm, but I had a lot of talk with him and then I sold it to Walt Bowden because Walt had a station on the east end of town.

The service station was built by the Continental Oil Company and it was sold to the main contractor for the dam and when the dam was completed, the station was sold back to Continental. In as much as the station was on government land, the contractor had to have a permit and the Sowards held the permit but they wouldn't sell it to me. I offered Glade Sowards \$50,000.00 for the permit and he wouldn't sell it to me. He said, "No, we're going to keep it" so I rented the service station and paid them a cent a gallon and in the beginning, that's all it cost me. Actually, I was doing pretty well! The Bureau of Reclamation still owned the land and leased it to Harmon and Glade Sowards and the Sowards owned the building and leased that to me. We did not own the buildings until the early 1980's, we never owned the land but leased it from the government. In 1963, we sold the equipment and inventory to Mark Batty, but he wasn't an operator and he thought he could just pocket all the money. In a year's time, his dad came to me and said, "Mark can't make it. Do you want the station back?" And I said, "Yes, I'll take it back!" I ran it for another year and got so fed up with having to deal with the government

because they were charging me umpteen dollars for the lease and everything else, so in 1979 I sold it to Glade Sowards, Ned Reynolds, and Keith Shipton and within five years, by 1984, they went bankrupt.

I went to the Sheriff's sale in Manila and Gene Hall wanted to know if I wanted to go over and bid on the station. I said, "You're the people they owe all the money to. You guys bid and then I'll buy it from you!" They went over and there was so much money against it, no one else could bid. The bank took it back and then they came to me and wanted to know what I'd give them. I said, "I'll give you \$165,000.00 for it but they said, "There's no way, those men are in debt to us over \$200,000.00!" I said, "There's no way I'll pay that! If you want me to buy it back, that's exactly what I'll give you and that's all!" Gene stomped off, because I think I'd hurt his feelings. A few days later, they sent two men out from the Salt Lake City Zion's Bank who said, "We've had a meeting and decided you can have the service station for \$165,000!" So we took it back.

There was a little café at the side of the service station Mark Batty had built and Donna ran that and we made more money on it than we did at the Lodge Restaurant we'd purchased January 1, 1971. When I went to Dutch John, I stayed up there alone five years, living in a little trailer at the side of the service station. Donna and our family of five children stayed in Vernal. I would go back and forth on weekends to pick up groceries and supplies and we had a lot of experiences while I traveled back and forth. Once I left from Dutch John, after work, at nine o'clock in the evening, and because I left a little bit early, I told one of the boys to lock up. A.K. Reynolds who owned Red Canyon Lodge, wanted to stop by his lodge so I told him, "I'll break trail and you can go to the lodge!" There was snow and rocks on the road, so I loaded the back of my little truck with as many rocks as it would hold, put chains on the tires, and went over to the Red Canyon Lodge. I arrived in Vernal at six o'clock the next morning! I hit the snow and I'd back up and hit it again, over and over and over again, so it took me all night to drive that twisting, dirt road. What a night to remember! In the fall when the river was down, I went to Diamond by driving my pickup to Little Hole to cross the river, hoping I didn't stall in the middle. When hose roads were unavailable, I'd go all the way down through Maybelle, Colorado, which is two hundred or so miles back to Vernal.

When we purchased the Flaming Gorge Lodge in January 1971, we began running things together as a family because the children were old enough to help run the businesses without much help from me. Donna came to Dutch John in 1965 and for four years, we rented a

government house that had three bedrooms. The second one was larger and we had permission to convert a garage into a family room, but we were told that when we moved, we'd have to tear it down. We didn't tear it down, however, when we left, and it is still there. After we moved out, we built our second home near the Lodge. Donna designed three of the homes we had built and they were and are such beautiful homes. I had nothing to do with any of them.

I gave all of my sons a responsibility. Craig was the general manager. Carl Ray ran two cafes; one at Dutch John and the other at Flaming Gorge Lodge. Terrell ran two service stations. Harold, our son-in-law, was over the fishing guides for the river trips and he worked as a cook on the morning shift. Tracy worked for us in the kitchen for a while, but he came to me one day and said, "Dad, I can't take orders from my older brother any longer and I'm leaving!" He went to Tucson, Arizona, where his wife, Susan, was from. Guy was over the stores, ordering the supplies and Donna worked there, too, until 1992. This was how we set up and ran the family business for 42 years, from 1957 until 1999.

When the dam was completed in 1964, the Lodge had four old Army rafts and so we decided to use them to run the river. They weighed about three hundred pounds each and were hard to manage but we decided to get into competition with them and started buying a few rafts. We began with four Japanese rafts but every time we'd hit a rock, they would tear apart, because they were made out of cheap material. We began updating our rafts and we finally settled on Avons, which were built by English Rafts. We couldn't find anything made in America that was good enough, as far as I was concerned, and we continued to use them and they're still going strong! They were quite expensive, but they have been good rafts. The first ones I bought were \$325.00 a piece and when I left, there were ninety rafts, divided between the two service stations.

About 1979, we decided to go into the guide business. I was a guide on the river for twelve years before the drift boats came into use. I did things a little differently than guides of today because all my trips were two or three-day trips. We'd load our gear and launch my ABS framed ten-man raft right below the dam and then float to Indian Crossing or Swallow Canyon. Usually we would camp at Jackson Creek and at the head of Little Swallow Canyon and almost all the fishing was with spinning rods and Tiny Tot jigs. My favorite and most productive color was black but it seemed to attract more rainbows than browns. Ginger was the brown killer and that was my second favorite color. If those two colors didn't work, my clients would fish with an orange jig that had a black collar. For the first few years I would guide a few days during the week and Bob Simpson would take the customers on weekends. I probably averaged ten to

twenty trips a year, but I also worked full time at the station.

All my sons told me I couldn't guide anymore, because I was too old! I quit guiding and went into drift boats, but I went a few times after that. My second son and I guided a couple of Frenchmen who had come all the way from Paris, France, for a two-day fishing trip on our river. One couldn't speak any English and the other had very broken English. I took them one day and Tracy took them the next day and they really enjoyed it and had a lot of fun.

Harold's responsibility was to take care of the guide service and we built it up. At one time, we had eighteen fellows available as guides. I think we averaged about nine or ten guides a day on the river and we charged the clients so much and I guess it's not important to say how much, because I really don't know. Harold took care of it and we kept ten percent and gave the guide the rest. We kept just enough to cover the expenses and made our money from the motels, meals, and the equipment they purchased. Some of our customers would come in and spend \$1,500.00 on a fishing pole and boots and everything else to go down the river. The big money was in supplying the fishermen and furnishing housing for them, so we didn't make money on the guides themselves.

We ran six Suburban's to shuttle people and boats and usually put the drift boats in tandems, one behind the other, so we would put in two groups at one time. For years, I did this, because I was able to pull the tandem, position where I could put it right in and pull out to start over. Most of the workers had a heck of a time backing up two trailers, but because I could do it so fast, I made two or three trips while they were making one. I just had the knack because of being a driver all my life and I could back them in without any effort.

We'd make time when we'd go to Little Hole or Brown's Park which is on the river. Little Hole was seven miles below the dam and Brown's Park was sixteen miles below the Dam. All day, every day, we'd put them in and about the middle of the day, I'd go home and I'd start again about three or four o'clock and drive back and forth until dark, seven days a week. I guess the most enjoyable time was the twelve-year period when I guided. I think Bob Clem and his bunch who lived in Platte River, Nebraska, came and went once or twice every summer for about ten years. I'd take four of them down in a big ten-man raft for two or three days and I'd do all the cooking and stay on the river. I met people from all over and had a lot of fun and some pretty good experiences with them. I got a lot of \$100.00 tips for my efforts, too.

I had one bad experience I'll share. A hot shot lawyer from Salt Lake City with a lot of money came out to fish. He just wanted to go by himself and so I took him down on a two-day

trip and we stayed at Jackson Creek, which is about half way to Brown's Park. We were going to be picked up at seven miles into Brown's Park. By the time we got about half way down, he wasn't doing too well fishing. He wasn't picking them up like he or I thought he should. I always carried my jig pole with me, so I threw it out and hooked a three-pound Brown Trout! He jumped up, straddled my neck, and, literally, started to chew on me! He said, "You're not supposed to catch that fish! That's for me to catch!" I laid my pole down and didn't use it again. That was one of my bad experiences, but most generally, they were all good experiences.

Another time a fellow was fishing with my jig and about a four-pounder grabbed a hold of it and he jerked, and of course, it stunned the fish! He jumped up four or five times and jumped into the raft without a hook in his mouth! I'll tell you about Bob Clem and his group of three other men. We got below Little Hole and there was a big rock where the beginning of the movie *Jeremiah Johnson* was filmed, so we stopped for lunch, because they enjoyed eating, but they didn't eat sandwiches. They wanted to build a fire and I said, "What would you like to have for lunch?" They said, "Oh, we want some fish!" We kept some eating fish in those days, so I built a fire, used a big frying pan, and filled it up with fish for them to eat. I filled it up again and they ate and I filled it up again, and they ate and I filled it up again! They ate fourteen big trout and that was only four guys! It was about twenty-eight pounds of fish that they ate. I just kept cooking and cooking fish but of course, it doesn't take too long to cook fish, because we had a big hot fire and a big frying pan.

