

HISTORY OF ARLEY CALL GEORGE

I was born 6 May 1891 to James George Jr. and Viola Call George in Bountiful, Utah, Davis County, in a two room rock house now standing at 974 North Main. I was the 6th child of a family of 9 children, seven boys and two girls. We had a happy home with real considerate parents even though my mother was deaf.

When I was 7 years old, I and my cousin Vinson Call would take a herd of milk cows down on the lake shore where Uncle Israel Call owned land. We herded the cows all day and brought them home at night. This land was by a pond called the "Adobe Hole". A hole made to get clay for adobe bricks to build the church house which stands in the middle of town. We along with other boys would go swimming all day or lay in the dirt and sun. My mother forbade me to go in swimming anymore. She sewed the collar of my shirt so I couldn't get it off. One day I was playing on the banks when two older fellows, George Mann and Adolph Hepworth, threw me in clothes and all. I came out, washed my pants under a flowing well. I found that I could swim as much as I wanted too and wash my shirt on my back and mother would never know because when I got home my shirt would still be sewn and clean. One day Vinson and I left the cows and swam over to Antelope Island. When we got there it was starting to get dark and we were afraid to go back so we spent the night on the island. We had taken off our clothes on the bank so we nearly froze. As soon as it was light, we swam back to shore. We met one of the neighbors and he fired a shot in the air to attract the attention of the rest of the town that were out looking for us. The shot told them we had been found and they all assembled back where our clothes were.

I started school in Sept. 1897 in the north school. It was located on 4th north just east of the Bamberger tracks. My teacher's name was Edith Hunter from Salt Lake. We dearly loved her and each morning we would all line up along the Bamberger tracks and as she arrived the boys would take off their hats and the girls would curtsy. As we stood in line she always had a kiss for us. I spent two seasons at this school and then went to the brick hall for 3 years, then to the central school which stood where the Stoker School now stands. I graduated from Stoker School. The next few years were spent mostly in a sheep camp or on ranches for Deseret Livestock Co. or for Judson Mabey at Bancroft, Idaho. The Mabey's made me one of the family. I enjoyed my work there and many happy hours were spent with Judson fishing in the Blackfoot River. Fishing has been my pet hobby ever since. Little did I think that the little girl I held on my lap then would some day teach my children.

*(Cora Mabey Barnett
Wife of Arnold Barnett)*

I came home in the spring of 1916 and went to work at the Salt Lake Stock Yards. On day, July 24, 1916, a new cook came to run our boarding house. We were ready for a change. We were so tired of being called Mr. Arley and Mr. Tom. We fellows all fell in love with her sweet 6 month old baby girl. The work kept her so busy she had little time for that little girl so Tom and I hung around and played with her in our spare moments while her mother cooked. She won our hearts and made it seem a little more like home for we were homesick and glad of a little home life. I remember the big cream cakes and freezers of ice cream we ate after hours and enjoyed their company as she and the baby went with me to milk in the evening, for she was lonesome too. I will never forget Thanksgiving Day 1916, it was sis's (as we called her) birthday and her Grandmother had invited her home for Turkey dinner. Mr. Field took her and the baby early in the day. That day it started to storm so I jumped on a horse and went after them. I left the horse tied and blanketed in a shed near the street car stop and caught the car and went to their home and had dinner with them. I brought them back that night. When we got off the car, Sis and the baby rode the horse in snow up to its' belly while I walked behind jumping from one horse track to the other. That was the night I got her to promise to marry me. Soon after this they built a new stock yard. Tom and I moved her to her new home near the car line. It was a very severe winter and many times I dug the coal out of a snow drift and carried water from the well for her. She weighed only 95 pounds and was just no match for the east winds and I was afraid the east wind would carry her away and I would come in to find a frozen baby girl all alone. We lived in a Duplex, she lived in one side and Tom and I lived in the other. One day I caught a bad cold and she tried to mother me. She bound my neck in an alcohol pack, then she said I'll knock on your window so you can remove it and cool off before you have to go out in the cold to work. The next morning there was a tap on my window and to her surprise it was answered by a strange voice. I had gotten up in the night to unload some cattle and the cattlemen had taken our beds. They answered by saying who goes to bed with a pack on their back? She was so chagrined. When every one came in for breakfast, they all had a good time laughing and teasing at her expense. Soon after this I quit the job, on the 26th of December 1916, and decided it was time to take her away from there. She went to her aunt Sade Roper's place where she stayed until I got another job working on the streetcars. We were married in Blackfoot, Idaho on February 14, 1917. We made our home in Salt Lake City where we lived for 2 year. We moved to Bountiful in 1919.

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In 1911 I helped organize the first Volunteer Fire Brigade in Bountiful. It was just a two wheeled cart with 500 ft. of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch hose and one nozzle that we had to pull by hand, and about 32 men. We built a tower on main street between 1st and 2nd south where we mounted a large bell which we rang for the alarm. The town was divided into 4 districts. We rang the bell many times to show there was a fire, stopped and then rang the number of the district where the fire was. I would jump on Old Charley and lope to the station to help pull the cart. If there was no fire plug in the vicinity of the fire we would leave the cart and operate a bucket brigade getting water from someones ditch. In 1920 the city took over the department with Charley Trump as Chief. I was asked to join and am still working with them at the time of this writing with over 45 years of service. I have been the captain and assistant chief. It has been a wonderful experience, some good times and some bad but I have loved it all. They have been a wonderful bunch of boys to work with. They had just one thought in mind, to be of service to their fellowman. That was my first love, but now I have two more, my wife and my family of ten children and my grandchildren.