Bob's bunch was down where Red Creek comes into the river and we had camped one night on the side of the river where I don't like to camp. The rest of the camps were filled, so we camped on the left-hand side of the river. It had frozen during the night and when we got up the next morning, there was ice all over and we could hardly stand on the raft. I was wearing tennis shoes and my feet were so cold, I know I must have kept complaining about them. About a month later, in the mail, a pair of rubber boots arrived. Bob said, "No more of this tennis shoe stuff!" He sent me a pair of rubber boots and a big twenty-four inch frying pan to cook his food. He also gave me a duffle bag and he was really generous with big tips to me all through the years.

I think the biggest thing we did with our guests, was to show them the area. We'd go up Three Corners and on over to Red Canyon Lookout and also to Diamond Mountain. We have only occasionally taken people fishing. Boyd Colton came and wanted to go fishing with us, so we went down the river with Boyd and I'd catch a fish and Donna would catch a fish and Boyd

wouldn't catch any! Then I'd catch a fish and Donna would catch a fish and Boyd wouldn't catch any! I said, "Boyd, is something wrong? You must be in the wrong spot! Come and trade places with me." Then Donna would catch a fish and Boyd wouldn't catch any and then I would catch another fish! He was using the same type of bait but we caught the fish and Boyd couldn't catch any and I don't know why. That's just one experience of entertaining guests. At other times, we'd go down Lost Springs and out on Brownies. In addition to going down the river often with friends, we took a big group from King's Row, which is near St. George, and we had a ball! Wayne Wheatley ran across a great big rock and everyone was a hollering and whooping like it was the Rock of Gibraltar! Just before our friend Hugo Hollinger died, he was singing the song, "The Rock of Red Gibraltar." We've had a lot of great experiences on the river and taking groups was probably one of our main enjoyments. One time when Donna and the grand kids were on the river, having a water fight and monkeying around, she fell in and she went completely under. They thought it was a hoot when Grandma fell out of the raft and went under. They hit a rock and over she went!

We did a lot of deer hunting and I've taken many groups, in fact, I guided a few years and had some interesting experiences, but once a group from California took me for \$150.00 and I call them *gypsies*. In addition to fishing and hunting arrowheads we traveled but not just ourselves, we always had someone with us. We went to Mexico and toured the United States with friends and we just finished an Alaskan Cruise, which was great! We've seen a lot of country and we've done a lot of things. Several times we went to Branson and we took our youngest son back to North Carolina a few times, so we didn't just buckle down and do nothing but work because we had some time off.

I don't believe my photo has ever been in the newspaper, but my picture was put on the cover of *Utah Magazine*. When I took some customers down the river, Utah Magazine did the story for their magazine. During that trip, I caught a ten-pound Brown Trout and they took a picture of me with it and put it on the front of their magazine! I was also interviewed for *Prime Time* on television in the 1980's, over twenty years ago, when I was guiding people down the river.

I miss the mountains the most. All we had to do was step out our back door into the yard to be all alone with the birds, bees, rabbits, deer, and sometimes even bears. I could tell so many stories about sitting out on our patio when the deer, rabbits, skunks and everything else came into our yard. It was amazing. One time, we had a hundred and fifty hummingbirds, at one time,

come into our feeders and Donna and I thought it was something, right in our backyard!

While we lived there we had an active social life and at one time, we were part of getting a group together to play Pinochle once a week for several years. I guess we didn't get together with family as much as we should have, because we were all there working together. We've had Thanksgiving and Christmas together throughout the years. It's been very important to us as a family.

The most difficult time for me was when I first started at Dutch John because I was living there alone for six years. I did take a fellow, Lonnie Adams, with me and he worked for me at the station in Vernal but he was the only help I had. Of course, I didn't work my help eighteen hours a day, but I would get up at five o'clock in the morning and begin my work day. I did pretty well there by myself for some time because in the restroom I had my sleeping bag and I slept on the cement floor for two weeks. There was a little pot-bellied stove for heat and I had electricity but no water or heat at the station.

Lonnie stayed with me for another year. He was an alcoholic and I knew that when I hired him but he hadn't taken a drink for two years. Someone brought him a bottle and he went to Salt Lake City and was thrown in jail and he called me and said, "I need \$150.00 to get out of jail." I sent him the money and every day he'd call me and say, "I want to come back to work, Carl." I could tell he was in a bar and half-drunk so I said, "No way, Lonnie. When you quit drinking again we'll talk it over but with your drinking you'll never come back," and he never did.

This was probably the most trying time I had because after work each night, I'd deliver fuel oil to houses that were under construction. On a stand outside each home was a fifty-five gallon barrel which fed the little oil furnaces inside. I would begin work at 5:00 a.m. and work until one or two o'clock in the morning, delivering fuel oil. I didn't get much time off work except on the weekend when I'd go to Vernal and leave Lonnie in charge.

When I really got the business going well, I had to hire quite a few people to work two shifts a day but I was there all the time, because I opened and closed up most the time. Eventually, I hired Leroy Jacobsen and he could do anything. A man came in with a broken alternator and Leroy had never before seen an alternator, but he tore it apart, repaired it and replaced it. He was a jewel of a guy! Quite often, I would leave him alone to run the station. One time I was out in the trailer relaxing and I asked Leroy, "Why don't you close it up tonight?" In the past, the service station had been broken into once or twice a year so about 10 o'clock I thought, "I'll go see how he's doing." I walked around and saw Leroy sitting with a gun on the desk! I went in, grabbed the

gun, and said, "Leroy, I don't want to see the gun out any more! You leave the gun under your bed or out of sight wherever you want to leave it. I'd rather have this whole station stolen than have someone killed!" You are not too accustomed to a gun and it's just asking for trouble! Someone could look in and shoot you before they decided to come in and rob the station." This was all quite an experience for me.

Throughout our married life, Donna and I have hunted arrowheads a lot together because it was a form of relaxation for us. We hunted many different places and we knew where all the old camps were, how to find a camp, what they looked like, and where to find arrowheads. There are so many places, you could hunt for a lifetime and never find all of them. We were real fortunate in being able to call out once in a while, "Hey, we've found another one!" We've even taken our kids with us once in a while, especially Guy who once found a Matati (corn grinder) near an old spring.

One excursion Donna and I took was with one of Donetta's boyfriends from Apple Valley, California. He worked for us a while and we went fishing at Carter Creek into what is called Lost Springs and we walked up and fished quite a long way. About noon I told Donna, "I'll run around Deep Creek and pick you up." They were fishing together and Donetta's boyfriend had picked up a great bull snake that bit him on the hand. I waited and waited for hours and hours. About six o'clock in the evening, they came walking in and it was a lot further than I had thought or imagined, so that was one of our bad experiences.

I've had a lot of challenges and I had some bad habits to overcome because I used to take a drink of alcohol once in a while. I wasn't a big drinker but I liked to have a drink now and then with the boys. In fact, when I met Donna I did a little drinking. After a while, she got pretty angry at me so I quit and I've never had a drink since. I quit drinking before we were married because I decided, "no more!" Donna was probably real disgusted with the smell and my behavior. I smoked cigarettes but wasn't a heavy smoker. When I was about twelve or fourteen years old, I began with an old pipe that one of my friends had and I smoked until I was thirty-five or forty. We'd pass it around and take a puff and then the next guy would take a puff. More than anything my activity in the Church made me stop smoking. I was inactive in the Church, until I was forty-five years old and then I decided to turn around, and I did. I was working in the service station greasing cars and man who was a bishop at the time, I won't mention his name because it's not necessary, came up to me and put his arms around me and said, "Carl, if you'll start coming to Church I'll trade with you!" Well, I started thinking, "I don't need his business," and I never did go to Church because for some time, that comment seemed to push me the other way. There's the old

saying and it sticks in your craw, “Hey, how come he’s at Church? Why should he be here, he smokes and everything else!” And the other one, “The house will probably fall in if he comes to Church!” Well, I heard this from behind me and I don’t know who said it, but I didn’t go into a Church for quite a while after that. Donna and the children went to Church without me. I was working so hard it didn’t dawn on me that I should go to Church but eventually I started to become active. I could have turned around just like that! Our branch president came to me and said, “You cannot hold a position in this branch as long as you sell beer!” I said, “Well, I guess I don’t want to hold a position, because I’m going to keep on selling beer!” This stuck in my craw and I never could figure it out and no one has been able to give me an answer. These kinds of circumstances could go one way or another for most people.

I don’t think I’ve ever lost a sense that there is a God. None of my sons could hold a bishop’s position because it was part of our business to sell alcohol and there’s no way in the world we could have changed it. Craig was a counselor to bishops for nineteen years. I never could understand and it made me feel angry and I’ve discussed it with many of our leaders. We had bishop material in Craig, Guy and Terell and they all could have filled the position. Sometimes I felt like saying, “Go jump in a lake,” but I didn’t and I’ve continued going to Church. The branch president I talked to about all of this was a character. I was a counselor in the branch presidency for six years. A very good friend of mine, Arza Adams, a butcher, helped activate me. Also, our stake president in the Maeser Stake, Lamond Tullis, had a lot to do with it. We were in the Dutch John Branch and Arza Adams would come and put his arm around my shoulder because he thought something of me. He didn’t care whether I smoked or drank or whatever I did because he was a solid friend. Both he and the stake president were down-to-earth fellows.

Arza was a good fellow and was very good to me even though I still had a bad habit of smoking and I drank a little bit once in a while, too. I was a Priest in the Senior Aaronic Priesthood and President Tullis asked me to give a talk at a stake conference in the old Tabernacle. I was absolutely scared to death but I have spoken at a temple! About this time, I was asked if I wanted to become an Elder. Many times it’s individuals who influence a person to change their personal lives and turn things around. It’s never easy to quit smoking and I don’t think you ever get rid of the urge for nicotine. It’s real difficult and I prayed many times by myself. I’m sure this probably had a lot of influence and helped me make a gradual change because I didn’t quit right off the bat. There has been so much media advertising about smoking in years past but new laws have changed that. Now the cigarette industry is required to give a warning on each package of

cigarettes.

Thank goodness picture shows are even changing. I was reading an article in the newspaper, and they are starting to eliminate the vulgarity in movies and also are making copies of videos available to the public without the vulgarity. We watched a rerun the other day of *On Golden Pond*. When I first saw the movie, I thought, "The swearing in this movie is ridiculous! That old man using all that vulgarity with a young teenager!" We don't believe in this and I have never been a swearer nor have I ever taken the Lord's name in vain! Change takes time, but there are people in our nation fighting for positive actions.

I was close to my mother and there's no getting around that! Probably not as close as some people are to their mother but we lived with her off and on for several years. My mother's death in 1963 wasn't a surprise because her stomach went out completely. She couldn't eat and that is what killed her because she starved to death. My cousin, Doctor Paul Stringham, wanted to put her on life support and she said, "No, I do not want it. I'm ready to go!" She was ready to go at eight-six years of age and she had a good life.

I guess we're most proud of our children and the way they've matured. We have been blessed with seven children and every one of them have turned out great! They have nice personalities and have learned how to work, to support their families, and to take care of their responsibilities as parents and adults. They've been able to meet the public and our sons and daughters are loved by so many other people, not only by their parents. I guess after fifty-six years together our biggest and best accomplishment is our family.

Craig, our oldest child, hasn't known much more than the mountains! I never did fish much with Craig but we did hunt a lot together. In fact, he was the kind of child who didn't mind his dad being around. A lot of children don't like this, but in fact, he came to me one day and said, "Dad, this is the last day of deer season and I haven't been able to get a deer. Will you go out with me?" Craig and his entire family live on wild meat, deer and elk and whatever he can get. We went the last day of hunting to Antelope Flat, near the Wyoming line because I had seen a few deer. I said, "Say, we should see something here. There's a big knoll and you go on this side of the knoll and I'll go on the other side and we'll meet. If there's anything in the area we'll bring it around." Craig went on his side and I went up on the other side and looked down and there was a nice four-point at quite a distance. I had my old 30/30 that I always hunted with so I gave it a little elevation and *bang*, it knocked him down. It certainly wasn't for me it was for Craig! It was six or seven o'clock in the evening so we went down and of course dressed it out. I said, "Well, we've

got to get it out of here and back to the pickup truck!" It wasn't too far but it was up hill, so I said, "You get a hold of one antler and I'll get a hold of the other. You always drag your deer with the head first because that's where the hair grows." I continued but Craig said, "No, Dad, I can get it out of here. He was a grown man in his thirties or forties so this hasn't been too many years ago. I said, "Well, I'll be glad to help you!" I had quit hunting and hadn't hunted for two or three years. When we got the deer up to the truck, it was about eleven o'clock at night.

During all my life I don't think Craig has ever said one cross word to me. I have another boy who has jumped on me quite often, but not Craig! I don't think Craig has ever said any cross words because he gets along with people and is loved by all. Craig has managed the business well and we've been extremely fortunate that he is married to Sandy.

Randy has always been a beautiful daughter. When she was little she was a peach and was prettier than any other baby I've ever seen. Because of her dark hair and eyes everyone wanted to hold Randy. She has a pleasant personality and is married to Jay Cornaby. He's educated and has been a good husband and a hard worker. In fact, he worked for us in the summertime and then taught school in the winter in Spanish Fork. I guess I've been just as close to Randy as I have been with any of my children. Randy was a dancer, a hula dancer! At five or six years of age she would dance for us and we have pictures and movies of her. We went to watch her perform all of the time but I went with her most of the time. She was quite a dancer and could she move those hips as a five year old! Randy took care of Donetta more than any of her siblings. She also took care of our two youngest sons, Tracy and Guy because they stayed with her while they attended high school. She has been like a second mother to three of her siblings and she is such a loving young woman.

Carl Ray is our active child and he never stays still one minute jumping here and there. He's such a hard worker as they have all been hard workers! I've done quite a bit with Carl Ray and he invites us to go with him often. I was with him when he shot his first elk; in fact, I knew where the elk was going to be and how to get it in position so he could shoot it. I sat him at Dripping Springs and spent about three hours driving an elk herd toward him. Carl Ray was able to get a nice four point bull and that is the only animal he has ever killed in his life! He does not like blood and it's hard to believe that he's a cook and doesn't like blood but it makes him sick. I've fished with Carl Ray quite a bit and he's a good fisherman and he's a good basketball player because he was so fast! He was all over the floor. One time when a Wyoming team was visiting in Manila a kid smashed into him and knocked him down so Carl Ray reached out and tripped him. Of course, that was called a foul! After the game, the other team's coach didn't think too much of

the incident and so he started reprimanding Carl Ray. Carl Ray is not a big man and I guess the coach wasn't too big either but Carl Ray didn't like it so he picked him up and stuffed him head first into a great big trash barrel! That was the end of the reprimanding from that coach! Carl Ray was kind of a hippie for a while with big, huge hair and he had an old Volkswagen with flowers painted on it. One cold winter night he was driving alone to or from Manila and when he came to Sheep Creek Canyon he literally ran into a herd of elk. He smashed up the front end pretty bad and rolled the van on its side. There was no one traveling the highway that night and he walked most or all the way to Manila. He was extremely blessed that although he almost froze to death he was not seriously injured or killed. Carl Ray has been a son who could have gotten into more mischief than he actually did.

We had snowmobiles and Carl Ray was a boy who, if you told him not to do it he'd do it! Behind the service station in the wintertime there was a big pile of gravel and Carl Ray took one of the snowmobiles and was going all over the place with it. I happened to see he was going to the top of the gravel pile and jumping off on the other side on bare ground! I had to say, "Don't jump the snowmobile on dirt. You have to have snow," so I had to reprimand him. He's turned out to be a very fine adult who is an excellent father and he's concerned about us. He and Wanda have three children and one son is on a mission. There are so many people nowadays who do not know how to work and they don't know how to take care of their families and don't want responsibilities. Every one of our children have taken responsibility for their families, they work hard, and we're so fortunate.

Terrell is married to Sheryl and everyone loves and likes him. He worked in the service station and was quite strict with his help, but they still loved and I liked him! He gets after me a lot, and I love him too! One day, when he was a child, he was riding home from Manila on the school bus with Cole Bush and Joe Black. They were in the back of the bus playing and wrestling and Mr. Brown, the bus driver, kicked them off the bus right on top of the mountain in the middle of winter. The snow was waist deep and he came to me and said, "I kicked your son and two other kids off the bus." I said, "Okay, I'll go get them." He told me where he let them off and it was right by the summer Ranger Station. I got in the truck, went up there and as soon as I came around the bend I looked down at the station which was about a half mile away. I could see smoke coming out of the chimney and then I knew what they'd done. They were cooking beans that they'd found. Well, I couldn't get down there in a vehicle, so for half a mile, I went through waist-high snow. With every step I got madder and madder and madder! When I reached the station, I'd had it, so, I

took off my belt and I whittled those kids, and I whipped all three of them. I was so mad and I told them, "I'll give you five minutes to get back up to my truck!"

Terrell and I have done a lot of hunting together. We've gone to Three Corners several times and taken our tent and stayed all night. The last trip I made with him he was able to get a big trophy elk and we spent most of the night gutting it. He had it mounted and put it in the Lodge for a while. I got an elk the next day, but it wasn't as big as his. I haven't fished with him much, but have hunted many times with him. One time Terrell talked me into going bear hunting and he made arrangements by contacting a guide north of Calgary, Canada. We flew into Canada and the guide had a four-wheel all-terrain vehicle waiting for us, so we could travel through water, swamps, and different kinds of terrain and we rode that around and around and all over. The first day, we came upon a bear and her cubs. She ran off a little way, but the two cubs went up a tree. The guide said, "Well, we better get out of here, because these old mother bears with cubs are not very sociable!" We started to leave and here she came and she was going to make sure we got out of there. If we had been on foot it might have been a real different situation but we were able to go fast enough to out run her.

We hunted for six or seven days and could see a lot of signs that bears were in the area. I think it was the day before we left when we looked up and there was a bear, right out in the middle of a clearing. Terrell said, "What do you think, Dad?" I said, "I think we should get a little closer. We're too far away for a good shot. Let's just crawl up on our bellies." So we crawled on our bellies for a hundred yards or more and by then we were pretty close. I said, "You go ahead and take the shot. You're the one who wanted to hunt!" He shot and hit the bear, but didn't hit it really well. He shot him in the belly and the bear went off into the brush and our guide said, "You've got to be careful with a wounded bear, because you never know what they are going to do!" The three of us spread out, walking through the bushes where we thought the bear would be, with me walking between Terrell and the guide. The bushes were pretty thick and we were creeping along but I could hear something in front of me like an animal thrashing around. I motioned for the others to come in and there was the bear! He had a belly ache from the gun shot so the guide came up and shot him in the head. He wasn't a great big bear but he was nice medium-sized. The guide dressed it out, had it tanned in Canada and made into a nice rug and about a year later Terrell received it in the mail.

Some time ago, he was in St. George with his family and we watched his son, Trevor, wrestle in competition with other high schoolers. Terrell supports his family in sports and is there

for everything with his kids. He's an excellent father and probably better than any of them, when you get down to it.

Donetta is our daughter who was a beautiful little gal and I can't count how many people held and hugged her when she was small. Everyone wanted to hold Donetta because she had dark curly hair and brown eyes just like her sister Randy. I had to get after her once when she was arguing with her mother and had to give her a good shake. It affected me more than anything I have ever done with my children. I had to go off into the hills to get away from it because it affected me so much that I had to discipline her the way I did. Donetta is an excellent mother and is totally involved in whatever her family is doing. The children have dance and piano lessons and they play basketball and other sports. Her husband, Harold Egbert, is a little laid back. Donetta is a loner, but doesn't want to be! She has always wished she had more friends.

Tracy was a blonde, blue-eyed pretty baby and he liked to boss his younger brother around! He would tell him, "Guy, do this and do that," and Guy would say, "Yeah, I'll do it." They were quite close because they were not too far apart in age. Tracy has been prone to accidents. He broke his left arm twice and had one finger cut off in the lawn mower. He's been skinned up, I don't know how many times falling out of cars and falling off bicycles. I think he's outgrown it because I haven't heard of anything serious since he's been married to Susan. I've never hunted with Tracy but I've fished with him a lot. Every year I used to take my two youngest boys up into Idaho on the Snake River. We'd take a dory and spend a couple of days fishing the Snake River and we went into Colorado once and fished the Colorado River. I keep mentioning fishing and I guess you think I'm fish happy but that was our main recreation when we were together with the family.

When we bought the Lodge Tracy and Guy were too young but when we'd close the Lodge in the winter I'd take the rest of the boys to San Carlos, Mexico, where we took a couple of rafts with four-horse power motors and we'd fish for a week. I've done a lot with my children and I've done a lot of fishing with Tracy. He likes to hunt, too, but we never did any hunting together. He's an excellent father who supports his family managing eight Mini-Marts and two grocery stores for his in-laws in Arizona.

Guy is our youngest child and he is loved by all. He's married to a little gal from North Carolina, Dee who's a sweetheart and they have four beautiful children. I was with Guy in Minnie's Gap when he got his first deer, a nice four-point buck but that's about the only hunting he's ever done. I have fished with him along with his brother Tracy on many occasions. He likes

and loves people and anytime he can talk to someone, he'll talk forever. If he meets a stranger, before long he knows their life history. He's been studying and preparing to be a seminary teacher but was told he couldn't because he's not strict enough. Guy's done a lot of historical research on such places as Brown's Park in the Greendale area near where we lived in Flaming Gorge. He could be an excellent historian and he just might be someday. Right now, he's working for the State of Utah reuniting couples with their children. This is right down his alley and it's probably a good thing he isn't going to be a seminary teacher because his current occupation is something he enjoys. Couples lose their children because of their actions and Guy's job is to get them together again.

He's an excellent father with boy Carlton who is ten years old. The girls take piano lessons and Guy and Dee are involved in everything all the time. He does a lot of the cooking, dish washing and house cleaning. He's that kind of a fellow and his wife lets him do it. Dee gets into sewing and crafts and being with the children. Our youngest grandchild is their last little gal who is three years old. She's a sweetheart and such a character who likes to have her own way.

I built all my great grandchildren a rocking chair. In as much as Maranda was the last grandchild I built her the first one. It's just a small one with a bear back. She's just about outgrown it, because she's getting bigger than the chair. I have built eight chairs, because I had nothing else to do, but I'd never done anything like it before and I had never even sawed a board. Now, I have four saws and about five sanders. I just decided I needed a hobby because I didn't have one so I began making little rocking chairs. I have a hard time sawing a board straight but I'm going to keep right on building in my shop.

The world has changed completely since I was born from having running water to televisions and telephones. Electricity came along about the time I was born, I believe. Now we have satellites and we've gone from driving horses and buggies to driving automobiles. There are trains and airplanes but I never saw an airplane until I was sixteen years old. The dress standards are different. I can remember as a young child if a girl showed her knees she was indecent. Nowadays girls run around wearing practically nothing.

During the last few years, some people want to eliminate displaying the Ten Commandments in public places. I think there should be laws that every public place needs to have them. Some things have changed a lot, including dress and speech standards. The language that young boys and girls use today is appalling. Even on television, the Lord's name is continually taken in vain and many hotshot radio announcers use it all the time.

It was probably in the late 1940's and I was married when we first saw television. I think we were able to get one about the time they came out but we didn't watch it much and I don't think we ever took the time to sit down and see what it was all about. It didn't change our lives but the telephone changed my life completely! I never have liked the telephone and I think it's kind of a waste of time talking on it but now people can't do business without a telephone. When I first started business in Dutch John I felt we could have used Pony Express and transmitted information faster than with the telephone. It was always busy or out of order or there was something wrong with it. I have never liked the telephone and I can't carry on a good conversation because I forget what I want to talk about. The first telephone I can remember is the one hanging on the wall in the home that we rang with a handle. We made calls through a telephone operator and would tell her what number we wanted. Now all we do is say a word and the telephone works. Radio has improved a great deal too. I have a 1932 radio which ran off twelve volts and you can't use it without getting something to cut down the power. Now all we do is push a button and our radio or television will come on.

I was born 100 years too late because I haven't gone along too well with modern things. As a young boy I trapped and this was the life I enjoyed. I'd rather be on horseback or walking the streams and living in the mountains than in the cities. I hate traffic and I have a hard time communicating with people I don't know and it's almost impossible for me to speak well on a telephone.

I'm sure changes in education have been for the good because people are smarter now than ever before. It would be almost impossible to function in the world today without the required schooling. There are many, many professions available now which were not available when I was young. There were no televisions or computers or space travel, when I was growing up. To get ahead in the world today and to have a solid job to provide for a family, you must have a good education. Today, there's no way you can trade a dozen eggs at the grocery store for a loaf of bread or other things a family needs. When I was young I could buy an all-day sucker for a nickel and today it costs twenty-five cents to a dollar. We had five-cent candy bars and now they are sixty-five-cents so the value of money has changed. As far as money goes, you have to have it to survive nowadays. When I was a child you didn't have to have much money to because we grew gardens, killed wildlife, and exchanged food with the neighbors, but today you can't do that. I'll bet there isn't one in hundreds of thousands who have ever eaten wild meat, let alone killed it. The

value of money has increased ten thousand fold from when I was a boy because now you have to have it.

Another item that has changed greatly is automobiles. The first ones that came out, in my lifetime, had rubber tires with inner tubes inside. Today no one knows what an inner tube is. The cars we had utilized a transmission and a drive line to power the rear wheels. Today, vehicles don't even have a drive line because the motor goes directly into the transmission and vehicles can have front-wheel or four-wheel drive, so even the gears have changed to *bands*. Automatic transmissions run with bands not gears. Horsepower has changed from a top speed of fifty miles an hour to a hundred and twenty to a hundred and thirty miles an hour, and we'll see more great changes, as electric cars and ones that are fueled with methane are being introduced. Oil won't be available for years, so we'll have more advancement in technology.

Guns were not a problem when I was growing up. Guns were used for hunting or target practice but it's very different now, because they are used to kill people, for robbery, and for other violence. Gun design has changed drastically since I was a boy, when we used a *single shot*. I don't think they are in production any longer. We would put one bullet in at a time and have to reload for each shot. There are attempts to change the laws concerning the possession of guns. When I was young, it wasn't required to have a permit, but now it is necessary. When someone buys a gun today, they have to give their life history in order to register it. I guess things have changed for the better, but I don't know. The way people use guns today, it's probably good to have gun control laws. We will definitely see more controls enacted, but I hope we still have the freedom to have and to use guns correctly.

The kinds of vacations that people take and the places they travel have changed, since I was a boy. In my day, no one even went out of the Valley and I was probably fourteen years old before I ever left Maeser. Today, if people have the money, they can jump on an airplane and go around the world. Our own vacations have changed from taking a fishing trip up the mountain to taking a cruise ship to Alaska.

I believe in exercising my right to vote and I vote for the individual and not the political party. I think that most people vote for the Democratic or Republican Party even if the individual is a skunk. Many times I have not voted a straight ticket because I vote for the individual based on what I've heard on television or radio about the candidate and sometimes I listen to their speeches. I believe in our democratic process and the freedoms we enjoy so I've always voted but I feel our freedoms are getting narrower because of so many restrictions necessary though they may be.

Freedom of speech is something in which I believe very strongly. I honor the American flag and believe that citizens of most countries honor theirs, too. We hate to see our flag burned or stomped into the mud by protestors throughout the world, because we respect it and it should be displayed on a flag pole for everyone to honor. We should salute the flag, or put our hand over our heart, when it passes by, because it symbolizes our freedom.

There were things in my life that I did with my sister and my brothers, because I was without a father. From time to time I stayed with my half-brother, Byron, and his wife, Cleala, and also with Orrin's family and the whole family did things for me. Philip Hall did so much for us and was my favorite neighbor. I don't have a favorite blood relative, because they're all my favorites.

I have played the harmonica and still do sometimes. Bing Crosby's *White Christmas* is probably my favorite song. When I went into the service I spent my first Christmas in Sedalia, Missouri and that was when *White Christmas* was introduced. I still like some of the old tunes that I learned to play such as *Old Black Joe* and *The Bear Went Over the Mountain* and I've played them many, many times.

I'm a fisherman and have fished all my life, ever since I was knee high to a grasshopper, because that's my relaxation and I've fished many times by myself, throughout my life, but I don't do it anymore. Boxing is one sport I have liked all of my life, and that's what I did more than any other, but my wife doesn't like to watch it, so I don't watch it much anymore. I boxed quite a bit and like to watch matches, but when I see two individuals boxing, I don't think they are trying to kill each other, because I watch the tactics and mistakes of each fighter.

I grew up with Boyd Colton and Eugene McLane and we did everything together for many, many years. Gene was killed in a car wreck and Boyd still lives in Bountiful, Utah. Gene was in an accident with his brother who was driving and injured but Gene didn't survive.

My first automobile was a 1932 Plymouth and then I had a 1935 Chrysler, a 1938 Plymouth, and then a Buick and Pontiacs. I guess we enjoyed the four-door, 1959 Red Pontiac Bonneville more than any car we had and we had it longer than any other, also. It was one of the first cars our children learned to drive. Throughout my life I've been responsible for many things such as raising my family with the help of my wife Donna. I cannot take full responsibility, because she helped two-thirds of the time. Raising our family is the responsibility we had together and we're proud of what we have accomplished and think we've done a good job. I guess providing for and raising our family has been my biggest responsibility.

My favorite homes sure weren't the ones we rented, because if it wasn't ours, it wasn't what we wanted. I think our home up near the Lodge in Flaming Gorge was probably our favorite home because it was designed well, with many bedrooms, and we had a family room downstairs, which we all enjoyed. In that home, we had everything, all the accommodations we needed, a beautiful view and we developed the grounds from nothing to beautiful. We could sit out on that patio, which we built, and watch the animal's and birds come in and out.

My biggest challenge was being a mechanic. As a boy, I didn't have the opportunity to be around automobiles and have someone teach me about mechanics, so I was quite old, in my thirties, before I got into it. It was a big challenge for me to figure it out what was wrong with a customer's truck or automobile, but by sound or feel, I did acquire the knowledge to know what was wrong with a vehicle. One day a man in Dutch John came up and threw his arms around and hugged me and wanted to know how I was. I looked at him and didn't recognize him and I don't think I'd ever seen him before, but he said, "Don't you remember me? You fixed my car five years ago!" The challenge of being a fair mechanic was a huge one for me and yet it had its rewards.

The Segoe Lily is my favorite flower. The prairies and badlands are covered with sego lilies in the spring. More than any other bird, I think I have enjoyed watching hummingbirds in our area at the gorge. We fed them on our patio and they would come by the hundreds. Our grandson, Justin, would sneak out underneath the feeders and catch hummingbirds by hand and stick them in his pocket! One day Doug Love, who is so knowledgeable, came out to our place and identified many different kinds of hummingbirds, but I, myself, didn't try to distinguish them. I think the most majestic animal and the most interesting to watch is the elk, because they travel in big herds and they came into our fields every winter for many years. We would just sit and watch and count them as they came in. There were spikes, two-points, and four-points, and the big ones and the calves would come in with them.

Springtime is my favorite season. The changes that come during this season are so wonderful, as the flowers and leaves come out and the grass grows. Why that's the most enjoyable time of year when the weather changes from cold to warm. Fall is beautiful with the changing of the colors, but with springtime, everything comes alive. The most rewarding day of my life was fifty-six years ago, when in a little home in Vernal we both said, "I do!" We've not always agreed one with another, but we're not supposed to because we're individuals.

Peas are my favorite vegetable and the reason for that is when we have gardens, we can shell peas and eat them raw or they can be cooked with cream. Peaches are my favorite fruit,

because when I was a boy we never had any. If I ever had a peach, that was a highlight, eating a big, round, juicy peach. I never even knew what a peach was until I was older and I'd rather have a peach than an apple any day. There's nothing better than a strawberry, too. We grew our strawberries and we've made jam and everything else. Apple Pie is my favorite pie and I like to eat it with whipped cream or a little ice cream. For quite a while, ice cream didn't agree with me too well, but whipped cream or ice cream on apple pie is delicious.

I have never cared much for cake, except chocolate cake on occasion, but I'm not a chocolate lover either because I never acquired a taste for it. I do enjoy whole wheat bread because it has something there to chew. There isn't anything to plain white bread. We've always liked wheat or breads with grains, such as what we call graham bread and we've never eaten much white bread at all. Potato soup is my favorite soup. My wife Donna makes it so well. While growing up, when we had a nickel, we'd go to the store and buy a Babe Ruth candy bar. I guess Pero is my favorite hot drink and I'd rather drink that than hot chocolate. Pepsi is my favorite soda pop and I love strawberry ice cream. Young men today are starting to wear female clothes, but I've never changed from wearing men's clothing. I grew up wearing original Levis but now they are bleached and dyed and altered in so many different ways. They don't look like what we've worn for years. We wore a pair a Levis until they dropped off of us and we never washed them because if they were washed, they were ruined! Denim pants were called Levis, because, when I was young, that's we had. There were no Wranglers or other brands that are sold today. I've worn a few Levi shirts, but not too many and I don't ever remember wearing a short sleeve shirt. In fact, today, I won't wear one because I just don't like them. When I was a mechanic, long sleeves would get in my way, so I rolled them up, but I've still always worn longed-sleeve shirts. I began wearing cowboy boots, when I was in my teens, because that's when I could afford to buy them and I've worn boots all my life. I haven't owned a pair of oxfords for many years, except for Church. I've tried to wear hiking boots but they just didn't feel good, so I went back to my boots and wear them for hiking and everything I do. Today I wear Church garments underneath my clothes, but while growing up, I always wore a tee shirt under my other shirts.

For many years, I've worn a big buckle on my wide belts and the one I have on now is turquoise and silver and I have another one with a steer head. Wide belts with big buckles are what I always wear except to Church and to the Temple. Another thing I've worn for sixty or seventy years, ever since I could afford it, is a hat, and when I could afford a Stetson hat, that's what I bought because they fit so well. I've tried other brands but have always gone back to a Stetson. I

believe I owned one black and one brown hat, but most of them are gray or tan and there are probably a dozen of them laying around the house that I'm using now. I feel undressed without my hat and I've even been accused of sleeping with it, because I wear a hat all the time. When I was in the service station business, I wore a hat, not a cap, but a billed hat, like a Conoco or Phillips 66 hat. I have never used cologne, except to shave with, because it's a waste of money. Donna kept after me and I do use a little underarm deodorant once in a while.

Sugar cookies are probably my favorites. Donna would make them and they were delicious, a little crunchy, and I'd take a handful, when I'd go to work. I just love sugar cookies. Mutton is my favorite meat because I grew up on it. We didn't have pork and I didn't even know what it was, because my mother didn't believe in eating pork. We had very little beef but a lot of mutton. Every once in a while, Uncle Bri would give my mother half a mutton and it would sustain us for about a year. Lobster is what I enjoy the most, but we don't have it very often, only about once a year.

Other favorites of mine were algebra and arithmetic and they were some of my better subjects in school. I played ping pong and I was a pretty good pool player, too. Pinochle has been a favorite card game that I have enjoyed. The waltz is my favorite dance step and I like to waltz with my wife, Donna, and we've gotten pretty good at it together through the years. In fact, people used to watch us on the dance floor. I used to have a favorite magazine, the *National Geographic Magazine*, but it's so much like other magazines with too much advertising. We subscribed for thirty years, but I finally cancelled because of all the advertising. The lawn mower is my favorite modern convenience because I can ride it. I pushed a lawn mower all my life and finally was able to buy a riding lawn mower, and I enjoy mowing the lawn with it. The one modern appliance that I use and appreciate is the toaster, but I don't think there are any other good appliances.

My favorite piece of jewelry is this beautiful diamond ring my wife bought for me and I do like turquoise and I have a watchband, belt buckle, and a ring, all of which are turquoise. The bull elk has two ivory teeth in the back of its head. I've got a box full of teeth that I'll have to pass on, if I don't make something with them like necklaces or bracelets. We used to eat a lot of wild elk and deer meat. The only kind of meat we didn't cherish too much was prong-horned or antelope, because it is pretty strong. We have eaten bear and javelina, but didn't enjoy it too much either, because it is also very strong tasting. One winter, eight of us got together and went to Phoenix, Arizona and we had to strip down to nothing, because it was so hot. We went bow hunting for javelina, which isn't a pig but they look like a pig. I have movies of one fellow killing one

underneath a tree and he threw it on his back and packed it out. In our group of the eight, only Marcell Gray and Brad Hall each got a javelina. We really enjoyed our trip and stayed there about a week, walking up and down the hills. The native Arizonians wore great big coats and they were freezing to death, but we were running around without any shirts, because of the change of the altitude and the warmer climate.

I have been blessed with so many beautiful grandchildren, and Jeanette is the oldest, the daughter of Craig and Sandy. She's thirty years old and is a beautiful young woman who has the ability to do anything she wants to do. She and Cory, her husband, have two beautiful children. My wish for Jeanette is to continue to return to the Church and for their happiness in whatever they do as a family.

Danielle's another beautiful girl and because we lived at Flaming Gorge as a family, my grandchildren have not had any association with anyone in the outside world only with people at the Lodge and in our businesses. Most of them have married someone from that area and who have perhaps worked for us. I don't know whether this is right or wrong, but I think they all have pretty good husbands. Danielle married Tim who was a cook for the Red Canyon Lodge. After she had two beautiful girls, she was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis and has struggled with it for the last five years. It has affected her speech and muscle coordination but she's a girl who never complains. When we call her on the phone, she's fine and everything is *rosy*, but when we talk to her parents, they tell us she's not getting along too well. They're in the process of moving into a home in Green River, Wyoming. Tim has a good job and I wish them happiness and good luck in pursuing their dreams and hope they continue to be together.

Chris is the only boy in his family and he is a handsome, intelligent young man. He's married to a sweet gal and they have three beautiful children, two girls and a boy. Chris is going to be a good provider and has decided to pursue law enforcement for Utah State Wildlife. He worked for us in the store and then went to Manila and worked as a jailer in the County jail. He worked in law-enforcement during the 2002 Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City and is now working as a game warden in Richfield where he seems to be doing well.

Camille is a beautiful gal married to Kevin Clegg, who worked for us as a river guide. He is such a good guy who enjoyed the work and the people, but they moved to where he was from and he worked in heating and air conditioning. They built a house but they weren't really happy, so they returned to the Lodge and Camille's folks purchased a house for them in Flaming Gorge Acres. They're back guiding and he's doing what he wants to do. He might not be making a lot of

money, but he likes to guide and work with the public. Camille is a good mother to her two children, a boy and a girl. She's not real forward, but she has a very good personality and I'm sure she's a wonderful wife to Kevin. She's quite tall and played a lot of sports during her school years. I wish them the blessings they deserve and I hope they're satisfied in what they're doing. I know that they can be successful in anything that they do.

The next one is Maretta, another dark haired, dark eyed beauty who graduated from Weber State University with a Bachelors of Science degree in computers. Now she has a good job but is still *playing the field* as far as boys are concerned. She's a runner who runs twenty-five mile races and I wish her continued good health and success in her new job.

Chelsea's a beautiful, tall girl with dark eyes and hair who is attending Weber State University and I believe she has another year of college until she graduates with her R.N. She's an A student and is very, very bright and she's also *playing the field* with the boys. I wish her success in all that she does.

Vanessa is Craig and Sandy's last child and she is a junior and a cheerleader at Manila High School. She's a very active child but has not been as interested in sports as the others. I wish her all the luck in the world in all she does.

Carla is Randy and Jay's oldest child and our tallest grandchild, at six feet tall. She received a scholarship to play volleyball at the University of Utah. Her husband, Mike Nixon, attended college and became a lawyer. Their children are Michael Jay and Kaitlyn and they have a new home in Spanish Fork next to Randy and Jay. Carla is an excellent mother and she's bringing up her children, who seem to be very intelligent, to be active in many things.

Tiffany is another very active young woman who was a dancer and is teaching dance now. She attended UVSC and BYU and she teaches at Spanish Fork High School. Tiffany is active in leadership roles and her husband, Rhett Finch, who is from the same area, is finishing his education at BYU so he attends college and works part-time. Tiffany has a little girl, Isabelle, who is a beauty and an active little girl. I'm sure they'll succeed in everything they do, because they're growing up and are active in Church now. I wish them much happiness and all the luck in the world.

Carl Ray and Wanda have three children. Their oldest child is Gabriel and we call him Gabe. He's active like his father, and he has moved away from the family and now lives in Las Vegas, Nevada. He lived in Cedar City for quite a few years and is now a carpenter. His wife, Misty, works in real estate and they are currently renting a home. They have a beautiful son,

Parker Ray, I wish them luck in keeping things together as a family and success in whatever they do.

Candice attended Utah Valley State College and that is where she met her husband, David Archibald. They were married in the Mount Timpanogos Temple five years ago and they live in Lehi, Utah with their son, Colton. They both work and have built the new home they live in. I wish them all the luck in the world and hope they continue to be happy in all they do.

Justin is also an active boy who is serving a mission in Des Moines, Iowa. He'll be back this fall, when he's twenty-one years old. He's been a very good missionary who writes to us once in a while. He's very diligent doing the Lord's work but he's always been steady in everything he has done. He's our grandson who, as a young boy, caught the hummingbirds and stuck them in his pocket. I wish him a safe and honorable mission and look forward to his return.

Terell and Sheryl have nine children and all their names begin with *T*. The oldest child is Terra who has a beautiful little girl, Madelyn, by her first marriage. She went to work at Wal-Mart in the pharmacy where she met Brad Preece, and they married. She's a good mother and I wish them all the luck in the world.

T.J. has been a really active young man who is a team roper and is very good at it. He's won many trophies and money and has been everywhere participating in events. A year ago he earned his professional team roper *license*, so he can now compete in rodeos for the *big* money. T.J. decided he wanted to shoe horses, so he took the necessary schooling and I believe he's still doing that, along with another job where he lives in Heber City, Utah. I wish him all the luck in the world.

Tasha is quite a tall girl and she met a handsome young fellow, Rory Batty, and they have a little girl. They both work, as most people seem to do nowadays. They recently built a home and Rory installed the beautiful kitchen cabinets, because that is what he does for a living.

Tyson is a handsome, big, tall six foot five inch young man who is attending Snow College in Ephraim, Utah and girls love him to death! If he continues as he's doing, he'll do all right. I hope he completes his college education and I wish him success.

Trevor is our wrestler and he is a big, husky fellow who wrestles in the two hundred fifteen pound class. He's a junior in high school and he will go places, because he's energetic and has a mind of his own. He will do all right and I wish him success throughout his life.

Tennille is a smart, happy go lucky little gal, with a dimple in her cheek, who dances. She'll go places and I wish her lots of happiness throughout her life on this earth.

Taylor is a loving child who at age seven was diagnosed with mitochondrial disease, called melas, which is a deterioration of the brain. This has affected many parts of his body and at one time, he went blind for about two weeks because his brain told him he couldn't see. Another time, his brain told him he wasn't hungry and so he didn't eat. Today, he seems to be much improved, except he is not able to walk steadily. Now he is thirteen years old and his brother, Trevor, helps him pass the sacrament at Church. He has improved and I hope he will continue to do so. At one time, doctors thought the brain would not generate new cells, but now it appears that it does. We can see it happening right before our own eyes. We keep close track of Taylor and he really loves his grandmother, giving her hugs and kisses all the time, when they are together.

About a year ago, they adopted Brad and Dustin, whom they had for two years as foster children. They are two beautiful bright young boys and I think they are happy with their new parents in a home and a solid family where they'll be brought up properly with love.

Donetta and Harold have five children. Harold is from Idaho and they met when she attended Utah State University in Logan, Utah. Harold Egbert is a good father and provider. Their oldest child, Connor, is six feet six inches, our tallest grandchild, and he has a brother who is following right behind him. Connor has attended Snow College in Ephraim, Utah, along with his cousin, Tyson. He's a very bright young man and has been very good at playing basketball. He's currently serving a full-time mission in Mexico City, Mexico, and we are very proud of him. I wish him all the luck in the world and know he will serve an honorable mission.

Carly is a senior this year in high school. She's a perfectionist who wants to be the best in everything she does and she is! She diligently practices and plays the violin and has played with the Utah Youth Symphony and the Utah Valley Youth Symphony. Carly is a very, very bright child who will go a long way and I am proud of her and wish her success.

Ryan is a diligent basketball player and he also plays baseball because he loves sports. He's a ladies man, a very handsome boy but he doesn't run after the girls. They run after him. Like his sister, Carly, he is sort of a perfectionist who doesn't like any one to outdo him. Grandpa outdid him one day when we played golf together. He's very intelligent and he'll go a long way. I wish him success.

Then there's *Katydid!* Her name is actually Kadie Dawn and I always call her *Katydid* but for a long time she didn't like it. But I'd say "Katydid this and Katydid that" and she finally got used to it and now accepts it. She's a beautiful dark haired child who is a freshman in high school

and likes basketball, going up and down the floor so quick and fast. I wish her success in avoiding the boys for a few years.

Kelsey is the youngest who has possibilities and the intelligence to be a very bright child. She has been operated on a few times for her *clip hip* and we hope the problem has been corrected. One of her legs is about three quarters of an inch shorter than the other one, but she dances all the time. Kelsey is a great socialite like her grandmother and may she find all the happiness in life there is.

Tracy and Susan live in Tucson and are our only children who live out of state. He met Susan when he was attending BYU in Provo and they have four beautiful children, the oldest of whom is Elliott, a tall, beautiful, intelligent girl. At thirteen years old, she's an A student, has already written a book and wants to be a writer. She loves sports and is very active in whatever she does and I wish her great success. Mason is a handsome, intelligent boy who is actively involved in basketball and baseball. He'll go a long way and I wish him success in all that he does.

Alexa loves everyone and she's very intelligent and learning fast. She's a beautiful child who is very artistic and has given us cards that she's painted herself. She has a mind of her own and will go far in life and I wish Alexa success in all she does. Zachary is a real active boy who hops and jumps and runs and does everything. He invents games and things on his own and seems to be another very intelligent, handsome young man. I wish him loads of happiness.

Guy and Dee have four children, one boy and three girls. The oldest one is Anna who is a thirteen year old beauty who likes the boys. She enjoys life, is studious, and helps tend Maranda and I wish her much happiness in all her endeavors. Samantha is another active girl who loves to jump and is doing something all the time. Everyone likes Samantha and when she grows up, she's going to be a beauty. I wish her all the success and happiness in the world. At age nine, Carlton is active in Cub Scouts and is going to be quite a scouter because he likes working to advance in the scouting program. He plays baseball and plays on a Little League team. He and his dad do many things together and I wish him all the luck in the world. Maranda is our last grandchild, a very smart three year old who has a mind of her own. She's a beautiful little gal with naturally curly dark hair and brown eyes, who is growing like a weed and now is beginning to talk. She really likes the rocking chair I made for her and no one else touches it, because it's her chair. I think if someone touched and broke it, I would have to repair it. I wish her good luck in everything she does throughout her life.

I believe I've performed quite a bit of service because I've worked on cars and taken groups down the river for no charge and that's part of life. You don't charge people for everything you do when people are in need. I've even given gas away many times when people were stranded on the highway and didn't have any money. It doesn't require an arm and a leg to help people. There have been many groups we have taken down the river at no charge even though we have always charged the general public.

When I was a young boy I used to help Mark Stringham quite a bit. He had the idea that he was going to have a beaver farm, so I helped him build wire cages and other things he needed. Beavers have such sharp teeth they can chew through wire. After building several structures in the ditch and running water in them, the beavers continued to get out and Mark would lose them. Finally he gave up because he found out he couldn't raise beavers and I guess not many people do raise them. In those days, beaver pelts were some of the best. I just finished reading a history book that revealed that our county was overrun with beaver trappers in the mid 1800's.

For nine and a half years I was a county commissioner. As county commissioners, we took turns being the chairman of a three-man county commission. Once a month we went to Roosevelt to a Uintah Basin Association of Governments meeting. Most of the time, I was responsible for the roads and I received a plaque thanking me for being chairman. Zoning was also my responsibility, but we didn't accomplish what we planned because we didn't have any support from our law-enforcement department.

While I was a commissioner, I gave an interview at Minnie's Gap, when the road to Rock Springs, Wyoming was completed, but I didn't see any of the photos in our local newspaper. During my service with the county, I did some public speaking at our meetings because people had questions and concerns that I would address. When Colorado completed blacktopping their portion of the road to the Utah state line, Governor Rampton cut the ribbon and said, "Now Colorado's finished theirs, we're going to finish ours." That's been thirty years ago and it's still dirt.

Church has special meaning in my life. We go to the Temple often, but not often enough. In the Temple we learn many things we need to know. I think Donna and I try to better our lives and I think we're progressing because we attend Church and *we love our neighbors as ourselves* and I think we keep the commandments. There is one area we have fallen, however, and I don't know whether it is right or wrong, because I'm not a judge. Several times we've been asked to serve a mission and we haven't done so. We thought we couldn't because I'm not very social and

we both have a difficult time getting up in front of people. We did serve for two years as stake missionaries, helping, I hope, to have some influence on seven people who were baptized during that time. We have been active in Church functions and we worked in the Mutual for five or six years as dance instructors and I have also served on the high council and in the branch presidency.

Because I was a home teacher to inactive people for a few years, I thought more about the way I should be leading my life. In Dutch John one day, a non-member wife called and said, "We don't want you to come" and I have a story about this couple. The fellow had been baptized by his good pal in the branch, Dave Noall, a good active member of the Church. The reason he was baptized was because of his friendship with Dave Noall, not because he knew the Church is true or because he had a testimony. During a forest fire near the lodge, Dave Noall was one of three fellows who were killed. The fellow got married and I was assigned to be their home teacher. I went a few times and the wife was always real silent and didn't say much. The fellow talked a little but one day after I had visited several times she telephoned and said, "We don't want you to come to our house any more as home teachers."

We home taught another couple in Brown's Park who worked for Fish and Game where they lived in the house on the game preserve. The wife was a girl from Ouray where her father had a store and they were a very active family. Every time we went to visit she would go in the back room and not even come out to talk to us. People join the Church and are baptized and then sometimes they fall away almost immediately. Is it the fault of the ones who converted them or is it the fault of the individual?

I guess I think about life after death and I know if I continue to do what I'm supposed to do and obey the laws of God, I'll be grateful to have my wife and children with me. That is what life is all about and think that's why we go to the Temple to be sealed to one another. I think about it all and it gives me a warm feeling. Death isn't going to be bad. There are two things that we cannot avoid on earth; we have to pay taxes and we have to die. Other than that, we can change things, but those two things can't be changed. Some people claim they have gone through the veil and have seen the other side but they weren't wanted, so they were sent back to earth. I do think people have seen the other side and I have a testimony of the resurrection and I know there is an eternal plan, because we've been told time and again what will happen. If we are faithful and do what we're supposed to do, trying to improve, taking care of our family, and helping others I think we'll get close, but I'm not a judge.

I have progressed because I'm just a farm boy who doesn't know a whole lot. I was on the high council with twelve men, some of whom were doctors and lawyers and former bishops and I will share this true story. I went into the calling on the high council with no knowledge whatsoever. All of my life I've held it against my stake president because I was supposed to have been brought in and instructed as to my duties and responsibilities. Maybe because I was an older man, I wasn't given any information when I was called and I went into my first meeting with no idea of what was expected of me. Everyone was kneeling down at their chair to have prayer and I was standing, because no one had told me I was to kneel, but I did kneel down and have prayer with them.

Because I was the new member on the high council, they said, "Would you please read us your favorite scripture?" I thought, "Favorite scripture? I don't know any scriptures!" Here I was, an old farm boy, sitting there and I didn't know anything. I got out my Bible and happened to turn to a scripture and I read it. I'd probably never read it before and I didn't know a thing. I sat down and wrote a letter to Ronald Robb and said, "You take me off the high council! You've never said anything to me and I don't know what I'm doing there with all of those *high-class* people. I'm not going to another high council meeting!" In a couple of days, he called and said, "I'm so sorry we haven't brought you in to talk to you about the procedures and your responsibilities as a high councilman. Would you reconsider and please stay on?" I did stay on and served for four years. As one high councilman is released, the others move around the high council table. Our chairs were numbered and if you got into chair number two, you were called as a bishop. It always happened that way, but when I got around the table and into that chair, I was released from the high council.

I was assigned to Maeser First Ward and my duties were to go to bishop's meeting every Sunday morning. I'd leave about five o'clock in the morning to go to high council meeting and then go to the bishop's meeting. The stake presidency would give us speaking assignments with a subject and we'd visit all the wards in the stake. I had no problem speaking but sometimes I told a story or two that they didn't approve of, but it was my responsibility in my assignment with the Maeser First Ward. I was the last high councilman from Dutch John because it was finally decided that it was too far for someone to travel to Vernal for five a.m. meetings. When the new chapel was built in Dutch John, I donated the furnace which was installed in the building. We didn't have a satellite system in the building and many people couldn't go to Vernal for Church broadcasts from Salt Lake City, so I donated a satellite for our chapel in Dutch John.

I grew up with the family of Dallin Oaks who is one of the Twelve Apostles. His folks are from Vernal and they lived above us. I knew his uncles Wilbur and Glenn who was the same age as my brother, Howard. Glenn was a big husky football player at BYU. As a small boy growing up, I would see President Heber J. Grant, quite often. Even though I wasn't active in Church, I still put him on a high pedestal. I would think, "There's a Prophet of God!" President Heber J. Grant was a relative on my Stringham side of the family and he would come to Aunt Claire and Uncle Joe's home to visit. I worked a lot for them, because they were fairly rich people. Uncle Joe was a big man who owned hundreds of acres and often I worked for Feron who was in the fox-hide business, so I was there quite a bit and was able to see President Grant several times.

I probably couldn't have been one of the pioneers, during the persecutions of the Church members and I don't think I would have traveled with them to the Salt Lake Valley. I had no real testimony, when I was young, because I was an inactive member of the Church until I was about thirty-five years old. Until the last few years, I don't remember a home teacher or bishop coming to our home. I don't think we had home teachers in Dutch John but we had some in Vernal. I think being a counselor in the branch presidency was the one calling in the Church I enjoyed the most. I served for about six years with Terry Hobson and Ron Gayle. Every morning I went to the church to meet with them and they are still my friends today.

I don't read the church magazines as I should. Once in a while I'll pick up the *Ensign* and read an article, but I don't read it as I should, because I'm more interested in history which I read continually. The messages in the *Ensign* are for all of us. Even though we've listened to General Conference on television or radio, it's a good thing to review the talks when they are published in the *Ensign*. I should form the habit of reading the *Ensign* cover to cover, because Donna sets such a good example for me. I have not attended a live session of General Conference in Salt Lake City because I don't like crowds and at conference time there are always big crowds on Temple Square.

The scriptures are reviewed each Sunday at our church meetings. I have never completely read the Bible, but I have read the Book of Mormon many times. There's so much in the Bible that I don't understand, but the Book of Mormon is a history of the Americas and its ancient inhabitants and I enjoy it very much. I should read the Bible, even though I don't understand it and have read many parts of it many times.

I would have liked to have been an explorer and lived in the 1700's or the early 1800's. I could have discovered a creek or a mountain or a meadow or something else. That would have been my ideal time to live. I was born in poor surroundings and in a poor environment. By *poor*, I

mean that we could see what our neighbors had and what we did not have. We never went without clothes on our backs or food in our stomachs and yet, we knew we were poor, because everyone else had more material things than we did. They were able to have such things as bananas and I'd never seen one until I was older. We never had luxuries and that had a great effect on me, because I tried to work hard to have material things such as candy bars or a bicycle. I didn't sit down and cry, but tried even harder to obtain material belongings. Maybe I shouldn't have done so, I don't know. The old 1928 Chev was all I had while I was growing up. When I started earning \$50.00 a day digging gilsonite, I bought a Plymouth coupe and then I bought a fancy Chrysler convertible, which had a straight V-8 that could go a hundred miles an hour, passing everything on the highway. My goal was to be able to acquire material things and that's why I worked my fanny off digging out that black gilsonite.

We've done very well as a family and I don't think there's anyone who has done any better with what we had, when we started married life. We had nothing, absolutely nothing. I bought Donna a ring for \$150.00 and I had to make more money so we could eat. In order to build our home or to start into a business, we had to borrow money because we didn't have it. It was the only way we could get ahead. As Glade Soward said, "If I have a million, I can borrow three million." He told me this, but it didn't work for him, because he went bankrupt. I didn't go to the extreme because I had a good friend, Andrew Vernon, who was a neighbor, and I could go down and say, "Andrew, I need a thousand dollars." He would let me have it and I always paid him back before it was due. I never did have a delinquent payment with anyone in all my life. Later, Palmer, his son-in-law, took kindly to what Andrew was doing, and began lending money to individuals. If I needed a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, to buy a car or whatever, I'd go down and I'd get it. Eventually, we went to M.J. Moore at the Bank of Vernal. Of course, they knew us really well and I guess I built up a good reputation, because I could go in the bank and my signature was good with them. You can't do this anywhere in the world today. With my signature, I'd borrow \$50,000.00, just like that! They knew I'd pay it back before anything was due.

We started out by borrowing a little money here and a little money there and paying it back and getting ahead and we've been successful in whatever we've done. We haven't ever wanted for anything, but we've been through hard times. After we took over the Lodge, we had to make it work and there was a lot to do. There was no lawn and we needed to expand the living facilities for the boys we hired. We had to expand the Lodge itself, the little service station, the store, and to update the café by taking out the old liquor counter to make more room for customers. We did a

lot and it took a lot of money. It came to the point, when we had only so much money available until the next spring. To sustain us through the winter, not one of us who drew any wages and we worked for nothing for the entire winter. We needed the money, so we did the repairs and worked all winter long without a penny in wages, in order to make it work. We didn't have savings, but the little bit we took in, was to supply and rebuild our merchandise. Spring arrived and business came in and we continued.

We've finished in pretty good shape and sold the business, although it wasn't the best arrangement because we took nothing down and a little each month. In our lifetime, we'll never be able to spend what we've got coming to us and it will go to our children. We gave our children each \$10,000.00 worth of stock in the business. To begin with, Donna and I owned all of the business and upon legal advice, we gave them all equal shares and I kept fifty-one percent. We were told, "You should gift some of it off," so before we sold it, we gifted \$10,000.00 worth of shares for two years to each of our children and that left us at forty-six percent. We sold to the Jones family and they've had a struggle, because the business was new to them. They had never been in this type of a business before and, as often happens, they didn't follow our advice. They've had their problems, but let's hope they make it because we won't take it back. I told the boys, "They've got too much invested and they've got three years of payments invested, which is one million dollars. They've upgraded the service station and added a trailer court in Dutch John and they've converted one home into an office complex.

In the summertime, they are bringing in \$150,000.00 a day, so they have big money coming in. We always put aside about three to four thousand dollars to get us through each winter, but they didn't do that. They're getting wiser and they've probably seen the worst of their money problems. You can't make it, unless you work for yourself. The reason he won't lose it, is because of his investment. I told my sons, "He'll either make it all himself, or he'll find someone who will buy in with him, or he'll put the whole thing up for sale. He won't give it back to us, because he would be losing a million dollars or so."

I have wished and I've got on my knees and asked why we had to get out of our lifetime family business, because I had hoped everyone would get along and that we could still be there. That mountain has been our life and we hated to let it go, but it was getting to the point where things just weren't working out. Our sons and daughters knew what hard work they had to do. Each person had responsibilities and it was hard work and long hours and it was discovered that working an eight-hour day just wasn't enough. So often, everyone put in many more than an eight-

hour day. None of them took many vacations and they took their responsibility seriously and made a go of it. If it hadn't been for our children working like they did, the business would have never made it because I couldn't have done it alone. It would have been quite difficult for me.

Maybe I gave too much responsibility to my children. Maybe I let loose of the reins too much. Maybe I should have held them a little longer and maybe things would have worked out better. I don't know. I gave complete responsibility to my children and I, more or less, walked away and I wasn't in the driver's seat. I let them make the decisions. Together, we had meetings once a week to work out problems or try to solve others or to get projects started. Every week we met and sometimes one or two of them didn't like what the other sibling was doing and so the decision was made to sell. I don't think there's anyone in the world who could have operated and increased the business and gotten along together as a big family the way we did in forty-two years. Perhaps the reason we succeeded is that I gave each of the children responsibility and they took it and did well. They knew how to work, were knowledgeable about their tasks, and completed them.

I haven't ever won anything. I've been to Relief Society quilt shows and I remember the Relief Society bazaars where there were homemade pies and cakes that were auctioned. The auctioneer was quite a character and one time he raised his hand and said, "Sold! Twenty-five dollars to Carl Collett!" I hadn't said a word! I hadn't said one word and yet I bought a pie for twenty-five dollars! Honestly, I have never won anything in my life.

I don't know that I have a valuable attribute, except I tell a pretty good story once in a while, so I can be called a storyteller. I hope I will be remembered for my generosity, because I've helped a lot of people and I've contributed quite a bit during my lifetime. When we were in Dutch John, I was there with the children, although Donna was the instigator in many things, I was involved. We took my grandsons to shoot skeet on the rifle range with our 22's or rifles but don't think I ever got the girls involved. In fact, I don't remember anything I've done with our granddaughters. Mountain people don't involve the girls very often, but they've all come here and played on the lawn. I've done many things with my grandsons, but as an individual, I haven't taken my granddaughters for any activities or outings.

I've got a lot of regrets. I think I would have been better off if I hadn't taken three years of my life to serve in the Air Force during World War II. I was there and shot at enemy planes once in a while, never hitting any that I know of, and I did have some experiences. I could have done much better in life, if I had been doing what I wanted to do because I didn't feel that I was

contributing in the protection of our country. If I had been a pilot, it might have been different, but I just checked out the airplanes before they took-off, and shot a gun once in a while. I didn't pilot planes, except when I returned to the states in a C-47. I'd take up *ninety-day wonders*, fellows who were recent college graduates and had tested to obtain a pilot's license. They would be assigned to the Army or the Air Force, sent to a base, and they thought they could fly an airplane! I would go up with them, because they had to get four hours of flying time each day. Some of them were half or completely drunk and they didn't have all their senses. They'd go to the back of the plane to sleep it off and I'd fly the plane for four hours! I did this several times and I was a flight engineer not a pilot.

The first thing I think of when I wake up in the morning is, "What house am I in today? Am I in this house or am I in that house? Where's the bathroom? Is the bathroom over here or is it over there? Which direction do I go?" We've come to the golden years of our life and we have no important goals and nothing to accomplish now. I have no desire to go to the moon or to go around the world. I have no desire to get in a paddle boat and cross the ocean. I've accomplished what I was put here on this earth to do. My goals are to get up in the morning and to go to bed at night while I'm still breathing. I think we've all had a good life and I don't think I would have done anything differently. I have always questioned what would have happened if I'd stayed in the Air Force and become a pilot when my cousin, Acel Hall, did. He tested and became a pilot and maybe I should have stayed to take the three tests, but I didn't, because of my stubbornness. Other than that, I see no changes that I would have made in my life.

I was fortunate enough to marry a wife who is beautiful both inside and out. We've had a lovely family and will continue to have more family the rest of our lives, because some of them are still young. I think we have many, many, great-grandchildren to come. I guess there's one wish that I have that I don't think will happen. One wish I would like to see happen is to live long enough to see a great-great grandchild born. I'm only eighty years old and my wife is seventy-five, so we might have some great-great grandchildren, but I don't think I'll ever make it.

It's been a good life and we're still enjoying it. We're not hurting for anything. Certainly we go to doctors and they operate on us once in a while to repair things so that we can live longer. Considering everything, I think we've had good health, and I think we're real fortunate because we've never had anything that was life-threatening, although I did have heart surgery. I didn't have a heart attack and I don't think I should have had the operation because afterward the doctor said, "You have all these veins and you had five blockages, but eventually those veins would have

grown bigger.” The doctor told me that and it puts doubt in my mind about whether I needed the procedure or not.

Last November 14th, I spent five days in the hospital to have a polyp taken out of my intestine and about two inches of my intestines removed and I don’t know whether that was necessary. I told the doctor I didn’t want to have surgery, but he explained that the next stage of development would be cancer and I should have the polyp taken out, rather than fight the disease when it came.

I have a testimony of the gospel. I believe in a God above and that He built worlds and controls the universe. He hears and answers our prayers. He has a son on the earth who is a Prophet. He is the head of the true Church on the earth, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I believe in loving thy neighbor and helping those in need.

